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MALWIDA VON MEYSENBUG'S MEMOIRS OF AN IDEALIST
TRANSLATION OF MEMOIREN EINER IDEALISTIN

by

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ABSTRACT

MALWIDA VON MEYSENBURG'S MEMOIRS OF AN IDEALIST

TRANSLATION OF MEMOIREN EINER IDEALISTIN

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Master of Arts

The following translation is the first full-length rendering of Malwida von Meysenbug's two-volume autobiography *Memoiren einer Idealistin/Eine Reise nach Ostende* into English. Meysenbug, who boasts ties to Nietzsche, Wagner, Herzen, and Saffi, was forerunner to a long line of female social democrats. She was an eyewitness to the tumultuous political events surrounding the German Revolution of 1848, and is remembered as a pioneer in education and gender issues.

Meysenbug's memoirs depict nineteenth-century Europe in a dynamic state of transformation. This is a time of opposition and contradiction, when emerging philosophies and political movements vie for power with existing structures. European governments are forced to implement social reforms in an effort to avert insurrections and political catastrophe. In Germany, the influence of organized religion begins to wane, giving way to a generation of free-thinkers who combine elements of the German

classical and romantic periods with Marxist and other materialist world views.

Introduction

Several days after the German National Assembly convened in St. Paul's Church in Frankfurt am Main, Malwida von Meysenbug found herself watching the proceedings from a precarious hiding place. Peering out from her perch on the pulpit, she watched as Friedrich Hecker, leader of the radical republicans, "a Christ figure with long, blond hair and a rapturous, enthusiastic expression" ended his formal boycott of the negotiations and entered the church to resume his position on the podium. As the speeches and debates continued below her, the euphoric Meysenbug was aware that her presence was incongruous for two reasons: first, women had been excluded from the assembly; and second, her enthusiasm for the Revolution of 1848 directly contradicted her aristocratic and religious upbringing. Meysenbug's memoirs describe the religious struggles of her formative years and offer explanations for these apparent contradictions.

In a larger sense, Meysenbug's personal evolution is a microcosmic reflection of cataclysmic changes in the world around her and is characterized by a rejection of Christian orthodoxy and movement toward a broader search for meaning. In drawing upon various philosophical sources (Kant, Goethe, Schiller, Hölderlin, Fichte, and Marx), she aligned herself with the social democratic movement, which promised social reforms in favor of the oppressed working classes. Her calling into question of nineteenth-century gender perceptions gained her a host of enemies among men and women alike who were

repulsed by a female who "pretended to have her own opinions." Meysenbug also took issue with existing notions of education, was a staunch advocate of Fröbel's kindergarten method, and helped pioneer the first women's college in Germany. She was intimately acquainted with Alexander Herzen, Richard Wagner, Friedrich Nietzsche, and many others who played a major role in shaping our modern age. In her dealings and correspondences, we trace the political and philosophical development of a fragmented Europe violently striving to liberate itself from centuries of absolutist rule and institutional oppression.

In order to avoid offending the persons named in her autobiography, Meysenbug first published the work in Switzerland in French. Eight years later in 1876, *Memoiren einer Idealistin* appeared in Stuttgart. Schuster & Loeffler assumed publication rights in 1899. The following translation represents the first full-length rendering of this work into English.

PART I

CHAPTER ONE EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS

It would be difficult to find a better situated house in the middle of a sizeable city, than the one in which I was born and spent my early childhood. The house stood in the city of Cassel and was one of a number of houses lining a street that had appropriately been dubbed Bellevue, for on the opposite side there weren't any houses; instead, one could take in the glorious view of beautiful garden- and park grounds sloping terrace-like into a fruitful plain, through which the Fulda, one of Germany's larger rivers, flows. I was the second youngest of ten children, who were all healthy and sound of mind. My parents were still young when I was born. They lived in the happy medium between abundance and necessity in which most of the ingredients for domestic happiness can be found. My childhood was a decidedly happy one, though I vaguely recall it. Only three distinct memories stand out in my mind.

The first of these memories is my mother's parlor, with its painted tapestries containing landscapes with palm trees, high reeds and exotic-looking buildings. My childhood imagination flourished in this fantastic world. In addition, a friend of the family used to tell me fairy tales: for example, that one of these wonderful little houses was the dwelling place of a magician by the name of Blumenbach, to whom nature itself was subject. Near the house was a great stork, with long, stiff legs, its head and long beak lowered over its breast. "That's Blumenbach's servant," my friend would tell me, "he stands there steadfastly and awaits the commands of his master."

The second of these memories is that of an evening on which my nurse told me that my little sister, born not all too long before, had died. Though my mother had forbidden it, she let me look through a glass door into a room, wherein stood a black box. In this box lay my little sister sleeping, white as snow and covered with flowers.

The third memory is in connection with the old prince who ruled the Electorate of Hessen, the small German state which I claim as my home. His carriage drove past our house each day; two runners dressed in livery ran in front of the carriage. In the carriage sat an old man wearing a uniform tailored after the manner popular in Frederick the Great's day, with a three-cornered hat on his head. His white hair was braided in back in a pigtail, and a horrible tumor covered his cheek. That was the ailment which led to his death. I did not attend his funeral, but my old nurse related a description of it to me on countless occasions. He was not buried in his ancestral crypt. In accordance with his wish, he was interred in the chapel of his summer residence at Wilhelmshöhe, which he had caused to be built and which had been his favorite retreat. The funeral took place at night by torchlight, in accordance with ancient custom. A knight in black armor on a black horse had to ride directly behind the funeral coach. This knight was always selected out of the ranks of the upper aristocracy, but had to pay for this honor, as legend had it, with his life. And in this case, superstition was not disappointed. The player in this nocturnal drama, a young nobleman full of vigor and health, was snatched away by a fever

three weeks after the funeral. Was this fever the consequence of a cold caught in the icy iron-clad armor during the long nocturnal procession? The *Volk* could not conceive of such a possibility, and my childish imagination sided with popular belief. A secret trembling took possession of me whenever I visited that summer residence with my parents and saw, resting atop a black wooden horse in the armory, the black armor which the unfortunate cavalier had worn on that night.

CHAPTER TWO PUBLIC AND PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS

The death of the old lord was the cause of great changes, not merely in my family, but signaled, if you will, the end of an entire epoch in the history of my little homeland. The ruling family to which he had belonged was extremely old and included ancestors who had distinguished themselves through their bravery and greatness of character. But the most recent generations had degenerated. They had increased their personal fortunes in a shameless manner by selling their subjects to foreign powers for use in distant wars. Mistresses had governed the land for quite some time. The last regime had been subject to peculiar vicissitudes. The old prince's character had retained a certain dignity, despite all his flaws: with the coming of the all-powerful conqueror of our century,¹ he left his principality voluntarily, since he most likely foresaw that he was powerless to defend it and wanted to protect his subjects from unnecessary bloodshed. He preferred banishment and disgraceful subjugation to other German princes. The capital city of his small kingdom became the capital of a great kingdom, of which the Conqueror made a gift to the youngest of his brothers, Jérôme. The elegance, risque nature, and gullibility of French customs settled into the abandoned homes of the blue-blooded. The young king created a miniature Paris on German soil.

My father, who could not take his family into exile, remained and was employed in the new state. My mother was quite young and very beautiful; thus it was only natural, that both moved about in the lively, happy circles of the royal court. How often I pestered my mother to tell again and again about those days which transpired long before my birth! How eagerly I listened to the descriptions of the splendid parties and the enchanting Ladies who had come with their families from France to grace the gallant king's royal court with their beauty! How inquisitively I investigated my mother's wardrobe, in which were found so many remnants of those days! How these shepherd costumes, these Turkish dresses, these antique draperies pleased the eye! My imagination raced whenever I contemplated the premature end to all this brilliance. The elegance had vanished like a dream. The Russians stood at the gates of the city and their balls had whistled through the streets. My parents had packed their best things and left the house, which was exposed to enemy attack. The old aunt that lived with us had hidden many items in barrels of flour. A cannonball struck the house and lodged itself in a wall.

In listening to these tales, I regretted not having lived in those times, so that I could have shared the danger with my parents. I should have liked to have known whether the Cossacks would have found the things buried in flour, had the city indeed been plundered.

But the city, as well as my parents, had been saved from ruin. The old prince returned to his country. Aristocratic pigtailed and corporal batons resumed the positions vacated by the French graces. The country was once again ruled by a mistress, the attentive nurse of an infirm man. Cronies who had gotten rich while in exile with their prince were awarded the best offices in the government. The *Volk*, renowned amongst the various Germanic peoples for its devotion to the royal house, had received the returning monarch enthusiastically at first; soon, however, it was realized that the tie between the

past and present was dissolved. The rulers and the people had perceived the emergence of the nation and the wars of independence in very different ways. The optimistic dreams of so many noble hearts evaporated, and instead of the dawn of liberty hoped for by German youth, a new, dismal, fog-obscured age unfolded. Returning again to power and taking their places on the old thrones, the ruling class regarded the interlude to the great comedy of absolute monarchy as having reached an end. The people's blood had flown needlessly. History had stood still.

Only death had not stood still; it took the old man with the pigtail, and from this point on, at least people's hair styles were freed from the shackles of the past.

Superficially, a lot of things changed under the new regime. My father, who had been the boyhood friend of the then heir to the throne, was summoned to the prince's court to take up an influential post in the government. We left the home which I mentioned in the beginning of this account, in order to occupy a larger and more stately residence near the royal castle.

CHAPTER THREE FAMILY LIFE

I have to believe that feelings of respect are inherent to me, for I was never forced to observe any kind of ritual, and yet, I always respected my parents and older sister. My sister was already grown by the time I was still just a small girl. She appears to me in memory like one of the Madonnas of the old German painters which embody pure feminine beauty—that beauty which is more an expression of heavenly purity and gentleness than of symmetry of features. My respect for this sister was so great, that my mother became a bit jealous. That was the first conflict in my childhood existence; it ended with the marriage of my sister, who followed her husband back to his homeland. This first separation cost me many tears.

After this, my love for my mother took on its full proportions. I still remember the delight with which I watched whenever she, still very beautiful, made herself up for a party—especially a palace ball. I would sit near the window in a dark room, from which vantage point I could see the light-filled windows of the royal castle. I waited there until she entered the illuminated, magnificent rooms and slightly opened the curtains at one of the windows so that I could look inside. I saw the ladies in elegant attire and the gentlemen in gold-stitched uniforms positioned on both sides of the hall. I saw the prince and his family arrive and pass by the columns of people, exchanging pleasantries. People seemed to place great importance on these words, because it was viewed as the height of disgrace, should a person be passed over and not addressed. How proud I was, whenever I saw that my mother was spoken to longer than the others! I firmly believed, that this must be a great honor. Was not a prince a more exalted being than all others? Why else would he be a prince? I had heard so much of the noble, generous character of Harun al-Raschid in the fairy tales of *A Thousand and One Nights*, I was so convinced of the knightly virtue of the Emperor Frederick the Redbeard, who sits in the Kyffhaeuser fortress and awaits the moment to restore the glorious German Empire, that I never called the infallibility of rulers into question.

My father, who was always bogged down with his affairs, did not have much spare time for his children; should he, however, find the time to be with us, it was truly a reason to celebrate, for it would have been impossible to find a more upstanding, kind and tender disposition than the one he possessed.

It was our mother who concerned herself with cultivating our artistic sides. Her school of thought was highly influenced by that group of moderates which numbered the Humboldts, Rahel,² Schleiermacher, the Schlegels, and other famous contemporaries among its ranks. This movement, simultaneously liberal, patriotic and philosophical, was mixed with a curious element of mysticism, contributed by the then flourishing romantic school. These attitudes, along with my mother's independent nature, brought her into frequent conflict with the societal conventions in which my father's position forced her to take part. This was especially the case with her choice of individuals who came to comprise her more immediate social circle. Instead of selecting them exclusively from the ranks of the aristocracy, she chose them on the basis of their intellectual and sympathetic

qualities, and did not concern herself the least with their social class. She especially recruited the most celebrated members of the theater, whose accomplishments filled her with delight and enjoyment, and whom she placed on equal footing with the rest of her guests. At that time, this was quite scandalous because members of the theater were viewed as a class to be shunned, as outcasts, good for dispelling the boredom of other mortals, but by no means justified in fancying themselves their equals. My mother was much reproved on this account, and even my father could not share her opinion in this regard. He came but seldom to her smaller functions. My older sisters and brothers, however, who had all been instructed in an talent of one kind or the other, participated in them, and splendid musical performances were staged quite often in our home. My childhood passed in this intellectual and artistic environment. In our family life, the children were not quite as cut off from adult life, as is the case in England, for example. My mother was of the opinion, that contact with distinguished people could only have a positive influence on the intellectual development of the children, and would necessarily help to develop their judgement and taste. I believe she was quite right, and that such efforts, inasmuch as they are possible, are some of the most important elements in raising children. The Greeks evidently knew this, and their lyceums in which their philosophers and wise men conversed with the children probably contributed greatly to molding them into a people, the likes of which has never again been seen.

We did not receive any so-called religious training. I do not remember who first told me about God and taught me a little prayer. We were never compelled to flaunt our piety in the presence of the servants or strangers, as happens in England. For my part, I ignorantly followed Christ's commandment that says one should be alone if he wants to pray. Each evening, as I lay in bed with no other confidant than my pillow, I repeated secretly my small prayer with the reverence of true belief. No one ever caught wind of this. My prayer went like this: "Gracious God, though but a child, let my heart be pure and mild, that thou alone there may'st reside."

I could not, however, very well prevent my heart from fancying other objects. So I thought up a second prayer which I said every evening after the first to invoke God's blessing on my parents, my siblings, my teacher and his family, and finally on all good people everywhere. After fulfilling this self-imposed duty of the heart, my conscience was always relieved and I slept the sleep of the just.

One morning I awoke before daybreak to an unusual sound in my mother's bedroom where my youngest sister and I slept. It was winter, the fire in the oven had already been lit. I heard my mother crying and the old aunt standing at her bedside saying: "Be comforted, your child is with God now."—I understood that they were talking about my little brother, who, just a few months old, had been sick for several days. I cried silently into my pillow, without letting anyone know I had awakened and heard what had been said, which seemed to contain some lofty secret which reached beyond my own meager powers of comprehension. As the time to get up came, I was told that my little brother had died. I should have liked to have known more about this secret of death and unification with God, but I didn't dare to ask for fear of adding to the others' sadness.

In the afternoon a little friend of ours came to visit. She was led into the room where our dead brother lay, but my little sister and I were not allowed to enter. That hurt me deeply. I was considered too weak to bear the awful sight, perhaps incapable of

comprehending the loss. I never spoke of it, but the thorn had penetrated my heart so deeply, that I feel its sting even now after much greater illusions.

CHAPTER FOUR MY FIRST JOURNEY

I was only five or six years of age at the time of which I speak. I took to frequent contemplation. One day, I asked my older brother how it happened, that our city was the capital of the principality of Hessen and simultaneously a German city. My brother tried to explain as best he could that Germany is divided into many small states, each of which had a capital city and its own individual ruler. But try as he did, I just could not comprehend that a bunch of separate lands with different names should be viewed as a collective whole.

Another question occupied my thoughts incessantly, namely the meaning of the word "distant." Until then, I had only traveled far enough away from my place of birth, so as to be able to return easily the same day. To imagine, however, that you could go so far, so as not to be able to return the same day or perhaps not in many days—that you could tarry in completely different countries and deal with people who were in no way connected to us—that seemed quite impossible to me.

With this in mind, I decided to learn for myself the meaning of the word "distant." My mother had gone on a journey to a spa with both of my oldest sisters. One beautiful summer morning, I took some clothes out of my dresser, bundled everything in a handkerchief, and went downstairs en route to the post office to climb in one of those big post carriages which I had seen standing there so often, and straightaway drive to the place where my mother was staying. I had no doubt, that they would give me seat in the carriage if I told them I wanted to know what "distant" means.

My nurse had noticed my absence just in the nick of time, and, scrambling after me with much alarm, hindered my journey of discovery.

The following summer I was finally able to satisfy my curiosity. My sisters and I took a holiday trip with my parents. At first, we went to the countryside to be with an aunt in southern Germany, and there for the first time I became acquainted with life in the country. The great house, an old abbey with never-ending halls, the magnificent garden with its abundance of flowers and fruits, the fields, the cattle, the uninhibited freedom to enjoy everything, to walk about in the garden or fields—it seemed like paradise. What especially attracted me, however, was the old church which had previously belonged to the abbey, in which I saw the ceremonies of the Catholic tradition. I have a vivid memory of this. A chaplain belonging to the church came frequently to my aunt. He was a talented young man, beloved in this setting far from the eyes of his superiors—but hardly recognizable when he appeared in church, all pale and downcast in his priestly robes.

He often went for walks with my mother in the garden, apparently immersed in very intense conversations, the content of which I could not discern. One day he accompanied us on a drive to see the nearby royal castle in Aschaffenburg. I held my mother's hand and he walked at her side. As we entered the castle's chapel, he became very pale and, drawing close to my mother, whispered to her while pointing to the altar and the crucifix upon it: "That's where it happened; in front of that altar and that picture."—My mother looked at him compassionately and said: "Poor man!"—It was many years later that I understood this scene, when my mother related the story to me. When he was an immature lad, his father had talked him into entering the clergy. and in

the previously mentioned chapel he had vowed to eternally break with the inclinations of his poetic and passionate nature. Later, he sensed the extent of his mistake and misfortune, and since he could not break his vow, he led a life full of internal contradictions and unspeakable moral misery. My mother was quite right to say, "Poor man!"

Following my return home I took to studying in earnest. My youngest sister and I received tutoring at home, which I preferred greatly to school; for the time being, because we were the teacher's only pupils and it seemed to me that we knew everything much more thoroughly than our friends who visited schools; but also because we did not have any classes in the afternoons; classes that were ill-suited to me, and even now seem so. It is preposterous to think it healthy to return to the schoolbench directly after a meal, during the first hours of digestion, in rooms which were full of people the entire morning, and there to turn your attentions exclusively to more or less abstract subjects. We were very happy to play freely in the garden after lunch, to grow flowers and vegetables and conduct Robinson Crusoe-style adventures and discoveries of new worlds to our hearts' content. And even so, the part played by nature in our upbringing in comparison with that of our studies should have been greater. In this way, I would have remained safeguarded from a danger which arose from my love of learning: I could not see a book, without seizing hold of it. My birthday seemed drab to me if I didn't receive a book. If I did, I sat all day and read and forgot the outside world over my imagination. My passion for reading even enticed me to take books secretly out of my mother's library. Fortunately, I found only such books as would not harm me, but the fact disquieted me not a little, and I set about to combat this temptation. But passion often prevailed in this battle. Finally I conquered. It was my first encounter with the serpent, my first act as a daughter of Eve; but it was also my first victory. I have jumped ahead a bit in alluding to these struggles in order to voice my conviction that if the harmony between studies and nature had been greater, I should have been spared this premature struggle. I loved the forest, the meadow and the flowers just as much as reading, and had I learned to comprehend nature through my studies, I would certainly have gleaned just as much inspiration from it as out of the world of fiction.

But in those days it was unheard of to regard the natural sciences as an indispensable part of education, especially the education of a young lady.

CHAPTER FIVE DREAMS AND REALITIES

A mysterious occurrence that left my native city in turmoil at this time occupied my thoughts exceedingly, even though I only caught bits and pieces of it accompanied by commentary I did not understand. This event consisted of the departure of the young heir to the throne, who had secretly left the country in the same hour that his trusted servant had suffered a sudden and inexplicable death. It was whispered that it had been an unnatural death, and that it had been intended for another victim, namely the master rather than the servant. The princess followed her son into exile, while a beautiful lady with likewise beautiful children moved into the house that stood across from ours and adjacent the royal castle. I heard from our maidservant that these beautiful children were the children of the prince, and their mother was his wife. Now, I simply could not understand how a man could have two wives and two different families, but I sided enthusiastically with the exiled prince and his mother, whose virtue and high intellect were praised in all the world. My mother was of the same opinion, as far as I could tell, for she made only the most basic show of politeness towards the beautiful lady, who attracted a swarm of admirers seeking advancement and honors. My father's behavior was governed by a different point of view; his only ambition was the good of the country, and in order to serve this, he set some mighty gears in motion with the provincial prince. The prince had a good heart, little education, was given to much recklessness, and had hefty fits bordering on insanity. His legitimate wife, the daughter of a great royal family, virtuous, learned and artistic, but also arrogant and callous, had never given him the domestic happiness he had hoped for. Their personalities were too dissimilar. The prince then fell madly in love with the other woman, who was beautiful, also not lacking in intellect, but less educated and rather common. She had acquired almost complete control over him. My mother could never quite overcome her contempt for this woman, and since my father, motivated by higher reasons, required a basic show of courtesy towards her, this became the topic of much discussion between my parents. Chance dictated that I become privy to one such lively discussion, and the discovery of a quarrel between my parents, whom I loved equally, cost me many tears. All of these realities, which I only partially saw and understood, confused and disturbed me. I took refuge even more eagerly in my world of dreams and imagination. My greatest joy was a small theater which had been given to us, on which we performed long operas and dramas with the help of puppets, whose roles we sang and recited. I worked for weeks trying to stage the shows with highly elaborate props, and I took everything so seriously that when my co-performing youngest brother started to misbehave during one of the tragic scenes on an evening when we were performing *Euryanthe* with great pomp before an audience of parents and siblings, I dropped the curtain and wept bitterly. This passion for the theater only increased as we began to act our own roles—my younger sister, a few friends and I. People told me that I could act well, and I felt like I had found my true calling. I had only one dream: to become a great artist.

I would later notice this passion for the theater in many intelligent children, and I

believe that there should be much greater emphasis placed on this element in a child's upbringing, instead of suppressing it, as is usually done. I even believe that one could catch glimpses into one's character and natural disposition in this way. There are some children who love only the masquerade, burlesque or farce, but there are others for whom the expression of lofty convictions, of heroism, is a basic need. Perhaps this element could be applied advantageously in the teaching of history, and a boy who had played the part of William Tell, Spartacus, etc., a girl who had played the part of Joan of Arc, Iphigenia or some other heroic character, would most certainly receive a more vivid impression of everything connected with these prominent figures than what history class spent on a school bench has to offer. And what a broad field for authors of young people's literature: to write historical plays for the benefit of education, and for educators, to organize the performances!

In addition to the theater, I was very much taken with the heroes and great figures of ancient history, especially ancient Greek history. I avidly read a popular multi-volume, well-illustrated history of the world that I found in my mother's library. Certain historical figures and facts have stuck with me ever since. Whenever I read of the glorious death of Leonidas and his three hundred stalwarts, whenever I saw the picture where Epaminondas pulls the spear out of his wound and says to the friends who are crying because he has not left behind any children: "Am I not leaving you two immortal daughters, the battles at Leuctra and Mantinea?"—whenever I heard about Socrates, how he looked death in the eye while teaching his disciples the most sublime things—I shed tears of joyous emotion. My heart yearned more and more for everything that bore the mark of grandeur, and I can truthfully say, that the cult of hero-worship was the true religion of my childhood.

CHAPTER SIX THE FIRST REVOLUTION

My father had traveled with the prince to a far-away spa, where the latter was to undergo some treatment. Suddenly word came that the prince had fallen seriously ill. It was whispered that the truth of the matter was even more sobering; indeed, the possibility of death was mentioned. The entire country was in uproar. News of the July Revolution in France had recently arrived. An electrical current was sweeping through Europe. All of the discontent which had long been brewing seemed to come to fruition. For the first time, I heard the word *revolution*.

I was very worked up about all the goings-on. I was consumed by a premonition of things boding previously undreamt-of importance. But, as is customary with children, my feelings were not detached: I feared for the life of my father. The Disgruntled in the land raised their voices and said the prince had only undertaken his journey to be with his mistress, for whom a treatment at the spa had been prescribed. Therefore, everyone belonging to the prince's entourage was also implicated, my father most of all. It was claimed that the truth was being covered up to prevent the legitimate heir to the throne from returning from exile. Finally it was murmured that the country had been left without a leader at such a critical juncture. The Liberal Party wrote the names of the heir to the throne and his mother on its banner and vehemently demanded their reinstatement. My family watched fearfully as a shadow settled over my father's countenance. I trembled for him, without understanding the ramifications of the events, and I remember very well the time when, seized by a sudden inspiration, I turned to God, who answers all prayers. Alone and with my eyes lifted towards heaven as if they could penetrate celestial spheres and reach the throne of the Almighty, I addressed him with my fervent petition. I promised to overcome the only wicked inclination of which I was aware, if he would but preserve the life of the prince, on whom I imagined my father's happy return and peace to depend.

Perhaps the reader will feel disposed to laugh about this childish bargain, but after all, it was the kind of faith which can move mountains; that asks and believes it has been answered. God even accepted my bargain. Better news arrived, that the prince's life was no longer in danger. But before he was well enough to travel, rebellion had broken out in several parts of Germany, including our homeland. People were in favor of the prince's return, but not his mistress'. She was received on the border in such a threatening manner that she deemed it prudent to turn around.

The prince came alone, accompanied only by my father. It touched me deeply, as I saw him for the first time walking from the castle to the ministry building. He was very pale, aged, his gait uncertain, his hair had become more grey.

A few days later, the prince's legitimate wife, the heir to the throne and the heir's sister returned. These individuals, bound to each other by the closest natural ties, were reunited after years of separation by the command of their subjects. Their reunion was publicly celebrated, though the hearts of those involved remained unfeeling. The prince and his family presented themselves from the balcony to the masses covering the great

square in front of the castle. They were received by enthusiastic cries of joy which rose to a heightened clamor when the prince appeared a second time on the balcony, this time surrounded by the delegates of the people (among whom were found the most fanatic liberals), and promised what the people had demanded through the delegates' voice: a constitution.

My father immediately began feverishly drawing up the constitution. He designed it along the most broad and liberal lines possible. He was deeply hurt by the unjustified attacks incessantly aimed at him in spite of his sincere motives and untiring efforts. He was accused of being in cohorts with the mistress and of having offered favors to people of questionable merits, of having conspired against the princess and the heir to the throne, in short, to have been the instrument of despotism, while in actuality he had always resisted the despotic inclinations of the prince for the good of the country, and had only enlisted the help of the mistress to bring about acts of justice and decency.

How often I saw my mother awaiting the outcome of the royal drama in the castle where my poor father was struggling alone against the unchecked passions of an individual in whose hands the fate of thousands rested. I came to resent all those who failed to recognize him, as I watched as worry furrowed his honorable brow and caused the well-meaning smile to disappear which otherwise brightened his countenance. I sided with him against the revolutionaries, though never daring to air the thoughts of my heart in the presence of my troubled family. Whenever I could no longer control my anger, I fled to the servants' chamber and held scalding tirades praising my father's virtues and decrying the maliciousness of his enemies.

Autumn came; the excitement among the masses persisted and rebellious scenes were acted out from time to time. The prince had retreated to his summer residence, which lay an hour outside of the capital, on the pretense that his ailing health needed a respite, in reality, however, just so he could be farther away from the turmoil. The oldest of his bastard daughters, a young woman of exceptional intelligence and noble character, was with him. The princess and the heir to the throne were in the city. My father was with the prince in the summer residence, but he drove each day into the city to assist in drawing up the constitution in the ministry building.

From the window, I anxiously awaited the arrival of his carriage each morning, and it was unspeakably disappointing that he hardly could spare the time to greet us. The visits we made with him to the summer residence were also less than satisfactory. We always had to ride in a closed carriage because the ignorant masses were not only unjustly inflamed against my father, but also against his entire family, and it could be expected that our carriage would be assailed by stones if we were recognized. I was not concerned for my personal safety, but I sensed that all of us were threatened by a gloomy, terrible fate, and I was greatly indignant that the innocent had to suffer. The beautiful dwelling place of my father, where I had spent so many happy hours of my childhood, now appeared like a kind of prison above which an ominous future loomed.

One day the city became alarmed by the news that the hated mistress had secretly arrived at the summer retreat, that the flight of the prince was being organized, that the constitution was to be suspended, that a coup was in the making, and all sorts of rumors.

That was the spark that ignited the powder. In no time the streets were flooded with people, who, under the direction of their leaders, formed a procession and marched off towards the summer residence. Most of the occupants of our house had gone out to watch what would happen and to observe the return of the masses. The youngest of my brothers—a lad sixteen years of age, a servant, and my father's old scribe were all that remained by way of menfolk in the house. Besides them, my mother, the old aunt, my younger sister, some servant girls and I also stayed put. The ministerial office filled with important papers was located on the second floor. The old scribe stood in the office like a sentinel and waited to see what happened. The city was almost entirely empty, because the raucous procession heading for the summer residence required several hours to return. The remainder of the city's inhabitants waited with bated breath in their houses. From the vantage point of our windows, one could follow the long street all the way to the gate, where the road to the summer residence began. After a few hours of anxious waiting, we heard a noise similar to the distant roar of the ocean. Presently we saw a thick, black mass appear on the horizon that crept slowly forward and filled the entire breadth of the street. A man of enormous proportions walked ahead of the rest and swung a fat stick in his hand. It was a baker, the leader of the procession. Suddenly he stopped in front of our house, and with him, the entire mob. He raised his stick and cursed profusely, whereupon thousands of hands and sticks arose, and thousands of voices cried and yelled. We had barely enough time to withdraw from the windows, when a barrage of cobblestones flew against the windows of the second floor, a few even reaching the third story, the floor on which we lived. Simultaneously, there was hefty banging on the front door. My younger brother had had the presence of mind to lock the doors at the approach of the mob and to secure the interior bolts. The raging mass tried to force the door open, and God knows what would have happened to us, had not help come in the nick of time. Two young officers on foot made their way through the crowd. It was the heir to the throne and his adjutant. They placed themselves in front of our door and the heir to the throne briefly addressed the ringleaders, commanded them to disperse and to calm themselves, and promised, that their reasonable petitions would be heard and granted. This show of courage made an enormous impression. At the same time, a company of cavalry was seen coming down the street with drawn sabers in hand. The crowds, still cursing and mumbling threats, began to break up. After the street had been cleared, the prince came to us to express his regret to my mother and to receive her gratitude. In the evening the house was filled with people. Friends and acquaintances hurried over to inquire as to our well-being. Among these were several ringleaders of the liberal party dressed in the uniform of the state militia.

Thus ended the happy days of my early childhood, amidst the calamities that rocked a large portion of Europe. The happy tranquility of my childhood days was over. For the first time, a tragic reality had unfolded before my eyes, and I had adamantly taken a stand in a major conflict. Of course, until now it had been my heart that had influenced my decisions; it was only natural that the people whom I loved had to be in the right. But my viewpoint was beginning to broaden its horizon. I began to read the papers and follow political events with heightened interest. I still played with my dolls, but I felt myself on

the threshold of a new life. I had received a second baptism at the hand of the revolution.

CHAPTER SEVEN SWEEPING CHANGES

The constitution was completed. It was truly the most liberal of all German constitutions. Its ratification was to be greatly celebrated. The *Volk* was drunken, as it were, with joy. The national colors were displayed everywhere (not the German colors, for the notion of a unified Germany was still taboo), but the colors of my immediate homeland, which had previously been outlawed, because they were the symbol of liberal movements. The state militia was ubiquitous on this day. The windows, balconies, even the roofs were covered with spectators. When the prince appeared on the castle balcony with his family, he was received with untiring jubilation.

I was very impressed by this spectacle. The sight of such a crowd consumed by a single emotion characterized by love and gratitude seemed to me a lofty thing, although I did not quite know how to reconcile this emotion with the horror and hate which the sight of these same people had recently impressed upon me. And the good impression did last for long, either, for I soon perceived that the people's injustice toward my father continued—the very person to whom they owed this liberal and warmly embraced constitution. All of the prince's honors could not compensate his noble heart for the ingratitude of the people in whose behalf he had expended all his energies in a most devoted manner. I remember well how he returned one morning from the castle dressed in a gold-stitched uniform, entered my mother's room, and said with a saddened countenance, "Indeed, you see a dignitary before you; but at what a price!"—The prince had made him a minister and had presented him with the Grand Cross of the royal house. But he wished to stay in the country no longer and asked for a diplomatic position, which was granted to him by the prince, albeit with reservations.

The prospect of a complete change in our life took shape before me. I was to leave the playgrounds of my childhood, my playmates, the classes, and all the traditions of my young existence. In thinking of this separation, it seemed as though my heart would break with pain. On the other hand, my imagination took flight and yearned for this unexplored future in which I would learn, see and experience so many new things.

Change came, but in an unexpected way. The prince, who had been forced to give into the demands of the people, soon agreed that he was incapable of ruling as a constitutional monarch, and news spread that he was determined to abdicate in favor of his son. His wish to reunite himself with the woman, whom he had been forced to sacrifice, probably contributed greatly to this decision. But the sincerity with which he judged himself was not any less admirable, and covered a multitude of sins. One of his absolutist cronies, the emperor Nicholas of Russia, had once said: "There are only two forms of government: absolutism or the republic." Our prince seemed to share this view, and since he could not exercise his absolute authority, he preferred life as a free man and simple citizen.

My father, at the urgent request of the prince, decided to follow his former playmate into self-imposed exile and to leave the post that had brought him so many bitter disappointments. The decision of the prince caused great unrest, and the attempt was

made to thwart his plans. The prince decided to leave secretly, before anyone could stop him. He left a decree in which he named his son as the chief sovereign in his absence and conveyed the impression that he would return. My father accompanied him.

We were supposed to follow, unbeknownst to everyone, since the people's hatred of my family seemed to have increased since the departure of the prince. The secret preparations for our "flight" had one hitch: we could not bid our friends adieu or leave them parting gifts. Even the old aunt was not permitted to know the day of departure. Her advanced age did not allow her to follow us, and it was feared she would necessarily be upset by our leaving.

On a January morning as everything still lay sleeping, we all got up before the crack of dawn. Preparations had been made during the night, and the large travel carriage stood hitched to four post horses in the courtyard. We left the house quietly, without saying a word, everyone took their seats in the carriage, and the horses started in motion. We rode through the snow-covered, empty streets; above us hung a gray, fog-obscured sky hardly illuminated by the morning's first rays, similar to the unknown fate towards which we journeyed.

Would I learn that this fate was the natural consequence of a long chain of causes and effects stemming from the collision of external circumstances with our individuality and actions? Or would I become convinced that human destiny has been predetermined by some unsearchable will, which, by entangling us in absurd contradictions and horrible suffering, nevertheless wishes only the best for us and magically brings it to pass? At the time, I believed the latter hypothesis!

CHAPTER EIGHT UPROOTED

Indeed, it was an uprooted lifestyle that took shape for us and continued for many years—a life without any definite plans, without regular lessons, or any kind of a system. This was most unfortunate for me, since the impractical side of my imagination gained the upper hand during this time, so much so, that I have felt the consequences of it throughout my entire life. I am convinced that, had I had serious, uninterrupted lessons, my faculties would have developed to a greater extent instead of consuming themselves in speculation and struggles of the imagination. I was seized by a burning desire to learn and to know. How much attention should be paid to the thirst of the awakening intellect, and how much effort should be spent in trying to satisfy this thirst in the correct manner! It is most assuredly one of the greatest moral torments, should a young person truly wish to explore unknown regions of knowledge and find neither man nor God to grant his wish and satisfy this yearning for manna in the wilderness. These are the martyrs of awakening intelligence, who, desiring guides and answers, are instead smothered by the pressure of surrounding mediocrity or the drudgery required of them.

At the time, my exemplary parents could hardly help the lack of education provided to us. Their own life was uprooted. The prince, whose fate my father shared, traveled about in southern Germany, never settling in one place for more than a few months. We followed him, so there was never enough time to begin a regular course of studies. Of all the children, only my sister and I stayed with my mother. She could not bring herself to separate herself from us and send us to a boarding school. It was decided that a French governess would be employed who could travel with us. Our French was still rather poor, and this shortcoming became the source of much humiliation for me. In Frankfurt am Main where we spent a Winter, my parents could not elude the visits and invitations of their many acquaintances. My sister and I were also introduced into a circle of youthful acquaintances and invited, among other things, to attend a children's ball in one of the city's richest houses, which wallowed in luxury and wasteful extravagance. As we got out of the carriage, we were received at the base of the staircase and led up the stairs by the two sons of the house, lads of our same age, who waited with kid gloves and hats in hand. Their sister, our young hostess, was an enchanting beauty, spoke several languages flawlessly, danced with indescribable grace, and possessed all the self confidence and manners at such a young age of a refined lady. She greeted us with the politeness befitting such an one and introduced us straightway to several of her young friends, who, though perhaps not equally beautiful, were just as refined as she. They all seemed so superior to me that I was positively overwhelmed. The conversation took place almost exclusively in French, for these young creatures, though they were all Germans, spoke this language more fluently than their mother tongue. I could only give monosyllabic answers and observed an anxious silence, since I did not dare to confess that I knew so little French. My humiliation climaxed when the dancing began. I was still quite unfamiliar with all of the modern dances, which had been shown to me diagrammed on an elegant card. To place myself among those girls who led their fathers onto the floor

with perfect dancing ability seemed quite impossible to me. I therefore quickly determined not to dance on the pretense that the dancing was causing a headache. and remained dejectedly chained to my seat the entire evening, watching the happy creatures, before whom I felt decimated, I, who had fancied myself capable of the most heroic deeds, the most unselfish devotion. My sister, who had fewer inhibitions, was less vain. and in this case, wiser. She danced, caused confusion in the counter dances, laughed heartily about it, answered in German when she was addressed in French, and had a good time. I came home disappointed and sad, sick with desire for that which suddenly seemed to be of immense value to me—lessons in refinement.

I delightedly greeted the idea to employ a governess who could teach me French and give regular lessons. The governess came, but even her outward appearance did not match my idea of what a governess should be. It wasn't merely that she was unpleasant to look at; even her manners were characterized by affectation, her politeness was so conventional and filled with clichés that it struck me as very disagreeable. I was too sensitive to mistake her behavior for good manners. I nevertheless tried to approach her with respect, and was gratified when a schedule was drawn up on the first day, and my day was divided into regular intervals. Unfortunately, not much time was needed to convince me that she was not the person to satisfy my thirst for knowledge. She only knew how to recite certain catechisms from each field from which she attempted to teach. A question outside of these bounds was met with no answer. I soon conceived a secret indignation toward this pathetic instruction and turned again to books with renewed vigor. We had to go through a reading list irrevocably prescribed by some French governess: the writings of Madam Cottin, *Les enfants de l' Abbaye*, *Caroline de Lichtfield*, etc. I read all of it and lived in an imaginative world of exalted virtues, terrible persecutions and crimes, and glorious triumphs of Good over Evil.

My mother, robbed of the company of her adult children and her old friends, shut herself off more and more from the world. My younger sister, who possessed a gentle, quiet disposition, did not understand my inner excitement and conflicts. I found myself alone with all these burning inner questions and became so nervous and excited that my health finally suffered. I had fantastic fits of the imagination bordering on hallucination. For a long time, I could not hear of a crime or a vice without being seized by a horrible agitation. It seemed to me that because there were occurrences of such revolting things in human nature, my own nature was probably harboring them as well. These idle horrors often became so great that they disturbed my sleep and only increased, since I couldn't speak to anyone about them. Only the right manner of learning could have dispelled them, applying my capabilities freely, I could have found peace in the pure light of knowledge.

Finally I could stand the intellectual mediocrity of the governess' instruction no longer and had a serious discussion about it with my mother. She agreed with me and promised to dismiss her. Unfortunately, the person of whom we spoke had been standing in the next room and had heard everything. She was enraged and demanded her immediate resignation. I was very satisfied with the success, but regretted the way by which it had been attained. To do harm to anyone, regardless of whom, has always numbered among my most regrettable actions in life. After the governess had coolly taken

her leave of us. I wrote a letter to her imploring her forgiveness.

CHAPTER NINE SETTLED AGAIN

Our unsettled life had to end sometime. We had to choose a place to settle. But this could only happen if we, at least temporarily, separated ourselves from our father, who was unable to leave the frequently relocating prince. My mother decided on the city where my oldest married sister lived-the city which I had loved so much in my early childhood. It was the city of Detmold, the capital of the small principality of Lippe. My father promised to visit us there for extended periods from time to time. In addition, he firmly promised that after all of his sons were well established, he would terminate his commitment to the prince and unite himself with us for ever.

Had it not been for the pain of this separation, I would have been overjoyed at our choice of relocation. My sister's family life was the reflection of her angel-like nature; her children mirrored her gentleness and endearing qualities. The city where she resided was one of those little German royal centers, the capital of a miniature country that would only constitute a meager piece of property for an English aristocrat. It was a pretty, clean city situated in a picturesque spot in northern Germany, surrounded by hills covered with beechwood, and linked to the distant past by historical references. My brother-in-law was one of the highest-ranking nobilities of the city. His family numbered among the oldest of the tiny country's little aristocracy. He had been a friend and inseparable companion of the governing ruler since childhood, and no public affairs were conducted without first asking his advice.

The governor of the small state was an honest man with a good heart but with limited intellect, and shy beyond all measure-the consequence of a long dependence on his mother. She, Princess Pauline, a woman of superior intellect and manly education, ruled for nearly twenty years, since her son was only a young boy when his father died. She alone, of all the ruling heads of Germany, dared to take a stand against the foreign Conqueror and reason with him in the name of common sense and humanity. Was the Dreaded One astounded that a woman dared to do that which the others had not? Did he have another motivation? In either case, he treated her with respect and passed by, without bothering the little country and its courageous ruler.

She was a friend of the sciences and literature, summoned several distinguished men to her court and tried to spread enlightenment and morality through her small state. As the leader of a large kingdom, she would have been another Catharine the Great, without the latter's vices. The only thing wherein she failed was the raising of her two sons, her only children. In order to impress strong principles of morality upon them, she had tyrannized them and treated them so like children for so long that the oldest, already naturally shy and reserved, had become half savage. The second, a frivolous, riotous man, had adopted a slovenly lifestyle after becoming free from his mother's authority. He had been in all kinds of countries during his military service, and had always been forced to leave his position by his bad behavior, and his brother had to buy his freedom more than once from a debtors' prison. The oldest, who rose to power after the death of his mother, led the life of a hermit. His wife was a good, gentle creature, who subjected herself to the

complete withdrawal and strict lifestyle of her husband. She had many children and led a exemplary family life. Their old castle with its high corner towers and low turrets was surrounded by gardens that had been planted on the old ramparts, and these in turn were surrounded by a wide moat, which was home to ducks and swans. From the public promenade, one could see the royal family going for walks in the gardens, but no family member ever set foot in the city streets. Once or twice a year there was a banquet in the castle, to which even the ladies whose rank entitled them to this honor were invited. On the day of this great event, the royal carriages would roll through the city to pick up the ladies, since their dresses would have otherwise suffered too greatly, because there weren't any closed carriages in the little city and people normally went to parties, even to balls, on foot. Making the rounds was torture for the poor prince; he had to file by all the lined-up ladies and say at least a couple words to each of them. Buttoned-up as stiff as a board in his uniform, his lips pursed, he stammered absurdities of one sort or another about the weather, or some other unimportant topic. Hardly had he received an answer, he would go on to the next, seemingly freed from some immense burden when arrived at the gentlemen.

There were two passions which could entice him out of his cave: hunting and the theater.

The enchanting forests which surrounded the residence were full of game, the prince the sole person authorized to hunt. Hardly a day passed in the winter when one could not see two or three royal sleds flying through the snow-covered country roads which lured this Nimrod-family into the forests, parents and children alike. They would stay the entire day in the forest. The prince and the oldest sons hunted; the princess either remained in the sleds with the other children or went for a walk in the snow. Teachers complained in vain that the children's lessons were greatly suffering because of this way of life. The intellectual development of the children took second priority to family life and wild game.

The prince's second passion, the theater, was financed by the small state's revenues. It was whispered that the expenditures were disproportionally great, but the councils which had gathered regularly under the rule of his mother were never called into session by the son. No one regulated the expenditures. The prince's friends argued that you couldn't begrudge him one little pleasure, since he led such an otherwise simplistic and virtuous life. It must also be said that his theater was among the finest in Germany, and that the greatest artists never turned down a chance to perform there. The best dramatic works and operas were performed with unusual adeptness. It was therefore only natural that the theater became the centerpiece of interest and conversation in the little residence, and it cannot be denied that it grew to a source of artistic and intellectual refinement which elevated society far above that of other provincial cities.

Besides the theater, there was one other institution which served as social entertainment, although the prince had no part in it. It was a kind of club, which had been christened with the French name *Ressource*, instead of simply calling it an organization or something of that nature. The gentleman of the society assembled there; heads of households, but especially young unmarried people spent a large portion of the day there, and usually the evening too, reading newspapers, playing cards and billiards, drinking

wine and beer, discussing the latest news from the outside and more immediate world. and emitting unbelievable amounts of tobacco smoke. On Sunday evenings the ladies were also granted admittance, and it was then that everything took on a whole new complexion. The men came dressed in tails, the pipes and cigars vanished, the older gentlemen and ladies played cards, the younger people entertained themselves with party games, conversation and dancing. Once a month there was a grand ball.

In this way, small German cities maintained a social life, since there wasn't much wealth in those areas, and most of the inhabitants were city officials with incomes that only covered the basic necessities. In such an organization one could, for a small price, meet friends and enjoy the pleasures of society without living beyond one's own means. The atmosphere in these societies was certainly not the highest expression of social graces; but there, as in the little city of which I speak, wherein were found a tiny court, a good theater, a splendid Gymnasium, a good girls' school and a few intellectual, distinguished men, a certain loftiness of ideas was prevalent, which spilled over into the mannerisms and social atmosphere. My sister and I were not yet part of the society, for we had not yet been confirmed, and this was, at least at the time, the signal in Germany for young girls to be introduced into the ranks of the adults. Our unsettled life had delayed this process a bit, and we needed an entire year of preparatory religious training. We received this from the city's foremost preacher. He was a young man, as handsome as an image of Christ, with a well-meaning smile upon his lips. He was not very orthodox, but he possessed great kindness and a sentimental spirituality which endeared him to all of his pupils, for it was he who confirmed the youth of the congregation. His wife was a very distinguished person, the daughter of one of Germany's most prominent preachers. She was more orthodox than her husband, but also more energetic and more intelligent. She was also the epitome of a housewife. Since she only had the most humble means of maintaining such a large family, she saw to even the smallest domestic duties herself and managed the entire household together with her maidservant. While her nimble hands prepared the noon-day meal, she would sing a German *Lied* for the infant who lay in the wicker rocker next to the fireplace. When the meal had come to the point that the fire could do the rest, she pushed the rocker into the small closed-off area referred to as the garden. Here she found other, somewhat larger children playing around a nut tree, the only lot's only decoration. The tree's branches and leaves formed a green canopy in front of a second-floor window, against which a magnificent potted rose plant bloomed.

In the room on the second floor illuminated by this window, an important chapter of my life began. It was the preacher's office. For the space of an entire year, my sister and I went there twice a week to be instructed in the teachings of the Protestant Church.

I eagerly anticipated this instruction. I hoped to discover a revelation of truth and the secret to life—the key that would determine the course of my life once and for all. The peaceful little room with its simple furniture and books; the rays of the afternoon sun dancing in the branches of the nut tree and forming a halo about the head of the teacher—all of these things had a gentle, mystic harmony, like the echo of awakening faith. I fancied myself in another world, in the presence of God himself. I felt strong, ready to undertake the battle against original sin, in which I was taught to believe, against

the world, which is contrary to the spirit. I took my personal salvation very seriously. I could not content myself with the words' face value, but rather, put Christian asceticism into practice and gain the victory of the spirit over the flesh, which dogma presented as the goal of perfection. But, as though the tempter was trying to test me, I was overcome at the same time by a love for life and all its beauty. The demon led me again and again to new heights, showed me the treasures of the earth and said: "all this you are willing to forsake?"

As a matter of exception, my sister and I were taken to a ball about this time. I was asked to dance by a young man, whose appearance and conversation were very interesting. I do not know how it happened, but his image filled my imagination and phantasies from that evening on. I seldom saw him, and it was even more rare that I spoke to him. He never could have suspected that he occupied my thoughts so intensely, nor could he have guessed that he had to vie for my affections with the exacting God who demanded my entire heart. One day I happened to learn that he was courting a very beautiful, but superficial and uninteresting young lady against his father's will. This discovery caused me much grief, but it did not change anything with regard to my selfless feeling. I prayed for their joint happiness and found another opportunity to overcome the demon inside by showing my happy rival the most gracious of courtesies each time I chanced upon her.

At the same time, I made a new friend amidst the many friendly acquaintances we had with young ladies of our same age. This friendship reflected the exalted condition of my soul and helped to magnify it. In the house next to ours, separated only by a small garden, lived a family with two daughters the same ages as my sister and I. The younger one was a beauty. Their father, an upstanding businessman, was one of the city's prominent figures. The oldest sister was a year older than I, and was already confirmed. She was a pale, gentle, serious creature, a model of domestic virtues. She seemed to me a saint. When she approached me one day and voiced her love and appreciation for me, I was quite confused and ashamed. I did not believe I had earned such recognition, and felt obligated to tell her of my spiritual condition, of the struggles that troubled me, of the inner anger that often kept me from attaining the Christian ideal. I made a written confession, for I did not have the courage to verbally express such horrible things. I did not try to gain her admiration, by making her believe I was really better than I was. I preferred to tell her the bitter truth, rather than set her up for a disappointment. After I had confided in her, I thought that her first look would surely show me how unworthy she deemed my sentiments. How great was my amazement when I received an answer that contained a similar confession, only more sentimental and ambiguous! From this point on. I accepted her friendship without reservation. I found great comfort in these outpourings of the heart, in this opportunity to view myself in another conscience as if looking in the mirror, to fortify my own weakness with the help of another. I came to comprehend the power of confession in the Catholic Church. I admired this institution, although I condemned its abuse. It seemed to me that so much moral courage was required to freely reveal the inner workings of the heart to another, that this alone was enough to purge sin.

I nevertheless discovered to my horror more perilous traces of skepticism inside of me each day. The dogma of salvation gave me much to consider. Try as I might to

explain it, to gain a logical, comprehensive understanding of it, I saw nothing but contradictions. God, who supposedly embodied the highest wisdom and kindness—could he create mankind with ability to choose, yet simultaneously condemn him to blind obedience and eternal subjugation under absolute authority? He had granted him paradise on the condition that he remain a slave. As soon as man confirmed his individuality and became a true human by learning to judge for himself, he was not only expelled from paradise, but also his descendants, down to the latest generation, who had had no part in his transgression. All of that had been arranged according to an irrevocable predestination, so that one person, who was God and concurrently not God, could sacrifice himself to save mankind from a sin it had not committed. What *was* the merit of Christ, for whom the short moment of his earthly life could not possibly compare with his godly eternity, considering how he ascended from the cross into glory at the right hand of God? This latter notion had baffled me since I was a child. I had never felt the need for a mediator or savior. It had always seemed to me, that the heart should find God without a go-between, should unite itself with Him directly.

But how these contradictions, these questions without answers weighed upon my conscience! How unhappy and lost I felt in this labyrinth of thought, in this struggle between reason and faith! I knelt for hours at a time and prayed shedding hot tears, begging God to comfort me, to bestow upon me the True Faith, to save me from the misery of an inquisitive intellect, from the sin of logic, which is so detrimental to blind obedience. I appealed to him for the mystical gift of mercy.

The only person I told about the chaos, the struggles in which I was involved, was my friend, but only in letters. The servant girls were amazed at the number of letters that passed from one neighborhood house to another, for we could have just as easily seen and spoken with each other in less time than it took to write. Most of my letters were written in verse form, since rhythmic forms came much easier to me than unbound speech. The main topic of our verse was the longing for death, the complete dissolution into abstract perfection, the wish to become free of our earthly shackles and fly with liberated wings towards the ideal. My longing for death had in the meantime become so poignant, that I regarded my unstable health, which greatly concerned my mother, with satisfaction.

As long as I remained alive, however, I wanted to live strictly according to the laws of the Church. I took the dogmatic dualism between the spirit and the world very seriously and determined to flee the world and its temptations. I began to refrain from going to the theater, which I loved with a passion; I refused to accompany my family to social gatherings. They did not understand this and ascribed it to wild mood swings. So I invented excuses to stay home and escape the torture of having to bear my soul which they regarded as so afflicted. In the meantime, I also begged them not to be angry with me, but to believe that I must obey God more than man.

I went to church each Sunday without fail. There, more so than other places, I was immersed in the great matter that occupied my thoughts, and I became dead to everything in the world except for the preacher's lips. One day a very worldly lady complimented me on my piety and told me that the expression of reverence in my countenance strengthened the entire congregation. This disturbed me greatly and disrupted my impartiality for a long

time. A feeling of vanity mixed involuntarily with the rest of my emotions. I learned at the time quite often, how much damage ill-considered and frivolous thoughts can do. My brother-in-law, not very tactful in this respect, teased me one day about my veneration of my religion teacher and added with a sarcastic smile that everybody knew why young girls always liked to receive his lessons. I attempted no reply, but I was deeply hurt. The feeling of reverence I felt for the preacher seemed desecrated, and I felt the effects of this frivolously inflicted wound for a long time.

The friendship of my teacher's wife became a source of great comfort to me.

Wicked tongues in the city had much to say against her, especially those who, for lack of a better reason, thought it "eternally feminine"³ to combine the raising of children and domestic duties with those of the parlor. I already mentioned that the preacher's wife fulfilled her household duties extremely conscientiously, a fact that did not prevent her from bringing up other topics of conversation in her social circle and among her friends; people called her insincere because she was polite to everyone but only opened herself to a few. I could not find a single flaw in her and enjoyed the hours that I could spend at her home, as if they were hours of true personal progress. She treated me with great kindness, as if I were her intellectual and mature equal. My relationship to the family was limited to the parents at the time, for the oldest daughter, roughly my same age, completed her education in the house of her grandfather in another city, the second-to-oldest was still just a child. Occasionally when I entered the mother's room, I would see a pale and shy young boy, barely an adolescent, sitting and working at a desk. Normally he arose when I came, greeted me awkwardly without raising his eyes, and disappeared. It was the oldest son.

In the final days before confirmation, our teacher suggested that we would take part in the lessons together with the other children who were to be confirmed. I was touched and delighted by this suggestion. The idea of learning with anyone other than my sister had never appealed to me. But at this occasion, it seemed appropriate to enter a community, many of whose members occupied a much lower social station than I. Most of the sixty children—boys and girls—had grown up on a farm. I took my seat eagerly between them on the wooden benches, quite forgetting that the room was small and tainted by the odors of the children's frequently filthy and damp clothes, since they came regardless of the weather. My health, as I mentioned, was very fragile; but I would have hated myself, had I not been able to overcome my reluctance. I felt as liberated as I was timid in other social settings. My doubts, my concerns were another matter; with regard to the dogma and doctrines, I knew everything forward and backward. I wasn't nervous, either, as the day of public examination drew near. It was my solemn duty to prove to the congregation that I was familiar with the content of Christian teachings, and was worthy to be received into the body of the church. The church was packed with people; I gave my answers with an unwavering voice, and I was told later, that I was understood in the farthest recesses of the church. My family was delighted with my accomplishment. But I still was not satisfied. My soul yearned to comprehend the infinite, to receive a revelation of eternal truth, to be transformed into a new, ideal creature, without shortcomings or flaws—this is what I had hoped to gain during the week previous to confirmation. Could I have given my life as a sacrifice or enshrouded myself with a cloud that obscured me from

the view of the outside world. I would have done it. I should have liked to have traversed the mysterious bridge called death in order to find myself again in the lap of abstract perfection.

The main ceremony was to take place on Sunday. The Friday previous, we were to have our last lesson. Our teacher was very touched; he spoke to us with tears in his eyes about the sacredness and importance of the act which we were about to undertake. This wonderful man, though he could never satisfy my intellect, always knew how to touch my heart. I was so taken with enthusiasm that I yearned for great struggles and sacrifices, monumental deeds to prove the depth of my zeal.

Our teacher required us to make a written statement of our convictions. I wrote mine with the greatest possible sincerity. But how could I have told him everything at the last minute? How could I have made it clear to him that a voice from the depth of my soul protested, contradicted almost everything he so carefully had taught us, and that, despite my eagerness and sincerity, I was perhaps further away from being a devoted church member than the farmers' children, whose indifference he found discomfiting? But I also nurtured the hope that God would reveal himself at the decisive moment, that he would grant me, like Paul, the vanquishing faith I was lacking.

My teacher was completely satisfied with what I had written.

On Saturday, we went with our entire families to church to attend preparations for the communion in which my sister and I were to participate for the first time directly after confirmation. To me, this seemed the most important, but also most mysterious part of the whole process. I would have to suppress the doubts of my skeptical demon, which demanded an explanation for the miracle of transubstantiation. I sensed most assuredly that I dare not question—that the miracle only existed as long as one did not doubt, but believed.

I listened intently to the preparatory admonitions. But as the preacher read the wording of the ritual: "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself," I was overcome by a fatal horror. When afterwards, as he asked each of the assembled whether they were sincerely repentant of their sins and wanted to go to the Table of the Lord with the desire to be ransomed by his blood, and everyone firmly answered "*Ja!*" I was so shaken that the words died on my lips. I trembled and suffered the pains of hell. We left the church, everything whirled around me like a dream. My mother and sisters were calm and cheerful. The evening's conversation was just as on other days; they talked about neither the past, nor what awaited on the following day. No one seemed concerned that it was the eve of a terrible judgement that would determine the course of eternity, whereas I lay bent-over and crushed by the responsibility that had been placed upon my soul. Was I worthy to eat the bread, to drink the wine? Was my faith as firm as the Church required? A hundred times I had reached the conclusion: No, no, I am not worthy; I love the world, the sun, the soil, the flowers, pleasures, youth, beauty; I thirst for happiness! The mystery of the elect is sealed to me; I cannot comprehend why there are two voices inside me; one good, noble, capable of being saved—the other eternally lost and condemned.

But the fear of being misunderstood, of being taken simply as sick or crazy, and of

disturbing the peace of others kept my mouth shut. I went to my room, threw myself upon my knees and pleaded with God for help. I awakened calmer the next morning.

It is customary in Germany that the girls of the upper class wear a black silken dress for the first time at confirmation; this was the case with us as well, and this festive attire calmed me and did me good. Our attendant went to great lengths with our appearance, as if it had been a social party, and babbled more than usual. I found this repulsive, but at least it distracted me from my contemplation. When the time came, I bid my mother fervent adieu, asking her to forgive my mistakes. My sister and I had to go to the house of the preacher before going to church. Everything there was covered with flowers. Our teacher received us in dressed in his priestly robe and spoke to us so tenderly and insistently that even the most indifferent of the children showed signs of emotion. As the bells of the nearby church began to ring, our procession started to march, our teacher in the lead, with us following two-by-two. The way from the vicarage to the church was strewn with flowers; the church was similarly decorated. The town choir, to which a few of our best friends belonged, greeted us with a beautiful hymn. I felt my soul take flight, I prayed to God that he would bless me my whole life through. The sermon, delivered by the same voice which had so often touched my heart in the little green room, calmed me. As the preacher afterwards tested our beliefs, I declared "Yes!" with firm confidence. I then knelt with the others before him to receive his blessing. He laid his hands on our head, admitted us as members into the Protestant Church and blessed each one with a special saying from the Bible. To me, he said: "Be true until death, and I will grant thee the crown of life." My heart repeated it as a solemn oath: True until death! The choir above greeted the young Christians once again with a hymn of victory. We didn't return to the confirmation benches, but instead to our parents and relatives, to wait until the church had emptied itself of all those who did not wish to partake of communion. As the mournful hymn about "the innocent Lamb of God" was struck up, the sound reverberated through the church like a cryptic tremor before the mystery which was now to be revealed. The decisive hour had arrived. My heart beat wildly, my voiced failed me, preventing me from crying: "No, no, I can't go on, I do not possess the True Faith!"

People involuntarily let my mother and my older sisters leave first, for even in church, a sense of social distinction is maintained. My younger sister and I followed. I approached the altar with downcast eyes, the outside world had disappeared for me. I expected to witness the Mystery of the Cross, of Eternal Life, in the radiance of heavenly glory before me. I received the bread from the hands of my teacher and heard the words: "Take, eat; this is my body which is broken for the forgiveness of thy sins."--I touched the cup with my lips, and a voice said to me: "This is my blood, which is shed for the forgiveness of many."--But there was no transformation inside me, no mystery was opened up to me, no God was there to welcome me into the glory of heaven into the ranks of the elect.

I had been rejected, condemned forever! How I got home, how I survived the day's misery, how I succeeded in hiding my intense suffering from my family, I'll never know. I only know that the innocent eyes of my little nieces, whom I loved dearly, seemed to say to me: "What are you, Fallen Angel, doing in our paradise?"

CHAPTER TEN INSIDE OUT

The immediate result of these horrible spiritual struggles was absolute fatigue and the inability, at least for the moment, to struggle on. In this way I achieved a kind of peace, which I construed as a late answer to my petition, and I began to grow somewhat hopeful again. I was now completely free to manage my time. The measure of luxury in which we lived did not compel us, like many of our friends, to help to a large extent with household chores. The bulk of my time went to reading, painting, and music; but a good portion of it was spent in going for walks and moving about in nature, for my love of nature always maintained equilibrium with my love for my studies. I wandered through the quaint area surrounding our little residence, sometimes with family, sometimes alone, enjoying the freedom which young ladies enjoyed in those days, especially in smaller cities, since it was unheard of that a modest girl compromise herself simply because she was without escort. My sister often found it peculiar that I was once again irresistibly drawn outdoors by the streaming afternoon sun, after we had already taken our morning walk. She could not possibly understand how vital nature was in maintaining my equilibrium; that I derived unspeakable comfort from the sunshine, green forests, blooming meadows, and sweeping views from swelling heights. I should have liked to have had even more of this inherently attractive medicine for the soul. I should have liked to have lived in the countryside, to have worked in garden and field, to have acquired knowledge of the natural sciences in order to enjoy even more the calming influence of nature upon me. How educators should attend to and satisfy these instincts, these intrinsic needs! How much strength could be preserved for the future in this way!

My relationship with my younger sister was of a special nature. She was only one year younger than I, and we had been raised together, treated equally in every respect, and never been separated. Friends of the family called us "the inseparable ones," and indeed, we were very dear to each other. At the same time, however, our personalities were exact opposites. The fact that she was never inclined to share her inner feelings with me pained me greatly. I knew nothing of her thoughts during the events that caused such revolutions in my life. At the time of which I speak, a thousand voices were raising a thousand questions inside me, in all aspects of life. I needed to open my heart freely and to find that same openness in another. My sister could walk, however, for hours with out saying anything; or if she did, she spoke of trivial matters. This bothered me intensely and I sought refuge at the hand of my friend. But here I was to have the first of many similar experiences. This friend was the reason my inclinations were reproved as fickle, a criticism I did not deserve. I do not seek to justify myself on this account, but merely relate the incident the way it happened.

Without my realization, the unique mood that had yielded this bond of friendship had given way to a number of other interests. My mind was ready to leave the cocoon which held it prisoner, and sprout wings. My friend's mind, on the other hand, was still in stuck in its former state of transition because she did not have the strength leave her comfort zone. Her exaggerated sentimentality started to weigh upon me. I could have

only retained this friendship had I been able to take its content with me to new levels of spiritual development, greater clarity and more daring discoveries.

It's the same way in friendship and love as it is in art. There has to be an element of mystery. The work of art that does not reveal something new each time we immerse ourselves in it soon loses its attraction. We soon become indifferent to the person whose soul does not continually open up new treasures for us. True love and true friendship are inseparably connected with the constant revelation of new inner riches.

I could hardly content myself with emotions when my intellect longed for new knowledge. I watched as I hurt my friend's feelings, and she in turn manifested her agitation and even jealousy whenever she imagined I was speaking more with other girls than with her. Knowing that she was suffering caused me to suffer, but the situation could not be helped. I was still far from placated with regard to matters of dogma. I could never hear people speaking about the sacrament of communion without reliving the inner terror of my confirmation day. Fortunately, my family did not observe religious ceremonies very strictly. For a long time there was not the slightest mention of renewing the holy act. But in the meantime, considerations were no longer limited to these questions. I had developed a passion for the study of history and literature. I was especially influenced by the writings of two women: Bettina von Arnim and Rahel. Of the two, I identified most with Rahel's serious, philosophical, puritanical and magnificent mind. But Bettina's poetic, magical fantasies awakened glorious visions inside me. They contributed in developing the imaginative side that the ascetic spirit of Christian dogma had led me to try to stifle

More than ever, I found myself entangled in a curious dichotomy. On one hand, I was happy, full of energy, capable of creating a promising future for myself, on the other, whenever doubt and the ascetic part of me gained the upper hand, I would accuse myself of imaginary shortcomings and would be overcome by a lack of self-esteem.

About this time I read *Poetry and Truth* for the first time. Goethe mentions similar struggles in his youth and says that he put an end to them by abandoning his constant speculation and working "from inside out." In his conversations with Eckerman, he said the same thing: "Every worthy endeavor originates inside." This little phrase saved me. What could not be accomplished by the church's mysteries was done by the clear, plastic, Hellenistic intellect of our greatest poet. I determined to do as he had done: to turn my attentions from the abyss of my heart, from unfruitful speculation, to the contemplation of the world, to the light which flows from the sciences, to useful and practical activities.

I would later come to understand that two literary archetypes illustrating these inclinations in human nature are found, to a greater or lesser extent, in every fulfilling life: Goethe's Faust and Byron's Manfred.

My health continued to be unstable, and I spent a portion of these beautiful youthful years in great suffering. The thought of a premature death was always present and did not frighten me. I read the words of Ninon de l'Enclos, who, upon his deathbed in the sixteenth century, spoke to the mourners standing around him: "Why do ye cry? I leave nothing but mortals behind."—I took a liking to this statement and thought of it often. I had become very calm and gentle, was the beneficiary of a great inner peace, and

loved tranquility above all else. In my family I had earned the facetious nickname "The Peacemaker," because I always felt the need to smooth over all the petty family disputes to unite everyone around me through my love and kindness. I had a true reverence for family life. Whenever I walked arm in arm with my oldest sister, the angel of my childhood, I basked in the warmth of sisterly love. I was extraordinarily fond of my little nieces and devoted a lot of my time to them. But I was also fond of social amusements, and did not resist this impulse any longer. I especially enjoyed dancing. Whenever I wasn't sick, I would dance away the evenings. My younger sister was very pretty and popular. With time, I came to envy her a little, but over all, I was happy that I wasn't as beautiful as she, because I averted the pitfall of vanity. I was not given to flirtation; my attire was often conspicuously modest, and because of this, I was frequently teased. But I found it so contemptible to make a show of physical charm just for the sake of getting noticed, that I preferred to appear a bit comical instead. I also was of the opinion that nothing is more reprehensible than to incite emotions one has no plans of reciprocating. A short time after our introduction into society, an educated man with a very good social position showed me great attentions. I enjoyed conversing with him, and he was one of my regular dance partners until a few offhand comments by third parties, as well as his own behavior, convinced me that his feelings for me were serious. I immediately removed myself most decidedly from his presence and became cold and proud, something that he could not understand. I preferred this behavior, even though it was quite contrary to my nature, to the chance that I be dishonest in my feelings for someone.

The thought of marriage was still far from my mind. The union of two people seemed like a sacred mystery to me. I sensed that I did not yet possess the peace of mind to yield to this mystery, and that it was a revelation which the future held for me, as soon as I could come to grips with truth. Since I was only familiar with the idealistic, poetic side of this union, I was consumed by a lofty, beautiful vision of it. I regarded it as the joining of the highest and most lofty elements of two souls. The almost childish feeling for the young man whom I mentioned had passed away the same way it had blossomed: silently; it had only existed in my imagination and not my heart. Besides, I was completely satisfied with my family life, where I knew I was loved and had such sweet duties to fulfill. During this time, I was alone with my mother for several months because my younger sister was visiting my oldest brother in Cassel. I had weak eyes, and because I put them through so much stress, I had to give them plenty of rest. So I listened intently to the stories my mother used to tell about her childhood and committed them to memory. They weren't just interesting on a personal level, but also in a general sense, because they characterize the era of an entire generation. My mother had been raised in one of the old aristocratic families (Family von Riedesel), which had been subject to no one but the emperor at the time of the German Empire. The family laid hereditary claim to nobility in the empire. It exercised royal powers in the little city that belonged to its ancestral castle. Family members residing in the castle at the time of my mother's childhood could boast an unimpeachable family tree. All of them had the refined education and elegance of the aristocracy of the last century. Among them were enchanting ladies that would have been admired in the court of Marie Antoinette. They surrounded themselves in the old castle

with all the elegance and luxury that was the exclusive privilege of the aristocracy, until the day when the horns of the great French Revolution summoned them before the tribunal of human justice to account for their abuse of power. These representatives of a world that was on the eve of extinction had combined with images of a new world in my mother's mind. The troops of the French Republic, and later of the Empire, had marched through the small city more than once, and my mother had sat upon the knees of Marshal Soult and played with the buttons on his uniform. Soult was the self-invited guest of the well-bred residents of the castle. Despite their aversion to the representative of a world order that contradicted all of their traditions, they had received him with the graciousness dictated by the customs of their own class regarding the treatment of the enemy. These various impressions had imbedded my mother's character with the aristocratic, and yet liberal ideas, which she would retain her whole life through.

When she was fifteen years old, she spent the winter in the capital city Cassel with the old mistress of the castle, who had raised her like her own daughter. It was here that she saw a young man at the window of a house across the way, who often looked in her direction. The acquaintance was made through glances, without a word ever being exchanged. In the springtime the ladies returned to the castle in the countryside. The next winter, they returned to the same house in the city. The young neighbor was still there and seemed delighted to see the beautiful young lady from a year previous. He introduced himself, and when spring came, they separated on condition that their next reunion would be an eternal one. He was twenty-one years old, she was sixteen. The old mistress of the castle remained a friend to the young couple, and I remember going to visit her often when we were young. She was an old, petite, thin lady, dressed in heavy gray silk covered with lace, surrounded by fragrances, and attended by servants and maidservants who silently moved about the house. Each time we came, she gave us sweets.

In listening to my mother's stories, the same thing George Sand later wrote in her memoirs occurred to me: that every family should carefully gather the records of their ancestors and write a kind of family history that will be of personal, and even general interest to future generations.

The peaceful life I led back then would only be disturbed by a deep, real pain which would affect my heart and not just my imagination.

My oldest sister, whom I loved dearly, became seriously ill after the death of her fourth daughter. She suffered horribly over the course of three months. I spent all my time either at her bedside or with her little daughters. All of my thoughts revolved around relieving her suffering and being of assistance and comfort to her. But I watched in despair as the end drew inescapably near. It was then that I turned once again to the invisible Savior. In the nights that I spent with her, I called upon God to come to our aid and preserve her life. But I found him further and further removed from me, in far-off infinite spheres. He was no longer an individual to me, the way he used to be: he filled the universe, he was one with the strict laws that governed the world. It was not withing his power to change the fate that loomed over us. I heard a voice like the fates of old which called to me: "subject yourself!" I stayed on my knees for hours at a time, my face buried in my hands, and mourned the irreplaceable loss. We had to obey. Instead of a loving

father who is touched by sincere prayer, I found unyielding necessity.

The dying woman had lain semi-conscious for several days, in a light sleep, but at least she was not suffering any more. She spoke of gentle things and seemed to see happy images before her. One evening she returned to consciousness. She called her little daughters to her and took leave of them with heart-wrenching tenderness. But she was cheerfully transfigured, as if certain of eternity, she did not fear a temporal separation. During the night she spoke of angels who were waving to her, and she smiled blissfully at them. The nurse bowed respectfully and whispered in my ear: "She is expected in heaven. She'll be gone soon!" As morning approached, I withdrew in order to rest. Then they came to get me. It was all over. She lay in her bed, pale, eternally motionless, with a blissful smile on her lips. I knelt at the side of her bed, peering through my tears at this dear face, and a voice inside me asked, "will we ever see each other again?" My heart cramped up; but the love which I had felt towards her cried: "Yes, you will see her again!"

My younger sister had arrived a few days before our older sister's passing. She was filled by new impressions and stories. I, on the other hand, was weaker than ever after this period of suffering and exertion. My eyes were especially weakened by the watching and crying, to the point that I had to wear an eye shield and was not permitted to work. This was a difficult test for an active nature like mine, even more so, since we lived isolated from the world on account of our mourning. Nevertheless, it was precisely at this time that fate brought me one of the most pleasant episodes of my youth. The past winter we had come to be friends with some people who were not part of our usual social circle. The theater which I described earlier was only open during the winter, and the troupe played in other locations during the summer. My brother-in-law was majordomo and director of the theater all in one. He had introduced us to the new music director the previous winter, who was to give my sister and me piano lessons. He was a young man from the Rhineland, a kind, cheerful, talented person, the kind found more commonly in those happy regions than in the northern part of Germany, where the people are more serious and cold. He was a distinguished musician and orchestra conductor, so that even though he was very young, he had quickly earned the respect of his subordinates and elevated orchestra, concerts and operas to a new level. Music became the central element of our life through him. He lived directly across from us, together with a young actor, who was also newly employed, a handsome, serious, noble, considerate, thoroughly educated man who drew exquisitely and wrote poetry. Together we used to study the compositions of the great masters, then each of us would write down his or her thoughts about the analyzed piece, the essays would be read aloud and the various opinions discussed. We also read all the classic dramas together and discussed our conceptions of the roles that the young man had to play. This company, so different from the petty drabness of the usual social gatherings, was treated with suspicion by the so-called "high society" of the little city. The gossip soon started. We paid no attention to it, and when our friends returned at the beginning of the winter after the death of my sister, we were delighted to receive them. We lived completely withdrawn from the world because of our mourning and my health; so we had twice the right to entertain in our home only those whose presence brought real comfort and happiness.

I permitted myself to enjoy the charm of this company with the complete simplicity of a free heart. Intellectual, serious relationships between young men and women, without flirtation, without passion, with the straight-forwardness of simple natures, have always struck me as one of the most beautiful gifts of life. I had no idea that a feeling of a different nature could find its way into this intimacy. Nevertheless, it happened, that our friend, the music director, had taken a deep liking to me. Encouraged by my mother's kindness, he found the courage to speak to her about his feelings. My mother, who always preferred talent and character to the advantages of social rank, took it upon herself to clear all obstacles and obtain my father's consent, if I were willing. She informed me of our friend's wishes and her readiness to help while we were taking a walk together. To her great amazement, she encountered a resolute "No!" I still bore the same distaste for marriage as before, and I nearly recoiled in horror as my mother brought up the topic. Not that it would have horrified me to step down to a lower social station than my own. On the contrary, my imagination would have sooner found the prospect of a "Wilhelm Mister" life appealing. But I sensed that I was not ready for marriage, without ever having been able to explain to myself why I felt this way. I still possessed the flexibility and sensitivity of those kinds of people commonly referred to as "enchanting."⁴ Such a personality, poured into the mold of marriage, takes on the form dictated by the other individual, and so remains a dependent creature who sees through the eyes of another and acts according to the will of another. Or, upon finding her own law, breaks the old form, senses the misfortune of the prematurely acquired chains, or breaks them in painful struggles.

But besides the indefinite notion that my character was not yet sufficiently developed to take such an important step, I also realized that the fondness I felt and freely showed was by no means love.

But this time, I did not have cause to withdraw proudly like the first time. The inquiry had been made in such a delicate manner, that I tried to reconcile the pain which I had unknowingly caused, and tried to transform a fleeting passion into a lasting friendship. It was gratifying to see this endeavor succeed completely. The only mention of what had happened between us was a beautiful song set to Goethe's words: "ye wilt, sweet roses, my love bore you not" etc., composed by him and dedicated to me.

This peaceful existence was interrupted by an extraordinarily bitter experience, for which I was completely unprepared. One of my brothers, who didn't seem to take to any kind of profession, had gone into military service. In those days, this was a common fallacy, of which my dear father was also guilty. My brother was handsome, talented, good-mannered and good-hearted. But he was capricious, weak and superficial. Relegating him to the lazy, useless life of an officer in peacetime pretty much meant digging his grave. As I said, it was a common occurrence in those days, that young people who weren't cut out for any other career be placed in the army. There they acquired a pride that was based on an incorrect principle, namely that a country's army is its pride and joy. People came to believe that training soldiers and making machines out of them was important and useful. The soldiers became wild through the indolence of life in little garrison towns, and destroyed themselves through all sorts of rivalries brought on by their position. My brother was a tragic example of the consequences of such an unnatural and

unproductive life. My poor parents suffered immensely at the reports they received about him. Much was done to save him, but it was all in vain. I never knew the extent of his depravity, but it must have been great, since my father finally disowned him and wouldn't permit his name to be mentioned. Expelled from the military, he suddenly turned up in the town where we lived. He announced his arrival in a letter which manifested his contrition, and begged us not to desert him. This letter was read to my sister and me by my brother, who always lived with us, since he was an employee of the state. For the time being, we decided to hide this sad occurrence from our mother and meet with him privily, since we couldn't turn away our own brother who came as a beggar to us, even though his situation had been brought on by his own doing.

There are moments in life that contain entire tragedies, more melodramatic than anything any imagination could contrive. So it was with the moment on the evening when my sister and I stepped into a first-floor room and saw a completely unrecognizable man standing before us trembling like a criminal. This man was our brother. He had left us when we were still little children, so we had never gotten to know him. But the antipathy which I bore towards him because of the worry that he had caused our dear father melted away into a deep, unconditional compassion when I saw him standing that way in front of me. I would have laid down my life to have spared him the feeling of shame which surely weighed upon him, standing in front of his younger sisters, as if they were his judges. To allay the discomfort of the moment, I adopted a conciliatory sister-like posture. After we had prepared our mother, she also saw him, and it was decided to make one final effort to keep him with us, where he would begin to study agriculture so he could later study at the hands of a capable farmer.

