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HEINE IN ART AND LETTERS.

Uniform with this Volume.

HEINE'S ITALIAN TRAVEL SKETCHES, Etc.

Translated by ELIZABETH A. SHARP.

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Heinrich

Heine in Art and Letters.

Translated, with a Prefatory Note, by Elizabeth A. Sharp.

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CONTENTS.

PREFATORY NOTE.

OF the several papers collected in this volume, the earliest dates back to 1822, and is the first important prose essay published by Heinrich Heine: the most recent bears the date 1846, and so was written by him ten years before his death. Between these dates is comprised the whole of Heine's active career; for although, even before 1846, he had endured severe bodily suffering, it was not till subsequently that he became the confirmed invalid "nailed to his mattress grave."

The Selections are drawn from his prose writings exclusively. They represent Heine in very distinctive mental phases, and thus afford diverse as well as always interesting glimpses of his complex personality.

I have divided the book into two sections, each arranged chronologically. These comprise selections from Heine's brilliant Letters on Art and Music, and from that part of his correspondence which is occupied with political topics and events in the France of his day. Only two of the papers are concerned with

Germany: "The Old Régime" ("Kahldorf"), which gives an idea of the curious social conditions in Germany prior to the Revolution of 1848, and "Berlin Sketches." It is of interest to note the difference of style in the early and the later writings. The "Berlin Sketches" were written when the author was twenty-two years of age. They were addressed to Dr. Schulz, the editor of the *Rhein and Westphalian Journal*, who printed them in the literary portion of his newspaper. They give a vivid picture of Berlin in the early part of the nineteenth century. Though but "a city of Prussia," it was even then the centre of intellectual life in Germany. True, Goethe held his court elsewhere, for he detested Berlin. With many eminent men of letters, scientists, and philosophers, Heine associated. In the *salon* of Varnhagen von Ense he met and talked with Hegel, Franz Bopp, Chamisso, Fouqué; occasionally, too, he encountered noted foreigners, among others a son of Sir Walter Scott, whom he first saw in Highland costume at a masked ball. Heine's descriptions give a keen impression of the social life of a capital, with its interests, its squabbles, its prejudices. He is brilliant, though his wit is not always spontaneous; he is sarcastic, but his irony is not tipped with flame, as in his later writings.

In 1831 Heine crossed the Rhine and entered the country of his adoption. He reached Paris in May. There he found the *Salon* opened in the Louvre; and straightway he began the series of letters on the Art, Music, and Drama of the day, which were published in divers German newspapers in Stuttgart,

Augsburg, and elsewhere. "Works of genius are immutable, and immortal. Criticism expresses the current views of the time being, and appeals only to that time; and unless it is itself in some measure a work of art, it dies with its age." This remark of Heine's cannot be applied without qualification to his own critical writings on æsthetics. His appreciations of contemporary art and music are written by a man of genius, but, so to speak, too often as a man of genius in undress uniform. In a word, the journalist too often obscures the man of letters. Again, particularly as a critic of art and of music, Heine habitually wrote from the literary standpoint, rather than from that of the musician or painter. On the other hand, these letters have the value of individual and unconventional conviction. Their critical acumen is often acute; and ever and again he is, as an interpreter, singularly illuminative, while, as might be expected, he is continually suggestive.

The daily notes sent to Augsburg from Paris during the June days of 1832 were jotted down in the midst of the short-lived Revolution, as were the "Letters from Normandy," which describe in like manner events in the early part of the reign of Louis Philippe.

Early in January 1846 Heine wrote of himself: "If the paralysis, which like an iron band constricts my chest, should decrease, my old energy will again bestir itself. . . . Yes, I am sick to death; but my soul has not suffered mortal hurt. It is a drooping and an athirst, but not yet withered flower,

and still has its roots firmly planted in the ground of Truth and Love." He sought relief at Barèges; but the visit to those baths was fraught with ennui and discomfort, and, in truth, was productive of little gain to the sufferer. In the following September he wrote the first of his three wills, that which ends with the pathetic farewells to his native land, and to the country of his adoption. "Farewell, thou German fatherland, land of mysteries and of sorrows! Be prosperous and happy. Farewell, ye kindly French people, whom I have loved so much! I thank you for your cordial hospitality."

The cosmopolitan Heine, whose artistic sympathies, however, were so essentially French, preserved through all vicissitudes an undying love for his fatherland. In his last will, dated November 1851, he affirms that the "sustained aim of his later life was an effort towards a sympathetic reconciliation between France and Germany, a persistent attempt to frustrate the artifices of the enemies of Democracy, who, for their own profit, exploited international prejudices and animosities." Heine lived in Paris twenty-five years, and during the last years of his life received a small pension from the French Government. His acceptance of this brought very severe censure upon him from his enemies, who concluded that he was a naturalised Frenchman. In 1848 he published in the *Augsburg Gazette* an explanation of his action:—

"No, the subsidies that I received from Guizot were no tribute. The pension was merely an assistance, it was—

I call the thing by its name—a dole of the great charity accorded by the French people to aliens or exiles, who, through their zeal for the cause of the Revolution, had become more or less gloriously compromised in their own country, and had sought refuge by the side of the hospitable French hearth. I sought this monetary assistance shortly after the appearance (in Germany) of the regrettable decrees of the Confederation, whose aim was to ruin me financially, as the Coryphæus of the so-called Young Germany, by antedating an interdict not only on my existing writings, but also on all those which might later be produced by my pen—with intent to despoil me, without right and without trial, of my fortune and of my resources."

In 1843 Heine wrote a lengthy article on his "Pension and Pretended Naturalisation in France," from which I excerpt the following important and interesting—and, in its mingled humour, pathos, and satire—thoroughly characteristic biographical fragment; with which, moreover, I may fittingly end this brief introductory note :—.

". . . I have a confession to make, concerning which prudence perchance would enjoin silence. But it is long since prudence and I have shared the same bowl. And to-day I desire definitely to assert that I never became naturalised in France; and that my naturalisation, which has been tacitly accepted as a legal fact, is nevertheless merely a German fiction. I do not know what lazy or cunning brain invented it. Many compatriots have pretended, it is true, to have traced this rumour of naturalisation to an authentic source; they point to the statements in

the German newspapers, and my silence confirmed the error. My amiable literary and political adversaries in my own country, and many very influential intimate enemies here, in Paris, were also deceived; they believed that a right of French citizenship protected me against all sorts of vexations and machinations, such as readily beset the stranger, here subjected to a special jurisdiction.

"This fortunate misapprehension saved me from much ill-will, also from endless exploiting of self-seekers, who, in the conflict of affairs, would have used their privileged position to their own profit. In the long run, the position of the non-naturalised stranger becomes, in Paris, as disagreeable as it is costly. He is duped and worried, especially by naturalised strangers, who with sordid eagerness abuse the rights they have acquired. As a wise precaution, I decided one day to fulfil the formalities, which really engaged me to nothing, but, nevertheless, put me in the way, in case of necessity, to obtain without delay the rights of citizenship. But I ever shrank, in secret terror, from the definite act. These hesitations, this deeply-rooted repugnance against naturalisation, placed me in a false situation, a position I am now forced to consider as the cause of all my cares, of all my slights, during my twenty-three years of residence in Paris. The revenue of a good post would have sufficed here to defray the heavy expenses of my household, and the needs of an existence, free and humane rather than agreeable and easy. But, without previous naturalisation, the State service was closed to me. My friends dangled many a dignity and fat sinecure before my eyes; nor was I without examples of other aliens who in France have reached to the highest degrees of power and honour. And I dare assert that I, less than others, would have had to struggle against native jealousy; for no other German has ever enlisted to

so great an extent the sympathies of the French, either in the literary world or in society, where the most prominent men have ever sought to enter into relations with me, not as patrons but as comrades. The chivalric prince, the nearest to the throne, who was not only a general and distinguished statesman, but had also read *Der Buch der Lieder* in the original, would have willingly seen me in the service of France, and his influence would have been great enough to push me in that career. I cannot forget the amiability with which, one day, in the castle garden of a princely friend, the great historian of the French Revolution and of the Empire—who was then the all-powerful President of the Council—took my arm, and, walking with me, urged me insistently to tell him the desire of my heart, with a promise to procure me anything. The flattering tones of his voice still resound in my ear; I still smell the perfume of the great magnolia in flower, before which we strolled, that magnolia with its beautiful alabaster blossoms, which rose into the azure air, as magnificent, as proud as the heart of the German poet in the days of his happiness.

"Yes, I have uttered the true word. It was the lofty pride of the German poet that prevented me, even for form's sake, from becoming French. It was an ideal chimera, of which I could not free myself. Compared with what is usually termed patriotism, I was always a renegade;—but I could never protect myself against a feeling of anguish whenever a project seemed, however distantly, to point to a divorce from my country. Even in the souls of the most enlightened men there lingers a little root of the mandragora of old superstition, that cannot be extirpated. It is spoken of but rarely, but nevertheless it puts forth its imprudent sprouts in the most mysterious byways of our soul. The marriage that I contracted with Our Lady of Germany, our

dear Germania, the fair guardian of the bears,[1] was never a happy one. I remember certain beautiful moonlit nights when she pressed me tenderly to her ample bosom, that virtuous breast; but those sentimental nights can be counted, and ever towards morning there came a saddening coolness, accompanied by yawns and endless scoldings. Thus we finished our union with a separation. But matters did not proceed so far as a formal divorce. I could never persuade myself to separate from my faithful servant. An apostasy is hateful to me, and I would never have forsaken even a German pussy-cat, not even a German dog, however insupportable his flea-abundant fidelity might have become.

"In this respect the smallest pigling could lay no complaint against me. Among the elegant and *spirituel* boars of Périgord, who unearthed truffles and fattened thereupon, I never denied the modest hogs who, in Teutoburgundian forests, or in simple wooden styes, gorged upon the fruits of the paternal oak, as did their pious forefathers in the days when Arminius fought with Varus. Neither have I lost a single thread of my Germanism, a single bell from my German cap, and I have preserved the right to attach to it the black, red, and gold cockade. I can still say to Massmann, 'We German donkeys!' If I were a naturalised Frenchman Massmann might answer me, I, only I, am a German donkey; you are one no longer.' And thereupon he would turn a mocking somersault, that would break my heart. No, I have not exposed myself to such reproach. Naturalisation may suit others! A drunken lawyer from Deux-Ponts, a head of straw with a brazen forehead and a copper nose, may, in order to snatch the post of schoolmaster, renounce a country which knows nothing about him,

[1] A play upon the word. The civic nickname of the Berlinese is "the bears."

and never will know anything; but such a proceeding would never suit a poet who has written the most beautiful of German lyrics. It would be a horrible thought to me, a maddening thought, to have to say that I am a German poet and at the same time a naturalised Frenchman. I should seem to myself like one of those monsters with two heads that are exhibited in the booths of a fair. If I were composing, it would be an insufferable annoyance to think that one of the heads would begin to scan the most artificial alexandrines, in the patois of a French turkey, while the other expressed his sentiments in the true classical metre of the German language. Alas! French verse, that scented curds, is as insupportable to me as its metre! I can scarcely stomach their best, perfectly odourless poets. When I consider the so-called lyrical poetry of the French, it is then I recognise the splendid beauty of German poetry. In those moments I can easily make myself believe that there only I have gathered my laurels. No: we will not renounce one single leaf; and the stone-cutter, who shall decorate the place of our last sleep, will be contradicted by no one if he carve on the tomb these words: '*Here lies a German poet.*'"

HEINE.

ROSSINI AND MEYERBEER.

WHAT is music? This question occupied my mind for hours last night before I fell asleep. The very existence of music is wonderful; I might even say miraculous. Its domain is between thought and phenomena. Like a twilight mediator it hovers between spirit and matter, related to both, yet differing from each; it is spirit, but spirit subject to the measurement of time; it is matter, but matter that can dispense with space.

We do not know what music is. But we know what is good music, and still better do we know what is bad music; for our ears are greeted by the latter with greater frequency. Musical criticism can base itself upon experience alone, and not upon synthesis; it should classify musical works only by their analogies, and should take as criterion the collective impression produced.

Nothing is more inadequate than the theory of Music. Undeniably it has laws, laws mathematically determined. These laws, however, are not music, but the conditions thereof; just as the art of design and the theory of colours, or even the palette and the pencil, are not painting but the means necessary thereto. The essence of music is revelation; it permits of no analysis, and true musical criticism is an experimental science.

I know nothing less edifying than a criticism by Mr. Fetis or by his son Mr. Foetus, wherein the merits and demerits of a musical work are demonstrated *à priori*. Such criticism, written in a certain *argot*, interlarded with technical expressions familiar only to the executant artist and not at all to the general educated world, gives to empty verbiage a certain authority in the eyes of the mass of people. Just as my friend Detmold has written a handbook upon painting, which enables one to acquire a knowledge of the art in two hours, so ought some one to write a handbook upon music, and, by means of an ironical vocabulary, of critical phrases and of orchestral jargon, put an end to the feeble handiwork of a Fetis and a Foetus. The best musical criticism I ever listened to, and perhaps the most convincing criticism possible, I overheard at Marseilles last year, during a *table d'hôte*. Two commercial travellers were discussing the topic of the day, whether Rossini or Meyerbeer be the greater master. As soon as one had attributed the higher excellence to the Italian master, the other demurred; not with dry words, however, for he trilled some of the especially beautiful melodies from *Robert le Diable*. Thereupon the first could find no more convincing repartee than zealously to sing counter passages from *Le Barbier de Séville*, and thus did they both continue throughout the repast. Instead of a noisy exchange of insignificant phrases, they gave us most exquisite table music, and finally I had to admit that people either should not dispute at all concerning music, or should do so in this charmingly realistic fashion.

Take note, dear friend, that I have no intent to weary you with any conventional tirade upon the Opera. Neither have you to fear a discussion of comparisons, such as are usually

made between Rossini and Meyerbeer. I content myself with loving both, not the one at the expense of the other. Even if I perhaps sympathise more with the first than with the second, that is merely from a personal sentiment, and in no sense involves an attribution to him of superior merit. Perhaps there are imperfections in him that have a close affinity to corresponding imperfections in me. I incline by nature to a certain *dolce far niente;* willingly I stretch my length on a flowering mead, thus to contemplate the quiet procession of the clouds and revel in their lights and shadows. Chance has often willed that I should be roused from this delightful dreamland by a hard dig in the ribs from Fate. I have been constrained to take part in the sufferings and struggles of my time: my participation therein was honourable; I fought with the bravest . . . but—I don't know how to explain myself—my sensations always retained a certain dissimilarity from those of other people; I knew what my neighbours were feeling, but I experienced emotions remote from theirs. Although I urged my battle charger not less impetuously, and fell on the enemy as mercilessly with my sword, neither the fever, nor the lust, nor the agony of war took possession of me. My mind was oftentimes disturbed because of this inner serenity; I found that my thoughts often tarried elsewhere while I threw myself into the thickest press of the party fight. Thus to myself I seemed like Ogier the Dane, who fought against the Saracens in his dream wanderings. Such an one as myself would naturally prefer Rossini to Meyerbeer, though at certain times he would render enthusiastic homage to the music of the latter without yielding undivided allegiance to it. For it is on the waves of Rossini's music that the distinctive joys and sorrows of individual man are rocked most gently: love and hatred, tenderness and longing, jealousy

and poutings, all the isolated emotions of the solitary soul. Rossini's music is characterised by a predominance of melody, always the direct expression of an isolated sentiment. With Meyerbeer, on the contrary, harmony preponderates. In the stream of harmonic measures the melodies are engulfed, just as the particular impressions of the individual are lost in the collective sentiment of a whole people. On this harmonious stream our soul launches itself joyfully, when absorbed in the sufferings and joys of the whole human race, and in touch with the great social questions. Meyerbeer's music is social rather than personal. The grateful Present finds its internal and external struggles revealed in this music, its soul's dissensions, the warring of its will, its agonies, and its hopes; in applauding the great *maestro* it celebrates its own sorrows and ecstasies. Rossini's music was better adapted to the spirit of the Restoration; when, after terrible struggles and manifold disillusionments, the idea of their great collective interests had dwindled into the background in the *blasé* minds of men, and of the *ego* was enabled once again to assert its legitimate claims. Rossini would never have gained his great popularity during the Revolution: Robespierre would perhaps have accused him of antipatriotic melodies, and Napoleon would not have appointed him bandmaster to the grand army, a post for which communal enthusiasm was a first necessity. . . . Poor swan of Pesaro! the Gallic cock and the imperial eagle would probably have torn thee to pieces. More suitable to thee than fields of battle or than civic virtue, were a quiet lake from whose banks the gentle lilies softly called to thee, where thou couldst swim hither and thither, grace and beauty in every movement! The Restoration was Rossini's time of triumph. Even the stars in the heavens, then

doubtless celebrating those reposeful hours, and no longer preoccupied with the condition of the people, they too listened with delight. The July Revolution had produced a great commotion in heaven and on earth; stars and men, angels and kings—yes, even the good God himself—were roused from their wonted tranquillity and had a host of matters to attend to, so that they had neither the leisure nor the repose of mind necessary to enjoy the melodies of private sentiment. It was only when the grand choruses of *Robert le Diable*, and even of *Les Huguenots* burst forth in harmonies of anger, of jubilation, of sobs, that their hearts listened and wept, rejoiced and groaned in enthusiastic accord.

This is perhaps the real reason of the unprecedented, colossal success which has everywhere followed these two great operas of Meyerbeer. He is the man of his time; and time, who always knows how to choose its own, raised him amid tumultuous sound upon the shield, proclaimed his reign and celebrated his triumphal entry. It is not a wholly comfortable position thus to be carried in triumph. For, by the misfortune or awkwardness of a single shield-bearer, one may find oneself perilously balanced if not seriously injured; the crowns of flowers that fly at one's head may sometimes hurt more than gratify, if indeed they do not soil when they come from dirty hands; the surcharge of laurels may produce a sweat of agony. . . . Rossini, when he meets such a procession, smiles ironically with his fine Italian lips; then he complains about his stomach, whose condition grows daily worse, so that he really can eat nothing.

This is a sorry state of affairs, for Rossini has ever been a great gourmand. Meyerbeer is exactly the contrary: as with his outward appearance, so in his pleasures he is dis-

cretion itself. A good table is to be found in his house only when he has invited friends. One day when I went to dine with him, to take "pot luck," I found him before a meagre dish of stock fish; naturally, I assured him I had already dined.

Many have pretended that he is miserly. This is not the case. He is miserly only in outlay upon himself. To others he is generosity incarnate; unfortunate compatriots, in particular, have benefited by him almost beyond reason. Charity is a domestic virtue of the Meyerbeer family, of his mother in particular, round whose neck I hang all help-seekers, and not in vain. It is true that this woman is the happiest mother in the world. Everywhere the rumour of her son's renown greets her; wherever she goes, snatches of his music flatter her ear; everywhere his glory radiates about her; in the opera especially, where a whole public expresses its enthusiasm for Giacomo with frantic applause, her mother's heart throbs with a delight which we can hardly realise. In the whole world's history I know only one mother who can be compared to her, the mother of Saint Borromeo, who in her lifetime saw her son canonised, and could, with thousands of believers, kneel before him in church and pray to him.

Meyerbeer is now writing a new opera, which I await with great curiosity. The development of this genius is, for me, a most remarkable spectacle. I follow with interest the phases of his musical and of his personal life, and watch the reciprocal attitude between him and his European public. It is now ten years since I first met him in Berlin, between the University buildings and the Watch-house, between science and the drum, and he seemed to feel himself ill at ease in that spot. I met him, I remember, in the company of Dr. Marx, who in those days belonged to

a sort of musical regency which, during the minority of a certain young genius who was considered to be the legitimate successor to the throne of Mozart, paid constant homage to Sebastian Bach. This enthusiasm was not merely to fill up an interregnum, but also to blast the reputation of Rossini, whom the regency especially feared, and consequently especially hated. Meyerbeer, in those days, passed for an imitator of Rossini; and Dr. Marx treated him with a sort of condescension, with an air of ineffable superiority, which I now perforce laugh over heartily.

Rossinism was then Meyerbeer's great crime; he had not attained to the honour of being attacked on his own account. He prudently refrained from all pretension, and when I related to him with what enthusiasm I had recently seen his *Crociato* performed in Italy, he said with a mournful smile: "You compromise yourself when you praise me, a poor Italian, here in Berlin, in the capital of Sebastian Bach."

Meyerbeer was at that period a devoted follower of the Italian school. Discontent against the humidly cold, intellectually spiritual, colourless Berlinism had early brought about a natural reaction in him. He escaped to Italy, rejoiced gaily in the sunny life, gave himself up entirely to his personal inclinations, and composed those exquisite operas wherein Rossinism is pushed to its sweetest exaggeration, wherein gold is gilded over anew, and flowers are perfumed with stronger scents. This was Meyerbeer's happiest time. He wrote in the gentle intoxication of Italian sensuousness; in life as in art he culled the lightest flowers.

But all this could not long suffice a German nature. A sort of home-sickness awoke in him for the earnestness of

his country. While he lay under Italian myrtles, the memory of the mysterious rustle of the oak forests stole over him; while the zephyrs of the south wafted about him, he thought of the dark chorale of the north wind. It happened with him perhaps as with Madame de Sévigné, who while she lived by the side of an orangery and breathed only the scent of the orange blossoms, ended by longing for the rank but wholesome smell of a manure cart. . . .

In short, a new reaction took place, Signor Giacomo suddenly became German again. He attached himself once again to Germany; not to the old worm-eaten Germany with its short-winded, pike-bearing citizens, but to the new, big-hearted, free Germany of a new generation, which has made all humanitarian questions its own, and carries these great questions of humanity, if not always on its banners, so much the more ineffaceably in its heart.

Shortly after the July Revolution Meyerbeer appeared before the public with a new work, which had germinated in his mind during the horrors of that period. *Robert le Diable*, the hero who does not exactly know what he wants and is perpetually at strife with himself, is a faithful picture of the moral fluctuations of that time, a time wherein virtue and vice oscillated painfully, an era which fretted itself with endeavours and obstacles, and had not always sufficient strength to withstand the attacks of Satan! I do not at all like this opera, this masterpiece of cowardice. I say cowardice, not only from the point of view of the subject-matter, but also that of the execution. For the composer does not trust fully to his genius, dares not give free rein to his impulses, and is the trembling servitor of the masses, instead of the dominating master. It was with good reason that Meyerbeer was formerly called a

timid genius. He lacked the compulsion of belief in himself, he bowed to public opinion. The slightest censure frightened him. He flattered every caprice of the people, gave the heartiest hand-shakes indiscriminately right and left, as though he recognised the sovereignty of the people in music, and based his rule upon the majority of votes: all this in contradistinction to Rossini, who reigned as king absolute in the empire of music by the grace of God. He has not wholly freed himself from anxiety in the affairs of private life; but the success of *Robert le Diable* has at least had this salutary result, that he is no longer hampered by those cares while he is at work, that he composes with much greater confidence, that he allows the strong bent of his soul to find expression in his creations. And it was in this freer condition of mind that he composed *Les Huguenots*, wherein all uncertainty has vanished, and the inner self combat has ceased, wherein the exterior duel has commenced which astounds us by its colossal dimensions. By this work Meyerbeer has won, never again to lose, his citizenship in the eternal city of fine minds, in the Jerusalem of celestial art. For in *Les Huguenots* he at last manifests himself fearlessly; he has drawn all his thoughts in firm, bold outlines; has dared to express the agitation of his heart in unrestrained tones.

The distinguishing mark of this work is its equilibrium, the balance between enthusiasm and artistic perfection, or, to express it better, the equal height to which art and passion rise. The man and the artist are in close rivalry; when the one peals the tocsin of wildest passion, the other knows how to tune these rude accents of nature to sweetest, most penetrating harmonies. While the mass of the audience is struck by the interior power, by the passion of *Les Huguenots*, the art lover admires the masterly hand-

ling of which the whole form is witness. This work is like a Gothic cathedral whose heaven-soaring spire and colossal cupolas seems to have been planted there by the sure hand of a giant; whereas the innumerable festoons, the rosettes, and arabesques that are spread there over it everywhere like a lace-work of stone, witness to the indefatigable patience of a dwarf. A giant in the conception and design of the whole, a dwarf in the fatiguing execution of details, the architect of *Les Huguenots* is as incomprehensible to us as the builders of the old cathedrals.

When, recently, I stood before the Cathedral at Amiens with a friend, and my friend contemplated with amazement this monument whose rock-like towers were the expression of gigantic strength, and the little carved stone figures of dwarf-like endless patience, he asked me at last why it is that we, to-day, are incapable of building such edifices, I answered him, "Dear Alphonse, the men of olden times had convictions; we modern men have only opinions, and more than these are needed to raise cathedrals."

That is it. Meyerbeer is a man of convictions. Properly speaking, however, these do not embrace the social questions of the day, although with regard to these questions the ideas of Meyerbeer are more firmly grounded than those of other artists.

Meyerbeer, upon whom the united praises of the earth shower all possible marks of honour, and who, moreover, relishes these distinctions greatly,—Meyerbeer, nevertheless, carries in his breast a heart which beats in the sacred interests of humanity, and he unswervingly confesses his devotion to the heroes of the Revolution.

It is lucky for him that so many of the governments of the north do not understand music, otherwise they would discern more than a party struggle between Protestants

and Catholics in *Les Huguenots*. However, these artistic convictions are not precisely political, still less religious convictions. His religion is merely negative. Unlike other artists, perhaps out of pride, he will never soil his lips with a lie; he declines certain importunate benedictions which could not be accepted without committing an equivocal action, or one certainly the reverse of magnanimous. Meyerbeer's real religion is that of Mozart, Gluck, Beethoven,—music; in this alone he believes, in this faith only does he find happiness, and he lives in a conviction not inferior to that of antecedent centuries in its depth, passion, and duration. Yes, I might truthfully say that he is the apostle of this religion. He treats everything that concerns his music with truly apostolic zeal and ardour. Whereas other artists are content when they have created something beautiful and not unfrequently lose all interest in their work as soon as it is completed, Meyerbeer, on the contrary, gives the greatest care to his children after their birth. He gives himself no rest till the creation of his mind reveals itself with equal clearness to the rest of mankind, till the whole public is edified by his music, till his operas have poured into every heart the sentiments which he wishes to preach to the whole world; in short, till he has put himself in touch with the whole of humanity. As with an apostle who, in order to save one lost soul, fears neither weariness nor pain, so also Meyerbeer, if he learn that some one denies his music, will unweariedly waylay the renegade until he has converted him. And this single saved lamb, be he the most insignificant bookworm-soul, becomes dearer to him than whole troops of believers who have always revered him with orthodox fidelity.

Music is Meyerbeer's religion, and this is perhaps the cause of all those anxieties and cares which the great master

so often allows to come to light, and sometimes provoke a smile. When a new opera is under study, he is the plague of all the musicians and singers, whom he torments with incessant rehearsals. He is never perfectly satisfied. A single false note in the orchestra is a dagger-thrust from which he thinks he will die. This disquietude continues long after the opera has been represented and received with storms of applause. He still torments himself, and I believe he will never be contented until a few of the thousands of men who have listened to and admired his opera, are dead and buried; from those at any rate he need fear no apostasy, of those souls he can be sure. The day his opera is performed, the good God even can do nothing to his liking; if it rains or is cold he fears that Mademoiselle Falcon will catch cold; if, however, the evening is warm and clear, he trembles lest the fine weather should tempt people out of doors and the theatre thus be deserted.