There's probably nothing quite as tragic as living with a relative whose life has been besmirched by past mistakes. I have always suffered more at the sight of a child being punished than the child himself, and have suffered to an even greater extent if the situation involved servants, who were usually a bit older and were being reprovved for trifling matters. But to see a person equal to me in every respect and my brother besides be disgraced by his own doing—that was one of the greatest trials of my life. If I had viewed true regret in him, the deep remorse that allows people to be born again, I would have given myself unconditionally to my sisterly feeling of reconciliation. But I perceived only too clearly that he had been humbled by his outward circumstances rather than by his own conscience. The arrogance that shone through his pleasant, elegant manners repulsed me time and time again. I nevertheless made a concerted effort to cultivate a love of virtue and hard work in his heart.

I seemed to be increasingly encumbered by the domestic duties, which were my natural lot. I wanted nothing more than to fulfill them faithfully. My mother, who had barely recovered from a lengthy nervous disorder, injured her foot and was laid up for months. I didn't leave her side for a moment, didn't go to social gatherings or to the theater, and dedicated all my time to the care of the injured woman. If it were possible to tabulate matters of childhood love, I would have to say that I paid back my debt to my mother in full.

My brother's wicked inclinations started to manifest themselves. He committed an

excess, which we hid from our mother, but which enraged me such that I spoke with him in a very firm manner about it. He became angry at my chastisement, instead of recognizing its validity. I started to give up on him. He was sent to the country to study practical agriculture under the auspices of a strict man.

At the same time, the doctor decided that my mother should spend the summer at one of central Germany's largest spa resorts. Before our departure, we enjoyed many a happy hour with our artist friends, whom we would never see again, for they had both accepted other engagements. We took our leave sociably, with restrained emotions. We all thanked each other, and there were no words of criticism.

Since our absence was to be of long duration, we took leave of our acquaintances, including Mr. Althaus, our religion teacher (who in the meantime had been promoted to head superintendent), and his family. For a long time, our relationship to them had not been the same. I seldom went to church. I had long since noticed that the things that I heard there no longer satisfied me. I was searching for new ideas and only heard a code of morality that was not practiced anywhere. Instead of going to church I would right down a thought I had over a passage from the Bible. I did not want to ostracize myself from religion, but I started to unconsciously construct a philosophical system for myself. The natural result was that my teacher started to distance himself a bit from me. He regretted that his most zealous pupil was straying from the orthodoxy of the cult. I was not yet liberated enough to confess which direction my thoughts were taking. As I said good-bye to him, his coolness was apparent. This hurt me deeply, and I sent him the book filled with my meditations to show him that I had not been idle. He sent it back with a few polite, cool words.-But there was no turning back for me. I had experienced first-hand Goethe's phrase, "from the inside out."

CHAPTER ELEVEN HIGH SOCIETY

Before our departure, I wrote my unhappy brother one last letter by way of farewell in which I poured out my entire soul. I wrote with the zealous warmth of compassion which strives to save regardless of the cost and fancies itself all-powerful. But this was also in vain. He had reverted back to his old ways. We received bad reports; I felt unable to do more and determined not to waste my energy in such a hopeless cause. My brother went to America, and died there not long afterwards.

We saw the Rhine and the beautiful regions in southern Germany. We saw our father and visited all his friends with him in various locations. Finally we settled in the spa resort prescribed for our mother, a location which combined the efficacy of its healing springs with the beauty of the area and the elegance of a city. It was here that I was to finally become acquainted with so-called "high society," the elegant upper class that gathered here from all parts of the civilized world. For quite some time, I had yearned to be a part of this world, which I had imagined to be very beautiful. It seemed to me that contact with this world would surely complete my education and accord me the freedom of mind and behavior which I craved. The company at our little residence was no longer adequate. I had an uncertain desire for new surroundings. I had spoken with a very witty Frenchwoman, who, for a while had been the governess of the princess, about this desire. She was familiar with Parisian "high society" and retorted: "Ask the sun, the stars, the spring, the flowers about what they're missing; 'high society' cannot teach it to them."

I knew these teachers very well indeed! They were the confidants of my inmost thoughts; they whispered revelations to me. I had always led a separate life with them, a life about which no one knew. But I was still missing one thing: a wide field of thought, more freedom, and I imagined that I would find this in the more educated, refined society of a large city, the home of so many important and diverse interests.

In no time we were surrounded by a host of new acquaintances, for one acquaintance always brought along another. Splendid balls were put on in the great hall, and the most elegant and refined (outwardly, at any rate) company I had ever witnessed was drawn there by the promise of diversion and pleasure. Of course, we also made some closer friends from among the crowd. A Russian countess lived in our same hotel, and we soon got to know her better. The mother was a splendid lady, gentle and kind. The daughter was just fourteen years old and quite the opposite of her mother: a wild Cossack girl, moody, impertinent and undisciplined. She took a fancy to us quickly, and soon felt free to visit us at all hours, in every attire, invited or not. She frequently appeared at six in the morning, her hair undone, dressed in a revealing negligee, with a plate of strawberries and fresh milk in her hand, which she would devour in front of us for her breakfast. Then she would make a mess of the place, complain about her youth which did not allow her to go to the balls, and curse schooling in general. But in spite of her less than pleasant manners, there was something about her that was original, open and generous. These qualities, as well as the respect and friendship we had for her mother, allowed us to be patient with the little wild girl. In the room of this Russian lady we made the acquaintance

of one of her compatriots, a Russian diplomat, a man in his thirties with a noble, interesting exterior. He walked with crutches because of rheumatism he had incurred while performing a heroic act. The ship with which he had come to Germany from St. Petersburg on a pleasure trip had caught fire, and he had jumped into the sea to save the lives of two people. The countess, who had known him back in Russia, spoke of him with admiration. From the first moment on, I felt enchanted by his intellectual conversation and was immediately convinced that I would prefer his company to every other leisure activity. He never took part in the large public festivities on account of his health, but he lived in our same building, so we saw him often. Once at our request he accepted an invitation to a country party thrown by a rich Creole lady, one of our acquaintances. The company consisted of individuals of every nationality. I sat down under a tent which our hostess had caused to be pitched, so that I could enjoy the beautiful view in peace. Happy chattering in every possible modern language could be heard around me. Everything reminded of youth, beauty, and happiness. My view rested on a shiny point on the horizon. A new unexpressible feeling filled my heart, and a tear of intense inner transfiguration formed in my eye.

Suddenly, as if moved by a magnetic force, I looked to my side and saw two dark eyes gazing searchingly and compassionately at me. It was our friend, who had sat down quietly next to me. In that instant it became clear to me why I had felt so happy: I loved! Rahel says: "Love is conviction!" I was convinced. To me, he seemed like a perfect human being. Not merely because he possessed an inexhaustible mind and delightful charm—he also possessed a harmonious and refined behavior, the reflex of "the beautiful soul."⁵ I still looked like a child—much younger than I actually was—and was overcome by an insurmountable timidity whenever I was in his presence, the same timidity that blighted so many happy moments in my life. But nevertheless, I felt that he also took a more than casual interest in me and looked for opportunities to be near me. Since he could not walk very long distances, he often suggested a small excursion on a donkey in the beautiful surrounding area, in which my sister, the wild little Katherine and I took part. We crisscrossed the pretty countryside and stopped atop green hills with panoramic views or in blossoming, charmingly secluded valleys. Then we would rest on the grass and speak to us about history, poetry or his travels. I listened to him with all my soul and basked in the newfound charm of such conversation. But my blushing timidity prevented me from saying what I felt and thought. Did he guess what was going on in the heart of the silent young lady at his side who envied the uninhibited nerve of the wild young Russian, because she could shamelessly ramble on about all sorts of nonsense? I do not know, but he treated me gently and lovingly. Unfortunately, old acquaintances of his arrived and took up all his time, so that I saw him much more seldom.

In the meantime, our acquaintances had increased, and we were drawn into a veritable whirlpool of parties. Among these acquaintances was another elegant Russian lady, a widow with three children. She had come for her health, as well as her pleasure. It so happened, that she moved into the hotel where the Russian countess, our friend, and my family lived. Our friend had known her in St. Petersburg, our acquaintance was made through him, and soon she visited us just as frequently as the countess' daughter. She was in her thirties and rather plain. but most of her energies were spent in trying to do one thing: trying to please other people. She herself said once in reference to the ladies of St. Petersburg: "We are trained to please." She had a good heart and a winning manner, so

one just had to like her, in spite of all her flaws. She showed my mother and us sisters great warmth, and soon we were familiar with all of her circumstances and her inmost anxieties. She nurtured a passion for a young Pole, the resident Don Juan, an exceptionally handsome man, but a complete playboy. In everything blasé, a gambler, vain and superficial, this man knew how to attract heated passion, which he would then exploit during the course of an affair. His most sorry victim was his own wife, for he was married and had a little son. His wife had been very beautiful and had made great sacrifices for him, since he had compromised himself. In the course of time, worry had withered her beauty. He had squandered her substantial fortune, and they often lived in extreme poverty. He constantly betrayed her, but his heart was never really involved in his disloyalty, for he loved no one. He abused his wife and took his gambling losses out on her; indeed, he even took his bad moods out on the child. This poor, small, sickly creature could only be looked upon with the deepest compassion. Nevertheless, his wife loved him with such passionate dedication that she always invented excuses for him, lived for his attention, and beamed happily whenever he took notice of her in front of a rival. Was this admirable or disgusting? My feeling sided with the latter judgement, and my compassion was always mixed with a secret anger whenever I saw her in the parlors of the resort at night wearing an old, faded dress that only accentuated her poverty, her eyes red from crying, pursuing her husband who publicly humiliated her by courting other women. The princess (the aforementioned widow) seemed to him a desirable conquest, probably because of her fortune. In no time he succeeded in igniting a hefty passion inside her. Both women, rivals in this drama, came to my mother often for advice and comfort, and in this way I became witness to one of these tragic comedies which take place in so-called "high society." One evening we had driven by carriage with the princess to a ball in the great hall. The Pole tormented her the entire evening with fits of feigned jealousy. He caused scenes in front of her that must have been obvious to everyone. This had been his intention; he wanted to compromise her, in order to possess her. The princess teetered between passion and her fear of general reproach. Finally, tormented to the extreme, she decided to leave. We promised to ride with her and spend the rest of the evening with her. We had hardly left, when the carriage stopped and the door flung open; the Pole sprang onto the footboard, embraced the princess' knees and swore with the most heated expressions that he would not leave this position until there be peace between the two of them, and she had rectified the injustice she had inflicted upon him. The princess cried out in terror. I was beside myself with rage and commanded the driver to race off at a gallop. The Pole had to jump off and couldn't follow us. The princess was in despair. Arriving at home, I left her without a good-bye and declared that nothing on earth would be able to make me go out with her again.

Of course, the tale spread. Our Russian friend came to us to inquire as to the details. He despised the Pole and smiled kindly over my outrage. Then he left to reprimand the princess for her behavior, for she had great respect for him. I didn't visit

her for several days. Then she came and invited us so heartily to a little gathering to which the Pole was not invited, that we could not refuse. This adventure completed my disappointment over the merits of "high society."—"That is the company which I believed would further my intellectual development?" I thought. I fled all the more frequently to my serious Russian friend, the mother of the little wild girl, where I was sure to find an engaging conversation, and where I occasionally met the man who alone fulfilled the ideal that I had of a refined society.

He left us for a journey to the southern part of Germany to ascertain whether his strength had been restored and could regard his treatment as finished. After his departure the social gatherings lost their last bit of charm for me, the balls became a bore. I yearned for only one thing: to see him again. One day this yearning became so strong that I said a quick prayer to be allowed to see him again. Prayer was really the only religious practice which had stuck with me, and I only sought refuge from it in times of heightened inner turbulence. Through a bizarre chain of events, he returned on the self-same day, back to the same rooms he had occupied previously. I didn't know he had returned, but as we sat under the orange trees in the evening in front of the great hall with other acquaintances, he turned up suddenly, came toward us and sat down next to me. He was asked about his trip and whether he had returned to his earlier accommodations. He answered affirmatively to the latter and added quietly, I suppose for my benefit: "If I couldn't have been there, then I wouldn't have come at all."

A few weeks later he departed permanently, to take up a new ambassadorial position in a far-away country. On the evening before he left, we were in the princess' parlor together. He stayed seated next to me the entire evening, and for the first time, I felt completely open with him. In the face of danger, I always found courage: thus, in the moment of separation, my usual timidity had vanished. These last moments had to be mine, and they were all mine. We left the princess' parlor together. At our door, he took leave of my mother and sister, whereupon he grasped my hand, held it for a moment and gazed at me with a pregnant expression; then he left without saying a word.

I could not sleep that night. Before the break of dawn I heard his footfall above us and heard him coming down the stairs. I glided noiselessly out of bed in order not to wake my mother and sister, covered myself in a shawl and hurried to the living room window. I saw him walk across the courtyard to the gate, where his carriage stood waiting for him. Suddenly he turned his head and looked up at our window. I withdrew as quick as lightning. When I looked out again, he had disappeared. Why had he looked back? Yes, he knew that he was leaving a broken heart behind him.

After his departure, our mutual friend, the Russian countess, spoke with me about him with an air of deep admiration and respect. She intentionally added that he was not in a position that permitted him to marry anyone except for a rich lady; that his honor, however, would not permit him to marry a woman for her money's sake. A few days later, I saw an opened letter of my father to my mother lying on the table. Since my mother usually let me read my father's letters, I took this one and came straightway to a passage that concerned me. My father wrote: "So our poor child has finally become acquainted with great pain—may God comfort her!"

My mother had guessed my situation and had informed my father. She never spoke of it to me, because I never brought it up. The name of the departed was never again mentioned among us. I appreciated my mother for this consideration. One can hardly touch upon such secrets of the heart without violating them, without taking from them the magic that renders comfort even in the face of pain. This fleeting fantasy has remained pure and undefiled in my memory; and the tender emotion that radiates from such memories and still touches the heart in the autumn of life seems to be a symbol of something immortal that resists the wear of time.

CHAPTER TWELVE

ART

We stayed with my father in Frankfurt am Main the following winter. We led a quiet life, for my father had withdrawn completely from larger social settings and declined all invitations, except those of two or three close families. This life didn't satisfy me. Our household duties did not tax me sufficiently. My father was busy during the day by himself, in the evenings, he read us pleasant and good things, but nothing that really moved me and opened new horizons for me. A "holy unrest" took hold of me again; I searched for a lofty goal, the path of the ideal, of completion. Religion had never solved the puzzle for me; "high society", where I had hoped to find the height of intellect and existence, had only shown me petty vanity and destruction. I began to search in another direction.

Painting was always my favorite art to practice, because I definitely had talent in that area. Music was a soul-felt need; I had listened to wonderful music since my earliest childhood in my parents' home, I drank it up in big gulps, like breath itself; but I preferred listening so that I could be carried away by it, rather than playing myself, for my hands were rather uncoordinated and I had to practice for *hours* in order to perform the way I wanted. I was surprisingly very good at drawing, on the other hand, and even before I had had my first lesson, it had been my favorite pastime. For a long time the old German Christian art, as I found it in various German cities, appeared to me the height of greatness. I envied the artistic schools of the middle ages that produced such works as the cathedrals in Cologne and Strasbourg and the spirited paintings of the old German masters, whose modesty was so great, that though their names are forgotten, their souls live on in the transfigured heads of the holy virgins, in the forms of the pious defenders of the faith, and in their divine children.

At the time of which I speak, in the city where we were spending the winter, I saw the paintings of a German landscape painter, Carl Morgenstern, who had lived in Italy for many years and had painted the southern landscapes with the soul of a poet, the way Claude Lorrain did. Like Lorrain, he didn't just copy nature, but recreated it in its most ideal forms, in the unspeakable harmony of beauty with which it affects the human soul. When I saw these paintings, a revolution occurred inside me. I understood for the first time, that the union of light, color and form can relay the idea of beauty through their harmony and can let us feel the immortal happiness that emanates from them.

From that point on, I had only one wish, namely to become a pupil of that painter whose paintings had made such a great impression on me, and to dedicate my life to art, which seemed to me the way to moral perfection.

But how was this wish to be realized? The great master did not accept pupils, and my parents would have thought the matter impossible. I was nevertheless determined to do everything to achieve my goal. We had an old friend, a highly original person whom we loved deeply on account of his kindness and misfortune. His personal history was like a novel. Born into the upper class and very handsome, he had served as an officer in the service of the British Foreign Legion in Naples. There he had married a very beautiful and

elegant Italian lady, whose family name is only too well-known in the annals of Neapolitan history. When he was called back to England with the Legion, his wife refused to follow him with their three children. Priests had talked her into trying to convert her husband to the Catholic, absolutist sect. When they saw how immovable his honest, open character was, they tried to incite disloyalty in the wife. Her husband made a great effort to win her over with reasoning and love, but when the day came to depart, she had vanished with the children. Bound by duty, he was forced to leave Naples without being able to discover her whereabouts. After long, unfruitful searching, by himself as well as by his friends, he picked up her trail. She and the children were hiding in a convent in Sicily. The wife, made into a fanatic by the priests, refused to return to the heretic. His efforts to regain custody of his children from the priests were futile, for they were protected by high-ranking authorities and were being groomed for the priests' own purposes. Of course, hatred towards their noble father was instilled in them, but he loved them just the same, despite the fact that he never spoke of them or his misfortune. Long since retired, he lived the solitary life of the disowned. Only one passion remained in him: a deep, terrible hatred of Catholic priests, to whom he referred as "the enemies of humanity."

He was a true, wonderful friend. I confided in him my desire to take lessons from the aforementioned painter. He promised to see what he could do about it, went to the artist's studio, looked at his paintings, and talked with him about Italy in Italian, which he spoke flawlessly. After winning over the artist by his engaging conversation, he suddenly told him in German that he had come to ask for lessons for a young friend. He presented my case so well, that the artist, humored by the originality of the proceedings, promised to come and see whether my talent was worthy of his time. He really did come, and, after seeing my sketches, promised to give me lessons and demanded that I start painting in oil.

I was beside myself with happiness. But in order to procure the needed materials for oil painting, a large expenditure was immediately required. I did not want to ask my father for money, since he had already consented, though hesitantly, to the expensive lessons. So, unbeknownst to anyone, I sold a beautiful gold chain and a few other pieces of jewelry, and felt the inner satisfaction that I had achieved a goal through my own sacrifice, without burdening others.

In this way, I started to paint, and even the greatest artists have surely never felt a greater happiness than I, who under the direction of a master, dedicated myself to something that I believed would show me the true way to the ideal.

I painted the whole day long, and when I set aside my easel in the evening, I felt that I had become better. No unbecoming thought, no petty pastime found room in my soul. The goal of my life was to recreate the secret of beauty by perfecting my technique. I lived in a separate world, which I imagined to be the only true one. I didn't neglect my other duties, however, and was perhaps even more gentle and pleasing to those around me, because I was internally satisfied. But they guessed that my thoughts and my mind were somewhere else, and even though it was not my design to injure them, they nonetheless took offense. Acquaintances began to tease me because they just could not believe that such devotion in the heart of a young lady could be caused by anything but a passing

fancy. I was told that I was the envy of many young ladies who had wanted to take lessons from the famous artist, but had not been able to get them. None of that phased me a bit. I valued him as a teacher, nothing more. A tender, quiet memory still lingered in my heart, and it would not have been possible to have been swept up in a new emotion. I was too busy with my studies to participate in discussions which only involved mundane events, as if they were the main purpose of life. While these drab topics were being discussed, I would sit at my easel and copy the paintings of my teacher, in which a deep blue sky was reflected into an even bluer ocean enclosed by picturesque cliffs, palm and olive trees. Rowing-boats glided atop the water and made one automatically think that the fishermen who sailed them were singing a hymn to beauty and good fortune. While I painted all of this, I understood that Christian aesthetics are wrong—that the senses are not the enemies of the spirit, but rather, its instruments.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN THE YOUNG APOSTLE

In the spring we were to return to our small residence in the North. The pain was indescribably heartbreaking to have to do without the lessons that had granted me so much happiness. It was as if I were abandoning my soul's salvation. Besides, the city in which we now lived offered a wealth of educational resources, despite our withdrawn lifestyle, which I came to enjoy more and more. Our modest residence with its small circle of friends of whom I used to be so fond seemed now like a life in exile. But we had to leave. The only conceivable relief to be found was to engage my teacher in an art-related correspondence, to which he consented, for he greatly regretted my departure. My first concern after returning to our little homeland was to arrange a studio for myself in which I spent hours of contentment and concentrated study alone, immersed in my art. I also went outside to sketch nature; but the countryside before me had ceased to interest me ever since I had experienced the indescribable beauty of the South, the way it was captured in my teacher's paintings. Exceptions to this were the tree and forest landscapes, with their mysterious semi-darkness and rays of sun that shone through the foliage and danced on the mossy ground. Herein lies the true poetry of northern Germany's nature scenery, and perhaps the reason why the primitive tribes of these regions regarded the forests and trees as sacred shrines, and worshiped Odin in the sacred oak grove. Only the scenery's green colors appeared drab to me. Blues, violets, yellows and reds please the eye in the Southland. It is perhaps for this reason that even the High North where bare cliffs, snow, and the deep-blue sea prevail, is more picturesque than the blessed middle countries where green is the predominant color.

Besides this, I was deprived too thoroughly of study materials in the little city, for there wasn't a gallery there, not even a decent picture, no artists, and only a few people who even knew what painting *was*. My eternally searching nature looked for another escape. The old religious questions revived in a new way. I wasn't afraid of criticism any more; I went very seldom to church because I didn't find any new thoughts, any real inspiration there. One day I was told that the oldest son of my religion teacher, who at the time was at home for university holiday, was to preach the next Sunday in church, since he was a theologian like his father. I went to church to see what had become of the pale, quiet lad whom I used to see working in his mother's room. After the congregational hymn which precedes the sermon, a young man dressed in a black robe rose to the pulpit, bowed his head and remained in silent prayer for a few minutes. I had time to examine him. He was tall like his father, but his head was of a sort not commonly found in the region in which he was born. His face was pale with distinct, noble features, like those found in the southern races. Long, thick black hair hung down to his shoulders; his forehead was that of a philosopher, a martyr. As he began to speak, I was favorably impressed by the sound of his deep, sonorous and yet pleasant voice. I was soon carried away by the content of his sermon. This was not the sentimental morality or the stiff, callous vagueness of protestant orthodoxy like it had been under his father. This was a youthful mountain stream that rushed forth poetically, full of new, enlivening thought. This was the pure flame of a

complete idealistic soul, paired with the strength of mighty intelligence capable of the sharpest critique. This was a young shepherd who, by preaching the gospel, developed the highest philosophical ideas about the history of humanity. I was deeply and happily moved. Returning home. I told my mother about the sermon and told her enthusiastically: "If this young man stays here. this little country will have a bright future."

One evening a few days later, my mother went to the *Ressource*; I did not accompany her. My former teacher had introduced her to his son, and she came home just as enthusiastic as I had come out of the church. "He is the very model of a young man," she said. I regretted not having been there, and yet, I was hesitant to meet my apostle on neutral ground. He had already assumed the position of "the inspired prophet of a new truth" in my mind. I didn't see him again that year, for he returned to the university.

I felt, however, that I would have to take leave of my merely contemplative life and take action. The sacred joy I felt while painting seemed selfish to me whenever I failed to still the suffering which I found all around me; when compassion, which I held to be the true essence of Christianity, was not transformed into action. I determined to try to organize a work society for the poor. I spoke about this with the young ladies of my acquaintance. They shrugged their shoulders and doubted the success of such an undertaking, but I succeeded in enlisting a small number, and we started with a very simple organization. We met once a week in the homes of the members, and such a small amount was laid in the collection box, that it was not burdensome to anyone. These contributions were used to buy materials; they were supplemented by voluntary gifts. The whole year through, items of clothing were produced at the society meetings and were given to the poor on Christmas Eve. Ever since I was a child, I had always viewed this day of the most intimate domestic satisfaction, the way it is celebrated in Germany, as a day on which one should seek to bring cheer to the poor. Our humble undertaking became increasingly successful. Soon all of the young ladies of the society wanted to join up. The amount of work accomplished with such modest resources was really not insignificant. Among the young ladies who joined the society were the two sisters of the young Apostle. I knew the older of the two; she was pretty and good, but she had never really interested me. The second was just entering the adult circles. She was much younger than I, and I had only known her when she was a child. Now, drawn to each other by the inexplicable power of attraction that determines human fate, we immediately grew close, and soon there developed a true bond of friendship, to the surprise of the entire society. My young friend was not as beloved as her sister, who possessed a generally pleasing disposition. The younger sister was considered affected and extravagant at the age of seventeen because she preferred serious conversations to frivolous gossip, and only became seriously involved if she was carried away by an interest for the discussion. On the other hand, she was embarrassed, silent, and awkward in social settings. I sympathized with her only too well, and I watched with delight as her rich nature revealed itself before me in diverse ways. In no time I was much closer to her than the others. She often spoke of her brother whom she loved passionately; he was everything to her, her love for him was a true religion. I listened intently to her, and the image of the young Apostle became even more precious to me. His family expected him in spring, when he would return from the

university. The sister trembled for joy when she considered that he would stay for quite some time in order to take his theology exams.

I also joyfully anticipated his arrival; I knew that it would bring me more light, and besides, he was the revered brother of the one so dear to my heart.

When he finally arrived, my sister and I received an invitation from his sisters to spend the evening in their home. We had hardly stepped inside, when the door opened and the brother entered. He sat down next to me, and the conversation immediately picked up. It was peculiar the way we agreed on all of the most important topics. We looked at each other in amazement, for it appeared as if the one were speaking the very thoughts of the other. As we left and I said good night, he remained standing in the middle of the room and looked at me as if in a dream.

A few days later at my request, his sisters and he were invited to our home. Here, once again, I was under the influence of that inner compulsion which has marred so many moments in my life—this peculiar inability to open my heart freely in a situation where it would have willingly given of itself. But at last I managed a brief conversation with him alone, the topic of which was his sister, whom he referred to merely as "Little One" The love which we both shared for his sister loosened my tongue. In giving voice to my love for her, I sensed that the brother would be the third party in this friendship,⁶ which already comprised a part of my life.

My mother and sisters decided to go to communion. This had only been the case two or three times since that day of torture, and I still had misgivings about this institution. This time I determined to arrive at a solution. I turned to my former teacher, with whom I had gotten on good terms again through the friendship of his younger daughter. I wrote a letter to him, wherein I spelled out my doubts and concerns without restraint. I confessed that I had never experienced the mystery of grace, and that I had nearly arrived at the opinion, that this ceremony should be regarded as a symbol of the universal brotherhood to which Christ wanted to lead the people, and for the realization of which he had died on the cross. I asked him to arrange for an hour in which we could discuss this topic in person. He agreed and was kind as always, and didn't reprimand me for the things I had confessed, but neither did he convey a clear opinion on the matter. I began to suspect that he did not have one to convey. Finally he steered the conversation in another direction and told me, among other things, that his son was almost always at home now because the company of his former classmates, who spent most of their time at the *Ressource* playing cards and billiards was too boring for him.

"He's perfectly right in doing so," I said.

"Perhaps," replied the father, "but if this keeps up, he'll soon be quite isolated. They'll hate him because he fancies himself better than they."

"Well, in this case, it's better to be alone and hated."

A few days later, my mother came with a letter in her hand and said, "Get ready for a big surprise." The letter was from my father and announced to me that my sister-in-law, the wife of my oldest brother, would have to spend the winter in the South for health reasons and desired my company, since my brother could not accompany her. My father had given his consent. I loved this sister-in-law dearly, and though she and my brother

lived for the most part far away, she, in turn, was especially fond of me. She wanted to spend the winter in the province and then return through the northern part of Italy. To go to the South, to Italy! Since my childhood, Italy had been the land of my dreams, the land of wonders and my desires! I was still very young when my dear friend, a bright artist who had lived for a long time in Italy, made the wonders of this country come alive in our house in image and word; my imagination was filled with it all. At the same time, my mother had taught me to recognize the name of Goethe as the most venerable of all living humans. A dream had formed in my child-like imagination that lived on for several years of my childhood, which I never would have shared with anyone. I thought that some kind fate must be arranging things such that I take my journey to Italy and return by way of Weimar to sit at Goethe's feet, who I thought must look like one of the wise men from the Far East.⁷ When I heard that Goethe had died, it pierced my heart like a bitter pain; for a long time I could not get over the fact that such a great man was mortal and that the fulfillment of my dream was now an impossibility. Now the childlike dream was to come partially true. My soul was to unfold its wings and take its flight into the unknown country of longing that seemed like my true fatherland. It seemed too good to be true, and yet it was true. I was quiet, as always in the most captivating moments of my life. But it seemed to me as if the ideal, the destination of my life's pilgrimage, was waiting for me there in the distance and was showing me a crown over my head in the clouds.

The only discomfoting thing about all this was telling my sister about my good fortune, the loyal companion of my life until then, with whom I had shared everything, the good and the bad. She received the news, however, with the most endearing devotion and quiet resignation in keeping with her nature, and eagerly helped me with the preparations for my journey. While we were thus occupied, I felt deep regret in addition to my great joy at going. Once again, I saw on this occasion how much my family and our entire circle loved me. My journey awakened kind feelings in everyone. Two days before my departure, Little One and her brother spent the evening with us. They were happy for me, but they also regretted my departure and would have liked to have gone with me.

Finally the moment of departure arrived. I had to leave very early in the morning with the stagecoach, since there were not yet any trains in that region. My mother slept; I did not want to wake her; I wanted to spare her the excitement of the departure, for she hated to see me go so far away and for so long (a trip to Italy in those days was a considerable undertaking). I took my leave silently, amidst fervent well-wishing in front of her bed, and went to the post office accompanied by my faithful sister. There we found Little One and her brother. I hugged her once again and shook hands with her brother. He gave me a bouquet of flowers with a letter attached, which instead of an address contained these words of Tassos: "*I suoi pensieri in lui dormir non ponno.*"⁸ I got into the carriage, held the bouquet and the letter in my hand, and felt like I had been blessed by God himself. After a few hours, the stagecoach stopped in a small town, where the travelers ate lunch. I, on the other hand, went to the garden of the post office grounds and opened my letter. It contained a sonnet in honor of my departure and a lengthy poem that he had composed after one of our last conversations and a subsequent walk and magnificent sunset. It was a vision that the strict thinkers of the North had caused to occupy his mind, whose longing

stemming from their intense struggles drew them towards the South, the symbol of harmony and completed beauty, especially in Germany, where this yearning repeats itself in every profound, striving character. On the pilgrimage to the South, he first addressed the Alps, whose summits glistened in the sunshine:

"All hail, ye Alps, eternal walls

That guard our earth's sweet paradise;
Ye Unseen fill with sacred show'rs
A heart that would ask snow and clouds
And answer find in storm and lightning."

In conclusion, he spoke about how the best stars of his own life had shown pointed him the way to the South, even the last one, which, barely dawning, was already moving on in order to shine down there.

"She whispers softly: I go gladly.
You're right, the North can keep its Winter.
I'll earn the South by Word and Deed."

The ocean of contentment that enveloped me as I read was thoroughly indescribable. It was the calm during the storm, unblemished happiness, void of hefty desire—a spring morning filled with the fragrance, harmony, and hope of the coming summer.

Having arrived in the city where my lady escort and I were to spend the night, I wrote him an answer in verse-form, which I sent to his sister for her to give to him.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN THE SOUTH

After I had arrived at my sister-in-law's home, we commenced our journey to the South. Our travel company consisted of my sister-in-law, her two beautiful, smart boys, their tutor, myself, the servant girl and the servant. A large traveling carriage, equipped with all the amenities received us; it became like a home to us; we were our own masters and could stop wherever we pleased. Certainly this was the most pleasant way to travel. Whatever advantages the train has to offer-in order to thoroughly enjoy a trip through a beautiful country, one should always ride in one's own carriage as one's own master, untroubled by the noise of the steam engine, the conductors, and the incessant getting on- and off of complete, often unfriendly strangers. Our little entourage was in the best of spirits. The boys entertained us with their happy chattering, their songs, and their intelligent questions and witty observations, the servants with their naive amazement about all the new things they were seeing. Even the tutor contributed quite a bit to our good spirits. He was a peculiar creature, a genuine German original. Born into poverty, he had been raised in a seminary; then he had managed to study theology at a university because of his hard work and sacrifice. There is nothing more pathetic than Germany's poor theology students, who, after completing their studies, often have to wait eight to ten years before they find a position as a pastor. Our candidate had already waited ten years in vain. In the meantime, he had gotten by as a tutor, and since he possessed a well-rounded education and an impeccable character, my sister-in-law had hired him as her sons' teacher. But in addition to his good qualities, there was also something incredibly awkward about his behavior that appeared even more ridiculous since his vanity accentuated this, especially in one weak spot: the notion that he was a poet. He was incessantly writing verse, not only for his own satisfaction, but rather, laying claim to the fame of Parnassus.⁹ It was, however, truly a torture to listen to him read it, as one could hardly suppress one's laughter.

I saw the High Alps for the first time in Berne. I knelt before the majesty of these glorious giants of the earth and felt myself becoming increasingly free and happy, the greater and grander nature became around me. The horrors and dark visions which otherwise surrounded me had disappeared. The only thing that irked me was that I couldn't always enjoy things the way I wanted to. We had to keep to certain formalities, like remaining for a pre-determined infinitely long time at the *table d'hôte*, while outside a glorious sunset was transfiguring the delightful scenery, or we still had enough time to view a beautiful art gallery or other attraction. I often could have tarried for a long time in front of an object that caught my attention and breathed it in, but the tutor, who always held his watch in one hand and the travel guide in the other, wouldn't permit it. Hardly would we have arrived at one worthwhile sight, when he would glance at his watch and cry with dismay, "Oh, my God! We've no time to lose!" and hurry on with frantic steps to another location indicated in his book.

After we had traveled through Switzerland and made the magnificent journey down the Rhone, we arrived in Hyères in the province where we were to spend the winter.

In those days, Hyères was a small, ugly city, quite far from the sea. This stretch of land covered with orange groves makes its way on one side into a sandy plain, which the sea slowly penetrates and then comes to a halt in, like it does in a marshy area. It was from this angle that I first approached the sea, since we did not yet know the way. Of course, it made the gloomiest of impressions on me. I had often yearned to glimpse the sea in my dreams, had regarded it as the symbol of all that is lofty, infinite and majestic. Now it appeared petty and uninviting to me. It was the month of November; the weather was uncooperative; the countryside was not at its most beautiful; nothing about it seized my imagination as mightily as the Swiss Alps had done. In the inn, it was cold and unpleasant. The lack of comforts in the lodgings, the uncarpeted stone floors, the fireplaces which I saw for the first time with their little bundles of vine wood, the horrible mistral¹⁰ that howled incessantly during the first few days—all of this was discouraging and not very promising.

The tutor, who had equipped himself with every possible means to see and familiarize himself with everything, had taken the precaution of procuring testimonials for a few of the city's prominent figures. Without informing my sister-in-law, he had delivered these right on the day of our arrival, and so it happened, that on the next day, two ladies visited us to welcome us and offer us their services. Despite their courtesy, they made an unpleasant impression on my sister-in-law. They were perfect stereotypes of provincial bourgeoisie; dressed in a comical manner, garrulous and curious to the extreme, they interrogated us in an indiscrete fashion, as if to say: "We've a number of good friends, whom we'd like to tell all about you." And because they repeatedly offered their services, one had to suspect that they intended to return quite frequently. My sister-in-law, who was very reserved when making new acquaintances, was extremely disturbed by this invasion and reprimanded the tutor, who responded most indignantly. Thus, our stay in the South began on the wrong foot, and I became deeply homesick and was gripped by a consuming desire for our peaceful domestic life, my friends, and all of the love with which I was surrounded at home. For several weeks, I was consumed by horrible suffering like a secret fever, and I reflected that love is the heart's true South.

Eventually my homesickness departed and the South began to reveal itself to me. We had rented comfortable accommodations on so-called Palm Square, from where we had a splendid view of the plain with its orange groves, its surrounding hills, the sea, and the Hyères Islands. The sea appeared to me in different light than before. I saw deep blue waves breaking on picturesque cliffs covered with abundant plant life, blooming myrtle, and erica as tall as bushes. I roamed over hills covered with pine, whose slender branches and long nettles rustled like an aeolian harp in the wind, and between which magnificent uninhibited views suddenly opened up. Now and again I wandered inland over hills and through delightful valleys, where the evergreen oaks, gracefully united with creepers, formed a green canopy over the flower carpet of earth. Or I rested at clear mountain streams which hurry to the sea and surround little islands, on which red and white oleander bushes bloom in the wild; true paradise, in which peace and silence rule, as if man and his wild passions had never disturbed the harmony of creation.

Finally the South appeared to me the way I had imagined it. What my teacher's

paintings had begun was completed in me at the sight of this natural scenery. I finally accepted the idea of pure beauty, which exists for itself and expresses itself through the completed form, the way the Greek minds comprehended it, as opposed to the transcendental notion of the middle ages to which I had previously subscribed. By continually sketching nature, these gentle lines of beauty, these tender grades of light and color, I understood why everything here stresses *proportion*—this word, that in actuality contains the definition of all spiritual and physical beauty. In vision, I beheld Olympus, populated with creatures of a cheerful, serious beauty, eternal archetypes, similar to the way the imagination of a Phidias or Pariteles would have depicted it. I beheld those miraculous temples arise, which seem to elevate the stone itself to spirit and complete the harmony of the landscape by virtue of their own harmony, and I felt myself convinced that the spirit does not conflict with material, but rather that it enlivens and transfigures it.

I began to make pleasurable acquaintances as well. Our untiring tutor located a German musician who lived in Hyères on account of his health and had real musical talent and composed beautiful *Lieder*. He soon came frequently to us in the evening and accompanied my singing. My sister-in-law loved music too much not to permit these visits. These evenings became a source of satisfaction for me, for singing was always my inmost artistic joy. The only unpleasant thing about all of this was that the poor artist felt obligated to set the verse of our pedagogic poet to music, whose muse had grown alarmingly prolific under the influence of the southern sky. The poet was overjoyed to see himself set to music, and it was incredibly comical to observe him listening to the beautiful melodies of the musician which contained his bad verse. He would lean against the fireplace, partly ashamed, partly bursting with pride, his hands folded over his body, his eyes closed, and a blissful smile upon his lips. Poor poet! If only he had known how I teetered between laughter and rage over his presumptuousness.

But his winning spirit was not finished yet. He had taken the liberty of having himself introduced to Frau des Maire, a German, and had given her the idea to hold a protestant church service for the native Hyérens and travelers in her house each Sunday, at which he would preach and the musician would lead the singing. Frau des Maire was a strict Protestant and delighted to have found this anchor of salvation amidst her Catholic surroundings. The social position of the tutor was established. Frau des Maire was the most prominent lady in the city and very rich; she had received him like a Messiah and celebrated him to the point that his head swelled with vanity. A hall in the des Maire house was arranged as a chapel and equipped with an altar and an organ. The meeting was well-attended. I went nearly every Sunday with the boys, more on account of the singing than the sermon; my sister-in-law came as often as her health allowed. First I made the acquaintance of the ladies of the house, then that of the two sisters from Strasbourg who were spending the winter in the South because of the health of the older sister, a young, pretty widow. I was soon won over by the younger of the two. It was difficult to say what immediately drew me to her, for she was not as pretty as her sister. But I felt myself irresistibly drawn to her whenever I saw her, for out of her pale countenance and her dark eyes spoke one of those souls of "the great mysteries" which captivate the person that loves her for an entire lifetime. She was only eighteen years old, thoroughly educated, a

learned botanist, could draw very well, and played piano superbly. Yet she stood embroiled in one of those religious struggles through which I had already gone. In comparing myself with her, I felt how far away I was already from the mystical spiritual condition which requires direct revelation. She had gotten her hands on a book by one of the most famous protestant preachers in Switzerland, in which she had believed to have found the truth. As a result, she wrote to him and laid her soul in the hands of this strict, important man. But her soul, like mine, had other powerful and legitimate needs; for this reason she was also constantly involved in bitter struggles. The two sisters resided in a few rooms in the des Maire house. Pauline (the name of my friend) had unrestricted access to the house's rooms where the grand piano and the organ stood and where no one usually went. Whenever I came to visit, I often found her at one or the other instrument playing the most serious music, like Bach or Beethoven with uncommon feeling. The music often moved her such that she shed tears while playing. Occasionally, whenever her heart was too full, she fell to her knees, hid her face in both hands, and cried heftily. I completely understood her at such moments, but I loved her even more when her youth and great intelligence won out over this abyss of sensitivity. At such times she was one of the most engaging personalities one could hope to see. She was usually like this during the long excursions we made together. If we found a beautiful spot on the seashore, on top of one of the higher summits or elsewhere, we would settle in for quiet enjoyment and a private conversation, or we would work together, for we never went anywhere without our drawing supplies; and we enjoyed all the joy at such times, as is proffered by youth and a noble friendship. How beautiful they were, these hours of a richly fulfilled, truly liberated life!

We had everything: lofty intellectual interests, passionate striving, delightful surroundings, unrestricted freedom. There was not even the slightest trace of the petty activities that often disrupt our finest hours. Desires, unrest, doubt, regret—all had disappeared. The mere feeling of being alive sufficed, and often I had only one wish: to melt into the harmony and innocence of life in general.

Nature has prevented the people who are born here to develop in complete union with this harmony by planting the seeds of such burning passions in their blood, that it drives them to wild deeds and irreconcilable hate. I saw a few terrifying examples of this. But of course, no one can tell what a sensible and mild education could make out of this people, for their potential is excellent, and I grew to truly love them. I made the acquaintance of country folk on my solitary walks, inquired about their habits and needs, and was soon so well-known in the area that several times when I had gotten lost on unfamiliar paths I heard my name called and saw a farmer or his wife appear to point me in the right direction. Among other things, I had painted the two sisters and had made a gift of the picture to one of them for her to send to her bridegroom in Toulon. A few days later, they came and brought a large basket full of oranges covered on top with the most delightful flowers. In the North, this would have been an expensive gift, but in this blessed land, even the poor have something to give in return for the gift of the rich. The dear girls gained equal footing with me by this gracious act, which I gladly accepted. I also went to visit them. Their dwelling place was that of the country's poor—a small

destitute room for sleeping and as a living room a backyard with an orange tree in loose earth that served as decoration. I found the sisters in the backyard sitting and sewing. It was in the month of January, when the proletarian¹¹ of the North shivers in the frozen street, in his cold attic room, or moist cellar. They were by no means embarrassed to be so unexpectedly surprised. but offered me a wooden chair with noble modesty and told me thousands of witty and clever things, despite their confession that they could neither read nor write.

It was determined in our little protestant congregation that we would hold communion. A protestant preacher came from Toulon to assist our tutor. This time, no fear of partaking of this sacrament unworthily troubled me. On the contrary, as I withdrew after the ceremony, I felt so peaceful that it was as if I heard delightful harmonies in my own heart.

The French preacher challenged his colleague to come to Toulon to preach in person to the German convicts in the bagnio. He naturally eagerly adopted the suggestion. It was decided that Pauline, both boys and I would accompany him. I had visited the prison in Toulon on our trip to Hyères and had felt deeply troubled and humbled as I saw all the unfortunate souls degraded not only by vice, but also by human justice, which with finely calculated cruelty chose the revolting costume of two colors, yellow and red, and had laid on chains that bound those who were simply misguided and still capable of doing good with inhuman criminals. It was the my first time seeing a prison establishment, and I wondered whether society had a right to punish, whether society itself had caused the crimes for which it punished, and whether this kind of punishment could achieve its goal. I had hardly dared to cast my eyes on these unfortunate souls, for fear that I would humiliate them even more through a careless look or that I appear cruelly curious to them. I felt an immeasurable sympathy for them and therefore anxiously awaited the immanent event. The great cabin of the old warship that had been annexed to the prison for the convicts' cells had been transformed into a chapel. Here we met between fifty and sixty of these unfortunate souls, mostly Alsatians. The tutor was moved greatly and did his best to awaken emotion. He touched upon the most beautiful aspect of Christianity by proclaiming to this group of condemned people that there is a justice which may pardon those whom man has damned, and that the means of receiving this pardon is an act which takes place between God and man, entirely independent of the world; indeed, that the attire of the prisoner could become a robe of honor before God if a purified heart beat beneath it.

The expression on the faces of a few of the unfortunate ones enlivened by a gleam of purifying hope was extremely moving. After the sermon we were allowed to speak with them. There was, among others, a young German from a good family who had attended the university and knew many of the same German professors as the tutor. He had served in the foreign legion in Algeria and had been entrusted with his regiment's finances. In a weak hour, he said, he had taken money from the till in the hopes of replacing it later; but before he could do this, the matter was found out and he was condemned to ten years in the bagnio. Five years of this horrible time had passed, and his behavior during this period had been so outstanding that the pastor and the directors had applied in Paris for a shortening of his sentence, this being possible if the crime is redressed through real

improvement. Whoever can spend five years in prison, however, without degenerating further and instead manages to solidify his goodness is truly worthy of pardon. We also spoke with others, whose often naive confessions moved us. A farmer from Alsace said with almost childish simplicity: "All I did was beat a wench to death in a moment of anger, and now I'm in for life. And if they had only taught me such good things before, then it mightn't have happened."

Finally we left them and promising to send them German Bibles—the only thing that we believed we could do for them.

The original plan of splitting our time between Hyères and northern Italy was abandoned, and we decided to spend the duration of our absence from our homeland in Hyères. I was disappointed not to go to Italy, but was glad to remain in Hyères, which I was beginning to like more and more, and where I was constantly forming new and pleasant ties. An older woman whom I had gotten to know and who was very kind to me introduced me to a Frenchman who lived on the same square where our house stood. He was an aristocrat from old stock, still young, but crippled, so that he could only walk with great effort. His great riches allowed him to alleviate his condition in every possible way. He had a beautiful house, a splendid library, and an enchanting garden in which he would take in the air as he was accompanied by his servant or pushed in his wheelchair. A Parisian lady of refined manner and great intellect read aloud to him and played hostess whenever he had visitors—something he liked very much. I found in him one of the most educated, intellectual people I have ever known. He had traveled through Germany as a young and healthy man, and he personally knew many of the most important people. Above all, he appreciated German literature and was a special admirer of Goethe, whom he had known personally. I was delighted to find an unrestricted recognition and such a perfect understanding of German intellect in France. At the same time, he possessed the completed forms, the *esprit*, and the knightly mannerisms for which the French of an earlier day were famous, before the rule of the bourgeoisie ruined their endearing qualities. He was exceptionally kind to me, placed his library at my disposal, sent me flowers every day from his garden, and asked me to spend the evening there as often as possible. An excellent little circle of friends met at his home. The main attraction of this circle was a young French lady who had suffered the misfortune of having her much-adored husband go mad. Now she lived in Hyères in a villa on the sea with an old uncle and her small daughter, whose wild eccentric nature made one fear that she would share her father's fate. The mother had an extremely engaging manner and was a splendid musician. We often played entire evenings for our sickly host, who was a devoted friend of music. I sang and she played. They were enjoyable hours, for she loved only the best of music, and it was here, in one of France's border cities that I heard a Frenchwoman play Beethoven with such perfection, the way I had seldom heard it done.

One day the lady whose job it was to read aloud to the sick man and I received an invitation from a family in Hyères to accompany them to a ball that was to be given in the admiralty at Toulon in honor of the king's birthday. In those days, it took two hours to travel by carriage to Toulon from Hyères. When we arrived, the halls of the admiralty were already full of people. People squeezed onto the balconies and towards the windows

to see the fireworks that were launched from the square. Then everyone returned to the magnificent halls in order to dance. The admiral was extremely kind to us and commissioned one of his adjutants to watch over us, introduce dancers to us, and to do everything to make the party enjoyable for us. The adjutant fulfilled his orders to the letter and brought us so many dancers that we could hardly catch our breath. The French marine officers look very handsome in their tasteful uniform, and among them were fine, educated, kind people, so the dancing was truly pleasurable for me. Back then, they were just starting to dance the polka in France, and most of the ladies didn't know how yet. I had already danced it in Germany with all of its possible variations. By chance, a marine officer asked me to dance who had recently been in Germany and had learned it there. The other couples, less skilled than we, stopped. Everyone formed a regular circle around us, admired us, and said the most flattering things to me. I was a little bit tipsy; the brilliance and elegance of the party, the politeness and courtesies of which I was the object gave me a pleasant sense of satisfaction. Finally, around four o'clock in the morning, we got into our carriage despite the pleas of our hosts and the dancers. The reader and I returned alone; our friends remained in Toulon. My companion, a jealous and derisive character, teased me incessantly about my "successes," as she called them. When she received no answer, she fell asleep. I didn't sleep. I reviewed in my mind the fleeting hours and had to admit that I had never attended a more magnificent ball, nor had I ever been the center of so much attention. But the more I thought about it, the more it all seemed so empty and lacking fulfillment. Dancing suddenly lost all of its charm, and the compliments which people had paid me seemed to lose their importance. We approached Hyères; the sun was climbing majestically over the sea, which still lay dark like "a brass shield," but was turning purple, the more the Giver of Life arose out of it crowned with glory. I watched this glorious spectacle with half-closed eyes, unable to enjoy it, because I was dead tired. Then something entirely new dawned on me, clearly and definitely: that the joys of social life, which until that time had enticed and charmed me, no longer would have any meaning in my life; their magic had fallen, the way the overly-ripe fruit falls from a tree, and that in the future, I would no longer pursue the pleasures of the "high society," and would dance no more.

Pauline, who had scolded me for going to the ball, did not comprehend the inner process that had transpired inside me. She viewed the result of this ball which I told her about as a victory of the ascetic spirit over natural inclinations.

The invalid teased me a great deal about the conquests, which were related to him by the reader. I granted him this satisfaction, for I was aware of the importance of these experiences for me. At the same time, I continued to search out his intellectually stimulating conversation as often as possible.

I watched with sadness as the day of our departure approached. My new friends, the delightful beauty of the South, my nature studies: to leave all of this would be very difficult. All of our acquaintances begged us to postpone our departure, but my sister-in-law was intent on returning to her husband, and she never postponed the execution of a decision.

So there wasn't anything else to do, but to content oneself with the memories of

days now past. A few days before our departure, the dear Frenchwoman who belonged to the invalid's circle of friends asked me to spend an evening at her villa and to stay the night out there with her. I heartily accepted, for this woman had shown me a combination of deep love and sympathy. Her villa was charmingly situated. The waves of the Mediterranean beat against the walls of the garden, green hills surrounded it on the other side, so that she lay in a nest of delightful plants, aroma and blossoms, above which palm trees cradled their slender branches. Bengalese roses climbed in long wreaths against the balcony, from which vantage point one could see the islands. Countless nightingales sang in the trees. The room was lit by a single crystal lantern hung from the ceiling, which combined its tender, mysterious light with the aromas and voices of the night. The dear hostess of this magical residence sat down at the grand piano and played music by Bach and Beethoven, then I sang psalms by Marcello and other wonderful pieces, and we remained in a poetic, other-worldly atmosphere together until late in the night.

I spent another entire day with Pauline and an evening with the invalid and his circle of friends, then I took an emotional leave from all.

Early in the morning, our large carriage stood hitched up in front of the door. I took one last look out the windows at the sea, the islands, the orange groves, the invalid's house, and Pauline's home. All of this made quite an impression in the first aroma and rosy brilliance of the early morning. A blessing upon the past, a greatly satisfied sense amidst the longing, an inmost prayer—and I followed the others who were already getting into the carriage. At the coach, the invalid's servant stood and presented me with a choice bouquet of flowers as a last greeting from his master. Away rolled the carriage, my eyes filled with tears, my stay in the South was at an end.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN RETURN

Our journey home led us through Dauphiné, Savoyen and Switzerland. Precisely one week after the beautiful day spent in the rose-crowned villa of the dear Frenchwoman, we found ourselves in the middle of the Alps of Dauphiné, and the carriage drove slowly up a zigzag mountain road climbing to a considerable altitude. The boys, the tutor and I hiked on foot, in order to spare the horses. All around us, high, snow-covered Alp summits arose; the street was enclosed on both sides by ice. Here and there an impoverished but could be seen with a few bare trees that didn't even bear any buds yet. A piercing, ice-cold air forced us to cover ourselves in cloaks and move quickly. The boys ran and jumped over large stones and clumps of ice; the tutor remained aloof, he had been angry with me for a long time, since I had moved about in circles from which he had been excluded because of his ignorance of the French language. So I walked alone, lost in observations and memories. I thought about everything I had just left with nostalgia. I compared the magical evenings of a week ago with this journey through the icy wasteland of barren nature. I glanced up to the white summits which shone brilliantly in the rays of a cold sun, and it seemed to me that I was seeing my own destiny sketched upon the ice with diamond-like writing. "The hours of youth, of beauty, of magic are only given to those who live for the ideal in order to bolster their courage and refresh their heart. But for the most part, their life is a struggle without end, a path that leads through desolate deserts, like the road you are traveling. Do you want to accept the challenge and not shun the sacrifice that it requires? Are you willing to repeatedly crucify your heart, which contains the eternally burning thirst for beauty?"

In that moment, as I imagined reading this writing in an unmistakable hand, the boys hurried over and brought me a bouquet of violets which they had picked from the sparse green growing amidst the ice. Then they leapt away to look for more. The sight of these flowers which characterized my thoughts so perfectly moved me deeply, and I involuntarily knelt on the rocks and cried: "Yes, I accept the challenge; I will walk the solitary path without wavering which those who seek the truth pursue, and I will be thankful for the few flowers which I find along the way."

We stayed in Grenoble for a few days. The boys, the tutor and I wanted to see the Karthaeuser monastery. My sister-in-law couldn't come with us, since it was to be a strenuous undertaking. So we set off without her. We hired a guide and rented mules in a village a few hours outside of Grenoble, and started up the mountain path. At first, the path climbs between sheer cliff walls covered with green; below rushes a turbulent mountain stream and the tree-tops of gigantic mountains tower up from below. In time, however, the green becomes more sparse, the cliffs more foreboding, the chasm below more terrifying, and the road more wretched and dangerous. Finally one arrives at a point where all vegetation ceases and where death and desolation truly dominate. A giant slab of rock named the Gate of Death leads into this horrible wasteland; this is how Dante must have imagined the gate of hell, where every hope is abandoned. A short time afterwards, greenery appears again, and suddenly one finds oneself quite amazed at the top of a

mountain plateau at an altitude of 6000 Feet above sea level that seems like paradise after hell. It is a plateau surrounded by even higher peaks, covered with lovely green, magnificent broad-leaved trees and multi-colored flowers. In the middle of this beautiful mountain oasis rises the great Karthaeuser monastery, the first monastery of this order built by St. Bruno himself. On the outside, it looks almost like a fortress with its mighty walls and towers. A small wooden house outside the monastery 's exterior walls with a large dining hall below and a number of small cells above is meant to accommodate women and children, since they themselves are not permitted to enter the monastery. Men are permitted in the monastery and spend the night directly inside it. After the lay brother had served us an excellent meal in the dining hall, the tutor went to the monastery to spend the night there. I envied him exceedingly because of this privilege. I so would have liked to have seen the inside of the monastery, where the centuries have stood still since the days of St. Bruno. The boys and I each took up lodging in a cell, which were all fitted with a clean bed, washing table, chair, prayer box, crucifix, and stoup. I remained at my window until late into the night; I could not go outside, because the door had been locked from the outside. For the time being, I observed the lay brothers, who were playing ball in a grand avenue lined with chestnut trees. Then they heeded the call of the monastery bell, and a remarkable quiet, a profound silence settled in all around me. The moon lit up the solitary mountains and the monastery's magnificent buildings. Little by little, the fleeting images of the world disappeared, the figments of the imagination, the hefty desires, like a distant dream. Life now manifested itself in the pure idea only, in the abstraction of things' existence, and flowed like an elemental aura to the silver rays of the nighttime constellations. Long, long I looked out and lost the sense of my individuality. Then suddenly, a bell rang across the elemental night air and trembled in the moon's waves like a prayer of creation that summons the Universal again to its individual forms. It was midnight. The church bell invited the monks to mass, which was celebrated every night in the twelfth hour. There the brothers prayed for the salvation of those whom they had left behind below in the world of misery and sin. Certainly, it was a grand feeling that inspired this rule—the sympathy, the saving mercy for them who suffered more morally than physically; the strength of love, which can save everything that moves in darkness and transgression. Perhaps there were simple hearts among these poor monks that prayed with unwavering faith; but oh—in the world, the way it is, it is not enough to feel and to love; one has to most importantly think and act, and every energy that is wasted in the grand work of this life becomes a sin against the law of Progress.

Early in the morning, before five o'clock, I heard the voice of the lay brother standing in front of my door and calling to me that there was a terrible storm and that it would be impossible to go. I arose and saw that it was indeed terrible. The entire beautiful oasis, so green, fresh and blooming the previous evening, was covered in a thick, grey shroud; dark clouds hovered in peculiar shapes just above the ground and completely obscured the surrounding mountains. Rain, mixed with snowflakes, poured down. The leader assured us the path was dangerous in such weather. I was responsible for the lives of the boys, and on the other hand, I knew that my sister-in-law would be greatly alarmed if we did not return, since the weather in Grenoble might be very agreeable. The tutor

came out of the monastery and was of the opinion that we should wait. In the meantime, he told us about what he had seen and heard in the monastery, among other things about a monk of German descent who had lived there for fifty years without having ever returned to the world, and who had almost entirely forgotten his mother tongue. But he was mostly impressed with the midnight mass, which certainly must have left a big impression on the imagination.

After a few hours, the rain subsided, and I decided to leave immediately. I ordered the guide to stay with the children and not to leave them for an instant. As for myself, I trusted in the instinct of the mule, which I also had opportunity to admire. The rocks had become so slippery from the rain that you could only take a step with the greatest of effort. But the careful animal always first tested with his foot whether the place he would step was safe, and the joy which I found at discovering his cleverness made me forget the danger. For danger was present; the wind howled next to us in the chasm, and the road curved about so abruptly around corners in the rock, so suddenly towards the terrible abyss, that one false step would have spelled disaster. Finally we arrived without incident in the village, where we had to wait several hours to dry our clothes because we were soaked to the skin. Then we returned to Grenoble, where we had been anxiously awaited.

A few days later, we crossed the French border, and I sensed a real heartache at hearing French being spoken for the last time. I had grown to love French in this provincial dialect. The gentle musical sounds (with the exception of modern Parisian French) of the romance languages suit the southern nature, and whoever has felt their charm loves these languages, the way one loves the word that issues forth from the mouth of a loved one.

My fatherland no longer appeared as beautiful to me as before. The earth was without flowers, the landscape without colors, the sky gloomy. But I recalled the vow I had made in Alps of Dauphiné to the world spirit, and was determined to go forward with boldness.

At last I returned home to my parents' house, for even my father had arrived for an extended stay. The circle of family was sizeable, and I was received with such joy and love that it warmed my heart. At the same time, I sensed that I had outgrown them a little and that a vague but certain split in my very nature was in the making. I saw clearly that my life was missing a great leading principle, a general goal that encompassed everything. This had become my main focus, my soul's longing, the flame that consumes all considerations and that would also consume myself if I could not realize it. I loved my father with a love that is undiminished even now, so long after his death. I saw how the pain and the loneliness, to which he was consigned by his love for his family, weighed upon him, since he always had to remain with the eternally-wandering prince. One day when I was alone with him, he spoke about it and cried bitterly: "I am so alone, so alone!"—I threw myself in his arms and said to him: "Take me with you when you go again; let me stay with you, I'll dedicate my life to you, you won't be alone any more."

He hugged me, but neither answered nor accepted my dedication. If he had accepted it, the entire course of my life would have been different. My goal would have been to live for him, all of my efforts would have been concentrated around that purpose.

I would have found the satisfaction rendered by the consciousness of a great effort, a thoroughly fulfilled duty. After this. I never had another chance to show him the extent of my love, and my life went in such a direction that my childhood love was no longer the highest goal, could no longer be the compass which guided me.

I turned to painting with new vigor and composed several pictures from the sketches that I had brought with me from the South. But a dark shadow cast itself upon the pure joy of this activity and a harsh twist of fate finally became clear to me: I had to give up my favorite pastime because of the weakness of my eyes. They had been weak since I was a child, and I had always strained them too much. The doctor explained to me that I would have to give up painting in order to save my eyes. I felt that this weighty judgement was correct, but it filled me with despair. It was part of my nature to internalize my most difficult struggles, and no one suspected how difficult it was for me to subject myself to this judgement. I murmured in my heart about the injustice of destiny that striving for an ideal places in the heart of man, gives him the talent to voice it, and then robs him of the necessary physical strength. Eventually, however, I came to a new insight that would exalt me above the pain. I saw a more powerful means of achieving my life's goal than even religion or art had been, namely, participating in thought and deed in the progress of mankind. As soon as I caught hold of this thought, my pain about having to give up painting subsided. I abandoned my specialized world in order to enter the realm of questions about the entire scope of human existence. But, as usual, I demanded to go immediately from theory to practice. Religion, descended from its metaphysical realm, had to transform itself into the exercising of compassion and usher in the equality of brotherhood among mankind. To visit the sick, to help and comfort them became a necessity to me. I heard about a poor boy who suffered unmentionably because of a bone infection in his leg, and whose most heartfelt wish was to be confirmed before his inevitable death. He required a few class hours of preparation, but none of the preachers in the town had wanted to take the matter into hand, probably because of the fear of the infected air that surrounded his sickbed. I determined to go immediately and do my best to comfort this poor creature.

In a very small room, in a very clean bed, I found the poor boy whose face bore the mark of death. The sight of his leg was horrible, and it required all of my courage to withstand it. But when one saw the touching patient suffering of this poor child, whose big, dark eyes seemed to control his frail existence and ward off death until he had received the words of salvation, one overcame the natural aversion in hope of enlivening the young soul. I went regularly to read to him from the Bible and to share insights that were in accordance with his age and ability to understand, but nonetheless orthodox. I did not portray his suffering as sent from above for his salvation; I did not tell him that he had been redeemed from his sins, of which his innocent heart knew nothing, by the crucifixion of a mediator; but I endeavored to make clear to him the power and majesty of the spirit, which can forget the most terrible suffering in the face of eternal truth. Carried away by the task at hand, I tried to elevate him to a spiritual condition which would make his awful death easier to bear. I can still remember the face of the poor child, whenever a transfigured smile danced upon his lips and his big, dark eyes beamed with a supernatural

glow. I could never have forgiven myself if I had not continued with my task until the last moment, and as I received the news one morning that he had passed away peacefully in his sleep, I sensed something missing in my life, despite my happiness for him, for it appeared to me as if the true fulfillment of the ideal had begun for me at his bedside for the first time.

It was odd that in this case, just as before, when I wanted to find fulfillment in Christian ascetics and later in the exclusive cult of art, I encountered a silent opposition, a kind of amazement from my family. They were so sincere, good, pious, mild, enthusiastic about art, and still did not comprehend why one had to take things "so far." They didn't talk to me about it, but I sensed it. I was silent and continued to visit the sick and unfortunate, because a voice that was stronger than all human considerations commanded it.

Of the girlfriends with whom I again spent my time, Little One was once again the foremost and the dearest. Her mother, her oldest sister, and her brother were gone from home, but they were expected soon, and with them an aunt, a much younger sister of the mother, whom they referred to as the witty aunt, who, as Little One told me, had a great influence on her brother. I hadn't heard much about my Apostle since my leaving for the South; occasionally Little One had mentioned him in her letters, and my mother had also frequently written about him. I had thought about him often and looked forward to seeing him again. But the thought of this so beautiful and distinguished aunt filled me with a bit of uneasiness. They finally arrived, and Little One came to visit soon thereafter with the aunt. We found her very beautiful, elegant, witty, almost educated, but there was an air of distance about her, and she didn't strike us as very nice. My mother asked her as well, as the three siblings, to spend an evening with us. It was the first time I saw the Apostle again. He came to me and offered me his hand. 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 forever. All of the fear about the witty aunt disappeared; I felt that she resembled his intellect alone, not his heart. During the course of the evening he asked me if I had written poetry in the South, and when I answered in the affirmative, he asked me to show him some. I agreed under the condition that he judge them critically. This he promised to do. It seemed natural to us to talk with each other for almost the entire evening, as if we were trying to compensate for lost time. Then certain evenings were set aside for visiting each other when he would read aloud Faust, Part II to our little circle, and in this way, a frequent way of seeing each other was immediately insured.

A few days later I sent him a collection of the poems I had written in Hyères. No one prevented me from doing so. My mother had never forbidden me to do such things. I didn't show her anything that I sent, not for lack of trust, but because I already felt that my family would never understand an entire side of me and that I could not expect any help from them.

I received an enthusiastic poem from him a few days later that portrayed our initial acquaintance, our separation, his good-bye, and my reply as those mysterious moments from which the highest blossom of life must emanate in celestial grace. With the poem I found a critique of every single one of my poems: his intellectual judgements, which

delighted and taught me. I felt unspeakably happy. The sun of that love that places her stamp on our entire lives was climbing higher on my horizon. But I did not want to call this mightily growing feeling anything but friendship. I was determined to limit it to the dealings of two kindred spirits, for a pressing concern weighed upon me. The only support he had in this life was his intellect. I believed he was destined for great things, and I would never have wanted to bind him down so early by chains that could have possibly limited his future. I felt a great, true love about to bloom inside of me, I predicted that a flame would break out that could consume my life, and I did not want to cumber his youth with such a responsibility. I was a few years older than he, and it seemed to me that I could not lay claim to the loyalty of such a young heart. So I tried to keep our relationship limited to the general exchange of ideas. Hardly a day went by that we did not exchange letters with poems, or questions and answers about all facets of life. He freely admitted the feeling that motivated him and demanded that I do the same. When I answered him that I was older than he, he either smiled, for I really did still look like a child, or he was hurt and told me how cold I was. He never guessed that I myself, for the sake of an already powerful love, was fighting against this love.

The difficult struggle shattered my health, and I became precariously ill. It was precisely on my birthday that everyone feared for my life. I teetered for three weeks between life and death. At the same time I was in the greatest pain, I was also inundated by a dawning feeling of unending happiness, and I constantly heard Beethoven's symphonies inside my head. Finally, I was out of danger, but still so weak that people were hardly permitted to speak with me. I learned, however, that my friend had been there every day to inquire about me, and my mother gave me a letter from him herself. It was a poem in which he begged Recovery, this daughter of the heavens, to descend and to liberate me from my pain. It was beautiful and noble, like the feeling that united us. In time, I could see my friends again one at a time. His turn also came. He admitted to me afterwards that at the time all concerns about my health had subsided, he had felt that we would sail on the wings of love spiritually united to the shores of Spirit and Beauty. This is exactly what happened: love and poetry returned with my health. I was still recovering when the first snow fell. The rough nature of the northern winter troubled me greatly. I thought with longing about the South, where the poor man dressed in rags, with his sun and his liberal earth retains something of a noble human exterior, whereas hunger and cold in the North make a wretched figure out of a man. Increasingly, I turned to social questions I encountered in order to fulfill the Christian ideal of mercy. I discussed them with Theodor. After the first few visits, his visiting dropped off dramatically. His absence hurt me deeply, and had I not received letters from him daily, I would never have born it. Finally I learned to my pleasant surprise what had kept him away. He had completed his first book, in which he publically broke with orthodox Christianity and portrayed Christ as a man, a reformer and a revolutionary who had wanted nothing more than to introduce a reformed Judaism and a more noble moral code. Long after brilliantly passing his theology exams, Theodor broke two ties through this daring move; one with the church and another with his precious family. It was a hard trial for his parents; his father was the first clergyman in the state, his mother had hoped that the fame of the father would live

again in the person of her much-loved son and that a new Defender of Protestantism would materialize. But despite their disappointment, they could not help but admire the beautiful writings of their son and to feel a painful happiness while reading them. I was completely immersed in this book. Not only because I admired the intellect and poetic style of the dear author, but because while I was reading, one scale after the other fell from my eyes. I recognized that my painful religious struggles had been the legitimate uprising of free thought against rigid orthodoxy, and that the thing of which I believed myself guilty had merely been the exercising of an eternal right. Without hesitation, I took my lead from my friend in responding with a concise, healthy criticism. His visits had resumed, and our conversations almost always centered on these topics. It did not cost me anything to denounce the notion of Christ as a mediator between God and man, because I had never comprehended the need for this intercession. It was equally easy for me to liberate God from the narrow-minded limitations of individuality to which the Christian dogma relegates him: as a matter of fact, this had already transpired long before in my thinking. The only thing that was difficult was to denounce belief in personal immortality. I had loved very much this glorious phase of personal selfishness, this poetic arrogance of the ego¹² that seeks to maintain itself indefinitely, this dream of love that just will not die. During our discussions about this point he wrote me: "You still resist the idea that all things temporal must pass away. If I found in my heart the belief in its own immortality, reason would not disconcert me. Not the small and wicked minds, but the good and great have always had faith in their own immortality. But I do not possess this faith. If I were to speak of immortality, each rose, each spring wreath, the nightingale's song and everything that has ever delighted my heart would have to agree with me¹³, and I know that the rose wilts, the wreath decomposes, the eyes fade, hair grows pale, and even the heart with its love crumbles to dust. Immortality only exists in poetry. Spirit is only spirit when it is free of every construct, from every individuality. It is the life that continues in one or the other form and makes its exit the way fragrance escapes a fallen blossom. Dogma logically deduces from this that the body, "the flesh," must also be resurrected, for there is no individuality without the flesh. But this deduction was only possible for a dogma that believes in miracles, which are contrary to the laws of nature, and requires a final judgement day at the blast of the trumpets and the melting of the elements. This dogma is so monolithic that you destroy it completely when you take away even the smallest part of it, the way a seed is destroyed when it begins to sprout. It's springtime and still you wear your winter hat out of force of habit. There are no miracles in nature, for nature is natural: there are no miracles in the spirit, for spirit is spiritual. There is only *one* miracle: spirit in nature, in the universe. It is the miracle of existence, but it performs no miracles, it only reveals the one. Material is unconsciously immortal; the flower that arises from the mind of the poet and nurtures its roots therefrom has no spirit. Man shares this immortality with the flower, which lends its atoms again to other flowers or other forms. The other kind of immortality is free, is not necessary, quite the way the spirit does not necessarily develop in every person. The spirit, which wants to be immortal, must *make* itself immortal. The physical personality of man lives on his children. His spiritual immortality only exists in the children of his spirit, who are not he himself, but are created by and similar to him.

These children are his thoughts that carry over and continue into another person, or the memories that live on in loving and beloved hearts. And do you believe that when a precious hand closes my eyes someday, or when I can only think about those in my last hour whom I loved or who loved me, do you believe that I could then desire anything for myself in the presence of all the love that I have known?"

The tie between our hearts grew twice as firm and holy during these conversations about the highest matters of human existence, and I no longer refused him a confession of my deepest, most sacred love. We hardly ever saw each other unattended, and only looks and fleeting words could speak from one heart to the other. But our correspondence continued without interruption, and each doubt, each pain and each joy, each new thought, each poetic outpouring was confided in the other party, whose reply was almost always an echo of one's own heart. We always shared so much that we hardly knew anymore, from whom this or that thought had originated. Once, he wrote me:

"May it be so as you say; may all that the spirit desires fulfill itself in me; that no flower which enchants me, no joy that delights me, ever separate me from service to mankind, which has become the goal, the magnet which attracts and leads me on, I know not where; I only sense that it is a movement that leads me to the ideal. What gentle joy to be able to say that to you, to say it to the heart that understands me, the heart whose purity has become the flame that warms my spirit and purifies and ennobles my heart! You only can I confide all this, for it all belongs to you to such a degree that I can no longer tell if any of it is mine. The gentle words with which you so often, as if in an eternal springtime, have entreated me, the trust that you have placed in my heart, the great, free love which you have given to me—all of this has become mine, and I gladly make known what it is in my heart that drives it to light and life. Then it returns from me to you; you hear your own thoughts, and when you praise me, you are only exalting that which belongs to you. You receive it again, increased by my love. And if I am someday allowed to warm other hearts through my own ideas, if I can plant a spark in the minds, a keen sound which will appear as the rushing of the wind in the forest before the blush of dawn—all will be from you. It will be your spirit which will speak to them prophetically from the kingdom of God. Finally, if in the future my words resound in young souls, if I speak to the people of the apostles and the heroes of the spirit, I will think about you; I will see you again, a pure, brilliant star in the night of my soul, and I will say to myself: It is *her* glow that spreads through me to the great hosts of the world with the hope of saving them."

Thus we led a life to ourselves, uninfluenced by the world, a life of beauty, of spiritual progress, of pure love beyond reproach.

Spring had come; Little One and I often went on walks in the friendly environment of the small residence, and her brother often accompanied us, for no one found it inappropriate that two young girls go accompanied by a young man who was the brother of one of them. Goethe tells about the happy freedom of his youth in dealing with both sexes; so it was back then in the smaller German cities, and this freedom was certainly more honorable and human than conventional societal constructs. Thus we freely enjoyed all the bliss befitting a trio such as ours.

One Sunday morning, we had left the house early in order to climb the highest

summit of the tree-covered mountains in the vicinity of the city. There was a temple there that was to become the foundation of a historical monument, the so-called Hermann Monument on the Grotenburg in the Teutoburger Forest; there, where Hermann Arminius defeated Varus.¹⁴ From the flat roof of this temple, one could see the forested waves of hills belonging to the mountain range, and beyond that, a wide plain sparsely strewn with villages. The view along the horizon was marked by color tones of one those great heaths, like the ones common in northern Germany, which have a certain wild, melancholic character about them. All this glistened in the first green of a beautiful May morning. There was not a trace of a cloud in the sky, and all of nature basked in youth, innocence and joy.

A few farmers were also up there with their wives, probably to enjoy their Sunday.

"It occurred to me," I said to Theodor, "wouldn't you like to hold a little Sunday sermon in front of this little congregation?"

Little One joined me in joyful plea, and as if to underscore our plea, the bells down in the village began to ring at that same moment. We recognized from Theodor's smile that he would accommodate us. He uncovered his head and told the farmers that he wished to speak up here about the true kingdom of heaven, about the kingdom of peace, brotherhood and love. At first, they looked at him incredulously, but then they too uncovered their heads and gathered in a silent semi-circle, probably under the influence of the magic of his noble countenance, which had never shown so brightly and kindly. He spoke about our normal topic of conversation, about the kingdom of love that must be realized on the earth and not beyond the grave; that kingdom where heart and mind are the only determinants of nobility, where fulfillment of duty and work comprise man's only merits. The deep, gentle voice of the speaker, the incense provided by the spring greenery, the joyful hymn sung by the birds in the branches to the new light, the blue cathedral of sky above us—all this was a scene capable of reaching the hardest heart. As he finished, the simple countrymen looked at him the way the fishermen must have looked at Christ on the Sea of Galilee when he first preached to them about the kingdom of God, in which one must love his neighbor as himself. His sister clasped his hand, I the other in unspoken gratitude. Then, after taking friendly leave of the farmers, we left and silently climbed down the freshly green forest paths, for our hearts understood each other without words.

While we basked in the gentle joy of a pure love, clouds gathered above our heads. The nature of the feeling that united us could no longer be kept secret from both of our families, even though neither Theodor nor I had spoken a word about it. Without voicing ever being explicitly voiced, their disapproval became decidedly apparent. My friend's family's main objection was probably the reason I employed in the beginning, namely that I was six years older than he, and did not want to place premature limitations upon his future freedom, which he had to create all by himself. My family saw besides this difficulty another even greater one. He was a democrat,¹⁵ made no secret of it, and became more firmly rooted in his beliefs the more his critical eye surveyed the unbridgeable gap between existing circumstances and his ideal. Most of society's young people, his fellow school and university students hated him just as his father had predicted, because of his superiority and his better use of time. The ladies and young ladies did not care for him

because he only concerned himself with a few of their kind whenever he appeared in a social setting—namely, those with whom he could speak of other things besides sewing and cooking. My brother-in-law and my brother were incensed because he had written an article in which he criticized the financing of the theater at the expense of the poor, who foot the bill with their taxes. In those days, absolutism in Germany like that existing such a petty state went so far as to prohibit any free speech, any just criticism over matters that concerned the common good, and that a man would be scorned, should he dare to touch the nimbus of this insignificant majesty. My brother-in-law barely said hello to Theodor any more, never spoke with him and regarded my relationship to him with decided disapproval. This opposition in my family disconcerted my mother greatly. She knew me too well not to know that such a love would grow deep roots in my heart and that if it encountered resistance, deep pain would be the result.

I saw this all too clearly and was deeply troubled about it. The feeling that I had for Theodor was the most beautiful and noble blossom of my being. But the holier my love became, the more I locked it away in the depths of my heart. I believe that deep, chaste temperance is the quality of every great, pure feeling. When, however, such a feeling is unjustly accused, it immediately finds the heroic courage to reveal and defend itself, be it in front of the whole world. I had to arrive at this next level. For the time being, I began to withdraw from the society that had excluded me. Whenever I saw him at the *Ressource*, I would speak with him more than all the others. I spited the disapproving looks of my brother-in-law and the half-mocking, half-indignant facial expressions of my friends, who were outraged that I preferred the company of a "democrat" to their own, who added insult to injury by not caring the least about their disrespect. Even more problematic was the displeasure of my mother that started to become apparent in objections and bitter remarks, which became all the more painful for me since I was not use to such a thing from her and she had once been very enthusiastic about Theodor. One evening I had accompanied my family to a ball at the *Ressource*, even though I no longer danced. Theodor was also there, and since he also never danced, he sat down next to me and remained there the greater part of the evening, immersed in the most beautiful discussion. When we returned home, I saw an expression of disfavor on my mother's face, and soon she commenced heftily reproaching me for publicly engaging so exclusively with this person and exposing myself to all sorts of comments. At first, I answered gently and placatingly, but then the sense of being treated so unjustly got the best of me, and for the first time in my life, hard words were exchanged between my mother and me. This pained me greatly; it was the first deep wound in my love towards my family, and I sensed that from then on I would have many struggles to go through.

Despite my shyness and humility, I was also very prideful. In times past I had often told my sister that the principle governing my life should be: "loved by few, respected by all." Love seemed to me too high, too holy a gift to receive and endure it from many people, for one can only give true love to a few; but respect is the fruit of our moral behavior, and we should even seek to instill it in our enemies. I nevertheless sensed that the grand recognition which I had enjoyed until now started to wane. What sin had I committed? Loving a young man, who was beyond reproach, even from his enemies;

finally *understanding* the goals I had unconsciously followed since my youth? Once again, the scales fell from my eyes. I understood that I was no longer the gentle, yielding creature that subjected itself to everyone in order not to injure them and who traveled the path the others did in obedience and in an effort to please. I sensed that I was becoming my own person, with convictions and with the strength to stand up for them. I now understood that this was my crime. This general recognition soon started to lose its value for me, and I saw that from now on my conscience would be the guiding force in my life and I would only do what it dictated.

But the struggle became more difficult every day. My father came to see us during the summer. And oh, I no longer felt myself in agreement about important matters with my dear father! Politics had always occupied a prominent place in my discussions with Theodor, and the natural consequence was the development of my thoughts into democratic views. I had often included political questions in my letters to my father, in order to form my ideas in accordance with his if possible. Once he had referred me to Guizot¹⁶ and his political views, which I was to observe if I were to form correct ideas. For the most part, however, he had left my questions unanswered, since he viewed these things as lying outside the sphere of womanhood. But I remember the time that a deep pain penetrated my heart as one of his comments made during a discussion suddenly illuminated the gulf between his opinions and my own. He had been informed of the changes which people believed to notice in my nature that were thought not to be in keeping with my intellectual upbringing, but as the lamentable influence of an "unfortunate affection" for a person with eccentric and incorrect views. This is a very commonly occurring error of the religiously and politically orthodox: if a mind liberates itself from their laws, they attribute the fault of this emancipation to some superficial cause, to a spiritual seduction, and do not stop to think that it is the inner logic of the deepest self that is only coming to light by virtue of circumstances.

My father never spoke to me about it; there wasn't an absolute necessity, either, to break the silence on either side, but the inner breach was clearly felt, and this feeling was all the more painful since we still loved each other as much as ever. Theodor was asked to come, I myself didn't want him to, because I knew that a meeting with my father would not provide any real satisfaction. I only saw him on my occasional visits with Little One, but even this I could not do very often, since the greater portion of our time was spent with my father. My friend's letters were often my only comfort. One day I found out that I had not received one of the letters and learned that it had been given to my mother. I asked her about it, and she gave it to me, but-it had been opened and read. This was very painful. I could have shown this letter to the entire world, especially my mother. These letters were richer and more beautiful than many that get published and gain the admiration of the world. But they belonged to *me*, and I could not share them with a soul. Love originated, just as religion had done, from the unfathomable depths of the soul and was too great an inner part of my Self to be discussed. I have never understood the frivolous, superficial feeling that friends and acquaintances have to share everything. To me, the deep eternal love seemed similar to the sun that one recognizes in its warming, life-bringing rays, into which one cannot look, because its light is too blinding. The experience with the letter

helped nurture a sense of outrage inside me. The feeling that had withdrawn itself from all eyes in order not to profane its sacredness now took up arms to defend its legitimate right before the world.

Once it happened that Theodor walked by and greeted us as we were in a public garden drinking coffee and listening to music in a circle of acquaintances, but he could not approach us, and approached several more times without speaking to me. After returning home, I wrote to him to find out the reason for this neglect. He answered jokingly that he wanted to spare me the embarrassment of having to recognize the outcast democrat in the presence of my blue-blooded acquaintances. The next time we were at this location, I went to Theodor as soon as I spied him, and I strolled with him for a long time up and down the alley of the park, immersed as always in the most earnest conversation. I knew that people were regarding us in amazement. A young, prideful, aristocratic beauty who had always shown me friendship chanced upon us at the arm of her bridegroom, a baron. She looked at me in astonishment, almost shocked, as if to say: "Is it possible that you stoop so low? Have you forgotten the meaning of the little syllable that precedes your family name?¹⁷ This democrat, this immoral man who blasphemes the church and the rights of nobility ... you've chosen him?!"

All that was written so legibly all over her face, that I almost burst out laughing. It was a more difficult task for me to face my parents. I couldn't just run up to them and introduce Theodor to my father; that would have been seen as a public attempt to win them over. I knew that it would have been painfully embarrassing to them, and on the other hand, I didn't want to expose my friend to a cold and forced acceptance. I sensed acutely the pain that I caused them, but I had to demonstrate this proof of my affection to the man I loved, I had to defend a noble love by confessing it.

The resistance I encountered only grew after the departure of my father; but my feeling had already taken on the concrete form incapable of destruction by any earthly power.

In autumn, Theodor became sick, and I spent panicky hours, especially because he had accepted the offer to work as an editor of a newspaper in one of the large cities in northern Germany, and we would therefore be forced to be apart. In my heart, I cursed the prejudices of the world that made it impossible for me to go and care for the man to whom my most sacred emotions belonged, for he suffered greatly. When I learned that he was doing better and had been moved down to his mother's room, I went to see him. It was Christmas Eve. I found him with his mother and Little One. Our conversation lasted until twilight. Then the bells from the nearby church started to ring and proclaimed the following day's festivities. We all fell silent; these bell sounds that proclaimed Christmas Eve recalled a world of poetic memory: the happy days of childhood, when my mother secretly and lovingly prepared gifts weeks in advance and finally decorated the tree with innumerable little lights that symbolized the light that had come into the world on this holy night; the midnight mass where the message, "Peace on earth, good will toward men" was extolled with hymn and sermon in the illuminated church; and finally the touching legend about the redemption of mankind, made flesh in the child of a poor daughter of the people. At the awakening of these sounds and memories, each heart communicated to another,

wordlessly, yet distinctly.

Light was brought, and other visitors arrived. I could not bear mundane prattle at this juncture, so I took my leave and went to the room where I had left my hat and coat in order to get ready to go. The only light in the room came from the moon; I had left the door open. Theodor, who had left the parlor for the same reason as I, entered the room. "Dear friend, it was so hard to see each other in this way." he whispered, took me in his arms, and for the first time, our lips met. Then he hurried to his room, and I strolled home in the bright moon-lit night, whose innumerable stars were mirrored in my heart.

His recovery took place slowly, and I seldom saw him; he didn't like to come to our house anymore, because he sensed that he wasn't welcome. By the same token, I was neither free nor happy in his home. I often kept to myself now, for I hardly ever went to social gatherings anymore that he would not attend, where he would be hated and censured on my account, as I well knew. I was alone and dejected in my family; the unspoken, but deeply felt contention weighed upon me deeply. For this reason, it always did me good to be alone and think about the insights provided by the conversations with my friend, which became brighter and more distinct all the time.

One evening, he came a few moments before the beginning of a play, since he was still maintaining a semblance of politeness in front of my family. By chance, I had said that I would not go with my family, since "Robert the Devil" was playing, an opera that had always struck me as repulsive because of its showiness and imitative music. As Theodor heard I was staying home, he asked for permission to remain a while longer after the others left. In the past, my family had always been tolerant in this regard; this tolerance had shown respect for its recipient as well as its giver. This case could be no different. So we stayed alone, almost for the first time since our acquaintance. The rejoicing at being able to tell each other everything that was on our hearts without a chaperone was so great, that it would have sufficed me, but Theodor could not be contented with this—he threw his arms around me drew me close. We remained thus for some time, silent, immersed in that sea of gladness that has been celebrated so often in verse and song, that strikes everyone who is cradled upon it as a new, undescrivable, previously unknown revelation.

Finally he said: "And nevertheless free!"

"How arrogant!" I answered with a smile; "And I, no less than you; indeed, may never a happiness that is not compatible with freedom be dear and precious to us."

The beautiful moments were fleeting. He left me, my family returned from the theater, I was calm, as always, and inside me was a deep, unfathomable peace.

In the meantime, a new and more difficult trial than the previous ones presented itself and forced me to take a more active step than before. My mother decided to hold her annual party, to which the young princes and princesses of the royal court were invited. I had used to enjoy these festivities in our house. Mostly there was dancing, and I liked dancing with the two oldest princes, the second of whom was especially kind to me. Now, I knew that, like in society in general, feelings towards me had changed in the castle. My "democratic views" displeased these petty monarchs over a few square miles. Our party wasn't to be a ball this time, but a gathering where artists' living pictures were to be

displayed. Those kinds of amusements hardly interested me any more, but as always, I was readily helping with the preparations when my mother announced to me that it would be impossible to invite Theodor. His family would naturally be invited, since his father was one of the most prominent people in the state, but my brother-in-law had explained that it would be unreasonable to insult the young princes by having them in the same parlor with a man who had written such a derisive article against their father's innocent interest, and that he (my brother-in-law) would not attend if Theodor came. My mother had given in to these considerations, even though it had been hard because of me. The most bitter hatred could not have invented such a painful slap in the face, and it came from my family, from good, loving, beloved people!

My sisters were completely immersed in the preparations for the living pictures and were supported by a young artist who had been living in the little residence for a while. My family enjoyed his company; gentle, pleasant, blessed with good talent, he never gave offence and didn't have a "political opinion" of any kind. I watched with a feeling of bitterness as this good, but unimportant person was accepted into our circle, that they preferred him, that he was the life of the party, while a brilliant, noble man was publically humiliated because he had dared to write that too much was being spent in our wretched little state in order to accommodate the prince's whims. I didn't insist that he be invited; I was too proud to beg for mercy for him; but I explained that I would not attend the party either if I did not receive the solemn promise to hold a party after the first one which would be smaller and consist only of the best families, to which I could invite him. This proposal was accepted. My mother was sorry to hurt me so, and she gladly took this measure as a means of taking away the sting of it all. She also wanted to avoid publicizing the matter through my absence from the party. The rumor had already started to spread, however. Theodor's mother was deeply hurt by the insult to her dear son, the pride of her heart. Little One and her father refused the invitation. Of the family, only the oldest sister appeared with her fiancé.

I sent Theodor a bouquet of violets, the first of the year, and wrote him a few words that exalted both of us far above the pettiness of human society. Then I bore the torture of this evening with unwavering composure, supported by my contempt for society's foolishness. The atmosphere was one of annoyance, for it was quite natural that comments were made about the absence of one of the city's leading families and about my affections, which my family publicly denied.

The next morning, I received a few lines from him thanking me for the violets and the words of comfort with which I had sought to console him and myself about the gossip and evil talk that had been the result of the day's events. He closed by saying: "I'm reading Plato now in order to cleanse myself of the filth of the modern world."

A few days later I reminded my mother about the smaller party she had promised, not that either of us would find pleasure in it—for what pleasure could a party render that had only been conceived with a derisive smile or arrogant sympathy? I demanded the promise as justice due both of us, as a testimony that the insult had not been a personal one, but rather, an indulgence of the little tyrants. The gathering took place. Little One came with her brother. All of the people invited tried to be friendly and kind and to banish

every painful feeling. My mother led the way. My friend, even though the evening was more of a torture than a satisfying experience for him, also did his best to be social, and he was too talented not to be successful. People noted with amazement that this feared democrat, this awful critic, was a well-rounded man whose presence was non-threatening. Both sides avoided touchy topics while conversing, and the evening passed in good form. Our outward satisfaction was complete, but the arrow had pierced my heart so deeply that the wound would never heal. I understood only too clearly the meaning of what had transpired. Henceforth I was publically at odds with the world in which I had been raised, and it was no longer be my personal feeling that was at stake, but the freedom to voice convictions. I had commenced the struggle for freedom against absolute authority.

We spent many a pleasant hour together in the spring, my friend and I. Completely open between ourselves and assured of each other's love, we enjoyed every moment of happiness in the pure harmony that fate allotted us. We met each other often at the home of the princess' governess, a kind, exemplary, intellectual elderly lady who was a close friend of the Althaus family and had known Theodor since he was a child. She was also my friend, and the injustice with which the world treated us outraged her. Frequently, when the sunset turned the treetops under her windows to gold, or when the nightingale sang in the branches and the gardens that surrounded the royal castle carried their fragrance in our direction, the four of us—she, Theodor, Little One, and I—would sit at the open window of her cozy room and read or speak with each other. Often we younger folk were driven by the desire to convert our good friend to "dangerous conclusions" which her sharp intellect recognized as logical, but which she would not admit out of her respect for tradition. For example, she eagerly and proudly read the book of our young friend, but she vehemently defended the *Son of God*. At heart, she was democratic, but she sided with the prince out of deference to him. In especially lively moments, we even got her to sing the Marseillaise with us,¹⁸ which sounded ironic in the walls of the feudal castle. For her part, she also teased us, and one day she said to our friend, with whom she had used the familiar form of 'you' since he was a child: "Just wait, the day will come that you will take up your father's place at the royal dinners and will like it very much."

"Then rest assured," he said, "that the voice of my youth will be heard from behind my chair denouncing me."

Whenever I returned from these free and lively reunions I naturally had hell to pay, for I was received by my family as coldly as if I had committed a crime. How terrible man's prejudices are that poison the fleeting moments of happiness which fate only bestows once and add the bitter drops to the cup of innocent and noble love! As if happiness were something other than the fleeting moments in which a lofty feeling exalts us over the monotony of existence. Do not spoil these moments for anyone! Even if they end in pain, one still has drunk from the fountain of eternity and is immune to destiny.

The summer approached, and it was decided that we should go to southern Germany to be with my father. Nothing had come of his earlier plans to take over as editor of a newspaper, so Theodor also decided to leave for a large city, a literary center, where a broader field for his exclusively literary interests would open up. A young acquaintance of his from that city came and had brought him to this decision. This young

man visited us and said with reference to Theodor: "He'll be the next Lessing;¹⁹ he's got a bright future ahead of him."

So we had to leave each other. It struck me like a death sentence. But not for a moment did I consider limiting his freedom, exacting a promise from him, holding him back from the circles where his intellect and influence could develop more fully. On the contrary: as my mother, touched by my silent suffering, broke our two-way silence and offered to speak to my father in behalf of the love upon which my life's happiness seemed to depend, and to procure a position for Theodor through my father's influence and make our union possible, I thanked her genuinely for her love that conquered all prejudice, but flatly refused the offer. The thought of the slightest string attached to the affection which was based on all that was sacred and beautiful within us repulsed me. I had fought this powerful feeling for a long time, since its inception. Theodor himself had helped to set it free by educating me in the ways of freedom. Now love and freedom had become one within me to the extent that I completely trusted him. On more than one occasion, I had held him back when he was about to swear that his love would last eternally. I did not understand that a love like ours could end, and if it could end, what good was an oath? We had never talked of marriage, I had hardly thought of the possibility. We had to love each other, improve ourselves by virtue of this love, and attain our highest goals. This was our destiny. Whatever else the future had in store for us—we had to await with resignation.

He left a few days before I did. The afternoon before his departure, he came to say good-bye. My family, taking pity on us—for which I was very grateful—left us alone. The only promise that I demanded of him was to write to me as soon as a new love should take hold of his heart. He said with a smile: "as if one could find your equal in the world!" Once again, his rich intellect and imagination opened up before me.

Once again he exalted me to the highest spheres of the ideal, whilst I, leaning upon his shoulder, listened to him in order to gather an eternity of happiness in this last hour together.

On the following morning I received these lines, written in the moment of departure: "Be strong and do not forget what you have gained. This hope is my consolation. Do not take it away; preserve it for me."
Thus ended the springtime of my life!

CHAPTER SIXTEEN CATASTROPHE

After he left, I was impatient to leave myself. It was if an icy breath of air had blown across the blossoms of springtime. The only thing difficult for me was to leave Little One. Our friendship had remained the same, but at the same time, I had never been able to bring myself to speak to her about my feelings for her brother, even though they could not have been a secret to her. When I left, she gave me a bouquet of roses from her garden, the same garden that had provided so many roses to accompany Theodor's letters. I kept the bouquet until we reached the Rhine. Then I cast it into the water, like Polycrate's ring,²⁰ that the gods might preserve my happiness.

I was, as things go, far from being happy; our separation weighed upon me, and it often seemed to me as if I could not bare it.

My father met us at the Rhine. I loved him just the same, with indescribable tenderness; but I felt that my intellect had become too different from his and would never again return to his way of thinking. But in spite of the pain that this conviction caused, I hoped, since he appeared so youthful and vigorous, that I would long be permitted to show him my love by avoiding talking to him about my worrisome opinions.

My father had rented a summer home for us in the resort town of Homburg, which had been growing rapidly for several years, was a magnet for pleasure-seeking and fashion, and attracted a great deal of loafers besides the people who sought recovery at its mineral springs. The days had long since passed that I looked upon "high society" with moonstruck eyes and believed to find something in it to further my personal development. I had become indifferent to all of its frivolous pleasures. I would much have rather been alone in the magnificence of nature, where my surroundings would have echoed my heart's solemn sadness and where I could have been alone with my thoughts, the only things that kept me going in the absence of my friend. The only place that suited me was the old castle garden; a glorious park with trees a hundred years old, quiet streams, deep-shadowed, lonely places where the fashionable seldom ventured. I often went there alone to read, especially the works of a poet who is hardly known in Germany, and completely unknown abroad. They were the works of Friedrich Hölderlin, whom I read with Theodor for the first time, and who had occupied our thoughts for a period of time. This poet, who was extremely enthusiastic about Greek antiquity, had not been able to escape the magical kingdom of Helena to find a conciliatory reality. He had found his ideal, his *Diotima*,²¹ only to have to renounce it again and fall victim to the hardship and cruelty of life. The too tightly-strung lyre snapped,²² and the night of insanity engulfed the brimming idealism and the vivid contrast of bitter renunciation. For a long time, he lived deprived of his senses. A few of the poems are deeply disturbing because his lyric ability and poetic images still come to fruition, yet are incoherent and do not follow a main idea. It was supposedly just as disturbing, whenever the fingers of the Unfortunate Soul glided over the keys and conjured up the sacred harmonies that had filled his soul like a far-off echo. He had spent the last days before his sickness in Homburg (at that time, a little village) and had often sat under the old trees of the aforementioned castle garden, merely a pathetic

shadow of the once wonderfully handsome, talented, celebrated man, like the shadow of his Greek ideals in Hades. Bettina von Arnim, in her letters to G nderode²³ says that he had had dreams that were too lofty for mortal comprehension. But this probably was not the case; the beautiful container which had housed the immortal dreams was destroyed. What must also be considered, however, is the sad fact that this case was not unusual, that more than one life had been shattered on the cliffs of dualism between ideal and reality; that Lenau²⁴ later fell prey to the same fate as H lderlin, and that this fate, like an foreboding specter, loomed on the horizon of many a richly talented, creative youthful soul, so that while we were engaged in reading Holderlin's works together, even Theodor himself often voiced the idea that the same fate awaited him. What was the cause of this anxiety? Was it because a new ideal was being conceived in the mystery of time, the approach of which only the most keen eyes could foresee, the fulfillment of which they thought impossible in this materialistic and sensual world? Was it because the coarsely sobering Present had laid an unbearable yoke upon their fledgling wings? Lucky are they who, like Columbus, discover a material world in such moments of crisis! They have something concrete to grasp hold of, and their longing finds soil wherein new dreams for the future can grow.

It was always a day of celebration whenever I received a letter from Theodor. His letters contained inspiration and the breath of new life. He lived in the circle of intelligent people, was having success, and his tendency towards melancholy that had often worried me seemed to have disappeared. I was too happy about all this to wish his return; but I wished I had wings to also flee to the sphere of freedom I needed.

Our peaceful life was interrupted by a tragic event that touched us deeply. It came from someone we least suspected. In order to preserve a hurtful secret, my father would have to pay a sum of money that far exceeded his means. We had to return hastily to Frankfurt, where my father, like the prince, had maintained a permanent refuge. My father was seized by a deep melancholy made even more worrisome because until then his age had never undermined his good nature. One day I approached him as he stood at the window and despondently looked out at the river. I tried to utter a few words of comfort; he listened in silence, shook his head, and said: "This blow is too much for me; I shall never recover."

A short time later, we were awakened in the night; he had become suddenly ill. From the first moment on, I felt that his prophecy would be fulfilled. After a few anxious days, however, he recovered to the point that he could walk about in his room, usually aided by one of us. But it was clearly visible that his desire to live was broken and he had become a mere shadow of his former self. My only comfort was being near him; I anxiously watched his every look, every word, so that I might preserve them in my heart. I was often alone with him and guarded my words carefully so that he wouldn't be reminded of our difference of opinions. I perceived that my life would go on after his and that I would some day have to fight for my independence. But in the face of death, there was nothing between us save the bond of love, the roots of which are found in life itself. One morning when I was alone with him, he walked about for some time in the room, leaning on my arm for support: then he sat down at the open window, through which a mild

October sun was shining. He gazed long in silence at the river below and the autumn landscape beyond it, which had assumed those gentle, melancholic color tones with which Nature attires herself when she gets ready for her long slumber. I fell silent and watched him with deep emotion. I read the thoughts written on his countenance. He was bidding adieu to the world in which his pure, virtuous life had been spent. He had been a Freemason, had achieved the highest degree of the order, and I believe that his views on life were probably more humanitarian and moral ones, rather than orthodox Christian. Once before his sickness when I went walking with him, I asked him what he thought about the Christian godhead and the Bible as revelation. He replied that Christ had always appealed to him more as an ideal of human perfection rather than the Son of God, and that he would abide by the laws of the Bible whether or not they were revelations. On another occasion, when I found him one evening at his window looking out into the starlit night, I asked him what he was thinking about. He answered: "I'm preparing myself to some day put off this mortal frame."

Simple, laconic words like these characterized his nature. Later, after his death, we found the beginnings of his memoirs, which he had unfortunately never finished. In them he said that the wish of his youth had been to study agriculture and to live in the country. I understood how this destiny would have suited him much better than his turbulent career as a politician and statesman.

But even though he was preoccupied by the thought of his approaching death, he never spoke of it, except with my oldest brother, the only one of his sons who was present, and in whom he confided his last wishes.

Oh, what I wouldn't have given for him to tell me what was in his heart! That he would have permitted me to accompany him on this solemn road leading to the entrance of the Unknown! To participate in his internal preparations for this great hour, and to show him that my heart walked every step with him and would have drunk everything but the last drop of the bitter cup to take away half of his bitterness! But the peculiar barrier between him and me remained intact even in these pitched moments, despite our deep mutual love. My only rest came when I was near him, and I often hid myself in a corner of the room when he suffered greatly and, thinking himself alone, lent expression to his physical pain. I held my breath so as not to reveal my presence, but it was comforting to me to suffer silently with him.

Christmas had come. His death was immanent. Through a strange set of circumstances, the old prince, whose fate he had loyally shared had passed away after a brief illness, and the last inquiry of the old master had been about the health of his tried-and-true friend. My father had not been told about this occurrence because people wanted to spare the dying man the pain, but he intuitively guessed what had happened. Perhaps he felt the pain less because his spirit had already come to grips with the ephemeral meaning of this phenomenon, or because he dreamt of an approaching reunion.

For the first time in our lives, we did not have a Christmas celebration. But my mother just could not refrain from kindly preparing a few gifts for us in accordance with ancient custom. We received them deeply touched, for we could no longer give *him* anything. He lay quietly in his bed, in a light sleep mostly, and whispered a few gentle

words from time to time—a reflection of the images that hovered in front of his soul, the way the light pink clouds of evening are a tender reflection of the vanished sun. I noticed here the thing that I had already noticed at the passing of my oldest sister: with the approach of death, when everything artificial about a person, everything which life's habits have forced up him, when his acquired characteristics and even intelligence dissolve and fade away, that his true character, the fundamental nature of the individual the way nature formed it emerges, complete and undefiled. The last impression I have of these dying individuals is that of pure goodness and an innocence of heart, invulnerable to life's corruption.

The friends in whose second floor we were living very nearly forced us to come down and attend their Christmas celebration. They did everything possible to cheer us up with that false pretense of sympathy that seeks to lessen a great sadness through superficial distraction. But I couldn't bare the noise and laughing for more than a half hour. I sneaked stealthily away and climbed up to the dimly lit room where my father, whose suffering had ceased, already slept the beginning of his final slumber. I felt painfully at home; I sat down in a corner and listened to the grand symphony of death that had been interrupted by the dissonant happy sounds below. For him, the mystery of life was solved. My life, on the other hand, had been uprooted, and I felt like a cast-away on the ocean that would have to rudder the ship of life alone and follow the only star that shone through the heavy clouds: my conviction.

On that evening I said my actual good-bye to him. He lived three more days. On the fourth, I brought him his cup of coffee in the morning, which the doctor had permitted. He opened his eyes, looked at me for a time with the look of the traveler, who, already embarked on the endless ocean, turns again to the shore from whence the sun of life had shined, and recognizing me, he said: "Oh, it's you, my dear!" I pressed the cup to his lips: he drank for the last time, then he closed his eyes. and remained motionless. I sat down in another room to write to Theodor. After an hour of dead silence, the door was opened and I was summoned. I flew to his bedside. It was over, he had stopped living. This time, I didn't ask, and no voice told me: "you'll see him again."

Nothing differentiates people more than their way of dealing with pain. Joy and happiness often open up the heart to the outside; they express themselves, and in their louder notes, a note of discord often goes unnoticed. But pain shrouds us in silence, in which we hear only a single, mournful and solemn melody. As long as this requiem of the soul is undisturbed, even this deepest pain has its beauty. But when the mundane sounds of the external world resume, the spell is broken, and heart-wrenching, unbearable suffering is triggered in certain natures, while others find relief and distraction. I found myself in the first scenario. My entire being was still wrapped up in him who no longer existed. Every word that disturbed me in my memories of him was torment. I surrounded him with laurel and myrtle and could not unfix my gaze from the sight of this quiet man for whom my love no longer held meaning. In these moments I came to understand completely the beauty of the description of Mignon's funeral in *Wilhelm Meister*. Yes, we should transfigure the closing of the great tragedy of life poetically, solemnly, and then return to our every-day task "filled with the solemnity, the sacredness that alone makes life

eternal."

During my father's illness, which required almost all my thought and feeling, I did have other experiences that had considerable influence on me. Among other things, I saw the youngest of my brothers again, who had come to visit our sick father. He was a man of exemplary qualities, had filled a high government position, and was in principle a strict Protestant and absolute monarchist. He had sensed something of the direction my thinking had taken, and he guessed even more about it from my silence whenever a dubious topic came up. He was intrigued and enraged about this, and like the others, sought the root of it in my love for a person "without principles"; for how else would it have been possible that a girl of my position arrive at such ideas? He wanted to marry me off to one of his friends, and he was disappointed in this regard as well. So he sought and found opportunity to talk with me. First he asked me about my religious ideas. I answered him frankly. He tried to convince me, but his arguments contained nothing different than what I had told myself a thousand times in my struggles, and which now, after I had found them to be untenable, could never again be awakened inside me. Finally he fell silent; he sensed that I was too far gone for him to save. After a few days he hastily returned to his young wife, whom he adored, and who was also sick. She followed my father to the grave a few weeks later. I shared my brother's pain and wrote him a letter expressing my genuine love for him. He did not reply, but wrote to my sister that as long as I remained in this Voltairean²⁵ school of thought, he had nothing to say to me; he had gone through all of that once before himself, and hoped I would come back, the way he had come back; until then, however, it would be better to stop our correspondence. I accepted this, because I decided he was right; there was no means of uniting such two equally strong and adamant, but opposite convictions. But I also sensed that this separation would be permanent, for my thinking was not Voltairean or tentative; on the contrary, it was the logical outcome of all the internal struggles of my youth, the fulfillment of the desire for freedom of thought as the basis for all morality.

Another event that occupied my thoughts directly after my father became ill was the War of Sonderbund in Switzerland, a true war of principles.²⁶ Theodor wrote me: "This is a human war, waged by a free people in the cause of liberty." The doctor that had treated my father was a liberal man; he took great interest in the victory of the liberal party. I discussed my political ideas more openly with him than I ever had before.

One refuge remained for me in this period of suffering where I could find peace and pure happiness; this was my love for Theodor and my trust in his love for me. His letters comforted me; besides these, he sent me his rough drafts, one after the other, for a new book that he was publishing. He wrote: "Once again, I'm dedicating the first printed pages of this book to you, that so very much belongs to you, since I can never tell what came from me, and what from you."

I really did find traces of our life together on every page—our conversations, the exchange of feelings and thoughts about everything that had gratified us for so long. At first it was painful for me to have to share such intimacy with an audience; but I fought against this selfish feeling. The poet lives two lives, one for himself, the other for the world. Woe betide the woman, who does not understand this and becomes jealous of this

division! She will either break the creative genius or her own heart!

Whenever I read these pages or his letters, I often said involuntarily to myself:
"Do not begrudge me this one happiness, o fate, and I will be strong in the face of all
adversity thou mayest place before me!"

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

1848

On New Year's Day, we read my father's testament in a small circle of present family members. Fortunately, there existed too much love and noble sentiment to perform this act with anything but the deepest respect due the deceased. Not one hostile word was uttered, and we did not have to experience the ugly spectacle that unfortunately takes place so often in the world: the celebration of death disfigured by arguments about inheritance. I was especially touched by the simple and dignified words with which the testament began and with which my father expressed his belief in personal immortality. They were indicative of his simple, good, true nature. The rest, the material part, left me indifferent. But it happened, that my father's fortune had been much less than we thought, and that since it was to be divided in many parts, each of our shares would be meager. Besides this, it was not sure whether my mother would receive the pension promised her by the deceased prince; if this were the case, we would naturally have shared with her, but then we would have only been able to maintain a very modest lifestyle, much more limited than the one to which we were accustomed. For the first time, the thought occurred to my sister and me that one of us would have to go and earn our own keep. A few of the brothers held good positions, but it never occurred to us to depend on them. We discussed this issue, and each of us was ready to make the sacrifice. I was boldly determined not to give in and, if necessary, to leave my inheritance to my mother and leave home. I started to sense anyway that I would not be able to live much longer with those who regarded my most solemn convictions as wrong. But at the same time I was confronted with the question: "What could I do to earn my own keep?"

I had thought quite a bit, more than the majority of girls my age; I had read a lot. But did I know my cause so thoroughly, so as to be able to support myself with it? Did I have any kind of knowledge in any field? I deeply felt the inadequacy of my education. Since I had been forced to give up painting, I had started to hope that I would some day be able to write something. I had made a few shy attempts, sent short novellas and essays to publishers without telling anyone. Several things were published, but not paid. I did not know how one would have to go about such things, I didn't dare ask family members for advice about things that displeased them, and thus I did not see much hope for this sort of thing.

Whereas my life's horizon was dark and veiled, the peoples' horizon started to brighten. The newspapers brought word of movements in Sicily and Naples. The hard, stultifying despotism that dominated those beautiful countries suddenly came to a halt, and a new life already appeared to be blossoming. My friend wrote me: "To think that people are speaking on public squares in Naples about liberty and rights, and to have to stay in Germany is almost more than one can bare."

How I wished to grant him his journey, to know that he, in the blossom of life, was amongst a people casting off their intolerable yoke! But unfortunately I, like he, could do nothing but follow those events with glowing interest from afar.

One day when I came in from a solitary walk, I found everything in the house in a

state of turmoil. The news of the Parisian Revolution on the twenty-fourth of February had arrived! My heart beat wildly with joy. The monarchy fallen, a republic declared, a provisional government that numbered a famous poet and a simple worker among its members—it seemed like a heavenly dream, and yet was reality. Little blood had been shed for such a high prize, and the great key words, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!" were again written upon the standard of the movement.

What torture, not to be able to display my joy, to have to suppress the excitement in my heart, to see that everyone around me foresaw great misfortune where I could only see hope. What pain, to gather from the looks and comments that the joy I involuntarily displayed was accounted to me as sin.

I remained as silent as possible and only lent expression to my feelings in letters to Theodor and Little One.

The electrical pulse soon spread in all directions. Germany, which seemed so inanimate, shook as if rocked by a subterranean volcano. The news from Vienna and Berlin quickly followed. The prince of political darkness, Metternich,²⁷ had fled! The pillars of despotism seemed to be falling all around us. The arm of absolutism, the military, seemed powerless before the exhilaration of the people, who were standing up for their rights. The three glorious March days in Berlin proved this. Almost every day brought news of a new, weighty development. But how different the interpretation of these developments was, depending on one's views! One day, for example, I entered the parlor to find my mother with the newspaper in hand, and she called to me: "I hope you're satisfied: the king of Prussia rode through the streets of Berlin with the black-red-gold flag in his hand. What more can you ask for?"

I replied that I wasn't satisfied at all, and that I regretted the whole masquerade; for only the pressure of the moment had called it forth; it couldn't be the expression of a monarch's sentiment, who, as was well known, nurtured the romantic dream of a return to feudalism. What I was waiting for were not gifts of mercy and royal concessions, but rather, the absolute self-government²⁸ of the people itself, in the face of which the prince must bow or disappear completely.

The news that a provisional German parliament would gather in Frankfurt filled me with indescribable joy. The city was feverish with excitement. In the meetings of the Free Church which I had visited the entire winter instead of the Protestant Church, the speaker did not rise to the pulpit to follow some contemplation in the usual fashion, but instead spoke fiery words of enthusiasm from the altar and challenged the congregation to be ready to fight the joyful struggle for the mankind's most sacred rights. Outside, the noise of weapons was heard, for the citizens hurried into the nearby armory to arm themselves. I was utterly overcome with joy. I wished that the enemy had stood outside in front of the gates of the little church and that we had all gone out singing Luther's chorale, to either fight for freedom or die.—The people crept out of their caves with the curious look and naive amazement of a person who had been left in the darkness for a long time and sees the light of day again. I mingled with these crowds of people that continuously filled the streets. I shared in their joy as the three-colored flag was raised atop the palace in Eschenheimer Lane, where the German federal government had met so long, not for the

betterment of the country, but to its damnation. I often stood near the groups of workers who gathered in front of the display windows of the shops, where the portraits of the men who led the provisional government in Paris, the leading liberals in Germany, the heads of the great French Revolution, etc. were exhibited. I tried to explain everything to them; to describe to them the men whom they could trust, to make clear the meaning of the coming days to them. New life was seen everywhere. In the theater, Schiller's dramas were revived, which had long since been banned from the German stage. I attended the first performance of *Don Carlos*.²⁹ It was as if people were just starting to comprehend the most noble of the German poets, as if his great soul were speaking to his awakening fatherland for the first time. In the scene where Posa pleads for freedom in behalf of the repressed Netherlands and succeeds in touching the heart of the despot with the magic of his beautiful soul, unrestrained jubilation broke out. Simultaneous shouts of joy were heard coming from the street. Everyone inquired as to the cause; the answer was proclaimed aloud by someone from the parquet: just then a few men of the provisional parliament had entered the city who had lived for years in exile because of their liberal views. The people had unharnessed their horses and paraded with them in triumph through the streets. A feeling of euphoria seized each heart.

Nature itself honored this celebration of new life. Spring came extraordinarily early and was beautiful. By the end of March, everything was green and in bloom, so that it was possible to transform the entire city into a garden. The houses were decorated with flowers and three-colored flags. People strolled through the streets as if on a nature trail. The locomotives and steamboats, decorated with flags and flowers, brought a continual stream of happy pilgrims hurrying to see the anniversary of freedom. Perhaps never, not even in the famous days of the imperial elections, had the old imperial city seen so many people gathered together.

The last day of March arrived. A glorious sun shone in the cloudless sky over the flower-bedecked city and the masses of neatly adorned people. A young acquaintance, the only person from my circles who shared my views, came quite early in the morning to pick me up so we could look for the chance to be present at some of the day's events. We made our way to Roman Square, where the dignified building stood wherein the German emperors of the Holy Roman Empire used to be elected. The square was surrounded on all sides by the ranks of the Frankfurt National Guard and gymnasts, even the gymnastics clubs, considered a menace to state for so long, had been revived. It was a happy sight to see these fresh, gleeful youths, dressed in handsome attire, linen overalls, pointed hats with wide brim and feather, weapons in hand, and faces beaming with excitement. It was the promise of the future, when standing armies would no longer be needed, where every free man, trained in weaponry, would be ready to defend his fatherland and own home if need be, with all his strength.

We pressed forward through the ranks and entered one of the houses closest to Römer City Hall on the off-chance of asking its residents to grant us a spot at one of the windows. The simple middle-class people found our request completely natural and led us to a bedroom where a little child lay sleeping in its cradle, unconcerned with that which went on outside.

The square was absolutely crowded with people and appeared covered by a mosaic of heads. A path could hardly be kept clear to let the representatives of the people reach the Römer. The provisional parliament was to be set up in the old Imperial Hall, elect its president, and then adjourn to St. Paul's Church, which had hastily been prepared for the parliamentary sessions. Finally the column of representatives drew near, marching two-by-two with uncovered heads along the path cleared to the Römer and greeting the cheering crowds as they went. Most of all, the men from Baden were cheered on, who had long been known as pioneers of a freer future. While debates were being held in the Römer, electricity filled the thousands standing on the square; hope, expectations, amazement over the so sudden accomplishments were voiced in the most vivid expressions. Many a heart was also probably moved by fear, but this was outweighed by the day's rejoicing, and the evil loomed silently, weaving its dangerous web in secret, in which the naively rejoicing and prematurely certain would again be snared at the appointed hour.

Finally, cannonballs and church bells proclaimed that the first German parliament had been formed. Suddenly, all fell silent and a deputy, from the window of the Römer where the elected emperor used to be proclaimed to the people, cried out the name of the president of the provisional parliament. It was a name known and revered by all who loved freedom.³⁰

Which eye could have remained dry in this moment?! Which heart would not have beat with blissful confidence?! Who would not have hoped that the German people, the people of earnest thinkers, so educated, so mildly disposed, had come of age and could overtake responsibility for its own future?! Who would have doubted that the men elected with the people's love and trust were capable of realizing their life dreams? I didn't doubt, I merely saw "unhoped for eternal happiness descending on glowing golden rays." My personal struggles took backstage to the good of the fatherland. I had never possessed such a great love for Germany. It was just a few weeks previous that I had wished to live in a rising Italy. Now, I wouldn't have left Germany for any price; I felt tied to it with omnipotent bands of love and was convinced that nowhere else would things develop so completely and beautifully.

When I returned home and revealed where I had been, my family marveled at my audacity, but I wasn't scolded, for the success of my opinions kept the criticism somewhat in check. My only bitter disappointment in these days was not being able to go into St. Paul's Church, which was only open to the masculine population because of limited space. I found redress, however, in viewing public life. One could see scenes which until then had remained secretive. Podiums were improvised in the streets, on every public walkway, from which the most prominent men such as Hecker, Struve,³¹ and Blum,³² to name a few, would speak. The youth especially crowded around these stands and lent, at least through the costumes of the gymnasts, an outward charm to the spectacle. The radical republican party wanted to take decisive measures: the declaration of constitutional rights for the German people, the immediate arming of all able men and the permanency of the provisional parliament until a definitive parliament be elected by the people. This was a revolutionary program, the declaration of the people's sovereignty. The moderates and

the fearful were horrified at this. The secret enemies, the political and religious Jesuits, undermined these efforts and engaged in subversive activities. The majority of people were still too amazed, too surprised by all that had transpired to have a clear understanding of the most necessary things of the moment. The past had to be negotiated; precautionary measures were taken; appearance had to be saved; terrorism had to be guarded against, the suggestions of the republican minority were rejected and lesser measures were adopted—always a sign of weakness. A committee was appointed to convene with the old federal government, into which a few new liberal members were assimilated. National armament was postponed until the decision of the traditional parliament and it was declared that the provisional parliament was unauthorized to decide the fate of the nation.

After these resolutions, the radical republicans left the church to appeal directly to the people. It was the third day of the discussions. The division in the meeting that would regenerate was to be decided on. The dismay, excitement, fears, and anger on both sides were horrible. Expressions of every kind, hefty discussions in the various sections lasted the entire night. On the evening of the third day, the aforementioned young lady came bursting with joy to tell me that a man of her acquaintance had promised to bring the two of us the following day to St. Paul's Church, to a place where we would see and hear everything without being detected. Who was happier than I? The following morning we went very early to the church and were led by our guide (who belonged to National Guard surrounding the church) to the pulpit which on the side facing the center of the church was hung with black-red-yellow cloths, which could be pushed open so that we could see the entire church and distinctly hear the speakers, since the stand was directly under the pulpit. Several of the deputies' wives also came to our hiding place; they were kind enough to point out all the most important men to us, and we were entertained by the bickering between a fiery radical republican lady from southern Germany and a beautiful, somewhat proud wife of an educated doctrinaire, whom she criticized for advocating "modest progress" and laughingly prophesied that no objective could be achieved with that attitude.

The Leftists who remained heftily demanded reconciliation with the radicals, who some days previous had left the convention. A representative from Baden was sent to call them back. He succeeded, and after a short period, sixty members returned to the church with Friedrich Hecker leading the way. They were received with jubilation, and Hecker sprang upon the stand to explain the sacrifice they were making for unity and to issue the challenge to all to participate. Hecker was very handsome, a Christ figure with long, blond hair and a rapturous, enthusiastic expression. He had long been known in Germany for his republican views, and I learned through Theodor, who knew him, how well he applied the principles in his private life for which he had fought in the Baden House of Representatives for years. He spoke with such fire and eloquence, that one was irresistibly carried away. In this moment, I admired the sacrifice he made in the cause of unity, and the audience rewarded it with a loud cheer. It was, however, a dangerous sacrifice, and the secret enemies, some of which sat on the representatives' benches, could probably hardly suppress a smile as they saw the repeated mistakes of those who were trying to preserve freedom.

Other negotiations and speeches about the practical result of the convention

followed this declaration: namely, that for the first time a definitive parliament determined by a general vote would meet in Frankfurt in order to decide Germany's future. A cry of joy went up in- and outside St. Paul's at this resolution, which instantaneously was announced outside to the crowds of people surrounding the church. I was euphoric: I envisioned my dreams coming true, a rich, free, vivid future opening up for Germany. At six o'clock in the evening, the provisional parliament was adjourned. The representatives left the church in a procession again, while the joyous people strewed flowers before them. I hadn't noticed that I hadn't eaten anything all day, my only thoughts were of Germany and the first of May. Oh, in my ecstasy I failed to consider that every delay in a critical moment can be disastrous, and that in order to be victorious, one must never give the enemy time to gather strength.

When I returned, I found no one at home. This was fine with me, since I needed to be alone in order to contemplate undisturbed the feelings that filled my heart. I sat down at the open window through which the spring breeze carried the scent of flowers. The Marseillaise, played by a music core sounded from a nearby public garden where the representatives' closing celebration was taking place—this beautiful song of liberty that sounds like the pillar of Memnon when the sun rises. I was blissfully tired and enjoyed the wonderful, beautiful atmosphere where personal identity feels lost in a grand, universal emotion. I had observed the course of history too little to know that mankind does not enter new phases quite that suddenly; that the moments where hope lives, only flashes of light illuminate the goal towards which the masses are striving on a long and tedious road that often diverges or is interrupted by ignorance and weakness, but even more often when people forget the maxim which Christ termed long ago: "one doesn't put new wine in old bottles."

A short time after the above listed events, it was determined that my mother would return with us sisters to our little Nordic residence in order to live their indefinitely, for the fortune that remained did not allow us to travel the way we used to or to move about. Having to leave Frankfurt was like a death sentence to me. In a few weeks this city was to become the center of national development, all weighty decisions were to be made there, the best German men were to meet there—and I was to return to a little corner which would remain untouched by the great course of events! I felt an infinite, destructive pain. I knew that I possessed a great power to do without everything people normally call happiness. But to do without that which promotes intellectual development—to have to exclude oneself from the grand events in the history of mankind, from the impressions that elevate us and ameliorate the pettiness of existence—that was always too much for me and seemed to me like the real sin against the Holy Ghost.³³ The great right of the individual to possess everything it needs and to become everything it can become was depicted all too clearly before me. That it is justifiable to break every authority in order to gain this right was no longer subject to doubt in my eyes. But unfortunately, a prerequisite to moral independence is financial independence. Until then, people had only conceded a woman's independence if she was independently wealthy. But the woman who was not, what could she do? For the first time, I realized the *necessity* for women to become economically independent by means of their own efforts. For the time being, however, I could do none

other than resign myself to fate, for I did not have the courage to suddenly leave my family, and I couldn't do this anyway, because the matter of my mother's pension was not yet resolved. But I was strongly determined to leave her my portion of the inheritance in case she did not receive her pension, and to become a governess.

We left Frankfurt. My pain was twice as great at having to leave my father's grave and the birthplace of Germany's future behind. As we departed, my heart was on the verge of breaking, and as we rode into the green, narrow valley that would be our home from then on, it was as if I was being buried alive and that I would henceforth have neither life nor future.

Our journey did contain a few happy moments. Our train was extraordinarily long. A crowd of volunteers heading for Schleswig-Holstein to fight for German unification were inside. The train cars were decorated with flags and flowers. I got off at every station to look at the fresh, enthusiastic youths. I envied them for the freedom of being able to participate in the danger of their cause, while I couldn't even speak about my sympathies and had to go where there was nothing to do. At one of the stations, I saw a few Poles who were hastening to their homeland, since they anticipated a revolution there. The young volunteers spoke words of courage to them, saying: "When we're done down there, we'll come help you." In their magnanimous enthusiasm, the youths didn't doubt the success of the revolution and the victory of freedom. They were as yet unfamiliar with the petty national jealousies that would develop all too soon and be nurtured by the democrats as well as reactionaries, and would cause a renowned democrat to say: "If hatred hasn't yet existed between the Slavs and the Germans, then it is incumbent upon us to create it." Sad words, the result of which only benefitted the tyrants!

In their magnanimous zeal, the young people found it very natural to help the Germans be Germans, and the Poles be Poles. Certainly none of them would have hesitated to relinquish that part of Poland which Germany, after that cruel division, had unlawfully acquired. How my heart praised these generous words! How little I suspected that these eager mouths, now brimming hopefully with words of courage and enthusiasm, would be silenced in a few weeks, that these brightly shining eyes would be closed, never to reopen, that this blood would be shed in vain.

The Great movement had also caused a little stir in our little, far-removed residence. Revolutionary scenes had taken place before our arrival. People had gathered in the old castle in which we had once sung the Marseillaise to demand a meeting of the parliament that had never convened under the prince's regime. The prince had naturally been forced to acquiesce, since the two canons that comprised his arsenal probably would not have been able to back up an answer of no. It was foreseeable that the parliament consisting of about thirty deputies would immediately review the budget and cut the high expenditures for the theater. The heir to the throne, who, according to the German custom, was "worthily" preparing himself in the military service of a large state for his future duties as regent, was not present at the time, or else he would have perhaps tried to restrain his father from making such concessions. He was very much carried away by the glamour of his divinely appointed position and had said the following in a conversation about the February revolution in Paris to a lady who lived in the city where he was stationed: "If we

march on Paris, I believe we will instate Heinrich V and not Orleans, for legitimacy must be maintained."

A few of the upper bureaucrats who had been victimized by vandalism, taunting, and other minor demonstrations walked with downcast eyes, looking intimidated and humiliated, whereas they used to be characterized by a certain arrogance and affectation towards inferiors. A young man who used to be avoided because he was a zealous democrat was now the cock of the walk. He led the movement, spoke to the people, calmed the turmoil, and received expressions of gratitude from humiliated aristocrats whom he had protected through his intervention with a condescending smile (for he was not a serious man).

All of these things had something petty and humorous about them, for these small movements assumed the forms and names of the great movement and were merely tragicomic. There was enough material about them to mock the revolution even better than Goethe had done with the great revolution of his day. There was, however, a serious side to these petty events. It was the outcry of the suppressed against the "petty", as well as "great" tyrants.

Little One was not there when I came back. She was visiting her grandfather and was near one of the centers of the movement. But she and her brother were expected back shortly. How joyfully I awaited the return of these two! It was the light that would return to my soul. I was very much in need of it. Theodor's letters had become more seldom, and indeed, had finally stopped coming altogether. It was a painful privation, but I excused him fully because of the monumental events in which he was wholeheartedly involved. There was not a doubt in my mind; the tie that bound us together was the tie of love based on unlimited trust, without ulterior motives.

I visited his mother often, with whom I became very close now, in a different way than before. She had been partially won over to her dear son's liberal way of thinking. As for herself, she remained a Christian, but she had become an adamant democrat and so tolerant that she understood how her children could be true to their ideals, even if they made a break from Christian dogma. She rendered me the kindness that was denied me in my own house, and whenever my heart was too heavy, I sought relief from her. One day we sat on the sofa in her parlor together and she read to me from her son's letters, wherein he described the events in which he had participated. He wrote that his entire day was dedicated to participating in public events, and "in the evening," he added, "I hurry to the little foliage-filled garden; I help wind the wool while we chat contentedly; that is my respite."

If a poisonous arrow were suddenly to strike a heart in the middle of a peaceful celebration, the effect could not be more horrible than the one these few lines produced in me. To whom did this garden belong, this foliage? For whom was he performing these little services? What kind of chats were these that comprised his respite? His mother seemed so familiar with all of this that she skipped over it without a word of explanation. Why was I the only one who didn't know about it? I was too proud to ask, but I felt an icy wind blow over what moments before had been an oasis in the desert of my life. While I appeared to listen to the rest of the letter, my mind fixed on this one passage, the parlor

door opened and Little One's head appeared, followed by that of her brother. They had wanted to surprise their family by not disclosing the time of their arrival.

So *this* was the long yearned-for reunion I had envisioned!

He offered me his hand with an awkward demeanor; a fleeting squeeze was the only greeting after this long and difficult separation, after my personal loss, after the unexpected events that promised to fulfill our fondest mutual hopes. Little One pressed me fervently against her heart and looked at me melancholically; my mourning clothes probably accentuated the traces of suffering I had gone through, and she probably read in my face the expression of a sudden revelation, the cause of which she knew and the effect of which she feared.

I soon left them, for I needed to be alone and face the misfortune that was befalling me, despite the fact that nothing had been said.

Who could describe the grief, the torment of the following weeks? I saw him a few times at our home and in other places, but it just was not the same. We no longer corresponded; no fleeting confidential words were exchanged, no meaningful looks carrying messages from one heart to another. He didn't exactly avoid being alone with me in private, but our conversations were based on general topics, as if there had never been a personal relationship between the two of us. Little One was even more kind to me than before, but she was obviously embarrassed, and our relationship was an uncomfortable one. At the same time, I fought against my pride, not wanting to concede the possibility that a love such as ours could die. I felt the sting of jealousy towards an unknown element that had deprived me of his love; but the thing that hurt me most of all was that he was not comfortable enough to tell me himself in the manner I had so often implored him. If he had confessed to me openly what was in his heart, I should have accepted his confidence in deference to the freedom he himself had helped to develop in me. But his silence and apparent indifference were a cruel and contemptible insult, unworthy of him and me. After a few weeks of torture, I heard that he was going to Frankfurt to attend the parliamentary sessions. I anxiously awaited a departure that would bring enlightenment and make amends—a simple and noble confession befitting our sacred friendship which surely would have survived our love; it never came. A short visit at which my sisters were present, a squeeze of the hand as if we were simple acquaintances—that was all.

Thus set this star, whose light had alone illuminated the night of my existence. Thus ended this love that had supported me in all my sufferings and had very nearly become my anchor of salvation, for which I had sacrificed so much and gladly would have sacrificed even more!

I could not believe it just yet, I could not fathom the thought that such a deep, indelible feeling as was in me could have died inside him. I told myself that this was a temporary phase, that he would return to the bond of friendship that freedom had sanctioned. Nevertheless, I wanted to be sure: the uncertain torment was too much to bare. A few days after his departure, I went to Little One and asked her to tell me the truth, without tempering or suppressing anything. She hesitated a few moments, it was difficult for her to answer; but she remained true to our friendship and told me plainly that his brother had taken a liking to his best friend's wife in the city where he had spent his last

year; that she returned his affection, despite her high regard for her husband; that both of them had spoken with him about it, and he had behaved very nobly, and that Theodor had left the city for an extended period by mutual agreement.

At first this disclosure left me speechless. In instances of doubt and uncertainty, one craves only one thing: certainty; even the most terrible truth seems better than doubt. When the sentence is irrevocably declared, the dreary truth unveiled, what wouldn't one give for a return to at least a few more moments of doubt, the chance to hope!

Finally, I asked: "Why not talk to me about it?"

Little One answered that she too had urgently asked him to speak with me, but that he could not bring himself to do it because he was convinced that his feeling was only a temporary one, for which he did not have to give me an accounting. Little One smothered me with kindness and love, but I could not reveal the depth of the pain inside me. It was the desolation and solitude of the grave.

I didn't give a way a word of my sad secret at home. I wanted to protect Theodor from the hatred which my family would have felt towards him, had they known the depth of my pain. But in the night while I was alone, a mortal struggle ensued inside me. My heart beat as if it would burst, and death would have been welcome relief for me. But finally, I heard (like so many times before in my life) a voice from the depths of my suffering, which said to me: "To wish to die in order to cease suffering is weakness. Live for the Ideal, to perfect the Good in and around you!" And when day came, it was as if a change had come over me,, and I was resolved to struggle on, despite life's hard consequences. Such nights like these have always decided a person's fate. If a person can be victorious at such times, he or she will forever be a servant, a soldier to the Ideal. As a result of varying dispositions, the idea will either lead to fanaticism that consumes the individual and replaces personal selfishness with the unyielding selfishness of principle like it did with St. Ignatius of Loyola, or it will become the flame of an all-encompassing love that seeks to save everyone, even if this means sacrificing one's self, like it did with Jesus of Nazareth. Or finally, in circumstances that do not precipitate external actions, it becomes the shield of one's own personal dignity that remains unscathed in every battle and overcomes all disappointment.

I immersed myself more than ever in my studies, and I took special interest in lectures dealing with current events. Several times in the week I went to Little One and read with her and her mother. Their kindness towards me had been redoubled, as if to excuse their son and brother, although nothing more was said of him between us. Among other things, we read Fichte's speeches to the German nation together.³⁴ They appeared tailored for the present day, and were proof of how long a people requires to understand its prophets. His ideas about compulsory education were the most interesting to us; we discussed them enthusiastically. The necessity to extend this education to women became clear to me. I was preoccupied day and night by this thought. How could a people regenerate itself and become free if one half of it was excluded from the careful, comprehensive preparation required for true collective and personal freedom? How could women, in whose hands is entrusted the education of the future citizen, train heart and mind to be mindful of duty if she was not familiar with it herself, if she feels no

connection between herself and the life of her people? How could a man ever carry out his public duties if he is not supported at home by a loving wife who participates in his grand interests and is even ready, if necessary, to sacrifice her own personal happiness for them?

In the meantime, the parliament of our little country had met, as well as the parliaments of all the individual German states, despite the fact that the parliament in Frankfurt was in session. Among the representatives there were a few sincere democrats, educated and interesting men. Little One, who in this respect was just as influential in her family as I was powerless in mine, had easily persuaded her parents to assemble these gentlemen together with a few of the city's other distinguished democrats frequently in the evenings at their home. Among the latter was an exceptional young man, a philosophical mind, radical in his views, a noble character, and immovably logical in word and deed. He had been a classmate of Theodor's at the university, had been a theologian like Theodor, but had likewise completely broken with theology. From the first moment on, he caught my interest and even showed me warm kindness. We discussed all kinds of issues of the day at these gatherings, especially social issues, which seemed far more important to us than the political ones. I began to study the various social systems; the young man (whom I prefer to call the "Democrat") gave me the books. One of the questions most commonly discussed amongst us was the abolition of rights of inheritance. This idea engrossed me, it seemed to me to contain the codex of a new morality.

It seemed unjust and impossible to me to abolish personal property, the fruit of labor. But I found it sensible that property cease with the death of him who earned it.³⁵ This would diminish the power of capital and force parents to give their children an education that would allow them to become independent through their own efforts. Every individual would have to go to work in order to live, and many vices arising from laziness caused by inherited wealth would thereby be avoided.

These gatherings and studies brought new interests back into my life. But I always paid for them dearly, for they displeased my family to the utmost. One day, our doctor and friend of the family, who was also recognized as one of the most prominent men in the city, found *Soziale Politik* by Julius Fröbel lying on my desk. He was outraged by this and told my mother that he would never allow his daughter to read such a book. So great was the prejudice and narrow-mindedness in Germany's most educated circles in those days! My mother knew that she could not control what I read anymore, since I was too old now, but it was extremely embarrassing for her, and she showed me openly how displeasing my studies were to her. The other members of my family avoided me and regarded me as a lost soul. Whenever I returned in the evenings from being with my friends, they hardly returned my "hello," continued their conversation with renewed vigor so that I would not have time to speak, or they seemed so immersed in work that they did not notice I came in. I sat down at mealtimes and family gatherings with the bitter feeling of being seen as a convict for convictions that alone made my life tolerable and worthwhile. I cannot express how I suffered, and my pain was increased by the realization that I caused other people pain, for my mother suffered horribly at the sight of her dear daughter going astray, as she saw it, and being excluded from the society in which she used to be so well-liked. My earlier acquaintances openly avoided me now. Conversation was forced whenever I was

present, people avoided expressing their views, and I didn't talk about mine. To complete the anathema, my mother and sisters one day received an invitation to a royal dinner, from which I was excluded. This was open war; I numbered among the enemies of the monarchy, and the petty Gods of our Olympus were avenging themselves by their disrespect. It was a difficult blow to my mother; she was outraged, and rejected the invitation; my sister went alone.

My mother also sensed accurately that my heart was still mortally wounded. From then on, she hated the person who caused my sufferings, especially because she still believed that he alone was to blame for the error of my ways; I never said a word about what had happened. I could not bare the thought of seeing him accused, and I believe that there is no more bitter pain for true love than having to admit the fault of the loved one. One can perhaps admit it to oneself, but to hear it condemned by others is intolerable. I also couldn't bare to be felt sorry for, and I also believe that each deep pain is accompanied by this shame.

But the less I spoke about it, the greater my suffering became. A short time after Little One's confession, I had written her brother; told him that I knew everything; that the only thing for which I criticized him was not having a higher opinion of me and not having told me everything himself. I added that I could sympathize with him fully in this unfortunate affection, and that I only wanted to remain his friend, the confidant of his inner life. I thought that this letter would find the way to his heart. The unselfish love that had conquered itself had dictated it.

But there was no answer! I could not understand this cruel silence which tore another of my heartstrings. But my unconditional love for him would not die.

Oh, if men only knew the depth and selflessness of true feminine love, they would act differently! If, by some odd twist of fate that draws one heart to another, a second love takes the place of the first, the man would have the noble courage to confess this, and the woman he loved would make it possible to preserve the friendship which should follow every love. In this way, he would remove the pain's most bitter sting. A love that was the union of two intellects as well as two hearts would have to remain friendship if it stopped being love, and the intellect's contentment would alleviate the suffering of a woman, whose mind would be just as developed as her heart.

The negotiations of the parliament in Frankfurt continued, and glorious speeches were held from the podium, in which the most noble views about the highest questions of humanity were developed. On these occasions, you could clearly see that the German people had been a people of thinkers and how quickly speeches and eloquent rhetoric made use of the spreading ideas, the way other peoples only develop them in drawn-out parliamentary debates. Every heart still believed and didn't doubt that practical ability would come to the aid of this flight of thought. The German people's Basic Rights³⁶ appeared—brief, succinct, comprehensive, and containing everything a people needs to become happy and powerful. They were printed as pamphlets and distributed throughout Germany, and there was hardly a little shanty where they weren't posted on the wall and read with hope. I myself brought more than one of these pamphlets to the dwelling places of the poor, whom I visited even more often than before, for I could proclaim the *good*

news to them now and direct their attentions towards a better future. I understood now why it's so easy for priests and others of that sort to comfort people. They only have to promise them the paradise beyond the clouds, and already they are compensated for a life of misery, and their credibility never comes into question. Democracy had taken upon itself a more difficult task. It wanted to reclaim the earth for the people, to give them the chance to lead an existence worthy of a human being. It was infinitely more difficult to preach this new gospel, for promises had to be made good here and now. But the people started to hope and understand that a day could come when the old curse it alone had inherited would be lifted. An old woman who lived with many children in a wretched hovel and had been reduced to a skeleton because of sickness, hunger, and every possible misery, said to me with tears raining down: "Well, if that's the way it is—if my children can expect a better life, then I will be glad to have suffered."

The most satisfactory of the negotiations in Frankfurt was the one about public schools. All that Fichte and other patriots had once demanded was achieved and even surpassed. I shed tears of joy as I read the transcripts of these negotiations. A people numbering forty million souls had not only received the guarantee of everything pertaining to human existence by the Basic Rights, it also secured an intellectual future for itself by adopting resolutions pertaining to education. Science and the arts would no longer be the monopoly of the privileged classes; their comforting light would extend to the shanty of the poor, as well as to the palace of the rich. School was mandatory. Until a certain age, children were not permitted to be used for any kind of labor except schoolwork, so that later, when working hours had also been limited, they could sit in their own homes and find joy in the intellectual life that their education had unlocked for them—education, this new visitor who took up lodging with families everywhere and transformed animal stalls into human dwellings.

That autumn, Theodor returned from Frankfurt. But only for a few days. He had been named chief editor of one of the most prominent democratic newspapers in northern Germany. This was an ideal occupation for him, since the press was now free, and so many new ideas had to be spread to help developments along. Besides, it was an exceptionally well-paid position. A year before, this circumstance would have changed both of our lives, for our union would have been the direct result. Now it was another reason to grow apart. Outcast by my family who hated him, he just came for a short formal visit, and I briefly saw him two or three other times. Several times I almost decided to go to him and talk to him in the name of the friendship which only his cruel silence had altered. It seemed inconceivable to me that he could answer me with anything other than that gentle voice of friendship that had so long been my life's only comfort. If he had said to me, "Forgive me! I was too young to know my own heart; remain my friend"—would I have not understood him? But he did not have the moral courage, the courage of true freedom that realizes and confesses its own limitations. A lady who had also loved him very much and was familiar with our past said to me a few years later, "His separation from you is the only dark spot on that man's life." I fought the inner temptation to speak with him, but the pride that emerged in all its strength, as well as my delicacy of feeling held me back; for more than ever, I hardly wanted to remind him that my heart

possessed holy, legitimate rights: those of a love based on respect for freedom.

He left to start work. I subscribed to his newspaper, of course. It appeared with magnificent articles, the way only he could write them, in which the relentless critic went hand in hand with the enthusiastic poet and not only destroyed, but beautifully created. I read with mixed feelings. He was still the man I had loved truly. I could not resist the wish to send him something to remind him of me on his birthday. I wrote a few lines expressing my wish for his happiness. He even answered me this time, just a few, but good, gentle words, and for the first time, he mentioned the past: "We lived too exclusively for each other; it was natural that it had to end. If you had been more coquettish, you would have used your influence in a different way, and you would have been successful. Of course, by saying this, I'm only praising you."

For the first time, I saw how powerful coquetry is, even with important men. I had always despised this feminine shortcoming and had believed that a feeling's openness and veracity were its noblest adornments. After reading this letter, I noted with painful amazement that if I had been more calculating in my love, if I had been able to conceal my spiritual suffering behind the lure of an intellectual man's mind, things would have probably turned out differently.

How often I would have occasion later in life to notice men's weakness with coquettish and capricious women! Man always finds pleasure in his next conquest, the challenge laid upon him by a flirtatious woman, whereas a simple, genuine woman demands nothing else in her devotion than to peacefully construct the building of life in the shadow of her love.

My life at home became more intolerable each day. My family, despite their goodness and nobility, was almost cruel to me, just because I had other views than they did and associated with people whom they deemed undesirable because of their principles. Theirs was a tyranny that was based on the regrettable principle that a woman should not think for herself, but should remain in her divinely appointed position, regardless of whether or not this suppressed her individuality. One day my sister asked me, "Is there really anything you love more than your family?" And as I affirmed this, she sadly shook her head and muttered, "All right, if that's the way you like it." It was the same old story: one should leave father, mother, brothers and sisters to follow the Messiah. But despite the fact that I felt justified in doing so, my sadness was not diminished any at seeing the suffering I caused and the gap that was widening and threatening to devour our love.

Little One and her mother did their best to comfort me and lessen the sadness that consumed me. But their harmonious relationship with each other only made me feel more miserable about my own situation. I therefore gladly accepted the invitation of a young lady from Berlin whom I had met during one of her brief stays with her relatives in our little residence and gotten to know better, and who now asked me to visit her for a while. Little One pled with me to go so that I could rest a little and compose myself. Of course, I myself wanted desperately to go. The Prussian parliament in Berlin was the only glowing ember left over from the revolution; the parliament in Frankfurt had been thwarted since the election of the Regent of the Empire, Johann von Oesterreich. Freedom to reform was stopped from this time forward, and the reactionaries quickly re-seized power, supported

by Austrian absolutism and the Jesuits. In Berlin, the radical party held its ground and fought on.

I was so depressed and weary that I hardly had the courage to ask for permission to go. But I did not encounter any great resistance, because they did not believe that young lady to be eccentric, and so I was able to go. While traveling, I felt like I was breaking out of prison. I was nevertheless dejected and tired, and my spirits were lifted only after the lively reception prepared by my dear hostess and the distraction from my usual dismal contemplations by the interesting scenes I witnessed. I had never seen Berlin this way and was pleasantly surprised by the many extraordinary things occurring here. I felt liberated from the oppressive narrow-mindedness of my petty circumstances and understood more than ever that people need room to think and act, in a word: freedom to live according to their convictions and most inner needs. I often went, of course, to the parliamentary sessions and attended fascinating debates, where the most determined radicalism always won. The great majority voted in favor of abolition of the death penalty and nobility. They achieved their objectives much more efficiently than in Frankfurt.

But a dark shadow cast itself on these successes. The reactionaries reared their heads, and one could foresee a terrible battle approaching, a battle between life and death. A friend of my hostess, a representative of the Left, came to see us whenever he had a moment and gave a report of the current situation. The trap had been set and was ready to catch and squelch the revolution. My friend and I were extremely nervous. We went out every day and mingled among the people who congregated in the streets and passionately discussed things, without really knowing what they had to fear and what they should do. We were prepared, in case of emergency, to hide our friend, the deputy, and to help him get away, for people feared for the lives of the representatives. Judging by the massing troops, it seemed imminent that the parliament would be shut down and a state of emergency be declared in Berlin. The excitement amongst the workers and students was enormous. One afternoon we had gone to the square where parliament was being held and stood with a group of workers, serious, determined people to whom we related what the deputy had said. Suddenly, there was a military noise, and cavalry advanced from several sides and occupied the square. The representatives were ordered to disband, and, submitting to force, they left the building and crossed the square in an orderly procession, and then dispersed. It was a sorry sight, and the blood of all of us who were standing there began to boil with outrage and pain. The last hope of the revolution had vanished. A state of emergency was indeed declared. The government feared a rebellion from the people and was prepared to bombard the city. My friend pled with me to go for the sake of my mother, since she didn't want to take responsibility, should I meet with any misfortune. I, on the other hand, wanted to stay and share in the danger with my friend and the people, but at last my love for my mother won out and I decided to leave and save my mother the anxiety. But once again, I went with a heavy heart and envied my friend who was able to stay in a place where a weighty decision would be made. Once again, I experienced the terrible torment of having to abandon the center of action and the struggle over the most far-reaching issues.

My friend accompanied me to the train station. We found it occupied by the

military, which monitored the departing passengers. The waiting rooms were full of people fleeing to escape the fate the government seemed to have in mind for the city. It was as though the enemy stood before the gates. Entire families from all social classes were thrown together. The poor carried their belongings with them, supplies, bedding, clothing. The children cried, the women were beside themselves, the men dismayed. I gave my friend an heart-felt embrace and climbed into the enormously long train. In the car in which I was riding, foreboding possibilities were being discussed. Suddenly the train stopped. In no time, all heads were hanging out the windows to see what was going on. People were asking questions, people crying; a number of the travelers jumped out, even though there were deep ditches on both sides of the train. Finally we learned that people in Potsdam had ripped up the track and that the train had been signaled to wait until it was possible to drive on. The spirit that had begun the March Revolution was dying. What had happened in Vienna, together with the state of emergency in Berlin had shattered all faith in the revolution. The reactionaries had won.

It was night when we finally arrived in Potsdam. Soldiers were everywhere there as well, and there was such a crowd that I stood there puzzled, not knowing how I would ever find my luggage. In this state, it was a pleasant surprise when a young officer approached me, bowed, introduced himself, and offered me his services. It was a young man whom I had seen at a few balls; he had recognized me. I readily accepted his protection, even though he belonged to the enemy of the people and could have been called upon to fight at any moment. I was escorted to Little One's grandfather garden house just outside the city, where her grandfather spent his elderly years living outside the public eye. I wanted to ask if I could stay the night there. I had to ring the doorbell several times before the door opened. Finally, a voice asked timidly who was there. As soon as I mentioned my name, I was let in. I found the aged man with both his daughters (one of whom was Theodor's witty aunt) in the drawing room, even though it was late. They received me most graciously and excused themselves for not opening the door sooner. They had feared, however, that it might be an unwelcome visitor, since several incidents involving church dignitaries had taken place recently. They entreated me to stay a few days with them, and I accepted gratefully, since I was only too glad to stay somewhat in the vicinity of Berlin and await the outcome. On the following day, the stunning news came that Robert Blum executed by a firing squad in Brigittenau near Vienna. The first victim of the raging reactionaries had fallen. One could only brace oneself for the worst after this. The reactionaries must have already felt very strong, since they had dared to kill this beloved countryman, one of the revolutionary party's most noble and pragmatic intellectuals. From now on, anything could be expected.

My heart was heavy with vague premonitions, anger, and pain. I feared for the life of another man, Julius Fröbel, who had been sent to Vienna together with Blum and whose fate was still unknown.³⁷ I didn't know him personally, only from his writings and from Theodor's descriptions, for the two of them were very close. I had, however, corresponded with him for a time, and took great interest in him. The thought that he would probably share Blum's fate appalled me. I left Potsdam to return home with great anxiety. Besides myself, there were only two gentlemen in the car, whom I immediately

recognized as members of the extreme Right of the disbanded parliament. I had closed my eyes, but did not sleep a wink that night. The men, believing themselves to be alone with a sleeping woman, spoke openly with each other. They were returning home, happy that "the episode" was over, that the days of order would be restored, and that the mob would finally get what it deserved. One of the men seemed quite indoctrinated in the secret workings of the "elite political scene" and repeated with satisfaction how the dissolution of parliament and the state of emergency had been measures planned well in advance, and that they had only waited for the return of the troops from Schleswig-Holstein and "the end of this episode" to move against the revolution in the capital city itself. The man relating this could not have known that an ear was listening to him that interpreted what he was saying in a different way. I recognized from this how strong the reactionaries are and how systematically they wove the web that caught the revolutionaries. But it was the revolutionaries' own fault! They had wasted the most opportune moments and had not been able to achieve clear objectives.

My life at home was as sad than ever. Everything I could say about my journey aroused completely different sentiments in my family than inside myself; every event depicted in the newspapers was judged entirely different than the way I judged. Once again, my only refuge was Little One and her mother.

Once a week we met at their home to read philosophical texts together with the "Democrat." We began with Schleiermacher, who had integrated his philosophical views into the political scene, and, without having all the courage to doubt and to criticize, had nevertheless sensed that free speech was the logical, unavoidable conclusion to be drawn from Protestantism. Two years previously, Schleiermacher's views would have appeased me completely. At that time, I still shared his fear of disrupting the last remnants of tradition and drawing the final conclusions of philosophical thought. Now I saw that I was beyond religious liberalism, which only deceives itself. After I had drunk the bitter cup of my initial skepticism, which disrupts one's inner unity, I felt strong and ready to denounce every tradition that does not stand up to the test of reason. I therefore concurred wholeheartedly with the suggestion of the "Democrat" to leave Schleiermacher and to take up Feuerbach. Until now I had been positively forbidden to read *him*. My mother viewed in him the expression of categorical atheism, and until now, I myself had experienced a kind of fear at the prospect of consorting with free thinkers. But now this fear had vanished, and I agreed to read *The Nature of Christianity* by Feuerbach. From the first page on, I thought with amazement: "But those are thoughts I've had for a long time: my own conclusions, that I just hadn't dared to admit." All the anxious hours of my youth in regard to religion became clear and comprehensible to me; they had had their foundation in the turmoil of thought that rebels against a yoke in which it is imprisoned. Feuerbach, it appeared to me, hit the nail on the head; he forever destroyed the notion of any kind of revelation other than that which is housed in great minds and hearts. His thoughts seemed nicely summarized in the closing words of his book: "holy is the bread, and holy the wine; but water is also sacred." No more supernatural transfiguration, no priestly exclusiveness; all that mattered was to live one's life by exercising of a pure morality, even in the pettiest details.

The philosophical and liberating progress which took place inside me also solidified my ostracized position in society. I was intentionally made to overhear remarks like the following, made about a young lady: "*Such a dear creature: she doesn't pretend to have her own opinions—*" People wanted to show me how far I had drifted away from the straight and narrow path. But I was not about to return to that path, and instead concerned myself increasingly with the emancipation of women; emancipation from prejudices that until now had enslaved them, their free exercise of reason and the uninhibited development of their abilities—things that men have long since been permitted to do. Despite my limited resources, I caught wind of more than one woman, who, awakened by the revitalizing breath that had swept the world, wanted to liberate herself from the threefold tyranny of dogma, convention and family and live according to her own convictions and by her own efforts. German women began to sense a different destiny than just being a housewife—a title which had always been bestowed upon her with a bit of condescension, since it implied that she was nothing else besides. By writing letters, I hoped to take up contact with women and girls who shared our sentiments and ask them to find like-minded women in their circles and encourage these to do the same. In this way, we wanted to form a network of women throughout Germany in which weaker, hesitant women would find strength in numbers. Better education for women, training in various fields to achieve economic independence, a wider arena of noble goals—this was to be our first task: to make women more capable of providing youth with a patriotic and humane education and to let them participate in the great work of a national education, about which so many men had preached. I still could not see *my* path clearly, and did not yet know how I would accomplish what I had in mind, but I felt that my life's goal would always be to help emancipate women from the narrow restrictions placed upon them by society, as well as from the pettiness and ignorance which resulted therefrom.

The wound of betrayed love still continued to bleed inside my heart. I could not bring myself to part with this love, even if I had been able to. To me, loyalty was the seal of dignity placed upon a grand emotion. I did not wallow in helpless complaining or idle grief, and I succeeded in hiding my pain and bearing my misfortune with pride. But I could have never taken a liking to another man or have encouraged such feelings in another heart. I could share true friendship and earnest kindness, the way I did with the "Democrat," for example, but I could never again share such overpowering emotion with another man the way I had done with Theodor.

Fate bombarded me with all kinds of trials. First, I became very ill, and had hardly recovered by Christmastime, when Little One's mother suddenly passed away. This event struck me deeply, not only because she had been like a second mother to me, but also because I knew how much Theodor loved her and what a blow this would be for him. The first thing I did was go to Little One, of course. We cried with each other at the side of the body. Her father asked me to come again on the next day and stay with his daughter during the funeral, for in that region of Germany, it was not customary that women attend funerals. I knew that Theodor would be expected there. The excitement of seeing him again added to the existing excitement, but I did not waver and went the next day. The hall of the home was strewn with flowers, in the middle stood the coffin. My dear former

teacher was dressed in his priestly robes, the long, heavily pleated, distinguished-looking cloak that protestant preachers wear in Germany. I entered the room where Little One sat with all her brothers. Theodor extended his hand to me; not a word was said, but he knew that I suffered with him. Outside, the entry way filled with people who wished to attend the funeral of the deceased, and a men's choir struck up a solemn chorale next to the coffin. Those of us in the room listened motionlessly to the sounds of mourning. A hefty pain weighed upon me, and even though I did not look up, I knew that his eyes were resting upon me. But suddenly, a power ascended from the beautiful, solemn singing that elevated me above myself. I broke the shackles of pain, pridefully, energetically; I lifted my head and eyes upward, for wings carried me far above fate and death, into the ranks of free spirits, worthy of understanding and being understood, and ready to press forward, even if it meant facing the whole world. This emotion was completely spontaneous, unnoticed by the others; only one had seen and understood it. He approached me in the same moment, extended his hand and squeezed mine fervently. Then he left to take up his seat behind the coffin.

I remained alone with Little One during the two hours the funeral lasted. Then her father and brothers returned. Her father embraced me with emotion. I took my leave, so as to leave her by herself, but in that instant, Theodor followed me and said he would accompany me. We talked about her, the person we had both lost. At my doorstep, he extended his hand and said with trembling voice: "Farewell, my dear friend." The next day, he traveled back to his work.

That was the last day of the year 1848!