Nothing equals the anxiety with which Meyerbeer, when at last the music is printed, watches over the corrections. This indefatigable desire to improve during the correction of proofs has become a proverb among Parisian artists. But it must be remembered that music is dear to him above all things, assuredly dearer than life. When the cholera began to rage in Paris, I counselled Meyerbeer to quit as soon as possible; but he had business to attend to for a few days more, which he could not forego; he had to arrange with an Italian for the Italian libretto of *Robert le Diable*. *Les Huguenots*, still more than *Robert le Diable*, is a work of conviction, with regard to subject-matter, and also form. As I have already remarked, while the mass of his audiences is enchanted by the subject-matter, the attentive observer admires the immense art progress, the new forms which herein appear. In the opinion of

the most competent judges, all musicians who intend to write for the opera must henceforth first of all study *Les Huguenots*. It is in instrumentation that Meyerbeer has gone furthest. The choruses are written in an unprecedented manner, they express themselves like individuals, and have overstepped all previous traditions of the opera. Since *Don Giovanni* there has certainly been no phenomenon in music so great as the fourth act of *Les Huguenots*, where the terrible and moving scene of the blessing of the swords—the consecration of murder—is followed by a duet which surpasses the first effect; a colossal stroke which was hardly to be expected of this anxious genius, whose success excites our surprise as much as our delight. For my own part, I believe that Meyerbeer accomplished this last not by artistic means but by natural means, inasmuch as that famous duet expresses a series of sentiments which perhaps have never been reproduced, certainly never with such verisimilitude, in an opera, but with which, nevertheless, the most ardent and turbulent spirits of our time are in sympathy. For myself, I confess that never before has music made my heart beat as impetuously as during the fourth act of *Les Huguenots*, yet I can turn away from this act and its emotions to listen with infinitely greater pleasure to the second act. This is an idyll whose grace and charm recall the romantic comedies of Shakespeare, and still more perhaps the *Aminta* of Tasso. Indeed, under the roses of joy there smiles a gentle sadness akin to that of the unfortunate poet of the court of Ferrara. It is more the desire for joy itself; it is no whole-hearted laughter, but a smile from the heart, from a heart that is secretly ill, and can dream only of health. How comes it that an artist, who from his cradle has been spared all the blood-sucking cares of life,

born in the lap of riches, tended by his whole family—that readily, nay with enthusiasm, gratified all his longings,—who seems prepared for happiness as no other mortal artist has been,—how comes it that this man has nevertheless experienced these terrible sufferings which sob and sigh through his music? For what he has not himself experienced, the musician could not reproduce with so much power and emotion. It is strange that this artist, whose material needs are satisfied, should be preyed upon by such unbearable mortal agonies! But it is good fortune for the public, which owes its most ideal joys to the sorrows of the artist. The artist is that child of whom fairy tales relate that his falling tears were pearls. Alas! the wicked stepmother, the world, beats the poor child most pitilessly, in order that he may weep as many pearls as possible.

Les Huguenots, still more than *Robert le Diable*, has been censured for lack of melody. This reproach proceeds from an error. The trees are not seen on account of the forest. Melody is here subordinate to the harmony. When compared with Rossini's music, in which the reverse is the case, I have already pointed out that it is this predominance of harmony which characterises Meyerbeer's music as the emotional music of humanity, of modern society. As a matter of fact there is no lack of melodies; only they are not allowed to stand out crudely, I might even say egotistically; they must subserve the whole. They are disciplined; whereas with the Italians they appear isolated, I might almost say outside the pale of the law, and they impose themselves somewhat after the manner of their illustrious bandits. How many soldiers, in a great battle, fight unnoticed but just as well as Kalabrais, the solitary bandit whose personal bravery would have impressed us

less had he fought in the rank of regular troops. I will not contest the value of a certain predominance of melody. But I must observe that one of the results of it in Italy is the indifference shown for the opera as an *ensemble*, for the opera as a complete work of art; an indifference which manifests itself so naïvely, that, when no *aria* is being sung, the occupants of the boxes hold receptions and talk, if they do not even play at cards.

The predominance of harmony in the creations of Meyerbeer is perhaps a necessary consequence of a wide culture that embraces the world of thought and of phenomena. Whole treasures were disbursed upon his education, and he had a very susceptible mind. He was initiated into all the sciences at an early age, and is distinguished in this respect from most masters of music, whose brilliant ignorance is to a certain extent pardonable, since usually they have lacked time and opportunity wherein to acquire much knowledge apart from their art. Whatever he learnt became a part of his nature, and the school of the world gave him the highest development. He belonged to that small number of Germans whom even France has recognised as models of urbanity. So high a culture was perhaps necessary in order to gather together the material and shape it with the sure hand that a creation such as *Les Huguenots* required. But it is a question whether or not the gain in breadth of conception and clearness of vision did not involve the loss of other points of view.

Culture destroys in the artist that fresh accentuation, that vivid colouring, that impulsiveness of thought, that directness of feeling, so often to be admired in circumscribed and uncultured natures.

Culture, indeed, can only be bought dearly, and little Bianca Meyerbeer is right. This little eight-year-old

daughter of Meyerbeer, envies the idleness of the little boys and girls she sees playing in the streets, and expressed herself recently as follows:—

"How unlucky that I have educated parents! From morning to night I have to learn by heart all sort of things; I must sit still and be good while the uneducated children down there run about happily the whole day and amuse themselves as they please!"

1837.

BERLIOZ, LISZT, CHOPIN.

With the exception of Meyerbeer, *L'Académie royale de musique* possesses few "tone-poets" of whom it is worth while to speak in detail. And yet the French Opera has never been in a more flourishing condition, or, to speak with more exactitude, has never taken better receipts. This prosperous era commenced six years ago under the direction of the celebrated M. Véron, whose principles have since been applied with similar success by the new director, M. Duponchel. I say principles, for as a matter of fact M. Véron had definite principles, the result of his reflections upon art and science; and in the same way that, as apothecary, he discovered an excellent cough mixture, he as director of the opera invented a preservative against music. That is to say, he had observed in himself that a spectacular piece by Franconi gave him more pleasure than the best opera; he therefore convinced himself that the greater majority of the public was animated by the same feeling; that most people go to the grand opera from custom, and even then only find enjoyment when beautiful decorations, costumes, and dances absorb their attention, so that they hear absolutely nothing of the terrible music.

The great Véron conceived the genial idea of indulging to the highest degree, the popular liking for spectacular performances, so that the music should irk them no longer,

and they should find as much pleasure at the Grand Opera as at Franconi's. The great Véron and the great public understood one another: the one knew how to make the music unobtrusive, and under the name of Opera gave only spectacular pieces; the other, the public, could now go with wife and daughters to the Opera as behoved educated people, without being obliged to die of *ennui*. America was discovered: the egg stood on its pointed end: the opera-house filled daily, Franconi was deserted and became bankrupt, and M. Véron is a rich man. The name of Véron will live eternally in the annals of music; he has embellished the temple of the goddess, but the door has been shut upon the goddess herself. Nothing equals the luxury that has taken the upperhand at the Grand Opera; it is now the paradise for all who are hard of hearing.

The present manager follows the principles of his predecessor, although his personality offers the most marked contrast. Have you ever seen M. Véron? At the Café de Paris, or on the Boulevard de Coblence, you cannot have failed to meet that fat caricature of a figure, with hat on one side of a head quite buried in an enormous white cravat, and a collar well up over his ears to conceal a conspicuous mark on his neck, so that the red jovial face and small blinking eyes are hardly discernible. He hugs himself complacently in the consciousness of his knowledge of men and of his prosperity, and with insolent complacency sees himself surrounded by a court of young, middle-aged, and alsomore elderly dandies of literature, whom he willingly regales with champagne or pretty *figurantes!* He is the god of materialism, and his look, devoid of mind, has often pierced my heart like a spear of steel when I have met him: sometimes, even, it has seemed to me as though a swarm of glittering viscous little worms crawled from his eyes.

M. Duponchel is a haggard, pale, yellow man, with, if not a noble, at least a distinguished air, a sad funereal expression; some one has appropriately nicknamed him "*un deuil perpétuel.*" From his outward appearance one would take him to be the inspector of Père-Lachaise rather than the manager of the Grand Opera. He reminds me always of a melancholy court fool of Louis XIII. This knight of the sad face is to-day "Master of pleasures" to the Parisians; and I would much like from time to time to watch him when, alone in his dwelling, he cogitates over some new buffoonery wherewith he may rejoice his sovereign, the French public; when he mournfully shakes his sad head, so that the bells of his black cap ring with sighs, or when he colours the design of a new costume for the "Falcon," or when he seizes the red book to see if Taglioni . . . or . . .

. . . . . .

The preceding remarks will have made you understand the actual importance of the Grand French Opera. It has effected a reconciliation with the enemies of Music; and, as at the Tuileries, the well-to-do *bourgeoisie* has also pushed its entrance into the Academy of Music, while the more distinguished "Society" has quitted the field. The fine aristocracy, that *élite* distinguished by rank, education, birth, fashion, and leisure, has taken refuge at the Italian Opera, the musical oasis where the renowned nightingales of art still trill their *fioritura*, where the enchanted rills of melody still flow, where the palms of beauty with proud fans still give the signal of applause . . . while all around stretches a colourless desert of sand, a Sahara of Music. Now and again, however, a few good concerts resound in this desert and bestow an unwonted refreshment on the music-lover. This winter there were Sundays at the Conservatoire, and a few select parties at the Rue de Bondy, and,

in particular, concerts given by Berlioz and Liszt. These two last are quite the most remarkable phenomena of the Parisian musical world. I say remarkable, not the most beautiful, nor the most agreeable. From Berlioz we shall soon have an opera. The subject is an episode in the life of Benvenuto Cellini, the casting of "Perseus." Something very much out of the common is expected, for this composer has already produced uncommon things. The bent of his mind is towards the fantastic, blent not with sentiment but with sentimentality; there are marked analogies between him and Callot, Gozzi, and Hoffman. It is even apparent in his outward appearance. What a pity it is that he has cut his great antediluvian locks, the bristling hair that rose from his forehead like a forest about a steep escarpment of rocks! It was thus I saw him for the first time, six years ago, and thus he will always remain in my memory. It was at the *Conservatoire de Musique*, when a big symphony of his was given, a bizarre nocturne, only here and there relieved by the gleam of a woman's dress, sentimentally white, fluttering to and fro—or by a flash of irony, sulphur yellow. The best thing in the composition is a Witches' Sabbath wherein the devil reads the mass, and church music is parodied with the most terrible and savage buffoonery. It is a farce wherein all the hidden vipers we carry in our hearts hiss joyously aloud. My neighbour in my box, a communicative young man, pointed out to me the composer, who was sitting at the extremity of the hall in a corner of the orchestra, playing the kettle-drum. For the kettle-drum is his instrument. "Do you see that stout Englishwoman in the proscenium? That is Miss Smithson; for nearly three years Berlioz has been madly in love with her, and it is this passion that we have to thank for the wild symphony to which we are listening to-day."

There, in one of the stage-boxes, sat the celebrated Covent Garden actress; Berlioz had his eyes fixed on her, and every time that her look met his, he struck his kettle-drum like a maniac. Since then Miss Smithson has become Madame Berlioz, and it is also since then that her husband has allowed his hair to be cut. When at the Conservatoire this winter I again listened to his symphony, he again sat as kettle-drum player at the back of the orchestra, the stout Englishwoman was again in the stage-box, again their looks met, . . . but he no longer struck his kettle-drum with mad fury.

It is Liszt who of all composers has the most elective affinity with Berlioz, and it is he also who is the best executant of his music. I need not discourse to you about his talent: his fame is European. He is incontestably the artist who found the greatest number of enthusiasts in Paris, if, also, the most vehement detractors. It is a significant sign that no one speaks of him with indifference. Without a positive value it is impossible in this world to evoke either partisan or hostile passions. Fire is needed to enflame men, whether to love or to hatred. The best witness in Liszt's favour is the personal esteem in which friends and foes alike hold him. He is a man of eccentric character, but noble, disinterested and guileless. The tendencies of his mind are most remarkable. Speculation has the greatest fascination for him; and still more than with the interests of his art he is engrossed with all manner of rival philosophical investigations which are occupied with the solution of all the great questions of heaven and the earth. For long he was an ardent upholder of the beautiful Saint-Simonian idea of the world. Later the spiritualistic or rather vaporous thoughts of Ballanche enveloped him in their mist; now he is

enthusiastic over the Republican-Catholic dogmas of a Lamennais who has hoisted his Jacobin cap on the cross. . . Heavens knows in what mental stall he will find his next hobby-horse!

But this unquenchable thirst for light, for the divine, is ever laudable, and is a witness to his leanings towards holiness, towards religion. That so restless a brain, driven distracted by all the sufferings and all the doctrines of the day, impelled to concern itself with all the needs of mankind, inclined to poke its nose into every pot wherein the good God cooks the future:—that Franz Liszt cannot be a placid player of the piano to peaceable citizens in comfortable nightcaps, is easily understood. When he sits down to the piano, when, after having stroked back his hair from his forehead several times, he begins to improvise, it often happens that he storms all too madly over the ivory keys, and there resounds a chaos of heaven-high thoughts whence here and there the sweetest flowers breathe out their perfume; so that the hearer is at once agonised and enchanted, yet none the less agonised.

I confess to you that, much as I like Liszt, his music does not affect my inner self pleasantly, more especially as I am a Sunday child, and so see the spectres that other people hear only. For, as you know, at each tone drawn forth by his hand, the corresponding figure is evoked in my mind, and becomes visible to my inner vision. My brain still trembles at the recollection of the last time I heard Liszt play at a concert. It was a concert in aid of the unfortunate Italians at the *hôtel* of that beautiful, noble, and suffering princess who so beautifully represents the country of her body and that of her spirit, Italy and heaven . . . (you certainly must have seen her in Paris, that ideal figure, which nevertheless is only the prison-house wherein the

holy angel-soul is confined. . . . But the prison-wall is so beautiful, that whosoever stands before it and gazes is as one bewitched. . . .) It was at the concert in aid of the most deserving of the unfortunate Italians that one day, during the bygone winter, I last heard Liszt play. I no longer know what he played, but I could swear that it was variations on a theme out of the Apocalypse. At first I could not see them distinctly, those four mystic animals, I could hear their voices only, especially the roaring of the lion, and the screeching of the eagle. The ox with the book in his hand I saw distinctly enough. What Liszt played best of all was his rendering the Valley of Jehoshaphat. There were lists as at a tournament, and around the immense enclosure the people pressed as spectators, deathly white and trembling. First, Satan galloped into the lists, in black armour, mounted on a milk-white horse. Slowly behind him, Death caracolled on his pale horse. Last of all rode Christ in armour of gold on a black horse. With his sacred spear he straightway thrust Satan to earth, and thereafter Death, and the onlookers shouted with joy. . . . A storm of applause was awarded to this performance of the valiant Liszt, who rose from the piano exhausted, and bowed to the ladies. On the lips of the most beautiful among them there dawned the sweet mournful smile at once reminiscent of Italy, and a presage of heaven.

This same concert had another interest for the public. You doubtless know to satiety, from the newspapers, of the unfortunate estrangement which exists between Liszt and the Viennese pianist Thalberg, and of the commotion which an article by Liszt against Thalberg created in the musical world, also of the *rôle* which lurking enmities and gossipings have played alike to the detriment of the critic and the criticised. At the very height of

this scandalous strife the two heroes of the day determined to play at the same concert, one after the other. They both set aside their wounded private feelings in the furtherance of a scheme of benevolence; and the public, to whom they thus gave the opportunity of contemporaneously recognising and appreciating their particular diversities, accorded to them a generous and merited approbation.

It is, indeed, sufficient to make a single comparison between the musical temperament of each composer, to be convinced that there is as much of hidden malice as of narrowness of mind in the endeavour to praise one at the expense of the other. Their technical proficiencies counterbalance one another; and as regards their spiritual character, no more striking contrast could be imagined than the noble, soulful, intelligent, good-natured German, or, rather, Austrian Thalberg, face to face with the wild, lightning-flashing, volcanic, heaven-storming Liszt!

Comparison between two virtuosi is usually based upon a mistake, such as once also flourished in the domain of poetry, that is to say, comparison based on the principle of difficulties overcome. But now it is generally admitted that metrical form has quite another importance than merely to demonstrate the artistic skill with which a poet can manipulate language, nor do we admire a beautiful poem merely because its production is at the cost of much labour. In the same manner it will soon be perceived that it suffices if a musician can communicate by means of his instrument all that he feels and thinks, or what others have felt and thought; and that all the *tours de force* of the virtuoso, which testify merely to difficulties vanquished, ought to be proscribed as useless noise, and relegated to the domain of conjurers, of tumblers, of sword-swallowers, and dancers on tight ropes and on eggs.

It suffices, in a word, that a musician be absolute master of his instrument in order that the listener may wholly forget the mechanical means, and that the spirit alone is made audible. Moreover, since Kalkbrenner carried the art of playing to its highest perfection, musicians should not lay stress on the further development of technical dexterity. Only infatuation or maliciousness can speak pedantically of the revolution which Thalberg has accomplished with his piano. A bad service was rendered this great and excellent master when, instead of praising the youthful beauty, the tenderness and charm of his playing, he was represented as a Columbus who has discovered an America on the piano, while hitherto others have had to toil round the Cape of Good Hope whenever they desired to regale their audience with musical spices. How Kalkbrenner must have laughed when he heard the new discovery talked about!

It would be an injustice on my part were I on this occasion to omit mention of a pianist who, with Liszt, is at present more fêted than any other. I allude to Chopin,[1] who shines as virtuoso, not merely on account of his technical perfection, but also as a composer of the highest order. He is a man of the first rank. Chopin is the favourite of the *élites* who in music seek the highest spiritual enjoyment. His fame is of an aristocratic kind,

[1] In the original edition this sentence reads as follows:—"I allude to Chopin, and he serves well as an example to show how it cannot possibly suffice an extraordinary man to enter into rivalry with the best of his profession concerning the perfection of his technical possibilities. Chopin is not therewith contented, though his hands or his dexterity be applauded by the clapping of other hands. He strives after more worthy laurels. His fingers are merely his soul's servants, and are applauded by people who hear not only with their ears, but also with their souls. He is the favourite of the *élites*," etc.

perfumed with the praises of good society; it is as distinguished as his personality.

Chopin was born in Poland of French parents, but received part of his education in Germany. The influences of the three nationalities affect his personality to an extent that is very remarkable. He has, in short, appropriated the best characteristics of each: Poland has bequeathed to him chivalrous tendencies, her historical sorrows; France, her delicate grace, her charm; Germany, her profound romanticism. . . . For the rest, nature has given him a slender elegant figure, somewhat fragile, a noble heart, and genius. Yes, genius, in the full acceptation of the term, must be allowed to Chopin. He is not virtuoso only, he is also a poet, he can make us apprehend the poetry which lives in his heart, he is a "tone-poet," and no enjoyment is equal to that which he bestows upon us when he sits down at the piano and improvises. Then, he is neither Polish, nor French, nor German; he betrays a higher origin, he is of the kindred of Mozart, of Raphael, of Goethe; his true fatherland is the dream kingdom of Poetry. When he is seated at the piano and improvises, it seems to me as though a compatriot had come from our well-beloved country and told me of the strange things which had happened there during my absence . . . sometimes I would fain interrupt him with the question, "How fares the beautiful Nixey who knew how to wind the silvern veil so coquettishly in her green locks? Does the old white-bearded sea-god still pursue his foolish loves? Are the roses there still so inflamed with pride? The trees, do they still sing so beautifully in the moonlight? . . ."

Alas! I have now lived long in a strange land, and sometimes to myself, with my innate home-sickness, I seem like

the Flying Dutchman and his shipmates, who are rocked eternally on the cold waves, and sigh vain longings after the peaceful quays, the tulips, the *myfrowen*, the clay pipes, and china cups of Holland. . . . "Amsterdam! Amsterdam! when shall we touch once more at Amsterdam?" they sigh in the tempest, while the howling winds toss them incessantly hither and thither, upon the cursed billows of their aquatic hell. How well I understand the woe with which the captain of the accursed ship exclaimed one day, "If ever I reach Amsterdam, I would rather be a stone at the corner of a street than ever quit the town again!" Poor Vanderdecken!

I hope, dear friend, that these letters will find you cheerful and happy, in the roseate flush of life, and that it will not happen to me as to the Flying Dutchman, whose home letters are usually addressed to those who, during his absence, have been dead long years.

Ah! how many of those whom I love have passed away while my life's barque has been driven hither and thither by direst tempests! I grow giddy, till at last I think that the stars are no longer fixed in the heavens, but move in passionate circles. I shut my eyes; then the mad dreams seize me in their long arms and drag me to unheard-of countries, and to terrible anguish. . . . You have no conception, dear friend, how strange, yet how wonderful and adventuresome, are the countries I visit in my dreams, and how horrible are the sufferings which assail me in my sleep. . . .

Last night I found myself in a huge cathedral. A dim twilight brooded therein . . . only, in the topmost spaces, through the galleries supported by the first row of columns, the flickering torches of a procession threaded its way: first the choir-boys clad in red, carrying tapers and banners-of-

the-cross, then monks in brown garments, and, finally, priests in bright-coloured robes. The procession moved in the heights round the dome in a terrible and mysterious way, but descended little by little,—while I below, with the unfortunate woman on my arm, concealed myself, now here, now there, in the nave of the church. I no longer know what it was that terrified us; we fléd with hearts palpitating with anguish, endeavouring at times to hide behind one of the giant pillars, but in vain; we fled in ever-increasing terror, for the procession wound down the spiral staircase, and approached ever nearer to us. . . . The chant was inexpressibly mournful, and, what was still more mysterious, a tall, pale woman marched in front, no longer young, whose face still bore the signs of a great beauty. She directed her measured steps towards us, almost like an opera-dancer. In her hands she carried a bouquet of black flowers, which she presented to us with a theatrical gesture, while a real, terrible anguish seemed to weep from her great shining eyes. . . . Then, all of a sudden, the scene changed, and instead of the dim cathedral, we found ourselves in a wild country where the mountains seemed to move and to writhe in all imaginable postures, like dying men; and where the trees, bearing red flaming leaves, seemed to burn, and burned in reality. . . . Then the mountains, after the maddest gyrations, suddenly fell flat, the trees smouldered away and fell into ashes. . . . And at last I found myself alone in a vast desolate plain; beneath my feet nothing but yellow sand, above me nothing but a dun-coloured mournful sky. I was alone. My companion had vanished, and while I anxiously sought for her, I found in the sand the statue of a very beautiful woman, but with broken arms, like those of the Venus of Milo, with the marble sadly mutilated. I

stood awhile before it in dolorous contemplation, when a rider came up upon his charger. It was a great bird, an ostrich riding upon a camel, an amusing sight. He, also, made a halt before the broken statue, and we conversed long together upon art. "What is art?" I asked him. And he answered: "Ask that of the great stone Sphinx which crouches at the entrance of the Museum at Paris."

Dear friend, do not laugh at my nocturnal visions. Or do you also hold the usual prejudice against dreams?

To-morrow I start for Paris! Fare you well!

1837.

THE SALON, 1831.

ARY SCHEFFER, HORACE VERNET, DELACROIX, Etc.

The Salon is now closed;—after the exhibition of the pictures held there from the beginning of May. Scant attention has for the most part been bestowed upon them, for visitors' minds were preoccupied and filled with political anxieties. With regard to myself, I visited the capital at this date for the first time. Confused as I was with a mass of new impressions, I was unable to wander through the galleries of the Louvre with the appropriate mental quietude. There they were ranged, these beautiful pictures, one beside the other, in number about three thousand, these poor children of art to whom the crowd threw only the alms of indifferent glances. In vain they seemed to beg in voiceless appeal for a little sympathy, or an admission into a little corner of the heart; those hearts were filled with sentiments purely personal or domestic, and had neither hearth nor home for those strangelings. The exhibition presented neither more nor less than the appearance of an orphanage asylum, a collection of children, gathered together from all parts, left to their fate, and in nowise related one to the other. My soul was touched at this sight of defenceless innocence, of youthful despair.

What wholly different feelings possess us immediately on entering one of those galleries of Italian pictures which are not exposed like waifs at the mercy of a cold world, but suckle at the breast of the great universal mother, contented and united like one great family, and speaking, if not always the same words, at any rate the same language.

The Catholic Church was once such a mother of all the arts; now she is impoverished and helpless. Each painter works in his own manner and on his own account; the caprice of the moment, the vagaries of the wealthy or of his own laggard heart give him his theme; the palette affords him the most brilliant colours, the canvas is long-suffering. Moreover, misunderstood Romanticism has infected the French painters; so that each strives to paint quite differently from the other; or, to speak in the current phraseology, to give expression to his own individuality. It is not difficult to imagine what sort of pictures are thus sometimes produced.

The French people, who undeniably possess sound judgment, have not failed justly to censure these abortive efforts, and at the same time to recognise genuine originality,—to fish the pearls out of this sea of coloured canvas. The painters whose works have been most appreciated, most highly prized, are Ary Scheffer, Horace Vernet, Delacroix, Decamps, Lessore, Schnetz, Delaroche, and Robert. I shall confine myself to the echo of public opinion; it differs little from my own. And as much as practicable I will avoid dwelling on mere technical qualities or defects; which, indeed, would be out of place, *à propos* of pictures exhibited temporarily in a public gallery, and would certainly not edify the German reader who has no opportunity of seeing these pictures. A glance at the subject-matter and importance of the particular work will

suffice. As a conscientious critic, then, I will make first mention of

ARY SCHEFFER.

This painter's *Faust* and *Marguerite* were the chief attraction during the first months of the exhibition; that is, before the works of Delaroche and Robert were hung. Indeed, whoever has never seen any painting by Scheffer would at once be struck by his style, a style which finds expression in a peculiar scheme of colour. His enemies declare that he paints exclusively with snuff and green soap. I do not know how far they do him an injustice. His brown shadows are not infrequently too artificial, and fail to produce the intended Rembrandtesque effect of light. Most of his faces are of that terrible colour which has at times startled us, when, by chance, we have caught sight of our own face, wearied with watching and out of humour, reflected in one of those green glasses still to be found in old inns where the diligence stops in the morning. A closer and more careful scrutiny of Scheffer's pictures reconciles one to his manner, and reveals the genuinely poetic quality of his treatment; a warmer feeling breaks through these sombre tones, like sunrays through the clouds of mist. That morose, solid brushwork, those exhausted colours have nevertheless a good effect in the *Faust* and *Marguerite* pictures. Both are life-size, three-quarter lengths. Faust sits in a red mediæval arm-chair near a table strewn with parchment-covered books, on which his left arm rests and serves as support to his uncovered head. The right arm, with the open hand turned outwards, falls the length of his thigh. His garments are the colour of blue-green soap; his face, almost in profile, is fawn coloured; the features are severe and noble. In spite of the

sickly false colour, the hollow cheeks and faded lips, the decay imprinted everywhere, this face still preserves traces of its former beauty, a mournfully tender light still beams from the eyes; it looks like a beautiful ruin irradiated by moonlight.

Yes, this man is a beautiful human ruin; in the furrows over these weather-beaten eyebrows brood owls learned in mystic lore, and behind that forehead lurk wicked ghosts; at midnight the graves of dead desires reopen, pale shadows throng therefrom, and through the desolate cells of the brain glides Marguerite in disarray. It is to the credit of the painter that he has put on the canvas the head of a veritable man, and that the mere aspect of it imparts to us the feelings and thoughts which agitate the brain and heart of this man. In the background, scarcely visible, and of a repellent green, the head of Mephistopheles is recognisable, the wicked spirit, the father of lies, the Evil One, the God of the green soap.

Marguerite is equally well depicted. She, also, sits upon a faded red arm-chair. Her spinning-wheel with full distaff lies silent at her side; in her hand she holds an open prayer-book, which she does not read, and in which is discernible the faded coloured picture of the Mother of God. Her head is drooped in such a way that the greater part of the face, of which only the profile can be seen, is peculiarly shadowed. It is as though the tenebrous soul of Faust had projected its shadow upon the features of the gentle girl. The pictures hung side by side, and it is thus the more remarkable that almost all effects of light are concentrated upon Faust's face, whereas in Marguerite's picture the light is not diffused on her face but on the contours of her figure. The effect thus obtained is of indescribable magic. Gretchen's bodice is one of soap green; a little black cap barely covers

the crown of her head, and from both sides hangs her shining smooth golden hair. Her oval face is noble, touching, and the features are of a beauty which would fain hide themselves out of modesty. She is modesty itself, with her lovely blue eyes. A silent tear, a mute pearl of sorrow, trickles down her cheek. She is indeed Wolfgang Goethe's Marguerite; but she has read the whole of Frederick Schiller, and she is more sentimental than naïve, and much more heavily idealistic than gracefully suave.

Perhaps she is too true and too earnest to be gracious; for grace consists in movement. No doubt she thus gains something as lasting, as solid, and as real as a good louis d'or, which one clasps safely in one's pocket. In a word, she is a German maiden; a deep gaze into the melancholy violet eyes conjures dreams of Germany, of the scented lindens, of the poetry of Hoelty, of the stone effigy of Roland before the Rathhaus, of the old co-rector, of his rosy niece, of the forester's house with its trophies of the chase, of bad tobacco and good companions, of the granddame's churchyard tales, of the honest night watchman, of friendship, of one's first love, and of many other sweet trifles. . . . In fact, Scheffer's Marguerite cannot be described. She is more a sentiment than a figure. She is a painted soul. Whenever I pass before her, I murmur to her instinctively *Liebes Kind!*

Unfortunately, the same mannerism is to be found in all Scheffer's pictures; and while it suits his *Faust* and *Marguerite* it is wholly displeasing in subjects which demand clear, warm, brilliant tones. There is, for example, his little canvas in which is depicted a dance of school children, who, owing to his dull, unsympathetic tones, resemble a troop of gnomes. However remarkable his talent for portraiture may be—indeed, however much originality

of conception in this respect I must concede to him —his coloration is to me correspondingly repellent. There was, however, one portrait in the Salon for which even the Scheffer mannerism was eminently appropriate. Only with these indefinite, deceptive, decayed, characterless colours could the man be painted; to his credit be it said that never a thought could be read in his face, and that what was evident there was illusory. He is the man whom we might kick from behind without the smile in front wavering from off his lips. He is the man who has perjured himself forty times, and whose talent for lying has been profitably used by each succeeding French government whenever any deadly perfidy was to be perpetrated. So he reminds us of that ancient user of poisons, that Locustor, who dwelt in the house of Augustus like a wanton heirloom, and silently and discreetly served one Caesar after the other, and one against the other, with her diplomatic little potions. When I stand before the picture of this false man, whom Scheffer has limned so faithfully, on whose face the artist has painted the forty false oaths with his hemlock colours, then the thought shivers through me, "For whom in London is his latest mixture intended?" Scheffer's Henry IV. and Louis Philippe, life-size equestrian portraits, certainly merit especial mention. The first, *le roi par droit de conquête et par droit de naissance* (king by right of conquest and by right of birth), lived before my time; I know only that he wears a Henri-quatre beard, but I cannot tell how far the resemblance goes. The other, *le roi des barricades*, king by grace of the sovereign people, is my contemporary, and I can judge whether his portrait is or is not like him. I saw it before I had the pleasure of seeing his Majesty the king himself, yet I did not recognise him at the first glance. I saw him in perhaps too exalted a frame

of soul, namely, on the first *fête* of the latest of the Revolution festivities, when he rode through the streets of Paris, in the middle of the cheering citizen-guards and the July decorations; all, like mad people, shouted the Parisian and Marseillaise hymn, and danced the Carmagnole one with another. His Majesty the king sat high on his horse, half like a constrained Triumvirate, half like a voluntary prisoner carried along in a triumphal procession. A dethroned emperor rode at his side, either symbolically or prophetically; his two sons rode near him, like blossoming hopes, his swollen cheeks glowed from out the forest shades of his thick whiskers, and his sweet grey eyes shone with pleasure and embarrassment. In Scheffer's picture he looks less pleasant, indeed almost gloomy, as though he rode through the Place de Grève where his father was beheaded; his horse seems to stumble. I think that in Scheffer's portrait the top of the head is not as pointed as in the illustrious original, of whom this singular formation always reminds me of the folk-song—

> "A fir tree stands in the deep valley,
> It is broad below and small above."

Otherwise the picture is fairly successful, a good likeness; though I was able to discover this resemblance only after I had seen the king himself. This seems to me to reflect gravely upon the value of the whole of Scheffer's portrait-painting.

Portrait-painters may be divided into two classes. There are those who have the wonderful talent of seizing and rendering the features so that to the unknown spectator is given an exact idea of the face represented, and he immediately understands the character of the original—so adequately that he recognises him at once if he chance

to meet him. We find this is a distinguishing merit of the old masters, notably of Holbein, Titian, and Van Dyck. In their portraits we are struck with that directness, which is an unmistakable guarantee of their verisimilitude to the long-deceased originals. "We could swear that these portraits are good likenesses," we say involuntarily in passing through the galleries.

We find the second manner of painting portraits among French and English artists in particular, who concern themselves only with superficial likeness, and throw only those traits upon the canvas which recall to our memory the face and character of the well-known original. These portraits are especially beloved by well-born parents and tender spouses who show us their family portraits after dinner, and cannot sufficiently impress upon us how lovely the little darling looked before he had worms, or what a speaking likeness it is of the husband, whom we have not the honour of knowing as yet, but whose immediate acquaintance we are to make when he returns from Brunswick.

In respect of colour, Scheffer's *Leonore* is much more distinguished than any of his other works. The subject is an episode of the time of the Crusades; it has given the artist an opportunity for brilliancy of costume and especially for the use of "romantic" coloration. The home-coming army passes by, and Leonore fails to recognise her beloved. A gentle melancholy pervades the whole picture: nothing presages the horrible apparition of the following night. I believe, however, that because of the episode being in the pious time of the Crusades, that the widowed Leonore would, in fact, not have blasphemed God, and the dead knight would not have carried her off. Bürger's Leonore, however, lived in a Protestant sceptical

age, and her beloved departed in the Seven Years' War in order to conquer a portion of Silesia for the friend of Voltaire. Scheffer's Leonore, on the contrary, belongs to that bygone age of belief, when hundreds and thousands of men, animated by religious thought, sewed a red cross upon their coats, and wandered to the Orient as pilgrim warriors, there to conquer a tomb. Marvellous age! But we men, are we not all knights of the cross, who, in spite of all our weary fighting, only at the last acquire a grave for ourselves? It is this thought that I read reflected on the face of the knight, who, from his tall battle-horse, looks down so pityingly upon the sorrowing Leonore. She leans her head upon her mother's shoulder. She is a drooping flower, who will wither, but who will not blaspheme. Scheffer's picture is a beautiful, musical composition; the colour-tones therein are of such cheerful melancholy, that they are like a sorrowful spring song.

Scheffer's other pieces merit our attention. Nevertheless, they have been much praised while better pictures by less distinguished artists remain unnoticed. Such is the magic of a master's name. If a prince wear a Bohemian glass stone on his finger, it will always be taken for a diamond; should a beggar wear a genuine diamond ring, every one will feel convinced that it is only glass. This consideration brings me to

HORACE VERNET,

who has by no means invariably sent pure gems to decorate the Salon. The most remarkable of his exhibited canvases is a Judith in the act of killing Holofernes. She, a slender blooming maiden, has just risen from her couch; a violet robe, hastily knotted round her loins, falls in folds to her feet. The upper part of her body is clad in an under-

garment of pale yellow; the sleeve, falling over the right arm, is turned back with somewhat of a butcher's gesture, yet with enchanting grace, by the left hand; for the right hand holds the curved blade that threatens the sleeping Holofernes. There she stands, an exquisite figure, on the farther verge of maidenhood, divinely pure, yet spotted by the world, like a violated hostage. Her head is wonderfully attractive, and of a strange charm; her black locks are like little serpents which writhe with terrifying grace. The face is lightly shaded, and a sweet savagery, a sombre loveliness, a sentimental anger is expressed by the noble features of the beautiful murderess. Her eyes in particular sparkle with sweet cruelty and the lust for revenge; for she has the profanation of her own body also to avenge on the hated heathen. In truth, he is not especially attractive; nevertheless he seems to be *bon enfant*. He sleeps so complacently in the after-beatitude of his bliss; perhaps he snores, or, as Louisa says, he sleeps aloud; his lips still move as though they were bestowing kisses. Intoxicated with happiness and certainly with wine, without any interplay of suffering or illness, Death sends him by the hand of this beautiful angel into the white land of eternal annihilation. What an enviable fate! When my hour of dying comes, ye gods, let me die like Holofernes! Is it irony on the part of Horace Vernet, that the first rays of the rising sun stream in upon the sleeper, while at the same time the night-lamp flickers low?

Another picture from the same hand represents the present Pope. It recommends itself more by the daring of the draughtsmanship and colour-scheme, than by its personal quality. With head encircled by the triple crown, clad in white garments embroidered with gold, and seated on a golden chair, this servant of the servants of God

is carried in procession round the church of St. Peter. The Pope himself, though of ruddy colour, looks delicate, and is almost obliterated in the white background of white incense smoke and white feather fans held high above him. But the crimson-liveried bearers of the pontifical chair are sturdy figures, full of character, with their tanned faces framed in falling black hair. The faces of three of these men only are visible, but they are admirably painted. The same praise may be given to the capuchins whose heads, or rather the bent backs of whose broadly-tonsured heads, are seen. But the fault of this picture is in the vaporous insignificance of the principal personage, and the forcible importance given to the accessory figures. In facility of pose and in coloration they remind me of Paolo Veronese. But the Venetian magic is lacking, that poetry of colour which, like the shimmer of the Lagunes, is only superficial, yet which appeals to the emotions so marvellously.

A third picture by Horace Vernet has received much applause on account of its bold conception and its colour-scheme. It represents the arrests of the Princes of Condé, of Conti, and of Longueville. The scene takes place on the steps of the Palais-Royale, which the princes descend, after having rendered up their swords by the order of Anne of Austria.

The composition permits almost every figure to be represented in unbroken outline. Condé stands first on the lowest steps, he strokes his moustachios meditatively, and I know of what he thinks. An officer comes down the first steps bearing the princes' swords under his arm. There are the three groups, posed naturally, and harmoniously allied to one another. Only a man on the highest steps of the staircase of Art could have such high-stepping ideas.

Among Horace Vernet's less important pictures is a portrait of Camille Desmoulins standing on a seat in the Palais-Royale and haranguing the people. With his left hand he plucks a green leaf off a tree, and in his right he holds a pistol. Poor Camille, your courage was not higher than that bench; you would fain remain there, and you glance around. "Forwards, ever forwards!" is however the one magic word that has power to hold our revolutionaries upright;—if they remain standing and looking around them they are lost, like Eurydice, when following the music of her lover's lyre, she glanced back at the horror of the underworld. Poor Camille! Poor fellow! Those were the joyous green days of Liberty, when you sprang upon the bench and threw open the window to Despotism, and tore up the lantern-posts. Later, the joke became very mournful; the foxes of the Revolution became befogged leaders, whose hairs stood up on end; you heard frightful cries resound, and voices of the Gironde called to you out of the Kingdom of Shadows, and you glanced fearfully around.

With regard to the costumes of 1789, this picture is of considerable interest. There they are, the powdered hair, the narrow garments of the women which widened slightly below the hips, the striped coloured frock-coat, the coachman-looking overcoat with the little collarettes, the two watch-chains which hung in parallel lines over the abdomen, and those vests of the days of terror, with the broad over-turned flaps, which have again come into fashion among the republican youth of Paris, under the name of *gilets à la Robespierre*. Robespierre himself appears in the picture, prominent in his faultless attire and dandified manners. As a matter of fact, his exterior was always smart and polished, like the blade of a guillotine; his interior, his heart, was also as disinterested, incorruptible,

and invariable as the blade of the guillotine. This inflexible strength did not proceed from lack of feeling, but from rigid virtue, like that of Junius Brutus, which we condemn with our hearts while with our reason we admire unboundedly. Robespierre had an especial predilection for Desmoulins, his schoolfellow, whom he allowed to be executed when this *Fanfaron de la liberté* preached an untimely moderation and encouraged a weakness that was dangerous to the State. While Camille's blood flowed on the Place de la Grève, it may be that Maximilian's tears fell in a lonely room apart. This is no mere idle talk. Not long ago a friend told me that Bourdon (de l'Oise) had related to him, that once, when he entered the workroom of the Committee of Public Health, there sat Robespierre over his "Acts," alone, with sunken head, weeping bitterly.

I will pass over less important pictures by Horace Vernet, the many-sided artist who paints everything—sacred subjects, battle-pieces, still life, animals, landscapes, portraits,—everything hastily, almost after the manner of a maker of pamphlets.

I now turn to

DELACROIX,

who has exhibited one picture before which I, accordingly, saw always such a concourse of people, that I rank it among those canvases which have received the greatest share of attention. The sacredness of the subject prohibits any severe criticism of the colour, which might perhaps not pass the ordeal. In spite of certain technical deficiencies, the work is permeated with deep thought and is singularly attractive. It represents a group of people during the July days, prominent among whom is the symbolical figure of a young woman. On her head she wears a red Phrygian cap; in one hand she carries a gun, in the other a tricoloured flag.

She strides forward over the dead bodies, and excites to combat. Her beautiful, impetuous body is nude to the waist, her face is in bold profile, her features express an impudent sorrow: she is a strange combination of a Phryne, of a fishwife, and a goddess of Liberty. That she is intended to represent the latter is not clearly indicated; this figure seems rather to depict the brute force of the people throwing off a hated yoke. I must confess that it reminds me of those peripatetic female philosophers, of those couriers of love, or rather those light lovers, who swarm upon the boulevards in the evening. I confess that the little chimney-sweep Cupid who, with a pistol in either hand, accompanies this street Venus, is probably not soiled with soot alone; that the Pantheon candidate, stretched dead upon the ground, perhaps trafficked previously in counter-checks outside the theatre-doors; that the hero who rushes forward with his musket betrays in his face the galleys, and carries on his disgusting coat the smell of the assize courts. But that was exactly the one thing needful: a great thought that should ennoble and sanctify the very dregs of the people, of these *crapule*, and reawaken the slumbering dignity in their souls.

Holy July-days of Paris! they will bear eternal testimony to the original, innate divinity of mankind, which can never be completely destroyed. He who has lived through you will never more lament over the graves of other days, but rather joyfully believe in the resurrection of the people.

Holy July-days! How bright was your sun, and how great were the people of Paris! The gods, who from the heights of heaven looked down upon this great fight, shouted with admiration; they would fain have quitted their golden seats and have descended to earth, in order to become citizens of Paris! But, jealous and anxious as

they are, they feared lest at last men should reach too lordly a height, therefore by means of their subservient priests they sought "to blacken the brilliant and smite the lofty to the dust." Therefore they incited that Potter cattle-piece, the Belgian rebellion. Therefore it came about that the tree of liberty in its growth did not reach to the heavens.

In no other picture in the Salon has the colour sunk in so much as in Delacroix's July Revolution. Nevertheless, this very absence of varnish and of shining surface, together with the smoke and dust which envelop the figures like a grey cobweb, these sun-dried colours which seem to thirst for a drop of water, all this seems to stamp the picture with truthfulness, reality, originality,—in short, one finds therein the veritable physiognomy of the "July days."

Among the visitors, there were many who had either taken part in these very "days," or who at any rate had been spectators of what had happened, and these critics could not sufficiently praise the picture. "*Matin*," a shopkeeper called out, "those *gamins* fought like giants!" A young lady observed that the Polytechnic scholars were omitted, though they were to be seen in all the other representations of the July Revolution, of which very many, over forty, paintings were exhibited. An Alsatian corporal spoke in German to his comrade: "What a fine work of art that painting is! How truthfully all is depicted! How naturally the dead man who lies on the ground is painted! One might almost swear he is alive!"

"Papa," exclaimed a little Carlist girl, "who is the dirty woman with the red cap?" "Well, certainly," sneered the noble papa with a sweet smile of superiority, "certainly, dear child, she has nothing in common with the purity of the lily. She is the goddess of Liberty." "Papa, she

has not even got on a chemise." "A true goddess of Liberty, dear child, usually has no chemise, and is therefore very bitter towards all people who wear white linen."

At these words the man drew his cuffs somewhat further over his long leisurely hands and said to his neighbour: "Your Eminence, should it happen to-day, among those republicans of the Port St. Denis, that an old woman were shot dead by the National Guards, her sacred corpse would be carried through the boulevards, the people would rise in fury, and we would have a new revolution."

"*Tant mieux!*" whispered his Eminence, a haggard, closely-buttoned man disguised in every-day garments, as is now the case with all priests in Paris, from fear of public insults, perhaps also on account of evil consciences, —"*Tant mieux*, Marquis, if only many outrages could happen so that the measure might be full! The Revolution would then swallow up its own creators, especially those vainglorious bankers who have now, God be praised, almost ruined themselves." "Yes, your Eminence, they wished to abolish us at any cost because we refused to have them in our salons. That is the secret of this July Revolution. Money was distributed to suburban dwellers, workmen were dismissed by heads of factories; wine-sellers were paid to give wine mixed with powder gratis, so as to excite the people—and for the rest, it was the sun!"

Perhaps the Marquis is right: it was the sun.

Especially in the month of July, the sun has always enflamed the hearts of Parisians with its most powerful beams. Whenever liberty was threatened, the people of Paris, drunk with sun, rose up against the rotten Bastille and the ordinances of serfdom. The sun and the city understand each other wonderfully; they love one another. Before the sun sinks towards the sea in the evening, its

last looks linger with pleasure on the beautiful city of Paris, with its last beams it kisses the tricoloured standards on the towers of the beautiful city of Paris. The French poet was right who proposed that the July festival should be celebrated by a symbolical marriage. Long ago the Doge of Venice went once a year, in the Bucentauro, to wed the dominion of Venice to the Adriatic Sea; so should the city of Paris yearly marry herself to the sun on the Place de la Bastille, to the great flaming lucky star of her Freedom. Casimir Perier did not see this realised. He feared the nuptial evening of such a wedding: he feared the all-too-strong ardour of such a marriage, and the most he could permit was a morganatic union between the city of Paris and the sun.

But I forget that I am only the reporter of an exhibition.

As such, I now come to the consideration of a painter who, while he excites general attention, appeals so peculiarly to me, that his pictures are to me as coloured echoes of the voices of my own heart; or rather, as the sympathetic colour-tones which are in accord with what is in my heart.

DECAMPS

is the name of the artist who has thus bewitched me. Unfortunately, I did not see one of his best works, "The Dogs' Hospital," which had been removed before I visited the Exhibition. I missed a few other works of his because I could not discover them, on account of the crowd, before they were withdrawn.

I at once recognised, however, that Decamps is a great painter, when I studied a little picture by him (the first I had seen) whose colour and simplicity impressed me greatly. It is merely the study of a Turkish building, high and white, with here and there little window-holes through which a

Turkish face looks out; below, lies a still pool, wherein the chalk-white walls with their red shadows are mirrored, sleepily quiet.

I learned afterwards that Decamps has been in Turkey. It was not only his original colouring which struck me so much, but the truth expressed by the faithful and unaffected tones of his pictures of the East. This is particularly exemplified in his "Patrouille turque." In this picture we see the supreme Chief of the Police in Smyrna, the great Hadji Bey, who, surrounded by his myrmidons, makes the round of the town. With protruding paunch, he sits upright upon a horse, in all the majesty of his gross pride; his insolently arrogant, ignorant, swarthy face is overshadowed by a large white turban. He holds in his hands the sceptre of his absolute bastinadom, and near him, on foot, run nine faithful executors of his will, or caprice, agile creatures with short thin legs, and almost animal faces, cat-like, he-goatish, apeish. Indeed, one of them is formed of a mosaic of a dog's muzzle, pig's eyes, donkey's ears, calf's smile, and hare's cowardice. In their hands they carry weapons carelessly, pikes, guns with the butt end upwards; each, also, has the instruments of his trade as hireling justice, namely, a spear and a bundle of bamboo rods. The houses before which the procession passes are chalky white, the earth is a loamy yellow: the effect of these darkly-clad figures hurrying through the bright foreground in strong relief against the equally bright background, is somewhat like that of a Chinese Shadowplay. In the evening twilight, the strange shadows of the thin legs of men and horses add to the weirdly magical effect. Moreover, these rascals cut such absurd capers, they make such unheard-of leaps; and the very horse itself shoots out its legs with such comical swiftness that it seems half to creep on

its belly and half to fly. Yet it is all these points that certain Parisian critics have censured as unnatural and as caricatures.

France, also, has its non-progressive art critics, who judge every new work after obsolete conventions; master-connoisseurs, who poke round about the studios, and smile their approval wherever their fancy is tickled. These gentlemen have not failed to pass judgment upon Decamps' picture.

One, a M. Jal, who publishes a pamphlet upon every Exhibition, has sought to decry this very picture in a supplementary note in *Le Figaro.* It is his intention to ridicule the admirers of this work when he confesses with apparent modesty that he is a man who decides according to the dictates of his judgment only, and that his poor judgment fails to see in this picture by Decamps the masterpiece recognised as such by those great minds who do not form their conviction by means of reason only. The dear man with his judgment! He little knows how correctly he has described himself!

It is not fitting that the first voice to be heard estimating works of art should be that of poor judgment, any more than this same judgment should play a chief part in their inception. The germinal idea of a work of art has birth in the soul, and the soul draws upon the imagination for the power of realisation. Phantasy then throws all her flowers over and around the idea; and instead of vitalising it would almost smother it, did not judgment limp along and push aside the superfluous flowers, or prune them with naked garden shears. Judgment maintains order merely; and, so to speak, acts as police in the realm of art. In life judgment is usually an impassive calculator which reckons up our follies. Alas, it is too often merely the auditor of a broken heart, and sums up the deficit with deliberate calm.

The great error lies in the reiterated question of the critic: "What ought the artist to do?"

The question would be more correct thus: "What will the artist do?" or even "What *must* the artist do?"

This question, "What ought the artist to do?" is the formula of those art-philosophers who, devoid of any innate poetry, have tabulated for their own use the characteristics of the different masterpieces of art; who have laid down a rule for the future upon what already exists, have determined classifications, devised definitions and principles. They ignore that such abstractions can serve only for the criticism of imitations; that every original artist, every new genius, must be judged in accordance with his own æsthetics. Ancient rules and precepts are still less palatable to such minds. "There is no art of fighting," Menzel has said, "for the young giant, for he cuts his way through every parry." Each genius must be studied and judged by his own intentions. Therefore, in such cases, the question to be answered is, "Has he the means to express his ideas? Were the fitting means employed?"

Here we are on sure ground. We no longer measure an unusual creation by our subjective requirements, but we base ourselves upon the God-given means which the artist has at his command for the manifestation of his idea. With the recitative arts the means consist in sounds and words; with the plastic arts they consist in colour and form. Sounds and words, colour and form—above all the visible—are, nevertheless, only the symbols of the idea, symbols born in the inmost nature of the artist when moved by the Holy Spirit of the World. His works are only the symbols with which he imparts his own ideas to other natures. He who expresses the greatest number, and the most profound,

by the simplest and smallest number of symbols—he is the greatest artist.

To me it is of the highest importance that the symbol—the outward expression of the inward signification—should above all things charm the senses by and for itself: like the flowers of a Selam, which, independently of their mysterious language, bloom by and for themselves, and charm by the simple grouping into a beautiful and fresh bouquet. But is such accord always possible? is the artist always wholly free in the choice and disposition of his mysterious flowers? or does he choose and blend them in obedience to an inner impulse?

I answer this question of mystical dependence, in the affirmative. The artist resembles the sleep-walking princess who, in the gardens of Bagdad, plucked the rarest flowers with the prescience of deep love, and bound them into a Selam of whose significance she knew nothing until she awoke. In the morning she reclined on her divan, gazed at her bouquet gathered over night, pondered thereon as over a forgotten dream, and finally sent it to the beloved Kaliph. The sleek Eunuch who carried it rejoiced in these beautiful flowers, without a suspicion of their meaning. But Haroun-al-Raschid, the Protector of the Faithful, the Follower of the Prophet, the Possessor of Solomon's ring, understood instantly the language of the bouquet. His heart bounded with joy, he kissed each flower, and laughed till the tears trickled down his long beard.

I am neither follower of the prophet, nor possessor of Solomon's ring, neither have I a long beard; yet I can affirm that I have understood the beautiful Selam, which Decamps has brought us from the land-of-the-morning, far better than all the Eunuchs, together with their Kislar-Aga, the great

supreme connoisseur, the intermediary messenger of the harem of art. The chattering of these emasculated connoisseurs is insupportable to me, especially the reiterated formulas, the well-meaning good advice to young artists, the pitiable references to nature, and again to dear nature.

In matters of art I am a supernaturalist. I believe that the artist cannot find all his types in nature, but that the most remarkable types are revealed to him in his soul, as the innate symbolism of innate ideas, at one and the same moment. A modern professor of Æsthetics, who has written *Italiänische Forschungen*, has endeavoured to reinstate the old principle of imitation of nature, and maintains that the plastic artist ought to find in nature all his types. This professor, while extolling this, his supreme principle of plastic art, has given no thought to one of the most primeval of these arts, I mean to architecture, whose types man has vainly sought to find in the leaves of the forest and the grottoes of the rocks. These types do not lie in external nature, their birthplace was in the human soul.

Decamps may console himself for the criticism which complains of an absence of nature in his pictures, and of the unnatural way in which the horse of Hadji Bey throws his feet and his people run, with the answer that his painting is faithful to the truth of phantasy and to the intuitions of a dream. As a matter of fact, when sombre figures are painted on a bright background, they have a visionary aspect and seem not to belong to earth, and in consequence are perhaps to be treated in a more airy, more fanciful, and less material manner. The blending of animal and human characteristics in the figures of this painting is yet another reason for an unusual rendering. In this very blending lies the source of that ancient humour the Greeks and Romans knew so well how to express in their innumerable

chimerical representations, such as we delight to see on the walls of Herculaneum, in the statues of satyrs, centaurs, etc. Against the reproach of caricature, the artist is sufficiently protected by the harmony of his work, that delicious colour-music which resounds so comically yet so harmoniously—in short, by the magic of his coloration. Painters of caricature are rarely good colourists, precisely on account of that parcelling of their sentiments which is the condition of their aptitude for caricature: the perfection of the colour-sense is, on the contrary, born in the soul of the artist, is dependent upon unity of sentiment. In Hogarth's original pictures in the National Gallery, in London, I could see only daubs, which swore at one another, veritable riots of crude colours.