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN THE REACTION AND IMPRISONMENT

The anniversaries of the revolutions in Paris, Berlin and Vienna approached. It had been a year that the most progressive European peoples, as if moved by a common inspiration, had risen up and called for the implementation of the principles that had been the dream of all noble hearts and the terror of tyrants since the great French Revolution. What a year! What sudden blossoming and bounteous fullness! Liberty, self-government by the people, the abolition of class discrepancies, the invitation to the poor to partake of all material and intellectual human rights! And all of this accomplished with relatively little bloodshed! Twelve months had passed now, and things had come full circle. The German parliament no longer existed. Caught in its own web through its election of the Austrian³⁸ to the head of imperial power, it fell in its impotence, and the few members that went to Stuttgart did not save anything except their personal honor. The election of a radical Regent of the Empire transpired after the empire was no longer in existence. The revolution had contradicted itself; it no longer had the power to pass law.

The insurrection in Dresden in the month of May was the last gasp of the dying revolution. How anxiously I read the news of this fight! Once again, hoped flared up that people from other parts of Germany would come to the aid of the rebels so that the true revolution would take place, after it had been seen what good weak measures do. In the morning of one of these anxious days, I went to the home of my married brother. No one in the family was home except for the youngest child, who was sleeping in his cradle. I bent over the innocent creature, and, looking at it, was gripped by a feeling of despair. How terrible the contrast was! On one hand, this sleeping child who knew nothing of the horrible struggle that would possibly determine its future: the struggle between an awakened consciousness crying for freedom and the brute force that destroys freedom. On the other hand, the people, which payed for this cry with its blood. And I was powerless, unable to help or even die with them! A burning, noble desire seized my heart: the desire to live to train women to avenge the murdered freedom by enabling them to raise a generation of free people. More than ever, it had taken to recording my inner excitement on paper. My heart bled from too many wounds to find the secret balsam of poetry in rhythm the way it used to. But in memory of this hour spent at the side of the child's cradle before the outcome of the battle in Dresden was known, I wrote an essay entitled "The Oath of a Woman" and sent it to the "Democrat," who wrote back: "Your oath will cause many of the freedom fighters to renew their own. Then he had it printed in a democratic newspaper.

The outcome of the rebellion in Dresden was decided only too soon. Discouragement had already gained the upper hand in Germany; people were afraid to come to the aid of the rebels, faith had been lost in the success of the revolution. The majority of society wanted to restore order at any cost. The Prussian troops came to save the monarchy of Saxony; Dresden was bombarded, and horrible atrocities were committed. People were executed, locked up, banished. Then everything became quiet again; graves and muffled sighs below, the reestablished thrones and the heightened glory of the military

above. The fundamental rights of the German people once again disappeared from mortal view into the depths of an enchanted mountain, until the day when a privileged person would once again say, "Open sesame."

I was continuously sick the entire spring; one suffering followed the other, but I suffered even more morally than physically. Continuously under the anathema of my family and society, I only found comfort and respite in my studies; in my correspondence with a few of the most important men of the revolution, whom I had never seen, but from whom I received letters; by the poor, whom I visited more frequently than ever and from whom I, the comforter, received comfort; finally, in my dealings with Little One. She never left her father in the evening, but a small circle gathered at her home now in which I felt at ease. An educated astronomer who lived in the little city came two times a week regularly to give Little One and me lessons in astronomy, and as the universe unlocked itself for me, it seemed that the ephemeral sufferings of the earth are not worth the tears they cause to flow. Nevertheless, we were still very worried. Theodor had written an article immediately following the dissolution of the parliament in Frankfurt in which he openly called upon people to take arms and instigate a new and more radical revolution than the first. He was straightaway accused of high treason and banned from his editorial position, and we anxiously awaited the outcome of his trial. One evening while our little circle had gathered, Little One received a letter from him. After reading a few lines, her eyes filled with tears and she threw herself in my arms. "He has been sentenced to three years imprisonment," she said; she knew that it hit me just as hard as it did her. His letter was written very calmly; he tried to comfort his family and said he had known what had awaited him when he wrote the article; it did not shock him, especially since he had no more to say after his appeal had been made in vain.

His work, his future were paralyzed for three years! Three of the best years of his life, the prime of youthful vigor! In the moment that all dreams vanished, as all hopes died a mournful death, he faced the desolate solitude of a prison, he who had had a premonition of martyrdom since childhood and at the same time possessed a burning desire to live, work and earnestly struggle! I didn't grieve merely for him, but once again for myself; I, who could have shown him a fullness of love and lessened the severity of his fate through a thousand loving inventions. I had resolutely decided to erase myself from his fate, to grow accustomed to the idea that the feeling which lived immortally inside me had died in him. But in that moment, I could not help but express my sympathy to him in a few words. Every pure, deep feeling is marked by a kind of innocence, that the thought never crosses one's mind that one might be mistaken. If my love had been more selfish, more flirtatious, I would have never written him again, I would have pridefully deserted the person who treated me with such cruelty. But this love had been my life's most beautiful blossom; in it was combined all the tenderness of a woman, mother, sister and friend, and even if the woman proudly hid her pain in the depths of her heart, the mother, sister and friend still remained to comfort and support the son, brother, and friend, whose memory could not be erased. He thanked me profusely and wrote: "I knew how you would feel about me in this matter."

I didn't write to him again after this, true to my resolve. But as Christmas came

around, I had an acquaintance who was staying in the city where Theodor was imprisoned arrange for a Christmas tree, with plenty of little gifts hanging from it, and my acquaintance received permission to send him the tree. I was glad to know that his prison would be brightly lit on Christmas Eve by the lights on the tree, that it would nostalgically remind him of his childhood and his mother, and that the assurance of an unknown kindness that followed him in the solitude of prison could be of comfort to him. He never learned who sent him the tree.

I have jumped ahead here a little, and I return now to spring of 1849. The moral and physical suffering of which I have spoken weighed upon me so heavily that life had become torture for me. I sensed that I would have to make one last concerted effort to improve my health at least, and then see what could be done. I explained at home that I wanted to stop using the many medicines with which I had been tortured and which had only made me worse, and that I wanted to seek treatment in a spa. I had saved money and could travel economically without asking for financial help. Little One wanted to come with me, as well as my friend from Berlin, Anna, who had spent the springtime at Little One's home. How much good promised to come from this treatment in such kind company! My family was astonished and upset at this latest extravagance. The physician just shrugged his shoulders and said they should let me go, since I felt so strongly about it.

The prospect of fleeing the pressures of home for a time and seeing the sea again rejuvenated me somewhat. There are things in nature, the sight of which affects us almost like a great event—things that liberate us from the weight of personal existence by uniting us with the Eternal, universal existence. Thus it is with the sea. I cannot say how often it had surfaced in my dreams before I saw it for the first time. I had only known the Mediterranean Sea, and wanted now more than anything to see the ocean. We traveled to Ostende. In the train car, I found myself next to a young lady whose kindly exterior attracted me to her. She was traveling in the company of an older gentleman and older lady. We were soon involved in a lively conversation, which soon turned to the fighting which was taking place at the time in Hungary. The young lady seemed pleasantly surprised as I made known my sympathies for Hungary when I expressed my fervent desire that Austrian despotism be defeated. From that moment on, she started to speak more openly with me, and since we had a number of common connections and acquaintances, and our opinions fully coincided, she finally whispered her name in my ear, that of a wellknown Hungarian patriot, Franz Pulsky, whose wife she was. She was going to England to be with her husband, who had been sent there by the Hungarian republican government. Of course, she was traveling under false passport, and told me the story of her departure from Hungary through the ranks of the Austrian army, who occupied the border. The elderly people they accompanied met them by chance near the border and, without recognizing them, only guessing their situation, had guided them under their protection through the enemy camp by claiming she was their daughter; during the journey, however, they had taken a great liking to her and were accompanying her now through all of Germany and Belgium to Ostende, where she would board a ship. These stories interested me so greatly that for the moment, I forgot everything else. She had been forced to leave her children in the care of a friend in the middle of the country torn by civil war; the

youngest had been born in a farmer's but during the mother's flight from the Austrian soldiers. One could hardly fathom that this young, tender woman had weathered so many storms and troubles; but she possessed a strong will, which she later would show in all its fullness in the difficult trials posed by exile.

Having arrived in Ostende, we all accompanied her in the evening to the ship that would take her to England. Her elderly escorts remained in Ostende several days in the same inn where we were staying, and we became better acquainted with them. The old man was a German socialist, one of the early disciples of socialism, who, because they stood too alone, fled over the ocean to try to implement their theories in the New World. He had sacrificed his fortune in doing so, and had returned to Europe after the failed venture, where a Hungarian had convinced him that Hungary was the most suitable country to implement socialist ideas. He had spent many years in Hungary and had experienced the same disappointments as in America. The revolution and war had finally put an end to all his dreams, and he was in the process of returning to Germany when they had met the aforementioned young lady, whose escorts they became. I had long conversations with him about theoretical and practical socialism. As we parted, he wrote in my travel guide: "all political revolutions will be futile until we've found the means of combating the great oppressor of mankind: hunger and all the misery that results therefrom."

Our stay in Ostende was truly a physical and moral resurrection for me. A few interesting acquaintances contributed to the benefits provided by our stay. Among these acquaintances was one who especially enchanted us. We had noticed a Catholic priest who always went walking by himself and, just as we did, at those hours when not too many people were out and about. What attracted us were his exceptionally good looks. One day the three of us sat at the edge of a dike near the sea and Anna held her small and delicate foot out towards the waves, which playfully rained foam on her foot. We were in good spirits, were joking and laughing with each other when, quite by chance, I turned my head and saw the priest standing behind us, looking at us with his refined, but well-meaning smile. Before we knew it, he had sat down next to us as if we had known each other for ever and started a conversation that soon became heated on both sides, turned to religious topics, and especially focused on the condition of Protestantism in Germany and the Free Churches that were popping up everywhere. He seemed highly interested in the latter, which had broken from the existing churches and had taken the name of German Catholicism. Of course, he viewed them as lost sheep, since for him there was only *one* true church. When I asked him about faith in miracles and how he justified it, he answered that there was only one means of strengthening weak souls and the ignorant masses; the enlightened servants of the church did not believe in it themselves, and it was not an essential element of their doctrine. He referred us to Boffuet, and told us that only through this man could one understand true Catholicism.

We went our separate ways as if we had been old acquaintances and from then on, we met each other every day, walked with each other for hours and had the most serious discussions. Of the three of us, I spoke the best French, so it was mainly I who countered him and held our ground. He employed all the finer points of dialectic,³⁹ all arguments of

imagination and emotion in order to convince us, but he saw that his efforts were in vain. Finally he became angry, and one evening, after I had told him that I believed neither in Christ's divinity, nor in the Bible as divine revelation, nor in the limited personal god the church taught, he yelled angrily: "So you're not even a Protestant anymore?!"

"No," I replied, "I've already proved to you that there is something more than Protestantism: free thought and the right to examine everything under the light of pure reason.

"You are lost, and I regret it," he said as he left in haste and without a good-bye. In the days to come, we only saw him from a distance; he visibly avoided us, then he disappeared entirely. We learned later that he was a Belgian Jesuit, and couldn't help but laugh at the thought of how unpleasant it must have been for him to have wasted so much effort in vain. I was left with a sense of satisfaction afterwards, for it was the first time that I had so completely given voice to and defended my religious convictions. Struggling for an idea makes it more valuable to us and reassures us of ourselves.

Our departure drew near, and at the same time, the sad news came that the Revolution in Baden had been put down by the Prussian army and that Hungary had been betrayed by Görgeis. The peoples' freedom had reached an end and so had mine. Everything had to return to its yoke. On our journey home, chance had it that we traveled in the same car as a Prussian officer who recounted to two ladies the soldiers' heroic deeds in Baden and the punishment that had been imposed upon these revolutionary scoundrels, etc.—We were beside ourselves with rage at having to sit and listen to this, and hurried to find another car at the next station.

The winter which I would now spend at home was sadder than all others before it. My health was in a better state, but my situation became worse. I was treated like a criminal, and all trust between myself and my family had ceased. My brother-in-law hardly said a word to me; even my nieces—youthful, uninhibited girls—were reserved and uneasy in my presence. I had met the acquaintance of a married woman through Little One, to whom I went once a week in the evening to read "Philosophy of History" by Hegel with her and a witty doctor, who was also a democrat. These evenings were also frowned upon at home. I felt the need to make the knowledge I was gaining useful to others. I started with our servant girls and went from time to time to instruct them while they sewed, for example, about the revolution of the earth around the sun, the change of the seasons, etc. They were delighted about this and said, "Oh, Fräulein, if only everyone thought the way you do, that us poor folk also enjoy learning things! How much easier it would make work for us, to be able to think about such things."—In earlier days, my mother would not only have not said anything, she would have on the contrary been happy to see me do such a thing. Now she believed I wanted to spread propaganda about my extravagant ideas, and she reproached me for spoiling the girls' time to do useful work. I answered that I only wanted to fill the void in their thoughts with knowledge while they were doing their needlework. She, who had never been strict about the servants' work, answered me gruffly; I also became angry, injured by unjustified chastisement, and likewise let hard words fall, which I immediately regretted, but which were the unavoidable result of such a clash between principles and opinions in a time of hard

conflicts.

I sensed that our mutual love would surely perish from these daily run-ins and agitations, and that there was only one way to save it: to leave home.

For the first time I admitted to myself that one *must* liberate oneself from the authority of the family, as painful as this might be, as soon as it leads to the death of individuality and tries to subject freedom of thought and conscience to a certain way of thinking. Freedom to own individual convictions and to live one's life accordingly—this is the first right and duty of a person. Until then, women had been excluded from this sacred right and equally sacred duty; only the church and marriage had justified a girl in leaving her naturally appointed place in the family. In the Catholic Church, a virgin was not only allowed to exchange family for a convent, it was considered meritorious, and through marriage she likewise left her family and followed her spouse. But in other areas of human activity, women were not allowed to possess or follow a conviction. I saw that it was time to lift this prohibition, and I told myself that I would no longer be able to respect myself if I did not have the courage to leave everything in order to justify my convictions through deeds. After my decision had been reached, my only thoughts were on its execution. I saw only one option: to go to America—to a virgin earth where it was not considered a disgrace to work, the way it was in Europe, but rather a mark of distinction through which a person lays claim to his rights in society. To support myself financially thus became not only a consequence of my views, but also a necessity, for my meager inheritance would have only sufficed for the journey there and my first lodging. To become a governess somewhere in Germany would have been too great a trial for my family, and they would not have permitted it. Besides, I also wanted to leave this old Europe, where every attempt to implement freedom had failed; where despotism in the form of government, religion, and family oppressed people, thought, and individuals. Finally, I wanted to go in order to flee the man whose memory just would not be erased; to direct my attentions towards some useful goal, and away from the impotent sorrow at not being able to unlock or share his prison cell. In the New World I would begin life anew in accordance with my principles.

My resolve gave me great inner peace and made me less sensitive to external annoyances. I became more conciliatory and patient with my family at the thought of leaving them for ever. This thought was painful for me, but I nevertheless sensed that it was the only means of reconciliation and the only chance to preserve the eternal aspect of our relationship. Of course, I never spoke of my intent; they would have only called me mad and hindered me in its execution. I only told Little One about it and wrote a letter to one of the most noble democrats of the revolution, Julius Fröbel, who had been in America for some time, to ask his advice, since I already corresponded with and respected him. He gave me all manner of encouragement and told me to come.

Thus I was firmly determined to go. I became detached from life around me, and already I breathed the air of a new homeland. Now it was only a matter of finding the means of making the execution of my plan easier for my family and sparing myself any painful and unnecessary battles.

About this time, I heard about a courageous and enthusiastic woman who, praising

the same ideas as I, had opened a women's college in Hamburg at which girls were to be offered the same educational resources as the young men enjoyed at the universities. I especially heard tell of the woman who headed the undertaking whose energetic, noble character was praised in such a way that I was seized with the desire to make her acquaintance. How to arrange this seemed clear to me; I decided to go first to this college, and from there to America. Everything seemed to come together to point me in this direction. The professor who had been called upon to chair the institute with his wife was the brother of the aforementioned friend who expected me in America. I secretly wondered at the linking of cause and effect, and the necessity with which the development of our character becomes our fate. I viewed in this progression the true hand of God which governs our life, and bowed myself humbly before this mystery, which appeared far more impressive to me than the mysteries of Christianity.

I summoned up all my courage and told my mother that I had heard of this college and had decided to attend it for three months. I added that she was aware of how much I enjoyed learning, and that I desired to fill the gaps in my education as much as possible. I also did not hide from her my belief that my extended absence would do us both good and would calm the troubled waters that existed between us and help restore our former love for each other. I was pleasantly surprised to find less resistance than I had anticipated. Even my mother felt that my argument was correct; perhaps she also secretly hoped that such a change would calm me and lead me to more "moderate views." She even voiced her intention of accompanying me to the place of my choosing in order to assure herself that the institute was suitable. I packed my things in preparation for the trip with the idea that I would not return. My youth was behind me as well as my former dreams, and I was undertaking tasks and deeds of a greater maturity. I wanted to conquer my place in life like a responsible person who creates his destiny according to his principles. The peace which follows every determination arising from an ideal came over me. Once again, I wandered through all the places where the soul of the young lady had first developed wings, where a pure love had transfigured the world for her. I mentally took leave of the prison where the man lived who had made a future as wife and mother impossible for me. To love again the way I had loved him seemed impossible to me, and without such a love, marriage seemed like desecration. I had chosen other goals; I was a servant to an ideal, I fought for a principle.

I didn't write to him. The decision I had made strengthened me in this resolve. I still loved him deeply and painfully, but I could not help but see in his wonderfully gifted nature a cliff on which many a heart and maybe even he himself would fall, and which I can only describe as the Don Juanism associated with idealism. Just like the sensual Don Juan seeks gratification of the senses in every beautiful form, the other Don Juan seeks the ideal he fancies in every beautiful soul. He mistakes the trait which attracts him to the person as eternal love, and yet, all that is required is a look, a melody, a moment of sympathetic feeling and his imagination is drawn elsewhere. He is certainly the more dangerous of the two, for the wounds he inflicts strike noble hearts and are not treatable because one also loved the ideal in him.

Through Little One I had learned that her brother had taken a liking to several more

women after the one for whom he had left me, without any of these ever having brought satisfaction or guidance to his life. Now, in prison, he was obsessed by one single emotion. In the first days of his imprisonment, he had received a surprisingly beautiful, intelligent letter from an unknown woman who expressed to him the eagerness with which she had always read his articles and the compassion with which his fate filled her. But she had only signed her first name, since she wanted to appear mysterious to him. Enchanted by the intellectual magic issuing forth from this letter, he had not given up until he had identified the author through the postmark, etc. From then on, a regular correspondence developed between them which filled his time in prison. The author increasingly exhibited a mind of such fullness, depth, and originality that it painted an extraordinary picture in the mind of the prisoner, and every other affection paled in comparison. His only dream was of a union with her after completion of his sentence.

Before I knew about this, I had several times considered writing to him anonymously and not revealing myself until he had felt that there was an immortal tie between us. Now I knew that another had taken hold of his poet's imagination in this way, and I felt that an insurmountable barrier had come between us. My only comfort was that it hadn't been I who had broken the trust, this sacred, ancient German sentiment. The difference between us was that I had loved him with the love of a woman, which encompasses all aspects of life; he had loved me with the love of a poet, which only constitutes a passing phase.

The day of departure arrived; I hid my emotion as I took leave of my family; I believed it would be forever. Leaving Little One was deeply painful, for both of us knew what it meant, but we also knew that both of us were on the same road pursuing the same goal, and this knowledge helped us overcome the pain.

It was very hard for me to leave the poor folk of the village. All my care and tenderness had been directed towards them. The last person I visited before my departure was a girl twenty-five years of age who was completely alone in the world, nearly blind, and could not do anything except knit. This she did all day long in a small, poorly lit room, where she lived from the meager support of the community. I had often sat at her place for hours, enlivening her drab existence through instructive conversations which planted seeds of thought in her solitude. As I left her, believing that I would never see her again, I left a bit of money on her table as one last gift. But I found a spare moment before my departure, which I used to visit her once more. Then she told me, she had something to confess; she had given the money she had found on her table to a poor country girl, who, seduced and later abandoned by a cruel person, and then outcast by society, was in the most miserable circumstances with her child. "I thought," she added, "she needed the money more than I; at least I have enough that I won't starve, and I don't have a child."

The story of the widow's mite occurred to me; touched, I silently bowed my head as the half-blind woman blessed me on this last visit, and I felt that this blessing cleansed me of the disdain with which an acquaintance had formerly treated me, and to whom, by the way, I made no farewell visit.

CHAPTER NINETEEN A NEW LIFE

I had written the wife of Professor Karl Fröbel, the chair of the college, to inquire about the possibility about matriculation, etc. She had answered that I should come as soon as possible. My mother and sister accompanied me to Hamburg, the location of the institute. I left them in the inn and went alone to the college. A unique, almost solemn feeling seized me as I crossed the threshold of the building in which I planned to begin a new life. I was no longer a young pupil seeking lessons for future life; I was a mature being seeking the only true refuge from the conflicts of existence: noble, fruitful activity.

The professor and his wife received me so warmly that I soon felt quite at home. I was introduced to five or six young ladies, each of whom had long since finished their schooling, who had left home to complete their education and lived at the college. In the evening, I made the acquaintance of the institute's actual founder, about whom I had heard so much. Emilie Wüstenfeld was one of the dynamic personalities, who, too sharply pronounced, at first glance are conspicuous on account of a few rough, yet absolute aspects of their character, but which in time evoke more respect and love, and truly grow with their higher climbing purposes.—She received me most kindly, and while she explained her plans to me, I saw that my dreams would take shape here. To make the economic independence of women possible through their development into beings, purposeful in their own right, that can develop freely according to the needs and abilities of their dispositions—that was the principle upon which the institute was founded. The Free Churches which broke first from the Catholic, then the Protestant Church under the name of German Catholics, Friends of Light, etc., had been bolstered greatly by the Revolution of 1848. They could be found in all the large and many small German cities. The reformers that lead these congregations were more or less important men, but they all acted in one accord. The independence of their confession from the government, their own administration in religious and educational matters, free election of preachers and school teachers by the congregation itself, the equal civil rights for men and women—this was the nearly universal platform. In a few congregations, they even tried to reinstate the simplicity of the early Christian period in external forms; in general, people addressed each other familiarly and celebrated communion like a feast of brotherhood. Others had done away with communion, baptism, and other ritualistic ceremonies, since they had become meaningless to them. They only baptized out of civil necessity now, in order to assure civil rights for their children. The Free Churches in Hamburg founded by Johannes Ronge had found numerous enthusiastic supporters. The women who founded the college had seen that it was not enough to afford women in the congregation the same rights as men, but that they would have to be given the means of worthily making use of these rights. Now there was only one way for women, like the people in general, to mold freedom to their benefit: education. The conventional, generally held belief that a young lady's education stops when she leaves school, that she should not do anything except appear in social settings, get married, and at best, enhance domestic life with her talents—this belief required thorough reform. At the college, they wanted to give girls

who had left school or those who at a mature age felt the need to fill the gaps in their education, the opportunity to pursue advanced studies of all sorts in order either to develop an area of expertise, or just to make a more complete individual of one's self. The institute was supported by a number of stockholders, the majority of which were married women and mothers who had come to the conviction in their own education that life must have a foundation other than mere devotion to another person. The stockholders comprised the college's board of trustees; in addition, there was another committee which dealt with the college's internal affairs, made up of women who had been instrumental in organizing the college and the professors who gave lectures. Charge of domestic activities was entrusted to the aforementioned professor and his wife. The city's leading intellectuals had been won over for the lectures. In the beginning, these gentlemen had exhibited little trust in the cause, because they doubted the endurance and energy of the women's ability to study seriously. They had only undertaken the experiment out of respect and friendship for the noble lady entrepreneurs, especially for Emily. But when I arrived, their interest was already piqued, and this only increased, the more they observed the zeal in the lecture hall and the women's remarkably manifested abilities. As I withdrew on that first evening to my assigned room, I sensed that I had truly entered a transitional period into a new life. On the following day, I led my mother and sister to the institute and had the satisfaction of seeing them more content with everything than I had dared to hope. After a few days they left and I remained alone-alone for the first time in my life, and determined to blaze a trail with no other guide than my conscience, with no other support than my work, with no other reward than the respect of those who would respect me for who I was.

I made the acquaintance of the professors who held the lectures. At first, I attended all the lectures in order to find the ones which would interest me the most. I was overjoyed at the atmosphere here. The teachers insisted on being interrupted by questions and comments in order to enliven the curriculum and to give them the assurance that people were not just passively listening. Among the listeners were many pupils whose education had been subsidized, for it was a main goal of the institute to grant rich and poor the same education. These girls needed only to pass an exam and prove that they possessed sufficient elementary knowledge to enroll in the lectures. In addition, the lectures were attended by many ladies from the city, and it frequently so happened that grandmother, daughter, and granddaughter would be seated at the same desk. The professors' wishes were met, and there were often lively discussions so that the lectures never became monotonous or tiresome.

There was a kindergarten and an pedagogy class at the institute, where young girls who wanted to become kindergarten and school teachers received practical work experience. Even the kindergarten method, pioneered by the ingenious Friedrich Fröbel, had rashly developed in Germany simultaneously with the political and religious upheavals. I had heard about this, but saw it in practice here for the first time and was delighted with it. I whole-heartedly agreed with Fröbel's fundamental idea that education should start from day one. Every mother should therefore be acquainted with these ideas so she can prepare her child from the very beginning. From age three to six, the child

attends kindergarten, where the mother's work is continued until elementary school begins. I was also thrilled that Fröbel's method dictated that only girls and women should have charge of the kindergartens and only feminine hands should be entrusted with early childhood education. At our college there was a special course for kindergarten teachers, and this delightful occupation seemed to be particularly suited for young women. I found all the principles which make up the crux of Fröbel's methodology psychologically sound and clever, though superficial observers regard such things as trifling exercises and frills: for example, the tendency to awaken self-motivation and creative instincts in a child by giving it material which it can mold and form, not ready-made material, which arouses the destructive, only too powerful instinct latently present in most children. Likewise critical is the importance he attaches to games of movement accompanied by rhythm and music, and generally everything which he prescribed with the intention of awakening and nurturing artistic tendencies in a person from the time they are young on, since this alone should be the soil of true education in which the seed of knowledge can bring forth proper fruits. My initial familiarization with these methods was truly pleasurable. Later, I frequently saw them twisted in ignorant or malicious hands which used this as an excuse to attack them. But wherever I saw them implemented by the proper hands and in the proper spirit I always witnessed the greatest successes, and more than one elementary school teacher assured me of the advantages in receptivity and speed of comprehension in children who attended kindergarten over those children who did not.

I was afforded another pleasant surprise as I was led on Sunday to the meeting of the Free Church, which was attended by all members of the college. A great hall had been simply, yet worthily prepared for this meeting; a large congregation filled the hall and followed with great suspense the speech of a young, simple, and modest man who spoke from the podium. The speech was part of a series that had begun before my arrival, in which the speaker combined a systematic, scientific critique of the old dogmas with the development of new ideas in all facets of human existence: government, society and family. Every word he spoke resounded in my breast. This was the worship in spirit and truth which I had longed for;⁴⁰ religion, freed from the chains of the church, became a living, flourishing entity; consciousness, substance, and not merely hollow, rigid form. Delightedly I watched the fervor with which people, not just from the educated class, but also the common *Volk*, the simple workers, followed the speech and united themselves with the true congregation of intellectual equality. Equality in the kingdom of God had been a lie until then. The right of education and that which ennobles a person: the freedom of thought only applied to one side; even in the church, where the father of *all* people was worshiped, the favored children in rich attire sat in their preferential seats, while the Cinderellas dressed in rags cowered in the crowded corners and murmured the so frequently unanswered prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." Here in our church, religion had become true *sociology*, where the bitter discrepancies in rank, riches, and education were lessened and reconciled on the basis of a general humane world view. The ideal was no longer an absolute that had been permanently fixed in the past; it shined in the future like a star of the Orient and pointed the way.

After the speech, the speaker, Weigelt by name, retired to an adjacent room, where

each member of the congregation could meet with him to inquire and converse about dubious points. Lively debates often arose there that contributed greatly to making "the Word" come alive and uniting members of the congregation with each other, since all—rich and poor—had equal rights. As I was introduced to the speaker, I said to him that his speech had awakened the desire inside me to become a member of the congregation; that I knew one person would not make a large difference, but that it seemed to me a duty of women as well as men to voice their own convictions in the times in which we live, and to join those who shared in these opinions. He said I was right; he only advised me to wait and examine the matter further, so that I would not take a step too hastily for a person in my social position. I followed his advice and started by studying him. Whenever he was heard speaking in front of the congregation, one was inclined to take him for a person of unyielding energy and firm, shrewd character. On the contrary, he was of almost feminine grace, hardly practical in normal life, shy and withdrawn in social settings, and very admirable in more intimate settings. In his speeches, however, he was incessantly carried away by logic; at such times, he was ruthlessly analytical. I soon forged a close friendship with him which has remained intact until this day, even though we have been separated for years and our paths will probably never cross again.

A short time later, I became a member of the Free Church. This was simple enough: I consulted the Board of Trustees and was then presented to the congregation, which decided about the acceptance of a new member through general vote. After that, my name was entered into the congregation's register and I contributed an exceptionally low yearly amount to be used for general expenditures.

But this step was sufficiently important to me. It permanently separated me from my past; I publicly broke from the Protestant Church and joined a democratically organized society. I soon experienced the first repercussions of my actions. I had been a little child when the prince of my homeland had come once to visit my father and had found me there with him. I do not know if he liked me, or if it was for another reason, but in short, he named me on that day as a candidate for a position in the foremost and most affluent aristocratic girls' seminary in the country, which positions provide unmarried women with an adequate existence. The female presidents advance, as soon as a position becomes available. Oddly enough, I received notice shortly after my admittance into the church that my turn had come to assume my position. My mother wrote to me and asked me not to let this chance pass me by. Economic independence was my greatest desire; I seriously considered whether I could organize a school for the people according to my own opinions. But for the time being, I would have had to undo the step which I had just taken, for as a lady of the seminary I had to swear on the gospel that I belonged to the Christian church. But if I had wanted to quit the church, I would have never been able to join another dogmatic, orthodox church again, and it was quite natural that I did not want to buy the privileges of that position with a lie. I answered the request to take over my position by saying I was a convinced member of the Free Church, but that I would come to assume my position if I could be absolved of that formality. I was not even dignified with an answer.

I remained resolved to go to America and told Emilie, the professor, and his wife.

They tried to deter me from this because of the friendship that had quickly developed between us, but they understood my reasons very well and were too liberal to work against this decision which they found only natural. Fate seemed to come to the aid of my desires. A short time after my arrival, a preacher from a Free Church came with his family and a few friends with the intention of boarding a ship for America and starting a Free Church over there. The family was very admirable, and I determined to go with them. It seemed as though I had found friends, homeland, and purpose all at the same time, for there would be plenty to do there, and a school would especially be in demand. The emigrants came to an evening service of our church. There was talk about the future of mankind, about the expansion of Free Churches on this side as well as that side of the ocean, about the victory of free thought and free institutions. People told themselves that the ocean was no longer a wall of separation, but a way of uniting brothers who all wished to engage in the same task of liberating the human spirit from the yoke of ignorance and superstition, uniting mankind through work, science and morality. How wonderful these hours were! What generous emotions swelled in each heart! I was full of joy: my dreams were becoming reality. In this meeting of people from all walks of life, people no longer regarded themselves according to the accidental position acquired in the world, but rather according to individual worth. To me this was the true, delightful fruit of the revolution, and I rejoiced in the thought of being among the first of this noble democracy that would arise in both hemispheres.

I had to decide to acquaint my mother with my intention, for I did not want to go in secret. So I wrote her, explaining my plan to her in the most calming manner possible. I told her about the friend I had never met who was expecting me in America and who would support and protect me, and told her that she knew me too well not to know that I would go my way alone in peace and dignity. I pled with her to believe that I was following a sincere conviction and that my internal development had led me to this end, that I was doing nothing but following my destiny, and that I was asking her to love me the way I would love her until my life's end. In short, my whole heart was contained in this letter, and I expected an answer with great emotion, for my friends wanted to leave soon, and everything had to be decided quickly.

The answer came and dealt me a devastating blow and fulfilled me with amazement and pain. My mother found my plan not only mad but reprehensible. She found it unfeminine to place such trust in a strange man and incredible that I wanted to remove myself so far away from my family. Her letter was so bitterly unjust, I felt so innocent in the face of her chastisement that my heart was seized by furious rage. I struggled intensely with myself and hatefully gazed into the abyss into which religious and social prejudices drag even the most noble natures. I recognized my right to break these chains and to go my own way, even if I were to find no other consent than that of my conscience, and no other success than of having preserved my personal accountability. But-it was my mother who had struck this blow; she, who had loved me before the conflict of convictions had separated us, and who in spite of everything loved me still. That was the decisive factor!

I answered her that I was always able to sacrifice my desires in behalf of her peace,

that I had given up my plans to emigrate for this reason, that I forever reserve the right to have my own convictions, that no power on earth could prevent me from doing this, and that I would have therefore believed it would be less painful for her to know that I was living according to my convictions far away, than close by where she could see me.

The professor wrote at the same time to my sister: "Your sister is an idealist and wants to live according to her ideals. One can advise her against this or that step if one finds it imprudent, but one cannot impugn the independence of her actions, neither can one doubt the purity of her intentions." He showed me the letter and, just like his wife and Emily, expressed his most heart-felt sympathy. Emily made the suggestion that I stay at the institute and chair it together with the professor's wife and exercise my influence on the young ladies who attended the lectures. She assured me that the women on the Board of Trustees, as well as the professors, found that I had brought a good element into the life of the institute, and that I was well-liked by the students, and finally that she herself felt that she had found a much needed friend in me. I heard all this with great emotion. For the first time I realized that I had become my own person capable of exercising certain powers, and this realization came to me just at the time when I had been so deeply hurt, when it seemed that my life had fallen prey to chance again, since I really did not know where I should start because a return to my family was now quite impossible. I therefore accepted Emilie's suggestion with gratitude. An occupation that agreed with my views—that was what I had longed for. Of course, I had wanted to find it somewhere else, in a free part of the globe, far away from the painful memories of my homeland, and I could not help but feel remorse at watching my friends emigrate. But I gladly made the sacrifice to atone for the pain which I had unwillingly caused my mother.

I vigorously went about my new responsibilities and was soon overjoyed to see the young ladies thronging around me. One of the first measures I sought to introduce was the assignment of chores, I myself providing the example. In order to save the college the expense of keeping many servants, I set my room in order myself each morning, and soon the others did the same. Not only was the building kept up better, but each felt the healthy effect of physical exercise and activity at the beginning of the day that enhanced their ability to stay focused during the remainder of the day. In addition, we boarders at the college decided to do our laundry ourselves to save some more money. Once a week we stood in the garden around a wash trough and discussed things from the lectures or other important questions pertaining to them while we scrubbed laundry. The best result of living together like this was that we all overcame our petty interests, gossiping, and vanities, which had always characterized women's gatherings and had rightfully been a reason for chastisement. Our life was filled with too much beauty to leave any room for frivolity. We performed these menial chores because it was in the interest of the institute, which was our highest intellectual concern, and we didn't feel humiliated because the most menial labor performed as a duty is honorable. But we didn't attach any more importance to this work than it deserved, for we had something better in our life that opened up new horizons for us and showed us our ability as women to assume a new, more noble position in life. I saw the most beautiful changes take place in the students' characters. More than one mother gratefully recognized how harmonious and noble her daughters had become;

many of the most talented pupils to whom domestic work and craft-making had been reprehensible now sought to simply combine it with intellectual work; the frivolous girls became serious, the indolent became industrious; it was a trend which made better people of all of them.

The teachers who had initially been so incredulous became increasingly enthusiastic about their task. They found their female students more attentive than the males had ever been, and the questions with which they were bombarded after class proved to them that they had not lectured to an empty audience.

College life was not just limited to lectures and domestic togetherness. Once a week there was a social gathering in the evening. A new, lively atmosphere was present here as well: restrained freedom, unaffected intellect. Youth surrounded the aged in order to learn by asking questions and listening. The elderly willingly participated in these conversations, in which only the best they had to give was respectfully required of them. Distinguished strangers who came to Hamburg were introduced at these evenings, and it happened more than once that authors and poets read aloud their intellectual products before they were made available to the general public. I was especially fond of the general discussions which took place from time to time centering around important social issues. Someone from the society would pose a question from his own standpoint, and then a discussion would arise in which all could participate and at which women and girls, even the most shy ones, finally got used to expressing their opinions, and liberated themselves from the wrongful shame by which many a good word often remains unsaid or many an unclear thought undeveloped.

Notwithstanding my life in the institute was already sufficiently busy, I still regularly attended the congregational meetings held Sunday mornings and one evening a week. The evening meetings were spent socializing and discussing church matters. The workers and poorer members of the congregation came with their wives and children and sat at the same tables as the wealthy and their social superiors. They talked together like equals about political, religious, scientific things, and the women took an active part in all of it. The topic which concerned the church the most was the formation of a non-denominational church school. A commission comprised of three men and three women was to be named to organize the school. The election was determined by a general vote by men and women alike. As the ballots were drawn out of the box and the names read aloud, my name was called so often that I felt ashamed, for even though I was ready to do everything to be of use, I was still very shy about appearing in public settings. As our dear preacher informed me that I had been elected, I almost would have rather declined, since I did not believe I possessed enough practical knowledge to organize such a work. But the friendly encouragement from all sides convinced me to accept this unearned trust. My two female colleagues were women of great merit and experience. The preacher, another member of the congregation, and our professor made up the other half of the committee. I grew to love this task, because I was able to gain a lot of practical experience and to help implement other views than just those in the college. The school was to become self-sufficient, but it was unanimously voted that stipends be awarded according to the parents' finances, because it seemed just that the rich pay more for the education of

their child than the poor; that both, however, would enjoy the same quality of education. It was left to the impartiality of the committee and the parent's honesty to decide this matter at the time of the child's enrollment. A second important principle that led to long speeches and serious contemplation was the question of joint classes of boys and girls. It was finally decided to implement it in the elementary grades and to separate the higher grades, but to give the girls the exact same lessons as the boys. Religion was completely excluded from the classroom, and it was left to the family to take care of this matter at home, according to its own personal views. The purpose of school was to teach, to awaken a sense of morality through true education, through humane views and the demonstration of noble examples, and by alluding to the duties of the individual in family, society, and government.

Finally, I also took part in the society for the poor, which had also been founded by the untiring founder of the college and which accomplished much good not only by distributing alms, but also by encouraging the poor through work incentives and by raising them out of the isolation of misery through personal interaction. I also received my allotment of poor families to visit. What unmentionable misery I saw in the rich, flourishing city—what deep moral depravity! One day without knowing it, I came to a street almost exclusively inhabited by prostitutes. I saw several of them at their open windows or standing in front of the door in the terrifying truth of daylight, after the makeup and concealing trumpery have been removed. It was the first time I had ever beheld such sorry creatures, and an unspeakable compassion filled my heart for the unfortunate ones who fall into the abyss because of poverty and social immorality. But how outraged I was to hear that these unhappy souls are required to pay a fee to the city in order to perform their occupation! The city profits from female degradation, from this black spot on society, from this deadly sin of public life! I was seized by the glowing desire to direct my efforts to this area and preach these poor the new moral: human labor is ennobling, not degrading. But I saw that the ground must first be laid for this reform through the realization of the principle of female economic independence through better education. The solution to this issue could only be derived, as in all things, from the circumstances themselves. How else could one instigate a moral revolution that affected the core of human existence so deeply under governments which protect immorality and disgrace the victims of misery and slavery, while the true criminals can perhaps be found among those who rule and legislate.

As busy as my life now was, there was no more time for useless sadness and bitter contemplation. I was living a life in accordance with my principles, and my practical abilities began to grow as I freely exercised them. A deep peace was in my heart, and one evening as I stood in front of the window before going to sleep, as was my habit, and peered out into the quiet night, I considered my past life and said to myself: I'm happy again.

At this time, a letter from Little One brought the news that the father's plea, the employment of influential persons, and above all, Theodor's ailing health had cut his sentence in half, and that he was expected at home after one and a half years of prison. Then I learned through a letter from my sister that he had arrived and that the family had

also received the visit of a young lady, who, it was said, was to marry the happily liberated man. I knew who it was: the author of these beautiful letters to the prisoner. This news brought a shadow that glided across my heart's quiet clarity. But at the same time, I also had the pleasure of introducing a new student to the college. My friend Anna from B... wrote to me that everything I told her about life at the college attracted her so, that she, the independent one, had determined to come and make herself useful here. She came after visiting Little One. She had made Theodor's acquaintance and had also been enchanted by his noble character. I asked about the marriage. She said the marriage was off, since the girl, so excellent and important in her letters, had been rather dull in person, that the picture Theodor had envisioned of her in prison contradicted reality too greatly, and that even though a deep friendship and respect still remained, love had not followed suit. After her departure, Theodor had traveled to a spa resort, since his health had suffered considerably during his long imprisonment. This last piece of news disconcerted me greatly, but the first gave me a certain satisfaction. Not that I would have believed the dissolved tie could ever be reconnected, but—so weak is the human heart!—I watched with a kind of insurmountable pleasure that none of the romances he had experienced since our separation had consumed him so fully as had once been the case with his love towards me.

The preparations for the parochial school had progressed to the point that the only thing left was to elect the teachers. Many candidates representing both sexes were present. The commission had nominated them, the congregation had the task of selecting them. To this end, the candidates had to discuss their views about the Free Church schools and then deliver a trial lesson in a class gathered especially for this purpose. How great was my surprise when I received a letter from Little One wherein she announced that her brother wished to apply for the position as head teacher for the upper classes. The field of literary activity was no longer an option to him, since there was no more freedom of speech; public service as part of an editorial staff was impossible, so the only thing left was to get involved with in the Free Churches, of which his views had long since made him a member. It moved me deeply that in a way, he was turning to me in order to secure a future for himself; but I was firmly resolved to receive him with the peace of a soul who had found its balance again through its own efforts. I answered Little One that her brother could come to the competition, and I did not doubt that he would be successful.

My friend Anna had grown very attached to me. I loved her dearly in return, but had taken too many duties upon myself to dedicate myself so exclusively to her, the way her nature required. Thus it happened, that she grew very close to a girl who had recently enrolled at the college and who eagerly returned her friendship. Charlotte, as she was called, soon became like Anna's shadow, and one was never seen without the other. Anna had been ill a few days, and Charlotte did not move from her bedside. I had had to go out in the afternoon to visit some poor people in remote parts of the city, and only returned in the evening, tired and troubled by the sight of so much suffering. The servant girl told me there was a strange gentleman upstairs with Anna. I guessed immediately who it was and could not hide my great excitement. But I recovered with some effort and calmly walked into the room. In the dim light of the patient's room, I saw someone sitting at Anna's

bedside. I recognized him only too well. He arose to greet me. I calmly bid him welcome, and we spoke to each other like old friends. But the more peaceful I was on the outside, the more excited I became inside. I had not seen him since the day of his mother's funeral, and between now and then lay his imprisonment, my departure from home, and so many other bitter, tragic struggles! His presence made me feel that my love for him had not yet disappeared, but I had regained sufficient control of myself to be sure that he would never find anything in me but the acknowledging friendship his wonderful qualities merited.

He quickly and cordially found his way into our preacher's good graces, who learned with joy that he had been the author of that book against orthodox Christianity I mentioned earlier, the one he had written at the time of our most intimate affection. The preacher said that this book had had a great influence on him. Emilie was familiar with it too, and was happy to make the acquaintance of the author.

Theodor had only come for a few days; he first wanted to see if he approved of our lifestyle sufficiently to embrace it. During this short stay he was at ease with and attentive towards me. Once again, the world appeared more beautiful to me illuminated by the rays of his intellect, and it was as if my association with his rich, poetic nature would make life more attractive to me, even if his heart no longer belonged to me.

He went back to set his affairs in order, so that he could return for good. During this time I did my best to lay the ground for his election into the congregation by telling about everything he had already suffered for his convictions and about the brilliant teaching talent which I believed he possessed. When he returned, the ground was already laid. Emilie, whose house stood a few yards away from the institute, had received him as a guest. He came to us nearly every day, attended several lectures, and usually spent the evenings in the company of the college. The preacher had asked him to introduce himself to the congregation; Theodor would speak on Sunday in his stead. I had a mixed emotions about seeing him speak to a congregation again, the way I had once seen him in his unadulterated youthful enthusiasm, back when he and I had not yet made the break with tradition. At that time he had spoken to a Christian audience, now he spoke to a Free Church, and we, who had become free thinkers through each other's influence, met after such a long, painful separation, united in a common cause.

His speech was beautiful and made a great impression. It did not merely convey the poetic fire of the young Apostle from back then who viewed a distant ideal in the clouds and spoke of the kingdom of God on earth; it was filled with the calm of a tested man who is familiar with the terrible and practical powers with which ideal thought must struggle, and is prepared to endure the privation necessary along the arduous road to real progress.

The day came to select the teachers. The subordinate teachers had already been elected; the only thing which remained was to elect the head teacher, who would also become a member of the administrative committee to which I, too, belonged. The election was held in the evening, and almost all the members of the congregation had appeared. On the stand where the speakers were standing sat our committee, and before us stood the box that would receive the ballots. Two other candidates came first, read their written

essays about the destiny and organization of a Free School, and delivered a trial lecture to a class of children gathered for this purpose. Both of them were rewarded by the congregation with hefty applause, to the point that I started to fear whether Theodor would receive a majority of the votes. Then he came and read his essay in which he had completely resolved the question of mission of the Free School, practically, as well as theoretically. Such schools, he said, when introduced, would usher in the true revolution, that is, they would lead to the moral and intellectual revolution that would lead the people to govern themselves and to fulfill their duties—the true foundation for social existence. We all sensed that it could not have been put better; the preacher nodded to me with a cheerful smile. The trial teaching hour measured up to the lecture. The children, whom he had never seen, were bursting with happy excitement and did not want to stop. The ballots were cast into the box; the preacher read and counted them. I could read the results in his expression. He declared Theodor's landslide victory. Theodor himself seemed very happy; once again he had a calling, a career.

The school was opened that same week. The only thing that remained was for Theodor to receive his civil rights, for he was regarded as a foreigner in this independently governed German city.

In addition to these successes, however, painful and bitter circumstances were developing in our intimate college life. Anna and Charlotte began to lead an increasingly exclusive life that did not quite coincide with the purpose of the college. They almost always withdrew to Anna's room, where each evening they were joined by Theodor, whom the pair treated with all the hospitality circumstance permitted. For a long time I had made a habit of spending an hour with Anna before we went to the communal evening gatherings of the college's boarders. This habit continued even now; I met Theodor there and it would have been a pleasure for me to sit and enjoy the conversation governed by the charm of his intellect, had all sides behaved themselves naturally, and if they would have punctually fulfilled their duty to our communal life after the private conversations and gone to the parlor with the rest of the tenants. But this was not the case, and it hurt me deeply to note that Anna and Charlotte—who knew about our past—instead of acting with loving care and spreading the balsam of a comforting friendship, for which I had prepared the way, upon the unhealed wound of my heart, behaved as though my visits were something out of the ordinary aimed at him. There soon developed disharmony in these intimate gatherings which injured me deeply, for I had already forgiven so much and made no further personal claim. From then on, I often neglected my visits to Anna and worked alone in my room or joined the other tenants earlier, who already started to complain about the two ladies' new coquettish behavior; but it was another painful privation and a hard experience with regard to Anna and Charlotte, who even kept their visits to Theodor secret.

The end of the year had arrived. We had prepared a truly democratic celebration for New Year's Eve. Several worker families belonging to the congregation had been invited. At supper I sat next to a carpenter whom I had known for a long while and highly regarded. He was a man of character, a thinking, educated man who had studied in Paris for some time, was a friend of Börnes, had attended his lectures geared for the German

workers, and had knelt at the side of his deathbed. When Börne asked him if he believed the German workers had understood him, he answered the dying man with a confident "yes." Returning to his native city, he lived for the propaganda of liberty and showed through his example what a worker can achieve through his own craft to further his own progress and that of others. It was always a pleasure to converse with this man of exceptional intellect and warm heart. His wife, a fiery republican, was every bit his equal. When her husband was imprisoned in 1848 for political reasons, she had gone to the highest authorities and demanded his freedom, "not by way of pardon, but by right, because he is innocent," as she said. At that time, such people could be found among the German working class.

After supper, Theodor read Lenau's *Albigenser* to us. This beautiful poetry relating the grand story of a martyrdom struck a cord with all of us. I was twice as moved by it, since I heard it spoken by that melodic voice which had so often touched my heart and saw that noble, pale countenance that seemed to belong to one of those martyrs, whose stories he read to us. When he had ended, I stepped into the adjoining room in order to regain control of my emotions. I heard someone following me, and when I turned around, I saw that it was he. We gazed at each other for a moment, and in this look lay the recognition of a tie higher than love which joins people eternally, beyond space and time: the love of the ideal. Words were superfluous on that occasion; other people joined us; but from that moment on, the bitterness which had entered our relationship had disappeared for me, and the only thing which remained was a quiet, melancholic peace.

A short while after New Year's, the reply to Theodor's petition to remain in Hamburg and exercise a civil office arrived. His petition had been denied. It was claimed that weighty political considerations would make it impossible for a man who had been accused of high treason to remain for an extended period and exercise a civil occupation. The order to leave the city as soon as possible had been attached. We were all smitten with grief. The congregation was up in arms. This was the first sign that danger was approaching; that the reaction regarded these insignificant liberal centers unfavorably and that they would no longer be tolerated. It was clear that the tiny, insignificant government of the Free City of Hamburg had not invented this stance. Inquiries had been made in a larger city, the one in which Theodor had committed his *crime*, and that order had been followed. The most influential men of the congregation took all possible steps, offered every guarantee—but to no avail. I also determined to make one last desperate attempt. I asked for and received an audience with the top-ranking official of the Free City of Hamburg. He was a cordial and polite little old man. I told him about why I had come and that I myself could give more personal guarantees than all the rest, since I was well acquainted with Theodor's well-respected family, and how I knew yond all doubt how far removed every inclination for politics lay in Theodor's demeanor, and that his only thoughts were of dedicating himself to the instruction of the youth. The little old man replied with an ironic smile that this was perhaps far more alarming than everything else, since teaching is the single most effective way of spreading one's ideas. Then his expression changed to one of benevolence and he said: "I assure you, we're not the ones making the trouble. It has been said that we are not a paternal, but a maternal government;

we would have never turned anything down. Weighty considerations are determining our course, and unfortunately, I must tell you that there is absolutely no hope."

Thus, I was forced to leave this maternal old man and return home in sadness. Emilie for her part had also tried everything possible, likewise in vain.

Theodor was affected deeply by this event. He spoke little of it, but it could be seen in his bitter smile, in his deathly paleness that he understood what had happened to him. The Fatherland had closed itself to him and denied him his last chance to exercise a profession. What remained?—Exile. With his abilities and in the prime of his life, this would not have been the greatest misfortune, but this unexpected blow uncovered such a degree of physical suffering—the root of which was probably present during his imprisonment, but which neither he nor his friends believed to be so advanced—that for the time being, emigration was not an option. But he had to leave Hamburg, for all our excuses for keeping him there finally had to desist, and thus it appeared necessary to consider his health and to allow for an extended treatment. He decided to go to a cold water health facility in the North, a day's journey away from Hamburg, where there was a well-respected doctor, a friend of Charlotte's. Theodor bid adieu to the school and had the satisfaction of seeing his departure greatly mourned by his pupils; then he left and once again, I felt an infinite void in my life. As after a short while no message came from him, I decided to write to him and to tell him that he owed me too much respect and friendship to continue on in this truly reprehensible silence and to leave me occasional word about his well-being, since he knew how unselfishly I had always taken an interest in his life. This time he answered me the way it should be, in free, open friendship. From that point on, our correspondence was restored, but the news he shared about his health was hardly satisfying. I secretly wrote to his doctor and asked him to tell me the whole truth, in his opinion, about the condition of his patient. "Since you are intent on knowing the truth, I must tell you that I cannot even guarantee that your friend will last more than a year. It is only a question of how quickly the sickness will spread and lead to the inevitable end."

I sat for a long time with the letter in my hand without daring to reread the terrible words. At last I went outside by myself and walked along a solitary path running by a brook which flowed under freshly green bushes and trees. Springtime was in all its glory, flowers bloomed and gave of their fragrance, birds sang happy choruses in the branches. I alone strolled through this laughing nature like one condemned, like a person weighed down by unbearable fetters. The time was gone forever when I would have found some comfort in confiding in someone. I had gotten used to being alone with my fate; nature only, who had been my friend closest friend since my childhood, could I now ask: "Is it his last springtime?" And since hope was silent, quiet tears fell into the brook and were carried away into the mysterious distance, where all things are lost: youth, love, hopes, suffering, and last of all—individuality itself.

Another teacher had to be selected to take Theodor's position. I nominated the "Democrat" before the committee, that worthy friend with whom I had always maintained correspondence. I knew that he was unemployed, since he was too staunch a republican to work as an editor. My suggestion was adopted; I wrote to him; he gladly accepted, came, and was chosen, and since he had never been publically compromised, there was no

excuse to deny him permission to stay. Thus, I once again enjoyed the company of a dear friend, and soon I had the great pleasure of witnessing his attraction to a splendid, highly educated lady who had been at the college for some time and was on the administrative committee with me. She returned his affection, and towards the end of the summer we enthusiastically celebrated their engagement. This summer was, except for the painful secret I hid in my heart, intellectually very satisfying. A new professor had been hired to lecture at the college, an intellectually important and amiable man. He lectured about geology and chemistry. Despite his complete scientific positivism, he possessed a deeply poetic nature, and whenever he spoke of the carbon atom, which travels through the eternal expanse of material to unite with the genius that creates the Immortal, then with the calyx that releases fragrance, then with other materials, he described it in such a way that all of us were carried away with excitement. A world full of new thoughts opened itself up to me. I believed I could finally see the answer to questions about the reasons for things. "The eternal expanse of material," this word no longer frightened me—I, who know longer believed in personal immortality. An eternal principle seemed to assert itself, and the Material, so deeply humiliated through the Christian perception, arose from her despised grave and let out the victory cry: "I am the eternal reason, and the Individual is but a passing manifestation of my immortality."

I sent Theodor in-depth accounts of these lectures in order to share with him the joy they had given me. But as the autumn holidays for the college and parochial school arrived, I felt a bit tired and decided to do something for my health. Since my stay in Ostende, I had been completely won over by hydrotherapy and had rejected all medicine. Our doctor in Hamburg was of the same opinion and prescribed a treatment for me in the same health facility Theodor was staying. I gladly agreed to this, since, knowing what I did, I had a strong desire to see him again. Anna and Charlotte advised me against this stay. I had decided not to divulge my secret to anyone; in addition, the doctor had requested my strict discretion. So I could not explain to them my secret reason; but in the face of permanent separation, what did I care about idle scruples, or even close friends?

I took my journey to the facility, which was idyllically and beautifully situated on a small lake. I arrived around mid-day, just before lunch. The doctor who received me confirmed what he had written. In the dining hall I found a large gathering of people; Theodor sat at the head of the table. I had written to him that I was coming, so he wasn't surprised. He arose and came to welcome me. I had some trouble concealing my emotion when I saw him, he had changed so. The doctor prescribed a strict treatment for me consisting of complete physical and emotional rest on account of my eyes. As for the latter matter, I unfortunately could not obey. My feelings for my friend left me no peace when I saw him pale, exhausted and headed for an untimely death, or whenever I knew him to be alone for long hours at a time up in his room, immersed in his suffering and in the struggle of denunciation made so difficult when the soul is still bursting with youth, poetry and plans for the future. How I wanted to tell him: "recognize me for that which I am, a kindred soul whom you have bound to yourself with the such firm bands that they can never be broken. I ask nothing of you except to walk the dark path you traverse with you, for only creatures like we are worthy to drink this cup together consciously."

But I resisted the urge and even honored his freedom in his suffering. I contented myself with telling him this in my heart. Now and again he came and fetched me and brought me to one of the beautiful spots surrounding the lake, and there he read to me various things with which he was currently preoccupied. There were moments of gentle, nostalgic contentment. But then he would become sullen, unapproachable, and would fervently reject every attempt to console him. One day while we were dining, I was brought a letter from of my friend I had never met in America. The letter also contained one to Theodor, whose friend he also was and who he thought to be in Frankfurt. After dinner I asked Theodor to go outside with me to read the letters of our mutual friend, since they were always long and very interesting. We sat down in a charming place surrounded by moss-covered rock walls from which a waterfall flowed. At first, each read his own letter. Mine had been written in the Far West of America where our friend planned to build a home which he prophesied would have a great future. The soil and the location could some day make the place an important international center. Our friend was aware of the reasons which had previously deterred me from going to America. "Overcome all these difficulties and doubts and come," he wrote. "But I sense, that I cannot summon you to such a far-off place without offering you a legitimate form of protection. Come and be my wife, and together we will reserve each other's freedom to render this union its true character, depending on our respective feelings." Then he described to me in great detail the journey which I would have to make, the necessities I would have to bring with me, etc. Finally he added: "This letter seems so materialistic and filled with trivial things when compared with such a weighty decision, and yet, if you only knew how nervously my heart awaits your reply. If you decide to come, bring other friends with you. Theodor, at any rate, who will recuperate from the evil the Old World has inflicted upon him."

I felt myself blushing with uncontrollable emotion as I read the letter. What a peculiar situation this was! The man whom I had previously wanted to search out as protector and guide to begin my new ideal life with his help now called me to lay the foundation for a new cultural undertaking as his wife. But this call came at a time when the Old World had once again caught me in the web with which a dying man binds the heart which loved him to his deathbed: the college, the congregation, whose threatened existence had become a part of my life; and he, who presently sat at my side whose life on earth was slowly dwindling away—all this made me feel that I could not leave until these outcomes had been decided. I turned to Theodor; his head was thrown back and resting on the moss that covered the rock against which we leaned; his eyes were partially closed and his deathly pale face gave voice to a deep pain. He passed his letter towards me without saying a word. I skimmed through the lines: our friend urged him to come, to accompany me, and with us to lay the cornerstone for a great future, an important center for the development of world culture.

"Too late!" he said at last with a feeble voice. My heart was filled with immeasurable compassion; for an instant I laid my hand quietly on his, and in my heart sounded the words of Novalis:

Yet will I be faithful,

Though all should thee betray.
That loyalty on earth
Shall not have passed away.

I told him nothing of the conditions by which our friend summoned me, but I read him the remainder of the letter. He inquired whether I would go. I told him that it was an impossibility for me to leave my current work and obligations unless they were rendered impossible by exterior circumstance. He agreed with me. I wrote our distant friend something along these lines and named him all my reasons for not coming. Theodor added a few lines and said: "How I long to come and join you! But it is too late! I am but a weak, sickly creature, a shadow of the man I once was. I don't believe I will be able to recover and follow you."

One can only imagine with what feelings I read this! Tired of the spa treatment that brought no improvement in his condition, Theodor decided to leave, without knowing where. My holidays were also at an end: I was expected at the college and left before he did with the hope of seeing him once more, for at the very least he wanted to pass through Hamburg to greet his friends there. I was received warmly at the college. Anna and Charlotte, who had also taken a trip over the holidays, had not yet returned. Our dear professor, the naturalist, came back from a journey in the southern portion of Germany where he had had the opportunity of discovering the root of the subversive activity which the Pietistic Party, which was well organized in Hamburg, instigated against the college. He had even found pastors in tiny villages in the Black Forest in possession of pamphlets stemming from the Pietistic printing press in Hamburg wherein the college was decried as a hotbed of demagoguery where treacherous plans were being forged under the guise of science, and warning was issued to parents considering sending their daughters to this institute. They had declared open war on us! The friends of ignorance and superstition, which have always embraced religion in order to achieve their own purposes, had taken arms against us because we women wanted to shake off their humiliating yoke. The danger made the college more precious to me and I vowed I would never leave, but would share its fate. The danger drew closer and closer to the congregations; already several had been dissolved in various areas of Germany. In the meantime, our parochial school was flourishing, and our preacher led his audience to critical conclusions, openly uttering the word *atheism*, contrasting it with an ideal and practical socialism which was to replace the old order of things, those things which, void of enlivening intellect, are but dangerous error.

Theodor arrived not long after I did. —Emilie played host to him again. There was no need to fear that Hamburg's "maternal" government would begrudge him a few days of peace there. He was content to be there again and was alone with me for several hours in the college, the way it used to be. In the evenings we met at Emily's home with the preacher or one of the professors and spent wonderful hours immersed in meaningful conversation. Theodor recovered all his strength of intellect and seemed to have a hard go of it when it came time for him to leave. Finally he made plans for departure: first, he wanted to go home. But on the day previous, he fell in the street, and this fall had such a

devastating impact on his health that he had to spend several days in bed, and the doctor explained that he would not be in a position to travel for a few weeks. Thus fate itself granted me a reprieve in his presence, but under such sad conditions that it broke my heart. I no longer had any misgivings about visiting him in a truly sisterly and merciful fashion. Every morning after fulfilling my obligations at the college, I visited him to take his mind off things by conversing with him and bringing him books, and to make sure that he didn't need anything. All this he permitted; he had finally comprehended that maternal love is contained within feminine love, and that it asks nothing, but gives, helps, comforts and reconciles. When he was able to leave the room, he asked me to take a walk with him. It was a beautiful, mild autumn day. Nature around us had a gentle, melancholic, yet cheerful effect on our souls. We conversed nobly, agreeably. As we were returning home, he sighed and said: "O Queen, life is *wonderful*."

He departed the following day. He had decided to travel to the small city of Gotha, where there was an excellent doctor from whom he wished to seek advice. Before that, he wanted to go to his family in B. to see a good lady friend of his. She was a rich young widow who was in love with him. I don't know why he had previously hesitated to marry her; now, when he was so sick, marriage was out of the question, but he wanted to visit her. Not long after, I learned that he had changed his mind and had left for Gotha after spending a few days with his family. This was also very satisfying for me; he didn't love this woman, otherwise he would have tried to see her, even if he was on the verge of death.

Anna and Charlotte finally returned. The lectures at the colleges were very well attended, the parochial school was making progress; as far as this was concerned, it could not have been better. Among the young ladies attending the lectures were distinguished personalities, bright intellects; in particular, there were those who showed surprising promise in mathematics. All of these pupils loved me, some fanatically. I was very happy whenever I was surrounded by these young people and could watch my hopes for female intellectual development be realized. But I had not yet completely passed over the trials hurled at me by the thing which had caused the deepest pain in my life. I received a letter from home in which I was told among other things that Theodor's father, after going a few weeks without word from his son, had received the news from the city of Gotha that Theodor had taken very ill shortly after his arrival and had been brought to the hospital, where no one had known his name or place of residence. It wasn't til now, when he was doing a little better, that he had been able to send news to his family. His father had immediately set out for Gotha and had found him out of bed, but so weak that he had decided to leave him in the hospital, where he received very good care.

I alone knew the weight of this sickness, and was heavily distressed by this news. I was plagued day and night by the thought of the sick man in the hospital of a little city, without friends in the vicinity. I wrote to him and was soon comforted by receiving a few lines in answer, which spoke of the danger he had overcome and his cautious optimism. I could not bring myself to believe this last deception, but I wrote back to him things that would interest him and keep his mind on other things. I didn't have much money, nothing but my little pension, the half of which I gave to the poor, the congregation, etc; from now

on I spent nothing on myself, mended my dresses instead of buying new ones, and used the little that remained to make things as pleasant as possible for him who was spending his last moments far away from his family and friends. The time had come for his suffering to be lightened by the small tokens of friendship which I had always *squandered* on him when he was healthy because he was unworthy of such a great love, though many women try to render men indispensable for this very reason. I was even able to send the patient sweets, forbidden by the hospital, which could give him a brief moment of joy. Every week I sent a package containing everything I could think of. It wasn't much, but had he known how meticulously I scrimped to give him everything, it would have seemed so. He sensed the meaning of the gifts, for his short letters were always well-meaning and from the heart; he spoke of springtime, when he hoped to be able to leave Gotha. Reading was sheer torment to my heart, and yet I still sometimes hoped that youth would triumph over death.

Thus another Christmas drew near. We celebrated again in our circle, but this time my heart wasn't filled with joy. The latest news from him had gotten worse. The new year was approaching, and my fear for the sick man, which no one tried to allay, grew to the point that I decided to go to Gotha to see for myself how he was fairing. I told only Emilie and the "Democrat" of the true purpose of my journey; both of them told me I was doing the right thing. On a cold winter's day I embarked on my journey and only arrived at nightfall in Gotha. I had hardly arrived at the inn when I had someone take me to the hospital. It lay a considerable distance outside the city. I had to walk through quiet, solitary streets and down a long avenue with broad, snow-covered fields on both sides which appeared like a never-ending shroud in the pale starlight. Inside me was a deep, solemn peace; it seemed to me as though I no longer belonged to this earth, as if I were going to seek a beloved shadow in the realm of Hades. I had no fear whatsoever, for I was following an inner commandment that had nothing to do with earthly concerns. Finally I saw a solitary house with two lighted windows on the top floor. Upon entering I found an old woman who, at my inquiry, identified herself as Theodor's nurse and seemed overjoyed that someone was coming to see him. I wrote two words on a piece of paper to let him know it was I. He requested that I come upstairs to him. I found him lying on a sofa, he seemed deeply touched to see me. I was shaken to the core at the sight of him, and the thought occurred to me that not all heroes die fighting for freedom on the battlefield. He was also dying, a soldier dying from the consequences of a struggle. His room was large and well ventilated, but it was still just a hospital room, and he was alone, apart from all who loved him. He wasn't even thirty years old, but looked over forty; a long, black beard accentuated his paleness and thinness, and whenever a smile graced his lips, it was pathetic and made me want to cry. I told him that I hadn't been able to bear the idea of knowing he was alone during the holidays, and it seemed to pain him that no one from his family had come to see him. Before I left him, he asked me to return the following morning for breakfast, and again in the afternoon until evening. I went back to the inn, sad, yet happy; for if there is anything in human nature that raises itself above transience, it is charity, endless compassion which supplants all personal concerns, including suffering, weakness, and infirmity in order to comfort and to rescue, and to lighten the pain of death. Even the greatest intellect has his limits, makes mistakes, and

can be blind. Only true love—which encompasses compassion, mercy, forgiveness of selfishness—it alone is infallible, flows from an unknown eternal source, and transforms the heart to a temple where the mysteries of the only true religion reside: the religion of salvation and forgiveness.

I went to see him the following morning at ten o'clock. He had had his room cleaned and had paid a little more attention to his appearance. I had brought a bit of needlework with me, and sat down across from him at the table and sewed. We spoke of a thousand things and his spirits began to rise. He couldn't read or write much because it was too great a strain for his head; so the only thing to do was talk. When I saw that this too was too strenuous for him, I drew silent; he leaned his head back on the pillow and often closed his eyes. I continued sewing until he himself initiated another conversation. In the afternoon it was the same; he even accused me of coming late. Our conversation was very lively. The following day was New Year's Eve. He invited me to stay the evening and to have dinner with him. I had brought with me a few things with me I knew he liked for our celebration; the good nurse, to whom I quickly took a liking, helped me get everything ready. Theodor was in good spirits; I tried my best to be likewise good-spirited and not to remind him that in our past lay a chasm of pain which he had caused. As far as he was concerned, he was with his mother. We often spoke of her and in doing so, our hearts met. With all the nostalgia of a dying man that draws upon the events of the past because the future is closed to him, he related experiences from his childhood, about his first love to a little girl, then he spoke of his relationship to his beautiful aunt and sang just praises to her intellect and talents. He recited one of her poems, which was really very nice. "But she didn't have the true heart of a woman," he added, "she couldn't forgive." Here he paused and hesitated to continue with his memories. I didn't coax him, merely waited for what he would say. Suddenly he asked me whether his brother had told me what he had said to him one day with the request that he tell it to me. I answered in the negative, whereupon he said, he had described to him the feeling he had for his aunt as the "best feelings of his life" and the "most noble blossom of his youth."

With those words the year drew to a close. As I heard the clock strike midnight a few hours after I left him, I felt hot tears moisten my pillow. I knew that it was the last time he would greet the New Year, and that before the coming year was over, he would be but a memory.

On New Year's Morning I left the house early to see if I could buy flowers. He was so terribly fond of them and had given so many to me, that I wanted to surprise him. But such a luxury was unheard of in the little city: flowers in winter! Finally I was told that the gardener of a royal summer retreat lying quite a ways outside the city might have some. I went and how happy I was to discover a pot with blooming hyacinths and another with tulips! The gardener did not want to give them to me at first, but I paid him well for them and got them. I carried them myself, the entire way back. A blustery wind blew across the snow-covered fields; I feared for the flowers and held my cloak around them to protect them like two dear children, while the wind carried away my scarf and cut into my face. I was rewarded with a smile from Theodor as I set the flowers on his table, with the joy with which he breathed the sweet fragrance which summoned up so many fond

memories for him—he, who loved nature just as passionately as I. Two days before my departure he was very weak; he could hardly speak and a feverish unrest drove him to wander about the room and here and there sink exhausted into a chair. He only had a sofa and ordinary hard chairs in the room. I tried to think of ways to offer him a little more comfort, and hurried through the city to rent an armchair for him. It turned out that they were not for rent, only for sale. I hesitated a moment; I only had enough money to pay the bill at the inn and my trip home. But I told myself I would travel third class. He needed the armchair, I bought it. I had it carried up to his room and went to spend my last evening with him. I was very moved, and as he extended his hand to me in farewell, he said with a trembling voice: "people have tried to claim that democratic women have no heart; it is my privilege to refute this argument." Those were the last words I ever heard him speak. I couldn't answer him. My eyes were veiled in tears; I knew we would never see each other again.

I left before daybreak the following morning. While waiting for the train to depart, I walked to and fro on the station platform. The wintry air was brisk but calm; countless stars shone above me, but in the East, a dark red ribbon indicated the immanent arrival of the sun, which would illuminate the fleeting manifestations of this world. My heart was so heavy that even the tears refused to come. I gazed at the purple ribbon on the horizon and asked in despair: "What is left for me in this world?"—"To be good," the answer sounded from within. I held tightly to this one anchor, and while the steam ushered me farther and farther away, I observed the sunrise, and in my heart resounded the words like a hymn to this glorious spectacle: "To be good, to be good!"—

CHAPTER TWENTY SOLUTIONS

Once again I resumed my customary activities. Despite deep distractions. I zealously went about my duties, and the lectures and conversations with my favorite professor, the naturalist, became of greatest importance to me. They helped me understand more and more what changes would take place in human society, once it had been established which positive conditions contributed to the life of the populace, the development of governments, social relations, religious ideas, trade, industry, arts and sciences; and most importantly, once physiology, by illuminating the conditions necessary for human existence, had established a sturdy foundation for a new form of psychology based on reason. I began to recognize more and more the chain of cause and effect in all circumstance that comprises our entire being and that by virtue of itself subsequently liberates the long antimony of intellect and nature from free will and action dictated by internal or external necessity. At the same time, I saw that if absolute freedom is denied through this process, human moral responsibility is not lifted, for if every action is the consequence of previous causes, it will also become the cause of a chain of effects and unite each individual with a great web of existence, the strands of which cannot be broken. Once we establish that every action is dictated by prevailing motives, we accept the added responsibility of fleeing the motives that lead us to do evil, and strengthening those that cause us to do good, be it for ourselves or for those over whom we have charge. For if there is no free will, neither is there an imminent obedience towards the determining motives, but instead, obedience will normally develop very gradually. A conscious person is responsible for those motives by which he or those he leads are guided. This responsibility we call freedom, or in other words: the ability to choose a majority of motives in life that lead one to do good. Seen in this light, society is also responsible for implementing motives that lead people to do good. An enlightened judicial system should, for this reason, always first ask how much society itself has contributed to a crime, in what way it neglected to surround the guilty party with motives that inspire goodness and deter crime. Only then should society judge, absolve, or castigate.

We started to become very concerned about the material existence of the college. It was apparent that outside donations were being cut off through all kinds of subversive activity. Some of the contributors from the city were slowly distancing themselves from the college; these were the people of weak character, people easily scared by threats or willing to listen to blandishment. The close affiliation of the institute with the Free Churches gave the priests (who were outraged because their churches were empty on Sundays, whereas the Free Church could not begin to hold all of its congregation) an excuse to attack the institute and to turn away the sympathies of those who did not want to break openly with God. Emilie and I had long, solemn conversations with each other. We were accused of being too radical, of professing our principles too openly; but we did not regret having spoken our minds. If the time was not yet ripe for the realization of our ideas, it was better to leave their fulfillment to the future than to strike compromise with the Old World. There are those who work for social progress by swallowing their

opinions, who only call a spade half a spade, who give a little in order to achieve a little. These otherwise completely honest people do their work, and they have their place. But there are others, driven forward by the irrefutable logic of principle, who have to speak out. Even if they do not succeed in realizing their ideal, they at least awaken energetic sympathies, and at least they themselves are a living protest against the petrified structures which no longer contain a living soul. Our most distinguished teachers agreed with us, even though they were forced to confront the unpleasant thought of having to close the institute.

One evening I took a walk on the edge of the lake-like pond which the river forms near Hamburg. It was during the first days of April; spring had hardly left its mark; the air had that mixture of gentle sweetness and refreshing sharpness so characteristic of the

Nordic springtime. The first green had barely appeared, and one could take in the fragrance of the moist, fresh earth, which had only recently shaken off the last remnants of snow. The sun had gone down, and the sky was a pale, transparent blue covered with tender pink ribbons of clouds, the distant reflection of a great, vanished source of light. My heart, which had long been subject to the influences of nature, was thus even more so than usual. Everything which troubled me, all my sad disappointments which perhaps still awaited me passed before my eyes. The thought of the dying man oppressed me to no end. I knew that there was no hope he would even leave the hospital, and he knew it himself. In one of his letters, he had written me that he had been through several periods of suffering and added: "My only comfort is that none of the people who love me was there to suffer with me." Afterwards I had chastised him about his outlook and had even asked him to call his rich lady friend to him, who was free to do as she pleased and did not have to worry about any obligations. Her name had never been mentioned between the two of us, even though I was well aware of their close relationship. Now, where compassion had vanquished the last trace of selfishness in me, I dearly wished that she would go to him so that he would have a caring person near him. I now wrote to him openly about the possibility of death and reminded him of all he had been to himself and others, about the internal riches nature had bestowed upon him, twice the amount it had granted others. He thanked me in his reply for reminding him of what he had meant to others, "for," he added, "I am now but a shadow of that man, and soon I will cease to be even that."

While taking the aforementioned walk, I resolved that if the college had to close, I would move to Gotha and open a small school or give private lessons in order to be near Theodor as long as he lived so I could help him. I was so immersed in these thoughts that night caught me by surprise and I found Anna distressed because of my lengthy absence. Our old friendship had been restored to its proper form. She had comprehended that a love such as mine is beyond all criticism, aloof of misinterpretation, and now she approved of everything I did. I shared my plan with her, and she found it natural and correct.

The following morning, a test was to be administered in the parochial school. I arrived on time, and everyone involved had gathered with the exception of the head teacher, the "Democrat," who was normally punctuality incarnate. Finally he came, but I read in his normally calm, earnest face that something out of the ordinary must have been troubling him. But my attentions quickly turned to the school, and I watched with

satisfaction the successes the test made visible.

During a break, the "Democrat" asked me to join him in his office, since he had something to tell me. When we were alone, he turned to me and said with visible emotion and hesitation: "I received a letter this morning from my brother"— —(I knew that his brother had been in Gotha for a while and had occasionally been visiting Theodor).—"He's dead?" I interrupted, since I immediately guessed the truth. He nodded wordlessly. Both of us fell silent. He had tears in his eyes. I was not crying. Oblivion closed in on me; absolute silence, desolation without end. Then he wanted to relate the details to me. "This evening!" I said and offered him my hand. By way of habit, I started to walk home; at the college I met Emilie and told her quietly: "Theodor is dead." She was overwhelmed, she had loved him dearly. But I could not speak with her either; I went to my room to wait until the feeling of life and obligation would return. In the evening, I learned from the "Democrat" that there had been signs of an approaching end until the day he died, but on the morning of the final day Theodor had said: "If the doctor does not help me today, it will be my last." The doctor had come, but had found no reason for any unusual alarm. At about sunset he had asked the old nurse to help him settle into the armchair which I had given him and face the window. He had gazed fixedly into the dying daylight and had vanished with it, without a struggle. The good old nurse had closed his eyes and mourned him like a son. "Such a just man," she had said of him while I was in Gotha. The next day I received official word from the inspector of the hospital, with whom I had left my address. I was externally composed at the news, but everything inside me had changed, despite how completely prepared I had been. Only now was I confronted with the unchangeable truth. The wonderful individual, blessed with everything that makes a person irresistibly attractive, capable of accomplishing the greatest and most wonderful feats, was gone; the eyes whose light had once opened up the world to me were closed for ever. The burning pain came because I had not been with him during his final hour; had not accompanied him to that mysterious threshold, had not received his last thoughts, his last sigh as an eternal legacy. I reproached myself for not having gone to him again the way I did the first time, for he who wished no one as a witness to his suffering had called no one. Now it was too late; it was over, over!

I became as dead to my own personal concerns. I only lived for my work. More than ever, I began to reach out to the working class. It became increasingly clear that the future belonged to them; I cared nothing now for the *political* revolution. I had convinced myself that it would always fail as long as the people were slaves to capital and ignorance. I often entertained a number of the best educated workers, like the carpenter. We discussed the aforementioned ideas and were in complete agreement. The trade unions which had sprung up quickly in Germany after 1848 proved how much intellectual and moral good could be accomplished by scant means through free association. The organization in Hamburg not only had a nice location, an impressive library, a donation fund from which traveling tradesmen could receive support in case of emergency; here, through education in the arts and sciences, such a degree of education could be achieved that it was a joy to go to the parties that were held there and to which many like-minded people were invited. The statistics kept by these organizations prove how greatly morality

is promoted through education. The pubs were empty, and the workers preferred spending their evenings learning, rather than drinking away their wages. Who would have believed it?—these benevolent organizations, sprung up from the basic need of the people, which asked no help of the government and whose only connection with the government was to produce more educated and morally aware subjects—against these organizations, the reaction now took up arms. The leading minister of the German government described them as the underbelly⁴¹ of society. They began to be shut down everywhere. In Hamburg, under our "maternal" government, the organization still existed, but it could face dissolution at any time. For this reason, we decided in our negotiations with the workers to continue to work on the worker's coalition and our common interests in secret, even though we could not do it in public. There was no mention of political revolution. The focus was on uniting the people through common interests, mutual help, etc., so that it was protected against poverty and prepared for better days ahead.

In the meantime, the effects of the subversive activity against the college were becoming apparent. We saw that it would be impossible to maintain operations. We refused to make any concessions or beg for help, because we would have been forced to lie in order to get it. So we decided to shut down voluntarily, at the height of our moral successes—to prove that the closure of the school was not the consequence of a false principle, but of insufficient resources.

The experiment had been carried out, and the result was encouraging. What was needed now was time to let the seed grow. The ideal of complete freedom for women to develop their intellect, to gain economic independence and civil rights had been conceived; this ideal could never again die. We did not doubt that many of those who had witnessed its inception in our college would live to see its complete triumph, if not in Europe, than in the New World.

The same kinds of ideas were voiced in speeches held by our professors at the large and solemn evening gathering we had organized before departing as conquerors, not as ones conquered. The speakers were so moved that they could hardly hold back the tears; I felt my own begin to flow while they were speaking. In Theodor's grave, in that of the college, I buried my youth, my hope, my cheerful courage which still believed in future fulfillment. Life's illusions extinguished forever. I still excepted life as my personal obligation, but I had grown weary. The question surfaced again: What should I do? It was impossible to return to my family for the same reasons I had left. If I still possessed one wish, it was to go to England where a large number of political refugees lived, some friends of mine, who were calling me there. But at the slightest mention of such a desire

in my letters, my mother became so displeased that I immediately abandoned all thought of it, this time without a struggle. I felt so tired, spiritually and physically, that I believed I did not have long to live, and I was content to immerse myself in the great grave in which all worthy endeavors, the liberty of the individual and the fatherland, mercilessly banished. I couldn't stay in Hamburg either, even though my young friends from the college urged me to stay there and to continue to teach them. But since I did not have the means of living independently, I would have had to work very hard, and I felt at the time that I did not have the strength to do so. Anna offered me the chance to go to Berlin with her, to pay

a nominal amount of board and rest at her home and then decide about the future. I accepted: for despite the differences between us, I was still very fond of her, and after Theodor's death she had treated me so kindly that our common past united us. I knew that at her home I would be safe from painful emotion, and I decided to live for earnest study in utter reclusiveness.

Leaving Hamburg was heartbreaking. Emilie, the "Democrat," the preacher, and many of our students showed up at the station on the morning of our departure to say good buy to us, and heart-felt tears flowed from all, not merely because of the personal pain felt at separation, but also because of our common hopes which had been destroyed and our fatherland which had again been enslaved.

Having arrived in Berlin, I arranged a small room for myself at Anna's home, and there, surrounded by a splendid library, I wanted to wait until I was strong enough to work. In order to rest, I started reading the Greek tragedies again. I especially found it delightful to read Antigone. I saw in her the undeniable proof that even if the Greeks relegated women to an undignified position in every-day life, at least their poets placed women on a pedestal. Who can imagine a more noble person than Antigone, who spites all danger in order to fulfill her duty; the duty required of the elect by an inner voice, which all too often contradicts absolute law! The difference between an idealistic person who handles unlawfully is nowhere presented clearer than in Antigone and Creon. It is one of the enduring works of art that present a conflict that will continue to repeat itself throughout the history of the human race. Everything that ennobles a man and exalts him to the stars lies in Antigone's answers. What else could a man dying for his principles do more against tyranny, which hides behind the law? The fact that the poet chose a female to exhibit this contrast is certainly an evidence that the Greeks possessed a most beautiful ideal of women deep in their souls. Besides, one only has to consider the Minerva, in whose countenance the highest majesty of thought and character is combined with the surpassing beauty of form, in order to comprehend that not only Greek poets, but also Greek artists portray women as if they embody the highest combination of human attributes.

I wrote an essay on this topic and sent it to a democratic newspaper. The editor of the paper came to visit me with two other democrats for whom I had brought letters from Hamburg. We spoke about principles and about the necessity of maintaining and strengthening the solidarity of the working classes through education and common interests. These were the only people whom I saw besides the people living in the house, and I only saw them very seldom. I also corresponded with friends in Hamburg, England and America. But our interviews, like our letters, contained merely an exchange of ideas and opinions, without the slightest thought of a revolutionary act. What could we have done under such circumstances, where it was even deemed necessary to intervene in kindergartens under the pretense that there were documents in the ministry that clearly showed how the pedagogues were already trying to plant seeds of liberty and independence in the little children! Those were the exact words used in my presence by a man working in the ministry whom I chanced to meet one day.

One day I received a distressing visit. My youngest brother had come to Berlin in

his capacity as ambassador of the German government. As I indicated before, he was a man of great understanding, great talent, but he was also an absolute aristocrat and monarchist, as well as a strict Protestant. We had once been very close, and yet his presence had always exercised a certain power over me; I had never felt comfortable around him, and all contact between us had terminated after our last conversations about religion during my father's illness. My sisters had told me that he was livid ever since I went to Hamburg and joined the Free Church. He nevertheless came to visit me after his arrival in Berlin. I was grateful that his love had overcome his prejudice and received him graciously. He initiated the conversation by saying that he had come to tell me how painful and insulting it was for him that his sister, whom he had once loved very much, was not only going astray, but was consciously headed for disaster. He told me about a letter from our mother in which she had expressed her grief about my idea of going to England to be with people who had been accused of high treason. He pled with me not to do this, that it would dishonor the name of our deceased father. I told him that I had already given up this desire out of love for our mother, for whom I was always willing to sacrifice my wishes, as long as they did not conflict with my convictions. Thereupon he started to prove to me how very wrong I was to presume to have an opinion in an area that did not concern women.

"The true role of a woman," he said, "is to cleave to the station in which God has placed her; your duty is to your mother, your family. What good have those with whom you associate done for humanity? They have twisted all questions of justice and morality because they have abandoned the only true foundation: God's laws, which he has revealed through his son. Only upon the granite foundation of the past rest the monuments of the present, can those of the future be constructed. The men with whom God has entrusted the leadership of others have labored long in the difficult work and hold the strings in their hands that form the people's destiny. They alone can understand this work and guide it. It is pointless and destructive vanity on the part of women to try to interfere; in so doing, they venture outside the realm that God assigned feminine humility. Believe me, sister," he continued heatedly, "there is only one way for you to find the right way again: get down on your knees and plead with your Savior; he, who died for you will have mercy on you. I assure you that I pray for you every day when, alone in my room, I unite myself in prayer with her who now pleads with God for you and me."

By this he meant his deceased wife, whom he had loved dearly and whose memory he worshiped, so much so that he resolved never to remarry.

He continued at great length in this fashion. At first, I wanted to engage in the conversation, to gently contradict him, but I soon saw that it was no use. His convictions were just as immovable as mine, and no logic could sway them. He had once gone through the struggle between free thought and tradition, but had returned to a belief in revelation, and changing him now, with a proud and firm character such as his, was hopeless. Some of what he said infuriated me because I could spy the haughty arrogance of an absolutist behind his humble words. But everything he said was said with fervent emotion, and it came from the heart. I could envision the shadow of my father, the image of my mother, my life with the family, all my dear childhood memories, the pain

surrounding the past to which I could never return, my most recent losses, the horrible mistake that causes people to become enemies because of their differing beliefs, even though they still love each other—all these things seized me with such power that I broke out in tears. My brother was terrified and said: "You're sick, perhaps that explains the error of your ways."

"No", I said at length, "I'm not sick; I'm crying because I love you all very much and see that you are incapable of exercising the tolerance which alone can unite us in our former love beyond the chasm that our opinions have formed between us. For of this you may be sure: I can sacrifice my happiness and my personal wishes, but nothing can change my convictions. I reserve the right to have such, and even if I wanted to, I couldn't change them because I cannot force my mind to declare false what it recognizes as true." I reassured him, however, that I would not go to England—the matter he seemed to fear the most—and at length thanked him for coming, since in this I found a proof of his love for me, despite all the hard words he had let fall.

He was touched and outraged at the same time. On his way out, he told me that if I ever needed him, I now knew where to find him, and that if I was ever lacking anything, I should come to him for help. I did not answer these offers, but I vowed in my heart never to accept his help, that I would rather work to provide for myself. At the very least I wanted him to force him to find some respect for the principles he was condemning and show him that if religion institutionalized begging and living at the expense of others, the first principle of the democratic movement, on the other hand, was that man should work and thus maintain his sense of worth and acquire his independence through his own efforts.

Anna, who had not wished to disturb us but had overheard spirited conversation and crying, entered the room as soon as my brother was gone. She empathized with my sadness and tried to comfort me. Once again I resorted to my old trick, a solitary walk. I hurried quickly away from the noisy streets of the great capital city to a place outside the gates, which I preferred above all other places in the city. It was a small hill, on top of which was a garden-like park containing the graves of the 1848 freedom fighters who died in their struggle against the soldiers. The democratic movement had dedicated this place of refuge for them at the height of its power directly after the battle, where they alone slumbered under well-kept flowers and simple monuments. I sat down at a grave that had been erected by factory workers for their fallen brothers, the inscription on which read:

"To die in the struggle for our liberty,
This is the testament we bear as legacy."

At my feet stretched the proud capital city far out into the plain with its palaces, its luxury, its intellectual life, and triumphant soldiers. Everything was bathed in the rays of the setting sun, which cast dancing shades of color on the fog and mist so typical of the Nordic atmosphere. From afar arose the sound of the populous city like the rushing of an ocean. But around me, in the quiet garden of death a deep peace had settled. The song of the nightingale and the blowing of the evening wind playing with the fragrances of the grave site flowers were the only things interrupting the quiet. I fancied myself quiet alone among these graves, considered the image before me, and continued to pursue the painful

train of thought inspired by my current surroundings. These dead ones resting around me...had they received the prize for shedding their blood? Had they been justified by success? And I...had I been able to realize the noble endeavors burning in my heart? Had I been able to overcome the resistance I encountered through reason and love?—They lay there silent and impotent under the earth, and their surviving brothers were more than ever under the yoke, their wretched lives continued.—I was alone, estranged from my family, my most lofty feelings were directed towards dead men, my work had been destroyed.—Had they demanded something unreasonable? Did they want to exalt themselves by ruining others? No, they had only wanted to liberate work from the curse which tradition has caused to come upon it ever since it was spoken at the gates of the lost paradise.⁴² They had demanded free institutions in order to become a free, strong, happy people.—And I...had I ever said that family ties are not sacred, that the emancipation of women entails a shirking of female obligations or usurpation of the frequently unpleasant aspects of masculine responsibility? On the contrary, I had wanted to make women better wives and mothers by developing their intellectual capacities, through which they could become not merely the physical mothers, but also the true educators and intellectual mentors of the youth. I had wanted that women, instead of imitating man's brutality, should work as his equal to fulfill the cultural duty of humanity, that they should help him to liberate himself from all evil.

Why, then, were we obviously in the wrong, the dead and I? It certainly was not our fault, but the fault of our common enemy: despotism in government and in the family. I began to see more clearly than ever that the two manifestations of tyranny are one and the same and stem from the same source. It is the eternal immaturity of the individual and the people: prescribed faith, prescribed obligations, prescribed love. Instead of these, the individual should be told: "Choose your own faith, obligations, and affections according to your conscience; we respect your freedom; if your choice is unworthy, suffer the consequences; if you remain a moral human being, we will still love you despite our difference of opinions."—And to the people: "Speak freely of your complaints, your needs; counsel with us, that we may help you! Our purpose is to do justice to all, to realize the reasonable will of all."—Is it so difficult to grasp that freedom is the strongest law? To raise children after this fashion, to help the people understand this—in so doing, civilization's duty would be fulfilled. The family and the state would assume their truly satisfactory forms, whereas unquestionable authority will always find rebellion brewing outside its gates.

While I was contemplating these things, the sun set, and long evening shadows covered the city, but atop the Hill of the Dead there still reigned bright clarity. "The flame of our opinions will still burn, even after all despotism is covered with the shadows of infinite past," I thought as I cast my eyes on the graves as if to comfort those sleeping within. Then I noticed that I was not alone. Not far away stood a young worker and at his side a young, blond woman. Both of them gazed at me attentively and with an expression of reverence. I arose, they wanted to depart, but I made my way towards them.

The young man said: "Please forgive us if we have disturbed you; we've been watching you for some time; as you sat there so sadly and immersed in thought, I said to

my bride: she must be one of us."

I reassured them I was one of them and engaged in conversation with them. They told me that they were too poor to marry, that they lived very far away from each other, and could see each other but seldom since his work in the factory and hers as servant girl kept them very busy, but whenever they found an hour, they usually came to this place where so many of their friends rested and where they remembered the sacred hopes for which the others had died.

I told them about the thoughts I had been having and how, despite everything that was wrong with the present, we could be sure that this blood had not flowed in vain; that such generous sacrifices were never without fruit; and that the time would come when the seed of liberty would sprout and bring forth fruit; that they, even though they were young, might perhaps witness this time. Then we spoke about the trade union which had recently been dissolved by the government, and the young man spoke about the ennobling influence which it had exercised. "By forbidding us from seeking respite in education and reading, we are positively being forced to find consolation in the pubs; and this they call acting in the interest of the people and squelching the revolution," he added with a bitter smile.

Finally I left them with a heartfelt handshake. This hour of thought and the conversation with the young people, who used the short moments allotted their love to seek the refuge of the dead and strengthen each other in their principles, had done me good.

The same evening, Charlotte returned from England, where she had spent a few weeks with a friend. She brought new life into our lonely condition with her stories of the tumultuous life in the metropolis and especially of the circle of refugees. Her tales aroused my desire to take this trip to try to forcefully break out of my fateful state of melancholy through the power of new impressions. But I had given my word I would not go, and I wanted to keep my word out of love for my mother. Life was a burden to me, I sincerely wished to die, my health grew worse with each passing day. At last, Anna absolutely forced me to see a doctor, who in turn prescribed a course of treatment for me.

On the day I was to begin the treatment, the thought occurred to me early in the morning that it would be wise to organize my papers that day and to hide the letters from my democratic friends, my own diaries containing my convictions, etc. in a safe place, even though it was all quite non-incriminating. The reaction was becoming increasingly sinister and distrusting, and we thought it not impossible that a search would be carried out in my room, especially considering our servant girl had told us that she had already been approached by men dressed as civilians, whom she recognized as agents of the police, and asked what I was doing in the house, who visited me, etc.—Several ladies accused of being democratically-minded had already been harassed in this manner. The same could happen to me, even though it seemed absurd to believe such a thing. But as it so often happens that one foresees a possibility, has time to prevent the consequences, but neglects to do so because of one's blind trust of destiny, I also neglected to get my papers in order, but decided for the time being to do nothing except that which would recover my health so that I could begin writing a new book about education as soon as I had my strength back.

Anna had a terrible migraine that day and lay in bed. Charlotte was with her, taking care of her. I had sat down in Anna's little parlor and was writing a letter to my friend in America, when the servant girl entered and announced the arrival of a gentleman who wished to speak with me. I thought it was one of the democratic gentlemen, who, as I mentioned, came to visit occasionally, and I bid him enter, but was amazed to find a completely strange man before me. He bowed very politely and to my question as to what he wished, he explained with not a little embarrassment that it was his unpleasant task given him by the chief of police to search my papers and convey me to the police station. I remained as outwardly calm as possible and inquired firmly as to the meaning of such an action. He excused himself by saying he was just carrying out orders, and that he believed to have heard that I carried on correspondence with a certain Weigelt—this was, as I already mentioned, the name of our preacher in Hamburg.—I smiled and said, there must be a lot to do, if all the papers of each person are to be searched who correspond with this dear, tender man possessing no political convictions. He asked whether the room in which we stood was mine? I replied that it wasn't. "But you *were* writing as I entered?" he said and approached the table on which my folder lay with the letter I had started. He took these items and, as if to excuse himself, bowed. I was outraged as I saw this common hand seize the papers on which I had written thoughts and feelings only meant for the eyes of a friend. What kind of civilization was this, where such barbarous acts could be committed? I would much prefer oriental custom, where cords are openly sent to a suspect, without violating the most sacred thing a human possesses in the name of law and justice: the privacy of his thoughts and feelings.

The official demanded to see my room. The outside entrance was locked from inside, so one could only enter by way of Anna's bedroom. Since the official indicated that I was not to leave his sight, I had to call Charlotte to ask her to unlock my door from the inside. Of course, she was distressed by this unexpected visit, and for this reason did not have the presence of mind at least to take Theodor's letters and rescue these precious remembrances from the desecration which awaited them, while I made the detour with the official through the hall in order to get to the outside entrance to my room. I noted in outrage and irony that an armed soldier was standing in the hallway, to whom the official handed my writing folder. Did they expect me to greet the peaceful messengers of public order with a revolver in my hand? Was that the way the police understood the emancipation of women? It was probably because of this miscalculation that the police agent was so ashamed, so embarrassed. He walked straight up to the desk in my room and took all the papers inside it, casting cursory glances at them. Among these papers was a packet of individual pages containing notes which I used to take during the lectures in Hamburg. I knew that there was one page there that would serve as *corpus delicti* to the suspicious police, even though it did not contain anything that could jeopardize the security of the state. It was simply a list of phrases and names corresponding to our friends in Hamburg, through which we could send coded messages to each other, since it was well known that in the times in which we lived, postal privacy was commonly violated by the officials. I grabbed the package of loose papers and, leafing through them in front of the official's eyes said: "You see, they're merely scientific notes that have

nothing to do with politics." He looked at them briefly and continued to empty the drawer. In that moment, I shoved the paper, unnoticed by him, in my pocket and handed him the packet which he laid with the other papers. I was quite proud of my presence of mind in these heated moments. I believe that even the most courageous person cannot be sure of himself until he has proven himself in some kind of danger. Only braggarts are infallible before the test of courage.

Despite my satisfaction at this, I had to watch in pain as he packed up these papers and letters, the precious remembrances of happy and some unhappy, but all sacred moments. I did succeed, however, in staying outwardly calm. After everything had been packed up, the official demanded to have a special interview with Charlotte, during which I was to remain in my room. Then we even had to lead him into poor Anna's bedroom, whose headache had worsened due to the excitement. When he saw that she was indeed sick and lying in bed, he mumbled an apology and withdrew. Before he left, he repeated to me the order to arrive within one hour's time at the police station, bowed deeply and said with some emotion: "I ask you as a person to forgive me for that which I have been forced to do as an official."

"I have nothing to forgive you," I replied, "on the contrary: I feel bad for you. It must be awful to have to reconcile the contradictory duties of an official with those of a human being."

After he had left, I found Anna in tears and the relatives with whom she lived greatly disturbed. I was the most calm of all of them, because I needed to retain my presence of mind for that which awaited me. Everyone was alarmed for me, thought of possible imprisonment and all sorts of horrors; but I had to go.

I went alone and by foot; I did not want to compromise anyone and wished to keep things as simple as possible. Upon my arrival at the police station, I asked for the official who had been named to me as the person with whom I was to speak. I caught a distrustful look and the door was opened for me in a somewhat rude way. I was now in a hall, where a number of officials sat and worked at their desks. They all looked at me, smiled and whispered to each other. Once again I asked proudly and contemptuously for the name I had been given. I was directed to another door. In this way I had to cross several rooms, until at last I was in the chief of police's office. He received me politely and asked me to take a seat on the sofa, and he sat down next to me on a chair, so that the light fell squarely on my face whenever I turned to look at him, while he sat in a shadow—probably a clever police method of better reading the signs of guilt on a suspect's face. He started by telling me how unpleasant it was for the government to have to take such a measure against a lady who belonged to a generally respected family and whose brother enjoyed a high-ranking position in Berlin. He asked me how it happened that I had drifted so far away from the views of my family and that I pursued a path that would separate me eternally from the society in which I had been born and raised. I countered him by asking whether he believed that women were capable of having conviction, as well as the energy to follow them. Instead of answering me, he shrugged his shoulders and began a formal interrogation. The clever and yet stupid manner in which he behaved filled me with extraordinary disdain. I answered very curtly. The simple and sincere confessions I made

to him seemed to confuse him and put him to shame. He asked whether I had contact with the refugees in London; I confirmed this calmly and said, I had friends among them with whom I corresponded. He especially seemed to want to know whom I knew and saw in Berlin, and named to me the aforementioned editor. I said that I had met him after sending him an article for review. Then he spoke of "certain other characters," who also surely must have come to see me. I denied this. The conversations with those men had had no other purpose than helping the workers under the former reaction to do something which fortunately they could now openly enjoy: uniting for educational purposes, mutual support, and true solidarity-not as full-fledged opposition, but as a sanctioned social class that in a sense comprises society's true foundation, which must have its rights so that it can fulfill its obligations. But I did not want to expose this plan containing an agenda for the working class to the misinterpretation of the police and decided for this reason to deny knowing those men, so as not to involve them in any of the unpleasantries that perhaps were awaiting me.

When the official saw that he was not going to get a confession of any guilt, that I remained calm and firm and did not incriminate myself at all, he suddenly changed his approach, became trusting and friendly, and asked me to believe that all this was happening for my own good, that he wanted to do my well-respected family a service and bring me back to the path dictated by my upbringing and rank. Sarcastically I thanked him for his efforts, but regretted to say that I could not do other than what my conscience dictated. When he saw that he got nowhere with this, he tried something else and insinuated that perhaps I was wrong to depend on those whom I called my friends; that Charlotte hadn't talked very highly of me in her interview with his subordinate. This was the first blow that really struck my heart. All losses and dangers which were perhaps awaiting me could not have moved me, but the fact that someone who shared my solitude and knew my character and my destiny could have betrayed me ... that hit home. I nevertheless answered him curtly that I did not believe it.

Finally, as he saw that he wasn't making any progress, he said: "I see, there's nothing to be done with you. For the time being, I will read your papers and await my orders. The day after tomorrow at this same time, you are to report again. By the way," he added with a sly smile, "I don't have to tell you that you need not bother trying to wait for your residence permit to expire."

(I had received my residence permit from the police shortly after my arrival in Berlin.)

Was that a hint he gave me to leave so that they would be spared the unpleasantness of continuing action against me?

I replied: "You mean I should leave Berlin? Gladly ... staying here is hardly pleasurable."

"Indeed, the thick, bureaucratic air here is suffocating, isn't it?" he asked with a clever smile and rubbed his hands together in pleasure.

I looked directly in his eyes and said: "I used that expression recently in a sealed letter to a friend in Hamburg."

He stood there looking confused, for he had just clearly proved that my letters were

being opened and read. I bid him a cold farewell and left. As I exited the police station, I felt my strength waning. I hurled myself into a carriage and drove home, where I found everyone unspeakably excited. Anna embraced me in tears; she had believed she would never see me again, that I would be led away to prison. I was still unsettled inside because of the doubts caused by the official with regard to Charlotte. At the moment, that was the single most important thought in my mind. I realized that the most painful moment during Christ's suffering must have been come when he was betrayed by a friend. I took Charlotte aside and told her plainly what the official had said about her. It was not difficult for her to convince me that he had blatantly lied. Everyone in the house thought it best that I leave immediately, without waiting for the second interrogation, at which time I might not be able to escape. I was not quite ready to make this decision. I wanted to stay and prove my innocence and recover my papers, the loss of which was unbearable for me. But Anna begged me not to take chances with my freedom. She rightfully convinced me that a hundred excuses could be invented from my papers in order to detain me, and this would not only be detrimental to my health, but also a thousand times more injurious to my family than leaving altogether. I was unwilling to break my promise to my brother, but she pointed out that this promise was contingent on voluntary departure, not a forced one. "The times of voluntary, unavoidable martyrdom, like the ways things were back when Theodor wrote the article that led to his sentencing, are over. Now we have to avoid ugly persecution and save our noble strength for a better future. Fate, in the form of the reactionary police department, is actually doing you a favor. Take it from me: go and live freely according to your principles in a free land. Return at the Day of Resurrection; if not—you can work, and establish yourself. If we never see each other again—at least we know that each of us is safe and living in the ideals of the future."

I decided she was right and that I should go. Anna and Charlotte asked me to rest a while after the terrible excitement of that morning, while they made preparations for me. I threw myself on the bed and tried to sleep, but could not. My heart beat wildly just like the night I learned that Theodor loved another woman. Indeed, those were the two deciding moments of my life. It was the long and wondrous chain of causes and effects that culminated in these moments, that, though stemming from my own self, became my destiny and dictated my path. At last I arose; I felt that the time for contemplation was over and now it was time to act. Luckily I had saved a small sum of money through my frugal life style, which promised to suffice for the journey to England. I took a traveling bag containing a few necessities; Anna took it upon herself to send the rest of my things to me at a later date. I left at the break of day. Everyone tearfully embraced me and wished me the best of luck. Anna's cousin, an eighteen year-old young man, offered me his arm, and we left the house as if taking a walk, for we knew that the house was being watched. We mixed among the thickest crowds of people on the busiest street in the city to make it hard for us to be followed. Finally, after walking quite a ways, we turned into an empty side street where we persuaded ourselves that no one was pursuing us. Then we made our way to a newer, less busy city sector, where a young couple lived whom I had known in Ostende and had visited a few times since I had come to Berlin. They were kind, educated, democratically-minded people, above all suspicion. I wanted to spend the night

with them and to leave unobserved early the next morning, something which would have been impossible to do at Anna's home. Fortunately, the young couple was alone at home, and the two were greatly troubled as I related the reason of my visit to them. They kindly offer me their help. My young companion left me until the following morning, when he would collect me with a carriage. My gracious hosts did everything possible to comfort and encourage me. The young man went late in the night to ask a friend (a loyal democrat who had fought on the people's side in '48) to accompany me in the morning, since he thought it wiser if I had an experienced man as a guide. During his absence of several hours, the young woman and I stayed seated immersed in the most serious discussions about life, for neither of us had any desire to sleep. I had recovered all my energy, and I felt myself strong enough to grapple with my fate. Towards morning the two gentlemen came. I expressed my heartfelt thanks to the stranger for taking on such a sticky situation. He assured me it was a simple duty he was doing for a fellow democrat, and the thought occurred to me that this was a more noble knightly order than ever had existed.

At the break of day, Anna's cousin arrived in an open carriage, as if he were going for a leisurely ride. The thought had occurred to us that it would be better to drive to the next station in the carriage, since it was possible that I would be detained at any of the Berlin stations. I embraced my dear hosts gratefully and climbed into the carriage with my two escorts. It was nearly the end of May, and an unusually warm spring. Even at this early hour it was already uncomfortably warm, and a storm was brewing. The journey was made shorter by the interesting conversation of my magnanimous escort. Arriving in the station, we took breakfast together under some trees, just as the storm began to rage. Surprisingly, we were in good spirits and said jokingly: "For whom are these thunderclaps intended-for me or my enemies?" As I sat in the train car and the signs were given for departure, I extended my hand for the last time to my escorts and said: "They were intended for my enemies; I'm headed for freedom."

During the journey to Hamburg I was completely overcome by the awful feeling of fear instilled by despotic, impure, suspicious governments against which innocence provides no protection. I thought in terror about all the victims who had fallen into their hands and become the martyrs which they are so good at creating; about all the people I was leaving behind in the prisons of the fatherland, in the murderous climate of Cayenne and the other miserable places where brute force held intelligence, virtue, and patriotism hostage. I looked distrustfully at each new passenger entering the car and crouched in the corner in order to avoid being seen.

At last I arrived without incident, and immediately went to Emily, who at first was dismayed but then very pleased with this turn in my fate. The "Democrat," too, for whom we sent, shared Emily's opinion. The friends made ready my departure; A British ship was setting sail the following morning, and I had a ticket on it. My last concern was to write to my sister and tell her that by the time rumor of my departure had spread, I would already be in safety on the waves of the sea; I asked her to console our mother and tell her that I had not broken my promise willingly.

At ten o'clock that evening the "Democrat" and the brave carpenter whom I spoke

ship, where I wanted to sleep since it was leaving at sunrise. The two of them stayed on deck with me until midnight. Above us shone innumerable stars, but the earth was pitch black, like the fate of the people and the fatherland we loved. We stood there together: one, a man of intellect, the other a representative of the people, but both brave and invincible fighters remaining behind on earth to share its fate—and I, a weak woman embarking on an exile into an unknown future, buoyed up only by the strength which comes from being true to one's own convictions and conscience. Finally a clock struck twelve and they had to leave the ship. We extended our hands to each other. "The next time we meet, the fatherland will be free, otherwise I will die in exile," I told them. They did not answer. They were too moved. But I knew that I would live on in their hearts.

PART II
CHAPTER ONE
EXILE

Thus I drifted upon the waves of the sea, solitary, troubled, like a fugitive. I thought about how man often zealously postpones his fate, only to see it fulfilled later in a bitter, insulting manner. If my concern for my mother had not stopped me from going to America, to that free land where I could have lived according to my convictions without living in contradiction with the society into which I was born or hurting my family's feelings, I would have probably already have established a new life for myself on the other side of the ocean, and my family would have felt sorry for me or even hurt, but the bitterness would not have been as great as was caused by my current situation. And yet, I was innocent, it was all just the consequence of the conflict between character and external circumstance that invariably leads to neither one direction nor the other, instead running diagonally between the two up to a point we never dreamt of. One day I had wanted to voluntarily leave the fatherland in which the ideal I had envisioned had not been fulfilled; but now, as I watched the German coast grow distant and could only make out green waves and led-grey sky as far as the eye could see, I realized how hard it is to have to leave one's homeland for exile.

On the morning of my departure, I stayed in the cabin just as my friends had advised, until the official inspections which take place on board every departing ship were over. As we shoved off, I went on deck and thought I would be able to stay there, but I soon recognized that this wouldn't be the case, and that I would have to pay my tribute to the sea.⁴³ I never left the cabin again during the passage, which lasted two days and two nights, and spoke to no one, which suited me just fine. As I heard that we had reached the estuary of the Thames, I arose and went on deck. There I saw opening up before me under a foggy sky, a new, rich and powerful world. Great ships lay at anchor, steam ships and boats of all sizes darted about in the wide bay, cities and villages greeted us from the shores, on which colorful crowds attested to lively traffic, and all this increased and multiplied, the closer we came to this powerful metropolis. I was intrigued, interested, and depressed all at the same time, for I was arriving alone, would have no one waiting for me, and hardly knew where I should go, and even though I could speak perfect English, I could hardly understand the guttural sounds the first time I heard ordinary people speaking. Finally our ship came to rest in the great St. Catherine's Dock, and I disembarked with the other passengers and walked to the nearby customs house. It didn't take long for them to examine the one traveling bag I had brought with me. But I was overcome with a pleasant feeling of freedom when no one demanded to see my passport. To be in a hospitable country without having to go through the intolerable interrogation of "Your name? Point of destination? Point of origin?" was refreshing and a characteristic worthy of a great people confident under the protection of its laws and therefore willing to treat a foreigner with trust from the very start. If he proves himself unworthy, he will bear the consequences of the same laws that are there to protect society, not to oppress it. Hence, I

could go where I wished and asked the official to give me directions to St. John's Wood, a district in London where the refugee friends lived whom I planned to ask for help. He helpfully showed me an omnibus which would take me there. I entrusted my bag to the driver, told him the address, and left the rest to fate. I had thought I had just completed my journey, but soon realized that I had embarked on another, for we drove through streets and over squares, over squares and through streets without number and without end. The dark, high houses, the gray sky, the noise of countless carriages, the throngs of pedestrians hurrying feverishly over the pavement as if their lives depended on getting there before the others-this was all very confusing and staggering to me. My neighbor next to me in the omnibus explained to me that this was the "city," the center of trade and working life in London.

Next we came to more pleasant, wider streets with palace-like homes, with the unmistakable features of an existence characterized by luxury and power, but similarly covered by the veil of the grey, led-colored sky; this was "Westend," the dwelling place of the aristocracy.

Finally, after a ride that seemed to last an eternity, we reached a district of the gigantic city where everything assumed a more friendly, inviting quality. New and attractive little homes constructed in a variety of haphazard styles and surrounded by decorative gardens reconciled my unfavorable impression of the dark, massive stone houses we had passed earlier; the same held true for the wide, unpaved streets which dampened the noise of the carriages and the pedestrians which strolled quietly on the sidewalks instead of hurrying after each other in a panic. It felt as though one could indeed live peacefully and breathe in this monster of a city, and I was pleasantly surprised as the omnibus stopped and the conductor explained that we had reached our destination, and that I had but to follow the street at which we had halted to arrive at the desired address. He handed me my travel bag, I held a handful of small, English coins out to him and let him take what he wanted, since I was not very familiar with them. Then he turned to continue on with his route and left me alone on the corner. I picked up my bag and started walking very nervously towards the house in which I would find the friends, familiar and yet unfamiliar, who were my only contact.

To explain this, I have to go back and tell about something I left out in the beginning in order not to disrupt the harmonious course of the story. Even before I went to Hamburg, I had started writing in my loneliness to a woman whose genius and misfortune immediately attracted me. This woman was none other than Johanna Kinkel. I had first heard about her through Theodor, who had been a student of her husband at the University of Bonn and who had often talked to me enthusiastically about this teacher who was worshiped by the students, as well as about his highly talented, peculiar wife and their charming domestic life.

In the spring of 1849, when Kinkel (the only one of his academic colleagues) took up arms and fought as a common soldier in the Revolutionary Army of Baden to risk his life for his convictions, my interest for him had grown to a pitched enthusiasm, and I followed with great interest the course of his trial, the pronouncement of his death sentence, and the pardon which reduced it to life imprisonment. Later, when I read the

report about his interrogation in Cologne and the speech he gave on this occasion, I paced feverishly in my room, ripped the newspaper in my hands, and cursed my inability to do anything. The image of the prisoner, whose beauty-craving eyes now stared at the walls of a cell, who was now forced to spin wool for his own clothes instead of awakening enthusiasm in young souls through his lectures or voicing the dreams of his soul in song—this tortuous image plagued my mind day and night. All upstanding German citizens were hurt and outraged by what had happened. Only the Pietists were delighted, for it seemed to them as though this soul, who had previously fled from theology to freedom, was a certain victim whom they could assail in the horrible solitude of his cell with pamphlets and Bibles in an effort to get him in their claws and forcefully convey him to their Pietistic heaven. I felt just as sorry for his magnanimous wife as I did for him, who, after trying to no avail to save him, had to provide for her family on top of all the pain, which she attempted to do by giving music lessons, the accomplished musician that she was. It was considerably easier to extend my sympathy to her than to her husband. I decided to write to her, and my letter must have born the mark of deep compassion, for I received the warmest of replies from her, together with the request that I tell her more about myself so that we not remain strangers to each other, but become personally acquainted. I immediately obliged her, and a new, lofty and warming interest began to blossom in my otherwise drab life. I was soon acquainted with her story, her past happiness, her current sufferings, the personalities and dispositions of her children; she, on the other hand, soon knew about my entire life, the duality in which I was caught, and the sufferings which I had endured for my convictions. She completely sided with my decision to go to America; she wrote: "What is your life here? A source of perpetual pain for you and your family. What could your life be like there? A warming sun for your friends." When I was in Hamburg, she wrote to ask me if I could send her stationary with vignettes. She was only allowed to write to her husband once a month; her letters were read by the prison warden and had to limit themselves to family matters. For this reason, she had thought of writing on stationary with vignettes, to brighten up the otherwise dreary prison. There was no more illustrated stationary to be found in Bonn and Cologne, and now she turned to me to see if I could send her something new. It occurred to me I myself could print little drawings on the letterhead, copies of beautiful architecture or landscapes, and send her these, thus calling upon my old talent to help to alleviate someone's misfortune. Once at her request, I wrote to the prisoner—naturally an open letter, containing only literary questions. I received a lively, good-spirited answer in return. Later, I was made privy to plans which had been made for Kinkel's escape, and how happy I was to hear Jakob Venedey enter the hall one evening at the college, after Theodor had finished reading Prometheus by Äschylus, and cry: "Ladies and gentlemen, I bring you glad tidings: Kinkel has escaped from Spandau!"

Ever since then, the happily reunited family had lived in London, and I had received several invitations to come to London and establish myself as they had done. Now I was driven by fate itself to follow the invitation, and it was to the Kinkels' home that my feet now carried me. I paused for a moment to still my heftily beating heart at the little "cottage," which, like almost all the houses in that part of London, bore a name

besides a house number on the gate of their relatively large surrounding garden. Above this gate was nowhere to be found: "*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate!*"⁴⁴ On the contrary: if I could still hope for anything on this earth, it could be found beyond this gate. But *was* there anything I could hope for in this world? Was it still worth it to begin anew the struggle for sheer existence?—Since destiny rarely gives us answers at such times, but rather, wordlessly leaves it up to us, I decided finally to pull the bell and ask the girl who appeared whether Frau Kinkel were at home. She led me into a room on the ground floor and left me, but returned quickly with a piece of paper and pencil in her hand and asked me to write my name on it. I only wrote my first name, and she again left to bring the note upstairs. I immediately heard several voices shouting joyously, hurried steps flying down the staircase; the door was flung open, and before I knew what was happening, I found myself the recipient of a jubilant welcome, embraced by arms large and small. I was touched by this compensation for my bitter cup of exile, namely that people who had never seen each other immediately recognized themselves as children of the same ideal homeland and felt a bond with each other without having to go through all the rituals thought necessary by the old society, whose main purpose it was to hide people from each other.

After the first barrage of questions and answers was over, after they expressed their amazement and indignation at what had caused me to flee, I began to get a clearer picture of my new friends. Johanna Kinkel was hardly beautiful or graceful by normal feminine standards; her features were strong, almost masculine, her complexion conspicuously dark, her figure massive, but above all else towered a pair of wondrous dark eyes which attested to a world of intellect and feeling, and in the rich modulations of her deep, full voice sounded a fullness of emotion, so that it was impossible to say at one's first impression: "How ugly this woman is!" but rather: "Such an important woman! How fortunate I will be to get to know her better!"—Kinkel, on the other hand, despite all of the sufferings he had passed through, was at the height of his masculine beauty; his behavior had something of a gentle, elegant, even delicate nature which appeared feminine when compared with Johanna's stark looks; he was as courteous as a cavalier, extremely spirited in his conversation, and full of wit, which he intentionally tried to mask in frivolity, a fact which later on, when we were good friends, led me to jokingly say "Stop trying so hard to be frivolous; it's not working." He welcomed me openly, like a dear friend, yet I sensed from the beginning that I would never be as close to him as Johanna, despite his many excellent qualities, but that a firm trust in his character, which was typified by diversely ambivalent exterior qualities and a touch of smugness, but also genuine German loyalty, honesty and masculinity, could become the basis for a lasting friendship, which has stood the test of time and many twists of fate. The four children were still too small for me to mention anything other than that their cheerful, trusting personalities and intellectual energy left a positive impression on me.

Both husband and wife immediately set about discussing some of my practical concerns with touching attentiveness. Under no condition did I wish to take advantage of the hospitality they offered longer than one day. I knew how limited their resources were and how hard they had to struggle to provide for their family in this country where wages

are higher than elsewhere, but where the cost of living is also more expensive. Johanna, who luckily did not have any pressing business on that day, went with me, and as fortune would have it, we found a little apartment not far away. After I had had supper with the Kinkels and spent the evening as though I were with family, Kinkel escorted me to this new place of refuge and left me with some encouraging words and wishes.

Hardly did I find myself alone in my narrow, unattractive room in which a colossal bed took up almost the entire space (as is customary in England), when the full realization of my situation came over me. For the first time I was completely alone, far away from everyone I had ever loved, in a strange land, with wanting resources, facing a silent, bleak and unpromising future. The reception I had received from the Kinkels had been as kind as possible and had done me good, but I didn't dare count on them, for as I said, they themselves had to struggle for existence in this storm-tossed ocean of life called London, and considering all their friends, they did not even have *time* for me, since in London time is everything, the cash capital from which each person does his best to collect interest. The prospect which opened up before me was to give lessons and thereby get myself into the awkward situation of falling into competition with my friends and acquaintances. Even stronger than my worries about the future were the thoughts about the past; the fear of how my mother had reacted to the news of my flight, fear of what my friends in Berlin still would face after my departure, regret for that which was eternally gone and lost—all this pain and worry surrounded my bed chamber like pale ghosts and scared away the peace I so desperately needed as I finally retired thoroughly exhausted.

When I awoke in the morning, a measure of courage to live had returned with the daylight, and I began by inspecting my new quarters. I resided on the ground floor of a house with two front windows and three upper stories, whereas the landlady's kitchen and bedroom were in the cellar. Each story had two rooms, one in front and a bedroom behind it; the ones on the ground floor were smaller to accommodate the front door and hallway. The front room on the ground floor is called "the parlour" in England and is mostly used as a dining room if only one family is occupying in the house. If there are several tenants, the landlady generally keeps this room herself and issues a usufruct to the tenant occupying the back bedroom. This is the arrangement I had chosen: I had only rented the small back bed chamber, but could use the parlor during the day, when I could expect to be interrupted at any moment by the landlady, who would entertain in this room. But I did not have a choice, because aside from the enormous bed, a dresser, a wash table and two chairs, the bedroom only had enough space left for the suitcases I was expecting; outside my window was a dim little courtyard, and thus there was neither room nor space to work; I did not have the means to rent one of the upper stories. In the front of the house there was a small rectangular room with a pair of neglected, dust-covered shrubs and a tiny little lawn that was enclosed from the street with a barred fence and gate through which the house was entered. This description applied to all the houses on the street, which all looked very similar, so that one could only recognize one's house by its number; this held true not just for the houses on this street, but for most of the houses in London with the exception of the richer, more elegant ones, which had different dimensions and were only occupied by *one* family. My landlady was not the owner of the house; she had only leased

it for a number of years, furnished it. and was renting it out. This is something very common in England and forms the basis of work for an entire class of people, and of course, contributes now and again to their downfall.

I tried first thing to acquaint myself with my landlady. She was a widow and had recently lost her only son. In our first conversation she told me right off about all these circumstances and related her very natural grief with such comical, boastful pathos, that my compassion was somewhat diminished. Her grief had not done her health any harm, for she was round and fat and had a copper-red face, the consequence, I soon learned, of frequent indulgence in "gin" and "brandy," to which she, like many English women, was uncommonly dedicated. These other gods, whom she revered in addition to the god of her Anglican Church, surely would have made her repulsive to me, had she not possessed such a comical side and been such a commonly recurring archetype that I found it entertaining to study her. She looked just like Mrs. Quickly from Shakespeare's Henry V, the only thing missing was Falstaff⁴⁵ and the scene would have been complete. She dressed quite fantastically; I never saw her wearing anything in the house except for a short, shabby old velvet cloak and a likewise old, bent black hat with yellow funeral flowers. I quickly learned that this was her customary attire, and after I had seen more of London, I understood the reason. No ordinary woman, no young lady dares leave the house in London without a hat on her head, and this is one of the most unsightly English prejudices. Whereas the pure white bonnet of a French servant girl looks pretty and modest, this dirty bent hat of the English decorated with faded flowers or ribbons which is supposed to make them "respectable," is disgusting. Mrs. Quickly's only servant in the house was a fourteen year old girl, a frail, lean, blackish and dirty creature whose fortune she claimed to make by giving her proper, practical training. This training consisted of performing all the crude tasks in connection with the house, toiling and bustling from morning til evening, often falling over in exhaustion, and receiving proper boxes and blows whenever she hadn't worked hard enough for Mrs. Quickly's taste or whenever gin had clouded Mrs. Quickly's mind and stripped her of all reason. At such times she would often hold long sermons in front of the girl, full of lofty phrases, but never progressing past a certain point. I often thought of her in later years when I saw the splendid comedian Robson in one of his most famous rolls in which he tries to give a definition for a "perfect man" in his drunken condition and can never make it past the first three words. In short, Mrs. Quickly was one of the first stereotypes of English life, the way they are portrayed in Charles Dickens' novels with photographic accuracy. But I wanted to stay on good footing with her, and listened with incredible patience at first to her tales that all revolved around one topic, her son, and praised his incomparable virtues with bombastic speech. But I also did not want to add to the servant girl's burden, and since I was used to performing my own menial tasks, did not take advantage of the girl in this regard. One day shortly after my arrival I went down to the kitchen with a muslin dress over my arm to ask for an iron to press my dress. The kitchen was Mrs. Quickly's true kingdom; she alone reigned supreme at the oven, and the girl was not permitted anywhere near the casseroles. Mrs. Quickly looked at me in unconcealed amazement as I entered, but as I issued my request, her amazement changed to outrage: "What?" she cried, "A 'lady' iron in the kitchen? Unheard of." And

with the air of insulted majesty, she snatched the dress from me and ordered the girl to lay an iron in the fire and see to the dress; then she turned to me again and said with a tragic expression: "You're new here, you're not yet familiar with our English customs; we think it very unladylike if a lady is in the kitchen, and especially if a lady is in the kitchen and wants to press her dress herself. No Ma'am, please to ring the bell if you need anything; otherwise you're spoiling my servants!" Extremely ashamed about my ignorance with regard to the high morality of English customs, I sneaked back to my "parlour" and had a hearty laugh when I looked at this dirty, poorly furnished little room and considered the stupid prejudice which lurked between this ground-floor room and the kitchen in the cellar. But then I became melancholic, for I perceived that although I had gone through so many painful struggles to rid myself of prejudices, I would have to encounter even stupider prejudices in this country, without the possibility to speak out against them because in order to survive, I would have to depend on this society, which is so obsessed with its *savoir vivre* that it views any deviation as a cardinal sin. I found myself caught in one of the most awful social predicaments, namely: to be a hypocrite and have to debase myself in order to earn my daily bread. Bitter thoughts besieged my soul and accentuated the melancholy that had already crept over me. I no longer possessed the elasticity of my earlier youth nor the unwavering faith in the future which helps one deal with adversity; my wounds were still too fresh and remained exposed to the present, which remained void of any healing balm. I did not leave the house those first few days; I waited for letters from Anna, from my family; I felt incapable of looking the new world which surrounded me in the eye. My new friends came for a few fleeting moments to see me, but they did not have much time. Whit Sunday arrived.⁴⁶ Early in the morning the dear little Kinkel girls appeared and brought me a note from their father, who had written: "Dear friend! Would you like to go to Hampton Court today with us to see the Woolsey Palast, the park full of wild animals, Raffael's tapestry cartoons, Holbein's paintings, Mantegna's *Triumph of Ceasar*, and the most densely wooded river in Europe, the upper Thames? Dispel the gloom and doom and leave your every care and relax in the grand and beautiful forest.

We must leave at nine o'clock in the omnibus, otherwise we shan't have enough time, since there's never enough anyway. I will collect you at that hour. We will travel either by train or steamboat.

Give the little ones your brief answer. Sincerely, Your Friend, Kinkel."

I accepted this friendly invitation and after the omnibus had carried us to the shore of the Thames, we went on board one of the innumerable steamboats that, especially on holidays, went upriver, to hasten towards Richmond, the charming little city situated upstream on the Thames, the summer resort area for the new and old aristocracy. Kinkel was right: the shores of the Thames are the greenest in Europe. Trees of such beauty and fullness as are seldom found elsewhere lower their mighty boughs to the ground and often down into the water, forming impenetrable roofs of foliage which are mirrored in the river; cottages, half-concealed by towering ivy gaze, cheerfully down from atop magnificent lawns and surprise the stranger not yet aware that the grass in England does not depend on any special care for its unique, fresh, velvety beauty. The unusually bright, sunny day, the happy life of the large and small ships on the river, the crowds dressed in holiday attire on

the shores, the kind conversation of my friends who praised the land of liberty that had become their new home with enthusiastic words ... all this distracted me from my troubled thoughts and acquainted me with impressions of the new world that lay before me. After taking lunch in Richmond, we got into one of those "hackney coaches" (a kind of stagecoach) that are so frequently found in English novels and used to be common in England before trains crisscrossed the country. I noted with pleasure that my friends kept themselves as aloof as possible from the English prejudices with which they were confronted through their work, for they invited me to climb into the *impériale*⁴⁷ of the stagecoach in order to have a better view of the countryside. In this way, we drove happily to Hampton Court, a royal castle that had once been the residence of Cardinal Woolsey. A long avenue lined with magnificent chestnut trees in full bloom led up to the castle. In the grand park on both sides grazed herds of deer. I was quite surprised by the splendor with which art complemented nature here to produce an unparalleled landscape which is both civilized and wild. We enjoyed visiting the castle, its gallery, and especially the tapestry cartoons by Raffael. For the first time, I saw original works of this master, whose name I had heard even as a child and whom I associated with a true transfiguration of phenomena. When we returned that evening, my friends' purpose had been fulfilled. I had forgotten my pain for a day and felt almost at home in this new world, in which friendship had brought me comfort from the start. Of course, as I found myself alone again in my ugly little bedroom, my insecurities returned; but one thing had been gained: I had decided to remain in England, to work like the others to provide for myself, and not to venture any further into uncertainty by going to America. This was the result of this day and the understanding attitude of my friends. The certainty of having chosen a course of action always provides a certain calm in the midst of the storm.

CHAPTER TWO ECHOES FROM THE HOMELAND AND ACQUAINTANCE WITH ENGLISH LIFE

At last I received letters from Germany, at first an encouraging letter from my favorite pupil in Hamburg, a highly talented seventeen year old girl who loved me dearly. It read: "Dearest Malwida! 'Fate can not be altered, what is feared must draw nigh.' "I was aghast when I heard what happened! Oh, it is true, no one can escape fate. How often we jokingly predicted this! We had no idea that our light-hearted and whimsical prediction would come true! But when I thought about things more in depth, I decided it isn't as terrible as it seems. Tragic misfortune, though initially oppressive, exalts us to no end; and I have to admit that I rather envy you in your knowledge that you also helped to bear the cross of humanity and that your work perhaps hastens the realization of freedom by a few days! For if each person would only take care of a day, we would gain centuries. Martyrdom for the sake of liberty is certainly as sacred as for blind belief, and he who suffers often accomplishes more than he who takes action. Mankind has always pursued a great ideal: Christianity, the Crusades, the discovery of the New World, the Reformation; finally the ideal of freedom. The latter, however, encompasses all others and incites the most antipathy among those people who do not understand the times and believe that a fading era has not yet been grown out of. The Just must always suffer for the Unjust. It is my belief that no one wishes to bow his head for ever in submission. For just as people are moral because they are intrinsically thus (this idea is grounded so deeply in us that every religion, no matter how ridiculous, possesses a moral code, obedience to which brings reward, and disobedience punishment), I believe that the desire for self-determination and independence is part of our nature. But so too is the desire to exercise control over others. One of these tendencies always outweighs the other. In a better person, justice and morality gain the upper hand; in a corrupt person, the desire to dominate; the unjust seek only freedom for self in order to exercise dominion over others; the just seek freedom for all. Thus, you must undo the harm others have done."

Then a few sad letters arrived from my sisters, who told me about the terrible impression the announcement of my expulsion and my subsequent departure had made on my family, especially on my mother. Their pride was very understandably hurt, but their hearts were taken with worry for me, and even the comforting letter I had sent them about my safe arrival and friendly reception at the Kinkels' home had not been able to ameliorate their distress. Their own pain resounded in me, and I promised myself that, no matter what happened, whatever trials and tribulations I would have to pass through, I would hide the dark side of life from them, inasmuch as it was in my power to tell them only positive and encouraging things about me.

A short time later, letters arrived from Anna. She had been harassed by the police quite a bit after my departure. They had come to inquire about me, and since I was nowhere to be found, she had been summoned to the police station and had been forced to undergo interrogation by the same contemptible person who had interrogated me. Finally,

after convincing themselves that she knew nothing of the dangerous conspiracies and capital crimes of which I was supposedly guilty, she had been released, but she had naturally suffered under this trauma.

This news depressed me. My heart was filled with bitterness, and for the first time I felt my idealism, my faith in something tangibly better than ever-present brute force, start to waver. A state of melancholy came over me, and external influences were powerless to counteract it.

I lived near Regent Square, one of those large green oases shoved in between the massive stone architecture of this complex of squares and streets called London. I took my daily walks here and admired the art that had created this serene picture of green meadows, the beautiful groves, fresh water company, herds of sheep and all kinds of water fowl for thousands of children who lived in the dark, blackened houses, narrow streets, and coal smoke—filled atmosphere—for the middle class families, whose means do not allow them to leave the city in summer—even for the proletariat, more than one of whom makes his bed under the trees of the park. But whenever I looked at the nearly perpetually grey sky arching over these green images like a led roof, I sensed anew that just as they were deprived of sunlight and fair blue skies, impenetrable fog covered the clear stars of my life which alone give courage and endurance for daily work. My need to work to earn money grew greater each day, for the meager amount I had brought with me (a large portion of which I owed to the kindness of a wealthy friend from Hamburg, without whose help I could have never made the journey to England) began to dwindle significantly and would not last much longer despite my frugal lifestyle. I could not expect anything soon from my little pension, and this would not even suffice for the most meager of lifestyles in London. I had vowed never to ask my family for support, not because I had doubted their willingness to help, but because I saw it as my first duty to go alone the path I had chosen and to bear the care and worry myself, without burdening those who did not agree with my choice. It has always seemed to me that material sacrifices should only be accepted from those who are in complete agreement with your way of thinking and acting, but never from those whom, because of our convictions, we are destined to hurt. Accordingly, I started to look everywhere for work, especially as a governess, since I saw that there was already an abundance of people giving lessons. It is true that the idea of becoming a governess in an English household somewhat frightened me. I knew that governesses in England are creatures which form their own special social class, somewhere between the ruling and the servant class, with strict limitations with regard to social matters, pleasure and free time activities, and with charge of an exceptionally long list of obligations and tasks. But this were the least of the things which frightened me. I had strong doubts as to whether by health would be able to bear the strain of such a life, always looking after the needs of others and never one's own. Further, and this was my main concern, I dreaded the hypocrisy I would necessarily have to employ. In the first few days after my arrival in London, a young lady had visited me who had been in our college as a student and now had a position in England as a governess. She told me of her experiences and that it was one of the leading duties associated with such a position to accompany the children to church on Sundays—once a week in liberal homes like the one she was in, twice a week in

more orthodox ones. When a governess was being hired, the first question was always about religion. Sometimes there were objections to a particular church; the family didn't want a Catholic, the other a Protestant, but nobody wanted someone who didn't belong to a church at all, and it would be impossible for such a person to find a position. My young acquaintance who visited the lectures of our Free Church in Hamburg had said she was protestant and had to go to church regularly with her pupil; but since she was a humorous, practical person, she invented all sorts of tricks to help her escape the monotonous, drawnout ritual of the Anglican Church, and instead of taking the prayerbook so predominant in English families and English bookstores, she would take some other book that looked like it, such as *Emilia Galotti*, or some other classic to read during the litany.

She used the sermon as an English lesson, since it is generally assumed that preachers speak the purest and best English. But the thought of taking part in such a charade repulsed me, and I was delighted when—through the efforts of an expatriate German lady whom I had met while she was visiting the college in Hamburg and to whom I had written a letter—I received an offer to become governess to a Jewish family. It was one of those Jewish families who had overcome the resistance of Christian society through their colossal wealth and had avenged their persecuted race by forcing its persecutors to bow before their all-powerful capital. But they were also respected for their personal, true merits. Several of the masculine family members had been named to honorary governmental positions, the women were benevolent and educated, and the entire family was justifiably praised for their generous, tireless efforts in behalf of the people. One of these ladies needed a governess for her daughter, and I went to see her. I was led into the parlor, as it is only here that social calls are received in England; only visitors of equal birth are allowed in the drawing room. She received me in a kinder, less haughty manner than the other English ladies I had thus far met. The first question, of course, was: "To which religion do you belong? Are you Catholic?"—"No."—"Excellent, then you must be a Protestant—by the way, religion has no part in the education of my daughter; the rabbi provides religious training, but I have other misgivings about Catholics." (I later understood that she was right in doing so.) She did not dwell any longer on this topic, and in so doing, spared me any uncomfortable explanation. Then she asked me whether I already been governess to one or more children. I answered honestly: "No!" but added that I had studied matters of education for the last several years, and that I was confident I could perform the work of a governess. She thought a while, asked me various other questions, and then dismissed me with the promise she would let me know her decision on the following day. The next day I indeed received a letter wherein she expressed her sincere regret that she could not hire me, despite her positive impression of me, since I was lacking "experience." I felt secretly relieved that the yoke had passed by me once again, and I acted like the ostrich that buries his head in the sand as if to avoid a nevertheless certain fate. Then I wrote to the German lady who had recommended me and notified her of the result of her efforts and involuntarily started in on a lengthy discussion of my educational theories, which I believed much more practical than any "experience" of the *gouvernantes de métier*. She answered me delightedly that everything I had written coincided with her views, that she had long yearned for a person who shared this views,

and invited me to spend two or three weeks at her country home where her family was at the moment, so that we could get to know each other better and exchange ideas. She tactfully added that she thought the cost of the trip would be difficult for me to bear at the moment, and that the pleasure was all hers, that she had therefore instructed her manager in London to come and arrange everything.

The manager, a friendly English gentleman, arrived, escorted me to a first class train car without my having to lift a finger, wished me a swift journey and-away rushed the train. I had to pass through a large section of Old England, for my journey's destination lay in the North of Wales. The uniform look of the landscape in central England consisting of large meadows, beautiful clumps of trees and exotically green hedges and fields changed as we approached Wales and became increasingly picturesque as the train continued on its way between the seashore and the higher towering cliffs and mountains of the mountain chain. Finally we stopped in Bangor, a small, friendly city on the Menai Strait, the channel that separates the Isle of Anglesey from the Welsh mainland, across which the entrepreneurial English have built a very pretty hanging bridge for wagons and pedestrians, as well as a train, or tubular bridge containing two iron tunnels, which forms the main connection with Ireland: the train runs to Anglesey, where connections can be made with ships headed for Ireland. In Bangor I was greeted by an English lady who identified herself as a messenger sent by Madame S... who would take me to her country home on Anglesey in her mistress' carriage. At the gate of this country estate I was received by my hostess with exceptional hospitality. I had only seen her once briefly at the college, but she conveyed such sincerity and unimpeded kindness that one immediately came to trust her completely. For the first time, I found myself in the center of an English household, even though my hosts were of German descent. No people adopts the habits, customs, or language in a foreign country, or identifies itself so completely with the natives than the Germans. Almost all German families, especially the more affluent ones, have arranged their lives completely according to the English way, to such an extent that the children forget their mother tongue and are proud to call themselves English. Madame S...'s home was decorated in accordance with English custom. Wealth took the place of noble birth to deliver the entire contingent of an aristocratic household. The "butler," a kind of custodian in charge of the servants dressed in a black tails and a white cravat, and the remaining servants, coachmen dressed in livery, the housekeeper, the lady's maids and the housemaids, the grooms ... this entire hierarchy of English servants—with its differences in rank which are taken just as seriously as those in the highly born society—was in place in Madame S...'s household. A German tutor, a French governess, and a proper retinue of "upper and under nurses" were there for the numerous children, and this architectonic structure culminated in one English lady, Miss B..., the same who had greeted me in Bangor, an expert in the English codex of *savoir vivre*. She ruled the lunch table and did not tolerate the slightest departure from what was generally held to be gentleman- or ladylike. Her watchful eye discovered, for example, whether Master James or Master Henry at the other end of the long table held the required piece of bread in their left hand, a necessity when eating fish and an ersatz for a knife, which must never touch the fish. If she spied such a breach in custom, she would signal a servant to

her side, lay a small, thinly cut piece of bread on the silver serving platter, and call: "Master James!" or "Master Henry!" whereupon the chastised would be returned to the path of propriety. But in other matters, Miss. B... possessed a knack for organization and practicality. Among other things, she wrote the innumerable billets and letters for Madame S... that generally take up an English lady's entire morning (a necessity because of the enormous distances present in large cities and the consequent waste of time if one were to insist on personally visiting). Besides, Madame S... had a passion for letter writing and an unbelievably large circle of correspondence which she just could not attend to by herself. Her renowned kindness attracted a host of petitioners and all sorts of petitions; the house's hospitality and many connections demanded that it incessantly issue and receive invitations; then came letters to merchants, suppliers, tailors, stewards over the homes in the city or properties in the countryside, finally the sundry friendships which Madame S... had developed with people in most of the European countries, important and influential people of all social classes. The office of this lady was like that of a government minister, with her sitting at a desk covered in all kinds of papers, organizing and dictating, while Miss B... wrote and expedited with all the adeptness and skill of a cabinet advisor, editing and abbreviating the thorough orders of her boss with wise temperance. Acquainted with every detail of the family's life, Miss B... dedicated herself with incomparable loyalty and devotion and acted in their interests as if they were her own. Of course, she retained her point of view; for she had two ideals in which she wished to indoctrinate the younger family members: aristocracy and the Anglican Church. She schemed over aristocratic connections for the young people and their return to the bosom of what she believed to be the only church capable of rendering salvation; for the parents belonged to the Unitarians and raised their children according to their views.

The morning after my arrival, I was frightened by the booming noise of an instrument which until then I had only heard in the theater in the opera *Norma*, when the priestess strikes an iron shield with a club to call the people together. I thought this must be the signal for breakfast and hurried to follow the distressing call. A servant opened a door for me and I found myself in a library, in the middle of which stood a pulpit with an opened Bible lying on it and in front of which sat Herr S... All the inhabitants of the house, right down to the last servant were seated in solemn silence in a semi-circle; I was silently offered a seat, and after a benediction, Herr S... immediately began to read a chapter from the Bible and a sermon by Channing, the head and ideal of the Unitarians. In conclusion, the paternoster was recited, and then everyone knelt on the ground with their faces turned towards their chairs and buried in their hands, to pray quietly by themselves. This was the end of the service, and everyone returned to their daily chores, the masters to giving orders, the servants to serve, and thus was the earthly order restored which God's invisible presence had momentarily interrupted. I was very favorably impressed by this way of beginning the day, which is the same for most English families, especially in the countryside. This hour of common assembly and serious attitude at the beginning of day would always have a moral effect as long as it was not coerced, which only creates hypocrites-the reason why those who no longer find satisfaction in religious structures should choose another subject for common meditation. In England, the land of arrogant

discrepancies in rank *par excellence*, however, this custom assumes something extra patriarchal and touching because there, for at least one hour, those discrepancies are swallowed up in a common feeling. I considered it my duty, however, to inform Madame S... that I would not take part in these morning services, since religious structures are meaningless to me. She had found the true spirit of tolerance in her great, human kindness, and begged me to do what I thought best, and her friendliness and concern towards me did not falter an instant. On the other hand, I noticed that the other members of the house, especially Miss B..., did not look quite as favorably upon me, even though she still extended the usual courtesy to me. Besides Madame S..., I also greatly respected another member of the house, namely Herr S... He belonged to that portion of the bourgeoisie which, having into wealth through their own efforts, comprises the mighty, compact and active contingent of enlightened liberalism, practical progress, and magnificent generosity so prevalent in England. They have immortalized the names Richard Cobden, John Bright and others, and S... was a friend to all these men and always ready to help whenever it came to promoting a public endeavor or relieving some personal misery. He took a fatherly interest in the workers in his factories and looked after their material and spiritual well-being; in addition, he also possessed a touch of vanity typical of the *parvenu* and was flattered when dealing with nobility. A very practical businessman, he was also a connoisseur of the fine arts and was a zealous patron. He especially loved music, played the piano fairly well, and it was here that we connected. He accompanied my singing each evening, as we performed a wealth of German *Lied* together, an activity which won his favor.

The grand, elegant house was almost continuously filled with visitors who stayed for varying lengths of time. Here I became acquainted with the finer points of English life: country living on an estate of the English property-owning class. It is true that one finds the keenest, most pleasure-craving selfishness in this environment. The enormous property and the gigantic parks with their shade intended only for the enjoyment of their owner seemed like a crime against the national economy as well as humanity when one considered the hundreds of thousands toiling in factories, at machines, living in miserable houses blackened with soot, or even worse, the homeless living under the led-grey sky laden with coal smoke in the large cities of England, those who had been made slaves to despotic capital, while the earth, which could provide bread for all and better working conditions, lay fallow so that a privileged society could elegantly and lazily waste away their days, or so that the young and rich "dandies" could conceal the idleness of their existence with the noise and apparent bustle of a hunting expedition. But if one ignores this black background of the picture a little—and this is possible because even the lives of the lower classes in the countryside assume a more friendly, less inhuman character—, one has to admit that the splendid hospitality, the complete unobtrusiveness and wonderful freedom of the lifestyle, the lavishly furnished amenities offered there (the likes of which are found in no other country) speak to the aesthetic needs of the individual.

Among the many visitors arriving during my stay were several characters, stereotypes as are found only in England. They were stereotypes with such narrow interest that they approach perfection in their one-dimensionality, while in other respects they

prove limited and mediocre. Among these was an old man from Manchester whom I found extremely interesting. A long time ago, he had been a worker himself, had acquired a modest fortune, and now dedicated his life to improving the worker man's lot, to the improvement of the penal code and the prison facilities, to be specific. He had represented the second matter several times before Parliament and presented reform plans which had received earnest consideration. He had been granted visitation rights to all of Great Britain's prisons to investigate the conditions prevailing in them. He had become the friend, comforter, authority figure, and morality preacher to the prisoners and had accompanied more than one condemned person to the gallows and encouraged them until the last possible moment. I regarded with reverence and fondness the simple old man with his kind, mild and energetic countenance, snow-white hair, the impeccable black suit and white cravat, and tried to speak with him whenever possible. Since he noticed my lively interest in the issues that occupied him, he suggested one day that I accompany him on a visit to the prison in the closest town to the S... 's property. I eagerly accepted, and one morning we hiked towards our destination amidst the laughing, fresh, luscious vegetation of the estate properties which abut the street in an unbroken fashion. My honorable companion was truly religious, also belonged to the Unitarian Church, but was, as I later found out (like so many in England, especially the clergy), thoroughly in favor of the death penalty, the expansion of which he advocated because he believed that heightened terror and the instinctive fear of death could lead to a reduction in crime. I argued in vain with him about the ethics of such a measure and tried to no avail to prove that it was illogical that society commit the same act as that which it punishes, namely murder. His extreme narrow-mindedness could not be reached by these arguments, and his explanation of earthly injustice was based on heavenly justice.

At the mention of his name, the prison gates were opened and we entered to find only two prisoners, a tribute to the morality of the little town. The prison consisted of a clean, whitewashed, fairly spacious room with barred windows, a wooden bench and table, and two wooden beds with mattresses. One of the prisoners was a gentle, quiet-looking man who listened with emotion to the good words shared with him by my companion and seemed invigorated by comfort and hope as the old man promised forgiveness beyond the grave to the truly penitent, after the administration of earthly justice. The other, a wild-looking Irishman, listened to him in silence, and after the old man had finished, said: "What good does it do me to hope for a better life someday when I have to bear misery and hunger now? Your words are hollow. Let me out of prison, give me enough to eat and drink; because when I'm out, I'll start to drink again to forget my misery, and I'll beat my wife, maybe even kill her and wind up on the gallows... which, by the way, is better than living like an animal."

My pious companion started to answer him, but the prisoner just shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, and with an impatient yell, turned his back to him, placed both his elbows on the table, buried his face in his hands, and did not show any more signs of listening to what the old man was saying, and did not even say good-bye when we took our leave. My companion was troubled by the failure of his kind admonitions, but as much as I respected his views and truly humane efforts, I could not help but admit the prisoner was

right. Can an uncertain, distant prospect of compensation in the Hereafter appease someone whose wife and child are perishing in poverty and hunger despite his hard work, who always resorts to violence for lack of better education and habits, or teach him to control the wild fury that stems from perpetually agitated, inherent coarseness?

One day I got to know another odd character, this time from the other side of the social spectrum, as a great banquet which set the entire house in uproar was given. The closest neighbor to Herr S... was a baronet, whose wife was a daughter of an old Lord Amhurst who was staying with his son-in-law at the same time I was a guest of the S...'. In the countryside, the rich factory owner, who had acquired his name and position through his money, industry and honesty, could go about with his aristocratic neighbors as if he was their equal, and he had already made and received several visits.

The presence of the lord gave cause for even more invitations; an invitation to lunch was issued and accepted. Preparations were made as if for a monumental world event, and it was here that Miss B...'s organizational talent shined. She conceived a battle plan and commanded the entire army of servants-which was multiplied substantially by dressing gardener boys and others in livery-and only when everything was ready did she herself withdraw to prepare her toilet. Finally the solemn hour arrived, and the carriage of the noble neighbor drove up the entranceway to the house. White gloved attendants stood ready to assist the ladies in climbing out, for this too is part of English etiquette, that a servant assist at such times by offering an arm or fancy cane for support, since his hand must never touch the hand of a lady. Madame S... received her guests in the parlor, and a few moments later, Herr. S... entered in a black tails and white cravat. I marveled at the expression of uneasiness and obsequiousness that manifested itself in the face and behavior of this truly accomplished man towards the descendants of established aristocracy, who perhaps possessed less distinguished qualities than he and who had acquired neither riches nor rank through their own efforts. What explanation was there for this free country where rights of nobility, strict formalism in all aspects of life, and a deeply rooted caste system were ubiquitous?! Was this the consequence of the law to which a free society had subjected itself and a proof of its morality, or was it just another form of the same contradictions of custom and a more noble approach to life than I had left behind me and which had to be fought here, with different weapons?

Of all the guests, old Lord Amhurst interested me the most; he was the very model of a refined, aristocratic man of the world in the best sense of the word, a dying breed in our modern society laced with bourgeoisie and *nouveau riche*. He was already over eighty years old, but enjoyed the best of health, had such youthful vigor, and possessed what the French call "esprit," as well as an extraordinary memory that placed a rich supply of interesting accounts at his disposal. He had lived through the great French Revolution and its two bastard sons of 1830 and 1848; he was not only familiar with almost all the European courts and countries, but had also served as British Ambassador in China for an extended period, and knew all of the even slightly influential people at the end of the last century and the first half of the present one. As I was introduced to him, he addressed me in perfect German and told me he had known an excellent statesman by my name, whom I recognized after a few more words as my father. After lunch, the ladies withdrew in

accordance with English custom, and I had the opportunity to observe his daughters, who had apparently inherited nothing of the kind, truly charming characteristics of their father, but who possessed a repulsive, cold, dry way about them (as is often the case in England), and whose taciturnity did not conceal any buried treasures, but rather, an empty personality. As the gentlemen made their way back into the room, it was music time. Accompanied by Herr S..., I had to sing, and then Lord Amhurst made a good-spirited suggestion to his daughter that she sing one of her old duets, for he was a passionate admirer of music and had himself been a renowned dilettante. The duet of the eighty year old father and the half-century old daughter was delightful—it was a strange old Italian duet—and the way it was performed highlighted the splendid training and artistic ability of both singers.

Besides taking daily walks on the magnificent estate, I took part in several large excursions. Usually we went in several carriages, while a portion of the company, ladies and gentlemen, followed on horseback. We would find a delicious breakfast prepared for us by the bustling servants at some especially beautiful location in the surrounding area ... at the foot of Snowdon, the highest peak in Wales, or in the shadow of a hundred year old oak in the magnificent parks ... or we stopped at a certain point and hiked on foot into the more rugged mountainous areas inaccessible to the carriages, for instance, to the enormous slate quarries, the property of beautiful Pennant Castle on the other side of the Anglesey, which bring an income of over a hundred thousand pounds in sterling silver each year to its owner. The picturesque, dark blue-ish, massive formations towering up in rugged peaks made me think of the mountain scene in *Faust II*, and I repeated to myself the words: "massif loosens not his tongue." The impression these immense ancient geological structures and the massive contours of the primitive conditions of the earth's surface, make on us catches our eye, our imagination, our scientific interest; but they never become quite as real to us, so alive and familiar as manifestations in the organic world, and we are hardly tempted to impart the mysterious spell of ancient Vedic tradition: "It is thou."

The beauties of nature in this glorious land had a more positive impact on my soul than the company, and I dreaded the prospect of returning to London and the sultry atmosphere of refugee life, which I had not experienced much yet, but of which I had heard quite a bit of disturbing things. Once again, the desire seized me to go to America, to circumstances untouched by the struggle of civilization; and in this frame of mind, I wrote to the Kinkels. Not long after, I received the friendliest of replies from both husband and wife, in which they decidedly challenged my fear of returning to life in London. He wrote: "I'm very thankful to you for your friendly letter and the breath of fresh air it brought. But I do not share your opinion about emigration and the renewal of mankind through nature. How peaceful your Anglesey entertains you! And yet its trees sprout forth from blood-soaked soil. A Christian king of England once gathered the Druids there, as if to an advisory council, and killed every last one. Their idyllic life and nature cult was incapable of giving rise to the modern human race, the events of history, or England and Wales. So-called nature does not improve mankind. There are two kinds of people: honest and dishonest, with slight increments and grades in between. Society can develop the character of the latter somewhat rasher, somewhat friendlier; but nature cannot

change character for the better. The aspects of London you currently despise are present everywhere, and everyone everywhere can rid himself of these. Thus I will act clearly, decisively and purely, like I did in 1841 with our enemies in Bonn. But seeking exile abroad is not a viable solution; you have to bite at everything around you, like a bear bound to a stake, until you've got peace. The only thing which helps is the hard work of history, and history is struggle. Don't regress to Rousseau's standpoint!"

Johanna wrote even more decisively: I'm very gratified that you're so happy amidst the beauty of the countryside. The way you feel about nature there is the way I feel about the people here, whom I've gotten to know and respect. Each day, England becomes more and more like home to me, and the grand ideals of its inhabitants help me get over the injustices of our countrymen. People who cannot be extracted from the pettiness of their own selves must be left to their own fate. But the contempt which drives you to flee London for America is impractical, and unbecoming your usual good sense. There will be as much rumor and intrigue in America as in any other part of the world. Whoever possesses the will to quit such a circle in London may do so at any time. We have even succeeded previously in doing this in a small German city, by purposely burning all bridges leading from the Poppelsdorf Castle to the high society in Bonn, dissolving all ties with the most amiable acquaintances if ever they brought even a breath of unclean air into our immaculate house. In this way, we accomplished more by attracting similar elements than if our life's spark had been extinguished in that stuffy circle.

"I ran the risk this winter of giving in to weakness and falling pray to an entangling society. I was sick and incapable of visiting far-away friends—the evenings were often very hard. But it was worth it to choose an often bitter and gloomy solitude over a breach in principle. I'm not ensnared now, and I'm free to move about in circles of my own choosing under clear and untroubled skies. Soon, all the old ties will have been broken which once extended from our old decrepit way of life into our beautiful, pure world, and then we will regain our former independence and be our old selves again."

I sensed that she was right and decided to return to London, since I did not want to take advantage of as yet quite unfamiliar Family S...'s hospitality. Madame S... assured me of her warmest interest in me at my departure and spoke about future plans. I took my leave from her with a heart filled with friendship and gratitude. Herr S... himself drove me to the train station in Bangor. After he had taken my ticket, he asked if I would like to travel with Lord and Lady Palmerston. I said yes, and he led me to a car occupied by no one except for these two. Herr S... bid me farewell in German and handed me a small basket filled with beautiful grapes from his greenhouses for refreshment along the way. It was not hard to recognize Lord Palmerston, whose exterior was familiar enough to me through the splendid caricatures in the English humor magazine *Punch*. He was reading an English journal, and as he finished, offered it to me with a couple of polite words in broken German, excusing himself that he spoke so poorly. I answered him in English; he continued the conversation in this language and directed my attention to two articles in the journal which he designated as the most important. One described the return of the Austrian emperor from his official tour through his states and Hungary, which was subject to Russian forces and tyrannized by martial law, as well as the happy demonstrations, bell-ringing,

flower parades, and yells of "Long live the Emperor!" which had awaited him in Vienna. The second was an account of the departure of the first great steamboat with regular service from England to Australia which would shorten the journey by three months. The article described the joyous enthusiasm of the thousands of spectators who had voluntarily hastened to see the ship off. After reading both articles, I returned the journal to Lord Palmerston and told him that the enthusiasm described in the second article was of greater import than that in the first, since it was the unfeigned, peaceful response of a free people to an event that marked new progress in civilization and the spread of culture over the earth, whereas the enthusiasm of the Viennese struck me as a shameful demonstration considering the fresh graves of their murdered brothers and their crushed liberty; that I wasn't sold on any of it, and suspected this display had been ordered and paid for by the police. He seemed amazed that such a simple looking traveler would share such views with him, and even had the nerve to offer himself and "her ladyship" grapes from her basket. Her ladyship haughtily and coldly refused, but he gratefully accepted. Our discussion seemed to interest him, and he asked me whether what I had said was based on my own observations, and whether I was familiar with the political atmosphere in Germany. I answered affirmatively, and started to tell him about the circumstances I had so recently left, and uttered my conviction that the reaction, which at present had seized complete control, could not last long, and that, despite current appearances, the time was inexorably marching forward to a resistance to all despotism. He listened politely and attentively to me. Perhaps something akin to a reproach stirred in his conscience as I pled the case of heroic Hungary, which could have been saved from Russian forces had England intervened. Of course, he was one of those statesmen whose consciences resemble rubber figures which assume a different form when squeezed, but which return to their original form once pressure has subsided. Otherwise he would not have been continually re-elected in the most diverse political circumstances, nor been the friend of Emperor Nicholas (on his secret payroll, as rumor had it) and simultaneously flirted with all kinds of liberalism. Much to my dismay, right when our conversation had reached its liveliest, other people climbed into the car, sat down between us, and put an end to our discussion. After we arrived in London, he got off first, waited for me to help me climb out of the car, and bid me farewell, while his wife strode hastily towards a waiting carriage with a servant who was there to greet them at the station. Once again I was in the thick of London life; I returned to my little room at Mrs. Quickly's and asked myself: "What next?"