I have forgotten to remark that in these paintings of Decamps, some young Grecian unveiled women are seated at their window watching the passing of the droll procession. Their quietude and their beauty form a very attractive contrast. They do not laugh: His Impertinence on horseback, surrounded by doglike, obedient followers, is an everyday spectacle to them; we therefore feel the more thoroughly transported into the land of absolutism.

Lest this canvas should detain me yet longer, I hasten to the consideration of a painting by

LESSORE,

which attracted every one by its wonderful verisimilitude, and by a very luxury of modesty and simplicity. Visitors stopped involuntarily when they came to this canvas, named in the catalogue "The Sick Brother." In a miserable garret, on a miserable bed, lies a little sick lad whose suppliant eyes are turned towards a rough wooden crucifix, nailed to the bare wall. At his feet sits another boy, sad and

dejected, with downcast looks. His short jacket and his little knickerbockers are clean, but well patched with coarse material. The yellow woollen coverlet on the bed and the scarcity of furniture—or rather the lack of it—witness to great poverty. This subject is treated in a manner which corresponds to, and recalls the pictures of Murillo's beggar-boys. The sharply-defined shadows, the powerful strokes, firm and appropriate, the colours laid on deliberately in sober but not sombre tones, give to the composition the character that Shakespeare describes as "The modesty of Nature." Surrounded by brilliant pictures with their glittering frames, this painting must have been all the more of a surprise, inasmuch as its frame was old and the gilding was blackened and wholly in accord with the artist's manner and subject. Thus, by reason of these peculiarities, and contrasted with its surroundings, this work produced a deep and melancholy impression on the beholder, and filled the soul with that indefinable pity which seizes one at times when, on quitting a salon brilliant with light and well-being, one suddenly emerges into an obscure street and is accosted by a poor ragged creature who complains of cold and hunger. This picture says much with few strokes, and makes us think and feel still more.

Schnetz

is a name of repute. Nevertheless, I mention him with less pleasure than the preceding artist, who is as yet little known in the artistic world. Art-lovers who have, probably, seen better earlier work by Schnetz, assign him a distinguished position, therefore I cannot refuse him his reserved seat.

He paints well, but in my opinion he is not a great painter. His large Salon picture of this year, representing the Italian country-folk imploring the Madonna for miracu-

lous healing, is excellent in parts: a young boy in convulsions is especially well drawn, indeed the whole reveals the artist to be a master of technique. Yet the picture as a whole is pieced together rather than painted; the figures are posed in a declamatory manner; the underlying conception, the original, uniting idea, is lacking. Schnetz makes use of too many strokes to say what he wishes, and what he says is in great part superfluous. Strenuous efforts, an obviously adequate aim, may be praiseworthy in a mediocre artist, but can never produce pleasurable emotion. It is the security with which genius soars, that has power most to please us: we rejoice in his high flight, we are convinced of the power of his wing, and our soul allows itself confidently to be borne away with him into the regions of the radiant light of art. Quite contrary feelings are roused by these theatrical geniuses who allow us to see the strings which guide them so distinctly, that we watch them with trembling discomfort, apprehensive lest at any moment they may fall. I do not say that the threads upon which Schnetz depends are too thin, nor that his genius is too heavy; I can only assert that instead of inspiring me, he depresses my spirit to the level of the earth.

In the nature of his studies and choice of his subjects Schnetz has certain analogies with a painter whose name, on that account, is often mentioned with his, but who in this year's exhibition has surpassed not only Schnetz, but also the majority of his confrères, in public favour, and has had the officer's cross of the Legion of Honour bestowed upon him.

L. ROBERT

is the name of this painter. "Is he an historical painter, or a *genre* painter?" I hear the German Masters of the Guild ask. Alas! I cannot evade this question; I feel

constrained to explain these qualifications, so as once for all to prevent grave misunderstandings. This separation between history and *genre* is so bewildering that one is tempted to think it was invented by the artists who worked at the tower of Babel. Yet it is of more recent date. In the first periods of art there was only historical painting, namely, the depiction of sacred history. Later, all pictures were definitely named historical paintings whose subjects were drawn not only from the Bible and from legends, but also from ancient and profane history, including heathen mythology. They were in direct opposition to those representations of ordinary life which came into vogue especially in the Netherlands, where the Protestant spirit rejected both Catholic and heathen mythology—subjects for which they had perhaps neither models nor taste—yet where there existed so many gifted painters who sought expression, and so many lovers of art who desired to buy pictures. The diverse manifestations of this ordinary life were collectively termed *genre*.

Many painters have represented the humour of the small burgher-life in a remarkable manner; but, unfortunately, technical perfection was with them always the chief aim. All these pictures have, at all events, an historical interest for us; for when we examine the pretty productions of Mieris, Netscher, Jan Steen, Gerard Dow, Van der Werff, and many others, the whole spirit of that age is wonderfully revealed to us: we look, so to speak, through the window at the sixteenth century with all its occupations and costumes. In this respect the Dutch and Flemish artists were singularly fortunate. The peasants' garments were not lacking in picturesqueness; and those of the burghers were, for the men, a delightful blending of Netherlandish well-to-do ease and of Spanish *grandezza;* for the women, a brilliant

mixture of the fantasies of the whole world. For example, *Mynheer*, with the burgher cloak and knightly cap of brilliant hue, has a clay pipe in his mouth. *Mifrow* wears heavy trailing robes of Venetian shimmering satin, Brussels lace, African ostrich feathers, Russian furs, Oriental slippers, and may hold an Andalusian mandoline, or, still more frequently, carry in her arms a silken brown *Hondchen* (little dog) of the Saardam race. The negro page-boy, the carpets from Turkey, parrots of all colours, exotic flowers, the great gold and silver vases with extravagant arabesque designs, all these threw over this Dutch-cheese existence the glamour of an Oriental fairy-tale.

When, after its long sleep, art reawoke in our days, artists were none the less embarrassed in the choice of a subject. Sympathy with religious and mythological painting was completely dead in most European countries, even in Catholic states; while contemporary costumes seemed too unpaintable to permit the cheerful representation of the history of the time or of daily life. Our modern frock-coat, too, is so essentially prosaic, that it seems impossible to introduce it into a picture without an appearance of a parody.

[1] Not long since I argued over this matter with a philosopher from Berlin—a town in Prussia—who endeavoured to explain to me the mysterious signification of the frock-coat, and the natural-historical poetry of its shape. He related to me the following myth: The first man was not wholly clothless, but was created sewed up in a night-shirt. When woman was formed out of his rib a great piece was cut out of his night-shirt and had to serve her as an apron; thus the night-shirt by means of this rent became a frock-coat, that found its natural supplement in

[1] The following paragraph was printed in the original edition.

the woman's apron. In spite of this picturesque origin of the frock-coat, and of its poetical significance to a supplement of the race, I cannot reconcile myself to its shape. Artists who share this aversion with me have sought elsewhere for more picturesque costumes. This, no doubt, has contributed chiefly to their predilection for more ancient historical subjects, and we find in Germany a whole school, certainly not lacking in talent, ceaselessly occupied in rummaging through the wardrobe of Catholic and feudal middle ages, in order to clothe the men of to-day, with all their modern feelings, beneath the monkish cowl or knightly armour. Other artists have sought other expedients; they have chosen to represent peasant-folk whose originality and national costume have not yet been submerged in the waves of civilisation. Hence the scenes from the Tyrolese mountains which we so often see in the pictures of the Munich painters. This region lies at their door, and the costume of these mountaineers is more picturesque than that of our dandies. Hence, also, those joyous pictures of that common Italian life which allures so many artists by reason of their sojourn in Rome, where they find that ideal nature, those human forms full of ancient nobility, those picturesque costumes that are so dear to the painter's heart.

Robert, French by birth, an engraver in his youth, lived for a number of years in Rome. The pictures he exhibits in this year's Salon belong to the category to which I have just referred to—the representation of the life of the people in Italy. "Then he is a painter of *genre*," I hear the Masters of the Guild exclaim; and I know one lady-historical-painter who promptly turns up her nose disdainfully. But I cannot accept this classification, because historical painters, in the old sense of the word, no longer exist. It would be indeed too vague to claim this name for all paintings

which express a profound thought; there would result a quarrel over each canvas to decide whether or not it contained a thought; and at the end of the dispute nothing would be gained but one word. Possibly, if it were used in its natural signification, that is to say, for the representation of the history of the world, this word, historical-painting, would be specially applicable to a class of work which is now actually being largely produced, of which Delaroche may be considered the foremost exponent.

Before concerning myself particularly with the latter, I wish to say a few words about the paintings of Robert. They are, as I have said, exclusively representations of Italy, paintings which depict for us in the most delightful manner the charm of that favoured land. Art, for long the ornament of Italy, becomes now the *cicerone* of her past magnificence. The speaking colours of the painter reveal to us her most secret beauties; an old magic revives, and the land which once subjugated us first by its arms, then by its literature, subjugates us to-day by its beauty. Yes, Italy will always reign over us, and painters like Robert chain us afresh to Rome.

The *Pifferari*, by Robert, which is, unless I am mistaken, already widely known by means of lithography, was exhibited this year, and represents those pipers of the Alban mountains who come to Rome at Christmas to play a holy serenade before the images of the Mother of God. This work is better drawn than painted; there is a certain stiffness about it; it is gloomy, Bolognese in character, and like a coloured engraving. Nevertheless, it appeals to the feelings, as though one listened to the naïve pious music piped by the shepherds of the Alban hills.

Less simple, but perhaps of deeper significance, is another picture by Robert: that of a dead body lying uncovered on

its bier, in accordance with the Italian custom, and being carried to its grave by the Misericordia Brothers. The members of the confraternity, shrouded in black, and wearing a black mask with two holes out of which the eyes look in a mysterious manner, advance like a procession of ghosts. On a seat in the foreground, facing the spectator, sit the father, mother, and young brother of the deceased. Poorly clad, sunk in grief, with bound head and folded hands, the old man sits in the middle between his wife and boy. He is silent; for there is no deeper pain in this world than that of a father who, contrary to the laws of nature, survives his son. The mother, deadly pale, seems to lament in very desperation. The child, a poor little clodhopper, has a piece of bread in his hand which he wants to eat, but he cannot swallow a mouthful on account of his grief, and is therefore all the more pitiful. The deceased appears to have been the eldest son, the support and pride of the family, the Corinthian pillar of the house. Still in the gracefulness of youth, contented and almost smiling, he lies on the bier; so that, in the picture, life seems harsh, hateful, mournful; while death appears unspeakably beautiful, even smiling and full of contentment.

The artist, who has glorified the charm of Death, has nevertheless known how to represent life with still greater magnificence. His large masterpiece, *Les Moissonneurs*, is, so to speak, the apotheosis of life. Looking at it, one forgets that there is a kingdom of shadows; it seems as though nowhere could there be greater happiness and light than on this earth. "The earth is heaven, and men are holy, deified:" is the great revelation which is declared by the happy colours that light this picture. A vast plain of Romagna, illumined by the dying fires of the setting sun of Italy, lies stretched before us. In the middle distance is a peasant's wain drawn

by means of heavy chains by two great buffaloes, and laden with a family of country folk about to make a halt. To the right, near their sheaves, sit some reapers resting after their work, while a bagpipe-player pipes and a lusty youth in the joy of his heart dances to the sounds. One seems to hear the melody and the words:

> "Damigella, tutta bella
> Versa, versa il bel vino!"

To the left come maidens, young and pretty, carrying the field-fruits, burdened with sheaves of corn. Also from the same side come two youths, one of whom advances with languorous movements and half-closed eyes, while the other, on the contrary, makes signs of joy in the air with his sickle. Between the buffaloes of the waggon stands a robust brown-breasted boy, who seems to be the servant, and rests against the pole. On the top of the waggon, to the one side, the old grandfather is stretched on cushions, an affable old man whose spirit probably still directs the wheels of the family. On the other side the son, a strong and resolute male figure, sits with crossed legs on the back of one of the buffaloes, and holds in his hands the whip, the visible sign of command. Higher, almost upright, stands his pretty young wife with a child in her arms, a rose with its bud. Beside her is seen the head of a young man, probably the brother, as amiable and blooming, who endeavours to spread the linen over the tent-pole. This picture is, I hear, being engraved; perhaps the prints will reach Germany next month, so I will not prolong the description. But neither engraving nor description can give an adequate idea of the charm of the picture, for the charm lies in the colour. The figures, all darker than the background, are so exquisitely lighted by the reflections of the heavens, that they glow

with the most brilliant and joyous tones, while the contours are nevertheless definitely outlined. Some of the heads seem to be portraits. But the painter has not copied nature after the stupidly scrupulous manner of many of his fellows, and so rendered the features with a diplomatic minuteness. As a clever friend remarked, Robert has selected for himself the figures which nature has offered to him. And, in the same manner that souls do not lose their individuality in the fires of purgatory, but only the soilures of earth, before their translation to heavenly joys; so these figures have been purified in the burning flames of genius, to enter, radiant, into the heaven of art; where eternal life and eternal beauty reign; where Venus and Mary never lose their adorers; where Romeo and Juliet never die; where Helen remains for ever young; where Hecuba at anyrate never grows any older.

A study of Robert's system of coloration shows him to be a student of Raphael. The architectonic beauties and the grouping also recall this master. Certain isolated figures, moreover, have a family resemblance to Raphael's figures, but to those of his first period, during which he still reproduced Perugino's severe types very faithfully, but softened them somewhat and gave them more grace.

It is not my intention to establish a parallel between Robert and the greatest painter of the Catholic epoch. It is, however, impossible to deny their relationship. It is a resemblance in material form alone, and not a spiritual relationship. Raphael is imbued with Catholic Christianity, a religion which expresses the strife of spirit against matter, of heaven against earth; whose object is the subjection of matter; that calls every protest of the latter a sin; whose aim is to spiritualise earth, or still more, to offer it in sacrifice to heaven. But Robert belongs to a nation

wherein Catholicism is extinct. For, to remark in passing, the current expression that Catholicism is the religion of the majority of the people, is only a piece of French gallantry towards Notre Dame de Paris, who, on her side, with equal politeness, wears the tricolour of Freedom on her head: a double hypocrisy against which the rabble protested in a somewhat informal manner when, recently, it demolished the churches and gave swimming lessons in the Seine to the holy pictures of the saints. Robert is French; and he, like most of his countrymen, gives unconscious allegiance to a still veiled doctrine, which knows nothing of a combat between spirit and matter, which does not forbid man the sure enjoyments of things terrestrial while at the same time promising him celestial joys in Infinity; which prefers, in a word, to assure blessedness to man on earth, and takes the sensuous world to be as holy as the spiritual; for, "Whatever is, is God." These "Harvesters" of Robert are not only guileless of all sin, but they do not know even what sin is. Their daily work is their devotion; they pray continually without moving their lips; they are happy without heaven, redeemed without sacrifice, pure without continual ablution, saints by nature. Moreover, in Catholic paintings, the aureole radiates from the head alone, as the seat of the spirit, thereby symbolising spiritualisation. In Robert's pictures, on the contrary, we see matter equally beatified, for the whole man, body and head, is encompassed by a heavenly light as with a glory.

Catholicism is not only extinct in modern France, it has not even the reactionary influence on art that it has in our Protestant Germany, where Catholicism has gained a new value through the transmitted poetry of the ages. With the French, it is perhaps a dull rancour which disgusts them with Catholic traditions, when every other historical repre-

sentation awakes in them a keen interest. I can explain this statement by an example which in its turn will be elucidated by the statement. The number of pictures representing religious history, whether from the Old or the New Testament, whether traditional or legendary, is so small, that a similar subdivision of a wholly worldly order has furnished more examples, and certainly of better quality. After an exact calculation I find, among the three thousand numbers of the catalogue, that only twenty-nine of these deal with religious subjects, whereas the pictures representing scenes from Sir Walter Scott's novels alone, number over thirty. I can, therefore, in speaking of a French painting, use the words, historical painting, and historical school, in their most natural signification without the fear of any misunderstanding.

Delaroche

is the Corypheus of these schools. This painter has no predilection for the past in itself; solely for its representation, for the reproduction of its spirit, for the writing of its history in colour. The present taste of the greater number of the French painters is akin; the Salon is filled with scenes drawn from history. The names of Deveria, Steuben, and Johannot, merit the most distinguished mention. In the sister-arts, also, a similar vogue prevails; as, for instance, in poetry, so brilliantly exemplified by Victor Hugo. The latest efforts of the French in the Science of History, and their great results in the actual writing of History, are in this respect no isolated phenomena.

Delaroche, the great historical painter, has contributed four canvases to this year's Salon. Two are from French and two from English history. The two first are of small

dimensions, what are called easel pictures; vivid, nevertheless, in figures and striking detail. One represents the dying Cardinal Richelieu ascending the Rhone, from Tarascon to Lyons, in a barque: while in a boat fastened behind it Cinq Mars and De Thou, who are being conducted to Lyons by the Cardinal in order that they may be beheaded. In this respect the actual composition may be artistically reprehensible, but in this instance the artist has triumphed. The coloration is brilliant, almost dazzling; and the figures seem to swim in the streaming gold of an evening sun. This contrasts all the more strikingly with the fate awaiting the three chief figures. Bright though the decorations of these boats be, they float, nevertheless, towards the sombre kingdom of death. The glittering golden rays of the sun are only a parting greeting. It is dayset; that, too, must wane ere long. Then a blood-red stream of light will spread over the earth, and thereafter comes the night. Not less brilliant, and in a sense not less tragic, is the historical pendent, which also represents the last moments of a Cardinal Minister—Mazarin. He is stretched upon a superb state-bed, surrounded by gay courtiers and retainers, who gossip and play cards with one another, and move about the room; personages in garments of divers hues; superfluous beings, especially superfluous to a man lying on his death-bed. Charming costumes of the time of La Fronde, not as yet flamboyant with rosettes of gold, embroideries, ribbons, and lace of the luxurious days of Louis XIV., when the remaining knights were changed into courtiers, in the same manner as the great battle-sword slowly degenerated to the absurd rapier of the gallant. Here the costumes are still simple; the doublet and lace collar still recall the original warlike occupation of nobles; the plumes in the hats even are still

boldly upright and do not bend with every breath of court-wind. The men's hair still falls in natural curls over their shoulders, and the ladies wear the becoming *frisure à la Sévigné*. True, the garments of these dames already indicate a transition to the tastelessness, to the long trains and wide-spreading skirts, of the following period. But the bodices retain a naïve grace, and white charms emerge therefrom like flowers from a horn of plenty. In this composition are seen only pretty women, only pretty court masks; the smile of love on their lips, and perhaps a gnawing bitterness in their hearts; lips innocent as flowers, and behind them a wicked little tongue, cunning as a serpent. Three of these ladies, gossiping and talking scandal, are seated to the left of the sick-bed: near them is a keen-eared priest with piercing eyes and sensitive nose. On the right sit three cavaliers and a lady playing cards, at lansguenet perhaps, an excellent game that I have myself played at Göttingen, and at which I once won six thalers. A noble courtier, clad in a dark violet velvet mantle with a red cross, stands in the middle of the room and bows low with elaborate scrape of the leg. At the right corner of the picture is a group of two court ladies and an Abbé. He gives to the one a paper to read, perhaps a sonnet of his own making, while he ogles the other, who flutters her fan, love's dainty telegraph. Both ladies are charmingly beautiful—the one fair as a rose at early morning, the other pale as a languishing star at twilight. In the background is the retinue of chattering courtiers, probably relating to one another important backstairs State secrets, or wagering that Mazarin will be dead in an hour. And indeed the sick man seems near his end; his face has the pallor of a corpse, his eyes are sunken, his nose is pinched in a significant manner. Within him, that flame which we call life is at its

ebb; cold and darkness are closing in around him; the wing of the Angel of Night already overshadows his forehead. At this moment the lady playing by his side turns to him, shows him her cards, and seems to ask him if she shall trump with her heart.

The subjects of other two pictures by Delaroche are from the history of England. The figures are life-size, and are painted with greater simplicity. One canvas represents the two princes in the Tower whom Richard III. caused to be assassinated. The young king and his younger brother are seated on an old-fashioned bed; the little dog runs to the door of the prison, and seems by his barking to announce the approach of the murderers. The king, a boy on the verge of adolescence, is a pathetic figure. The idea of an imprisoned king, as Sterne so rightly felt, is of itself a sufficiently pitiable thought; yet here the prisoned king is hardly more than a guileless boy delivered into the hands of a relentless murderer. In spite of his tender years, he seems to have suffered much; his pale sickly face has a touch of tragic grandeur; his blue-stockinged legs hang nervelessly, and give his body the broken aspect of a weakly flower. All this, as I have said, is treated with great simplicity, and the impression is all the more powerful.

Ah! it appealed to me poignantly, for I discovered in the face of the luckless prince the beloved eyes of a friend, eyes which have often smiled at me, and were closely related to other eyes still more beloved. Memory recalled to me each time I stood before Delaroche's picture, how in a lordly castle in far-off Poland I stood once before the picture of a friend, and spoke of him with his lovely sister, whose eyes closely resembled the eyes of my friend. We spoke also of the painter of the picture, who had recently died,

and of how men die one after the other. Alas! the beloved friend himself is dead, shot at Prague; the bright lights of the charming sister are also quenched, her castle burnt to the ground. It fills me with dismay when I reflect that not only does our life vanish so quickly out of the world, but that no trace remains of the scenes in which we lived, as though nothing of this life of ours had ever existed, as though it were all a dream.

The other picture by Delaroche, however, roused still more painful feelings. It represents a scene from that horrible tragedy, which has been translated into French, has cost so many tears on both sides of the Channel, and has also profoundly affected the German spectator. We see on the canvas the two heroes of the drama: the first, a corpse in its coffin; the second, full of life, raising the lid in order to contemplate his dead enemy. Perchance they are not two heroes, but merely two actors to whom the director of the world has assigned their respective *rôles*, and who, perhaps without knowing it, have represented the tragic struggle of two principles? I will not name these two inimical principles, these two great thoughts, that, may-hap, were warring in the breast of God at the moment of creation, that we see in presence of one another in this picture—the one, shamefully wounded and bleeding, in the person of Charles Stuart; the other, arrogant and victorious, in the person of Oliver Cromwell.

In one of the sombre rooms of Whitehall the coffin of the beheaded king rests athwart dark red velvet seats; before it stands a man who, with quiet hand, lifts the cover, in order to contemplate the corpse. This man stands alone; his figure is thick-set and broad, his bearing is careless, his face is that of an honest boor. His soldierly costume is puritanically devoid of ornament: a long vest of

brown velvet under a yellow leathern jacket; high riding-boots that almost wholly conceal his black hose; across his breast a sash of dirty yellow, whence hangs a sword in its sheath; on his cropped dark hair a black hat turned up with a red feather; round his neck a little turned-down white collar, under which a bit of his armour is visible; dirty yellow leather gloves; the left hand holds a short stout stick, the other raises the lid of the coffin in which the king lies.

Faces of dead men have often an expression of distinction, before which that of the living man seems insignificant in comparison, for they excel in passionless reserve, in the imperturbable coldness of distinction. All men feel this, and out of respect to the superior rank of the dead, the watchman presents arms when a corpse is carried past, be it merely that of the poorest cobbler. It is, therefore, easily understood that the juxtaposition of Oliver Cromwell to the dead king renders all comparison unfavourable to the latter. Glorified by his recent martyrdom, sanctified by the majesty of misfortune, his neck encircled with precious purple, with the kiss of Melpomene on his white lips, the dead man presents a startling contrast to the puritanical, coarse, robust figure. The contrast is equally striking and significant between the outer garments of this man and the last tokens of splendour of fallen majesty: the rich silken green cushion in the coffin, and the elegance of the spotlessly white linen shirt trimmed with lace from Brabant.

What great world-pain the artist has herein expressed with a few strokes of his brush! There, miserably bleeding, lies that splendour of royalty, once the consolation and flower of mankind. Life in England since that day has grown mournful and colourless: poetry has fled affrighted from that land which erstwhile she had decked with

laughing colours. Ah! how deeply did I feel this when once, at midnight, I passed before that fatal window at Whitehall; when the damp, cold commonplace of the England of to-day froze me through and through. Why was my soul not equally deeply affected when lately, for the first time, I passed over the terrible spot where Louis XVI. was done to death? I opine it was because he, when he died, was no longer a king, and because he had already lost his head. King Charles lost his crown only when he lost his head. He believed in this crown and in his absolute right; for these he fought like a lissom and daring knight. He died nobly proud, protesting against the illegality of his sentence, a true martyr to Royalty-by-the-grace-of-God. The poor Bourbon did not deserve this glory; his head, before his death, had been uncrowned and profaned by a Jacobin cap. He had no faith in himself; he believed in the competence of his judges; he protested only of his innocence. He was an honest, rather portly paterfamilias; his virtues were genuinely bourgeois. His death has a sentimental rather than a tragic character; it suggests to one August Lafontaine's family romances. . . . A tear for Louis Capet, a laurel wreath for Charles Stuart.

"Un plagiat infame d'un crime étranger!" Such are the words wherewith Viscomte Chateaubriand describes that melancholy occurrence, which took place on the Place de la Concorde, one 21st of January. He makes the proposal that on this spot a fountain should be erected whose water should spring from a cup of black marble, for the cleansing—"you know well what I mean," he added with pathetic innuendo. The death of Louis XVI. is the becraped stalking-horse that the noble count constantly parades abroad. Yearly and daily he exploits the ascension of the son of Saint Louis; yet the refinement of the

spleen with which he declaims, and his far-fetched funeral-wit, testifies to no deeply-seated grief. Most objectionable of all is it when his words are re-echoed from the heart of the Faubourg St. Germain, when the old emigrant-coterie still lament with hypocritical sighs over the late Louis XVI., as though they were his own belongings, as though he had ever belonged to them, as though they were specially entitled to bewail his death. Yet this very death is a common world-wide misfortune that concerns the humble day-labourer equally with the highest master of ceremonies at the Tuileries; a death that fills every human heart with compassion. Oh, the wily set! Since they can no longer usurp our legitimate joys, they usurp our legitimate sorrows!

It is perhaps fitting, that while, on the one side, we indicate the right of the common people to participate in such griefs, so that they no longer allow themselves to be persuaded that kings do not belong to them, but only to an *élite* who claim the exclusive privilege of bewailing every mischance which befalls royalty as though it were their own; we ought, on the other side, to give full voice to those griefs, since, in these days, certain coldly calculating state-grabbers have arisen—temperate bacchantes of Reason—who, in their logical madness, seek to argue out of the depths of our heart all the reverence which the old-time Sacrament of Kinghood evokes. Meanwhile we can in nowise call the mournful origin of this grief a plagiarism, still less a crime, least of all an infamy; we call it a dispensation of providence. It would exalt men too high, and at the same time abase them too deeply, to attribute to them such gigantic power, and at the same time so much wantonness, that they of their own free will should have shed the blood whose traces Chateaubriand would fain cleanse away with the water from his black marble cup.

Of a truth, when the circumstances of that time are duly considered, and the testimony of living witnesses is gathered together, it is very obvious how small a part man's free will played in the death of Louis XVI. Many a one who intended to vote against the death, acted contrariwise when he ascended the Tribunal and was swayed by the over-shadowing frenzy of political despair. The Girondins felt that they pronounced simultaneously their own death-sentence. Many a speech that was then delivered served only to confuse the speaker. The Abbé Sieyès, disgusted with this repulsive jabbering, voted simply for death; when he stepped down from the Tribune, he said to his friend, "*J'ai voté la mort sans phrase.*" Calumny, however, misquoted this private utterance; and the terrible sentence, "*la mort sans phrase,*" was imposed as a parliamentary utterance upon the mildest of men. Thus it is stated in all school-books, and school children have to learn it by heart. As I have everywhere been assured, mourning and dismay reigned in the whole of Paris on that 21st of January; and even the most rabid Jacobin seemed oppressed with painful misgivings. My customary cab-driver, an old *sans-culotte*, related to me that when he saw the king die he felt exactly "as if one of his own limbs had been sawn off." "It gave me a pain in my stomach," he added, "and all day long I had a distaste for food." He also said "the old Véto" seemed very perturbed, as though he wished to utter his defence. This much is certain, he did not die as artistically as did Charles I., who first of all quietly pronounced his long speech of protestation, and preserved his presence of mind to such a degree that once or twice he requested the surrounding nobles not to finger the axe in case of blunting its edge. The mysterious, masked executioner of Whitehall presented a more gruesomely poetic aspect than

Samson with his bare face. Here Court and headsman had allowed the last mask to fall from their faces, and it was a prosaic spectacle indeed. Perchance Louis might have pronounced a long Christ-like speech of forgiveness, were it not that at his first words the roll of the drums was so deafening that his protestations of innocence were scarcely heard. The exalted heavenward words that Chateaubriand and his companions constantly paraphrase: "*Fils de Saint Louis, monte au ciel!*" these words were never spoken on the scaffold; they do not coincide with the sober work-a-day character of the good Edgeworth, in whose mouth they were put. They are the invention of a journalist of that date, Charles Hiss by name, who caused them to be printed on the same day. Such information is wholly useless. Nevertheless, these words are in every compendium; they have long since been learned by heart, and the poor school children have now also to learn by heart that these words were never uttered.

It cannot be denied that in exhibiting this picture, Delaroche seems to have had the intention to challenge historical parallels. If one begins with a parallel between Louis XVI. and Charles I., one naturally proceeds to draw another between Cromwell and Napoleon. I venture to say, however, that injustice is done to these when they are compared with one another. Napoleon remains guiltless of bloodshed; for the execution of the Duke d'Enghien was merely an assassination. Cromwell, however, never sank so low as to allow himself to be consecrated Emperor by a priest, nor, recreant son of revolution, to attain to kinship with Caesar by means of love intrigues. In the life of the one there is the stain of blood; in the life of the other there is the stain of oil. Both, however, felt a secret shame. Bonaparte, who could have been Europe's

Washington, but who became her Napoleon only, did not prosper in his imperial purple mantle. Liberty pursued him like the ghost of a slain mother, he heard her voice everywhere, even in the night. She tore him, terror-stricken, from the arms of legitimacy, who had come to share his couch; he was seen to wander rapidly through the spacious rooms of the Tuileries, storming and reviling. In the morning, tired and pale, he appeared at the State Council; and he complained of ideology, always of ideology, that pernicious ideology, and Corvisart shook his head.

If, too, Cromwell could not sleep quietly, but walked restlessly through Whitehall all night, it was not, as many devout Cavaliers believed, because he was haunted by the spectre of a bleeding king, but by the fear of flesh-and-blood avengers of his guilt. Therefore he always wore armour under his doublet; he became more and more distrustful, and after the appearance of the pamphlet "To put to death is no murder," Oliver Cromwell was never seen to smile again.

But, if a comparison between the Protector and the Emperor offer few resemblances, on the other hand the parallel drawn between the faults of the Stuarts and those of the Bourbons, between the periods of Restoration in both countries, is richer in result. The history of calamities almost repeats itself. Here to-day, as formerly in England, we have the quasi-legitimacy of a new dynasty. Once again sacred arms are being forged at the anvil of Jesuitism; the Church, beyond whose pale there is no salvation, sighs and intrigues as of yore in favour of the miraculous Child. The one thing now needful is that the French pretender should, as did formerly his English prototype, return straightway to his fatherland. Well, let him come! I prophesy for him the reverse of the fate of

Saul, who sought for his father's ass and found a crown; the youthful Henry will come to France to seek a crown, and will find only his father's asses.

Those who studied this picture of Cromwell were especially interested in the endeavour to divine the thoughts of the man by the bier of the dead Charles. History has two versions of this episode. According to one version, Cromwell had the coffin opened at night, by torch-light, and remained long in contemplation, with motionless body, and distorted features, like a dumb statue. According to the other tradition, he opened the coffin in daylight, quietly considered the dead body, and said, "He was a strongly built man, and might have lived long." In my opinion, Delaroche had this democratic legend in his mind. Cromwell's face expresses neither astonishment nor stupefaction, nor agitation of any kind; on the contrary, the spectator is struck by the grim, horrible calm of this man. There he stands, a strong, self-reliant figure, "brutal as a fact," powerful without pathos, demoniacally natural, wonderfully commonplace, execrated yet honoured; and there he contemplates his work, like a wood-cutter who has just felled his oak. He has quietly cut down the great oak which till then had spread its branches so proudly over England and Scotland; the royal oak under whose shade so many fine generations of men had flourished, where under the Sprites of Poesie had oftentimes circled in their sweetest dances. Quietly he has felled it with his fatal axe, and there it lies prostrate with all its beautiful foliage, and with its crown inviolate. . . . Ah, fatal axe!

"Do you think, sir, that the guillotine is a great improvement?" These were the croaking words with which an Englishman, who stood behind me, broke in upon the reflections which, as I have just described, affected me pain-

fully when I contemplated the wounded neck of Charles Stuart in the picture by Delaroche. And indeed it is painted with too crude realistic a hue. Moreover, the cover of the coffin is incorrectly drawn, and gives the latter the appearance of a violin case. Otherwise, the picture is painted with masterly excellence, with the fineness of Vandyck, with Rembrandtesque boldness in the shadows. It reminds me forcibly of the republican warrior in Rembrandt's great historical picture of the "Nightwatch" in the Trippenhuis in Amsterdam.

In character, Delaroche's talent, and that of the greater number of his confrères, resembles most closely that of the Flemish school; with this difference, however, that French grace handles a subject with more dexterous lightness, and a canvas is rendered charming with French elegance. Hence I might designate Delaroche an elegant Netherlander.

I shall perhaps report elsewhere the conversations I have so often heard in front of "Cromwell." No place offers a more favourable opportunity for the study of the popular feelings and opinions of the day. The picture was placed in the large hall, at the entrance of a long gallery. Beside it hung Robert's equally fine masterpiece, as though for comfort and consolation. Indeed, when the vision of that burly, soldierly figure of the Puritan—that terrible reaper with the dissevered kingly head—in strong relief against the dark background, thrills the spectator and stirs in him all his political passions, the soul feels the calming influence of those more pacific reapers, who, in heaven's serenest light, return with their finest sheaves of corn to the harvest feast of peace and love. If, before one of these pictures, we realise that the great struggle of the modern era is not yet ended, that the earth still trembles beneath our feet; if we still hear the raging of the storm that

threatens to tear the earth from its foundation; if, indeed, we perceive the yawning abyss that greedily engulfs torrents of blood, so that the fear of total destruction seizes us: in the other picture we see how steadfast and serene the earth remains, with what love she brings forth her golden fruits, even after she has been trampled under foot in the great universal tragedy of Rome, with all its gladiators and Emperors, and vices and elephants. It is a history without beginning and without end, that repeats itself ceaselessly, that is as simple as the sea, as the heavens, as the seasons; a sacred history that poets chant, and whose archives are to be found in the heart of every man:—the history of humanity!

Of a truth this vicinage of Robert's picture to that of Delaroche was salutary and wholesome. How often, after I have gazed at Cromwell, and so identified myself with him, that I could almost hear his thoughts, hard monosyllables grumbled and hissed in that deplorable English pronunciation which resembles the distant grumbling of the sea, and the shrill cries of the storm-birds—how often have I felt myself attracted by the quiet magic of the neighbouring canvas, and my soul was quieted and rejoiced when I seemed to hear the sweet speech of Tuscany sounding from Roman lips.

Ah! it is indeed needful that the beloved, indestructible, melodious history of humanity should comfort our souls in the discordant clash of the world's history. At this moment I hear out beyond me that harsh sound, threatening, deafening as of yore, that maddening din. Drums are beating, weapons are clashing; a frenzied, ever-welling crowd of men with wild cries and oaths surge through the narrow streets of Paris and howl, "Warsaw is fallen! Our vanguard has fallen! Down with the Ministers! War to

the Russians! Death to the Prussians!" I find it very difficult to remain quietly at my writing-desk, and bring my peaceable art-news from Paris to a conclusion. Yet, if I go out into the street, and if I be recognised as a Prussian, assuredly my skull will be battered in by one or other of these July-heroes, and all my ideas upon art will be squashed; or a bayonet will be run through my left side, where already my heart bleeds of itself. Indeed, I should run a chance of being locked up in the Watch-house as a foreign breaker of the peace.

At such a clamour thoughts and pictures become confused and indistinct. Delacroix's goddess of Freedom appears to me with a wholly altered face, almost with anxiety in her wild eyes. Vernet's picture of the Pope is miraculously altered; Christ's weak old Vicegerent seems young and healthy, and rises smilingly from his chair, and the mouths of his strong bearers seem as though opening for a lusty *Te Deum Laudamus*. The young English Prince sinks to the ground, and, dying, looks at me with the well-known glance of my friend, with that intensity that is peculiar to the Poles. The dead Charles, too, wears quite another face and alters suddenly: when I look closely, there lies no king in the black coffin, but murdered Poland, and no Cromwell stands before it, but the Tzar of Russia, a noble, fine figure, as imposing as when once I saw him in Berlin, when he stood on a balcony near to the King of Prussia, whose hand he kissed. Three thousand Berliners, who rejoiced in the spectacle, shouted Hurrah! and I thought in my heart, "God be merciful to us!" For I knew the Sarmatian proverb, "You must kiss the hand that you wish not to sever."

Ah! I wish that here also the King of Prussia had allowed his left hand to be kissed, and with his right hand had

seized the sword, and anticipated the dangerous enemy of the fatherland, as duty and reason demanded. Had this Hohenzollern assembled the Vogtwürde of the kingdom in the north, they would certainly have registered their votes against encroaching Russia. The Russians are a brave people, and I love and honour them; but since the fall of Warsaw—the last rampart which divided us from them—they have drawn so close to our hearts that I feel afraid.

I fear me, that the next time the Tzar of Russia visits us that it will be our turn to kiss his hand—God be merciful to us!

God be merciful to us! Our last rampart has fallen; the goddess of Freedom grows pale; our friend has fallen to the ground, the Romish high-priest lifts himself up, smiling malevolently; and victorious aristocracy stands triumphant over the bier of the proletariat.

I hear that Delaroche is at present at work on a pendent to his Cromwell, a Napoleon at Saint Helena, and that he has chosen the moment when Sir Hudson Lowe, the Tory executioner, lifts the shroud which covers the corpse of the great representative of Democracy.

Returning to my subject, there remain several important painters to eulogise; for example, the two sea-painters, Gudin and Isabey; also one or two excellent depictors of ordinary life, the spiritual Destouches and the humorous Pigal. But, in spite of the best intentions, it is impossible for me quietly to enumerate their peaceable merits one after another, for the clamour in the streets is really too loud; it is impossible to order one's thoughts when such storms re-echo in the soul. It is difficult enough, in Paris, on so-called quiet days to turn from the attraction of the life in the streets, to indulge in private dreams. Though

art blossoms in Paris better than elsewhere, nevertheless, we are every moment disturbed in the enjoyment of it by the hoarse clangours of life; the sweetest tones of Pasta and of Malibran are rendered displeasing to us by the cry of need, of bitter poverty; the heart, intoxicated by Robert's colour-poems, is quickly sobered by a sight of the public misery. It would need the egotism of a Goethe to attain to an undisturbed enjoyment of art, and I feel strongly at this moment how more than usually difficult art criticism is thereby rendered. Yesterday I was totally unable to proceed with these notes after I had walked through the Boulevards, where I saw a man, pale as death, fall to the ground with hunger and misery. But when a whole people falls upon the Boulevard of Europe—then it is impossible to write quietly when the critic's eyes are dimmed with tears; his judgment is then no longer of any value.

Artists, with reason, complain of this time of dissension, of universal turmoil. It is said that painting pre-eminently requires the peaceful olive branch. Hearts which listen anxiously whether or not the war-trumpets sound, have certainly not the necessary attention to give to sweet music. The opera is listened to with deaf ears; the ballet is watched with but partial attention. "It is the fault of that accursed July revolution," sigh the artists, and they forswear liberty and tiresome politics, which absorb everything and everyone to their detriment. I hear—but I cannot believe it—that nothing further is spoken of the theatre in Berlin; that according to yesterday's *Morning Chronicle* the Reform Bill has passed through the Lower House, and Doctor Raupach, who is at present in Baden-Baden, bewails the times, because his art-talents have thereby gone to the wall.

I am certainly a great admirer of Doctor Raupach; I went to the theatre whenever "Schülerschwänke," or "Sieben Mädchen in Uniform," or "Das Fest der Handwerker," or any other of his pieces were given: but I cannot deny that the fall of Poland causes me far more concern than I should feel did Doctor Raupach with his art-talent disappear. O Warsaw! Warsaw! not for the whole world would I have had thee fall!

The old prophecy which I made concerning the end of the present art period—that it began at Goethe's cradle and would end at his grave—seems to be nearing its fulfilment. The art of to-day must wane because its life-principle is rooted in a decrepit old *régime* of the holy Roman kingdom of the past. Wherefore, like all decaying survivals of that past, it remains most unregeneratively antipathetic to the present. It is this antipathy, and not the troublous times, that is so harmful to art. On the contrary, troublous times are salutary to it. As of yore in Athens and Florence, so now, art unfolds her most beautiful blossoms in the midst of the wildest war and party storms. Of a truth, those Athenian and Florentine artists lived no egotistical, isolated, art-absorbed lives, with leisurely poet's heart closed to the great sorrows and joys of their time. Their work, on the contrary, was but the dream-mirror of their time; they themselves were manly men whose personalities were as powerful as their artistic talents. In Phidias and Michael Angelo, the man and the artist formed one whole being, even as their statues were carved from one whole block of marble. Just as these statues were in harmony with their Grecian and Catholic temples, so those artists were in complete accord with their surroundings. They did not isolate their art from the politics of the day; their work was not the result of paltry personal afflatus. Æschylus sang of the Persians with the

same earnestness with which he fought against them at Marathon; Dante wrote his comedies not as a commissioned poet-in-ordinary, but as a banned Guelf; and in his exile he sang, not of the eclipse of his talent, but of the downfall of Freedom.

Surely these new days will give birth to new art-powers that will be in inspired harmony therewith; that will not need to borrow symbols from the faded Past, but will evolve a technique wholly different from what has gone before. Until then, with sound and colour, self-intoxicated subjectivity, individuality, and divinely free personality must use to the uttermost the joy of life—which is far more profitable than the dead phantom of an old art.

Or, do art and the world draw to a sorrowful close? Is that spirituality, which now leavens all European literature, a sign of approaching extinction, to that hour of death when men become clear-sighted and with pale lips give utterance to transcendental secrets? Or will grey old Europe become young again? Perchance this twilight-spirituality of her writers and artists is not the wonderful second sight of the dying, but a welcome premonition of a re-birth, the harbinger breath of a new spring.

This year's exhibition has quieted that unholy fear of death, and gives promise of better things. The Archbishop of Paris hopes for salvation in the cholera, in death; I await it in freedom, in life. Therein do our faiths differ. I believe that France, out of the sentient depths of her new life, will breathe forth a new art. And this heavy task is demanded of the French people, of the French, the light-hearted, fickle people, whom we so often liken to a butterfly.

But the butterfly is also the symbol of immortality of the soul and of its eternal rejuvenescence.

THE SALON, 1833.

When I arrived in Paris in the summer of 1831, nothing caused me greater surprise than the exhibition of pictures then open; and although the more important political and religious revolutions solicited my attention, I could not refrain from writing first of all upon the great revolution which had there taken place in the domain of art, of which that Salon must be considered a representative outcome.

Together with most of my own countrymen, I had held unfavourable prejudices concerning French art; that is, against French painting, whose latest developments had remained quite unknown to me. Painting in France has been influenced by special conditions; it has followed the social movement, and has been rejuvenated with the people themselves. This statement, however, does not apply to the sister arts of music and poetry, whose transformation had commenced prior to the Revolution. M. Louis de Maynard contributed a series of articles to *L'Europe Littéraire* upon the Salon; they are certainly among the most interesting notes ever written upon art by a Frenchman. He has expressed himself upon the point in question in the following words, which I have reproduced faithfully, though without his grace and charm of expression:—

"The painting of the eighteenth century commences in

the same manner as the contemporary politics and literature; in like manner it attains to a certain accomplished development, and its decline dates from the day of the universal downfall in France. A strange period, in truth, that commences with a burst of laughter at the death of Louis XIV., and finishes in the arms of the executioner, 'Monsieur le bourreau,' as Madame de Barry called him! Oh! this century that has denied everything, railed at everything, profaned everything, that has believed in nothing; for that very reason it was all the more capable of its great work of destruction, and it destroyed, without being able the least in the world to reconstruct anything, or for that matter without having any such desire.

"However, if the arts followed the same movement, they nevertheless followed with unequal strides. Thus, painting in the eighteenth century lagged behind. It produced its Crebillons, but it had neither a Voltaire nor a Diderot. Constantly in the pay and under the patronage of the great, constantly under the petticoats of the reigning mistresses, little by little, I know not how, it lost its daring and its strength.

"Throughout all its libertinage it never shows that transport, that enthusiasm which carries us away, dazzles us, and compensates us for its bad taste. Moreover, its cold affectations, its faded artifice affect us painfully where, in the centre of a boudoir, a dainty little lady stretched on a sofa, plays lightly with her fan. Favart, with his *Églés* and his *Zulmas*, is truer to nature than Watteau and Boucher with their coquettish shepherdesses and their idyllic abbés.

"Favart, though he made himself ridiculous, worked nevertheless in good faith. The painters of that time were less affected than any one else by the ferment that was permeating France. The outbreak of the Revolution

caught them in their studio coats. Philosophy, politics, science, literature, each represented by one man in particular, precipitated themselves impetuously, like a band of drunken men, in an assault of whose aim they were ignorant; but the nearer they approached the realisation of it, the calmer became their fever, the more peaceable their features, the more assured their strides.

"They had confused presentiments of the aim, which heretofore they were unable to define; for they had read in the book of God that all human joys end in tears. Alas! they had emerged from too noisy, too disorderly a banquet not to anticipate what would be more serious, more terrible. When one reflects upon the qualms with which they were at times tormented in the midst of the gentle intoxication of that eighteenth century orgy, one might almost believe that the scaffold, which was to put an end to all that joyfulness, had beckoned to them from afar with its sombre, spectral hand.

"Painting, which till then had held itself aloof from the more serious of the social movements,—either because it was debilitated by wine and women, or because it regarded co-operation as useless,—dallied until the last moment among its roses, its perfumes of musk, its shepherdesses' frolics. Vien and a few others realised that it must be snatched therefrom at any price, but they did not know what next to do with it. Lesueur, held high in the esteem of the master of David, was unable to found a new school: he was forced to relinquish the effort. Himself arrived in a time when all intellectual royalty had fallen, together with the power of a Marat or a Robespierre, David was in the same dilemma as these artists. Nevertheless we know that he went to Rome, and that he returned as confirmed a Vanlooist as he went.

"It was later only, when Greek and Roman antiquity was preached, when publicists and philosophers recommended a return to the ancient forms, whether social, political, or literary,—it was then only that his nature unfolded itself in all its innate hardihood, that with puissant hand he dragged art out of the frivolous and perfumed sheepfolds into which it had fallen, to raise it to the rarefied regions of antique heroism. The reaction was as pitiless as are all reactions, and David pushed it to an extreme: with him terrorism commenced in painting."

David's work and procedure are well enough known in Germany. Our French guests under the Empire have frequently discoursed to us concerning David.

We have also frequently heard of his pupils, who continued the master's work, each in his own way; of Gerard, Gros, Girodet, and Guerin. We know, however, less about another man whose name also begins with a G, who, if he be not the founder, is at least the initiator of a new school of painting in France. I refer to Géricault.

I have alluded elsewhere to this new school. When I described the best canvases in the Salon of 1831 I then summed up the characteristics of these new masters.

That Salon, in the judgment of all, was the most extraordinary that France has ever seen, and it remains memorable in the annals of Art. In particular, the pictures which I considered worthy of description will live for centuries to come, and my writing is perhaps a useful contribution to the history of painting.

I have been able this summer to convince myself of the immense importance of the Salon of 1831, when the galleries of the Louvre, which had been closed during two months, reopened on the first of April and proffered to us the most recent products of French art. As is customary,

the old pictures, which mainly constitute the national gallery, were concealed by folding screens on which the new pictures were hung; so that at times, behind the Gothic insipidities of a neo-romantic painter, the graceful mythological old Italian masterpieces could be seen. The whole exhibition resembled a *codex palimpsestus*, wherewith one is all the more annoyed at the superimposed barbarous text because of the divine Greek poetry it conceals.

Nearly four thousand pictures, and among them scarcely one masterpiece to be found! Was this the result of too great a fatigue after too great an excitement?

Does Art also manifest that lamentable *malaise* which we observed in the political life of the French nation after the mad delirium of liberty had subsided? Was this year's exhibition only a garish yawn, a multicoloured echo of the Chamber? If the Salon of 1831 was irradiated with the July sun, it was the mournful rain of June which dropped in the Salon of 1833.

The two fêted heroes of 1831, Delaroche and Robert, did not enter the lists; the other painters whom I praised previously have this year produced nothing of excellence. With the exception of a picture by Tony Johannot, a German, not a single canvas interested me strongly. Scheffer has produced another *Marguerite*, which witnesses to great technical progress, yet is not an important work. It is the same idea, painted with more warmth, thought out more apathetically. Horace Vernet sent another big picture, beautiful merely in its details. Décamps apparently wished to make fun of the Salon and of himself, for he has sent paintings chiefly of monkeys, among them one very excellent ape painting an historical picture. Its long drooping Teuto-Christ-like hair reminded one joyously of friends across the Rhine.

It is M. Ingres of whom most is spoken this year, both in praise and blame. He has painted two portraits, one of a young Italian, the other of an elderly Frenchman, M. Bertin, senior. As Louis Philippe in the domain of politics, so Ingres was this year king in the realm of art; as the first reigns in the Tuileries, so the other reigns in the Louvre. The character of M. Ingres also is commonplace; he is in fact *juste milieu* between Mieris and Michael Angelo. In his pictures the lusty heroism of Mieris is joined to the fine coloration of Michael Angelo.

The notable sculpture at the present exhibition is the gainer by the lessening enthusiasm excited by the painting. There is work here which gives warrant for the highest expectations. One bears comparison even with the art of the masters: the *Cain* of M. Étex. It is a group of symmetrical, even monumental beauty, antediluvian in character yet with a wholly modern signification. Cain, with his wife and his children, is represented in acceptation of his fate, absorbed, without thought, petrified in disconsolate repose. This man has killed his brother in consequence of a dispute concerning a thanks-offering, because of a religious quarrel. Yes, religion bred the first fratricide, and since then it has borne on its forehead the sign of blood.

I shall return later to Étex's *Cain*, when I have alluded further to the extraordinary advance which in our day we remark in sculpture, more even than in painting. The *Spartecus* and *Theséus*, at present exhibited in the gardens of the Tuileries, excite my thoughtful admiration every time I see them. Only, when it rains, I regret that such masterpieces of modern art should be so wholly exposed in the open air. The heavens are not so clement here as in Greece, where, as a matter of fact, works of the highest order were better protected from wind and rain than is

usually supposed. The best were well sheltered, usually in temples. Thus far, the weather has done little hurt to the new statues of the Tuileries, and the effect is very beautiful when they are seen in relief against the fresh green foliage of the chestnuts. It is very amusing sometimes to hear the nurses explain to the little children who play there, what is the meaning of that naked man in marble who holds his sword in his hand with so angry a mien; or what sort of strange creature that is who has the head of an ox on his human body, and is being slain by the club of another naked man. The ox-man, they say, has devoured many little children. Young republicans who pass by the statue are pleased to observe that Spartacus throws a sullen look towards the windows of the Tuileries, and they see the monarchy in the form of the Minotaur. Other people find something to say anent the manner in which Theseus wields his club, and pretend that were he to deal his blow he would infallibly smash his own hand. Be that as it may, thus far the general effect is excellent. After the lapse of a few winters, however, these fine statues will have become weather-worn and crumbly, moss will grow on the sword of Spartacus, peaceful families of insects will nest between the ox head of the Minotaur and Theseus's club, if the latter's hand and the club itself have not been broken.

Since so many useless soldiers have to be fed here, the king ought to station a sentinel in the Tuileries at each side of the statue, to hold an open umbrella over it when it rains. Then, in the true sense of the word, art would be protected under the umbrella of the citizen-king.

Artists complain on all sides of the excessive parsimony of the king. It is said that, as Duke of Orleans, he took an

active interest in the arts. It is murmured that orders and payments are alike unsatisfactory. Nevertheless, with the exception of the King of Bavaria, he is the chief art connoisseur among the princes. To-day his mind is too wholly absorbed by politics for active concern with the arts as formerly. If, however, his taste for painting and sculpture has cooled somewhat, that for architecture has become a veritable passion with him. Never has there been so much building in Paris as now under the king's auspices. Everywhere new edifices and whole new streets are being built. Hammering goes on continuously at the Louvre and at the Tuileries. The plan for the New Library is as grandiose as can be imagined. The Church of the Madeleine, the old Temple of Glory, approaches completion. Further work also, on that grand palace of the Ambassadors which Napoleon wished to construct on the right bank of the Seine, is once more in progress. At present only half of the building is finished, so that it looks like the ruins of a gigantic fort. Wonderful colossal monuments are being erected in the public places. In the Place de la Bastille the great elephant is being put up, which, not inaptly, represents the conscious force and powerful reason of the people. In the Place de la Concorde there stands a wooden effigy of the obelisk at Luxor. In a few months hence the Egyptian original will replace it, and serve to commemorate the horrible events previously enacted here on the 21st January. Though that hieroglyph-bedizened messenger may bring thousands of experiences with him from the wonderland of Egypt, the modern lantern-post, which has stood for fifty years in the middle of La Place de la Concorde, has seen things incomparably more remarkable; and the old, red, primæval stone-giant will pale and tremble with fright when, on a quiet winter's night, that

frivolous lantern-post begins to chatter and recount the history of the place whereon they stand.

The craze for building is the king's master-passion, and may become the cause of his downfall. I fear that, in spite of all promises, he thinks constantly of the "detached forts"; for this project of his would necessitate the use of favourite tools, the trowel and hammer, and his heart beats with joy when he thinks of a hammer. These hammer-strokes may some day make him deaf to the voice of reason; insensibly he may become the dupe of his favourite fantasies, if he consider these forts to be his only means of salvation and their construction a matter easy of execution.