My friends the Kinkels answered my question by declaring that they had arranged for me to teach private German lessons. It was only two hours a week, and I only earned two and a half Schillings per lesson. But it was a start, and these five Schillings per week helped to replenish my diminished savings. In addition, giving lessons would provide me a measure of individual freedom and working independence. The certainty of going home to my own apartment, no matter how modest, was a thousand times more preferable than buying a position as governess in a rich house through continual subjection to a strange will and the hypocrisy of faith I no longer possessed. So I was highly pleased about this modest beginning and embarked, not without apprehension, on the path of those who earn

their bread. Fortunately, this first experience was not difficult. My two little pupils were dear girls, daughters of a doctor whose wife immediately won me over by her courtesy and endearing beauty. The Kinkels, friends of hers, had spoken highly of me to her, and she treated me more like a friend than a teacher, and this increased as she saw that her children loved me more with each lesson and looked forward to the lessons like a party. There was an air of mysticism in the house—the parents were followers of Swedenborg,⁴⁸ but I preferred that to the dry orthodoxy of the High Church, and whenever charming little Florence told me about the good and bad spirits which influenced her actions, I stopped myself from saying anything. Soon the mother found new lessons for me, for which I could charge a bit more since the family had more money, and thus my new career began to take off. Personal recommendations from family to family are the best means of getting something; one can also place an advertisement in a journal, but the first is better, more "respectable!"—I cannot say how it felt after a month to earn my first pay. Far from feeling humiliated, I can state on the contrary that money had never made me so happy. I had kept my word: I earned my daily bread, I worked like a common woman and I came to the conclusion that money's only moral value is as a means of change between those performing and requiring services. This experience led me to return to my old theories about the eradication of hereditary wealth, and once again it seemed to me that this would only promote morality and human worth. Every human being has a right to an education that enables one to count on oneself; this right must be guaranteed by society by forcing parents to grant this, if necessary, or through subsidies, if the parents are not economically able. Every adult (with the exception of complete invalids, whom society should naturally look after) should provide for himself by working. What a deep and healthy revolution this would introduce into morality, into the basic notions of existence! Instead of accumulating riches for their children, parents would provide for a well-rounded education, would take into account the individual disposition of the child, and promote an area of specialization which would allow the individual to earn a living instead of developing mediocre talents or mere social graces. Laziness would disappear in light of the necessity for work or the joy found in the success of a skill, as well as a number of other evils, including the false but common tendency of parents to skimp on education so that they can provide for the children's future security, as well as the tendency to educate too broadly and superficially, and not to encourage an area of specialization. How much better society would be if it was no longer thought necessary that each girl, from the bourgeoisie on up to the aristocrats, take piano lessons whether or not she shows talent, and afflict the ears and nerves of her surroundings for several hours a day while another, perhaps more socially useful skill is left undeveloped, and there are better ways to train the musically gifted. There are countless other examples, and there's no doubt that society would profit from the absence of faulty education, as well as from the increased number of strong, poignant individuals capable of contributing so many more interesting things because each has a thorough understanding in one area, and every area, when delved into, becomes interesting. It goes without saying that a broad education mustn't be neglected when developing an area of specialization. A curriculum comprised of basic fundamentals belongs in early childhood, the time when *everyone* should be introduced to *all* the

fundamental aspects of science and the arts. An area of specialization would arise in due time from a predominant inclination, but the pupil would still have time to pursue general studies with an open mind and healthy interest. Some may claim that such an education would be too expensive, require too many resources and a complex organization of teachers, would be too taxing on society. The answer to this is: if society has the means to finance luxurious courts and the enormous budget for standing armies, it can also find the means by which it can perfect itself and become the intellectually and organically developing entity which renders the aforementioned colossal expenditures unnecessary, because the splendor of monarchical courts and the bane of bourgeois existence, standing armies, become superfluous for people who know how to govern and educate themselves.

CHAPTER THREE THE POLITICAL REFUGEES

Before going to Wales. I had bantered about in the circle of political refugees, German refugees, at any rate, and had gotten the impressions mentioned in the letters from Kinkel and Johanna, which had once again made me uncertain whether it would be better to burn my bridges and go to America. Once I returned to London, I could not help but revive these acquaintances, partially because they visited me and I was too alone to avoid all company, partially because there were, in fact, interesting and important personalities among them to whom I was drawn and whose company proved beneficial and educational to me. I decided to become better acquainted with these, but to keep my guard up and to be careful not to become entangled in the web of intrigue and ugly gossiping present here and everywhere people of unclear goals, idle thought, or indolence gather.

A center for German refugees had formed a few houses down the street from me, in the home of a lady I had met in Hamburg, where she had stayed for a time and visited the college until my house was searched by the police, at which time she decided she had better move to England with her family. She was a German Russian from one of the highest aristocratic families in the provinces on the Baltic Sea and had been married off to a Livlandean baron, by whom she had several children. This rich, elegant, refined, educated, good-natured, lively, enthusiastic, attractive and striking woman had—I don't know why joined forces with the democratic movement, made some enemies in her homeland, and fled. But because of Emperor Nicholas' long arm, the police in Germany and Switzerland had kept her under sharp surveillance, and since she was unwarrantedly suspected of assisting the Kinkels' flight, she was, as I mentioned, driven by direct measures to the decision to seek refuge on England's hospitable soil. At the beginning of her stay in London she had, like the other refugees, sought the natural gathering point for refugees in the home of the Kinkels in order to reconstruct the homeland abroad and discuss mutual hopes, desires and plans. But on one hand, diverse disputes had erupted, perhaps through misunderstandings, perhaps because of truly irreconcilable views, and on the other, the Kinkels did not have the time to entertain idle company and to waste the hours in unfruitful consultation which they needed to work so as to provide for themselves and their children in their new homeland. Perhaps just as much through this necessity as through his own initial practical feeling, Kinkel came to the conclusion that the error of all earlier political emigrations, so aptly described by Maccaulay in his history in connection with the English refugees in Holland—that of wasting away their time in idly awaiting immanent events, the return of the Prodigal, the fatherland's and their own political power, instead of energetically using their time and filling it with fruitful labor—must be avoided. The political parties fare in this regard like individuals: after great life-altering catastrophes, a person always hopes deep down inside that fate will be as kind as before, will bring about the same circumstances, the same situation, so that this time he can avoid the previously made mistakes and remain master of the situation. But oh! Fate is not so kind; what are the pains and worries of an individual or a party to fate? It gave them the opportunity to act differently, but since they acted the way they did, the long chain of

consequences must necessarily follow, from whose strong bands no god can deliver us. unless we comprehend that each mistake set aright, each victory over destruction which carries its own tragic fate only lies ahead in great, pure, energetic action which accepts and fills up any given moment with its demands without always looking backwards in idle torment and evoking what has forever been lost.

Very few of the refugees understood this, and so when Kinkels closed their doors and no longer permitted any unwanted visitors in their daily routine, the entire flock of refugees moved to the home of the aforementioned Frau von Brüning, who received them hospitably and asked nothing more than to be queen and supreme being of this wandering democracy. She occupied an entire house with her family, which she divided the same way as the one I lived in, except that it had larger rooms and was furnished more elegantly. One was always tempted to speak of her when talking about the family, for she was the very soul of the family and her will reigned supreme. Her husband openly stated that he did not share her democratic views and that the circle which she gathered in their home was not his choice of company. Nevertheless, he submitted to everything his much younger wife did and attended the evening meetings of the refugee democracy in his wife's parlor, albeit with a grumpy countenance. I do not know what drove him to this submission. Whether he loved her too deeply, despite her antipathetic political views, to confront her openly, or whether, as some claimed, their fortune belonged to her and he was too conscientious to hinder her use of it, or whether he patiently bore what he could not change for the sake of his children—is not clear; one thing is certain: what he lacked in his wife's social graces he made up for by caring for his home, and especially his children; for Frau von Brüning let them grow up like wild weeds. In short, if a person holding similar beliefs as Frau von Brüning were to doubt whether her graces merited full recognition, one could always regard and appreciate Herr von Brüning as a complete gentleman, despite his differing views and less than spectacular social skills.

Frau von Brüning received me in friendship, but not with the lavish treatment she afforded her other guests. There was an innate, immediately felt antagonism between us which, as I will demonstrate later, was lifted and overcome in a solemn hour. This antagonism could not be explained by feminine vanity, for she had to see right away that I was not a threat to her beauty, grace, and popularity, and the thought of becoming a shining star like she amidst the party-goers never entered my mind, which had become so serious that small wrinkles had formed all over my face. The innate thing that separated us was more than likely this: her enthusiasm was directed toward personalities, mine toward principles: she wished to control our ideals with her wealth, I wished to serve them with the little that I was and possessed. In addition, she knew I was a friend of the Kinkels, who did not receive her any more and with whom at the time she was not on the best of terms. For this reason, I did not visit her every day like the others, and soon I came so seldom that a messenger was sent to reprimand me for my absence. I nevertheless enjoyed going upon occasion because I was certain to find some interesting character, for example, Dr. Löwe from Kalbe, who seemed to look into one's heart with his clever, sharp eyes, and whose conversations I preferred above all others because of their clarity, precision and intellect. A very witty lady friend in Germany whom I wrote to about him replied: "I find

everything you say about life in London and the people you deal with extremely interesting. Especially your talk of Löwe, because I am of the same opinion. I saw and heard Löwe in 1848 in Frankfurt, had hardly heard his name, and yet felt a boundless trust towards his views as well as his character. 'I can definitely vouch for him,' I said and was always gratified whenever this was later confirmed by his behavior and iron perseverance. At first I heard a speech from him at twilight at the grave of a parliamentary friend who had passed away, and after him spoke Gagern! I could tell the difference between them there and then, as was later born out: the one was calm and firm, the other passionate and unsound."

If Löwe appeared important in the company of more mature men, one truly ideal figure of youth distinguished himself from the rest of the young people, so much so that one needn't have been a prophet to say: "He alone will have a great and productive future!" I speak of Carl Schurz, who by his bold act of freeing Kinkel from Spandau had already made a name (for some a terrible one, for others an heroic) for himself. Still very young, barely twenty-two or twenty-three years old, he had participated in the Revolution of Baden on the side of his teacher and friend, had escaped to France from the surrounded Rastatt Castle before its capitulation, by the most daring means through the sewer system which led from the fortress to the Rhine, and had developed and executed the plan together with the courageous Johanna by which he liberated his beloved teacher from his slow martyrdom in prison. I had met him in Hamburg on his way to Berlin under an alias, where he himself had been condemned to death and moved about in clear view of his executioners without being recognized, until his preparations were ready and he had skillfully accomplished the rescue. Being with him back then for just a few hours, I had recognized uncommon talents present in him. He had grown up under limited circumstances, but was a child of the beautiful Rhineland and incorporated all the desirable elements typically brought forth by that region: besides the greatest simplicity and modesty of appearance, a deep, striking *Gemütlichkeit*, kindness, and a poetic side, a firm and clear view of life, practicality and the unshakeable energy that stems from good-spirited and justified self-confidence, the indispensable prerequisite for daring achievements. Since his stay in England, the destination of the rescuer and the rescued, I had maintained a steady correspondence with him and had the opportunity to become better acquainted with the magnificent qualities of this young man, and next to the Kinkels, he was the one person in England whom I took the most pleasure in seeing. He came directly after my arrival to see me, and from that point on, I saw him almost every day, either at my apartment, at the Kinkels', or at Frau von Brüning's home, where his remote interest in politics led him every evening. Exile had already proved beneficial to him, instead of detrimental, like it was for others. Among the scores of political refugees was Johannes Ronge, whose wife had become a close friend of Frau von Brüning. For a while, her youngest sister was a guest in her home, a young, beautiful and endearing creature whom I had known at the college where she had been one of the first pupils until she left to be with her sister in London. She was a favorite in Frau von Brüning's home, had gotten to know and love Schurz there, and had become engaged to him. This dear couple lent a special charm to the company in the Brünings' home, which was intensified

by the pair's musical ability and Schurz's common accompaniment of his bride's heartfelt singing. Unfortunately, they did not remain in our company, for after their marriage in the summer, they decided to go to America. Schurz probably knew that he could achieve a sufficient income in England by giving lessons, but on one hand, he felt he was capable of much more than this, and on the other, he wanted to free himself of the unproductive emigrant game of waiting for a new revolt to break out and use the time between the reaction's rise to power and a possible change of events to watch and observe the full development of liberty in America. Many a happy hour I spent with the young couple in their country solitude in Hampstead, a town not far from the part of London where I lived, with charming cottages and fresh country air. Before the end of the summer, the young people departed with my best wishes. Their departure left a void in my life and took away all charm from the circle in the Brünings' home, so much so that I went their much more seldom. As far as the other refugees were concerned, the words of the lady who had written to me about Löwe contained too much truth: "Tell me about those of us in London; I'm eager to hear about every single refugee. I wish for all to have bearable days and practical minds. But in this regard, there are a lot of unfriendly words we are catching wind of, I fear they are living too much by themselves and are losing touch with the rest of the world by regarding it as an object of experimentation for their socialistic ideals and thinking it is a non-living entity, when in reality it is indeed alive and, though limited in its thinking capacity, contemplates itself and is unwilling to part with its momentary advantage. I am always afraid that our best people will attempt that which existing circumstances render insane. The masses must also mature before we take our next step. Every day I experience troubling indications of this. It is possible that the South has developed past this point, but we are still in need of the yoke on our shoulders; believe me, the things being taught in Hessen and Schleswig Holstein cannot be too strong. Whenever I consider this dreary wasteland, my strength to live fails me and I wish to fall into a deep sleep."

The foolish hopes of so many were nurtured in part by people in Germany. People there expected a lot from the refugees and thought they possessed a magic wand for conjuring up political aid out of thin air. The refugees, on the other hand, thought it not worth the effort to look for long-term work because they believed they had to be on the lookout and be prepared to rush to the aid of a victorious revolution waving flags and sounding horns. Individual ambassadors of the Democratic Party appeared to work out a joint course of action in case of a favorable turn of events. Among them was a former artillery officer who zealously participated in these negotiations, which reflected the hope for certain revolt in the near future, who seemed particularly interested in each and every person and what he or she had to offer in such a scenario. I only saw him once, but I instinctively distrusted him; only later did I realize how perfectly justified I was in this. For after a view months, when the persecutions and arrests in Berlin and Rostock had transpired and the long, wearisome trial began, it happened that this same man turned out to be the traitor whose false and lying testimony had probably also been the cause of my expulsion. He had even been so impertinent as to come over to England to see if he could add to his Judas-like reward for treachery and entice more victims into his trap which

would serve as a new glorification of the system by which the police regiment of Herr von Hinckeldey achieved such notoriety. What kind of state was Germany in to employ such miserable spies to search out people who had the courage to voice their convictions and to leave behind homeland, social position, their fortunes, and every hopeful foundation for existence in order to be true to them; people who were guilty of nothing except for having had the noble insight to demand necessary concessions too quickly and too boldly from the ruling class and to have sought to enable the masses to wisely exercise their full freedom? The few words written to me by my dear friend, the pastor of the Free Church in Hamburg, expressed the situation there: "I'm reading Kant now exclusively.⁴⁹ If there *were* a last day on which the final judgement is to take place, the German people, which lets itself be bullied by clerics fifty years after such a man, would have to be condemned without mercy. Why do pseudo-intellec[t]s endeavor to think and articulate after men like Kant have apparently done so in vain?!"

But even the fugitive democratic movement, with a few exceptions, was guilty of getting hung up on the theory of their ideals and losing sight of the conditions that surrounded them, from which they could have learned a great deal. Homes like Frau von Brüning's nurtured this destructive tendency. Speculative idleness and vain hopes were fostered there by foolish chatter, when people complemented and drove each other to believe impossible scenarios, while a pleasant social atmosphere, a table which was always decked lavishly, and the material assistance of the ever-generous lady of the house helped conceal the urgency of the moment and the necessity to work. A letter from Schurz which I received some America some months after his departure demonstrated the way the insightful ones saw past all this as soon as they left the narrow, suffocating circle of refugees; among other things, he wrote:

"I still haven't seen much in America, but I have learned quite a bit. It is my first time living in a democratic country, and I am observing the odd behavior of a free people. I admit unabashedly that my previous notion of these things was very dim. My political opinions have undergone a kind of inner revolution ever since I have started to read the only book to contain the truth, the book of reality. Whenever I think about how most of the hot-headed professional revolutionaries which exile is nurturing or the free-thinking ladies of the educated classes with their sentimental democracy would fare under local conditions—how the former would grumble about the established bourgeoisie and the subversive activity of institutionalized religion, the latter about the people's wild lack of restraint and how both would then come to the conclusion that this El Dorado was destined to fail—at such times I grow a bit fearful for the future European republic that is based on those two elements. It is true, in fact: the first glimpse of this country fills us with silent amazement. Here you can see the principle of individual liberty taken to its extreme: contempt for freely passed law; there you see the most crass religious fanaticism vent itself in acts of violence; you see the majority of working class people openly striving for emancipation, while all the while the spirit of capital speculation rages in fantastic business dealings; here a party which calls itself democratic and yet constitutes the main support for the institution of slavery, there a party which cries out against the outrageous injustice of slavery but bases all its arguments on the authority of the Bible and is stuck in

an unbelievable spiritual dependency: here an unchecked spirit of emancipation, there an active craving for suppression—all this in complete liberty, in a colorful, entangled mess. The democrat who comes from Europe, who until now has lived in a world of ideas and has not had the opportunity to see these ideas incorporated into *human nature* wonders: "Is this a free people?" Is this really a democracy? Does democracy exist if all these jumbled principles are contained in its bosom? Is this my ideal?—Skeptically he asks himself these questions and enters this new, *really* new world unsure of himself. He observes and thinks, one by one sheds the prejudices Europe has piled upon him, and at last he finds a solution to the puzzle: this is how free people act. Freedom breaks apart the chains of development. All strengths and weaknesses, everything good and bad can be viewed in broad daylight, the way they really are. The fight over principles continues to struggle on; external freedom only shows which enemies must be conquered until we will have vanquished the inner foe. Whoever desires freedom should not be amazed if people do not appear better than they are. Freedom is the only state in which it is possible for people to get to know themselves by presenting themselves the way they are. An ideal structure is not visible, that is for sure, but it would be an unhappy thought to try to force the ideal in spite of the person. The Jesuits are allowed to run amuck here, they aren't murdered, nor are they driven out—for democracy guarantees the freedom of every confession as long as it doesn't infringe on the civil liberties of others, they are not fought with the weapon of official force, but merely with the weapon of public opinion. This is not only more democratic, but also more stable, for if the struggle of public opinion moves forward slowly, it is a sign that the people are not yet mature. This struggle has the advantage that it always keeps pace with the standpoint of the masses, and this is why its victories come less quickly, are less spectacular, but our more decisive and of greater duration. This is the case with everything here. The European revolutionary will become impatient and want to administer forceful blows; but people generally don't let themselves be beaten sensible, and true democracy generally is governed by public reason, not the way it *should* be, but the way it *is*. It is my firm conviction that European revolutionaries will instigate the next revolution in the reaction by their mere desire to come to power, by the urge to improve quickly and positively. Every glimpse into the political situation in America strengthens my conviction that the job of a revolution can be none other than to create space for the will of the people, in other words, to break every authority in government organization and to trample under the barriers of individual liberty as far as possible. The will of the people will then vent itself, commit silly mistakes, etc., but this is just its way; if one were to *demonstrate* something, and *then* permit the people to do as they wish, they would still commit silly mistakes, despite the elaborate demonstration. Each of these mistakes leads to progress, whereas the most clever demonstration does not accomplish anything until public understanding is far enough along to do it itself. Until then, the matter in question must be maintained *à force de l'autorité* or else it will falter. If, however, it is maintained by authority, then things will be bad for the democracy. Here in America one can daily see how little a people requires to be governed. Indeed, what is referred to in Europe with fear and trembling, *anarchy*, exists here in full bloom. There are governments, but no masters; there are governors, but they are mere employees. Any school buildings, churches, streets,

etc. that are built here in America have the spontaneous initiative of private citizens to thank for their existence, not the authorities. Here one catches a glimpse into how productive freedom can be. Here you see an expensively built church: a joint stock corporation founded it; there a university: a rich man left behind a significant sum of money for educational purposes, which is then used as start-up capital, and a university is founded almost exclusively through private donations; there an orphanage built of white marble: a rich citizen had it built—and thus it goes on and on. One begins to see how superfluous governments are in a number of areas where they are considered indispensable in Europe, and how the opportunity to be *able* to do something awakens the desire to *do* something."

I found the words of my young friend extremely interesting, and they immediately struck me as correct with regard to America as well as the exiled Democratic Party and the revolution. I had seen too much of the revolutionary forces in the Old World not to understand the more natural development of freedom in the new one. I only clung to one belief, which in my opinion he erroneously dismissed: the possibility of an aesthetic, artistic form of free living, at least in Germany, if ever the notion of liberty should completely be realized and develop from inside out, since I was otherwise in agreement with Schurz that force in a free system, that a theoretical freedom grafted onto a living but immature people could never yield a fruit-bearing tree. But in Europe, the efforts to achieve liberty were based on different sources than in America; there, where a new society without historical past, without an individually developed national element, without any ideal tendency besides the opportunity given to everyone in freedom, developed from the most diverse nationalities on generally accepted premises of free-thinking institutions, blessed with unlimited space to expand, this society was free to attempt innumerable experiments and allow each party and each individual room to develop. In Europe, on the other hand, (and by this, I especially mean Germany, about which I believe justified in retaining a completely different view than about all other revolutionary countries in Europe) the theoretical element first had to be liberated from the chains of tradition and more or less make convulsive attempts toward its realization. Unskilled experimenters had to perish, perhaps the lesson had to be long and laborious which the German people, conscientious as it is about the path it travels and averse to innovation, had to go through, but it did not strike me as impossible that a theoretical education in freedom would lead to the desired result and that its culmination would be that much greater than if outward pressure were to force intellectual faculties to develop more vertically than horizontally, not only with regard to material interests, but also in satisfying innately nurtured ideals and artistic tendencies. How hopeless the immediate future seemed to me, how my doubts about the ability of the revolutionary party continued to grow, how terribly the reaction threatened every worthwhile achievement, and yet again and again I was reassured by the thought: if the day comes when Germany adopts democracy, it will also become free. Similar to the peculiar historical German pilgrimage to the South, to the way the Nordic Faust searches for an ideal of beauty in the South in his "sinister thirst," so too must the German national spirit create beauty in addition to freedom after it has taken control of its own destiny, and instead of allowing the despotic

actions of the servants of base, enslaving religions to harm intelligence and morality, it will construct new, more ideal freedom gods, new ideal free temples.

I caught a hazy glimpse of what these temples might be when I was still in Germany and read three newly published books by the same pen, one after the other: *Art and Revolution*, *The Work of Art of the Future*, and *Opera and Drama* by Richard Wagner. I did not know the author personally, a political refugee living in Switzerland since the Dresden Revolution of 1849, but, seized too mightily by the stream of thought pouring forth from these books in which I recognized my own dreams for Germany's future, I wrote to him after reading *Opera and Drama* and received a friendly reply. Before my departure for England, I had not yet heard any of his musical works, which had just started to be performed on German stages; Theodor, Anna and I only read the text from *Tannhäuser* together in Hamburg and were carried away by it. We had all joyfully sensed that this opened up a new avenue for truly beneficial arts. That text, bursting with ethical meaning, was not a work inviting one to frivolous entertainment after a monotonous and sense-dulling day's work like the majority of operas performed on our stages; we were drawn as if to a solemn assembly, carried away to the deepest, most passionate empathy and compassion and painfully gratified by the tragic reconciliation with which true drama, similar to a great destiny, majestically elevates us above the misery of life. I pictured with delight how a live performance of this text must be, heightened by musical expression, and I yearned to attend such a performance. Ever since I had left Germany, there was no hope of this. Neither did I seek to continue my correspondence with this ingenious author and poet-composer because I was a complete stranger to him and did not want to burden him, and because all those beneficial hopes for the future had, it seemed, slipped out of my grasp.

Another book I had read in Germany had left a powerful impression on me, in quite a different manner than the books I just mentioned, and in a different area of interest, namely a critical, skeptical view of politics and the world developments. While in Hamburg one of my worker friends came and handed me a book, saying: "The man who wrote this is one of us." This book bears the title: *From the Other Shore*, and its author was a Russian, Alexander Herzen. Until then, I had never heard anything about this Russian, and indeed Russia was in general, and with it a great portion of Western European society, a mystery to me, and only through Custine's book and the more commendable one of Baron von Harthausen did I have any idea about the foreign way of life which stretched across the immense plains from the Weichsel to the Ural and from the Arctic Ocean to the Caspian and Black Seas. We were familiar with the Russian royal courts and Peter the Great, who had introduced the Western European way of life into the steppes; we were familiar with the bloody game by which the monarchical crown flew from one head to the other; with the learned, yet frivolous Katharina II who preferred toying with French intellectuals rather than Germans while delighting her own chosen subjects with less platonic expressions of her favor; we were personally familiar with the kind, sentimental Alexander I who entered Paris as victor over Napoleon and left as victor over many a woman's heart; and finally, we were familiar with the strict Nicholas, whose fearinspiring look was known throughout Europe and whose iron scepter not only bore down

on his own kingdom, but oppressed and struck fear into Europe and Germany in particular. We were familiar with all of this; Russia could be summed up by the phrase *autocracy on the throne*. But what was known about the Russian people, about Russian literature? The name of the Russian poet Puschkin was not yet well known, and only since Harthausen's book was there talk about the Russian commune as a primitive institution which had been present in all Indo-Germanic peoples but had been abandoned as civilization progressed. Harthausen's book and its brand new description of the communistic arrangement had intrigued me and turned my attentions to Russia. Whenever I compared Russia's uninterrupted geographical unity on a map to the European countries torn in shreds and sharply divided by seas, rivers, Alps, and mountain chains, the thought occurred to me more than once that, whereas the development of individuality could be taken to extremes in Europe, on an individual level as well as national, Russia's mission, like the compact unit of America with its firm, less fractured contours, was to implement those socialistic tendencies of which all had dreamt and fought for and whose failure we now mourned. I had written to my friend in America something along these lines and he had replied that he shared my views and believed them to be perfectly correct.

Thus immersed in my thoughts about Russia, I anxiously seized the Russian's book. Since it had been given to me by one of the best read workers in matters of socialism, I expected to find a new socialistic system inside. But hardly had I started to read, did I sense that I was encountering something completely different than mere theory. A firestorm of living emotion, passionate pain, burning love, unforgiving logic, biting satire, cold contempt concealing disillusioned belief, stoic denunciation and desperate skepticism—all this surged forth from a book, resounded in my soul and starkly and critically illuminated everything I had just been through in all its phases, from our springtime hopes in February and March of 1848 until the events in Vienna in Brigittenau and December 2, 1852 and its subsequent slaughtering, imprisonments and the events in Cayenne. How I wondered at this reflection of our shattered ideals and desires, our own hopelessness and resignation in the soul of a Russian who, as he said himself, had come to Europe with burning hope and great expectations only to find what he had fled at home. And how I wondered about the power and boldness of this thinker who, instead of continuing on in the revolution's illusions after so many bitter disappointments, poured salt in the wound by critically measuring our failed hopes against the bitter truths of historical developments and pointing out the cause of failure without reservation. The form of dialog in which most of the book is written strikingly painted a thorough picture of opposites by presenting both views. Passages like the following demonstrated in remarkable clarity the fanatic bigotry on one side and the merciless philosophical criticism on the other which shuns no knowledge, no matter how indicting.

"— — Very few have every dedicated themselves to science. Only disciplined minds which feel it is their mission to do so enter this field. If you wish to see the connection between the most advanced idea of the times with the masses, you must turn to more vibrant spheres, and if you do not encounter much sobriety there, you will meet with a poetic enthusiasm which makes the most advanced truth of the time accessible to the people in a different form. What about the preaching of the Gospel? What was the

energetic reaction to the call of the twelve apostles?"

"—Unfortunately for them! They caused a perfect fiasco!"

"— —Indeed, and baptized half the world!"

— —A struggle over the course of four centuries and six centuries of total barbarity! And after this thousand years of effort, the world was baptized in such a way that nothing was left of the apostles' doctrine, and the gospel of liberation was transformed into an oppressive Catholicism, and a religion of equality and love into a church of blood and hierarchy. After squandering all its power to live, the old world prepared to die; Christianity buried her and appeared at her bedside as doctor and comforter; but by administering to the whims of its patient, it itself became Roman, barbarian, in short, everything other than evangelic. Here you see the power of self-preservation, the power of the masses. People think it's enough to prove a truth like a mathematical theorem, and others will readily accept it; it's enough to believe in something, and others will believe it too. This is the cause of the greatest misunderstandings. Some say something, others listen, but understand something quite different because their intellect has developed in a different manner. What did the early Christians preach, and what did the masses retain? The masses understood everything which was incomprehensible, they accepted everything that was traditional, mystic or absurd. The clear, simple and great was unaccessible to them. Thus the masses adopted everything that enslaves the human mind and nothing that liberates it. Look at the revolution and you will find the same circumstances. The most fanatic people regarded the revolution as bloody revenge, guillotine and terror. The bitter historical necessity to take these measures became a solemn cry, and the slogan "ou la mort!" was added to that of *fraternité*. After witnessing all this, we have to accept once and for all that it is not enough to declare the Gospel to the Roman world, to make a democratic republic out of it like the apostles envisioned, not enough to publish a twocolumn illustrated edition of human rights to make a free man out of a slave."—Moving on, another passage which reflects lament about the Days of June:

"For three months, the officials elected by a general vote by all of France had done nothing. Then all at once they stood up straight to provide the world with a spectacle never before seen: the sight of eight hundred people acting as one incensed criminal. The streets flowed with blood, and they found no word of love and compassion. Everything humane and magnanimous was suppressed by a wild shout of revenge and indignation, even the voice of the dying Affre could not stir this polycephalous shadow, this copper minted Bourbon. They pressed unarmed people whom the national guard had shot to their heart. Sinard sanctioned the bloody Cavaignac from the pulpit—and Cavaignac cried in shame over this blessing after committing the most horrible acts to justify the trust of his advocates.—But this was all the majority!—And where was the minority?—The mountain became invisible, the influential voices became silent, deeply content, and thankful that they had not been executed or thrown in a dungeon. They watched everything happen without opening their mouths, observed the disarmament of the citizens, decreed deportations, hauled people off to jail on all kinds of charges, for instance not wanting to fire on a brother (it must be known that murder became a holy duty in those days and whoever's hands did not drip with the blood of the proletariat appeared suspicious to the

bourgeoisie). The majority at least had the courage to openly display their criminality—but these wretched contemptible friends of the people, these rhetoricians, these empty hearts! The only sounds courageous enough to express themselves were masculine cries of displeasure, indignation, but that was outside parliamentary walls. The black curse of old Lamennais will remain as a mark on the forehead of those despicable cannibals, and even more so on those weak ones who were impertinent enough to utter the word republic while cowardly trembling before the meaning of the word.

"Paris! How long this name has beamed like a shining star to the nations! Who didn't love or revere it? But its days are over, it is exiting center stage. In the Days of June a struggle began which could never resolve itself. Paris has become old and young phantasies don't become it, impotent as it is, it requires earth-shattering events to return it to life. It has become accustomed to Bartholomew Nights and Days of September. Unfortunately, even the atrocities of June couldn't bring it back to life. How will the old vampire find the blood of justice that reflected from the light of the bourgeoisie's torches on the twenty-seventh of June? Miserable Paris! Everything that was precious to you now turns against you: you loved playing with soldiers, you made a happy soldier emperor over you, you applauded these criminal acts called victories, you constructed the Arc de Triumph and statues, you placed the petit bourgeois figure of the little corporal on a pillar to be admired by all the world, you carried relics of soldiers to invalids twenty-five years after his tyrannical reign, and now you hoped to find the anchor of saving liberty and equality in the soldier; you stirred up the hordes of barbaric Africans against your brothers so that you wouldn't have to share your goods with them, and had them slaughtered at the hand of murderers *par métier*.—Therefore, let Paris suffer the consequences of its actions. It executes without trial. That can not go unpunished; blood cries for blood, and what becomes of it? Who can know? But whatever comes, it is enough that in this fire of insanity, hate, revenge, retaliation, and discord the world will perish which oppresses the new man, hinders his course of life, prohibits the realization of the future. Is not that enough?

"Therefore, long live Chaos and Exile! *Vive la mort!* Make way for the future!"

This was written on the twenty-fourth of July, 1848, after the author had been eye witness to the bloody atrocities of the Days of June and had clearly recognized what would become of this French Republic even before the victory over its Roman sister had indelibly branded it and proved that it was nothing but the same old despotic order under a different name. But besides these heart-felt, volcanic-like expressions of a fiery spirit came news about that far-off people in the East which, despite ununique despotic rule, had retained its own identity so different from all other European civilizations and was slowly progressing towards a better future in its "mighty fortress," the commune. There were rumors of opposition literature directed against the tyrannical regiment of Petersburg which was not insignificant and whose character was described as following: "A bitter hopelessness and irony in connection with one's own fate is manifesting itself everywhere, in Lermontoff's poetry as well as in Gogol's derisive laughter which, as he says, is covering the tears."

When I left Hamburg, one of my favorite students at the college gave me the book

with the inscription: "I'm giving you this book, my favorite possession, because I would like to follow in your footsteps."—I took it to England with me and often found comfort reading these fiery words over and over again. How happy I was one day at the Kinkels' home to hear: "The Russian Alexander Herzen has come to London!" I expressed my fervent desire to make his acquaintance, whereupon Kinkel assured me that nothing could be easier, since he would be visiting them on one of the following evenings. A few days later I received the invitation to come to meet Herzen that evening. I went with great expectations and found Herzen's friend and guest General Haug together with Herzen's young, handsome son. I had heard of Haug before; I was pleased to make the acquaintance of this clever, well-traveled man whose energetic actions had already gained him my respect, and I was quite taken with the lad's handsome looks. Finally Herzen himself appeared, a stocky, powerful figure with black hair and beard, somewhat wide, Slavic features, and wonderfully glowing eyes, which, more than any eyes I have ever seen, reflect the soul through their vibrant flux of emotions. He was introduced to me, and soon we were engaged in a most lively discussion in which his already familiar sharp, sparkling intellect shone through, accentuated by his brilliant dialectic. Strangely enough, I found myself agreeing with him in almost all the issues we discussed, more so than the other members of our company, and as wine and so-called sandwiches were served to us in accordance with English custom and various toasts were made, I raised my glass to Herzen and said in jest: "To anarchy!" whereupon he clinked my glass and replied: "*ce n'est pas moi qui l'ait dit.*"⁵⁰—He, his son, and Haug accompanied me home, and after this evening I had the pleasant hunch that an important person had entered my life with whom I felt at complete harmony.

There is one more refugee home I visited frequently which I feel I should mention. It was the home of Count Oskar Reichenbach, who lived with his family in a distant city district, and for this reason, rarely came to the Brünings' gatherings. I had been introduced to him by the Kinkels, and since I had been warmly received and invited to come back often and felt very much at home, I went there frequently as time allowed; for if I did not have at least a half day to spend there, the long trip in the omnibus (taxis were too expensive) was not worth it. But here it was mainly the man of the house who was the center of attention. Count Reichenbach was a typical Nordic aristocrat: tall, slender, blond, refined features and behavior, externally cold and reserved, laconic, and apparently frequently strict and overbearing. I was somewhat irritated and turned off by his imposing, but somewhat obdurate personality when I first met him. I was so accustomed to an immediate sense of kinship with like-minded people because of common circumstances and interests, that I viewed these aristocratic barriers with a kind of displeasure. But just like melting Nordic ice makes springtime that much more beautiful, the keen observer did not need long to discover a host of admirable qualities behind the cool exterior which labeled this man an aristocrat in the true sense of the word. His judgment and actions were characterized by a chivalrously magnanimous attitude, as attested to by his extreme power of conviction which had led him into exile. He was simply accustomed to acting aristocratically in everyday life and was not very skilled at any occupation, even if it didn't have anything to do with horse-trading. But he was a thinker unparalleled in sharpness

and clarity when it came to highly involved mathematical problems, grandiose cosmic thoughts, or scientific observations of nature. His coolness melted into warmth around people he cared for, which could be especially surprising to those not expecting it. He was always friendly to me, and despite the fact that I was a trifle intimidated by him, I always enjoyed our discussions together. His wife, a lady from the middle class, won me over by her kindness and the resignation with which she bore her many sufferings, and I enjoyed going to her to comfort her, bolster her spirits, and listen to her stories about the past, which told of her husband's countless noble qualities and gave account of how he had used his position as an influential Silesian landowner for the benefit of the lower classes, even before his political appointment. The family was rounded off by three small children and a brother of the countess, one of the most peculiar human beings I have ever encountered. If he had come dressed as a penitent Indian or a Buddhist monk, I would have found his appearance completely normal, but to meet with such selflessness and humanity in our modern industrial world of greed and avarice was amazing and foreign. There had been no other explanation for this peculiar disposition than insanity, and the poor man had been placed in an insane asylum some years ago; but the only conclusion that could be reached there was that he really was what he seemed: an exceptionally selfless, altruistic individual. Since that time, he worked as a tutor in England and always enjoyed the most prominent positions in English upper-class families, was respected for his diverse and thorough knowledge and impeccable character, and treated with more distinction than most teachers, and probably would have been materially well-off, had he not taken Christ's commandment literally and shared everything he had with those less fortunate than he. He was a frequent guest of Frau von Brüning, so I saw him quite often. He was an optimist, the likes of which I have rarely seen, and interpreted the most unfavorable circumstances which discourage most freedom fighters, even in the midst of the raging reaction, as necessary stages of development in the history of freedom, which he believed would shortly come to a glorious culmination through the efforts of a great individual who embodied the ideas of the future. He had an astounding knowledge of English life and stereotypical conditions in England, and had been responsible for introducing several important English men and women to each other in the Reichenbach's home. For instance, I saw the author Thomas Carlyle⁵¹ there with his wife, whom I later got to know very well.

My real home away from home continued to be the Kinkels' house, however. Despite their constant loyalty to the fatherland and the republic and their readiness to sacrifice everything for it, they went about the uninterrupted, frequently hard work of earning their daily bread with determination, and their simple, serious lifestyle resembled in every respect the one they had led before the revolution on the shores of the Rhine, except that the merry poetry of their grape-crowned homeland was missing in the London fog. I felt like I was in a morally clean atmosphere in their home, and always found a listening ear and advice for all my cares, great and small.

CHAPTER FOUR EXPERIENCES WORKING AND TEACHING

Staying with Mrs. Quickly gradually became intolerable; I was teaching more, and I needed a more presentable and centrally located apartment that would allow me to receive guests and save me the long way to my lessons. A young lady from Hamburg, the older sister of one of our college students who gave piano and singing lessons, suggested that I rent an apartment with her, which would prove cheaper, more pleasant and mutually comforting. Since she struck me as kind, serious and industrious, I accepted, especially since our interests did not conflict and we could be very useful to each other with our lessons, and since the prospect of a younger, good-spirited companion appealed to me, especially during the long London winter evenings. So I left Mrs. Quickly and St. John's Wood and we moved into a quaint, fairly quiet street near one of the so-called "squares," one of those grass-, flower- and tree-filled parks which break up the monotony of London's stonework and are a true blessing to the city's children. We had a double room for a common parlor on the first floor and two bedrooms on the second, since this house, though bigger than the last, still only had two rooms on each floor.

Thus my life took on a more friendly, albeit modest quality. We were masters of our own rooms, and the landlady could not come and go as she wished; we could surround ourselves with our books and papers, and if we returned home tired from teaching, we found a room waiting for us with a good fireplace, a simple but healthy lunch, and a feeling of home that brightened up both of our lives. But we had to work hard to maintain this modest standard of living, because even two pounds Sterling could not cover our weekly basic necessities. In addition, we had to pay for clothes, which could not be neglected since the success of a teacher partially depended on them; finally, the omnibus and occasional taxi fares, if we were in a hurry, because London's enormous size make walking from one lesson to another impossible, and even driving takes so much time that it is a well known fact that each hour takes an extra ten to fifteen minutes. What that means, especially during the rainy and foggy season, when one can hardly see a step ahead and is surrounded by a dense, yellowish, moist and foul-smelling atmosphere which the sun can only penetrate like a paper lantern doused in oil, and when one has to light a lamp at noon in order to work—what that all means, is that in order to go from one lesson to the next on such days, to leave a warm parlor to go out in the moist cold, to wait on a street corner for the omnibuses, to sit packed together dripping wet with other dripping wet passengers and often to content oneself a quick and meager breakfast between two lessons in a bakery until late afternoon—only someone who has experienced this can know what it's like. And yet, one had to be glad for having so many lessons and being busy from morning til evening, since that was your chance to rest your weary bones in your own little room as you pleased; that was a way to save in order to take a refreshing holiday on the coast in the summer at the end of a "season" of lessons; that was the final prospect for the days when sickness and age no longer made it possible to save to be able to return to and die in the homeland. How exciting was the prospect of teaching another lesson! How I tried to organize time and distance to be able to take them on! How this forced me to

subject myself, albeit with a certain sense of embarrassment, to those things the upper class tries to pull over on us poor teachers, like making me wait an entire season to receive my hard-earned pay, while they squander hundreds, even thousands in cosmetics and party expenses in a season. Happy is the teacher whom fate guides to the honest exceptions to this rule, and even happier is he who meets with talented, good-willed and kind pupils and is able to transform the somewhat dry teaching of the German language into a somewhat more thorough field of more becoming instruction. The German language was an undisputed part of every *fashionable* education ever since a German prince had become the husband of the queen and the German language had become just as important as English in the court. But the majority of pupils were only interested in fulfilling the requirement of a fashionable education, and few actually used the German language to arrive at an understanding of German intellect and literature. I was lucky enough to be one of the fortunate teachers to have several dear, lovely and talented pupils to whom I was not just a paid instructor, but a friend who was privy to their joys and worries and who could give advice, discuss opinions, or offer previously unheard-of insights. For instance, I had a pupil, the sixteen year-old daughter of a parliamentary member, clever, witty, eager to reach beyond the barriers of convention, but less disposed to a serious study of verbs and declensions. She rarely did the assigned homework, half the time at most; she was not too concerned with grammatical exactness, and she quickly learned how to change the subject from reading and writing by asking me all sorts of questions and assuring me that my answers to her questions made the best use of our lesson time together. She was very interested in politics and had soon gotten wind of my views, which led her to call me jokingly the "Red Republican" and to say that she wouldn't go that far even though she shared the liberal opinions of her father, a member of the Manchester Party. But I could read in the zeal with which she continuously returned to the subject and the concessions she started to offer, that not everything I had said had fallen on dry ground, and that she was more preoccupied with those kinds of thoughts than with memorizing German vocabulary. Once she told me she was taking singing lessons and the first rule she had been taught was that she mustn't show her feelings when singing; that was unbecoming for a young lady, especially since most of the songs were *Liebeslieder*, "but," she added, "Germans aren't afraid to show their feelings and passions when they sing ... that's inappropriate." When I replied that for this reason what one hears in English social gatherings by English dilettantes isn't song at all, she started to laugh and yelled: "You're right, and if I were a German, I would sing my heart out ... but as it stands, it's not proper..."

I will also never forget three sisters, sixteen, fifteen and fourteen years old, who could aptly be called the Three Graces, for they had been blessed with every natural charm imaginable. The oldest was slender and proud, a veritable beauty, witty and ambitious; the second was blond, graceful and moving, irresistibly charming; the third was a tease with such roguish brown eyes that it was easy to believe her sisters whenever they told me about the latest exploits of this untiringly good-spirited, clever girl. Soon all three had forged a warm friendship with me, and there was always a hefty fight over who would get the seat next to me, so that I was finally forced to have them take turns and to become very strict about requiring them to communicate their expressions of love for me in German in

order to fulfill the purpose of the lessons, and this resulted in some very curious and strange phrases. Luckily, these charming creatures had a very understanding mother who did not inhibit her daughters' natural development, which is something typical of a truly good education.

Fortunately, such pleasant exceptions are not infrequent in England, and the truly upstanding women, of whom England enjoys more than its share, are to thank for this.

But not all my experiences during my career as a teacher privy to English domestic life were so positive. Others, in contrast, demonstrated the horrible pitfalls—fashion, selfishness, narrow-minded, and mistaken views, and all society's snares—which are considered "good" and have entrenched themselves in the privileged classes to the point that it's fair to say that reforms are just as necessary here as in the lower classes, or even that reforms are only necessary in the upper classes because the lower ones are still in chaos. Many a fiery, youthful yearning is squelched in these oppressive rules of fashionable upbringing, many a talent goes hopelessly stifled, many an admirable human trait is lost in the molding of a stiff-jointed lady- or gentlemanlike doll, many a promising mind driven to dull indifference by the dreary, unpoetic study of the subjects necessary for a "good upbringing." I witnessed an example of this in the lessons I provided to one of the most prominent families in the English upper aristocracy. The study was a grand hall, one wall of which was taken up by a grand piano where one of the piano teachers—who were en vogue at the time—administered finishing lessons to the oldest daughter, a girl of eighteen years. Such lessons cost a guinea and for this reason are only used to polish skills because it is commonly falsely assumed that any teacher will do for the beginning lessons. In the middle of the hall stood a round table at which an old English teacher was busy with one of the younger children; on the wall beside a window was a sofa on which an undergoverness sat and taught another one of the young children to read; across the room at the other window stood a table at which the German lessons were held. Between the two windows on a sofa, the head governess would sit after making the rounds between tables and convincing herself that her system was running like clockwork. If there were no piano lessons, a violin teacher came to one of the boys, and all these various lessons took place at the same time. Now and again the door would open and the lady of the house, one of the most prideful aristocrats of the three united kingdoms of Great Britain, hauled her heavy silken dress inside, also made the rounds from table to table, but without a word of greeting to the teachers, spoke a few words to the children, asking them how the lesson was going, if they were learning a lot, etc. The refined piano teacher, the "homme à la mode," was the only person she dignified with a distinguishing greeting and a few friendly words; after that she hurried out again, conscious that she had done her duty as a mother. The refined and spoiled piano teacher would stand up, however, whenever he became bored with the constant repetition of a stylish piece that had to be practiced for a parlor performance, warmed himself at the fireplace, even stretched out on the sofa and leafed through a book if the head governess had momentarily left sofa, book and study. At the conclusion of his obligatory forty-five minutes, this conscientious teacher left this pigsty of good upbringing with the happy knowledge of having earned another guinea.

Meanwhile, I sat in the German corner with my pupils, who never took their

lessons together, but one after the other. Among them was a nine year-old boy who also placed a lot of trust in me and opened up his little heart to me whenever the head governess was not around and no one was listening. He complained about how infinitely boring most of his lessons were, especially history lessons. "Ah," he said, "I don't care about memorizing names and dates, when so and so king was born, when he ascended to the throne, when he died; but that's the only thing we learn in history lesson. I would much rather read the newspaper where I can learn what people think and do. I would like to learn about Kossuth, whom the Hungarians love so much; people tell me he's an evil man because he stirred up his people against the emperor. Is that true?"—I told him that it was by no means true; that Kossuth had only wanted that his people bear no unjust oppression, but that they develop according to their abilities and govern themselves, much like the way the English do; I also explained to him that the study of history had a completely different purpose than just memorizing names and dates; that he was completely right in being bored by this version of history, but that things would seem much different once he could trace the beginnings of human intellectual development from past to future or enthusiastically study humanity's heroes in order to inspire himself to noble, humane actions by their example. Luckily, the clever lad already spoke fairly fluent German and I could administer my heretical lesson in German, unbeknownst to the shrewd ears of the French head governess, whose limited French intellect would have construed our conversation as outside the realm of *reglement*. I took an interest in the poor, curious boy whose childlike mind already ventured beyond the sphere of the meager "good upbringing" and beat about with its wings against the walls of the narrow cage into which it was forced by the things conventionally considered worth knowing. I often wondered: which of us two will gain the upper hand in him? Someday, when he is in the House of Commons (he was not the oldest son, and therefore would not serve in the House of Lords), will he remember that a people should never suffer oppression and that history should not be just a list of dates, but rather a representation of the enormous battle between forces which struggle for supremacy in each human heart, as well as in the life of the people, and that it is the duty of each person do to his or her own part, no matter how modest, to bring about the victory of the idea?

Unfortunately, I lost track of him all too soon as to be able to predict his future with any certainty. The head governess soon dismissed me with forced polite regret on some petty pretense. I suspected on one hand that she had become suspicious about the subversive conversations in the German corner, on the other hand (an equally decisive reason to have me removed) to have found such a problematic teacher in the following circumstance: one of the daughters who took lessons from me, a very pretty and talented girl, told me in our German lesson about her life in the country in the summer, about what she did, the various family members, including an uncle who loved Germany and always spent a part of the year there. I inquired about his surname and upon hearing it was sure that he was a young Englishman whom I had met years previously in a spa where I had stayed with my mother and sister and had met Russian princess whose adventures I related in the first volume. He had been one of our favorite acquaintances and most eager dance partners, and I was still in possession of an album page he had given me back then. He

had also frequently visited us after our stay in the spa when we later met in a large city in Germany. It occurred to me after this discovery of whom the young lady reminded me—a similarity which I had tried in vain to place: she looked just like her uncle, the way he had been back then as a spry youth. I told her this and told her I had known her uncle in Germany, without telling her that we had been social equals and that he had been our frequent guest. She was amazed at this and had probably shared her astonishment with the head governess; but she had thought it more prudent to remove the poor German teacher who dared to claim she knew the proud Pair of England, the heir to one of the oldest houses and an immense fortune, and that Kossuth was not an evil man. I left that home with sincere regret for not having been able to satisfy my little pupil's longing for freedom any further, but also with a smile about the irony of being led to this particular house under the eyes of this prideful lady who believed justified in not even dignifying her children's teacher with a greeting, while the same teacher, who stood before her as an inferior because of her convictions, was once her equal, much admired by her brother, and was capable of providing her intellectually deprived children with the manna for which they yearned in the desert of their upper aristocratic life.

I should like to mention another such teaching job in the home of the *nouveau riche*, to whose inner dealings I was an eye witness for an extended period and from whom I learned about the aforementioned hatred of a Jewish lady towards Catholic governesses. It was the house of one of those Jewish families that constitute a true force in London and, tied to each other by marriage and other relationships and made independent by their colossal fortunes, force the contemptuous Christian world to recognize them and no longer to prohibit their triumphant entry into the British parliament. The house, situated in one of the quiet, elegant streets which are closed off by a barred gate from the large, noisy trade and connecting streets between the city and Westend, was opened by powdered servants in rich livery after striking the knocker against the door, as is customary in all English homes. If the door to the downstairs dining room was open, one could see in passing the magnificent silver that graced the table; one had to pass by the splendid living rooms on the second floor up richly carpeted stairs to arrive at the third floor, where the study was located, a large, dreary, and untactfully furnished room facing the yard in which the daughters of the house whiled away their childhood and early youth. The girls were neither pretty nor talented, but they were good-natured, diligent, and semi-intelligent, and perhaps would have been capable of greater intellectual development, had they been permitted by their fashionable upbringing. But as things stood, they were stuck day after day under the supervision of a French governess in a drab, monotonous existence, their only connection to the outside world was their daily stroll in the nearby park and the arrival of their teachers who came and went like clockwork. They knew nothing of London's attractions or art treasures, had never been in the British Museum or the National Gallery, and had no idea about music except for the fashionable repertoire they banged out with their music instructor. But—they received the upbringing required by their class, or shall we say, money!... Neither would it have been possible to direct their childish minds to float about on the golden wings of imagination in the forest and foliage with birds and butterflies, or to permit an introduction into the noble field of art so that

they would catch a glimpse of riches other than fashion or money—for time was pressing. The entire upbringing had to be completed by age sixteen or seventeen, so that the young ladies could enter society as "finished young ladies" ("coming-out" was the technical term for this); and oh! all the dreary childhood years in the narrow study were spent desperately longing for this happy moment. The girls' governess was a narrow-minded creature whose only possession besides the *participes présents* and *passés* she conscientiously drilled into her students was a burning fanaticism for the Catholic church and a bitter contempt for all the Jewish men who had crossed her, those eternally damned who because of their dirty money forced her to carry on her drab existence in the dreary study. But she took her revenge. First, she went every morning at six o'clock before the start of her duties, summer and winter, rain or snow, to mass as a loyal daughter of the church in order to earn an honorary seat next to her only true god in paradise, from which his counterfeit rival Jehovah and his disciples are excluded, despite the enormous power they wield on earth. But she also worked zealously and cunningly to make converts out of her pupils. Practically the entire day, while attending the lessons administered to the girls by others, she worked to knit chasubles, stoles, and altar cloths for her church, for her French Abbé, and so forth. She was a veritable artist in these crafts, and by applying her only passion to them, she really did create some amazing things, which ate up a lot of the money she made through her shameful service to the Jews. From the vantage point of their drab existence, the girls viewed these splendid creations with enthusiasm, and the governess used the opportunity to tell about the mystical world of the Catholic Church with such burning, seductive passion that they became quite confused, especially the oldest, who was the most imaginative and who began to develop the desire to convert to that religion which, with its candle-lit, incense-filled temples, its kind Abbés and adorned priests, proved too enticing when compared with the bleak study and the old rabbi who taught them Hebrew. I saw through this scheme perfectly, since I was there three times a week for two hours at a time and enjoyed everyone's trust here as well, so that the children begged their mother at least once a week to be able to invite me to supper, which was held directly after the conclusion of our lesson. This usually merely consisted of tea, bread and butter. But whenever I was there, the governess and the oldest girl would conspire and send one of the younger girls to petition the servant (whose job it was to bring the tea, for tea was also served in the study), to give us a piece of cheese or some watercress or other expensive item to garnish our tea. While we were seated at this semi-fancy meal, the mother would usually come bustling in, a young and pretty lady, dressed in a splendid gown, flowers in her hair, and jewels around her bare neck and arms, and give each of the girls a kiss, and without waiting for an answer, ask, "How are you, dear?" Then she would direct a few words to the "fräulein," then to "mademoiselle,"-who answered with the obsequious expression, behind which I, who knew her better, could see all the Catholic servant's deep hatred towards the superior Jewess—and run out again, down the stairs and into the carriage, next to which the braided and powdered servant waited to extend a beautiful cane to her, which she used to clasp with her kid gloves while climbing in, since the hand of a lady of acquired wealth is no more permitted to touch the common hand of a servant than a lady who comes from old money. But the governess and the children greeted the mother's departure with a

meaningful look, and when I asked them if they ever spent the evening with their mother, they replied derisively that I oughtn't think such a thing; their mum couldn't spend a single evening at home unless she was hosting a dinner or party. Those poor little creatures feared this more than solitude, for then they had to sit for at least an hour at the hand of the hairdresser and chambermaid so that they could appear stiffly dressed for ten minutes during dessert in the dining or drawing room under the direction of the governess and have to answer to the same old questions about their growth, age, etc. Then they would withdraw again to the education laboratory where they underwent the experiments that turn these simple, good-spirited girls into pleasure-seeking, distracted, materialistic creatures like their mother and most other women in the world.

But enough of these accounts of domestic upbringing, of which there are typically far more bad examples than good in society. I would just like to describe in greater depth a party to this education, namely the governess, with whose position I became so thoroughly acquainted through all my dealings that I saw how right I had been to shrink from this career.

The role of governess is a thankless one. She is a kind of polyp, ranking somewhere between animal and plant on the evolutionary scale, that is somewhere between master and servant. She is treated poorly by her superiors, with outrageous condescension, and she is likewise treated poorly by her inferiors, who dislike obeying her, and the head of the servants, a terribly imposing figure in her realm, the "upper nurse," usually an old lady who has served two generations in the family and reigns supreme in the nursery, does everything in her power to provoke the governess, who receives the children from her hands. This unfortunate creature is relegated to the study where she spends her life with her pupils. Most of the time she is required to have all kinds of knowledge, that is, all kinds of training in the things which are part of education, namely: modern languages, music, drawing, history (in the aforementioned manner), geography, crafts, etc. How she chooses to administer these is of little consequence. But if teachers are also employed in the various fields of education, she mustn't take a step out of the study, since it would be indecent to leave the young ladies alone with teachers. The monotony of the day is interrupted by a regular walk. At one o'clock, the children and she take lunch, usually attended by the mother, for whom it is a mid-morning snack. She does not eat again until six o'clock, when tea with bread and butter is served. The governess never ventures into the masters' chambers, except for the space of ten minutes after lunch, when she presents the children to their parents, or if she receives a special invitation to spend the evening in the drawing room, when she must dress herself and appear in a low-cut silken dress. If she can sing or play the piano, she is readily put to use to enliven boring evenings, and she is especially valuable in the countryside where there isn't much to do. Her only free time is during late evenings in her solitary, often drab room which is usually cold in winter; but by that time, she is usually too worn out from her tiring day to do much for herself. Even Sunday does not belong to her, for she has to escort her pupils once or twice to church and take part in the whole Sunday charade of pious boredom. Only if the children are by some chance with their parents for a few hours does she have time to herself, or if she has friends, to visit them.

It is only natural that there are worthy exceptions here, as well as everywhere: that there are parents who consider the people to whom they entrust their children's entire intellectual and physical well-being as friends and counselors and try to grant them a more dignified position. This is possible in one's own house, of course; but as far as social position is concerned, this always fails, even with the best of intentions. I knew of an instance where an upper-class, unprejudiced, free-thinking woman tried her best to find acceptance for her governess, a woman every bit the intellectual and behavioral equal of her social peers. Inconceivable! The people just shrugged their shoulders and said: "Madame N... wants us to accept this person as a friend—unheard of She is and will always remain a governess!"

Another very admirable person, an Englishwoman of all people, who had been a governess, told me how she had been on excellent terms with her pupils' family and how she had succeeded in forcing her way into their company; she was invited to come along to people's homes where their own governesses were not invited; but she never felt comfortable in those situations; she always had the unpleasant sensation that she was only tolerated for the sake of the family.

My life took its course amidst the idiosyncrasies of this world. I was content the way a day laborer is content after finishing a day of arduous work to earn his bread. But deep inside, I was as resigned as a corpse; I had no more desires, hopes or enthusiasm. I took the days as they came, without asking more from them than they could provide. I did not want to return to Germany; too many ghosts, private and public, haunted me there. What could possibly make me want to return to a land which caused an intelligent friend to write:

"*Zeitgeist*? What is the root of the *Zeitgeist*? I do not understand how some radicals can think their party so influential. The *Zeitgeist* in Catholicism are the Jesuits, in Protestantism it is the inner mission, with the free-thinkers, it is the belief in animalistic magnetism. Their supporters all outnumber us decisively; *they* are the ones forging the *Zeitgeist*, and if you believe otherwise, you're just deceiving yourself."

At least in England I felt like I was in the middle of a vast, politically free life, and knew that no police chief had the authority to ask me about my personal views as long as I did not trespass the laws of public safety. I gained great respect for unconditional personal freedom, which even protects the criminal inside his own four walls. Such conditions provides a peaceful context for life which is necessary to develop a humanitarian society. Of course, it was with great sorrow that I learned, as I have already demonstrated by several examples, how man inhibits himself in the never-ending interplay of opposites, not in the sense of pure volume, which constitutes the reconciliation of opposites and the last and most honorable stage of development, but rather in the sense of an arbitrary, stultifying barrier. In contrast to the great political freedom were widespread social limitations and conventional foolishness. I had a thousand opportunities to note, for example, how religious life was not a deep sanctifying faith, but simply one of the formulas belonging to a "respectable" social and family life. Nothing proves this better than the truly infuriating manner Sunday is observed, which in reality is a form of desecration because it inevitably results in sheer boredom and austerity. I was in some

English homes on Sunday where the men dragged themselves from one armchair to another, making known the sorry condition of their intellect by their profuse yawning; where the children crept about dejectedly because they could neither play nor read a book, not even a fairy tale; where the only spiritual⁵² enjoyment consisted of so-called "sacred music" which a young miss pounded out on the piano, or even worse, tried to sing. On one occasion, a young lady criticized the Germans in front of me because they go to the theater and concerts on Sunday. I asked whether she honestly could say whether she experienced more sacred feelings or lofty thoughts in the quiet of her Sunday, in brief, whether she felt she was a better person, than if she had listened to one of Beethoven's symphonies or Shakespeare's dramas or other work of art. Embarrassed, she admitted she couldn't say that, but then added the logical conclusion: that it was still very naughty of the Germans to pay so little attention to the observance of the Sabbath. Another lady, an educated and open-minded person, invited me once to go with her to Temple Church, one of the oldest and most beautiful of London's churches belonging to the vast housing complex of Templebar, where the English judiciary is located. The music at Temple Church is famous, and I had commented that I would like to hear it. So I went with my housemate and that lady and sat between the two. During the sermon, it was all I could do to keep from falling to sleep, but I fought against it for the sake of appearance. How amazed I was as I glanced to the side and saw my neighbor to the right sleeping soundly, then glanced to the left and saw that she was asleep too. I looked around at the other people and saw that more than one person had slipped away into the nirvana of reverence. As we left the church, I asked the very humorous Englishwoman if she had slept well. "Yes," she laughed, "it did me good."—"Why do you go?" I asked. "My dear, what do you mean? That's what Sundays are for."—

The limitations placed on common people on Sunday are even worse than those placed on the educated classes. Back then, the big debate started about whether ordinary people should be allowed to visit museums, the Crystal Palace and similar public institutions on Sunday. This issue was negotiated and decided upon in parliament. It was feared that the churches would be empty and morality would suffer if the people started to prefer heathen images, works of art, and natural phenomena to going to church. At least, this was the only reason given for the decision. The churches and restaurants remained the only public institutions open on Sunday. Church took up a couple of hours in the morning, but what about the afternoon and evening? Only the pub remained as a refuge for proletarians and workers demoralized by hard labor, for whom no education or habit of intellectual pursuits could beautify their free time on Sunday, and no enticing, friendly home could provide the peace at one's own hearth to recover after the strenuous week. Thus it happened that the pubs were overcrowded and that keeping the Sabbath Day holy was marred by the unholy sight of drunken men, and even more terrible, women; not only that, but the meager wages they had slaved away for all week long were squandered, and the children went hungry, without any money being saved for a rainy day. The coarse, animalistic nature of these sub-humans was made increasingly coarse, increasingly animalistic by the degrading passion for liquor, which only too often resulted in the most terrifying and brutal murders.

On one occasion, the women in Frau von Brüning's circle planned a walk through the streets where the proletarians usually make their Saturday purchases. It was no slight undertaking, made in the company of several men armed with canes, having left behind our watches, chains, purses, and other easily stolen things. We started out that Saturday with each lady at the arm of a gentlemen, and a few more gentlemen as protection behind us. We did not have to look very far: frequently behind the palaces that adorn the great beautiful street, one would find a narrow alley where tattered women and half-naked children sat in the filth in front of their miserable quarters waiting to assail a wealthy invader with disgustingly dirty words and gestures and even yell at him for an alm, ever ready to take it for themselves out of his pocket with a trained hand in case they should meet with a lack of generosity. We witnessed the night scenes described by Dante in his *Inferno*. From these fog-obscured alleys in which the miserable figures materialized like pale shadows of deceased sinners, we entered others, lit by the eery, hellish light of gas flames flickering in the wind, which illuminated the red, bloody meat hanging barbarically at the butcher shops, while cheese, half spoiled or dried sea fish and similar wares filled the air with a foul smell. An awful crowd surged and pushed, yelling, haggling, and selling, which looked like goblins ascending out of the chasms of their subterranean workshops: dehumanized creatures, disfigured either by misery or vice to a deformed likeness of God. Illuminated by the glow of the gas flame, they bought the meager Sunday meal which their hungry children had probably looked forward to the entire week. They stared at us with such contempt, or was it derisive indifference—we, who were strangers to them and had nothing in common with their joys and sufferings and had been led there by curiosity to gawk at the spectacle of depraved reality! How deeply I felt the condemnation emanating from these half-extinguished, deeply sunken hopeless eyes! I forgave them the swearing and curses they hurled at us, for it only meant: "you're the ones who have condemned us to this hell, who turn us into demons, who exclude us from the light of day, from the joyous rays of warmth-bringing sunshine, who banish us into the polluted air of filthy graves, while you, the Olympians, lead a charmed life in the clouds. Why do you come here to disturb us? Flee the despicable orgies of poverty and misery, leave us to the dull sensation of our gin and brandy, which at least lets us forget for a few minutes, even though it frequently leads us to murder. What does it matter if we die on the gallows? At least it's better than slowly dying of hunger with our wives and children. Depart! For you have not come to save us, nor to brighten the night which surrounds us with a generous hand to lead us into a more dignified existence! Touch not the despair which numbs itself—it could forcefully turn against you, and then woe be unto you!" All that and more I imagined to hear in these terrifying nocturnal scenes, and I went home with a heavy heart that would not leave me in peace for a long time.

A fun little evening activity made my life more tolerable. It was a series of lectures about art history which Kinkel held in the hall of the University of London. Even back then, Kinkel had started to also deliver lectures besides the lessons he gave, which soon elevated his position far above that of a common teacher, since so-called "lecturing" is nowhere as fashionable as in England, where it has become a kind specialty which takes up some people's entire time as they deliver the same series of lectures, or even just one,

be it about politics, scientific or literary topics, at several locations—something made easier by the convenience of locomotive travel. Kinkel's lectures attracted a well-attended and select crowd in the university's amphitheater. After the last lecture, the audience moved to the adjacent open halls to observe the magnificent Flaxman collection which was being openly displayed there and apply what they had just learned. I stood there talking with Kinkel, his wife, and some other acquaintances as Herzen, who had attended the lectures with Haug and his son, approached, left the Englishwoman he was escorting, and started participating in our discussion in fluent German. I had not spoke to him since that evening at the Kinkels' home, and was happy that he dealt with me like an old friend and made a few insightful comments about what he had seen and heard which demonstrated how his sharp intellect took note of things outside the realm of politics and was capable of warm emotion and accurate criticism. At the time, I did not know anything else about him than that he lived engaged in literary activities in a small home near Primrose Hill in one of the green, more open areas of the London desert, right next to Regent's Park. He had come once to Frau von Brüning's exile circle, but then never come again. She was not the type of person to whom he was drawn. Her champagne bubbly enthusiasm, which was always directed more towards personalities than ideas and things, must have appeared dull to this piercing eye, and then he probably found out soon enough that she was still quite the Russian aristocrat, despite her alleged democratic fanaticism, and not very different from that which a high-born Russian lady once described to me as: "*Nous sommes élevées pour plaire.*"⁵³

At the time, I was not a part of the circles Herzen frequented, namely the English homes which had lent support to the exiled Italian democrats; on the other hand, I had been introduced into another exile circle through another acquaintance I had made. The reader will perhaps remember the time I met a young lady on the train ride to Ostende who, herself on the way to England, disclosed to me her sympathies for the fate of Hungary, which had fallen pray to the service Russia had done for Austria. A short time after my arrival in England, I looked her up and found her with her husband, Franz Pulszky, in the center of the Hungarian exile circle, which at the time was very substantial in England. Her three small sons whom she had been forced to leave back in Hungary had been brought to her despite all dangers through the efforts of a loyal friend. With the help of her great organizational talent, she had already furnished a comfortable, albeit for her, who had grown up pampered in aesthetic luxury, very modest apartment, which served as a home for those who had fled prison and gallows in their homeland.

She received me graciously, still remembering our first meeting, and invited me to come back often. The kindness of her thoroughly educated, tender, yet energetic personality struck a favorable chord with me, and we felt an immediate bond which would gradually develop into a solid, lasting friendship.

Next to Johanna Kinkel, Therese Pulszky was the most important female in exile. But they had been molded in their youth so differently that there was now the most striking of contrasts between the two. They only resembled each other in one regard: in the energy with which they defied twists of fortune and in their untiring intensity with which they rose to the occasion and left behind their mark. But whereas early necessity and bitter

struggles had developed a firmness of character in Johanna which now bordered on rigidity, while her sense of humor, agitated by life, often assumed the character of bitter irony, and her many bitter disappointments had nurtured a tendency to be distrusting. Therese Pulszky's endearing personality, because of her carefree, gracious youth, held such a harmonious mixture of seriousness and good spirits, firmness, and mildness nurtured by her intellectual and artistic education, that this delicate creature was one of the most remarkable women alive. She was the only daughter of a rich Viennese banker, had received an exceptionally thorough education under her mother's direction, and had spent her youth under the highest aesthetic privileges education and riches can offer. She had married for love, had gone to her new fatherland, Hungary, with a warm heart, and as the political turmoil broke out, she courageously sided with the patriots until the fall of Hungary, when she followed her husband to England. The Austrian government not only confiscated Pulszky's fortune, but also his wife's, to which they did not have the slightest right, and the two who were accustomed to luxury and abundance now found themselves in exile with very limited means and a young family, assailed by never-ending favors. Therese immediately organized her life courageously and energetically, spent time writing, assumed sole responsibility for the children's education, cultivated relationships with upper English society in the interest of her fatherland, continuously took part in the political agitation which was instigated so intensely in those first few years, played counselor and helper to refugee Hungarians, and frequently gathered a lively circle of the most diverse people in her own home. It was there that I first saw Kossuth, who was much celebrated at the time of his arrival in England. At the time, he occupied the position as ruler over the Hungarian refugees, and was treated with a kind of royal courtesy. The first time I accepted an invitation to a party at the Pulszkys' home, I found a large crowd of people, most of whom were Hungarians. Suddenly, after everyone had been gathered, the cry rang out: "The Governor," whereupon the company parted and lined up on both sides of the room. Then the door opened, and in strolled Kossuth with a certain pomp, beside him his wife, behind him his little sons and a pair of gentlemen resembling adjutants. He was wearing the Hungarian waistcoat and his important-looking face framed by a greying beard bore the expression of solemnity and dignity. He greeted both sides with condescension, and started a conversation with the privileged. The only thing that interested me about him was his career which had started and come to an end so quickly. His personality left me no desire to get to know him better. Neither was I drawn to his wife, to whom I was introduced and whose disturbed, passionate personality, dominated by a protruding vanity because of her husband's position and the future of her sons, made her already less-than delicate exterior even less attractive. I would later get to know a much kinder member of this family: Kossuth's daughter, who at the time was too young to mention. I first saw her when, in the blossom of her youth, she resembled a white rose whose delicate cup of petals seems as transient as its aroma. Unfortunately, this was the case with her. Extremely talented, she studied so zealously that she perhaps accelerated her untimely death. Hardly arrived upon the threshold of virgin life, she disappeared like a noble morning dream and left a soft, mournfully trembling tone, like that of an aeolian harp, behind her.

At the home of the refugees, I also met with a new, very peculiar sense of nationality which was considerably different from German national pride. Their patriotism had a less reflective, but much more immediate intensity; it sufficed to hold such a gathering as was at the Pulszkys' home that evening to incite a fiery demonstrative mood characterized by a readiness for action. On the evening in question, there was a talented artist there, a violin player who at everyone's request seized his instrument and played Hungarian tunes which moved the entire company with passionate longing for the distant homeland and the wild freedom of the puszta,⁵⁴ until he himself, driven to the utmost excitement, finally broke out in a rendition of the Rakoczy March, whereupon everyone was carried away by an overpowering emotion, sang, stamped their feet, yelled "Long live the Governor!" and certainly would have been ready to desperately hurl themselves at the archfiend had he stood before them, to vanquish or to die. This spontaneous, knightly character coincided with the romantic, squire-like loyalty with which individuals subjected and pledged themselves to the whims of their fatherland. Such a loyal person had joined the Pulszky family, the person who had brought the children from the heavily policed country, and now this otherwise hardly compromised man remained in their home helping, teaching, and protecting, having voluntarily given up homeland and all of its favors. Similarly, Kossuth had been accompanied by a chivalrous escort who had taken it upon himself to watch over this precious life and protect it from any possible dangers abroad which Hungary's long arm might hurl at it. But not only this, this Kurwenal had also taken it upon himself to attend with such meticulous detail to the daily needs of this exiled family, which had risen and fallen from power so quickly, that it was touching to see the care with which this wealthy man filled the gaps in the Kossuths' limited, less-than-affluent household.

Besides these chivalrous qualities, one could also see a pervasive unrefined element and a great lack of real education. Especially in this last regard, as in all others, Franz Pulszky towered over his countrymen. Not only was he an educated man, he was a scholar, and the temperance cultivated by true education, as well as his dependability, made it clear why Therese adored him.

But at the time, I didn't visit the Pulszkys' home that often, since my time was limited and I was usually too tired in the evening to go to social gatherings. In addition, Frau von Brüning's sudden heart condition, which required her to stay in bed, began to alter my relationship with her and led me to go there more often. I became close to this suffering woman, who in her hay-day had repulsed me by her frivolousness and vanity. I was touched by the patience, even good spirits with which she bore her pain and the stoic, smiling peace with which she viewed her inevitable death approach. She often spoke of her death whenever her closest friends were seated around her bed, and it would be fair to say that she, who had denounced all belief in personal immortality, went graciously to her death. I spent more than one night waiting by her bedside, usually with her doctor, Löwe, with whose humanitarian side I became better acquainted, whereas before I had only thought of him as an intellectual. After caring for the sick woman during the night—with whom we engaged in deep discussions because she did not sleep much and was always fully conscious, her mind stimulated—we walked home together at first light through

Regent's Park, and the solemnity of the hours spent by the dying woman led us to exchange many a solemn word. Löwe shared my sentiment that now that the approach of death had loosened the chains of vanity and superficiality, her original endearing qualities had returned, and it was more comfortable to be with her. We spoke about the art of life and how even few good people know how to guard against fragmentation and the incrimination of earthly gossip and to save their precious time for that which is "expedient" from the highest ethical standpoint. Löwe told me that the best compliment he had ever received was to be told he had mastered the art of life, and we agreed that the highest goal of education should be to train ourselves in this art so that our entire existence will become a continual revelation and revision of a lofty idea with which we can mold ourselves to a great work of art and liberate life from the chains of "perpetually empty movement."

After such sleepless nights, I could not stop and rest, but as soon as I had breakfasted at home, I had to go about the day's work, the exhausting lessons. The fact that it was winter and that this did not go on for days, but for weeks and months, made things even more difficult. The anxious tension made the little social circle grow closer than they had ever been in happy times, and we all rallied around Herr von Brüning, who forgot everything in those final hours that had previously distanced him from his wife, and attended to her with moving dedication. Finally, towards the end of January, she seemed to sense that the end was near. One night as I once again stood watch with Löwe, she spoke to me calmly about what lay before her and asked me after her passing to tell a friend of hers, with whom she had had a misunderstanding, that she was innocent of everything that had happened between them and had never lost sight of their friendship, and could say all this with a clear conscience on the threshold of death. The following day, I did not have time to go look in on her until evening. She was very weak, but squeezed my hand, looked at me with a gentle smile, and said: "How can I thank you for everything you've done?" For the first time since our acquaintance, we kissed each other, and then I left. Early the next morning I received word that she had died that night. Three days later, her funeral took place at the beautiful Highgate Cemetery, her final resting place after so many sacrifices in exile. The service was crowded with people who had come to pay respects to the mourning husband and the motherless children. Löwe spoke a few very moving words, and a German workers' choir paid their respects to the deceased, who had come from Germany and still considered herself German. At the gate of the cemetery I met Herzen, who had also come to the funeral. He was very moved and, extending his hand to me, said. "It hasn't even been a year since I stood here with my children before a grave."

Soon after the death of Frau von Brüning, the entire circle which had congregated at her home dissolved. The family left England. The Reichenbach's, Löwe, and others went to America. They all tried to talk me into going with them, and for a moment I almost gave in, but the thought of having to start all over again and the fear of hurting my mother again, who had hardly recovered, kept me from going. But I was sad to see them go, especially the Reichenbach's, whom I loved dearly and whose future concerned me.

After their departure I felt very much alone. I did not see the Kinkels very often.

They had rented a larger, more beautiful and centrally-located home, since their situation had begun to improve, and the general recognition that both had gained as teachers led scores of pupils to them and allowed them to charge more for lessons. But because they spent all their time working, they did not have much time to be social, and it was rare that we ever spent an evening together, but when we did, it was twice as enjoyable.