Thus, a craze for architecture may be the means of dragging us into great political agitations. In connection with these forts and the king himself, I may be permitted to quote here a fragment written by me last July:—

"The whole secret of revolutionary parties consists in this, that they do not wish to attack the government, but rather to await some violent attack from their opponents, so that they may make an active resistance. A new insurrection in Paris, therefore, cannot break out except at the express desire of the government, which must first furnish the occasion by some significant act of folly. If the insurrection succeed, France will at once declare a Republic, and Revolution will waltz over the whole of Europe, whose old institutions, if not trampled to pieces, will at least be terribly shaken. If the insurrection fail, a terrible, unheard-of reaction will set in here, which will be aped with the usual ineptitude by neighbouring countries, and may bring about many changes in the existing condition of things. In any case, the peace of Europe is endangered by whatever unwonted action the French government may attempt

against the interests of the Revolution, by whatever it may undertake that is hostile to the revolutionary parties. Now, as the will of the present government is no other than the exclusive will of the king, the breast of Louis Philippe is in reality Pandora's box; it encloses all the evils that may one day pour themselves over the whole earth. Alas! it is impossible to read in his face the thought of his heart; for this younger branch seems to be as much the master of dissimulation as the elder. No actor on this earth holds his face so much under control, no one knows how to play his *rôle* in so masterly a way, as our citizen-king. He is perhaps one of the most intellectual and courageous men in France. Nevertheless, when it became a question of gaining the crown, he knew how to give himself the appearance of a harmless, timid bourgeois; the people who placed him on the throne without much ceremony certainly believe that they can remove him at will with even less ceremony. This time royalty has played the feeble-spirited part of Brutus. Therefore it is at themselves and not at Louis Philippe that the French ought to laugh when they see those caricatures which represent him with his white felt hat and his big umbrella. Both are highly correct, and, like the hand-shakings, belong to his *rôle*. History will one day testify that he acted his part well; this thought may perhaps console him for the caricatures and satires which make him the object of their wit. The number of these caricatures and skits becomes daily greater, and everywhere great pears are to be seen drawn on the walls of the houses.[1] No prince has ever been so scoffed at in his own capital as Louis Philippe. But he reflects, 'Who laughs last laughs best; it is not you who will eat the pear, the pear will eat you.'

[1] This is an allusion to the singular physiognomy and pointed style of wearing the hair, characteristic of Louis Philippe.

Assuredly he feels all these insults which are levelled at him, for he is a man. Neither is he of so gentle and lamb-like a nature that he cannot revenge himself; he is a man, and a strong man who can control his ill-temper at the moment and knows how to command his anger. When the hour strikes that he judges to be propitious, then he will strike—first against his immediate enemies, then against those who are beyond this pale, but have offended him still more gravely. This man is capable of anything; who knows if he will not one day throw down, as gage of combat, the glove which has become so dirty with all those indiscriminate hand-shakings. He is not lacking in princely self-esteem. He, whom I had seen with felt hat and umbrella shortly after the July Revolution, had suddenly changed when I saw him on the 6th of June last year, after he had vanquished the republicans! He was no longer the good-natured, pot-bellied bourgeois, with smiling fleshy face: even his corpulence gave him an air of dignity, and he held his head as boldly in the air as any of his forefathers had ever done. His weighty presence was majestic, he was every pound a king! When, however, he perceived that the crown did not sit quite firmly on his head, that stormy weather might overtake him, he resumed the old felt hat and once more took his umbrella in his hand! In how bourgeois a manner at the Grand Review a few days later did he salute his fellow-tailors and bootmakers, how he distributed to right and left the most cordial hand-shakings, not only with his hand, but with his eyes and smiling lips, and even whiskers! Nevertheless, this smiling, saluting, imploring, suppliant, honest man carried then in his breast fourteen 'detached forts.'

"These forts are just now the object of the most serious questions; the solution of these questions may be terrible,

and even shake the whole world. It is ever the same fatality that lures these clever people to their undoing: they believe themselves to be cleverer than a whole people, whereas experience has shown that the masses judge with instinctive correctness, and divine shrewdly, if not the whole plans, at least the intentions of their rulers. The people are omniscient, all-powerful; the eye of the people is the eye of God. Thus the French people shrugged their shoulders with pity when the government, with a paternal air, hypocritically announced that it wished to fortify Paris in order to be able to protect it against the Holy Alliance. Every one feels that Louis Philippe wishes solely to fortify himself against Paris. It is true, the king has sufficient reason to fear Paris. The crown scorches his head and singes his scalp as long as the great flame still smoulders in Paris, that hearth of Revolution. But why does he not state this openly? Why does he still pose as the faithful guardian of this flame? It would, perhaps, be more advantageous for him were he to explain openly to the grocers and other partisans of royalty, that he cannot uphold either himself or them, so long as he is not complete master of Paris, that for this reason he surrounds the capital with fourteen forts, whose cannons from above would impose silence in all the risings below. The frank avowal that it concerned his head and the heads of all the *juste-milieu*, would perhaps bring about a good result. But now it is not only the opposition party, but most of the shop-keepers and the hangers-on of the *juste-milieu* system, who are exasperated at the 'detached forts'; and the press has made the reason of their irritation sufficiently plain to them. The majority of the shop-keepers opine, in short, that Louis Philippe is a very excellent king, worthy that sacrifices should be made for him and even certain risks be run, as, for instance, on the

5th and 6th of June,—when, to the number of 640,000 men, together with 20,000 troops of the line, they risked their lives against a few hundreds of Republicans! But in no way do they consider it worth while that, in order to retain Louis Philippe, Paris should be exposed to risks; that is to say, that they themselves, their wives, their children, and all their shops should be shot at from the height of the fourteen new forts during possible subsequent outbreaks. Moreover, they say that during fifty years, they have been accustomed to every sort of revolution. Studious efforts might be made to mediate in the case of the lesser outbreaks, so that peace might be speedily restored. Their policy in the more considerable insurrections would be to yield immediately, so that quiet might at once be re-established. Even the strangers, they say, the rich strangers, who spend so much money in Paris, are convinced that a revolution has no dangers for a peaceable onlooker: that, indeed, there is no reason why it should not be accomplished with the greatest order, with great politeness; while for a foreigner, it is quite a treat even, to be able safely to experience a revolution. However, if Paris be surrounded with detached forts, the fear of cannon-balls on a fine morning would chase away from Paris all foreigners, all provincials, and not only these and other strangers, but also many of the inhabitants. Then less sugar, pepper, and pomade would be sold, and less profits secured; in short, commerce and industry would be ruined. Grocers, who tremble for their house rents, for their customers, for themselves and families, are therefore hostile to a project which will convert Paris into a fortress, in place of the old, bright, careless Paris of earlier days. Others, who belong, it is true, to the *juste-milieu*, but who have not renounced the liberal principles of the Revolution,

and prefer these principles to those of Louis Philippe, these men think that the citizen-royalty is better protected by institution than by any kind of architecture which too vividly recalls old feudal times, when the master of the citadel could dominate the town at his good pleasure. So far, they say, Louis Philippe has proved himself a faithful guardian of the civil liberty, of the equality that has been gained through so much bloodshed; but he is a man, and in man there is always a secret desire for absolute sway. Possessed of the detached forts, he could satisfy all his caprices with impunity; he would be far more untrammelled than any of the kings prior to the Revolution; for they could only clap malcontents into the Bastille—whereas, if Louis Philippe surround the whole town with bastilles, he bastillises the whole of Paris. Even if the Parisians were perfectly certain of the noble disposition of the present king, no one can guarantee the character of his successors, and still less of those who by cunning or chance might one day put themselves in possession of those detached forts, whence they could sway Paris at their own pleasure. But another and far weightier apprehension than these objections manifests itself everywhere, and disturbs even those who heretofore have sided neither for nor against the Revolutionary party. It concerns the highest and most important of the interests of the whole people—national independence. Although French vanity will not willingly reflect upon 1814 and 1815, every man must admit to himself that a third invasion does not lie completely out of the realms of the possibility: in which eventuality these detached forts not only would be no insurmountable obstacle to the allies if they wished to take Paris, but once in possession of the enemy, would enable the allies to hold Paris in check to all eternity, or even rase it completely to the ground with

the cannons. In this I merely state the opinion of Frenchmen who are convinced that during the first invasion the foreign troops placed themselves at a greater distance from Paris, because they found no staying point against this enormous population; that now the princes in the depths of their hearts desire nothing more ardently than utterly to destroy Paris, the hearth of the Revolution."

Is it really true that this project of detached forts is finally abandoned? That is known only of God, who sees into the loins of kings.

I cannot refrain from remarking that we are perhaps blinded by party spirit, and that the king is actuated by disinterested views only, and merely wishes to barricade himself against the Holy Alliance. But this is improbable. The Holy Alliance has, on the contrary, a thousand reasons to fear Louis Philippe, and has also a motive of supreme importance for desiring his preservation. For, in the first place, Louis Philippe is the most powerful prince in Europe; his material power is increased tenfold by its inherent mobility, and ten times a hundred times stronger yet are the moral means at his disposal in case of need. If, nevertheless, the united princes succeed in bringing about the fall of this man, they themselves will have thereby overturned the most powerful, and perhaps the last support of royalty in Europe. Yes, the princes ought daily on their knees to thank the Creator of crowns and of thrones, that Louis Philippe is king of France. Once already they have committed the folly of killing the man who alone had been able most powerfully to weld the Republicans together, Napoleon. Oh! it is with justice that you call yourselves kings by grace of God!

It was a special grace of God's that once He has sent a man to the kings who could save them at the moment when

Jacobinism had taken its axe in its hand and threatened to destroy the old monarchy: let the princes kill this man and then God himself cannot help them! He sent Napoleon Buonaparte and Louis Philippe of Orleans: by these two miracles He has twice offered salvation to monarchy. For God is wise and perceives that the Republican form of government is neither convenient nor profitable, nor revivifying for old Europe. And I, too, share this opinion. But perchance we two can do nothing against the blindness of princes and of demagogues. Against stupidity we gods fight in vain.

Yes, it is my most sacred conviction that Republicanism would be neither convenient, profitable, nor salutary for the peoples of Europe, and quite impossible for the Germans. When, blindly apeing the French, the German demagogues took to preaching a German republic, and attempted in their mad fury to defame and abuse not only the kings but monarchy itself, that last guarantee of our society, I considered it a duty to express myself as I have done in the foregoing pages regarding the 21st January. True, since the 28th of June of last year, my royalism has turned a little sour: yet, I repeat, I do not feel disposed to omit this passage in reprinting these pages.

I am proud of having once had the courage not to allow myself to be lured either by caresses and intrigue, or by threats, into foolishness or error. He who goes not as far as his heart impels him, and his reason permits, is a coward; he who goes farther than he wished to go is a slave.

LETTERS FROM BERLIN.

[1822.]

"Strange!—Were I the Dey of Tunis
I would sound the alarm at so dubious an event."
—KLEIST, *The Prince of Homburg.*

I.

YOUR very welcome letter of the 5th inst. filled me with the greatest joy, inasmuch as it expressed so unmistakably your good-will towards me. My heart is gladdened to learn that so many good and worthy people think of me with interest and love. You must not believe that I have so soon forgotten our Westphalia! The September of 1850 is still too fresh in my memory. The beautiful valleys around Hagen, the friendly Oberweg at Unna, the pleasant days in Hamm, the excellent Fritz von B., you, Wundermann, the antiquities in Soest, even the heath at Paderborner, all stand vividly before my eyes. I still hear the old oak forests rustle around me, I hear the whisper of each leaf: "Here dwelt the old Saxons, who were the last to lose their ancient Germanic faith and customs." I still hear an old stone cry to me, "Wanderer, stop, here Arminius defeated the legions of Varus!" In order to know thoroughly the serious and forcible character of the inhabitants of

Westphalia, their honesty, their unpretentious solidity, the country must be traversed on foot, as, indeed, I did in Austrian Landwehr-day-marches. It will really prove a great pleasure to me, if, as you write to me, I can gratify so many people who are dear to me by sending a few communications dated from the capital. Immediately on receiving your letter I prepared pens and paper, and now here I am—at work.

I have no lack of notes. The only question is, what shall I not write about? That is to say, what are the things long since known to the public? to what are they indifferent? what should they ignore? Yet another embarrassment: there is much to be written about, but as little as possible upon the theatre and subjects of that kind, as these constitute the constant theme of the correspondents of the *Abendzeitung*, the *Morgenblatte*, and the Viennese *Konversationblatte*, where, moreover, they are detailed systematically. One reader may be interested if I relate that Jagor has added to his list of ingenious inventions a certain Truffle-ice; another will be delighted to hear that Spontini, at the last Ordensfest, wore coat and breeches of green satin dotted with golden stars. Require nothing systematic from me, for that is the exterminating angel of all correspondence. To-day I will speak of public balls, of churches; to-morrow of Savigny, and of the merry-andrews who traverse the streets in extraordinary attire; the following day, of the Gustiniani Gallery, and then, mayhap, I will return to Savigny and the merry-andrews. Association of ideas shall always prevail. A letter will follow every four or six weeks. The two first will be of disproportionate length, for I shall therein give a sketch of the interior and external life of Berlin. A sketch, not a picture. But where shall I begin with this

mass of material? A French rule comes to my aid: Begin at the beginning.

I will, therefore, begin with the town, and will imagine that, once again, I am in search of the General Post Office in Konigstrasse, and that I have had my light portmanteau taken to the "Black Eagle" in Post Strasse. Already I hear you ask, "Why is the post office not in Post Strasse, and the 'Black Eagle' in Konigstrasse?" Another time I will answer these questions; at the present I am going for a turn in the town, and pray you to accompany me. Follow me only a few steps, and here we are at once at a very interesting spot. We are standing on the Long Bridge. You murmur to yourself, "It is not so very long!" Pure irony, my dear friend. Let us stand here a moment and examine the statue of the great Elector. He sits proudly on his horse, while chained slaves surround the pedestal. The group is a magnificent bronze, and incontestably the finest work of art in Berlin. Moreover, it can be seen gratis, for it stands in the middle of the bridge. It has the greatest resemblance to the statue of the Elector Johann-Wilhelm on the market-place at Dusseldorf, except that here in Berlin the tail of the horse is less thick. But I see you are being hustled on all sides.

There is a constant crowd on this bridge. Look round about you. What a fine, handsome street! That is the Konigstrasse where all the best shops are, and where bright-coloured shining wares of all kinds dazzle the eyes. Let us advance; now we have reached the Schlossplatz. On the right is the Castle, a big grandiose building. Time has coloured it grey, and has given it a sombre, but proportionally majestic, appearance. On the left are other two fine streets, Bruderstrasse and Breitestrasse; straight before you, now, is the Stechbahn, a kind of boulevard. And

here lives Josty! Ye Gods of Olympus, how I should put you out of conceit of your Ambrosia were I to describe all the sweets here accumulated! Oh! if only you knew the contents of these *kisses!* Oh, Aphrodite, hadst thou emerged from such foam thou wouldst have been sweeter still! The premises are narrow and close, it is true, and decorated like a tavern. But the good always gains the victory over the beautiful; here, packed together like herrings, are the grandchildren of the "Bears," comfortably seated, while they lap cream and smack their lips with enjoyment and lick their fingers.

"Away, away hence!
The eye sees through the open door,
The heart revels in delight."

We can go through the castle, and we shall find ourselves at once in the pleasure-grounds. "Where is the garden, though?" you ask. Ah, good heavens! never mind it; irony again! The garden is a square surrounded with a double row of poplars. We stumble here upon a marble statue guarded by a solitary sentinel. It is the old Dessauer.[1] He wears the old Prussian uniform, in nowise idealised, exactly like the heroes on the Wilhelmsplatz. I will point them out to you on the first occasion; there are Keith, Ziethen, Seidlitz, Schwerin, and Winterfeld: the two last wear Roman costumes, with long curling wigs.

Here we are in front of the cathedral church; the exterior is shortly to be ornamented by two new turrets on both sides of the great tower. This great rounded tower is not amiss, but the two young turrets cut ridiculous figures. They look like bird-cages. There is a story

[1] The old Prince of Dessau, one of the most celebrated of Prussian generals in the eighteenth century.

told of the great philologist W. Last summer he took a walk with the orientalist H., who was passing through Berlin. Pointing to the cathedral, he asked, "What is the meaning of those bird-cages up there?" To which the learned Witzbold replied: "Bullfinches are reared up there."[1] Statues of Luther and of Melancthon are to be placed in the two great niches of the cathedral. Shall we enter, in order to admire the incomparable figure by Begasse? Moreover, you can edify yourself with the preaching of Pastor Theremin. No, let us remain outside, for allusions will certainly be made to the sectarian followers of M. Paulus. And it does not amuse me. Rather let us watch, immediately to the right of the cathedral, that undulating mass of people crammed together in a square railed-in enclosure. That is the Stock Exchange. There the upholders of the Old and of the New Testament traffic. We will not go too near to them. O God, what faces! Avarice in every muscle! When they open their mouths, they seem to cry to me, "Give me all your money!" Much must already have been staked. The richest must certainly be those on whose jaded faces discontent and ill-humour is most deeply graven. How much happier are those poor devils who do not know if a golden louis is round or square! With good reason merchants are here held in small esteem.

But so much the more thought of are those fine gentlemen down there, with the great plumed hats and the red embroidered coats; for the pleasure-garden is the place where daily the watchword is given, and where the parade of the guards is mustered.

I am, in truth, no special friend of military affairs; nevertheless, I must confess it is always a pleasing spectacle

[1] The above is an untranslatable pun. The word *Dompfasse*, which means a bullfinch, also signifies a Canon of the Cathedral.

to see the Prussian officers grouped together in the garden. Fine, vigorous, solid, virile men. Here and there, it is true, one may still see a puffed-up, stupidly proud aristocratic strut conspicuous in the crowd. Nevertheless, one finds in the majority of these officers, especially among the younger, a modesty and a simplicity of manners, the more estimable inasmuch as the military profession is the most respected in Berlin. The old caste feeling, formerly so rigid, is now, it is true, less exclusive; in great part, no doubt, because every Prussian must serve as a common soldier during one year at least, and this without exception, from the king's son to the son of the cobbler. Doubtless this is very irksome and oppressive, but in many respects it is very wholesome. It guarantees our young men against the danger of becoming effeminate. In many of the States less is heard about the oppression of the military service, because in them it is all thrown on the poor agriculturist, whereas the noble, the learned, the rich, and even—as in Holstein, for example—the whole populace of the town are exempt from service. How rapidly all such complaints with us would die away if our loud grumbling citizens, our politically inclined shopmen, our genial auditors, office clerks, poets, and street loungers were exempt from service! Do you see that peasant drilling over there? He shoulders, presents arms—is silent.

Forwards, however! We must cross the bridge. You are surprised at the immense amount of building material which lies about here, at the numbers of workmen who lounge, chat, drink brandy, and do little else. Close by here the Dog Bridge once stood. The king had it demolished, and now is causing a magnificent iron bridge to be erected in its place. The work was begun this summer, and will drag on indefinitely; finally a splendid

work will be achieved. And now, look down there. . . . In the distance you can distinguish the Lindens.[1]

I really do not know a more imposing aspect than that presented by the Lindens viewed from the Dog Bridge. To the right the high, imposing Arsenal, the new Guard-house, the University, and the Academy. To the left the Royal Palace, the Opera House, the Library, etc.; fine buildings crowding upon fine buildings. Over all, there are statues for ornament; unfortunately all badly carved in inferior stone, with the exception of those on the Arsenal. . . . We now stand on the Schloss Platz, the broadest and largest "square" in Berlin. The king's palace is simpler and more insignificant than all the other edifices. Our king lives here like a simple citizen. Hats off! there he is, driving past. No—not that beautiful coach with six horses; that belongs to an ambassador. There he is, in yonder indifferent carriage drawn by two ordinary horses, his head covered with an ordinary officer's cap, his body enveloped in a grey waterproof. But the eye of the adept can see the purple beneath his cloak, and the diadem below his cap. "Do you see how affably the king returns every one's salute?" Listen! "He is a fine man," whispers a little fair one. "He is the best of husbands," answers sighingly her older friend. "*Ma foi*," growls out the officer of the huzzars, "he is the best rider in our army."

How does the University please you? A truly magnificent edifice! It is a pity that so few of the lecture-rooms are spacious. For the most part they are gloomy and comfortless; and, what is worse, in many of them the windows front the street, and afford, at an oblique angle, a view of the Opera House. How the luckless

[1] The famous Berlin alley or promenade, "Unter den Linden."

students must sit upon hot coals when the leathern wit—indeed not even morocco leather but pig's leather wit—of a dry-as-dust professor drones in his ears, while his eyes stray towards the street, fascinated by the picturesque spectacle of the brilliant equipages, the marching soldiers, the nymphs who skip past, and the gay crowd which streams towards the Opera House. How the sixteen "coppers" must burn in his pocket as the poor fellow thinks to himself, "Happy people! They are going to see Eunike play the part of Seraphim, or Milder that of Iphigenia." "*Apollini et Musis*" is the inscription on the Opera House, yet must the sons of the Muses remain outside. But see, the lecture is at an end and a crowd of students saunter towards the Lindens. "What," do you ask, "do so many Philistines attend the lecture?" Hush, hush, there are no Philistines. A tall hat *à la Bolivar* and a great-coat *à l'Anglaise* do not make the Philistine, any more than a red cap and a short coat make the student. Here there are numbers of sentimental young barber's apprentices, aspiring errand-boys, and stuck-up tailors, who affect the costume of good society. The well-born student must be excused if he wish not to be mistaken for one of these gentlemen. There are few Courlanders here, though Poles are rather more numerous; some seventy or so, nearly all of whom wear the student's costume. These have no reason to fear any perplexity as to who they are. A moment's glance at their faces shows that no tailor soul lurks beneath the short coat. Many of these Sarmatians might well serve as models of affability and worthy behaviour to their fellow-students, the sons of Hermann and Thusnelda. It is true. When one sees so many charming qualities in strangers, an immense dose of patriotism is requisite to persuade oneself always that the most excel-

lent and most precious product of earth is—a German! The students do not club much together. The Landsmannschaften[1] are abolished. The association known as "Arminia," composed of old adherents of the Burschenschaft,[2] has also been dissolved. Duels have become rare. One recent encounter had a tragic ending. Two medical students, Leibschütz and Febus, fell into a quarrel over an insignificant point of dispute—merely because both laid claim to seat No. 4. They were unaware of the fact that in this lecture-hall there were two seats marked 4; and, as it happened, both had received this number from the Professor. "Idiot," cried the one, and this slight exchange of words was all that then passed between them. They fought the other day, and Leibschütz transfixed himself on the point of his adversary's rapier. He died a quarter of an hour later. As he was a Jew, his body was carried to the Jewish Cemetery by his comrades at the Academy. Febus, also a Jew, took flight, and——

But I see you are not listening to my tale; you are admiring the Lindens. Yes, those are the famous Lindens of which you have heard so much. It thrills me to think that Lessing perhaps stood at this spot, that the favourite promenade of so many great men who have lived in Berlin has been under these trees. Here strolled the great Fritz, there—he wandered! But has not the present also its glories? It is just mid-day, the promenade hour of the gay world. The richly-dressed crowd comes and goes under the Lindens. Do you see that beau with the twelve-coloured vests? Do you hear the deeply significant remarks he lisps to his lady? Do you smell the costly pomades and essences with which he is perfumed? He

[1] The name of associations of students in German universities.

[2] The Student-Union, or the Student Fraternity.

scans you with his eye-glass, smiles, and curls his hair. But look at those fine ladies! What forms! I grow poetic!

"Yes, friend, here under the Lindens
Thou canst edify thy heart,
The most beautiful of women
Thou wilt here find assembled together.

They bloom, lovely and adorable,
In bright-coloured silken garments;
A poet, musing, named them
Sweet wandering flowers.

What beautiful feathered hats!
What beautiful Turkish shawls!
What beautiful bloom on these cheeks,
How still more beautiful the swanlike necks!"

No, that lady over there is a wandering Paradise, a wandering heaven, a wandering beatitude. And it is to that simpleton with moustachios that she throws such tender glances. That fellow is not one of those who invented powder, but one of those who use it; yes, a military man. You wonder why every one stops suddenly at this point, puts his hand into his watch-pocket, and looks upwards. My dear, we are standing exactly below the Academy clock, which goes better than all the watches in Berlin, so that each passer-by never fails to regulate his by it. It is an amusing sight for any one who does not know that a clock is there.

The Song-Academy is also in that building. I cannot procure you a ticket; indeed the president himself, Professor Zetter, is said not to be very complaisant when such requests are made to him. But observe that little brunette, who throws you so many speaking glances. And it is round so dainty a thing that you want to hang a

particular collar, the mark of the dog. How gracefully she shakes her little curled head, and trips with her little feet: now, look you, she smiles anew to show her white teeth. She must have remarked that you are a stranger. What a crowd of decorated men! What a mass of orders! when one is measured for a coat the tailor asks, "With or without incisions (for the orders)?" But halt! Do you see that building at the corner of the Charlottenstrasse? That is the *Café Royal!* Let us turn in there, I beg; I cannot pass without a glance inside. You do not wish to? Be it so; but you must humour me when we return this way. Opposite you, at an oblique angle, is the *Hotel de Rome*, and there, to the left, is the *Hotel de Petersbourg*, the two most important hotels here. Near by is Teichmann, the confectioner; his fancy *bonbons* are the best in Berlin, but there is too much butter in his cakes. If you want to dine badly for eight groschen, go to the restaurant next to Teichmann, on the first floor. Now look both right and left. This is the great Friedrichstrasse. Contemplation of it gives an idea of infinity. But do not let us stand too long; it is easy to catch cold here. There is a cruel draught between the Halle Gate and that of Oranienburg. Here to the left, good things crowd together again. On the one side dwells Sala Tarone; the *Café du Commerce* is on the other; and, finally, there lives—Jagor! A Sun is affixed above the door of this Paradise. Characteristic symbol! What sensations this sun excites in the stomach of a gourmand! Will he not neigh at this sight as did the horse of Darius Hystaspes?

Kneel down, ye modern Peruvians, here dwells—Jagor!

Yet, this sun is not without its spots. No matter how numerous may be the exquisite delicacies newly set forth each day on the printed cards, the service frequently lags.

Often, too, the roast joints are old and tough; whereas, in my opinion, at the *Café Royal*, most of the dishes are better prepared and more savoury. But the wine! Oh, why have I not the purse of Fortunatus! If you wish to delight your eyes, I recommend you to look at the pictures displayed in the glass cases on Jagor's ground-floor. There one sees, side by side, the actress Stich, the theologian Neander, and the violinist Boucher. How the Beauty smiles! Oh! if you saw her as Juliet when she gives the first kiss to the pilgrim Romeo! Her words are music—

> "Grace is in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
> In every gesture dignity and love."
>
> —MILTON.

How distraught Neander appears! Assuredly he thinks of the gnostics; thinks of Basilides, Valentinus, Bardesanes, of Carpocrates and of Marcus. Boucher bears a really striking resemblance to the Emperor Napoleon. He calls himself the Socrates of violinists, gathers a mad amount of money together, and out of gratitude calls Berlin *the capital of music.*

But let us pass on quickly. Here is another confectioner, and here also lives Lebeufve, a magnetic name. Look at the fine buildings on either side of the Lindens. Here resides the great world of Berlin. Let us quicken our steps. The large house to the left is Fuch's, the confectioner. Here everything is decorated in the most marvellous manner; everywhere mirrors, flowers, figures in marzipan, gilding—in short, the extreme of elegance. But, let me add, everything obtained here is at once the dearest and the worst in Berlin. A few sweetmeats, mostly stale, that is all! On the table two or three old newspapers lie, and the tall Fraulein who serves is not even

pretty. We will not go into Fuch's. I eat neither mirrors nor silk curtains, and if I wish to regale my eyes I go to see Spontini's *Cortez* or *Olympia*.

To the right of you, you will notice something new. Boulevards are being constructed in order to make a thoroughfare from Wilhelmstrasse to Lindenstrasse. We will pause a moment, to notice the Brandeburg Gate and the Victory that surmounts it. Erected by Langhans after the model of the Propylon at Athens, this gate is formed by a colonnade of twelve great Doric columns. As to the goddess on the top, she is sufficiently known to you through modern history. The good lady has also had her trials; though one cannot detect similar symptoms in this bold chariot driver. Let us pass through the gate. What lies before you is the renowned *Thiergarten*,[1] through which runs the broad drive to Charlottenburg. On either side are two colossal statues, one of which might stand for an Apollo; huge, ignoble, mutilated blocks. They ought to be thrown down, for certainly many a pregnant Berlinese has looked on them to her detriment. Hence the numerous hideous faces that we met under the Lindens. The police ought to interfere.

Let us retrace our steps. My appetite clamours, and I would fain turn in at the *Café Royal*. Will you drive? Here close to the gate is a *droschke* stand; for by this name are our vehicles known in Berlin. The fare is four groschen for one, and six for two "fares," and the coachman drives wherever he is desired. The carriages are all alike, and the drivers all wear grey capes with yellow facings. When one is in a hurry, or when it pours with rain, it is impossible to find a single *droschke*. Then, when the weather is fine, like to-day, or when one has nothing very particular to do,

[1] The Zoological Gardens.

one finds a mass of *droschkies* standing together. Let us get in. Quick, driver! What a moving stream under the Lindens! How many loiterers there, confident of their dinner to-day! Do you thoroughly comprehend that word *dinner*, my friend? Whosoever grasps the full meaning of that word knows the secret of all the agitation of human life. Quick, driver! What do you think of the immortality of the soul? Of a truth it is a great discovery, greater than that of powder. What is your opinion of Love? Quick, driver! Is it not true that it is the law of attraction and nothing more? Do you like Berlin? Does it not strike you that though the town is new, beautiful, and built with great regularity, it nevertheless gives a rather frigid impression? Madame de Staël made this very ingenious remark: "Berlin, that wholly modern town, however beautiful it may be, does not make sufficiently serious impression. It bears no imprints of its history, of its country, of the character of its inhabitants; and these magnificent dwellings, newly constructed, seem designed merely for the convenient gathering together of pleasure and of industry." Herr von Pradt has said something still more piquant. . . . But you do not hear a word on account of the rumbling of the carriages. Good, we are at our destination. Stop! We are at the *Café Royal*. That man with the affable face, standing at the door, is Beyermann. Now he is what I call something like a host! No cat's-back cringing, but thoughtful attention. Polite and urbane in manners, he is at the same time indefatigable in service; in short, the finest specimen of the genus, "Mine host." Let us go in. A splendid establishment! Outside, it is the handsomest *café* in Berlin; inside, it is the prettiest restaurant. It is a meeting-place of the educated fashionable world. Interesting men are often to be seen here. Notice over there that

big broad-shouldered man in the black overcoat? He is the celebrated Cosméli, who to-day is in London, to-morrow in Ispahan. Thus I picture to myself Chamisso's Peter Schlemihl. He has a paradox at the moment, on the tip of his tongue. Do you see that other tall man, with the haughty air and high forehead? That is Wolf, who has cut Homer to pieces, and can write German hexameters. And, at the table over there, that little fidgety man, whose face has a constant quivering of the muscles, whose gestures are at once comic yet dismal, that is Hoffmann, a councillor of the Chamber, who wrote *Kater Murr.* The individual with the upright, solemn figure, who sits opposite to him, is Baron von Lüttwitz, who furnished to the Voss newspaper a truly classical criticism of *Kater Murr.*

Do you see that elegant with easy manner who lisps like a Courlander, and at this moment has turned towards the tall serious-looking man in a green overcoat? He is the Baron von Schilling, who in the Minden Sunday newspaper so disturbed the "dear little grandsons of Teut." The serious one is a poet, Baron von Maltitz. But can you guess who is that man with the determined figure, standing near the chimney? That is your antagonist Hartmann from the Rhine; hard, and a man of bronze cast in one piece. But why trouble myself about all these gentlemen? I am hungry. "*Garçon, la carte!*" Glance over this list of splendid dishes. How melodious and melting these names sound, "as music on the waters!" These are magical, mysterious formulas, unlocking to us the realm of spirits. And . . . champagne! Permit me to shed a tear of emotion. But you, heartless man, you have no desire for all these dainties, and ask only for news, for miserable town cackle. You shall be satisfied.

"My dear Herr Goose, what is the news?"

He shakes his venerable grey head and shrugs his shoulders. We will turn to the little red-cheeked man; the fellow's pocket is always stuffed with news, and if once he begin to disgorge he goes on and on like a mill-wheel. What is the news in the musical world, my dear Herr Kammermusikus?

"Nothing at all. The new opera by Hellwig, *Die Bergknappen*, is one of no great interest. Spontini is at present composing an opera, for which Koreff has written the text. The subject is said to be taken from Prussian history. We shall also soon have Koreff's *Aucassin and Nicolette*, set to music by Schneider, whose score, however, is still undergoing revision. After the carnival we are promised Bernard Klein's heroic opera, *Dido*. The ladies Bohrer and Boucher have announced their coming concerts. When *Der Freyschütz* is given, it is always difficult to procure seats. The bass singer Fischer is here; he will not appear in public, though he sings a great deal at private houses. Graf Brühl is still very ill; he broke his collar-bone. We feared we might lose him; it would have been no easy matter to find another theatrical manager as enthusiastic as he in the interests of German art. The dancer Antonini was here; he asked a hundred louis a night, but it was refused him. Adam Müller came also to Berlin, and Houwald, the tragedy-maker. Madame Woltmann is probably still here; she is writing her Recollections. The bas-reliefs for the statues of Blücher and Scharnhorst are still being worked upon in Rauch's studio. The operas which are to be given during the Carnival are already announced in the papers. Doctor Kuhn's tragedy, *Die Damascener*, will be given again this winter. Wach is busy with an altar-piece, which our king intends to present to the Church of Victory in Moscow. Madame Stich has

recovered from her confinement; she will reappear upon the stage to-morrow in *Romeo and Juliette*. Caroline Fouqué has brought out a novel in the form of letters, wherein she writes the hero's letters, while those of the lady are written by Prince Karl von Mecklenburg. The State-Chancellor is now convalescent; Dr. Rust attended him. Doctor Bopp, nominated Professor of Oriental languages at the University, has given his first lecture in Sanscrit to a numerous audience. From time to time numbers of the Brockhaus *Konversationsblatte* are still confiscated. Goerre's latest production, *In Sachen der Rheinlande, etc., etc.*, is not even mentioned; almost no notice has been taken of it. The young lad who killed his mother with blows of a hammer is mad. The agitations of the mystics in the north of Pomerania make great sensation. Hoffmann is now about to publish with Willmann, in Frankfürt, a book said to contain many political allusions. Professor Gubitz is still occupied with his modern Greek translations, and at present is cutting vignettes for *Feldzug Suwaros gegen die Türken*, a work which the Emperor Alexander intends to have printed for the popular use of the Russians. C. L. Blum has recently published with Christiani his *Klagelieder der Grischen*, which contain may passages of poetic beauty. The gathering of artists at the Academy was a very brilliant affair; the proceeds have been devoted to charity. Walter, the court actor from Carlsruhe, has just arrived, and will appear in Staberle's *Reiseabenteuer*. Madame Neumann will return here in spring, when Stich will set out on a tour. Julius von Voss has written a new piece, *Der neue Markt*. His comedy, *Quintin Matsys*, will be represented next week. *Prinz von Homburg*, by Heinrich von Kleist, will not be given. The manuscript of his anthology, *Die Argonauten*,

which he sent to our manager, has been returned to him. "Waiter, a glass of water!" . . .

Is he not full of news, this Kammermusikus! We must stick to him. He shall supply Westphalia with news, and in whatsoever he may be ignorant Westphalia does not require to be enlightened. He belongs to no party, to no school, is neither a Liberal nor a Romanticist, and, when anything spiteful escapes his lips, he is as innocent in intention as the luckless reed from which the wind drew out the words, "Midas the King has asses' ears!"

II.

I HAVE received your esteemed communication of the 2nd of February, and I gathered therefrom with pleasure that you are satisfied with my first letter. Your lightly indicated wish, that definite personalities shall not be sketched in too high relief, I shall do my utmost to observe. It is true, I might easily be misunderstood. People do not regard the picture that I have lightly sketched in, but only the little figures which I have drawn in order to make it more life-like, and they end perhaps by even thinking that these little figures were my chief concern. But it is as possible to paint pictures without figures as it is to eat soup without salt. One can speak in veiled words, as our journalists do. If they allude to a great North-German power, every one knows that Prussia is indicated. To me this is ridiculous; it is as though the dancers at a masked ball went about without their masks. Thus if I speak of a great North-German Juris-consul, who wears his black hair in waving curls as long as possible over his shoulders, who casts

pious, sanctimonious glances heavenwards, and endeavours thus to resemble the pictures of Christ; who, moreover, bears a French name and is of French extraction, yet always poses as a German, people know to whom I allude. I intend to call every one by his name; in this matter I think with Boileau. I shall depict many personalities; I shall concern myself little with the blame of those mannikins who regard conventional correspondence as a sort of comfortable arm-chair wherein each one rocks the other with this amiable exhortation, "Let us praise one another, but let us not say what we look like."

I have long since known that a town is like a young girl, who loves to see her graceful figure reflected in the mirror of a stranger's correspondence; but I never should have thought that Berlin would thus mirror herself as an old woman, would behave like a veritable old gossip. On this occasion I have therefore made the following discovery: "Berlin is a great place of assemblage for crows!"

I am out of humour to-day, morose, fretful, irritable. Discontent has put the drag upon my imagination, and all my wits are draped in black mourning crape. Do not suppose that the cause lies in some feminine infidelity. I am still in love with women! When, at Göttingen, I was shut away from all intercourse with the fair sex, I procured at least a cat to be near me. In any case, feminine infidelity obtains no more than a smile from me, so don't believe that my vanity has received any painful slight. The time is past when each evening I was wont painfully to twist my hair into curl papers, to carry a mirror perpetually in my pocket, and busy myself for twenty-five hours of the day in knotting my cravat. Neither think that religious scruples have tormented and agitated my tender soul; I now believe only in the Pythagorean

hypothesis, and in the civil code of the kingdom of Prussia. No, the reason of my disquietude is a much more sensible one. My most precious friend, the most amiable of mortals, Eugen von B——, left here yesterday! He was the only man in whose society I was never bored; the only one whose original witty sayings could fill me with cheerful serenity; while in his gracious features I could see once more my soul of other days, when I led a pure, sweet, flower-life, and had not soiled it with lies and hatred.

But away with painful thoughts; I must now speak of what people here, on the Spree, are singing and saying. All their subtle reasonings, their spiteful tongues, their chatter and their gossip, you shall hear it all, my dear correspondent.

Boucher, who long since has given his very, very-very last concert, and now, probably, is charming Warsaw or St. Petersburg with his dexterous playing of the violin, speaks the truth when he calls Berlin the capital of Music. During the whole winter here there has been a singing and a ringing enough to deafen and blind one. One concert followed close on the other's heels.

> "Who names the Fiddlers, names the name
> Of guests who came together here?
> . . . . .
> Even from Spain they came,
> And upon the platform
> Played many an indifferent melody."

The Spaniard was Escudero, a pupil of Baillot's, an excellent violinist, young, healthy, good-looking, yet no *protégé* of the ladies. An ominous rumour had preceded him—that he is in no wise dangerous to the fair sex. I will not weary you with the enumeration of all the musical evenings which have delighted or bored us this winter. I will say only

that at Madame Seidler's concert the hall was filled to suffocation, and that at this moment we are looking forward to Drouet's concert, at which young Mendelssohn will play in public for the first time.

Have you yet heard Maria von Weber's *Freischütz?* No? Luckless man! But, at least, you have heard parts of this opera, the *Lied der Brautjungfern*, or, to express it more shortly, *Jungfernkranz?* No? Happy man that you are! If you go from the Halle Gate to the Oranienburg Gate, and from the Brandenburg Gate to King's Gate; yes, even if you go from the Unterbaum to the Köpnick Gate you hear eternally the same melody—the song of songs, the *Jungfernkranz.* As in the elegies of Goethe one sees the poor Briton pursued in all lands by *Marlborough s'en va-t-en guerre*, so am I haunted from daybreak until late in the night by that song:

"We bind on thee the virgin-crown
With silk of violet blue;
We lead thee then to game and dance,
To pleasure and to wedding joys.

Chorus.

Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, green virgin-crown,
With silk of violet blue, of violet blue.

Lavender, myrtle, and thyme
That in my garden grew,
Why does the bridegroom tarry?
I can scarcely wait for him.

Chorus.

Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful," etc.

In however good a temper I awake in the morning, all my cheerfulness evaporates when, with the first hours of day, I hear the children humming the *Jungfernkranz*, as

they pass under my window. Not an hour passes but the daughter of my landlady sets up with her *Jungfernkranz*. I hear my baker hum the *Jungfernkranz* as he comes up the stairs. The little washer-woman comes "with lavender, myrtle, and thyme." And thus it goes all day long. My head is in a whirl. I cannot endure it any longer; I rush out of the house, throw myself into a droschke. At least I shall not hear the song through the sound of the wheels. I stop at the house of . . . Can I speak to the Fraulein? The servant runs to inquire. "Yes." The door flies open. The pretty one sits at the piano and greets me with these sweet words:

> "Why does the bridegroom tarry?
> I can scarcely wait for him." . . .

"You sing like an angel," I cry with convulsed amiability. "I will sing it again from the beginning," lisps the good girl, and she wreathes again her virgin-crown, again and yet again, until I writhe like a worm in indescribable tortures, until I cry out in the anguish of my soul, "Help, Samiel!"

You must know that the wicked villain in *Der Freischütz* is so named; the hunter Caspar who has given himself to him, calls in any moment of need, "Help, Samiel!" It has become the fashion here to give this cry in moments of comic embarrassment, and Boucher, who, as I have said, calls himself the Socrates of violinists, once called aloud, "Help, Samiel!" when a string of his instrument broke under his fingers.

And Samiel helped. The disturbed lady stopped suddenly in her stream of song, and lisped "What is the matter with you?" "It is pure ecstasy," I groaned with a forced smile. "You are ill," she lisped, "go to the Thiergarten, enjoy the lovely day, and watch the gay

people." I seized my hat and stick, kissed the gracious hand of the gracious lady, cast, from the door, one more languishing look of admiration, rushed out, jumped into the first droschke that came along, and rolled away to the Brandenburg Gate. I got out and ran into the Thiergarten.

I advise you when any ill assails you—that is, in such lovely spring days, at this hour, at half-past twelve, to go to the Thiergarten. Enter to the left, and turn at once to the spot where the lady pensioners have raised a small, simple monument to our late Queen Louise. Our king often walks on that side. He is a fine man, of a noble, venerable aspect, and disdains all show. He wears almost always an unpretentious grey mantle. I informed a blockhead that the king is often obliged to make shift with this garment because his master of the robes lives in the country and seldom comes to Berlin. The pretty royal children are frequently to be seen in the Thiergarten at this hour, also all the Court and the flower of the highest nobility. The foreign physiognomies belong to the families of foreign ambassadors. One or two liveried flunkeys follow at some distance behind the noble dames. Officers, splendidly mounted, gallop by. I have seldom seen prettier horses than here in Berlin. I feast my eyes on the sight of these fine riders. The princes of our house are among the number. What a fine, powerful, princely race! On this trunk there is not one deformed or stunted branch. Full of health and vigour, with an expression of courage and high birth on their faces, the two eldest sons of the king pass by on horseback. That other fine young figure with the pious features, the dear love-lit eyes, is prince Karl, the king's third son. But that brilliant, dignified lady who passes rapidly by on horseback, accompanied by a gay and

numerous suite, is our Alexandrine. Dressed in a brown close-fitting riding habit, with a round hat and feathers on her head and whip in hand, she resembles those beautiful chatelaines of knightly days, whose gracious figures we see reflected in the magic mirror of the old tales, and of whom we cannot decide whether they are saints or amazons. I think that the sight of these pure features has made me better; reverent feelings thrill me; I hear the voices of angels; I feel the fanning of unseen palm branches, a great hymn rises in my soul—when suddenly there vibrates the jarring strings of a harp, and an old woman's voice quavers "We weave for thee the virgin-crown," etc., etc.

For the remainder of the day I am haunted by that accursed song. It embitters my happiest moments. Even when I sit down to table it is served as dessert by the singer Heinsius. The whole afternoon I am strangled with "violet-silk." On the one side the *Jungfernkranz* is ground upon a barrel-organ by a lame man, on the other side it is fiddled by a blind man. But it is in the evening that all the ghosts are let loose. Everywhere there is a fluting and a shrieking, a fiddling and a gurgling, and ever the same old melody. Now and again a tipsy student, or ensign, breaks in upon the hubbub, by bellowing forth Caspar's Song or the Hunter's Chorus; but the *Jungfernkranz* is permanent. As soon as one has ended it, another sings it again from the very beginning. It sounds at me from every house; every one whistles it with variations; I believe that even the dogs bark it in the streets.

In the evening, like a hunted roebuck, I lay my head in the lap of the prettiest of the Prussians. She strokes my rough hair caressingly, and lisps in my ear, "I love thee, and thy Louise will always be good to thee." And she caresses me and fondles me till she thinks I am falling

asleep, then she gently takes her guitar and plays and sings the cavatina from *Tancrede*, "After so many sufferings," and I rest after so many sufferings, and pleasant pictures and sounds surround me. Then, suddenly, I am rudely awaked from my dreams, for the unlucky creature sings, "We weave for thee the virgin-crown!"

Mad with despair I tear myself from the clasp of these beautiful arms, hurry down the narrow stairs, fly home like a whirlwind, and throw myself on my bed, gnashing my teeth! I listen: the old cook is padding about the house with her *Jungfernkranz*,—and I bury myself deep beneath the coverlets!

You understand now, dear reader, why I said you were a fortunate man if you had not heard that song. Yet do not think that the melody is in reality a bad one. On the contrary, it has reached its popularity through its excellence. "But enough's as good as a feast!" You understand me.

The whole of *Der Freischütz* is excellent, and certainly deserves the interest with which it has been received all over Germany. Here it has already been given at least thirty times, and it is always difficult to secure a good seat for a performance. It has produced the same *furore* at Dresden, Hamburg, and Vienna. This suffices to prove how erroneous it would be to attribute the success solely to the enthusiasm of an Anti-Spontini party. An Anti-Spontini party? I see the expression is strange to you. Do not suppose that it is a sort of political party. The violent strife between Liberals and Reactionaries, as we see it in other capitals, cannot break out here in full force, because the royal power, established in the centre of and on the outside of these parties, exercises its puissant arbitration. But, instead, one often sees in Berlin an equally edifying party-strife between musicians. Had you been here at

the end of last summer, you could easily have pictured to yourself, by the spectacle of the present day, what in the past must have been the war of the Glückists and Piccinists in Paris. . . . But I see I must speak more explicitly of the Opera in Berlin; first of all because it is the chief subject of conversation in the town, and secondly, because without the following remarks it will be impossible for you to grasp the sense of many of my communications.

As to our singers I will not speak of them at present. Their eulogies are stereotyped in all the Berlin correspondence articles, and in the newspaper criticisms. Daily one reads: Midder Hauptmann is superb, Schulz is exquisite, Seidler is excellent. Briefly, it is incontestable that the opera has here been brought to an astonishing perfection, and that it yields in no whit to any other in Germany. Are these results due to the indefatigable activities of the late Weber? Or else is it the Knight Spontini, who, according to the assertions of his adherents, has called all these wonders into life, as with a magic wand? I have grave doubts on the subject. I venture to think that the directorship of the great knight has exercised a very harmful influence on certain parts of the opera. But I strictly maintain that, since the complete separation between the drama and the opera, and since the latter has been delivered over to the absolute government of Spontini, it has suffered daily harm through the natural predilection of the great knight for his own grandiose creations and those of geniuses who are his friends or relatives; and through his equally natural antipathy to the music of such composers whose spirits are not in harmony with his, or—*horribile dictu*—who have even dared to enter into rivalry with him.

I am too much of a layman, in the domain of music, to dare pronounce my own judgment upon the merits of the compositions of Spontini, and all that I now say is merely the echo of public opinion, which is easy to overhear in the come-and-go conversations of the day.

Spontini is the greatest of all living composers. He is a musical Michael Angelo. He has opened new paths in the realm of music. He has fulfilled what Glück only presaged. He is a great man, he is a genius, he is a god! So speaks the Spontini party. And the walls of the palace resound with such immoderate praise——. You must know it is the aristocracy which is especially enthusiastic over Spontini's music, and showers upon the master signs of favour. To these noble patrons the whole Spontini party has joined itself, a party very naturally composed first of all of a crowd of men who give blind adherence to the most distinguished and legitimate taste of the day; of a crowd of enthusiasts for everything foreign; of a few composers who would fain have their own productions put upon the stage; and finally of a few veritable votaries.

It is easy to guess what elements compose a portion of the opposite party. Many are hostile to the good knight because he is an Italian, others because they are envious of him. Others, again, because his music is not German. But the greater majority find in his music only a noise of cymbals and trumpets, clanging bombast, and an unnatural style. Add to this the anger of many people. . . . Now, my dear friend, you can understand the noise which filled all Berlin this summer, when Spontini's *Olympia* was represented for the first time upon our stage. Were you not able to hear the music of this opera in Hamm? There were no lack of cymbals and trombones, so much so that one wit made a proposal that the solidity of the walls of

the new theatre should be tested by means of the music of this opera. A lesser wit came away from the noisy opera, and when he heard the beat of drums in the street he cried, drawing a long breath, "Ah! at last one can listen to quiet music!" All Berlin sharpened its wits over the numbers of trombones and over the great elephant in the scenic effects of this opera. The deaf were enchanted with so much gorgeous display, and vowed they could feel the beautiful thick music with their hands. The enthusiasts, however, cried out, "Hosannah, Hosannah! Spontini is himself a musical elephant! He is an angel with the last trumpet!"

Shortly afterwards Karl Maria von Weber came to Berlin; his *Freischütz* was played in the new theatre, and it charmed every one. The adversaries of Spontini had now a rallying point, and in the evening, after the first performance of his opera, Weber was fêted in the most brilliant manner. In a very fine poem, whose author was Doctor Förster, it was said of the *Freischütz* that "he chased nobler quarry than the elephant." Weber the other day inserted in the *Intelligenceblatte* an expression of annoyance thereat, and, while cajoling Spontini, blamed poor Förster, whose intention had nevertheless been excellent. Weber had then a hope of obtaining a place in the Grand Opera; he would not have assumed so exaggerated a modesty had he foreseen that all hopes of establishing himself in Berlin were in vain. He quitted us after the third representation of his opera, travelled back to Dresden, there received a brilliant call to Cassel, which he refused, to take up again the directorship of the opera at Dresden, where he is compared to a good general without soldiers. He has now started for Vienna, to superintend a new comic opera of his. Concerning the worth of the text, and of the music of *Der*

Freischütz, I send you the great critical article upon it, written by Professor Gubitz in the *Gesellschafter*. This intellectual and keen-sighted critic has the merit of being the first to appreciate in detail the romantic beauties of this opera, and of having accurately predicted its great triumph.

Weber's physiognomy is not very striking. He is small of stature, with badly-formed legs, a long face without especially agreeable features. But the face is redeemed by the intellectual earnestness, the firmness of purpose, and the calm will, which impress us so strongly in the paintings of the old German masters. What a contrast between his figure and that of Spontini! The tall stature, the deep-set, sparkling dark eyes, the black curling hair which half covers the lined forehead, the half-melancholy, half-disdainful curve of the lips, the fierce expression of the yellow face, which reflects every passion past and to come, the whole head that seems to belong to Caliban, and which it is nevertheless impossible not to call beautiful and noble:—all these at a glance reveal the man and the mind which brought forth *Vestalin*, *Cortez*, and *Olympia*.

Of the composers here to be named directly after Spontini, Bernhard Klein comes first. He has long since won deserved fame through certain very pretty compositions, and his grand opera *Dido* is awaited with great impatience by the entire public. This opera, in the opinion of those connoisseurs to whom the composer has communicated certain fragments, contains wonderful beauties, and should prove a *chef d'œuvre* of German national genius. Klein's music is quite original. It differs wholly from the music of the two above-mentioned masters; as wide a contrast as between their physiognomies and the joyous, amiable, virile face of our genial Rheinlander. Klein comes from

Cologne, and may well be considered the pride of his native town.

G. A. Schneider must not be passed over in silence. Not that I consider him a composer of the first order, but because, as author of the music for Koreff's *Aucassin et Nicolette*, he has been the subject of popular discussion from the 26th of February till the present day. During eight whole days one heard nothing spoken of except Koreff and Schneider, Schneider and Koreff. Here, dilettante genius tore the music to pieces; there, a group of bad poets and schoolmasters massacred the text. For myself, this opera amused me extremely. The sprightly tale, developed by the gifted poet with such grace and child-like simplicity, charmed me. I delighted in the pleasing contrast between the solemn Land of Evening and the brilliant Orient, and as, in these most marvellous, loosely connected pictures, adventure followed on adventure, there sprang up within me the spirit of the flower of romanticism. There is always great excitement in Berlin whenever a new opera is to be given; an interest stimulated in this instance by the fact that Schneider, the musical director, and Koreff, the privy councillor, are here universally known. The latter we are about to lose, as for a long time past he has been preparing for a protracted journey in foreign parts. It is a loss to our town, for this man is distinguished by social virtues, by an agreeable personality, and by nobleness of sentiment.

You know now what is sung to-day in Berlin, and I come next to the question, what is talked about in Berlin? I have intentionally spoken of singing first of all, for I am persuaded that men learned to sing before they learned to talk, in the same way that metrical speech preceded prose. I believe, in short, that Adam and Eve made their

declarations of love in melodious *adagios*, and that they nagged one another in *recitative*. Did not Adam, moreover, beat time to it? In all probability. This custom of beating time has been preserved among the Berlin populace by tradition, while at the same time they have lost another old tradition, that of singing in time. Our ancestors in the valleys of Cashmere warbled after the manner of canary birds. How we have perfected ourselves! Perhaps birds will one day attain to the art of speech? Dogs and pigs are well advanced on that road; their barking and grunting is the transition between song and speech. The first speak in the *langue d'oc*, the others use the *langue d'œil*. Compared with us other Germans the bears[1] are very backward in civilisation, and though they rival us in the art of dancing, their growling, compared with other German modes of speech, is not yet worthy of the name of speech. Asses and sheep once reached the point of speech: they had their classic literature, held excellent discourses upon pure asinity, on the sheep's associations, upon the idea of a sheep's head, and upon the splendour of the old bucks. But, as often happens in the course of things in this world, they have retrograded so far from civilisation that they have lost their speech, and have only retained the cordial Ee-aw, and the childishly pious Bäa!