Spring had arrived, when one day I received a letter from Herzen which said that he wished to have his daughters, who had been staying in a Parisian family's home since their mother's death, with him on the anniversary of his wife's death, and that he wanted my advice as to how he should arrange things for them. He did not want to send them to an English boarding school, since he despised English hypocrisy; he trusted me, and if I could bring myself to give his older daughter lessons, he would be quite satisfied. I replied that I did have a few hours to spare for his daughter's lessons, that I would provide these, and meanwhile we could consider the rest. I also expressed my warmest wishes for his personal well-being, which had been marred by a series of unfortunate events culminating in the death of his wife, and told him how much I should like to help to alleviate some of the bitterness of these misfortunes by accepting responsibility for his children, whom he loved like life itself. He wrote another letter expressing his gratitude for my sincere gesture and said: "Your friendship reminds of me of my past youth. Your friendship is active, and that is the only kind I understand, the kind I possess. Passive friendship is easy to find: *l'amitié raisonnée, collaboration, conspiratio, francmaçonnerie*, a yearning for emancipation, even the friendship which exists inside religious organizations—but these are all indefinite and abstract. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for reminding me that there is another, more human and personal kindness in this *vacuum horrendum* with which the world surrounds us. Believe me, despite my exterior à la Falstaff,⁵⁵ I am not oblivious to genuine sentiment.

A few days later, he arrived with his seven year-old daughter, an exceptionally pretty child with foreign features, which, as the father told me, were genuinely Russian: large wonderful eyes and a peculiar expression of energy and gentile devotion. She won my heart at first sight, and her father's matriarchal concern for her touched me deeply as he said with a smile: I have to play the part of *bonne*, too.⁵⁶

The next day, I went to the new house he had rented on of London's grand squares and upon entering the downstairs parlor, found a German nurse busy sewing and my little acquaintance from the previous day, and next to her a tiny two year-old child, a dear little miniature figure. The house was simple, but perfectly organized. The son had his teachers, the little girls were temporarily in good hands with their well-educated German nurse, and I started to give the oldest daughter lessons. After the lessons, Herzen frequently invited me to go upstairs and started to acquaint me with Russian literature by reading to me from translations of Puschkin, Lermontoff, Gogol, and others and relating to me colorful descriptions of the Russian way of life.

I found the new world which opened up to me extremely interesting. I was captivated by the natural style, the absence of cliché, the mark of true poetry which is born not from affectation but from the power of situation and the truth of sensation, in the same way Goethe said that all poetry should be occasional poetry. Puschkin appealed to me the

least, even though he was the better poet with regard to formal beauty and the development and completion of a theme, but his style was tainted with that of the blasé, elegant Russian aristocrat, whose character is Onägin. It was almost as if he were imitating Byron. Herzen argues against this in his *Développement des idées révolutionnaires en Russie*, where he states: "It has previously been thought that Puschkin imitated Lord Byron. In fact, the English poet did have tremendous impact on the Russian. It is impossible not to come away more refined after basking in the influence of such an important and kind person. The confirmation of what we feel in our heart by a mind dear to us gives us new impetus, new vision. But this natural consequence is far from being imitation. After his early poetry, in which Byron's influence is strongly felt, Puschkin became more original with each work. Full of respect for the great English poet, he was neither client nor parasite, neither *traduttore* nor *traditore*.

Puschkin and Byron developed very different styles towards the end of their writing careers, for this very simple reason: Byron was true-blooded English, Puschkin true-blooded Russian, as Russian as the people of the Petersburg Period. He was familiar with all the sufferings of a civilized person, but he possessed strong faith in the future, which the occidental man had lost. Byron, the great, free individual, the man who became isolated in his independence and more and more withdrawn in his pride and skeptical, lofty philosophy, became increasingly pessimistic and unrelenting. He could not foresee a better future, and, oppressed by these thoughts, disheartened by the world, he went to dedicate his life to a group of Slavic-Hellenistic pirates who he believed were the Greeks of the Old World. Puschkin, on the other hand, became increasingly serene and immersed himself in the study of Russian history, collected materials for a monograph of Pugascheff, wrote the historical drama *Boris Godunoff*, and possessed an instinctive faith in Russia's future.— —

— —Those who say that Onägin was a Russian Don Juan understand neither Byron nor Puschkin, neither England nor Russia; they only pay it lip service. Onägin is Puschkin's most important work, he spent half his life writing it. The poem dates back to the sad years which followed the Fourteenth of December—and it is conceivable that such a work, such a poetic autobiography is imitation?

Onägin is neither Hamlet nor Faust, Manfred nor Obermann, Trenmor nor Karl Moor. Onägin is a Russian and is only possible in Russia; he belongs to that country, and one can find traces of him there everywhere. He is an idler because he has never had work, is superfluous in the sphere in which he lives, without the strength of character to break out of it. He is a creature which explores his inner limits and wishes to experience death to see if it is not better than life. He has always started things without seeing them through to their completion, but because he has done less, he has thought all the more. He is twenty years-old and finds pleasure in love as he begins to grow older; he has had expectations, like all of us, because one cannot be foolish enough to believe that the current situation in Russia can last forever—nothing has ever come of his expectations, and life has gone on. Onägin as an archetype is deeply entrenched in the nation, so much so, that one encounters him in all the Russian novels and poems which bear any significance, not because people have tried to copy him, but because he is either all around

them or inside them."

I empathized to a greater extent with Lermontoff than Puschkin because his works tragically glorify utter hopelessness and skepticism, and by resisting every subjective urge, occasionally unfold a wonderfully melancholic world before our eyes in which pain falls momentarily silent, as in his scenes and descriptions of the Caucasus, whose wildly romantic splendor he had occasion to observe during his exile there.

If I were to compare Lermontoff to a poet of another nation, I would be inclined to place him next to the Italian Leopardi, of whom it is certain he knew nothing, and yet whom he clearly resembles. Inside of the two poets rages the struggle between the poet's inherent faith, his even more powerful poetic sense which springs from knowledge of life's true character, and the destructive realization that there are terrible powers at work underneath the surface, which demonically weave the never-ending chain of cause and effect, which in turn leaves him guilty and tormented because all earthly guilt seeks an eye for an eye.—This is their only point of difference: Lermontoff seeks refuge from his disgust for the world around him in the wild beauty of Caucasian mountain wastelands and the primitive tribes untouched by civilization, whereas Leopardi constantly seeks for the lost greatness of Greek culture and would like to revive its somber peaks and groves with the beautiful imagery of poetic delusion which once led beauty-craving Greeks to believe these places were inhabited.

These lessons, in which the insightful Russian opened up the previously unknown world of his vast, distant, obscure homeland to me, were oases in the dry monotony of my life, and soon this home with its charming children became a place of respite and refreshment which lent life new charm for me and helped me regard work as a mild blessing and source of satisfaction, instead of mere drudgery.

One day Herzen invited me to spend the evening with him and a group of close friends. It was an important group of refugees with whom I was not yet acquainted, namely the Mazzini circle, which, with the exception of Mazzini and his friend Aurelio Saffi, consisted solely of English. For a long time, I had wanted to meet the Italian, the Emperor of Rome, the charismatic personality whose strength had held together the patriotic enthusiasm of an entire people for twenty years in the face of despotic pressure. Until now it had not been possible, because he had no dealings with the other refugee circles. So I was very pleased to have the long sought-after opportunity, and went there with the excitement one feels when on the verge of an out-of-the-ordinary experience. If the almost royal ceremony with which the Hungarian circle had surrounded Kossuth and his refined condescension had left an unpleasant taste in my mouth, I was pleasantly surprised by the utter simplicity and unimposing appearance and behavior of the man whom Herzen introduced to me as Joseph Mazzini; the man whose thought had inspired and guided an entire nation and whose political power struck fear in the hearts of rulers. Mazzini was an average height, of a slight and slender build, more lean than mean, not outwardly impressive—only his head coincided with popular conception, and when one considered his noble features, his studious forehead, his dark eyes which conveyed both the fire of a fanatic and the mildness of an even-tempered person, one immediately felt transfixed by his aura and understood right away that one could not view him with indifference: one had

to be either for or against him. I did not speak much with him on that evening, but I followed his discussion with Herzen and Saffi very closely wherein he defended the dogma of the revolutionary calling, the obligation and mission of the "holy act." and spoke out strongly against mere skepticism, the mere negation of the existing order. Herzen with his unforgiving logic brought up countless defeats of revolutions which had been instigated, especially the recent widespread inability of Democratic Party to organize, and Saffi agreed with him. It seemed to have a profound effect on Mazzini that this young man, his colleague in the Triumvirate of Rome, dared to contradict him and to adopt Herzen's opinion that for the moment there was nothing left to do but protest against the existing order and negate the Old World's political, religious, and social structures. In contrast, Mazzini was highly convinced that mere negation was a demoralizing principle, and that being aware of one's duty towards mankind was the only task of true revolutionaries. He assured them many times that he did not care about Italy as long as its only design was material greatness and prosperity; the only thing worth fighting for was this: that Italy contribute to humankind's progress by becoming more noble, moral, and dutiful. In so doing, he returned to an almost mystical belief in Rome's importance, whose name alone contains a wonderful hint as to its final destiny, because the name Roma written backwards is amor, which foreshadows that Rome will rule the world for the third time, but this time through the power of love and true brotherhood which will originate there and draw the other nations after it with its luminous example.

I lost sight of the rest of the company in my predominant interest to see and listen to this wonderful man, and this evening left a significant impression on me, even though I did not see the Italian refugee again for a long time.

The season in London was over; summer had arrived and started to make the stifling, crowded streets of London intolerable. The parties and balls had ceased, the concerts, which, jammed together in the short span of three or four months so that one almost grew sick of music, drew silent; the nobility and rich bourgeoisie headed for the countryside or the continent, and the lessons were over. Luckily I had earned enough from working so hard that I could afford a refreshing holiday at a coastal spa, and I decided to take advantage of this, since my health was in desperate need of a respite. The trip to the location I chose would not cost much since it could be made by boat, for the place was situated at the mouth of the Thames on the coast, and the steam boats stopped there. My housemate had business to attend to in the city, so I went alone, the way I actually preferred it, because I yearned for solitude, self-reflection and introspection after the hustle and bustle and lack of any inner cohesiveness during the winter and spring. The only thing I regretted was leaving my charming little friends in the Herzen household and interrupting the oldest's lessons. But Herzen promised half-heartedly to send the children to me later with the bonne, and perhaps even to come himself. Thus, I took my leave with a sense of satisfaction and liberation for having arrived at a measure of independence through my work. The journey down the Thames was beautiful, more beautiful than had I remembered my trip up it, and the little village of Broadstairs, my destination, welcomed me from high, white cliffs. Onshore I immediately found willing guides to accompany me to the apartments. Most of the English coastal villages are prepared to receive guests which

spend their time in the spas there, and many apartments are only lived in during the short summer season. At the time, Broadstairs was one of the smaller villages of this kind, even though it has supposedly grown bigger over the years, like so many others. It doesn't really boast any spectacular beauty except for the high cliffs, the curious mark left by the North Sea on the cliffs, and a view of the ocean. At the time, there was only *one* noteworthy home there, in which Charles Dickens used to frequently spend his summers and in which he wrote several of his novels. I was led around to a few disproportionately expensive and incredibly absurd apartments which all stood on the main street of town and didn't offer a view. I did not like any of them, and they exceeded my budget and didn't hold promise of what I had hoped for, for they were all as silly as the "lodgings" in London, except smaller and more compact. "But isn't there lodging with a view of the ocean?" I finally asked in desperation. "Aye, you c' probably get a room with the locals, but that's no lodging for a lady," was the answer. "No matter, I wish to see it," I replied; he pointed the way and left me fend for myself, since it did not seem worth the effort to accompany a creature that possessed such plebeian tastes any longer. At the ledge of a cliff covered by a sparse lawn and a few sorry shrubs, I found a little cottage which had been bathed too often by the ocean, the rear wall of which leaned on the higher rising cliff behind it. A friendly-looking woman received me in an almost embarrassed manner as I asked her about lodging and said her room probably wouldn't be good enough for me. But when I insisted on seeing it, she led me through the downstairs room of the house which served as both the family's kitchen and livingroom, up a steep staircase into the second floor's only room, which held a large bed, a chest of drawers, a table, and two chairs. The room's only window, however, granted a view of the wild cliff scenery, at the base of which the waves broke and occasionally sent a flood of white froth upwards, and beyond that, the vast ocean. I had found what I was looking for and was delighted; even though the little room was not very decorative, it was very clean and not absurd like the others. I asked about the price, and the lady asked hesitantly for five Schillings a week with a look that indicated she was worried I thought it was too much. I happily agreed to the meager amount; she promised to cook the food I would order and serve it downstairs in the kitchen/livingroom area. Above my room there was only the bedroom of the family, which consisted of the husband—a pilot—, the woman, and two small children, the youngest of which was still nursing. I had found exactly what I was looking for and could now comfortably look forward to the weeks ahead.

The English coastal spas are better than the spas on the continent in that they are truly areas where one can relax: they do not attempt to incorporate all the social diversions of a large city, the way the ones on the continent do. Everyone keeps to him- or herself here: it isn't necessary to always be prim and proper; one sees other people on the beach, where especially the children congregate and play in the sand, but one does not make any acquaintances; there aren't any communal halls or tables d'hôte; people live in private lodgings where meals are served, or if one has a large family, a house is rented and meals are prepared at home. It is all a practical function of English common sense, for in this way, it becomes a true stay in the countryside where one can seek relaxation from the stresses of winter and renew the body in the fresh air, waves, and calm. I took extreme

pleasure in my solitude, and even avoided all coincidental encounters which could have brought me into contact with people. My only dealings were with the coastal villagers and the many little children from the nearby-living families. Whenever I grew tired of reading or writing, I sat down with these little ones in the unkempt little yard and told them stories, had them sing for me, or climbed with them between the rocks on the beach to hunt for mussels. I often walked along the cliff with my book, plopped down on one of the highest peaks where the sheer rock sank abruptly into the water and the vast ocean opened up before me, and read.—At the time, I was still very much influenced by the scientific philosophy I had acquired at the college. I believed that all of life's problems and phenomena could be solved and explained with the help of the natural sciences. The carbon atom, which one day lives in the poet's mind to help produce immortal thoughts and the next blooms as a flower or sings a joyful hymn to the daylight from the lark's throat up in the ether, seemed to me the profound proof for the unity of all existence which filled my heart with mysterious happiness, and occasionally I would look up from my book and far across the dark-green waves to greet my German homeland, whose intellectual accomplishments I had again learned to love.—In the evening, I would sit in my little room and write the thoughts came quickly and easily, as if spirits were standing behind me and whispering in my ear. Often I also would look out at the moonlit ocean which conveyed an entire river of molten silver in long, quiet waves and a calm, harmonious rushing noise through the silent night. It was as if I could see the horizon of water being lifted up towards the moon, moved by the power of gravity—perhaps the first form of love in the material world. I remembered the delightful phantasies of the Greeks, how they personified this nocturnal secret of love between the constellations in the fable of Luna, who kisses the sleeping Endymion. How deeply this blessed folk must have felt, to capture the secret of phenomena, of transfigured delusion in a world of structural beauty, of which the modern world has only retained the naked rib of so-called reality! In the wonderful mood created by such moon-lit nights at the ocean, it is understandable how this Luna Diana was elevated to the sweetest ideal of virginal purity, which, far from every sensual desire, only moved by the eternal enchantment of beauty, lower themselves for a chaste and blissful kiss on the head of a sleeping beauty without waking him, without demanding an embrace in return. And who knows to what extent their symbolic sense of nature was not correct? Who knows whether a feeling and enjoyment are present in those structures of enjoyment which are closed to our understanding, that merely have a different mode of expression than our own? Who knows, for example, whether Pythagoras' spherical dance was not the first structure, the "eternal idea" of rhythm? Why should we alone possess the privilege of feeling? Since experimental science assures us that the same material which comprises our earthly existence also forms the basis of the world's other organisms, why should not the ideas which the world produces maintain some necessary connection with the material which comprises the world. Why, for example, should rhythm be just an inherent intellectual skill and not an inner law as well which governs the movement of the constellations?...

Occasionally I was enticed down to the shore, even in dark nights when the roaring elements' voices ascended to me in hefty symphonies. In this complete freedom and

among the good coastal dwellers, I was not bothered by any social considerations; I would throw my coat on and go for a walk along the beach. There, where the storm and waves competed loudly with each other, I was pierced by a heavenly feeling of liberty. No fear was within me, no constraints without. The sound of the tumultuous sea was welcome to me; I drank in the crisp night air permeated by the mild breath of the sea. Then I considered the sins of upbringing which restrict people—women, at least—from basking in grand, liberating influences, from contact with elemental forces, with all things natural, and thereby destroy their very nature. To devote oneself to these influences in pure love makes a person strong and good. To converse with the constellations on solitary, starry nights, to venture into the most difficult labyrinths of thought, to harden the body in a struggle with storm and waves, to look death in the eye and to come to a solemn understanding of it—all of this spells stress, foolishness and insanity to traditional educators. But to endanger one's life wearing skimpy clothing at a ball, to rave about in an unattractive, even immoral dance with empty gossipers is considered proper entertainment for youth. The authority which prescribes such things is called the voice of reason. The shallow people who are afraid of night, storm and waves, but who teach their children in the parlor to be elegant cowards in the artificial atmosphere of modern life, are the females *par excellence*, the true women!

Thus thinking, I was gripped by the old passion to fight. I wished for sufficient life, strength and opportunity to train model women who were capable of raising a generation in which all moral cowardliness, the root of all political and social cowardliness, would some day vanish. "Or must true moral courage forever remain the secret of scattered individuals?" my heart despaired. "No," spoke Hope, "it is possible to spread moral courage to the most obscure circles and to educate the larger portion of humanity in moral freedom, which is the strongest law because it recognizes the necessity for amoral world order, creates it, and subjects itself to it because of conviction. But to do this, it is essential that no crippled originality be retained by reconstruction or false convenience, which only covers up the true nature of the world and has ulterior motives. If education ever arrives as the point that true education can be equated with a true, natural human being, more would already have been accomplished than with all utopian theories combined.— —

Once, on one of my nightly walks, I encountered an individual draped in a white coat held up by a belt with a broad-brimmed, large hat and a dagger and two pistols in his belt on the normally deserted cliff. Initially I was a little alarmed at this peculiar sight, but I collected myself as the man remained where he was and asked in a polite voice whether I was not afraid to be on the solitary cliff in the dark, and answered my questions as to who he was with the reply that he was a part of the coastguard which is employed to protect the government's financial interests against French contraband, especially the cognac and liquor smuggling which took place on this coast. The man's comfortable manner led me not to shun his company whenever I later met him on my nightly walks. He related to me episodes out of his solitary, wild beach life, which was threatened by all kinds of human and natural dangers. The former occurred whenever smugglers landed in the many little bays the ocean formed on the shore and hid the smuggled goods in the rocks until they

further transport and in so doing, surprised the coastguard; but the elements were also responsible for prematurely snuffing out more than one of these extraordinarily dutiful lives. He told me about one of his companions who had been blown off the cliff by a strong gust of wind and buried at the bottom in ocean sand and the eternal cycle of low and high tide. For a long time, it hadn't been known what had happened to him, until a few months after his disappearance the wind had churned up the sand and uncovered his corpse. Occasionally the winter frost would tear loose pieces from the cliffs and bury someone under the debris, or the rock would suddenly crack and carry the person standing on top of it down into the abyss, or the storm would hurl someone from the naked, windblown cliff out into the ocean. The man related this so objectively, as if it were completely natural and that this fatal reward for one's loyalty must be accepted without grumbling. It did not occur to him that more sensible measures such as free trade, the repeal of protective tariffs, etc. would automatically eliminate smuggling, and the job of the coastguard officer would be lightened, since he would not have to expose himself to the fury of the elements in such dangerous nights as were used by the smugglers to carry on their dark trade.

Of course, things are different with the pilots of the rescue team, of which my landlord was one. Their job consisted in exposing themselves to the fury of the elements in order to rescue strangers. This difficult but admirable duty is not only inescapable; it becomes even more strong and challenging, the greater the sense of humanity and duty grows. I witnessed such an event where the courageous men who comprise the coastal rescue brigade risked their life without hesitation. It was in the evening, just as I was eating my supper in the kitchen/livingroom area. Outside, the ocean was raging and tumultuous, a storm was howling, and it was raining cats and dogs. Suddenly, muffled tones were heard in short intervals traveling through the night. The wife gave a start. "Those are distress signals!" she cried, and before I had a chance to ask, the husband burst into the room: a ship was in danger in the stormy sea, and he had to hurry to the rescue boat. He quickly put on his large fisherman boots, threw on his rubber coat and cap with the brim that covered the back of the neck, and after a brief, resolute farewell to wife and children hurried out towards the shore, where the great rescue boat was already waiting and, soon manned, sailed out into roaring waves. I stood quite shaken at the side of the wailing woman, who, after helping him dress without a word of complaint, seemed to give free rein to her distress after he was gone. "That's the way my life is, I'm in a constant state of fear for his life," she tearfully mourned. Suddenly she shoved her infant into my arms. "Hold him for me," she cried, "I have to go after him, I have to see them shove off!" She wrapped a shawl around her head and ran out to the beach to watch the departing boat, inasmuch as the darkness permitted, until it disappeared in the towering waves. I remained behind in the cottage with the fisherman's child in my arms, curiously moved by this little drama. The way the husband risked his life without hesitation at the call of duty, the love of the wife, who was driven out into the awful night by muffled fear for her spouse and the father of her children, and did not hold him back-she *couldn't* and didn't even try to do that-but accompanied him as long as possible with the anxious beating of her heart while entrusting me, a stranger, with her child-these were all such simple, such

insignificant things, just the outline of human fate, and yet there was something poetic about it all which moved me: the poetry of situation, of the inexplicable which life occasionally sends our way, which is only rarely poetically surmounted, and only by true genius. On the following day at about noon, the husband returned without incident on the now calm sea after a night of hard work, with the double reward of having rescued the endangered vessel and the modest reward money given to the rescuers.

There was only one thing left to be desired during my holiday: the company of my little friends, Herzen's daughters, whom I had grown to love. I wanted to see the children, and I knew they wanted to come. Finally I wrote to Herzen to ask why he hadn't come, saying half-jokingly that he probably couldn't get away from London, his diverse acquaintances, and his exciting life; that life in Broadstairs naturally didn't appeal to him because it had nothing to offer besides cliffs and waves. A few days later, I received the following reply:

"You're dealing with a person besieged by misfortune, even in simple matters.

I do not know when we can come. My son is sick: I could have sent the little ones to you with the *bonne*, but she is indispensable now. I will send you final word in a few days.

In the meantime, I received your letter—*et tu, Brute?*⁵⁷ I thought you knew me better than anyone in London, and yet even you think that I, shall we say, *need* the Very Café, the Piccadilly Restaurant, the crowds, the discussions? Because basically, that is all I have here. You are familiar with our life—torn, desolate, resembling one of those abandoned ancient palaces, only one tiny corner of which is habitable. What charm is there to bind me to such a life? There are but two things in life I love with a passion: one is my independence—but there on the seashore, you probably wouldn't tyrannize me, I should think; the other is my children, and they would be there. No, you really shouldn't judge me so!

I have lived a full life, a life of *entraînement* and happiness—*tempi passati!* One thing that remains is the will to fight, and I will fight. Fighting is my poetry. I am almost indifferent towards everything else. And you believe that I care whether I'm in London or Broadstairs, at Newroad or Ramsgate?—As we talked a while ago, I said that you are the only person with whom I speak openly about things in general (I do that will all people I respect), as well as about more personal matters. This kindness makes up for all my insignificant troubles, so much so that they're not even worth mentioning."

I wrote back to Herzen, inquired about his son's health, told him about my solitary joys, and requested him to send several science books he had in his possession, including Moleschott's *Kreislauf des Lebens*. A few days later, I received another letter which explained that the illness was not yet over, and then continued: "As I read your letter, I involuntarily said to myself: My God, how physically and emotionally young she is! Everything you say jogs my memory—I, too, was born in Arcadia. But I no longer possess this freshness, this *sonorité*. You're still going forward, I'm going backward. My only comfort is my love of work. There I am still young and still my old self. Moleschott is quite the expert in his book *Kreislauf des Lebens*. Are you familiar with the splendid book *Earth and Man* by Gugot? Or *Botany* by Schleiden? I can send you them."

And he did send them. But then I did not hear anything from him again for a long time and, worried for the boy and astonished at Herzen's unexplained silence and absence, I inquired as to the reason and added half in jest that I hoped his utter hopelessness hadn't led him to put a bullet in his head. I immediately received the reply:

"First of all, I received letters from Russia wherein I was promised a visit here in London which I was anxiously awaiting. Yesterday I received word that my visitor will not arrive until September. Secondly, the *Morning Advertiser* carried an article which claimed that Bakunin was a Russian spy. The article was signed "F.M." So I decided to give this F.M. a proper lesson and await an answer. All kinds of unpleasant disputes erupted. I was in no mood to write a friendly letter. And thus has time passed from one day to the next.

Put a bullet in my head? One doesn't commit suicide as a result of a reason; a bullet is no syllogism; only once have I considered taking my own life, no one knew about it, and I was ashamed of admitting it and placing myself on the same level as those miserable creatures who exploit suicide. I am no longer in possession of any passion strong enough to drive me to suicide; I even have an ironic desire, the simple curiosity to see how things will turn out. It has been two years since I wrote a dedication for a friend and said: 'I don't expect anything for myself; there's nothing left to surprise me or bring me joy. I have developed such indifference, resignation, and skepticism in my old age, that I will survive anything life throws at me, even though I do not wish to live much longer or die too soon. The end will come as the beginning, through coincidence, without consciousness, without reason. I will seek neither to accelerate it, nor to escape it.'

These words were written in complete sincerity. Consider them well. You could object that I was just tired if I had complained, but I never complain, except to a friend's listening ear. Otherwise I speak of revolution, democratic committees, Milan, America, Moldavia, etc. Indeed, there are people who think me the most content man on earth, for example, G and C; there are others who, whenever they see me contemplating something, only attribute it to political ambition, like the majority of Poles for example.

Indeed, there are moments when a storm is raging in my heart—oh, how one yearns for a friend, a hand, a tear at such times—there is so much to say!—then I wander through the streets; I love London after dark, alone; I walk and walk—recently I was on Waterloo Bridge, no one was there besides me—I sat for a long time, my heart was heavy—me, a youth of forty years!

But that kind of thing soon passes. Wine is a gift of the gods to me, a glass of wine brings me back to my old self ... but enough of that! That sort of thing can be found in any old novel. I dislike engaging in these lyrical outbursts."

I wrote back to him:

"The stoic indifference in which you, one of freedom's few elect, are immersed, pains me. What you say is partially true, and you are quite right if indeed life is nothing but the mere game of cold necessity or uncertain coincidence which tosses us about and, after we have enjoyed fleeting moments of youth, love, beauty, and intellect (bitter illusions in this case), deposits us again in the nothingness of the material world in order to construct new hollow existences from our atoms. Negating reason, experimental science

and an impoverished heart lead us to such a conclusion. Only two choices remain thereafter: premeditated suicide as an acceleration of this view's final logical step, or passive, ironically curious resignation. If life is nothing but this eternally repeating monotonous game of existence, then I wouldn't have anything left to say, because the telling of such attitudes would indeed be a futile, superfluous lyrical outburst, the giving into which would be weakness. But thank goodness this isn't the case; the eternal poetry of life, the highest reason, the unity, or however you wish to call it, rebels against that destructive judgment and conquers the analysis of biting criticism, the solitude of the heart. After reading such letters as yours, I always ask myself whether I am less radical than you, whether I am harboring some leftover dogma? But, no; I have mercilessly destroyed every illusion, torn the dearest bonds, sacrificed the most favorable circumstances as they tried to hinder my path to freedom. I nevertheless return to this unity of life, even after such bitter struggles and pain, not as faith, but as intuitive knowledge. No, life is not a rising and setting without any other purpose than that of novelty, which in the end doesn't amount to anything anyway. Of course, an individual phenomenon and its reasoning power is tied to the organism and dies with it; but the total development of consciousness becomes something concrete, as it were, a spirit covering the world, and ventures forth to new ideals, to a more perfect work of living art made possible by preceding epochs. I enjoy living and being a witness of this, and take pleasure in the life that has buried my most beautiful hours. It is for this reason that I enjoy being with children so much, because they are heirs of that advancing future, the seeds of which I would like to plant in them. That is why I was so happy to receive the Moleschott text this evening, because in it is preached a portion of the new gospel for which mankind is preparing itself. eternal transformation; that is why I take pleasure in the foolishness of the reactionaries, not because of their humiliation (that would be a miserable triumph), but because of the inexorable coming of new conditions in which mankind, even if in apparent destruction, will progress. Believe me: those hours like the ones on the Waterloo Bridge are the revenge of reason and poetry taken upon your intellect, which tries to subjugate them."

Finally I had to leave my ocean solitude and return to the drudgery of London life. But I had found new strength and courage, for once again I had lived alone, had immersed myself in the objective introspection which alone makes the mystery of life comprehensible and from which, as if from a sense of the great unity of all things, we receive the strength to bear the inner turmoil of everyday life. On the last evening, I let my landlord row me out on the sea in his rowboat, since the full moon was illuminating the surface of the sea with a silver glow. I know of no more beautiful natural enjoyment than to sail out in the gentle night air, which is milder on the water than on land, and glide about in the unlimited expanse, first in the shiny silver, then in the dark tide, quietly, dreamily, as if one were departing the kingdom of phenomena for the eternal essence of things. Lost in a sensation something akin to music, I sat for a long time in the boat and almost forgot that someone was rowing the boat, when my oarsman suddenly broke the silence and started to tell me about how he had gone to sea as a lad, made long journeys around the world, and had spent many a night at sea in the tropics. He described the

brilliant colors and splendor of the southern firmament, the fragrant air, and all the sensual wonders of that fantastic zone. "But," he added, "as soon as we went on land, the first thing I did was run and read a newspaper, because nothing in life interested me as much as politics; you must know that I am a Republican, having arrived at this point on my own by comparing the conditions in the countries to which I traveled and learning that the republic is the only governmental system worthy of free people. I also take an active role in supporting all the exiled Republicans on our island."

I told him that I was one of them, whereupon he cried hardily that he had long suspected it and had told his wife that I just had to be a Republican, because I dealt with them so kindly. Then he asked me if I knew Ledru Rollin. I told him not personally, but that I had seen him, and that it would be easy enough to make his acquaintance if I wished. "Well, then," he replied after brief hesitation, "tell him that if he ever needs a dependable seaman to escort a courageous man in a sturdy boat to the French coast who wishes to rid the French people of its tyrant and then safely back again, tell him to think of me and give the word. I'm at the ready!"⁵⁸

This curious divulgence jolted me out of my ocean reverie and brought me back into the passionately disjointed world of so-called reality, in which dark powers rule the raging carnal impulses that instigate murder in tyranny and its followers, between whose dark machinations the ideal illuminates the world like a fleeting meteor and then flees to the safety of the unknown.

CHAPTER FIVE A FAMILY OF MY CHOOSING

As I approached the polluted sphere hovering above the enormous metropolis like a bird of prey circling over its victim. I involuntarily thought of the chorus from *Fidelio*, where the prisoners have to return to the prison and mournfully sing "Fare well, thou wondrous sunlight, at our parting." To him who wishes to keep pace in this rat-race to reach the golden island of profit and pleasure most people seek, or to him who studies the contrasts present in such large cities, or finally to him who prefers living in one of the great centers of political life, London may very well be an El Dorado which readily attracts heart and soul. But whoever learned as a child to listen to the revelations which resound in air and waves, the birds' song and green foliage, or to remain where progressive thought struggles to free itself from the night of chaos which conceals it from our view, to such a person is the return to London a return to prison from freedom, especially if he, like I, has to re-enter the exercise wheel of giving lessons.

I returned to find only a few of my students home, since the beginning of the season was still a long way off and most of the families were still in the country. But at Herzen's house, I immediately started up my lessons again and was happy to see the lovely children, true flowers in the desert. One evening I chanced by the house, and since I hadn't been there in the morning, I went inside to see how the children were doing. I met Herzen downstairs in the dining room and saw him looking troubled and sad. As I left, he accompanied me outside and suddenly broke into tears and said that he just could not get a handle on domestic life, that he was worried about the children, that his house was in ruins, and repeated several times: "I don't deserve this, I don't deserve this!"—It was deeply disturbing to see him this way. It is always very moving to see a man cry, especially one very careful about showing emotion and absorbed in his worldly business, so that one considers him hardly capable of sensitivity in life's more intimate matters. At the same time, I was touched by his trust in me, and as he said: "give me your advice!" I promised to contemplate the situation. At home I considered at great length how I should advise him. The children and maid had already made known their wish that I belong permanently to the household and had planned out how nice things would be. On one hand, the thought was very tempting when I thought about life with the children in such open circumstances and the promising task of raising them, instead of the depressing prospect of giving lessons. Yet, I had always been wary of this, because I was afraid of becoming deeply dependent again on other people. I rather preferred my drab solitude to the suffering which love can cause. I had tasted every kind of love in its most bitter form, and had experienced its destructive power to the limit. At least at the time, I was free and at peace, even though it was not what could be termed happiness. It was more like a painful feeling of contentment which the sailor experiences when, after a storm on high sea, he with broken mast, torn sails, and lost goods enters the calm of the harbor. Should I once again expose myself to the consequences emotion inflicts on us?—since I knew myself and knew how deeply and exclusively my heart was given to each true emotion so that, when it was shattered, a part of myself was lost and my life endangered? This was

not about being a governess, it was the entry into a family of my choosing, it was the sister who went to her brother to raise the children deprived of their mother. It was only under these conditions that I would make my move, this way or not at all. The children's lovely eyes enticed me like stars, promising me great reward for my work. I was attracted by the intellectual aspect which would enter my life through my dealings with Herzen, the exchange, even struggle of ideas, void of all hypocrisy which more or less must be practiced in English life. In addition. I had to consider that my health probably would not be able to bear another winter of such strenuous lessons. So I sat down, wrote to Herzen, and told him that I was very touched by his pain, and that my desire to help him outweighed many other considerations; I offered to assume complete responsibility for his children's upbringing, and added that I would naturally have to move into their home, but that I regarded this as an act of my own choosing, as a duty to a friend, and that from that moment on, every monetary commitment between us would be terminated. In order to earn money to cover my modest expenses, I would give a few lessons outside the house, so that I could take on undisturbed an ideal task, the success of which would be my only reward. I ended by saying that it was only natural that we both enter this agreement as free, equal parties, with complete mutual freedom to dissolve it if it seemed beneficial to either of us.

I soon received a reply. He wrote that he had been about to suggest the same thing a hundred times, but similar scruples had caused him to refrain, namely, his infinite love for freedom and independence—the most lofty principles left over from the shipwreck of life—and the fear of all human relationships which so easily jeopardize the melancholic peace of solitary resignation, the bullet-riddled trophy we carry with us from the heated fight. "I am afraid of everything, even you," he said, but then added, "yes, let's give it a try. You will be doing the greatest service for me if you can rescue the children: I have no talent for raising them, I'm aware of this and do not deceive myself, but I am ready to assist any way I can and to do everything you think necessary and prudent.

Now that the ice was broken, he himself urged me to make haste, and a few weeks later I moved into the home. I found several things in need of reform: things about the children, the house's organization, even the social circumstances which Herzen had let grow up around him, which weighed heavily on him and put him in a bad mood, and yet which he did not have the energy to regulate and form according to his better judgment. I noticed this quality in him from the very start, that although he didn't budge an inch in a struggle over principle, was as unflinching in opposition, and endured in his freely chosen work like those for whom work is the sacred confirmation of internal creativity, not drudgery—that in daily life, he timidly avoided confrontation. He would endure a thousand unpleasantries before ordering things with his powerful hand, and as a result, he often found himself the slave to circumstance, although he dearly cherished his independence. A veritable locust swarm of Russian and Polish refugees had made its way into his house. They had taken downright possession of it and fancied themselves the masters of the house, doing as they pleased; no day, no evening was safe from these intruders; every ounce of family life, every bit of togetherness with the children, every conversation was disturbed by these people. Herzen himself suffered the most because of

this, and his bad mood often degenerated into a horrible temper. I could not stand for this, especially as it had an effect on the children, and openly confronted Herzen about it. I openly told him that I had come to guide his children on the right path, inasmuch I was capable of doing so. but also to help the children's father to create the happy home necessary for a healthy childhood in which the seeds could be planted that will someday bring forth blossom and fruit. With the extraordinary honesty towards himself so characteristic of him and the openness with which he always admitted his shortcomings, he confessed that it was weakness not to put these things in order, and gave me authority to do so. I advised him to designate two evenings per week when he would receive guests. but to enforce a strict prohibition against such visits once and for all during the daytime and on the other evenings. He found that one evening sufficed, took these measures, and we soon had our peace and quiet. Naturally, I immediately acquired a number of enemies who had already looked disapprovingly on my arrival in the house, since they viewed it as a threat to their future influence. Neither would I escape unscathed from this.

It was only natural that there were splendid exceptions among the corralled swarm. These were not prohibited from coming; but neither did their noble natures abuse this privilege. Among these were several who would later become my friends; for the time being, however, a Pole caught my eye, a martyr figure who filled me with compassion and reverence. It was Stanislaus Worcell, a man from one of the Poland's leading aristocratic families, at whose cradle had appeared delegations from some thirty villages to congratulate his parents at his birth. As a child he had only dined with silver, had been surrounded by servants, and had grown up in excessive luxury. But he had never passed up a chance to enrich his intellect, and possessed an abundance of knowledge which came to comprise a true education. But he was filled with that mystic/fanatic patriotism which I would later come to know better by reading the Polish poets such as Mickiewicz. Poland was the mystic star which illuminated Worcell's noble soul, even beneath the gloomy clouds of exile which had passed him the most bitter cup and not spared him any painful privation. Rich, well-respected, happily married, the father of several children, he had risked everything for the independence of his fatherland with the coming of the great Polish Revolution. After the foreign ruler's superior strength had conquered, there was nothing left for him, like so many others, but exile. What made it more bitter for him than for others was the betrayal of his wife and children, who, instead of following him, sided with the enemy, who naturally richly rewarded them, since the traitor is the natural ally of the tyrant and justifies himself in his own eyes. Deep furrows etched by pain on his noble countenance, which was framed by greyed hair and beard, attested to how deeply this dagger must have pierced Worcell's soul. But never did he utter a word of accusation; in fact, he never spoke of those basking in the glory of imperial mercy in St. Petersburg, while he lived in poverty and destitution. He bore the noble pride of the just that doesn't carry wounds just for show; in fact, he never complained at all, and whenever one met him, this refined, intellectual, deeply educated man—who spoke all the modern languages flawlessly, and whose sharp dialectic and philosophical mind drew from fountain of diverse knowledge—always made conversation truly enjoyable. He made his living by giving lessons in mathematics and languages, and his foremost pupil was Herzen's son, a

fact that led him frequently to the house. But he frequently came for other reasons as well. since Herzen highly respected him. He was the first to encourage Herzen, as Herzen's plans of starting a Russian press in London became reality, in order to fight against despotism in Russia. In order to take his mind off the pain of losing his wife and many dear friends, Herzen had proposed to prepare a place of exile for enslaved Russian thought abroad. From there, he would openly return to his homeland to become the avenger of the oppressed, the herald of light and enlightenment, and the messenger of a better future. Just as Herzen conceived this thought alone, he also planned on accomplishing it with his own means. It was a Pole, this Worcell, who realized the scope of this thought and happily joined forces with him by making the resources the Polish refugees had at their disposal for transporting pamphlets to Russia and Poland available to Herzen. How else should he have acted, this noble, extraordinary human being, towards an budding enterprise which made passionate claim about Russian and Polish indebtedness, with the offering of a brotherly hand to the oppressed for the purpose of fighting a common enemy, despotism, which burdened Russia as well as Poland? I was there when Worcell personally received the first printed pamphlet in Russian, and shared the happy emotion of both men. At least I saw another seed of freedom being planted, which wouldn't be so easily hindered in free Albion. Long before I knew Herzen, the thought had occurred to me that Russia and America would be the next cultural arenas in which the socialistic ideology that had been conceived and caused so much struggle and fighting in Europe would come to fruition. The old, torn and divided Europe had to bring about striking national personalities, harsh contrasts, and completely separate governmental and social structures. But the tendency of modern history to lean towards a unification of the masses, the cooperation of many forces, and association and connection of distant locations through cultural means seemed to me a more appropriate foundation to build upon in the vast regions of America and Russia which are uninterrupted by mountains, rivers and seas. The simplicity of agricultural and industrial enterprises seemed to invite unrestricted human cooperation to implement contemporary humanitarian theory. These theories, which demanded the fulfillment of basic material needs for all as a basis for a new and better future, negated the saying of Malthus⁵⁹ that not all are summoned to the banquet of life. Instead, they proclaimed the saying: "Whoever works shall also reap the benefits." Ever since I met Herzen, his talk of the Russian commune had led these ideas to preoccupy me and take shape. It seemed to me that through the common possession of land in the commune, the awful problem of the proletariat would be solved, which is gathering strength and becoming increasingly ominous, like a thunder cloud over Europe. Whoever possesses enough land to provide for himself and his family need not go hungry. The knife seemed poised to penetrate the infection which infested the old continent's very core and drained it of its strength.

Of course, in considering these things, Herzen's generous enterprise seemed exceptionally significant to me. There could not be much missing from a country which already possessed the basic structures to combat poverty, other than to break the chains of a despotism much more plump than that of Europe's, and to awaken all the repressed strengths through a free press and knowledge.

Many other people besides Worcell welcomed Herzen's work. Michelet, the French story writer, wrote in response to it: "What right does hate still have to exist when Poles and Russians unite?"

Not all Poles were so sympathetic, however, so magnanimous as Worcell, and I would soon become familiar with the petty envy and intrigue which existed among these refugees. A Polish family acquainted with Herzen whose children were close to his own had become very tight with Herzen's German nurse. They and the children were frequently invited and treated like equals; it was hoped that they would come to exercise greater influence in the home. In the beginning, they treated me very courteously; they visited me, extended invitations to me, and probably should have liked to have completely won me over. But the family rubbed me the wrong way; they did not possess the simple, quiet dignity of misfortune like Worcell. They were very ostentatious about it all. I often could not refrain from laughing whenever the father and his Polish relatives approached Herzen with secretive expressions, looking about suspiciously, and whispering with a muffled voice as though they feared being overheard and carried a secret crucial to the world's fate around with them; in short, they appeared "*drapés dans la conspiration*," as I once told Herzen.

I kept myself a bit aloof from them and also tried to limit their dealings with the children, since it seemed they were exercising a bad influence on the children with whom I had been entrusted. Of course, from that point on, the entire clique became hostile towards me. Initially, my relationship with the nurse had been superb. She was happy that another female was in the home with whom she could speak, who would listen to her stories and express her concern for her affairs—with which she was mostly preoccupied—one of which was a love interest back in Germany, the details of which she immediately related to me. I never gave her reason to complain; life in Herzen's home became more enjoyable, for she organized parties on the children's birthdays, at Christmas, and New Year's in which she naturally took part and amused herself more than everyone else. A true family life evolved in the home which united all members of the household as equals and brought out common interests, goals, jokes, and work, just like in a well-ordered family life with all its charm and positive sense of belonging. The children were sick several times during the winter, and I performed my duty with the love that only a mother can exhibit, because I had already grown exceptionally fond of the children, especially the two girls. My inborn familial instinct took over. At the time, I thought a lot about the prevalent tendency to disrupt the family, and equated it with the death of an individual. This only holds true tyranny in the family. The family, like the state, of course, should not assume the authority which hinders the individual in its free, natural development. On the contrary, both state and family should protect and assist the individual in developing according to its own predisposition. In a more narrow sense in the family, in a broader sense in the state, the individual should be given the means of acquiring a pleasing and free education. But neither state nor family should hinder or forcefully impede the individual's free will. If a family is religious and wishes to administer a religious education to its children, it should be free to do so. But to try to force an independent individual to remain attached to views it has outgrown, or to

persecute it if it offers resistance is tyranny. Likewise, the state may prescribe religious education in its schools, but to force its officials to go to church is despotism, etc.— Influences and examples should be the main means employed by family and state in educating individuals and nations. To surround a youth with beautiful influences, to hold up noble, lofty examples before him, and to let nature take its course without disruption: this is wisdom. The more my duty led me to contemplate the great problem of education, the more deeply convinced I became that influences and examples should be the greatest factors in a good upbringing, instead of the training normally provided by governesses, schoolmasters, and the government. What made the culture of Athens so unspeakably beautiful? The Athenians did not inhibit natural grace with superficial training, they were surrounded by beautiful influences, they were encircled by the charm, grace, and loftiness of nature, art inspired them to incorporate ideal beauty into their structures, the elderly and the wise men engaged in intellectually stimulating discussions with the youth, and examples of god-like heroes led young souls to emulate them. The training ground of Sparta produced strong, proper people, but no favorites of the gods like those in Athens.

The very original personalities over whose education I had charge led me to consider special cases, and I sought to apply this theory to them as much as possible. At first it was naturally the oldest daughter who took up most of my time, for whose education I took complete responsibility and whose striking personality I studied in depth. But I also took care to grow close to the youngest girl, who was still too young to learn, but who, little as she was, returned my love. This was the initial cause of expressions of animosity on the part of the nurse, who possessed a special love for this child who until then had been completely in her charge. Her behavior towards me started to change completely. At first I wrote it off as childish jealousy. But soon I saw that there was more to it, and came to find out that those Poles had aroused all kinds of suspicion in her which she manifested in the most horrid fashion, partly by her unpleasant disposition, partly by withdrawing, and by retiring earlier than usual with the children who, according to previous arrangement, slept with her.—At first I tried to ignore these things and remained friendly. But finally I became agitated, since this behavior began to affect my oldest pupil—she became reserved and distrustful towards me, took the side of the nurse, completed her assignments poorly or listlessly, and started to be likewise influenced, as I soon noticed, by the Polish girls. Until this time, the nurse had always had complete charge of the children, and since Herzen had not taken any firm measures, this had not changed. So she had sufficient opportunity to keep the children away from me and arrange their lives as she pleased. I spoke to Herzen about this when I finally saw that my influence on the children would be nullified if things continued the way they were going. I demanded that he set things in order before any irreparable harm had been done. Again I met with the previously mentioned indecisiveness, that timidity to intervene timely in order to prevent immanent evil. It was a trait I would later encounter in many Russians. It contributes an accidental, indecisive element to their lives and constitutes the main discrepancy between their natures and those of the Western European countries, as well as one of the antagonisms which distance them from a German personality with its firm, orderly deliberate way. Herzen contemplated the matter, failed to comprehend it, said things would get better, and

left it at that. Unfortunately, this was not the case. The most unpleasant scenes followed; the nurse started to become uneasy whenever I spent an extended amount of time with the little girl and whenever the little girl, whose vivid imagination and sensitive spirit were attracted by the stimuli I offered her, showed affection for me. Finally even Herzen saw that things could not continue in this fashion, and that he would have to choose between her and me. I placed him at liberty to dissolve our agreement if it should prove too difficult for him to dismiss the servant to whom he had become accustomed. But he would have none of that, and at length he decided to let her go in a very compassionate way. I supported him completely in this matter, even though I would have always rather sacrificed a thousand times than be the cause that someone else sacrifice in my behalf. I was deeply sorry to see this person, who already began to see the error of her ways and tried (like the obtuse woman that she was) to object, even though it was too late, and she had to leave the children, whom she loved in her own way. I felt that something greater was at stake, namely the well-being of the children and my influence on them, and so I remained firm at all costs. After she left, I gathered the children around me and arranged my life with them as I saw fit. Again there was peace around me, even though the disharmonious effects of the Poles remained with my oldest pupil for a while afterwards and caused me a bit of stress, but I hoped to be able to overcome this in time.

At the time, we came into frequent contact with a Russian couple which had been with Herzen's family back in Nice before the death of his wife. They, too, were peculiar people—he, especially—characteristic of an entire generation, the generation which had reached maturity after Herzen's flight out of the fatherland and had made a name for itself through several unsuccessful conspiracies. Mr. E... was a friend of Petrascheffski, who (according to everyone who knew him, was an extraordinary person) had been caught as the head of one of these conspiracies and sent to Siberia. Sickly and extremely nervous, E.. was one of those completely theoretical people, the kind Herzen had found and described among his contemporaries. Blessed with a sharp, probing intellect, a splendid dialectic, and philosophical astuteness, he was nevertheless incapable of anything under the stifling pressure of despotism but bitter irony and the most horrible skepticism. The latter was so derisive that when compared to it, the consciousness of empowerment held a certain claim that no success justified. Besides all those aforementioned qualities, Herzen's generation possessed a great poetic/creative power which rescued many; besides Herzen himself, Turgeniew, Belinski, Lermontoff, and others. Whomever "God had allowed to express his suffering," the same could at least ameliorate his pain in a more pure region. On the other hand, whoever had been denied this privilege had to lead a "sorrowful, gloomy existence," and it was not uncommon that the Russians would seek forgetfulness in wine, which, to judge by Turgeniew's novellas, is the case in the Russian people in general. I liked E... very much and conversed with him frequently because it was a real training for the mind to discuss or dispute things with him. His wit and derisiveness amused me, for he only destroyed that which was worthy of destruction with these sharp weapons, but never anything weak or in need of help. Deep in his heart underneath all the mockery and bitter doubt there remained a genuinely human sensitivity. He could not stand to see an animal suffer and could not restrain himself if he saw one

being mistreated. I was less attracted to his wife; she was beautiful, cold, proud, clever, positive, and yet mystical—a curious mix of qualities. But her husband loved and adored her above all else. Both were frequent guests in the house, especially since they dearly loved the children and told them much about their mother, whom they had known and respected.

Besides them, members of the French emigration came often, not the doctrinaire/republican portion, the leader of which was Ledru-Rollin, but the Socialist Party, of which Louis Blanc was the recognized head at the time. He often made us laugh because Herzen's youngest daughter would take him as her playmate and show him her special favor because of his boy-like figure; he on the other hand, was so flattered that he would immediately inquire about the child as soon as he arrived and would often play *au volant* or some other game with her for a half an hour. He was so proud of conquering the heart of this three year-old that he became quite angry when one of the other Frenchmen once told him: "My God, Louis Blanc, you honestly don't imagine the child is in love with you?! She's only in love with your blue coat with the yellow buttons!" He always wore a blue tails with yellow buttons. The little anecdote fit him perfectly; he was incredibly vain and fancied himself a large man despite his lacking height. But to be fair, he was truly a dear fellow and had himself to thank for his importance. He not only possessed great talent as a historian, but also a deep, logically developed conviction that he always rhetorically drew upon, even in a personal conversation, but which lacked the revolutionary flair typical of his countrymen. He, too, was a doctrinaire, and his system had already proven untenable, but he was witty and defended his theories with great skill and defiance whenever Herzen pointed out its flaws, as he frequently did. In all of these frequently heated debates, he always remained the perfect gentleman, despite his doctrinaire insistence on being right, and whenever he became hefty or obstinate in a discussion, he immediately became kind and friendly directly afterwards, and sometimes told the most charming and amusing anecdotes. He loved to talk about his life with the French workers when speaking in private and to relate tails of the devotion they had always shown him. For instance, he told about how he went for a walk with a member of the provisional government of forty-eight and noticed that a man in a blouse persistently followed them. No matter which way they turned, the man followed them. A poor woman approached and asked Louis Blanc for an alm. He searched his pockets and found that he had none. Then the man in the blouse rushed up, laid a few *sous* in his hand and said: "No one must ever claim that Louis Blanc turned a beggar away." Later, it came out that one worker always followed him wherever he went to watch and help him in case of need.

One of the few Frenchmen who dared contradict Louis Blanc despite his reputation became a daily guest in the house. It was Joseph Domengé, a young man at the time from the south of France, the son of poverty-stricken parents, who had left his parents at an early age for the chaos of Parisian life to seek his fortune alone, and who had enthusiastically joined the cause of the revolution. The consequence: exile and poverty. Herzen had met him at the house of a common acquaintance and had left the house together with him, so immersed in their conversation, that they had wandered about a good portion of the night through the streets of London without being able to halt the

discussion. The next day, Herzen told me about him and said: "Of all the French I know. I've never met such a free-thinking and philosophical mind as his." I also made his acquaintance shortly after this, and he made such a favorable impression on me that I suggested that Herzen employ him as a teacher for his son. His handsome exterior suited his great intelligence and his courageous, free view, which lifted him above conventional thought and allowed him to consider the nature of things without prejudice. He had adopted a philosophical system *a priori*, but his entire way of looking at things was philosophical, and he confronted the theorems with unabashed criticism with which his countrymen, each in his own way, sought to view the world condescendingly. He had studied and seemed well-suited in every possible way to teach the growing boy. Herzen shared this opinion, and from then on, Domengé came every day for several hours to give lessons. He usually stayed for supper, which made the conversation that much more lively and interesting.

Another time, Herzen said to me: "Get ready to meet a very odd person who has just visited me; I invited him to call on us this evening." I had already heard this person's name; much had been whispered about him because of a duel he had fought with a follower of Ledru-Rollin in which he had killed his opponent. As a result, he had stood trial before an English court and peculiar acts of dishonesty had been performed by his political adversaries during the course of the trial. His name was Barthélemy; he was a simple worker from hot-blooded Marseille. He had belonged to the secret society of the Marianne in his early youth, which at the time was pursuing revolutionary goals in France. He had been chosen by lot to take vengeance on a police sergeant who had crossed a member of the society, and had killed him as commanded. He had been taken prisoner and sentenced to the bagnio. Soon afterwards, the Revolution of Forty-eight broke out.

He was liberated from the bagnio, fought courageously during the Days of June on the side of the workers, and only escaped farther imprisonment and exile in Cayenne (an exile in poverty and destitution in free England was greatly to be preferred) with great difficulty and by facing many dangers. I was eager to meet this person who had already taken part in so many unusual events as a youth, but I was secretly terrified of meeting a man who had already killed on more than one occasion. How amazed I was when Herzen introduced me that evening to a refined, calm young man, no different from any other man I had ever met, and as he spoke to me with his deep, melodic and irresistibly soothing voice. This barbarian was reserved, modest, even shy, but thoroughly noble in movement and behavior. Only in his dark eye, which glowed in a melancholic face under a thoughtful brow did it occasionally flash like the distant lightning flashes of a threatening storm that can strike with destructive force at any given moment. He never became animated in a discussion, never yelled like the other French, never recited like they, didn't speak rhetorically, in fact, didn't speak much at all. But when he spoke, all drew silent, one after the other. His deep, soothing voice sounded clear and determined above the echoing chaos and uttered opinions seemingly cut from stone, they seemed so unshakeable. Only seldom was a note of passion mixed in his voice, which revealed that not only could his opinion lead to a deed, but that it could be such a rash deed that he himself might later regret it. I was so taken by my acquaintance with this man that Herzen laughed about my enthusiasm,

even though he himself found him very important and magnetic. In Germany, I had been accustomed to dealing with educated workers who discussed social issues earnestly and thoughtfully; but I had never encountered such a harmonious and thoroughly educated man as Barthélemy or such a complete deviation from social class manifested through his decency and behavior. He gave me new-found respect for the French working class which justified me in assuming that the salvation and future of that country lies in this class alone. At the time, I could not have dreamt that it would be possible that the empire would last twenty years and also thoroughly corrupt this class with its demoralizing influence and lead to the most tragic consequences of the theories he voiced.

Besides these three prominent personalities, the rest of the French refugees who used to come to Herzen's home were not only uninteresting, but also unpleasant because of their slogans and their constant repetition of the same topic. Of course, the deciding factor was always just the individual. Just as there were sufficient numbers of indifferent, backward, even repulsive people among all the various nationalities which fate had thrown together here, there were also beautiful, prominent figures everywhere which made up for the others. This is where man distinguishes himself from nature; the latter is only interested in maintaining species, it places the precious individual of superior physical and intellectual beauty on the same level as its complete opposite—but with people, only the individual is of greatest importance; the importance of the centuries is measured in individuals; it is to the individual that the crown of immortality is offered, it is in the individual that humanity lives on.

I also came to know and love Italian refugees in Herzen's home. At the time, I never saw Mazzini, because he never went out in the evenings except to visit his immediate circle of English friends, to whom I was a stranger. But a one-time colleague in the Roman Triumvirate, his pupil and friend, Aurelio Saffi, came frequently to visit. Herzen loved him dearly, and Saffi became increasingly inclined to share Herzen's opinions, which, of course, substantially differed from those of Mazzini. Mazzini held to a beautiful and pure dogma, but a dogma nonetheless, to which he wished to convert the world and in whose infallibility and eventual realization he fervently believed. Herzen possessed the fanaticism of freedom, he advocated unlimited development of all possibilities, and for this reason, hated and negated the existing tyrannical forces, which sought to maintain the status quo. He would have also decried the republic (and did so with the French Republic of forty-eight), if ever this became a binding dogma. Saffi started to see that it was impossible to try to prescribe laws and a future course of development for the fatherland from a position in exile. Instead of conspiring, he turned to concrete activity while in exile, since his means did not allow him to be independent. After a while, he received a summons to the Oxford University, which he followed. He was well-educated in literature and possessed a poetic, dreamily melancholic nature. He could sit for hours without speaking a single word. He often awoke when he was spoken to, as if from a distant dream. Once we had seen him sitting across from a Frenchman, who was relating to him old, rehashed stories from the time of the revolution of 1848 without Saffi even opening his mouth to make a comment. Finally suppertime put an end to this monologue, and Herzen asked Saffi in jest whether he was now sufficiently

instructed about the town hall in the thirteenth district? Saffi looked at him in amazement and said: "I didn't hear a word," which of course led to hearty laughter. Despite this distraction and deep contemplation, he was one of the most pleasant guests of all the refugees. He was not destined to become a political figure; patriotism was poetry to him, and the glorification of Italy had taken hold of the young poet like an embodied ideal. Called as a young man together with his older friend to lead the Roman republic, his first action had been the delightful dream of a resurrected Rom. The dream had fled, and as he awoke, he found himself in a foggy exile. The deepest pain which filled his soul was manifest (besides through his silence) occasionally when he recited poetry in a close circle of friends; either the immortal terza rima of his great countryman-also banished and filled with the deep pain of exile, or the verse drawn from the fount of suffering by the man who, after Dante, was the second greatest and most noble Italian poet, Giacomo Leopardi. At such times it was as if he were speaking from his own soul, and his entire soul awakened from his usual state of meditation. He loved Herzen with a kind of child-like adoration and listened admiringly whenever Herzen voiced his ideas and his fiery spirit engaged his listeners in all areas of thought. Only Herzen's wit was capable of occasionally coaxing a hearty laugh from him.

The complete opposite of Saffi, and yet also typically Italian was Felice Orsini, who was previously acquainted with Herzen and had looked him up in London. He was the unsurpassed epitome of a medieval condottiere, one of those figures Machiavelli conceived while he, in objectively viewing his day, depicted the political figure which caused him so much criticism and was wrongfully taken for his ideal. Orsini was handsome, in a completely different way than the pale, dreamy Sam. He was genuine Roman, with a sharply bent nose, pursed lips, dark glowing eyes and high brow. His figure was stocky, the very image of strength. Like Saffi, he did not speak much, but not because he was dreaming or in a different world, but because he observed, planned, was always in complete control, and never let on what he was thinking. He had been incarcerated several times and told me that he had read *Neue Heloise*, through which he had arrived at a higher opinion of femininity than before, and that he was now completely in favor of women's equal rights, since he considered women every bit the equal of men. Frequently he would visit in the evenings for an hour or so, play with Herzen's children and speak wistfully about the two little daughters he had left in Italy. I was taken by surprise by this homely side in him; it was my first glimpse into the deep dependence on family so embedded in Italians, for which they are normally not given any credit.

The Italian refugee circle was set in commotion by the arrival of Garibaldi, who returned on board a Genoese ship he captained from South America, where he had fought for the independence of the republics. Herzen, who had known him in Italy, had told me stories through which I had already become somewhat familiar with him. Herzen had related with emotion how a woman had come with her two children after his wife's passing and told him that she knew that he did not share her faith, but that he surely would not forbid her from praying with the children at the casket of the deceased. The children were the Garibaldi's, and the lady was their governess. At the time, Garibaldi was only known as the leader of the Roman Republic's army who would have probably defeated the

French Republicans—who committed one of those atrocities so typical of Italy's history during this expedition—and in this way could have altered Italy's fate, had not Mazzini's trust in the purity of republican intentions hindered Garibaldi in his course of action. Mazzini would have to pay a high price for this idealism. Mazzini himself told me several times that he simply could not believe that the French Republicans could strike against the Roman Republic. It was one of the many disappointments of the Revolution of 1848 to which the entire revolutionary generation of that period was subject.

But although he had not yet been bestowed with his most prized laurels at that time, Garibaldi's name stood next to Mazzini's as a leading figure in a freedom-loving Italy. His most recent heroism in South America had added a romantic touch which made him appear like one of the heroes of antiquity who embarked on crusades to aid the oppressed. Herzen immediately went to see him and invited him to dinner. Since that time, Garibaldi's image has become so familiar, even to those who do not know him personally, that it needs no further description. Though he wasn't outwardly handsome, he was disarming, especially the gentle expression of his eye, his mild smile, his simple and yet so dignified personality. His appearance was like the quiet magic of a beautiful day, nothing hidden, nothing secretive, nothing flamboyant, no derisive wit, no blinding passion, no captivating rhetoric; but he instilled a quiet, joyful excitement, a certainty that this was a person genuine in every respect, in whom existed no dualism between word and deed, who retained a child-like endearing quality, even in his mistakes. His conversation was refreshing, emotional, full of endearing simplicity just like his character, and strewn with something of a poetic touch with which he related his experiences in South America, the guerilla warfare he had led, how he had slept with his men under the sky, and how they still fought man-to-man in traditional style there. One would have thought one was listening to a Homeric hero, and it was easy to see how his wife Anita in her infinite love had to follow him loyally to her death. His favorite thought he shared with us fit him perfectly: it had been his dream that all the refugees from forty-eight board a ship and found their own republic, ever ready to land and aid the cause of freedom. He said that this idea was not altogether impossible to carry out; the city of Genoa, which had given him his ship, would have several more, and it would have been possible to establish a refuge for free people on the free ocean, such as had never been possible on dry land.

After dinner, several Italians who had asked Herzen for permission came to ask Garibaldi about his views and current ideas for Italy. He laid out his views for them clearly and simply. First, he answered that he would not permit anyone to doubt his republican views, and added that it was clear to him that the way to unify Italy was only through Piedmont and the Savoy Dynasty. According to his opinion, every patriot should set aside personal sympathies and desires in order to achieve this grand goal. He believed that revolutions had become futile, and that only through joining the reigning Italian families—which had always showed an inclination towards liberal-patriotic endeavors and could easily attract the sympathies of the other monarchial European nations—could success be achieved.

The rest of the Italians listened respectfully, but did not share his opinion. Least of all, Mazzini, to whom he had also clearly voiced his views. A kind of tension set in

between the two of them which would only be resolved much later. Garibaldi invited us to breakfast on board his ship before his departure. On the appointed day, Herzen was detained by an intense headache, and I went alone with Herzen's son. The ship lay far out in a deeper shipping channel of the Thames, and we had to take a small boat from the shore in order to get to it. When we arrived at the ship a handsomely upholstered armchair was let down, and I was drawn up on board. Garibaldi greeted us above in a colorful outfit; a short, pleated grey vest, a gold-stitched cap atop his blond hair, and weapons in his thick belt. His dark-brown sailors, with the eyes and skin color of another sun, were likewise gathered and dressed in colorful attire. Two English ladies whom I knew had already arrived before us. Garibaldi led us into his cabin where a breakfast consisting of all manner of sea delicacies, oysters, fish, etc., was served. The most hearty and pleasant conversation ensued. At length he stood up, seized a glass of plain wine from his homeland of Nice which he always had on hand, apologized for not offering us some champagne like a true patriot, and said that he was a simple man without the gift of gab, but he wanted to drink to the health of the ladies who loyally stood by their husbands in their effort to pave the way for republican freedom.—Afterwards he showed us the ship, his weapons, and the simple items which surrounded him. His sailors seemed to revere him, and it was impossible not to sense the poetic magic which surrounded this personality: the unsophisticated, simple, free hero, a kind and just ruler over this little floating republic, carrying the strength of his arm and his war-waging talent to distant lands for the purpose of securing freedom, since his service was momentarily of no use to the fatherland. It is hardly fathomable that any man of antiquity was ever surrounded by such enchantment of situation than he, not in an affected manner or for show, but because of his inherently poetic and upright character which shuns every outward glory and distinction which is not the direct consequence of intrinsic value, and which always rushes to where his own nature needn't bare any chains (the way the truly free do), but where he is in harmony with his surroundings. This is the way he was onboard his ship, this is the way he had been in South America, and this is the way he would later be in the war and on Caprera. There is some irresistible magic in this simplicity and loyalty towards oneself which he exercised for the people and which had already made him a living legend. The people of Naples already carry his portrait as an amulet and no longer celebrate Saint Joseph's Day, but his, and believe that though the first Garibaldi is long since dead, he always returns, and that there will always be a Garibaldi.

A significant comment by Richard Wagner seems appropriate here, which he wrote to me after I was fortunate enough to become friends with him and after Garibaldi had accomplished the work of unifying his fatherland:

"I recently was very impressed while reading about Plutarch Timoleon's life, which I happened upon quite by accident. This life has the unheard of significance that it ends completely happily, an occurrence without historical precedent. It is very comforting to know that such a thing was possible, but in consideration of all the other noble qualities, I really cannot help but fancy such a case as a trap set by the world demon. This possibility had to remain open, in order to lead countless people astray with regard to the actual content of the world. If this possibility never presented itself, it could almost be

assumed that it must be impossible to take a short-cut to where we Occidentals, as it seems, usually take long detours to arrive at. How many parallels did I therefore recently find between Garibaldi and Timoleon. Until now, he has been happy! Is it possible that he be spared all the horrible bitterness? I sincerely hope so. Yet I am often frightened whenever I think of him as just a fly in the great European spider web. But there are still many options. Perhaps the fly is too large and strong."

This was unfortunately not the case, and Garibaldi would drink the bitter cup down to the last dregs.

CHAPTER SIX COUNTRY LIFE

In the meantime, autumn had arrived. I enthusiastically received Herzen's suggestion to leave London and move to Richmond, which because of its proximity held all the advantages of London, yet, in the walks along the Thames, in the glorious park and nearby Kew Garden, offered all the advantages of a stay in the country.—Country life had always seemed like the good life to me. My infinite love of nature, the peace and calm which nature alone is capable of imparting, the great innocence prevalent in nature where the wild forces, which even among the animals lead to murder and pain, still lay dormant—all these things led me to look forward to taking part in this so seldom enjoyed pleasure. I was also glad to escape the all too lively traffic in the house. There were still too many friends and visitors for my liking, each of whom fancied himself an exception deserving of our time. I yearned for peace and quiet, as long as I had everything at home that I needed: for my feelings, the children; to keep busy, my duty to them; for my intellect, Herzen's company. Herzen went to Richmond to find a house, and as soon as he found one, we left. Mr. E... and his wife followed after us. Domengé came every day and stayed until evening, partly giving lessons, partly taking part in our walks, water excursions, etc.—My life with the children was spent as I saw fit, and I took pleasure in their progress. The oldest overcame her previously mentioned ill feelings, and we grew closer. The youngest and I strengthened the bond we had forged from the first moment on, and I would often stand at her bedside while she slept and think with gratitude about the mother whom I had not known who had left me this precious legacy. I sensed all of a mother's fervent love and willingness to sacrifice, all the burning longing to watch over such young lives and to raise them to the most beautiful blossom. The children's good nature delighted me and filled me with the purest of hopes for their future; their mistakes and shortcomings were my deepest concern and my thoughts were centered around the larger problems of upbringing and their application in specific cases. Then E..., whose sickly, agitated personality always had to find an object of discontent and criticism, and since he generally wasn't busy, found all kinds of details in daily life worth criticizing about the children's upbringing. He found that I wasn't strict enough, didn't chastize enough, and claimed that the children's happy laughter and exuberance was bad for his nerves whenever he came, and other such things. But instead of confronting me directly, he complained to Herzen about it. Herzen often didn't require more than a slight nudge to go from trusting his close friends completely to skeptically brooding and seeing ghosts in broad daylight. He started to grow uneasy. One evening as he, E..., and I sat together after the children had gone to bed, he brought up the topic of upbringing. With the noble openness I had grown to respect, he did not cover up the fact that he and E... had talked about how I did not place enough emphasis on discipline in the children's upbringing. A long discussion ensued. I set forth my views. Oddly enough, E... was now completely on my side, and Herzen said that E... did not know a thing about education—which E... openly admitted, and after we had discussed things for several hours, I had actually brought my opponent to concede that I was right. As I entered my room upstairs in which

the children were sleeping, I found little Olga awake, her smiling little face resting in her hands, awaiting my arrival. She looked so loveable that I called to E..., who was just going downstairs, and told him to come upstairs quickly. He turned around, and he and Herzen ascended the stairs. I pointed to the child and said quietly: "Skeptics that you are, one needn't despair at the sight of such grace, when the success which takes years to develop doesn't come immediately, nor the fruit before the blossom."

They were both taken in by the beautiful sight and went away smiling. The next morning, however, Herzen gave me a letter which he had written during the night. This was a frequent occurrence between us after an important discussion or whenever one of us had something to say to the other, even though we lived under the same roof, since one can express oneself more freely, more focused on paper and can get to the heart of the matter better. The letter read:

"I wish to write about our argument yesterday. Such discussions never lead to any good, they only lead to heated tempers and anger, selfishness comes into play; one says more than one feels. First I have to assure you completely that I am entirely of your opinion with regard to the criticism you and E... expressed to me about my participation in the children's upbringing. I am very familiar with these, my shortcomings; I am trying to change—but it isn't easy. Likewise, I am *completely* in agreement with your theory and application regarding *moral education* and the children's *lessons*—it would be futile to rehash this point. The immeasurable goodness which you have brought into the ruins of this family does not consist solely of purging of our environment, but also in the introduction of an element of good health and independence, which has worked remarkably on the children and which I have always applauded and appreciated.

The only thing remaining is the outward education, 'the training,' if you will—of course, it takes secondary priority, and yet it is an aesthetic and social necessity. In this regard, I find you are not as competent. And do you know the cause? Because neither you nor I are practical creatures; because the world of detail is not only boring to us, but also very difficult for all those who live in their thoughts, in the realm of meditation and theory, and don't display any special gift for organization, administration and exercise of power. Be honest and tell me if, when you thought about education, you didn't consider social training as the least significant aspect. And it alludes you just the way it alludes me. Yet without this training, there is no certainty, no obedience, no possibility to care for one's health or avoid danger. You claim that I act ruthlessly and harshly when I chasten the children, and I accuse you of leaving this task too much up to me. You claim that you do it afterwards. That may frequently be the case, but occasionally you miss, perhaps because you don't value such things. The children love you, Olga loves you passionately. Why do they not also obey you to that extent? I'll tell you quite frankly: because you do not master the art of commanding, nor exercise the lasting authority which keeps them in check.

E... also spoke to me about this matter, and that was the beginning of our discussion about raising children. I suggested that I speak with you about these things. But it is not only because he failed to convince you yesterday, but also because he agreed with you that I feel I can remain silent no longer. I am becoming more and more merciless to my friends, and it was E.'s comments, not my own which I have shared with you. This

is a piece of advise from the world below. You have taken an enormous responsibility upon yourself; educating is devotion, chronic resignation. It is the utter sacrifice of one's entire life, and in addition, one has to have an ad hoc career to provide for oneself. That is why I didn't hasten things back then, but instead, awaited your suggestion, because I knew what kind of burden you were taking upon yourself. I was probably even more aware of this, inasmuch as you probably deceived yourself in me. In literature, people who remain true to their misfortune, who resist flight in the face of pain, who are broken by difficult twists of fate, are very interesting; in reality, this is so; one sickness is as the other, and all sick are capricious and insufferable.

When you offered me your hand as a friend to embark upon the work of raising my children, you had a two-fold purpose. You often said you wanted to heal me as well; I understand this and am deeply grateful for every proof of your truly active friendship. But you didn't succeed, and only then did you see that besides your sympathy for all the things we both held dear and sacred, besides our personal friendship—we remain at odds. I am trying to preserve the children, the only remnant of poetry in my existence, I work, I read the *Times*, I deeply love my true friends of which you are one, but all this cannot alter the path I have chosen. It would be different if you were finished with life, then we would be like two shipwrecked sailors who have lost everything. But you—and rightly so—still have a stake in life, in pleasure; you still have a future, you still have desires. And you think that my soul is so selfish that it doesn't suffer when I think how unbearable life under this cursed roof must be for you? I suffer all the more knowing that nothing can be done, for I can live no other life than one of hypocrisy.

Did you think of all that when you suggested that you set sail on this galley? No! How heavily this all weighs upon me! Believe me.

Your sincere friend,

A. Herzen"

I had to smile as I read the letter. What was the cause of this sudden outbreak, this tragic misfortune, after everything had been running so smoothly since the catastrophe with the nurse? The mood of a sickly agitated man had been spoiled by the exuberance of happy children. At the same time, the impatience and despair that followed whenever results which only endurance and patient labor can bring about were not instantaneously accomplished made me aware that our personalities were indeed "at odds" with one another. I sat down and wrote a reply:

"Since you have made use of this method, I shall also do so, for it is true that it is easier to express things more objectively, dispassionately, and precisely on paper.

I should wish to counter one error on your part, because it amazes and pains me that you misunderstand me so *completely*. I no longer hold any claim to life; but life still requires things of me, and I shall not shun them. This awareness has already kept me from taking my own life on two occasions, which I would have been completely justified in doing. Not in the storm of passion, but in the depths of infinite pain. I comprehended my

right to end a life that had been lived to its fullest. But besides that right, I sensed something else: life's claim to me, to my yet unused strength, to my intellect which could still comprehend, to my heart which could still render compassion and comfort. This claim gained the upper hand, and I tried to do justice to it. But since my past hadn't killed me, I didn't want it to sicken me either. Just as the ancient ones transfigured the transience of mortal beauty into immortal semi-gods, I recognized in sacred melancholy the law of transience in my memories and the eternal element of our existence. When the time comes, I will lie down peacefully with the knowledge of having planted a transfigured image in a heart or two. Recently, a friend of mine wrote to me: 'how I would love to be present when you die! You have lived the most humane life I know of— You will die the same way.' As far as my claims to 'pleasure' are concerned, I swear to you that I have been thoroughly bored with social life in London and have fled the lethal repetitions of the same old topic and have breathed easy at the beds of the children when observing their innocent sleep, under the influence of pure, eternally human emotions. In these last few weeks when it was so peaceful between us, I often had the happy feeling that we were starting to lead a sensible life. The quiet hours of substantive conversations (involving relatively few prominent personalities) and the increasingly beautiful life with the children is the only pleasure I demand from fate as compensation for my loyalty, which I receive with gratitude and joy, entirely unselfishly, without fancying myself sick when I'm healthy, that is, capable of experiencing the most lofty things in life: giving and receiving.

When I decided to come to you, I envisioned a rewarding task and promised myself to fulfill it as best I could. Whether or not I was equal to it, I didn't know; I only undertook it as a mutual trial. I am well aware that my task was two-fold; I would only be successful with the children if I found a way to reconcile you with life. Following my initial success came the obstacles which would later make my life miserable. Perhaps I, too, made mistakes—I wanted to leave: you didn't agree to this, so I stayed. At first I had several concerns and many a difficult hour on account of the children, and I doubted whether I was equal to the task. Now I firmly believe that I am accomplishing my goal, and that through the gradual building of their character and through a consistently good example, I am educating the children properly, from inside out. For this sort of upbringing, I think it necessary to avoid every unpleasant scene, and social corrections seem horribly injurious to me: they either humiliate or instigate resentment, or they encourage hypocrisy, that is, trying to show people that one is better than one really is, if only not to be chastised in their presence. Perhaps I'm wrong, but I can list examples of how I have been much more effective dealing in my fashion than if I had dealt otherwise. I believe there should be an understanding between the true educator, the trainer, and his pupil; that one look should suffice to explain to the latter about what he had done improperly. I am already at this point with Natalie, and after the difficulties which have been placed in our way, I find that I have already accomplished much with her. She worked when she would rather play, she refrained from things whenever my look indicated that I didn't approve. Although there is still much room for improvement, this will come in time. I find impolite manners horrid, but the good ones shouldn't be the training, but

the goal which leads to the development of a noble character, for only then are they truly good and in harmony with the person as a whole. But if the child spills a bit of coffee or the like, this is clumsiness it must experience, but which isn't so drastic that a scene has to be made, especially since the same thing sometimes happens to a grown-up. Likewise, when Olga's rambunctious nature occasionally gets out of hand or when she is selfish, it is momentarily unpleasant for adults, especially for those who have forgotten that a child has a life of its own and has to go through struggle just like a grown-up. But these things are better handled calmly and logically than with ill-temper. That only awakens opposition in the child and leads it to say unpleasant things because it feels a certain right to voice its feelings. E..., for instance, always commands little Olga, and she is becoming increasingly naughty whenever he is around, whereas she is charming towards his wife and me. As far as good health is concerned, the children are flourishing, thank God, and even though not all misfortune can be prevented, they have happily been spared the slightest accident until now. I believe that one can effectively watch over children without being in a state of panic which robs them of their independence and makes them either fearful or careless because they grow to depend on constant supervision. It seems crucial to me in educating free, secure human beings that a child grow accustomed to thinking for itself and thereby avoid dangers. But this works much better if they don't constantly *feel* that they are being supervised. I even believe that this is the only correct way of going about it, not only from a physical, but also moral standpoint.

You know, of course, my friend, that if insufficient progress is being made, or if you don't believe that positive moral and intellectual influence cannot gradually and noiselessly correct these outward shortcomings, I am always ready to dissolve our agreement and entrust the work I've begun to another. You say you are becoming increasingly merciless towards your friends. In a sense, so am I. I demand either unconditional trust or complete dissolution just as long as the things which should be complete, true, and beautiful aren't half-half. It would have been my 'pleasure' to have returned unity and poetry to your home. Unfortunately, however, this goal will never be reached because you wish to remain sick, because you won't liberate yourself as would become you, and that is the evil of your Russian nature. Indeed, I do believe to have discovered something here which places us at odds.—But if you still trust me, leave it to me and believe me: I will succeed."

Herzen possessed one of those personalities that never hold a grudge and are capable of immediate and complete devotion after a momentary misunderstanding. That's the way he was after he read my letter: convinced that he had been imagining things and that I was basically right. Our former trust was reestablished. Sensing that he had made me uneasy, he proposed a small trip to the sea which I had previously suggested to him and which he had turned down.

So we left. Domengé came with us, and we took the boat over to Wight Island, the natural beauty of which I had long wanted to see. On the journey across the island to the little city of Ventnor on the southern side, Herzen, his son, and Domengé sat atop the stagecoach, the children and I sat inside. Delighted by the glorious road, I called up to them: "Isn't that beautiful? Wasn't I right in suggesting this?" Laughingly, Herzen called

down: "I didn't want to tell you, but yes, you were right: its glorious and I'm glad we came."

We spent happy days in beautiful Ventnor. In the evenings we were usually with the Pulszkys, who were spending the summer there. Therese's mother, an educated and intelligent Viennese lady, had come to visit them, and this made for many a pleasant hour with her keen humor and wit. The Kossuths were also there, and he was much more pleasant in a more intimate setting than he had been at the formal gatherings in London. At the time, our thoughts were preoccupied by the war Russia had started with Turkey. Herzen, more so than the others, was very excited. He prophesied the Russian defeat and wished for it, since he believed it would lead to the downfall of autocracy. We shared his hope, and only in this way did the war hold even the most remote interest for us, except for the sad fact that people were murdering each other again in some part of Europe and that the suffering of thousands of widows and orphans would be writing another dark page in the book of history.

Of course, as a result of the bitter irony of world history which often purchases progress with the blood of thousands, there would be another positive consequence. It would liberate English society from many prejudices, among other things, and teach the islanders to behave more respectfully towards the customs and norms of foreigners who wandered about the island of Albion. During the time that we were in Ventnor, there were still many prejudices-against long beards, for example, the kind worn by the emigrants from all countries which struck the clean-shaven English as "shocking" and barbaric.

It so happened that as we were on a walk passing by a cottage a few elegant ladies sitting on the balcony couldn't refrain from breaking out in derisive laughter at the sight of Herzen's and Domengé's beards. Domengé turned to them and said loud enough for them to hear: "*Quelle canaille!*"—The ladies did not withdraw, even though their laughter had ceased. Similar things had happened to other bearded men in the streets of London. After the Crimean War when the British soldiers returned home, bearded faces gradually started to appear everywhere. Wearing a beard became, as happens in England, "fashionable," and was immediately taken to the extreme so that one hardly ever saw a masculine face that wasn't framed with an enormous beard. This war also uncovered a number of injustices in the military organization; attention was directed, for instance, to the shameless selling of officer positions, which until then had been used to take care of the younger sons of large families, without considering whether the candidate had the necessary skill or knowledge which provide a measure of moral dignity to this otherwise sorry lot. The generous example of Miss Nightingale also inspired activity among the Englishwomen, who until that point had been absent, and this would have a far-reaching impact.—It is much more pleasant to point out the good effects of such a horrible thing as war, especially a war that started on such invalid pretenses. They tend to justify the bloodshed and mitigate the guilt in the eyes of history, even when the same curse strikes those who started the war.—

After a brief, happy time, we returned to Richmond and resumed our old life, which became increasingly peaceful. I started to learn Russian, not only because I wanted to, but also for the benefit of the children, whose only traditions revolved around this

language. I often thought how much more difficult it was to raise children in exile than in the fatherland, where they are surrounded by native customs and norms, perhaps by old and proven servants, relatives, and friends. None of this was the case with the children in exile, especially with Herzen's children, where only the father represented the homeland to them. Two of the basic ingredients were also missing from their previous education, namely language and religion. Their mother tongue, which inseparably links word and thought, makes possible immediate expression of feeling and thought, and contains a unique quality characteristic of a nation in general—was missing. They spoke three or four languages fluently, with the playful ease with which children learn languages and gain the advantage over adults. But as a consequence, they did not associate thought with word, which is an indispensable requirement for any poet, for example, and the reason why only seldom is an important poetic work written in a secondary language. Chamisso, which someone once tried to point out as an example, had become too much of a German through his education and inclination as that he could be considered an exception to this rule.

In the same way language was missing, the religious training was also conspicuously absent which had provided all previous generations of all countries with a contextual link to past and present, and had been a tradition leading to a host of inferences which molded mankind's progress in certain structures and brought him into contact with the world around him. These are all helpful in easing the burden of education.

It was only natural that I was in complete agreement with Herzen that an upbringing and training in a positive religion, a religious dogma, was out of the question. How could we encumber the children with the same battles from which we had struggled to liberate ourselves? That was unreasonable, and this was quite clear to me. Naturally I did not approve of what I saw being practiced in individual refugee families, namely that the children were permitted to mock the things which the majority of people still considered sacred. Such behavior would only result in superficial, arrogant people who dare to mock something that had served for centuries as the distant ideal of mankind, without having investigated the matter themselves. The correct way to solve the difficult problem of education without positive religion in a Christian, dogmatic society seemed to me this: first, to instill reverence in the children's hearts for everything beautiful and good, for all things which because of age, education, or other advantage justify this. Especially included among these were the great people who had been sanctified by their genius and virtue and had taken the place of the semi-gods of antiquity and the Catholic saints. It would be a culture based on mankind's heroes. Next, to keep them from prejudice and to teach them to respect others' convictions, even when they are foreign or incomprehensible, until their judgment is mature enough to verbally combat them. Finally, to impress upon them the progression and value of all religious structures through which mankind has passed and in which it still currently remains. But above all else: to nurture active compassion in them, which is the real religious element, the truly saving and ethical aspect. It is a foregone conclusion that there will be problematic cases in the course of such an education when it would be possible to embarrass oneself in front of the child. But teaching a child that God created everything out of nothing is equally unsatisfying as

when one simply admits that one does not know the ultimate reason for things. The following deduction I once heard from a child is too unsettling as to be able to refer the child back to a personal God in response to its question about the origin of things: "But who made God?"

But if the child is allowed to suspect that all things lofty are a mystery, he is filled from the beginning with the sacred respect which our consciousness calls forth before the infinite measure of our knowledge—true humility, aware of its limitations and inability, which does not vainly regard itself as the sole possessor of absolute truth. There are also an infinite number of intermediate levels which speak more effectively to his uninhibited, objective mind and give him enough to do without tempting him to search distant abstraction thoroughly. In the gradual acquaintance with the wealth of an exemplary nature, which makes the levels of development of human emotion come alive and comprehensible to him, the child will have so much to do, will be so preoccupied with the Here-And-Now, that much time will pass before the question about abstraction is heard from his lips. And if as an exception it comes sooner, a reference to the secretive aspect of the great puzzle would suffice to keep the inquisitive mind in check until the wings of thought have sufficiently grown to attempt the flight into the unknown and concealed realm of abstraction, in which the intuition of pure, noble souls is ultimately the only guide.

I did not fool myself into thinking that children wouldn't face embarrassment and divided loyalties through such an education, especially in such a rigidly orthodox society like the English one. Luckily, Herzen's children rarely came into contact with the English world, and both girls were taken aback when, one Sunday morning, while playing in Richmond Park with hoops, an English lady approached them and sternly asked them how they could do something so unseemly.

It was unanimously decided that we would remain in the country for the winter. The house was deemed too small, and we rented a larger one on the Thames with a glorious garden which stretched down to the river and was full of splendid trees. The house was spacious, so that after comfortably settling the entire family, there was still room for several guests.

Among the guests which came from time to time were old dear friends from Germany. Anna, who had finally managed to marry the man of her love, Friedrich Althaus, had come to settle in London. Charlotte had come with them, Anna's inseparable friend. I introduced them to Herzen. He was very fond of Friedrich, and soon they belonged to the house's more intimate circle of friends, which of course made me very happy.

The start of winter was very peaceful. In the morning, Herzen kept to his work. He hated being disturbed, and every visitor kept a healthy distance from his room. Domengé was busy with Herzen's son, I with his daughters. The house and the garden were mine and the children's world; I yearned for nothing else, for I was fully content. At mealtimes and in the evening, we were brought together by lively conversations. Herzen's ever keen, stimulated mind was a lively fountain that never ran dry. In the evenings when the girls had gone to bed, he read aloud to his son and me. First, he introduced the lad to

Schiller and took special pleasure in reading *Wallenstein*, which he loved best of all and which he thought to be Schiller's greatest work.

It was fine the way Herzen expressed his devotion to his son in such hours, and although he claimed he had no talent for raising children, he certainly had a knack for using his own fiery soul to spark excitement in a young person, the most effective education when the pupil is prepared. At such moments when the skeptic and political polemic drew silent and only the deeply aesthetic and artistic side of him spoke, it always seemed as if nothing could be of more use and more instructive for a young person than his company. But of course the prerequisite for this was the peaceful, externally uninterrupted life like the one we led back then.

Things were interrupted by great personal excitement. Domengé came one day visibly shaken and told us that Barthélemy, whom we had not seen for a while, had been the main figure in a bloody drama and was now in prison in the hands of the law. He had withdrawn himself for quite some time from his friends. It was said that his love for a woman with whom he was living was at the heart of the matter, and that this passion had made him completely unapproachable to others. Then the rumor was spread that he would leave London. Where he would go was unknown. One afternoon he had packed his things and, travel bag in hand and accompanied by that woman, had gone to see a rich Englishman whom he had been visiting frequently of late and who lived alone with a cook in his house. No one knew what had transpired during this visit. The only thing that was known was that an explosion was heard coming from the house and Barthélemy had run down the main street followed by the screaming cook, probably in order to secure the flight of his lady love through a back alley, had been stopped by a policeman, and in a tussle with him had shot the policeman. A host of eager onlookers had then overpowered and detained him. The Englishman was found by the cook dead in his room, lying in his own blood. At a preliminary hearing at the police station, where the murderer had been brought, he had remained stubbornly silent and only claimed that it had not been his intention to shoot the policeman, but that the revolver had gone off while they were struggling. Of course, this event deeply shook all of us. The fact that a person we had known, admired, and had dealt with frequently was in such a state was compounded by our knowledge that he was not a common criminal capable of being made to do such an act by his passion or hot southern blood. He was a noble man who presumably was now suffering the pains of hell for his rash deeds.

The French refugees were in uproar. The Ledru-Rollin Party was almost glad to hear of the case of the energetic socialist, who had always shown hostility to the party and had criticized its doctrinaire republicanism until the aforementioned duel severed him from it completely.

The other refugees, led by Domengé, were not only deeply concerned about what had happened, but also publically defended Barthélemy's character against the malicious attacks of his enemies. Though they could not justify what had happened, they did by no means wish to judge along the usual lines. And no one could shed any light on this dark matter. The only person who could unravel the mystery, Barthélemy himself, did not say a word during the hearings. He seemed determined not to resist the course of justice and to

accept his fate, probably in order to atone for his own noble feeling which bore the burden of an undeniable double crime. Of all the rumors and suspicions, what was finally substantiated was this: Barthélemy's journey had had no other purpose than to liberate France from its tyrant. It was said that the Englishman had promised him money for carrying out the task but had refused to give it to Barthélemy when he was about to depart, and that an argument had ensued which unnerved Barthélemy greatly and led him to commit the dastardly act. Nothing could be learned about the accuracy of this or why the Englishman had refused to do what he had promised, since both male participants in this bloody drama, the dead and the living, remained silent, and the female witness had mysteriously disappeared. Initially, it seemed that her part in the matter and the reasons why she had wanted to remain at Barthélemy's side during the daring adventure would remain hidden, until gradually it was learned from curious rumors about her character that she was a French spy and had been sent to ruin the energetic refugee. She had succeeded all too well. It was more than probable that she had seized Barthélemy's most important papers, whose hiding place under a floorboard only she knew, and had delivered them to the proper authorities in France. When the house was searched, the floorboard was lifted and everything was in disorder, but there were no papers, and the crucial witness was no where to be found in England.

A letter written by the prisoner to his lawyer (to whom he was still permitted contact) which Herzen and I were given to read made it clear to me that he had been awakened to the terrible error caused by his tragic passion. Among other things, the letter stated: "I am so infinitely unhappy that even if I could, I wouldn't save myself."

How his proud, passionate soul must have suffered when he realized his love had been betrayed, the consequences of which not only stained his conscience with two murders, but cut short his youth, while there were still so many thoughts and noble deeds left to do! Certainly, if there were true justice which did not judge mankind's deeds by a common standard, but according to the nature of the criminal, his innermost motives and their effect on him, Barthélemy surely would have to be acquitted because of the pain and regret he suffered! But in the eyes of earthly justice, he was just a common murderer, and we trembled for his sake. Oddly enough, he was not accused of the first murder. During the trial, this was ignored, and only the second case was treated, the killing of the policeman, which according to English law can only be tried as "manslaughter," not murder. The sentence consisted of deportation, and we hoped that a death sentence would be avoided.

Weeks passed in the most terrible excitement and uncertainty. The unfortunate man's fate left me no peace. I thought of a thousand plans to save him. But it was impossible to get near him. He was under strict surveillance. Only his lawyer was permitted to see him behind bars, and only a Catholic priest was permitted to visit him.

Meanwhile, the year had drawn to a close. A choice circle of guests gathered for a New Year's celebration to spend a few days with us in the spacious house. I loved giving occasional parties, which could leave a poetic impression with the children, a bright image in their otherwise happy routine of childhood. I had already introduced the Christmas tree, which did not hold any religious meaning for the children, the New Year's Eve previous in

its original symbolism—as a symbol of the return of the sunlight. Once again, I set it up and decorated it with gifts, the majority of which I had made myself, for our guests young and old. It was truly an international celebration. Russians, Poles, Germans, French, Italians, and English had all come together, the best people from each country. As midnight approached, Herzen presented his son with a Russian copy of his book *From the Other Shore* which he had first published in German and then translated himself into Russian and dedicated to his son. He read the dedication, which his son had not yet heard, aloud to the circle of friends.

It read:

"Dear Alexander!

I am dedicating this book to you because it's the best thing I've written or will probably ever write, because I regard this book as a monument to the struggle which cost me everything except my power of reason, and finally, because I am not afraid of placing in your hands the audacious protest of an independent individual against out-dated, enslaving, deceitful views, against absurd idols belonging to another time, which, having become archaic, expend their last gasps of breath in hindering some and frightening others.

I do not wish to abandon you in error. Know truth, the way I have known it! Receive it without shameful mistakes or painful disappointments, by the simple right of inheritance!

Other questions, other trials will surface in you life, and there will be no lack of suffering or work. You are fifteen years old and have already been through much. Do not search for solutions in this book; it doesn't contain any, just as our time does not contain any. That which is solved is completed, and the future revolution has hardly begun.

We are not building, we are destroying; we do not declare a new revelation, we are dispensing with the old lie. Present-day man alone can bridge the gap. An unknown man of the future will cross it. Do not remain on the *old shore*; it is better to perish with it than to seek to save it in the hospital of the reaction.

The religion of the future social reorganization, this is the only religion I leave behind with you. It has no paradise and no revenge, except for that which exists in our own conscience. Go, when the time is ripe, to preach this religion in our homeland Russia. Once my words were cherished there, and perhaps they will remember me.

I bless you to this end in the name of Reason, Fraternity and Personal Freedom."

With tears in his eyes, the boy rushed to his father's arms. We were all very moved. Each thought about his own distant homeland, thought about how long it would be, if ever, that he could return and confess *that* religion. At the same time, we all sensed that a glimpse of that spirit was present in this little interesting circle which as a result of our hopes would someday unite humankind in a wonderful bond. We optimistically exchanged handshakes at the arrival of the new year—a small congregation of free-thinkers, aware that, even though many a New Year would be spent in exile, they already belonged to the future true church of a more noble, pure, and free mankind.

It was one of those clear, star-lit nights so common in England, which contrasted with the dreary, foggy days. The ground was frozen solid, and yet it wasn't cold. After we had all become merry again, we went out into the glorious park where the younger people

joked and played in the moonlight while the older ones walked and talked. The entire company remained for three days. Herzen was in the best spirits, and was the best host one could imagine. Everyone was delighted by the visit and claimed they had never been among better company. As we accompanied them to the train station, one of the women exclaimed: "Herzen is a god!"

In the meantime, Barthélemy's case still had not been resolved and kept us on the edge of our seats. His trial dragged on, even though he did not make the slightest effort to defend himself. The only thing that seemed to outrage him were the slandering of his own countrymen—members of the opposition Republican Parry, and the malicious satisfaction of those of them seated in the front row at the hearings. This is evidenced by the following letter which I received in the same manner as the one previous to it:

"Newgate, January 8, 1855

I ask that my friend B... give this letter to Ms. R..., who in turn will give it to the person for whom it is intended.

If I didn't know that you are above all the petty considerations which motivate the people who take social prejudice for virtue, I wouldn't dare to call you my friend. But I know that you are not one of those without mercy, and that you did not always regard me as a miserable wretch. Nothing I have gone through amazes me; I know enough about these people to know what they're worth. If I were free, I would face my accusers and put them to shame, despite negative popular opinion. But what would be the point? I'm a dead man, and if it helps our cause for them to drag me through the mud, then let them do so. It's the only thing they're good at. I wish that my fall could exalt them, but this will not be the case. They are destined for mediocrity. The stories of devotion you have read are spun in the same factory as the story in the *Times* about how Vardigon planted the pistol on me during the duel. I will die; but the proof of this fact remains and will come forth in its good time. Fare well!

E. Barthélemy."

Finally the verdict was reached. Death on the gallows, despite the fact, as I already said, the first count had been ignored by the prosecution and the second could only be punished with deportation. All of us, even Barthélemy himself, had reckoned with this sentence. The sympathetic portion of the French emigration sent a petition in behalf of the accused to Lord Palmerston, the minister at the time, and he had spoken in favor of the accused. This made the verdict that much more difficult. Barthélemy had received money and clothing from friends on several occasions; now, after the verdict, they smuggled a measure of strychnine into him, in the event he wished to put a voluntary end to it all before the disgraceful death on the gallows and the torturous formalities preceding it. But afterwards, his lawyer tried the same quantity of strychnine out on a dog and discovered that it only caused horrible pain, not death. He told Barthélemy about this during his last permitted visit with his friend on the nineteenth of January. In this way, he prepared the unfortunate man for the gruesome torture of not knowing whether his means of liberating himself from his disgraceful death would actually work or whether it would merely rob

him of the strength to suffer the unavoidable with dignity. His proud soul shunned this prospect of perhaps condemning himself to unmasculine weakness, and he decided not to use it.

I suffered immensely during this time. My heart was filled with boundless compassion. I knew that I could not save him, but I desperately wanted to let the condemned know on his last journey that there were people who thought differently than his enemies and earthly justice. But at the same time, I wanted to voice outrage at the English government's obsequiousness, since there was no doubt that the death sentence was only being carried out because of an express demand made by the French government. The jury had decided there had been mitigating circumstances and had commended the condemned to the King's mercy. I suggested to Herzen and Domengé that we three ask for permission to accompany the unfortunate man on his last difficult journey. I sensed that I would be strong enough to do so. I longed to do so, because I was convinced that Barthélemy had paid for his blind act with deep pain and now wanted to pay for the guilt with a silently and nobly suffered death. To leave him alone during this exalted moment of penance, surrounded by a repugnantly gawking mob, was insulting to me. It seemed to me as if it were our duty to declare forgiveness to him as he stood on the threshold of eternity by the proof of our most sacred compassion, merciful love. At the same time, I thought it right to protest in the name of a future more just order of human society against judging according to schematic criteria instead of according to the inner character of the deed and the criminal. Herzen and Domengé did not possess the same fervent, impetuous desire as I, but they made some inquiries. They learned, however, that it would be impossible, because under no circumstance could we obtain permission, because such a thing would go against all tradition and disturb the procedure's routine. There was nothing more for me to do than to suffer with him in my heart and to struggle through the solemn hours thinking about him. I spent the Sunday which was to be his last in a mood which I can only describe as a constant, heated, and fervent prayer, and if there is such a thing as telepathy, Barthélemy surely must have felt that he was not alone during the hours of his difficult trial.

All executions must be carried out on Monday in England, early in the morning. I awoke long before daybreak, and my thoughts rushed to that awful cell in the old Newgate prison where the man awakening from his last earthly slumber was now being forced to prepare for his last journey. When I heard the bell toll six, I buried my head in my pillow and wept bitterly. A few hours later, Herzen asked me to come to his room. He came to me visibly shaken and handed me a newspaper. It was the *Times*, which already carried an article about Barthélemy's last hours and execution. I couldn't read for the tears; Herzen read it aloud to his son and me. Just as the prisoner had behaved irreproachably noble, calm, and modest during the whole course of the trial, the dignity of his behavior during these last hours had filled all who were present with admiration and compassion. Even the *Times* admitted that this murderer was not an ordinary man. He had calmly received the judges who came to announce his final hour. Asked whether he had commended himself to God's mercy, he had answered that he was only interested in one kind of mercy: that of the Queen which could release him from prison; the rest was his affair: he was prepared to

die. He had asked the young Catholic priest who had been allowed to visit him to accompany him as a friend to the place of execution. When he was asked if he had any last request, the granting of which could be of comfort to him, he asked that he be allowed to hold a letter in his hand which he had received the day before. It was a letter from the South of France from the place of his birth which he had been allowed to keep after the authorities had read it and deemed it harmless. It was a brief, emotional letter with many spelling mistakes, signed by a woman. It contained nothing but the simple assurance of a love greater than guilt or death. The prisoner had been deeply moved by this letter. Perhaps it was an echo of his first love, from the time before wild passion and misdirected energy filled his soul with sinister guilt, which now could only be atoned for with his death—and like a poor, cursed and guilty child of the earth is ultimately saved and exalted by pure, first love, the eternally feminine, Barthélemy's only wished to exit the realm of madness and guilt with this final greeting from the great savior.

He had subjected himself to the final preparations calmly, courageously and with dignity. He thanked the prison guards for their concern for him and embraced them, and then he himself told the touched judges that it was time. Claspings the letter tightly in his hand, he had strode at the side of the young priest intently and calmly to the place of execution. As he started up the stairs leading to the gallows, he halted a moment and cried: "In a few moments, I shall know the answer to the great mystery!"—Then, arriving at the platform, he had taken a long, calm look at the crowd surrounding the place of execution, had hugged the priest, and placed himself in the hangman's hands.

We were silent for a long time; our tears said more than words. It took me several days to regain my composure. I eagerly searched for the key that could somehow tell me about the last thoughts and state of mind of the deceased. When his lawyer came after the execution to collect the letters and other papers written to Barthélemy during his imprisonment, he found nothing but a few insignificant papers and denial that any others had ever existed: it was clear that people still feared the dead man. The things had probably been immediately delivered to the proper authorities. The newspapers continued to speculate, slander, and voice suspicions for several days, until a flood of new matters washed this wave away. For this reason, I was pleasantly surprised when the *Times* carried a letter from the Catholic priest who had visited Barthélemy. The author spoke out decisively against the malicious slandering which had taken place, and gave assurance that he knew the condemned very well and had grown to admire him, despite the criminal act which his passionate temperament had caused him to commit, and that now that atonement had been made, he was prepared to defend every aspect of his memory.

The letter was very beautiful and let me know that fate had directed a noble and exceptional priest to comfort the unfortunate man. I wrote to the priest, told him how Barthélemy's intelligence and serious character had awakened my heartfelt interest some time previous; that I had lost sight of him after that, and compassion now drove me to know more about his tragic end and his emotional state. I urgently asked him to tell me as much as he could about these things. A few days later, I received the following reply:

"I regret not to be able to fulfill your wish and tell you about the details of poor Barthélemy's last days, just as I have had to refuse the reporters and members of my own

family. There were discussions between us of such an intimate nature that they seem to be the kind of things of which I hold it to be my solemn duty to protect their confidence. I agree with you that Barthélemy possessed a brilliant mind, great character, and generous heart, but—he also had hefty passions, and these passions are the thing which led to his disgraceful death. It cannot be denied that Moor's murder (the policeman) was not premeditated; and yet it could not be proven that this murder was necessary to a legitimate defense. The accused could not be acquitted, but an impartial justice system would not have sentenced him to death. I did everything in my power to save his life; I received assurances, and was still clinging to hope until Sunday, the evening before his death. Circumstances out of our control tipped the scales in favor of severity. He died in a truly courageous manner, but he suffered greatly. He felt the need for the consolation of religion, but was ashamed to receive it in front of on-looking friends standing far below. His soul went through an enormous struggle which would have broken a less determined man; but I have reason to believe that my presence and my words made the cup less bitter which he was forced to drink to the last drop. I have to admit that I cried, for he had become like a friend to me. Who knows how things might have turned out if I had known him when you did. 'Your teachings are very beautiful,' he told me on one of his final days; 'if life permitted me, I should have spread them, without believing them myself, and perhaps I would have even learned to believe them myself.' He bequeathed me a little book, his only possession in the world.

Those are the only details I can add to those you have read in the papers. I ask that you understand and accept the assurance of my most sincere respects.

L. Roux."

This put an end to all chances of learning anything more about Barthdlemy, and nothing remained of him in my mind but the indelible image of a transfigured specter resting above the shameful grave in Newgate, which had purged itself of life's guilt through its suffering.

CHAPTER SEVEN ANOTHER DEAD MAN

Shortly afterwards, another death set us in a state of excitement, this time a happy one. One morning as I went about my usual activities with the children, we heard a loud shout from Herzen in his office, and immediately he entered excitedly with a newspaper in his hand and cried: "Emperor Nicholas is dead!"

The last of the absolute autocrats in Europe died while still in his prime as he saw that his power was untenable everywhere except for in slave-like Russia, and that he would have to bow before the powers of organized civilized states. It seemed as though his death not only liberated Russia, but also Europe from enormous pressure, like a breath of fresh air, and the latent strength of the Russian people would now have to assert itself and develop. Herzen was overcome with joy. He was confident that the heir to the throne, following the tradition which normally prescribes a more liberal political agenda for the successor of a despotic leader, especially considering Russia's political state and mood after the Crimean war, would introduce constitutional government reforms and eradicate the institution of serfdom. He quite possibly also secretly hoped that this change in conditions would make his return to the fatherland possible. The more he caught a glimpse into Western Europe's own bleak and unhealthy conditions, the more his love for his homeland grew. He became increasingly convinced that Russia was capable of progress. At any rate, he became so excited that he soon decided to take concrete action. He wanted to revive the monthly periodical which had been published by the participants in the Revolution of 1825 under the title *The North Star* (l'étoile polaire). As a thirteen year-old boy, he had pledged with a friend atop a hill near Moscow in front of the setting sun to avenge the men who had died on the gallows. Now, after thirty years, he had the opportunity to carry out his pledge and awaken the sleeping voices in proclamation of the end of slavery and the dawn of a new era. The Revolution of 1825 was the first instance in Russia of a revolution originating in the educated and respected class, whereas all earlier insurrections, that of the Pugatscheffs, for example, had been brought about by the wild, uncontrollable masses. The conspirators, the cream of Russian society, most of them officers, had to pay for the attempt either on the gallows or in the mines of Siberia. They had been the role models for free-thinking Russian youth. It was with great satisfaction at the death of the man who had killed so many that Herzen caused the *North Star* to rise above Russia in order to extend the invitation to continue the work those who had died had begun. A medal inscribed with the profiles of the five leaders of the revolution served as vignette for the new periodical.

Herzen busied himself with drawing up these plans the entire morning; in the afternoon, several acquaintances from London came to congratulate him in Russia's behalf. We were all in extraordinarily good spirits. The garden stretched along the Thames, separated from it only by a narrow, sandy bank on which the children were playing. Herzen went to the hedge and with a yell of "hurrah!" the English exclamation of joy, threw money to the children. The children wasted no time letting out their own shouts of joy, and all the guests were seized by the excitement and threw all the coins in their

possession. which of course intensified the celebration to the point of madness, so that we finally thought it best to put an end to it all by retreating.

I was happy to hear Herzen express, because of his growing optimism for Russia, his desire to speak at an international meeting that was being convened in honor of the February Revolution of 1848. It was gratifying for me to hear such an adamant patriot publicly explain that he regarded Russian disarmament as desirable because the war was unjust and characteristic of absolutism. Oddly enough, Herzen, who was so good at expressing himself on a personal level and had a thorough command of language in a discussion or conversation, was not a good public speaker. He often said that he had never been able to do it, and he only accepted the invitation under the condition that he be allowed to read his speech, and this request was naturally granted. He was just like Mazzini in this respect, who never spoke in public because he was overpowered by a certain timidity quite foreign to him in a private setting.—On the appointed evening we drove into the city; the grand hall in which meeting was being held was filled to capacity. Ernest Jones, who had been a member of the Chartist Parly and since its dissolution had become head of the radical workers' party, was the chairman. Around him on the platform were seated members of the committee, mostly Poles and English, and the evening's speakers. Herzen also sat there, and his son and I were among the audience. The purpose of the meeting was to arouse English sympathies through an energetic demonstration for the Poles' cause. The moment when Russia was experiencing all kinds of domestic unrest struck the stubbornly hopeful Poles as the right time to shake off the hated yoke. Always begging at the feet of Europeans, especially the French, longingly awaiting the right moment when happier nations would extend a brotherly hand to them, the Poles did not yet comprehend that to the French, a Pole-friendly attitude was partially just a revolutionary phrase, partially just a political maneuver meant as a constant, latent, and indirect threat to Russia. They just could not come to terms with the fact that this friendly attitude would never lead to anything but the right to asylum and material support for the Poles living in France.—Neither did they understand that England's long years of uninhibited political freedom had had the curious effect that when heated sentiments were voiced in a meeting, the people experienced a catharsis while exercising their free speech and right to assemble, became complacent, and let things take their course. As the chairman announced the surprising news that in a meeting about Polish affairs a Russian would now take the podium, even though Russia, the oppressor of Polish freedom, was engaged in a struggle with England, the audience burst into applause that seemed to last forever. Herzen rose to the pulpit and was received enthusiastically. His speech was frequently interrupted by animated applause. As he concluded, the audience's recognition of his just views persisted. The Poles embraced him and shook his hand, and a Polish lady presented him with flowers. He stepped forward once again to show the audience this symbol of reconciliation between the two brother nations which hierarchical despotism had separated. The audience went mad with applause. After Herzen, several Poles and English spoke. As we were leaving, a crowd of acquaintances and friends surrounded us. Saffi drove to Twickenham with us so he could spend the night and the following day there. It was the middle of the night by the time we arrived. We stayed a while, immersed

in lively conversation over dinner. Finally we said good night and I went to my bedroom, where the children lay sleeping. How terrified I was to hear coughing coming from the little bed where little Olga lay! I immediately recognized the danger and ran downstairs where Herzen and Sam were still sitting, and they hastily followed me upstairs again and confirmed that it was a croup attack. Saffi hurried off to fetch the local doctor, since our doctor lived in London, and hours would pass until he could be fetched. The doctor came and prescribed the necessary treatment, including a hot foot bath. All the while, I held the child on my lap, and continued to do so during the remainder of the night, since lying down made the coughing fits worse. Saffi sat at our feet and held the child's little hand in his; Herzen remained too, of course, and thus we spent the rest of the night, our minds far from the political excitement we had felt at the beginning of the evening, occasionally whispering to each other, but mostly remaining silent and yet understanding, considering the dark mystery which haunts us every moment of our lives, and often, when we least expect it, tears the very thread which weaves our most precious bonds.—

As dawn approached, we saw that the child was out of danger, and we took our leave with a handshake; that day, while telling Domengé about the danger we had been through, I told him I had fancied myself armed and ready to meet any twist of fate, I had thought I had already passed through the most difficult trials and was now immune; but there is one trial which I am not yet sure whether I will be able to bear: the death of this child—so deeply had I developed a sacred maternal love for this child. That a mother loves and cares for the child she bears is no different from the animal kingdom, which likewise tenderly cares for its young. The difference between the two is the intense concern about the child's intellectual life, its character, the complete development of its capabilities, the longing to experience immortality through the young life, to carry the ideals inside us to a new level in the youth; this young soul, over which one watches more zealously than one's own to protect it from intellectual and moral danger, to encircle it in the virtuous, unmarred beauty of the light of knowledge and consciousness—all this I experienced and felt with regard to this beautiful, dear child. I found new proof in this that each emotion mainly attributed to women with regard to her own children is generally a fundamental part of femininity, which makes women especially qualified to care for and to raise children, even if she is not a wife or mother, and often creates sacred bonds of love between governess and pupil just as strong as those between the physical mother and her child. This is true as long as the maternal instinct is not squelched by one's role as governess, as long as the educational laboratories run by women are not places where the child receives superficial training, but homes wherein a mother is present, and as long as the rights of the biological mother are transferred to her proxy.

Unfortunately, in the spring, we had to leave the pretty house where we had spent such happy days full of inner peace, joyful activity and gratifying results. As if filled with a premonition, I told Herzen as we crossed the threshold for the last time: "How frightening it is to grow old and so experienced! Whereas youth only view such wonderful times as a guarantee of never-ending, even more wonderful times in the future, an older person wonders whether it will ever be so again and whether fate is already prepared to deal an unexpected blow."

"At least you concede that you were right in staying with us and not letting yourself be scared away," Herzen replied. "That Russian lady can't come: she was married and now has her own household. (-He had recently received the news.-) A married couple lives in a world all its own and can't deal with another family's problems. Let us continue to stay and work together and protect against the influence of evil spirits."

We remained, however, in the countryside in Richmond, which we had come to love. I was overjoyed by the news that Richard Wagner would be coming that season from Zurich, where he lived in exile, to direct the New Philharmonic Society in London. I already mentioned that had I read his books *The Work of Art of the Future*, *Art and Revolution*, and *Opera and Drama* while I was still in Germany and that the impression they had made on me had encouraged me to write to the unknown author. Later, I became familiar with the text to *Tannhaeuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Der Ring der Nibelungen*. How often in my childhood passion for the theater and my desire to become an artist in order to identify myself with the idea had I contemplated what an important tool the theater would be if the art it represented would achieve cult status, if it would become a religion and its followers priests who had the task of expressing to the audience the ideal sacrament they felt inside. The more the church with its orthodoxy became disassociated with every living source of sacred, poetically transfiguring enthusiasm, the more I came to believe in the importance of the theater. I had not hesitated to regard it as society's most important educational and ethical training ground. I regarded it as culture's most noble achievement, this genius, this total expression of the best qualities present in a people, this partnership between giver and receiver where the latter recognizes the lofty feeling and thought of that which the former offers. Later, as I was carried away by political sentiment and compassion for social injustice, I had lost sight of this beautiful ideal. I firmly believed in the perfection and salvation of life through art. But it seemed that there was still a lot of hard work to do, similar to the way land is cultivated, before this seed could bring forth its blossom. In Wagner's writings, I found the completed theory of that which I had always sensed but had been unable to put my finger on. Whenever I delved into the meaning of musical drama and was moved with emotion, these wonderful texts offered me a glimpse into what kind of surpassing and exalting effect the tragic work of art could have when combined with a background of transfiguring music. I had the fervent desire to hear some of this music, but there hadn't been the slightest prospect of being able to do so. How excited I was then to hear that the publisher of those important books, the creator of those poetic texts was coming to London. I heard about his arrival through my former housemate, the young German musician, and I envied her for having seen him in the home of a family she knew. It wasn't easy for me to get to a concert in the city, since events in London usually lasted long into the night, and a return to the country would then be impossible. I had to try to stay the night in the city, and didn't rest until I had made the necessary arrangements. I could remember only one other time that I had ever felt something akin to what I experienced during that concert, namely during a Schröder-Devrient concert I had attended as a youth. It was that incomparable artist who first opened my eyes to the character of dramatic art. She awakened my boundless enthusiasm through portrayals which I was otherwise less inclined to appreciate, such as the portrayal

of Romeo in the opera by Bellini, for example, where transfiguring artistic genius elevated the sweet melodic dalliance of Italian music with heroic fire and nameless poetry to a tragic work of art. These same revelation occurred to me in that concert through an orchestral performance which seemed to open up the secret language of the world of music and showed me things I had inherently known but hadn't fully recognized. This was especially true about the overture to *Der Freischuetz*. A passionate admirer of Weber, I had listened a thousand times to his operas, especially *Der Frescoes*, and just about had it memorized. It seemed as if I were hearing the overture's poetic portrait of sound for the first time, and I suddenly realized that for the first time, I was hearing it the way it was intended. The entire forest legend with its magic, horror and sweet innocence and poetry stood transfigured before my eyes. The conductor's personality was just as unobtrusive as in his books. I was seated too far away to make any guess about his personality; but I had the sensation that a wave of harmony was flowing from his conductor's baton to the orchestra and was subconsciously making the musicians play at a different level than was normally in their power. This concert surpassed anything I have ever seen in concertfrenzied England.

One can only imagine how overjoyed I was to receive an invitation from Anna a short time later to spend an evening with Wagner, who had also accepted an invitation. Nothing else would have brought me to separate myself from my dear children a second time, whom I was always extremely uneasy about leaving. But I just could not turn down this long sought-after opportunity. The reserved, cool way Wagner reacted to our warm welcome estranged me a little at first. But then I wrote it off as a result of the dissatisfied, pronounced mood his stay in London had put him in. Indeed, hostility had existed since his arrival between him and the Mendelssohn cult prevalent in English society, which printed absurd musical articles and criticisms like: "it's quite impossible to expect a proper performance from a conductor who even conducts Beethoven's symphonies by heart." Unsatisfactory musical motivation was only given brief consideration, however. Almost from the beginning, the conversation turned to the works of a philosopher, whose shining star had arisen from a quarter century of obscurity. This philosopher was Arthur Schopenhauer. While staying in Frankfurt am Main as a youth, I well remember often seeing a little man dressed in a grey coat with several collars, followed by a poodle named Chenille, going for his daily walk at the appointed hour. I also remembered that I had heard that this man was Arthur Schopenhauer, the son of the female author by the same name, and that he was a complete fool. He was especially made fun of by an acquaintance of ours, a senator of the Free City of Frankfurt, a well-respected man who used to eat lunch with him at the table d'hôte and mock him and later relate anecdotes as proof of his idiocy. After that, I never heard of him again until recently, when word had come from Germany that these man's works, though long since published, were only now being read, and that Schopenhauer was being described as the greatest philosopher since Kant by some, and as surpassing Kant by others. I do not know how Friedrich had learned that Wagner shared this last opinion. He changed the topic to Schopenhauer and asked Wagner to explain the basic elements of Schopenhauer's philosophy, which were new to him as well. In the conversation which followed, I was struck by the power of the phrase,

"the negation of the will to live," which Wagner described as Schopenhauer's *Weltanschauung*. Accustomed to viewing the will as the power of moral self-determination, even though I had never been able to explain the contradiction between its apparent contingency to and self-declared freedom from Christian dogma, I failed to comprehend this phrase as the highest moral task of humanity. I had always viewed the direction of the will towards suspended moral perfection and action as the ultimate goal of existence. But this phrase sounded like something before which I couldn't stand and puzzle over, and which I was already prepared to understand. It attracted me as if it were the key to the gate behind which shone the light of ultimate knowledge to which my life had consciously taken me. The evening passed without ever really breaking the ice with Wagner. I went away dissatisfied, especially since I had so looked forward to meeting the publisher of those works and the conductor of that concert. In order not to leave a bad taste in my mouth, I wrote to him a short time later and invited him to come to Richmond, since Herzen would also be happy to make his acquaintance. Unfortunately, he declined the invitation, citing his not-too-distant departure and the arrangements he would have to make in preparation for it.

We would experience another unpleasant event in our immediate circle. E..., whose agitated character was constantly searching for an excuse to attack whatever he could, was in a horrid mood directed towards Herzen himself. Back at the beginning of the Crimean War, he had come up with what he thought was a promising idea. He had hatched out a plan of distributing revolutionary pamphlets throughout Russia by means of balloons, which would pop at a moderate altitude, and thus incite the farmers to revolt against the dictatorship. I can't remember exactly how he planned to smuggle the balloons into Russia and then launch them himself. I only know that he was obsessed with this plan and thought it the right moment to carry it out, since the war was very unpopular with the farmers, since it robbed them of their sons and providers. In addition, he reckoned that the farmers' superstition would respond fanatically to these invitations falling from heaven. The idea seemed so important to him, and its success so certain that he set all the wheels in motion to implement his strategy. Through a go-between, he turned to Emperor Napoleon, who alone he believed was capable of recognizing the importance of such a tactic and supplying the necessary materials. But this attempt failed: Paris sent him a letter of refusal. He himself did not have the means of implementing his plan, and he saw the success he had envisioned being thwarted and deeply resented it. He became increasingly hostile towards Herzen, since he held him responsible for the failure to implement this strategy to fight Russian despotism. Herzen had explained to him several times in vain that he was not in favor of a revolution in Russia at the time, since such a thing would only result in bloody reprisals, perhaps even in the intervention of the Allies, and would put an end to hopes for interior reforms as a result of the government's defeat. Herzen was of the opinion that there was nothing to do at the moment but to wait for the end of the war and what it would bring. E...'s first agitation was compounded by a second: literary jealousy. Herzen had just been visited by one of his oldest friends from Moscow who had succeed in making the journey to England, albeit incognito, and finding Herzen. He also brought a number of items, valuable keepsakes from days gone by from Herzen's abandoned

property. This stirred in Herzen infinitely joyous, yet painful recollections. He was especially pleased to hear about the undreamt of success his imported writings were having in Russia. The friend related an experience of how an acquaintance had awakened him during the night to tell him in secret about an extremely important piece of news: the first copy of Herzen's writings printed in London had arrived. They had immediately sat down to read them that very night; then works had been passed from hand to hand and copied, since there was no hope of obtaining multiple copies. Each product of the free London Press had been greeted with increasing enthusiasm. Herzen's name had been printed on the banner which united all the hopes and goals of the Russian Progressive Party. The first edition of the new quarterly *l'étoile polaire* with the vignette of the five martyrs had been likewise enthusiastically received. Herzen's contributions had gained the greatest recognition, whereas a very intellectual, radical, but somewhat useless article written by E... had not received such favorable criticism. This was the last straw. Herzen complained to me several times that being around E... was nearly impossible because of his constantly aggressive attitude. One morning while I was reading together with Natalie, E... entered the room and ran about excitedly, hurling wild accusations at Herzen and making gestures like a lunatic. At first, I asked him nicely, then increasingly seriously to calm himself, and asked him to remember he was speaking in front of Herzen's daughter. But his blind rage went on unchecked. Suddenly he made halt across the table from us, drew a small revolver out of his pocket, and said as he pointed it at us, perhaps unknowingly, "You see, this revolver is always loaded, and I always carry it with me; who knows what will happen if I am overcome with anger." Natalie was terrified, but I remained calm, glared at him, and said: "Put the weapon away before something happens you will forever regret; then go home and calm yourself. I will come and speak with you later." My calm manner sobered him somewhat, and he left. I tried to calm Natalie and asked her not to tell her father about any of this for the time being, then I considered what I should do. I knew that I had to act quickly, because if Herzen ever heard about what happened, it would have infuriated him to the point that a conflict would have become unavoidable. I thought the best solution would be to convince E... to break contact completely in order to avoid the possibility of further personal conflict, since for the time being there was no hope of resolving or soothing his agitated state of mind. If I acted discretely, there was a chance that if he ever got a grip on himself, our friendship could be restored, even though I hardly placed value on a friendship flawed by such sickly outbursts. After pondering these things, I wrote a clear, sensible letter to E... in which I reminded him of all our discussions about our principles we had had together, and told him to consider that a revolver is no means of resolving disputes or annoyance for people holding our views, and that if there were no other means of coming to an fair agreement, there was still an alternative: to take ones leave quietly and in a dignified manner and, with respect for the past, to let each party go his own way. I assured him that this was very hard for me, since I had sincerely regarded him as a friend, but that in this case I had to take a side and do without his company because I owed this to Herzen and his family. I asked him to make the right choice, as difficult as it may be, and in so doing perhaps leave the door open for future friendship. I sent him the letter before Herzen, who was in London at

the time, had any idea what had happened, and received an immediate reply in which he expressed his greatest respect and complete agreement with my suggestion, as well as certain assurance that he avoid every potential future conflict. When Herzen arrived home in the evening, I told him the story and showed him the letters. He was moved by them just as I had been and thanked me for my intervention, which he characterized as an act of true friendship. Thus, this peculiar, highly talented, but sickly person disappeared from our lives never to return. Though the selfish grudge which kept him away might have perhaps faded with time, death beat him to it. He destroyed the poor, disfigured vessel of his great potential which, as it disintegrated, rendered a terrible example of the misery to which a dictatorial government can damn a people over the course of generations—a misery which Lermontoff describes in the following words: "I am fearful for our people; its future is empty and dark, it will grow old in indolence, it will collapse under the force of doubt and an unproductive science.—Life wearies us like a long journey without a purpose. We are like those premature fruits which find themselves curiously among the blossoms; they please neither eye nor taste and drop the moment they are ripe.—We are hastening to the grave having known neither happiness nor fame, and before we die, we cast a contemptuous glance at the past.—Our earthly sojourn will go unnoticed: a gloomy, silent, quickly forgotten crowd.—We will leave nothing behind for our children, neither a productive thought nor any work of genius. They will deride our ashes with a contemptuous poem or with the sarcasm which a destitute son addresses his extravagant father." Leopardi, whose brief pain-filled life fell during the time of Italian oppression, before the dawn of a new, more promising day, expressed similar pessimistic sentiments:

"Now you may rest in peace, my tired heart. The monstrous error I imagined has vanished. It vanished; I sense that not only hope, but even desire has given way to sweet disappointment. Rest in peace, you have beat enough. Your excitement is futile, the earth is not worth sighing over. Life is bitter and boring, nothing else, and the world is filth. Calm yourself. Despair for the last time. Our people was destined to die. Despise yourself: nature, the hideous power which secretly destroys all, and the infinite vanity of the Whole."

Oh! And Leopardi and Lermontoff were among the most noble of their people—blessed by nature, endowed from birth with all the gifts of intellect and poetry!

E... was likewise an extraordinary intellectual! To which judge will the despots have to give an accounting for the crushed blossoms of intellect and the great broken hearts which they robbed of the light of liberty, which they squelched in the oppressive prison air of their countries!

After this unpleasant experience, Herzen himself suggested that we again go to Ventnor on the Island of Wight for a few weeks. Of course, the children and I welcomed this suggestion. We rented a comfortable home on the ocean, and the wonderful sea air and charmingly beautiful coast revived our good spirits. The Pulszkys were also there again. They frequently came in the evening, and I enjoyed being together with Therese, whose sensitive personality became less of a mystery to me than it had been in the political excitement of London life. News reached us there about the taking of Malakoff. This meant that Sebastopol would probably fall and the war would be over. We rejoiced at the

news, not only out of consideration for human life, but especially for Russia, since it could be assumed that the new emperor would attempt domestic reforms after the close of this war he had inherited.

After our return to Richmond, it was decided that we go back to London, since Herzen's son was to visit London University and the laboratory of the famous chemist, Hofmann, and Natalie required lessons which I felt inadequate to give her. It was truly difficult to leave the countryside, the delightful view of the Thames and its green shores, the glorious Richmond Park, Kew Gardens, in which I had been so happy with the children, and our isolated and satisfying life which, instead of becoming increasingly secure and organized, faced the danger of being upset or even shattered by an unseen event in the turmoil and disruptive influences of the outside world!

CHAPTER EIGHT FATE. SEPARATION

We had returned to London and had moved into a house at the far end of friendly St. John's Wood, the suburb with many green gardens, from which diverse paths led in different directions towards the charming villages of Hampstead and Highgate, so that we almost could imagine we were still living in the country. The children's lessons were thoroughly organized, and it was especially gratifying to me to be able to place the children's musical instruction in the hands of Johanna Kinkel who, even though she herself was a first-rate musician, had taken it upon herself to instruct children. She placed special emphasis on a singing class in which she developed the musical ear and skills in singing intervals. I always enjoyed attending this singing class, for charming musical talents were developed here under Johanna's direction, which not only did not harm the children's voices, but on the contrary, strengthened them and made them more beautiful through healthy training. My eyes were opened as to the importance of such well-directed singing lessons for children, especially with regard to the harmonious development of the vocal organs in general. Such children receive an almost invaluable advantage, since a pleasant speaking voice is one of the most prized outward qualities and often leaves a more permanent impression than beauty. Seeing Johanna Kinkel, this splendid, dear friend, was one of the things that made going back to London worthwhile to me. Otherwise, however, it was all I could do to stave off the resurgent wave of social callers so that they would not disrupt the house's order and peace, for this was the only thing that made me happy. But I was so happy that one day I wrote to my sister: "All I can say is this: I hope things remain the way they are, I couldn't ask for more." When my thoroughly happy days watching the children's favorable development were over, my evening lectures with Herzen nourished and invigorated my mind. His shining intelligence, infallible memory and universal knowledge complemented his reading with such valuable comments and discussions that they added a whole new dimension to what we had read. Among other things, we read the newly published version of the trial of the Saint Simonists,⁶⁰ which I read with heightened interest, especially the speech of Père Enfantin. He presented the cause of "the emancipation of women," which had so often been ridiculed, but here appeared a beautiful and noble endeavor. According to the Saint-Simonists' mystic/religious beliefs, a woman could hold the same priesthood and perform the same duties as a man. They believed in a patriarchal social hierarchy in which age, wisdom and dignity were the only virtues. A woman was regarded as a man's equal in every respect. Enfantin stated with a modesty uncommon among men at the time that it was not the man's responsibility to assume the role of law-giver or to try to place social limitations on a woman, but that the woman should assert herself and voice her own opinions in order to formulate her true needs and claims. This portrayal of the matter meant even more to me, because a petition to study medicine at the universities signed by the most noble, educated Englishwomen had just been denied by parliament. I deeply sensed how right it was that women be allowed to express their needs, and that it was therefore the duty of everything thinking woman to express these demands and make a

difference on a small or large scale. Accordingly, the thought quickly occurred to me that I should express my opinion in the matter. Still under the influence of what I had read, I wrote a dedication to Père Enfantin (who was still alive at the time) as a preface to the proposed work.

Otherwise, the winter was fairly uneventful. The Crimean War had ended in September, and Herzen's hopes for a new era in Russia had grown, the more the humiliation of the proud autocracy through the Peace of Paris made domestic reform necessary to save face. Herzen's writing took on an almost exclusively political character. He especially concerned himself with the emancipation of the serfs, which he considered a necessary prerequisite to a new, better future in Russia. But he wanted to maintain the communal distribution of land in Russia. He viewed the preservation of this primitive institution as the only possible defense against the misery of the European proletariat, as well as a just governmental principle that the land should belong to person who cultivates it. He was receiving frequent reports from Russia, and his own writings printed in London arrived over there with increasing ease. This all made for a content atmosphere at home, and I really didn't believe Johanna Kinkel was exaggerating when she said during a visit on one occasion: "It was as if I was entering a bit of heaven."

The circle of acquaintances which gathered in our home at certain times was comprised of far less politically active people than the one during our first winter in London. Among these were young people representing many different nationalities who thronged around Herzen, learned from him, and endeavored to steer the conversation in other directions than purely political matters. Among the young circle that winter was Carl Schurz, who had come to Europe because of his wife's health condition. He and Herzen forged a special friendship, and whenever Schurz gave us a lively, perspicacious rendering of life in America, he also eagerly listened to Herzen's description about the obscure country of Russia, which together with America, both predicted would become the superpowers of the next cultural epoch. One of Herzen's favorite thoughts which he repeatedly brought up was that in the near future the great ocean would play the same role as that of the Mediterranean in the Old World, namely as the center of civilization.

Several women joined our immediate circle who also altered the exclusively political nature of our company and introduced music and other social stimuli that were especially enjoyable for the children. Anna did not come as often any more, of course, since she was pregnant and could not leave the house the way she used to. I, on the other hand, went as often as I could to visit her and thoroughly enjoyed the company of this dear and noble woman who became even more so at the prospect of becoming a mother at an advanced age. I visited her during the last days of January during the afternoon. We had the most delightful conversations, naturally centering around the baby she was expecting. She mentioned the possibility of death very calmly, even though there was no question she wanted to live more than ever. I left her with the best of feelings, and she even told me all kinds of things I should tell Herzen for her. The next morning I was awakened early while it was still dark outside by a knock at my bedroom door. I sat up terrified as Herzen, with a candle in his hand, pale and distraught, entered and, in response to my question as to what had happened, replied with a quivering voice: "I just received a message from

Charlotte—Anna died suddenly last night." I was dumbfounded by the unexpected blow. It only took a moment to dress and rush to the house. It was true! The woman I had left in apparently good health and complete coherence the evening before now lay still and cold together with the yet unborn blossom through which could have at least remained a living expression of the noble mother. My pain drew silent at the sight of poor Friedrich, from whom two jewels had been stolen, present and future, in one fell swoop. She had died suddenly, while completely conscious, and there had been no time to even save the young life. Herzen arrived soon after I did, and words cannot express how warm and gracious he was. He brought a bouquet of the most beautiful flowers with which he strewed the deceased's bed according to Italian custom, just as not too long previous he had decorated another bed on which lay his dearest possession in the world. At such times he demonstrated his deep, sensitive side which those who knew him only as a critical, polemizing politician, or a witty host never saw.

We spent the evenings that followed gathered in the house of mourning: Friedrich and Charlotte, Schurz and his wife, Herzen, his son, and I. Herzen read to us from his most beautiful works, which he had quickly translated that morning from Russian to French for that very purpose. It was a memoir written in Rome during the exciting days of 1848, where he and his wife had participated in the transfigured scenes of liberation among the people of that city. The content was so beautiful, so dramatic, so perceptively ideal, that it was perfect voice of comfort during our time of pain. I was touched by his friendly gesture as after the reading he handed me the translation with the following words written on the title page: "I lay these pages next to the flowers which decorate the deceased as a tiny wreath of immortelle, and dedicate it to you on the day after you lost your friend."

A few days later, a silent little funeral procession consisting only of the aforementioned persons made its way to the cemetery at Highgate, where I had already stood at a grave with Herzen. It was a beautiful place where we laid Anna to rest. No disturbances, no priest, no foreign, unfeeling witness was present; Schurz spoke a few wonderful words which fell like spring roses on the grave site and made us feel as if the deceased were blissfully smiling down upon us from above the grave where we lowered her earthly body. The company stayed with us the entire day, and if there was anything which could have possibly intensified our admiration and friendship we all felt for Herzen, it was his behavior on this day.

Herzen's birthday was in the beginning of April, and in honor of this, I had arranged a little exam in which the children would give accounting to him of what they had learned. That morning at breakfast, he found a written invitation on his flower-covered seat, and after breakfast, the test took place with the most satisfactory results. This resulted in an atmosphere of celebration the entire day which was rounded off by the visit of a few close friends who were very interested in the children's progress and good behavior. As we said good night, I laughingly said to Herzen: "Well, at least we're past being at odds and have left behind the doubts and storms, hopefully never to return to them."

Is it presumptuous to hope for lasting contentment, even when it is the result of honest effort, pure endeavor? Or do treacherous demons lie in wait and forcefully awaken

the confident soul whenever peace enters one's life. I do not know, but this much is certain: frequently in life, an abrupt change follows the most peaceful times, as if fate would have us put to the test to see whether we wear armor under our peaceful garments and are always mindful that our life is struggle, not peace. A few days after the birthday party, we were all seated to lunch when a carriage loaded with trunks halted in front of the house. From my seat at the table, I could see who it was, so I jumped and yelled: "It's Ogareff!"—this was the name of Herzen's dear boyhood friend about whom he had told me so much that it was almost as if I knew him myself. He had recently married a woman who was supposed to take over as the children's governess, and Herzen had been expecting them for some time. We had not received the slightest bit of news that Ogareff, who because of his well-known political views was always under some kind of police surveillance, would be able to leave Russia, but a certain premonition told me that it was none other than he, Herzen, always worried that our life would somehow be disrupted, went out to greet the disembarking stranger timidly, until he was sure it was his boyhood friend whom he had not seen for years. He led him and his wife inside and introduced the pair to the children and me. As occasionally happens at certain events or encounters, an inner voice predicted a twist in my fate on this occasion. It was such moments that among ancient peoples became voices of warning deities which prevented a tragic fall or, if the content of the warning was misunderstood, led to the very doom which it had sought to warn against. I had such good feelings towards the pair since they were Herzen's friends, and yet as they stood before me, I felt myself gripped by the icy hand of fate, which indiscriminately tears and mends relationships without asking whether it has broken any hearts in the process.

It was natural that this visit led to an immediate transformation of our well-ordered lives. The coming of this friend meant a return to childhood for Herzen: the fatherland and homeland, all the old friends, pain, and mutual aspirations. It was the same friend with whom Herzen had once sworn to avenge Pestel and the other victims of the Fourteenth of December as a thirteen year-old boy on the hill near Moscow. This alone was enough to send Herzen into a fit of excitement, and this excitement was compounded by the fact that the friend had grave health problems, so that his condition was a cause of great concern. His wife had been Herzen's wife's closest friend. She had been with the entire family during their stay in Italy and France at the beginning of the joyous turmoil of 1848. For this reason, she represented a world of happy, but also painful memories which Herzen had not encountered since the death of the wife he had so passionately loved. I respected the exclusive nature with which all these things took complete control over Herzen and completely transformed the character of our domestic life. I recognized that such an event would initially be overwhelming and drown out all other considerations in such a deep and sincerely sensitive nature as Herzen's. Yet I hoped that eventually everything would return to normal and that our lifestyle, which I was convinced was the only correct one for the children, would not suffer any permanent disruption. But I sensed from the beginning that I would once again be at great odds with the Russian way, embroiled in a conflict over the children which I thought I had already solved with Herzen. This became even more poignant and clear to me, especially with regard to the Russian

lady, who possessed all the qualities native to her homeland, together with a fanatic patriotism. But I was confident that this time, having been warned by previous examples, Herzen would seize the initiative to take control of the situation and let me go about my duties unmolested. Thus, I initially did not protest and tried to get off to a good start to the relationship by demonstrating friendly attentiveness and active participation. It was much simpler this time, since Herzen's friend exhibited a true, deep kindness and limitless compassion towards me. Herzen had already told me how profound and noble this man was. I knew his personal history and knew that he was one of the victims selected by the unhappy Nicholas Era from the ranks of the best and most talented citizens. How many richly endowed personalities had perished in the stagnant atmosphere of that desolate, intellectually stifling dictatorship! But wherever talent did manage to assert itself, it assumed a violent character and often sought to compensate for the harmonious achievements and works it had been denied with an eccentric lifestyle. Ogareff himself had led a turbulent life during his European travels, followed by a curiously introspective, hermit-like life in the Russian forests and steppes. He had watched his uncommon organizational talent, intellectual ability, and substantial fortune disappear with his youth, without any of it leaving a noticeable impression on the world. And yet, the following maxim from Schiller could aptly be applied to him:

"Nobility can also be found in the moral world. Ordinary people pay with that which they do, noble ones with that which they are."

According to his friends' unanimous opinion, the effect he had had was not unsubstantial. Herzen had often told me: "Who knows how much myself and others have this man's words and influence to thank for our accomplishments!" More of a poet than a politician by nature, his personal life had only manifested itself in Russian poems published by Herzen in his own press. When dealing with people, he had always been exceptionally frugal with his words; this was even more so the case now that his health was in such a sorry state, and his depression often led to him to sit for hours without participating in an ongoing conversation. Although he was somewhat unapproachable because of this, his unmistakably kind way and silent suffering spoke to my heart and aroused my deepest sympathies.

The impression his wife made on me was of a completely different nature. The premonition I had had at her arrival that her presence boded evil remained, and I sensed that all my efforts to be friendly were futile and that we were just too different from each other. I just could not figure out this peculiar person. I never felt free in her presence, and her own, curiously timid personality made me uncomfortable. But I believed to sense that my employment in the home had been an unpleasant surprise to her; she had probably anticipated she would find a common governess and immediately take over responsibility for the children with whose care she had been entrusted by the dying mother. Instead, she found a friend, a wife- and mother figure in the home. Compounding the problem, she hated the German way of life, and found many of the arrangements I had made in the children's best interest revolting. To give a small example of this, I had finally convinced

Herzen not to bring the children trivial games and toys almost every day, which accomplished nothing except make them numb to the happiness they would feel when receiving good, useful gifts and arouse their pleasure in destroying things, an already prevalent force in children. But the Russian lady absolutely adored showering the children with gifts. She once told me she could not pass by a single toyshop in London without sensing the urge to buy everything inside it and give it to the children. This is a decidedly Russian trait. Another Russian lady had once told me she wanted to give so many gifts to her only child, a boy, that he would become tired with them and no longer crave them. I tried in vain to explain my view to Madame Ogareff. But she continued with her giftgiving practice and only ceased after I tactfully made Herzen aware of the returning evil and he expressed his own disapproval. Similar differences of opinions, about much more important things, started to accumulate. Yet Herzen wanted, as is very understandable to a certain degree, that the lady spend a goodly amount of time with the children, tell them about their deceased mother, speak Russian with them, and tell them as much as possible about the fatherland they had never seen. If this had all been done naturally and simply, as a supplement to existing arrangements, everything would have worked out nicely. But, as I already mentioned, there was something about her personality and our relationship I tried to deny which filled me with a sense of foreboding. After spending the day with the children, which despite my loving efforts was nevertheless hard work, the usual intellectual stimulation of Herzen's discussions and readings was missing. Conversation was dominated by the Russian language and Russian affairs, and although I had learned to speak Russian and was fairly familiar with Russian affairs, both were still too foreign for me to live exclusively in them and find intellectual respite. To my disappointment, I noted that Herzen, true to his nature, ignored the problems in the hope that they would take care of themselves, afraid of offending either party.

The mistake in dealing with people dependent on each other which he had made earlier was repeated. But this time, the effects would be more devastating. As I watched the tension grow, I started to make Herzen quietly aware of it and to give him friendly warning. It seemed to me that he should have to exercise the same unconditional solidarity and firmness to which I was committed with regard to him and the peace in his house. It was never a question of violating his friends' rights or depriving him of his memories of Russia. It was only about maintaining the status quo in the home which had been so beneficial to the children and in his own words had been "fully satisfactory," and integrating his friends without introducing an arbitrary element which could affect things for better or for worse. This is a crucial element in knowing how to make the best of things, something which so few people understand, but about which Goethe, the great *Lebenskuenstler*, gave us the oft unheeded advise with regard to our feelings of affinity. Even if one cannot prevent all conflicts and confusions, one can usually avoid countless disparities and, by protecting each person's individual rights, guard against contention and its consequences. But this was not Herzen's way, and, because of his overwhelming reluctance to intervene and jeopardize anyone's freedom, he ignored the situation until the Gordian knot was tied and could only be cut with a sword that also wounded the heart.

It would be pointless to recount the progression of this inner conflict. I had learned

from others how zealously the Russian lady coveted the position once promised her. I watched as Herzen became increasingly in favor of a prevalent Russian influence among the children, and how indifferent he was towards all non-Russian relationships which, until recently, he had been so careful to preserve. I suffered unspeakably under these conditions, for the unpleasant thought occurred to me that I would have to leave. I sensed that for the sake of unity in the children's upbringing, I would have to bow to the Russian element, since I could not accommodate it, nor did I feel sufficiently strong to fight against it. I also felt that such dualism was harmful to the children. I have to give Herzen credit for initially trying his best to discourage me from even mentioning the possibility of leaving. In order to resolve the tension, he suggested he speak with Ogareff and his wife individually. I rejected this because I believed nothing would come of it. The existing differences in our personalities, views, and habits could never be reconciled. The only possibility to resolve the conflict was for him to restore the former order in the house and education, without any mixture or encroachment of an element for which at the very least it was too early. It is possible that if I hadn't been so insistent on maintaining my former life and freely assumed responsibility, if I had treated it as more of a professional relationship than an intimate, impassioned matter of the heart, that I could have more calmly accepted and mastered the change in our situation. But I failed in friendship just as I had once done in love: I had given everything, only to discover things hadn't been perfectly mutual, but instead that other, more formidable bonds were influencing life and lending it a new direction. Of course, in my previous involvement, I had been too independent to be able to predict any changes. My claim to a lasting, unlimited execution of my responsibilities was justified in that I fulfilled them with complete loyalty and according to my deepest convictions. I nevertheless would have been somewhat lenient with regard to change, had the people with whom I was dealing been different and more candid and understanding with me. The matter was decided by an entirely impersonal consideration having nothing to do with me. I sensed that a natural group of friends was forming around the exiled family in which the children could get to know their homeland better in accordance with their father's wish. But to me, unity was an indispensable prerequisite to education. By placing the children's education in Russian hands, at least I was accomplishing something. It was nevertheless heartbreaking to think of leaving, and I made one last effort to speak with Herzen. Gracious and sympathetic as always, he assured me that he would do everything to set things in order, and asked me to trust him. I began to grow hopeful again and redoubled my efforts to understand and reconcile that which I regarded as the only solution and the only healthy course of action for the children's upbringing. But the misunderstandings remained, and I saw that even Herzen started to become concerned about things he previously hadn't been. Finally one morning when he had gone off early to the countryside, I was brought a letter which he had left for me, since I hadn't seen him before he left. The letter contained the first inklings of his feelings that separation was necessary—an idea which he had always rejected before. But he suggested that separation take place in a manner in keeping with a solemn celebration. After receiving the letter, it became clear to me that I would have to leave. He had made his choice between his friends and me, and I could not stay. But the thought of a calm and

composed celebration at leaving the thing which meant the most to me, when I leaving with a broken heart, was unthinkable. I felt that a decision had to be made either now or never, spontaneously. Thus, I decided to make the sacrifice that very day, especially since Herzen's absence made this easier. I quickly started making preparations and packing my things, wrote Herzen a short letter of good-bye, as well as a letter to the Russian lady in which I charged her with the responsibility for the children and asked her to continue the work I had begun. Then I sat down to eat my last meal with the two children. I was in one of those states which alone are capable of bringing forth earth-shattering sacrifice. My Golgotha had arrived, and this meal was my last supper, void of any would-be traitor. The children's innocent eyes were the only witnesses of the great struggle of denial I was undertaking. I spoke loving and sacred words to them, took their hands in mine for the last time, and blessed them, asking them to remember this hour, the meaning of which they could not yet understand. Then I ordered the nurse to dress the children and give them the letter intended for the Russian lady. I embraced the astounded and unsuspecting children once more and dismissed them. Then I took my essential items and left the home. On the threshold, I was stopped by the old servant, an Italian who was extremely devoted to me. He said: "Don't go, it will bring misfortune on this house." I squeezed his hand silently and went to Friedrich and Charlotte's home, since at the moment, I had no other alternative. They were incredulous when they heard what had happened, but immediately agreed that I had no choice but to go as soon as Herzen himself had made the decision. I was indescribably heartbroken; more than this, I was seized by unbearable suffering, with no hope in sight. Never believe anyone who says that the moment immediately connected to a profound sacrifice is the most difficult! Blessed are they which seal their life with spontaneous sacrifice. No, the cross is not the most difficult trial. In sacrificing life's most precious gifts for the sake of an idea or feeling, life loses its value, and death is the only relief from living without that which made life worthwhile. That is why Buddha's sacrifice was greater than Christ's. Buddha experienced life's sufferings by recognizing the true nature of his flattering deceptions, his blissful delusions. He bore this suffering and exalted himself above it through the most lofty self-denial. Only in the ecstasy of his highest moments, after the people had recognized him as the Messiah and had shouted Hosanna did Christ face the death which would save the world and restore him from his thorn-crowned life to his rightful glory at the right hand of the Father. My sacrifice had been made, but now I had to keep on living, far from the dear homeland which I had made for myself and which I had just started to organize as I saw fit. Everything inside me rebelled against having to start over, and if death in any form, even the most violent, had come to me, I would have embraced it and cried: "Oh, snuff out my existence, destroy me, put an end to life's torture!" At such times, one can well comprehend how the hideous, disfigured Christian view of death evolved. It was the venting of that pain which desperately flees life and chooses the realm of destruction over an extension of deceitful existence. Only the Greeks, for whom artistic transfiguration made life a beautiful dream, were permitted to comprehend the twin brother of sleep in the opposite manner.

In the evening, while we sat together lost in painful contemplation, Ogareff and young Alexander appeared to deliver a letter from Herzen and to express the regret about

my hasty departure. Alexander did this in such a sincere fashion and with such touching childlike emotion that I was greatly moved, and I perceived that this young man had become like a son to me. When they had gone, I read Herzen's letter. It read:

"Dear friend!

I read your letter with tear-filled eyes; no, it didn't have to be this way. But if this was easier for you, then so be it. But no bad feelings. Ogareff and Alexander bring more than my letter: they bring my deepest admiration, my boundless friendship. Indeed, you are right about one thing: about remaining silent and the children, for whose sake you once crossed the threshold of this unhappy home.—Yes, it was good that you left the way you did, and I accept your blessing in behalf of my children; as for me, I only ask for your friendship.

Your brother and friend,
A. Herzen."

I read the letter with a mixture of tenderness and bitterness. Why had this friendship not actively intervened and resolved the situation before it was irretrievably out of hand? Why are the best, most talented people but pawns in the hand of fate, which crosses and permanently diverts even the surest path?

1. *All-powerful conqueror* ... Napoleon.
2. *Rahel Varnhagen von Ense (1771-1814)* ... Prominent aristocrat whose Salon became the center of the romantic movement in Berlin.
3. *The eternally feminine (das ewig Weibliche)*... tenet of German classicism which holds that the female influence should be a refining, exalting one. As Meysenbug demonstrates, this idea was twisted by the existing social order to reestablish faulty notions of gender.
4. In this case, the German *liebenswert* expresses a note of condescension.
5. *The beautiful soul (die schöne Seele)*...According to German classicism, the ideal person embodying pure morality: a harmonious mixture of duty, inclination, reason and emotion.
6. Refers to Shiller's poem *Die Bürgschaft*.
7. In reality, Goethe's physical appearance was rather repulsive, if contemporaries like Heine are to be believed.
8. "*I suoi pensieri in lui dormir non ponno...*"—Her thoughts of him do not sleep. (*It*)
9. *Parnassus*...Mountain in Greece associated with poetry, muses.
10. *Mistral*...Cold, dry northerly wind that blows in squalls through the Rhone Valley and nearby areas toward the Mediterranean coast of southern France.
11. The seemingly anachronistic use of the word *Proletarier* should not surprise any readers, since Meysenbug's Memoirs were not compiled until after 1858, ten years after the publication of the Communist Manifesto popularized the term.
12. While "ego" is a relatively new term in the English language, its counterpart in German, *ich* was coined long before Freud.
13. The allusion of the "Apostle" to the nightingale, rose, etc. , all of which are symbols of the romantic period, suggest his disillusionment with the same and a movement toward a quasi-cosmic *Weltanschauung*.
14. *Teutoburger Forest* ... Site of instrumental battle in checking Roman expansion to the north in A.D. 9.
15. *Democrat (also social democrat)* ... term used to denote a liberal of the day who advocated national unification, universal suffrage and other internal social reforms.
16. *Guillaume Guizot (1787-1874)* ... French statesman and historian whose refusal to introduce election reforms would lead to revolution in February 1848.

17. Like the Dutch "van" and the French "de," "von" is indicative of nobility.
18. *La Marseillaise*...French national anthem, banned under Napoleon, Louis XVIII and Napoleon III for its revolutionary connotations.
19. *Gotthold Ephraim Lessing (1729-1787)* ... Influential critic, philosopher, and dramatist of the Enlightenment credited with awakening German interest in Shakespeare.
20. *Der Ring des Polycrates*...Ballad by Friedrich Schiller.
21. *Diotima*...female figure in Hölderlin's *Hyperion* who embodies "the beautiful soul."
22. Hölderlin (1770-1843) was, in fact, schizophrenic and spent the last half of his life tormented by mental illness.
23. *Karoline von Günderode (1780-1806)* ... an important early female German author who took her own life after a failed relationship with a philologist from Heidelberg. Her correspondence with Bettina von Arnim took place from 1804 - 1806.
24. *Nikolaus Lenau (1802-1850)* ... Hungarian-born poet given to melancholy and pessimism; spent his last six years in an insane asylum.
25. Voltaire (1694-1778) was a harsh critic of Christian orthodoxy.
26. *War of Sonderbund (Separate League)* ... Civil war waged in Switzerland in 1847 when seven Catholic cantons attempted to secede from the Swiss Confederation.
27. *The prince of political darkness, Klemens Fürst von Metternich (1773-1859)* ... Ultra-conservative Viennese statesman whose foreign policy was responsible for securing Austria's position as European superpower in the early nineteenth century.
28. Meysenbug's use of the English word "self-government" shows the extent of her reverence for the British parliamentary system with which she would later become acquainted.
29. *Don Carlos*. Schiller's drama depicting the emergence of a free-thinker in the Spanish royal court during the time of the Inquisition. Like Schiller's character Marquis Posa, the German Revolution of 1848 would be crushed by reactionaries.
30. *President of the National Assembly*... Heinrich von Gagern (1799-1880).
31. *Friedrich Hecker (1811-1881)* and *Gustav von Struve*...Leaders of the provisional parliament who led unsuccessful revolt against Prussian forces in April 1848; fled to Switzerland, then America, where they commanded Union forces in the Civil War.
32. *Robert Blum (1807-1848)* ... Gifted rhetorician and leader of the leftists who sought to unify all liberal factions during the National Assembly. He accompanied Julius Fröbel to Vienna in October of 1848 in order to meet with leaders of the democratic movement in Austria and was executed a month later when reactionaries regained control of the city.

33. *Sin against the Holy Ghost*. According to New Testament doctrine, the only unpardonable sin (Matt. 12:31-32). Consists of denying the truth after it has been revealed by the Holy Ghost.

34. *Johann Gottlieb Fichte (1796-1879)* ... Philosopher, staunch advocate of compulsory education and civil armament as means to the end of German unification.

35. Point three in Communist Manifesto (1848): Abolition of all rights of inheritance.

36. *Basic Rights (Grundrechte)* guaranteed equality for the law, right to assemble, freedom of the press, free speech.

37. *Julius Fröbel (1805-1893)* ...Fröbel was more fortunate than Blum. He was pardoned by Prince Windischgraetz and lived to become the German Consul to Smyrna and Algiers.

38. *The Austrian...*Archduke Johann von Österreich (1782-1859), brother of Emperor Franz I.

39. The German word *Dialektik* used here does not correspond to our current understanding of the word. Before the spread of the Hegelian method, *Dialektik* denoted logical or rhetorical prowess.

40. Allusion to John 4:24: "*God is a spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.* "

41. German Eiterbeule denotes a pussing boil or abscess.

42. Reminiscent of God's admonition to Adam and Eve: "*In the Sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread* " (Genesis 3:19)

43. The passage from Hamburg to London over the North Sea was notoriously choppy, causing sea sickness.

44. "*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate...* " —Enter and leave every hope behind! (*It.*)

45. *John Falstaff*...Character in Henry IV (not Henry V) and *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

46. *Whitsun*... Day commemorating the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the Apostles as recorded in Acts 2.

47. *Impériale*...Inexpensive passenger seating area on the top of stage coach, usually occupied by the less affluent.

48. *Emanuel von Swedenborg (1688-1772)*... Swedish natural scientist and theosophist whose prophecies and visions of the coming of Christ gained him a substantial European following.

49. *Immanuel Kant (1724-1804)*...Perhaps the most influential of all German philosophers; his publications *What is Enlightenment*, *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, *Kritik der Urteilskraft*, and *Kritik der praktischen Vernunft* are the purest examples of German enlightened thought.

50. "*Ce n'est pas moi qui fait dit...*" —It's not I who said it! (*Fr.*)

51. *Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881)*... Conservative British author best remembered for his anti-materialist, teleological view of world history; wrote biographies of Cromwell and Frederick the Great, translated Goethe into English.
52. German *geistig* is generally translated as "intellectual," but occasionally as "spiritual."
53. "*Nous sommes élevés pour plaire...* " —We only aim to please. (*Fr.*)
54. *Puszta* ...steppeland in Hungary
55. *Falstaff*. .See Endnote 54.
56. *Bonne*... maid (*Fr.*)
57. "*Et tu, Brute?* " —From Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*; words of the dying Caesar to the traitor Brutus.
58. Meysenbug presents the seaman as a William Tell figure: a simple, yet enlightened assassin, handy with the oars.
59. *Thomas Malthus (1766-1834)* ... British scientist whose famous arguments regarding the tendency of population to expand more quickly than food supplies served as the basis for attacks against liberal social reforms.
60. St. Simonists...Utopian socialist movement in France which called for an end to feudalism and a planned means of production.