But how am I to pass from the Ee-aw of long ears, from the Bäa of the thick-woolpates, to the works of Sir Walter Scott? For of these I must now speak, because all Berlin speaks of them, because they are the *Jungfernkranz* of the reading world. They are everywhere read, admired, criticised, cut up, and again re-read. From the countess to the milliner, from the count to the messenger, every one reads the romances of the great Scott; and, in particular,

[1] *I.e.*, the Berlinese.

our sentimental ladies. These lie down with *Waverley* and get up with *Red Gauntlet*, and during the whole day they have the *Dwarf* between their fingers. The romance *Kenilworth* has caused an especial *furôre*, as there are very few persons here who are blessed with a knowledge of English; the greater majority of our reading world help themselves with French and German translations. Of these there is no lack. Of the latest of Walter Scott's novels, *The Pirate*, four translations were announced at the same time. Two were published here, that of Frau von Montenglant by Schlesinger and that of Doctor Spieker by Drucker and Humboldt. The third translation is by Litz in Hamburg, and the fourth will be brought out in the pocket editions of the Brothers Schumann in Zwickau. In such circumstances it is obvious that certain collisions are unavoidable. Frau von Hohenhausen is at work now upon a translation of *Ivanhoe*, and from this excellent translator of Byron we may anticipate an equally excellent translation of Scott. I even believe that this latter will, if anything, be superior; for the gentle soul of this beautiful woman, so deeply in sympathy with the purely ideal, will reflect the serene, pious, chaste types of the friendly Scott with greater clearness than the dusky, infernal figures of the morose, heart-sick Englishman. The beautiful, tender Rebecca could not fall into more beautiful or tender hands, and the sensitive poet need in this instance only translate straight from her heart.

The name of Walter Scott has recently been fêted in a most remarkable way. On the occasion of a festival there was a brilliant masquerade, wherein most of the heroes of Scott's novels were personated in their characteristic costumes. This fête and these figures were talked about during eight consecutive days. A special point of interest

was that the son of Sir Walter Scott, who happened to be in Berlin at the moment, paraded at the brilliant fête as a Scottish Highlander, with the naked legs required in this costume, that is, wearing no trousers, but only a sort of apron which reached to the middle of the thighs. This young man, an officer in the English Hussars, has been made much of here, and enjoys his reflected glory. Where are the sons of Schiller? Where are the sons of our great poets, who, if not without trousers, yet in all likelihood wander about without shirts? Where are our greater poets themselves? Hush, hush, that's not to be talked about!

I do not wish to be unjust and leave unnoticed the veneration paid to the name of Goethe, the German poet most spoken of in Berlin. But, hand on heart, may it not nave been the fine worldly-wise conduct of our Goethe which contributed the most to secure so brilliant a position for him, and allowed him to enjoy to so high a degree the affection of our nobles? Far be it from me to detract in the slightest degree from the old gentleman's character. Goethe is a great man in a silken coat. Quite recently he displayed the greatest magnanimity towards his art-loving compatriots, who, wishing to erect in his honour a monument in the noble precincts of Frankfurt, had called upon all Germany for subscriptions. In Berlin the subject was discussed to an amazing degree, and your humble servant wrote the following sonnet, which was honoured with applause:—

Give ear, ye German women, men, and children,
And gather in subscriptions unabashed;
The citizens of Frankfurt have determined
To raise an honourable monument unto Goethe.

"Strange merchants at the Fair-time will perceive,"
So thought they, "that we are this man's associate;
That from our hot-bed this fine flower has sprung,
And blindly will they trust us in transactions."

Oh, leave the poet his own laurel crown,
Ye merchantmen! Keep ye your gold.
A monument to self has Goethe raised.

In swaddling bands was he akin to you, yet now
A whole world lies between yourselves and Goethe,
You, whom the merest streamlet divides from Sachenhäuser.[1]

The great man, as is well known, put an end to all such discussions; he returned the letters of the citizenship of Frankfurt to his compatriots with the declaration that he was certainly not a Frankfurter!

Since then this right of citizenship—to use Frankfurt parlance—has fallen ninety per cent. in value, and the Frankfurt Jews have now the best hopes for this beautiful acquisition. But—to speak again in Frankfurt parlance—have not the Rothschild and the *Bethmann*[2] stood long enough at par? The merchant, over the whole world, has the same religion. His counter is his church, his desk is his confessional, his ledger is his Bible, his warehouse is his holy of holies, the exchequer bell is his vesper bell, gold is his god, credit is his creed.

I must take occasion at this point to mention two novelties; first, the new hall of exchange, modelled upon that of Hamburg, and opened a few weeks since; and, secondly, the old but newly-revived project, the conversion

[1] Sachenhäuser is a little town situated opposite Frankfurt, on the other side of the Maine, of which all the inhabitants have an old reputation for grossness of living.

[2] An untranslatable pun. *Bethmann* (the name of a rich banker) signifies, word for word, *devout man*, bigot, or beadsman.

of the Jews. But I will pass over both in silence, for I have never been in the new hall, and the Jews are much too sad a subject. Eventually, it is true, I shall be forced to revert to them when I touch upon their new cult, which has arisen here in Berlin in particular. I cannot do so as yet, for hitherto I have neglected to assist even once at the new Mosaic divine service. Neither will I write anything concerning the new Liturgy, which long since was introduced into the Cathedral-Church, and is the principal subject of town-talk at the moment; because otherwise my letter will swell to the size of a book. The Liturgy had a crowd of gainsayers. They were headed, I hear, by Schleiermacher. Not long since I listened to one of his sermons, delivered with the power of a Luther. In it was no lack of veiled attacks upon the Liturgy. I must confess that he did not arouse in me any feelings of exemplary piety, but, nevertheless, I was edified in the true sense of the term, strengthened by his fiery darts, and urged from the downy bed of drowsy indifference. This man has only to throw aside the black robe of the priest in order to appear as the priest of Truth.

An extraordinary impression has been produced here by the invectives launched against the Faculty of Theology. They appeared in the notice of the pamphlet, "Against the collection of the Wette documents" (in the *Voss* newspaper), and in the "Response to the declarations of the said Faculty." Beckendorf is usually mentioned as the author, but it is not definitely known from whose pen either the "Notice" or the "Response" has proceeded. Some people name Kampf, some Beckendorf himself, others Klindworth, others Buchholz, etc. It is impossible not to perceive the hand of a diplomatist in this treatise. It is said that Schleiermacher is at work upon a re-

futation, and it will not be difficult for this powerful orator to shut the mouths of his adversaries. That the Faculty of Theology ought to reply to these attacks is obvious, and the whole public is looking forward with eager curiosity to the answer.

The two supplementary volumes to the *Dictionary of Conversation* by Brockhaus is also impatiently awaited, for the natural reason that they, according to the promises of the prospectus, should contain biographies of a great number of public characters, who, living partly in Berlin and partly abroad, are habitual subjects of conversation. I have just received the first instalment, from *A* to *Bomz* (published 1st March 1822), and I pounced with avidity on the articles *Albrecht* (Cabinet minister), *Alopaeus*, *Altenstein*, *Ancillon*, *Prinz August* (of Prussia), etc., etc. Among the names that may interest our Rhenish friends I pick out Akkum, Arndt, Begasse, Benzenberg, and Beugnot, the brave Frenchman who, despite of his hatred-inspiring position, has given to the inhabitants of the Grand-Duchy of Berg so many beautiful proofs of a noble and great character, and who to-day fights so valiantly in France for Truth and Justice.

The measures against the Brockhaus publication are still in process of execution. Brockhaus was here last summer, and sought to ameliorate his differences with the Prussian government. But his efforts seem to have been in vain. Brockhaus is a man of agreeable personality. His exterior, his penetrative earnestness, and his firm frankness, betoken him to be a man who does not regard science and the strife of opinions with the ordinary eyes of the bookseller.

As everywhere else, Grecian affairs have been thoroughly discussed, but ardour for the Greeks is almost extinct. There was much youthful enthusiasm for Hellas; the older,

more reasoning people, shook their grey heads. The ardour of the Philologians flamed fiercely. The Greeks must have been greatly edified in that they were remembered in so poetic a manner by our Tyrtæans on the anniversaries of Marathon, Salamis, and Platäa. Our Professor Zeune, who, according to the observation of the optician Amuel, not only wears spectacles, but is also a judge of spectacles, proved the most active in the matter. Captain Fabeck, who, as you have learned through the public papers, travelled from here to Greece without having sung many Trytæian songs, must to all accounts have performed astonishing exploits there, and has now returned to Germany to rest on these laurels.

It is now decided that Kleist's drama, *Der Prinz von Homburg oder der Schlaght bei Fehrbellin*, is not to be produced on our stage, for this reason, I am told, that a certain noble lady believes that therein an ancestor is personated in ignoble guise. This piece is still an apple of discord in our æsthetic circles. For myself, I am persuaded that it is as though written by the Genius of Poetry herself, and that it is of more worth than all those farces and show-pieces, and all those poached eggs of Houwald, which are daily dished up for us. *Anne Boleyn*, a tragedy by the very talented poet Gehe, who is here at the present moment, is being rehearsed. Herr Rellstab has offered a tragedy, entitled *Karl der Kuhne von Burgund*, to our manager, but I do not know if the piece has been accepted.

Tongues have wagged tremendously since it has been known that Hoffmann's new novel, *Der Floh und seine Gesellen*, has been confiscated by the Government prosecutor. The latter had discovered that the fifth chapter of this novel contained persiflage upon the commission of inquiry into democratic agitations. That, in high quarters,

very little notice was taken of this persiflage has been amply proved, inasmuch as under their very eyes Jean Paul's *Komet* was printed by Reimer, with the permission of the censor; and in part of this novel the inquiries into these agitations are ridiculed in the most unholy manner. As to our Hoffmann, probably those in high places had excellent reasons for taking such pleasantry in bad part. Hoffmann, councillor of the chamber, by virtue of the king's confidence in him, was himself a member of that commission of inquiry. Could he, therefore, diminish the authority of the same through untimely pleasantry, without committing a reprehensible indecorum? This is why Hoffmann has been called to account. *Der Floh* will, nevertheless, be printed, but with certain alterations. Hoffmann is ill at the moment, is suffering from a severe catarrh. In my next letter I will perhaps write more concerning this author, whom I love and honour too much to forbear from speaking of him.

Herr von Savigny will lecture this summer. The jugglers who play their farces before the Brandenburg Gate got into difficulties, and have long since left. Blondin is here, and will perform his feats of riding and springing. The headsman, Schumann, fills the Berlinese with surprise and dismay. But Bosco, Bosco, Bartholomea Bosco! it is he you should see! He is a true pupil of Pinetti; he can cure broken watches quicker than the watchmaker Labinske; he knows how to shuffle the cards and how to make the marionettes dance. It is a pity that the fellow has not studied theology. He was formerly an Italian officer; is still very young, manly, powerful, and wears a close-fitting jacket and black silk breeches. What is still more to the point is that when he performs his tricks he almost wholly bares his arms. Feminine eyes must rejoice over these

much more than over his tricks. He is really a fine fellow, it must be admitted, when one sees the mobile figure in the glare of fifty long wax-candles, planted like a flickering forest of lights before his long table, spread with a strange assortment of jugglering apparatus. He has moved his show from Jagor's Hall to the Englischen Hause, and sightseers crowd there in surprising numbers.

I spoke yesterday in the Café Royal to the Kammermusikus. He imparted an amount of small news to me, of which I have remembered only the smallest portion. Understand that most of it concerns musical *Chroniques scandaleuses.* On the 20th there will be an examination at Doctor Stöpel's, who teaches the piano and thorough-bass after the Logier system. Graf Brühl has almost recovered from his illness. Walter from Karlsruhe will soon appear in another farce—Staberle's "Hochzeit." Herr and Frau Wolf have gone on tour to Leipsic and Dresden. Michael Beer has written a new tragedy in Italian, *Die Bräute von Arragonien;* while in Milan a new opera by Meyerbeer is about to be performed. Spontini is at work on a musical setting to Koreff's *Sappho.* Certain philanthropists are desirous of founding a home for waifs, similar to that of Privy Councillor Falk at Weimar. Cosmeli has published at Schüppet's library his *Harmless Observations made during Travels across a portion of Russia and Turkey*, which will not prove so very harmless, because this original writer regards everything with his own eyes, and says and gives his impressions with unbiassed directness. Reading libraries are subjected to the supervision of the police, to whom they are obliged to submit their catalogues; all wholly obscure books, such as most of Althing's novels, those of A. von Schaden, and such like, are prohibited. The last-named, who has just journeyed to Prague, has

recently published *Licht und Schattenseiten von Berlin* ("Lights and Shadows of Berlin"), a pamphlet which is said to contain many false assertions, and has excited a great deal of ill-feeling. The manufacturer Fritsche has invented a new and much cheaper kind of candle. Many important transactions have been made in promise, in view of the approaching drawing of the Prämien-Stadtschuld coupons. The banking firm of L. Lipke & Co. alone have placed nearly a thousand pieces. Boettiger and Tieck are expected here. The spiritual Fanny Tarnow resides here. The new Berlin Monthly Review came to an end in January. General Menutuli has sent the manuscript of his diary of travels from Italy to Professor Fischer, so that it may be prepared for printing. Professor Bopp, whose lectures on Sanscrit are always a great success, is now writing a great work upon comparative philology. About thirty students, among whom were many Poles, have been arrested on account of the democratic disturbances. Schadow has finished the model of a statue of Frederick the Great. The death of young Schadow, in Rome, has excited general sympathy. Wilhelm Schadow, the painter, has recently produced a very fine picture representing the Princess Wilhelmina and her children. Wilhelm Hensell journeys to Italy in May. Kolbe is at work upon the designs for the glass paintings in the Castle of Marienburg. Schinkel is doing the sketches for the scenes in Spontini's *Milton*. This is an opera in one act, which, although not new, is shortly to be performed here for the first time. The sculptor Tieck is at work upon the model of a statue of Faith, which is to stand in one of the two niches at the entrance of the cathedral. Rauch is still busy with the bas-reliefs for Bülow's statue; this, as well as the now finished statue of Scharnhorst, will be

placed on either side of the new guard-house (between the University and the Arsenal). The State works, to judge from outward appearances, are progressing rapidly. The notabilities of East and West Prussia will be dismissed to-day by our Government, and replaced by those of our Saxon provinces. The notabilities of our Rhenish provinces will, it is said, be the last to be called. It is not possible to learn anything of these negotiations between the governments and the notabilities, because they have taken *juramenta silentii.* Our differences with Hesse, concerning the violation of territorial rights owing to the abduction of a princess at Bonn, do not seem to have been adjusted; there is even a possibility of our ambassador at the Court of Cassel being recalled. A fresh Saxon ambassador, Graf Lobran, has definitely been recalled; a new Portuguese ambassador is daily expected. Our Prussian ambassador at the Court of Portugal, Graf von Flemming, the nephew of the State Chancellor, is still in Berlin. A fresh French ambassador also is awaited. Our envoys to the royal court of Saxony and to the grand-ducal court of Darmstadt, Herr von Jordan and Baron von Otterstadt, are still here. The approaching marriage of the Swedish Prince Oscar with the beautiful Princess Elise Radzewill is much discussed. Nothing further is said of the marriage of our Crown Prince with a German princess. Great are to be the festivities on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Alexandrine. Spontini will compose for the ceremony *Das Rosenefst in Caschemir*, in which two elephants will appear. The ministerial assemblies do not take place at present; those which still continue are held on Tuesdays, at the house of Prince Wittgenstein. Our State Chancellor has quite recovered, and resides here from time to time, also at Glienicke. At Eastertide the

Annals of the Royal Universities of Prussia will be published. The librarian Spieker is to bring out the comedy *Lalla Rookh*. The giant who was to be seen in the Konigstrasse is now at the Pauseninsel. Devrient is not quite convalescent yet. Boucher and his wife are at present giving concerts in Vienna. The new operas of Karl Maria von Weber are entitled *Euryanthe*, with text by Helmine von Chezy, and *Die Beiden Pinto's*, the text by Hofrath Winkler. Bernhard Romberg is here.

Ah heavens! Chronicle writing is a thankless task. The most important items may not be communicated, unless they can be guaranteed. Small gossip must certainly not be written; first because, though it is interesting in Berlin, it often sounds vapid and scrappy in the provinces. How, in Heaven's name, can it interest the ladies in Dülmen if I relate how this young dancer can now speak in *duelis*, and that that young lieutenant wears false calves and false haunches? How can it concern these ladies whether such and such a dancer represents one or two persons to me, or whether the said lieutenant consist of two-thirds wadding and one-third flesh, or of two-thirds flesh and one-third wadding? Why, in short, write notices upon men of whom no notice should be taken at all?

It is easy to guess how one has lived here, this winter. No special description is required; winter diversions are the same in every capital town. Opera, theatre, assemblies, balls, tea-parties (*dansant* as well as *médisant*), with masquerades, private theatricals, grand entertainments, etc. etc.; these are about all our winter evening amusements.

Social life is very animated in Berlin, but it is split nearly into shreds. Society is divided into a number of little

circles, grouped one beside the other, each trying to contract its limits instead of extending them. Take the numerous balls, for example; one would think Berlin was composed solely of coteries. The court and the ministers, the diplomatic body, civilians, commercial men, merchants, officers, etc., etc. All give their own balls, at which no one attends who does not belong to that special set. With some of the ministers and ambassadors these assemblies are more of the nature of big tea-parties, which are given on special days in the week, and are transformed into balls according to the greater or lesser influx of guests. All the balls of the upper class strive with more or less success to resemble the court balls or the princely balls. As regards the latter, nearly all civilised Europe has now adopted the same *tone*, or, more properly speaking, they are all modelled on the Parisian balls. Consequently, there is nothing characteristic about our balls in Berlin, though a singular effect is occasionally given when a sub-lieutenant on his slender pay, or a penniless young lady attired in mosaic-like patched and bedizened garments, strain their utmost to affect a distinguished bearing at these balls; so that, like marionettes in a show, their pathetic, pitiful faces form a sharp contrast with the stiff court costume in which they are attired.

There is one kind of ball which, for some time past, has been open to all classes; namely, the subscription ball, or what is jokingly nick-named the unmasked masquerade. It is held in the concert-room of the new theatre. The King and Court honour it with their presence, and usually open it; any one can participate by paying a modest entrance fee. Baronine Caroline Fouqúe, so distinguished for her qualities of heart and mind, has very prettily described these balls and other court festivi-

ties in her Letters on Berlin; indeed, I cannot sufficiently recommend these letters to you on account of their insight. This year the subscription balls were not as brilliant as last year's, when they still had the charm of novelty. In compensation, the balls given by the great functionaries of the State were especially brilliant this winter. My dwelling is surrounded by a number of mansions of princes and ministers; frequently, of an evening, I have been unable to work on account of the noise, the crunching of wheels and the stamping of horses. At times the whole street is blocked with equipages; the numberless carriage-lanterns light up the braided red-coats who run in between calling and swearing, while crystal chandeliers pour their gay and brilliant light through the large first-floor windows whence the music resounds.

This year we have had very little snow, and consequently we have scarcely heard the sleigh bells and the cracking of whips. As in all great Protestant towns, Christmastide plays the chief part in the great winter comedies. One week beforehand every one is busy purchasing Christmas presents. All the costume shops and all the jewellery and hardware merchants make display of their choicest articles—as our dandies do their learned acquaintances. On the Schlossplatz are erected a crowd of wooden stalls hung with clothing, household goods and toys, and the sprightly Berlinese flit like butterflies from shop to shop, buy, gossip, ogle, and show their taste and themselves at the same time, to admiring onlookers. But it is in the evening that the fun is at its height; for then these charmers, often with the whole of their respective families, with father, mother, aunt, brothers, and sisters, are to be seen, pilgrimaging from one confectioner's stall to another, as though to the stations of the Cross. These dear folks pay their two

groschen for entrance money, they feast their eyes to their heart's content on the exhibition, on a lot of dolls made of sugar or of comfits, which are displayed tastefully one beside the other. Lighted round about, and stored within four walls painted in perspective, they form a pretty enough picture. The amusing point of the thing is that these sugar puppets frequently represent some real and well-known personage.

I wandered through a crowd of these confectioners' booths, for I know nothing more diverting than to watch unobserved, how the pretty Berlinese enjoy themselves, how their bosoms swell with excitement, palpitate rapidly, and how these naïve souls ejaculate shrilly, "Ah, but it *is* lovely!" At Fuch's, during the exhibition this year, were to be seen pictures of *Lalla Rookh*, such as were shown last year at the Castle during the Court festival of which you have heard. It was impossible for me to see anything of these wonders at Fuch's, because the pretty heads of these ladies formed an impenetrable wall before the square sugar tableau. I will not bore you with my opinion of this confectioners' exhibition; on it Karl Müchler, the war minister, he who, it is said, is the Berlin correspondent of the *Eleganten Welt*, has already written an article in that paper.

Concerning the balls in Jagor's hall there is nothing of especial importance to be said, except that the excellent regulation exists that whosoever fears that he or she may be bored to death, is perfectly at liberty to beat a retreat. The balls at the Opera-house are splendid and on a grand scale. On these occasions the whole of the pit is boarded over on a level with the stage to form one huge hall lighted from above with an immense number of oval chandeliers. The burning globes have almost the appearance of solar systems, as represented in astronomical compendiums; they attract

and confuse the eyes of the onlooker, and pour their dazzling shimmer on the brilliantly coloured, glittering throngs, as they dance and hop and crowd together on the swaying floor, till the sounds of the music are almost overpowered. On these occasions every one must wear a mask, and no one is allowed to uncover in the great hall. Indeed, I know no place where this would be permitted. Only in the corridors, and in the first and second tier of boxes, may the mask be removed. People of the lower classes pay a very small entrance fee, and watch all this splendour from the galleries. In the big royal box the courtiers can be seen, of whom the greater part are without masks. Now and again one of their number descends to the centre hall and mixes with the noisy masqueraders. These are composed of men of all classes. Difficult it is indeed to decide if such and such an one is a courtier or a tailor's apprentice; it may be possible to recognise them by their outward manner, but certainly not by their garments. Almost all the men wear a simple silken domino and a tall opera hat. The obvious explanation of this is the egotism of the inhabitants of large towns. Each one wishes thus to amuse himself, but not to play the part of a character-mask for the amusement of others. For the same reason the ladies are quite simply masked, usually as bats. A crowd of *femmes entretennes* and ordinary priestesses of Venus flutter about in this guise and form profitable intrigues. "I know you," whispers one of these wandering stars. "I know you too," is the answer. "I know thee, my fine masquerader," a bat calls out in front of a dissolute young fellow. "If thou knowest me, my pretty one, thou art no one in particular," replies the wicked one aloud, and the compromised *donna* vanishes like the wind.

But what does it signify who is behind the mask? Each

one wishes to enjoy himself, and, for enjoyment, only masking is necessary. Mankind is man pure and simple only at a *masque* ball, where the waxen mask covers the usual mask of flesh, where the simple "thou" re-establishes the familiarity of primitive societies, where a domino hides all pretensions and brings about the most beautiful equality, where the most beautiful freedom reigns—the freedom of the mask. To me a ball of this kind is always of the highest enjoyment. When the cymbals crash and the trumpets blare, and the gentle voices of flutes and violins mingle in sweet accord, I throw myself like a swimmer into the swirling, fantastically illuminated human flood. I dance and run, and joke, and nod to every one, and laugh and chatter whatever comes into my head. I was particularly joyous at the last ball; I could almost have walked on my head. If my most deadly enemy had come across my path I would have said to him, "To-morrow we will shoot one another; but to-day I will kiss you right cordially." Love is the purest joy, God is love, therefore God is the purest joyousness! "Thou art beautiful! thou art charming! Thou art the delight of my heart! I adore thee, my pretty one." These were the words that my lips repeated instinctively a hundred times. And I shook every one's hand and took my hat off politely to every one, and all were also very polite to me. Only one German youth was abusive, and jeered at what he called my apeing the manners of the Modern Babylon, and thundered out in his ancient Teutonic beer-bass, "At a German mummery, Germans should speak German!" O German youth, how silly and blasphemous you and your words seem to me in such moments when my soul envelops the whole world with love; when, rejoicingly, I would embrace both Turks and Russians, would throw myself weeping on the breast of my

brother, the enchained African! I love Germany and Germans, but I love none the less the inhabitants of the other portions of the earth, whose number is forty times greater than that of the Germans. Love gives mankind his true worth. God be praised! I am worth forty times more than those who cannot extricate themselves from the slough of national egotism, who love Germany and Germans only.

III.

I HAVE just donned my gala coat, black silk breeches, and ditto stockings, and thus attired I proclaim to you in the most solemn manner:—

The exalted marriage of Her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandrine with His Royal Highness the hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

Concerning the festive part of the nuptial ceremonies you have certainly read the detailed description in the newspapers, therefore, all I need say on the subject may be brief. But there is another important reason why I should say little, and that is because I have really seen very little of it. As, however, I at all times concern myself more with the spirit rather than the details of my matter, that does not matter much. In truth, I had not sufficient foresight to gather even the requisite facts. It was certainly arranged long since that the marriage of these exalted personages should take place on the 25th. But so frequent were the assertions of its postponement that positively on Friday the 24th I could not venture to believe the ceremony would take place on the morrow. Nor was I alone in this opinion. On the Saturday morning the

streets were not particularly animated; but on all faces an eagerness, a mysterious anticipation, were obvious. Servants, hairdressers, band-boxes, dressmakers, etc., hurried about. The day was fine, and not too sultry, but the people perspired. About six o'clock the rumbling of carriages was first heard.

I am neither a noble, nor a states' official, nor an officer, consequently I have no admission to Court, and could not assist at the marriage festivities in the castle itself. Nevertheless, I went as far as the court of the castle in order to see at least the whole *personnel* of those who had admittance. I have never elsewhere seen so many beautiful equipages in one place. The servants had on their best liveries, and in their brightest coloured coats and knee-breeches with white stockings they looked like Dutch tulips. Many of them wore more gold and silver on their bodies than the whole household of the Burgomaster of North America.

But the coachman of the Duke of Cumberland carried off the prize. Indeed, to see this flower of coachmen perched on his box was alone worth a journey to Berlin. What is Solomon arrayed in all his glory; what is Haroun-al-Raschid in his caliph's robes; what is even the Triumphal Elephant in Spontini's *Olympia* in comparison to the grandeur of this magnificent coachman! On less festive days he is sufficiently imposing with his truly Chinese porcelain trimness, with the pendulum-like movement of his powdered head and heavy pig-tail, with the three cornered wishing-cap on his head, and the wonderful mobility of his arms in the management of his horses. But to-day he wore crimson clothes, consisting of half a frock-coat, half an overcoat, and breeches of the same colour, all embroidered with gold facings. His noble head, powdered

chalk white, ornamented with an enormously big black hair-bag, was covered with a black velvet cap with a long peak. In the same manner were dressed the four flunkeys who stood behind on the carriage, holding one another in firm positions with brotherly interlinkings, and showing four black hair-bags to the gaping public. But the coachman carried in his face the air of the natural ruler, as he directed the six-in-hand state-carriage; firmly he held the reins, "and fast flew on the horses."

There was a frightful crush of people in the courtyard of the castle. It must be admitted the Berlin women are not shy. The tenderest of maidens gave me pokes in the ribs which I still feel to-day. Happily for me I am not a pregnant woman. I squeezed myself through the crush and luckily reached the portal of the castle. The officer of the police, pushing back the crowd, let me pass through however, because I wore a black coat, and because he perceived in me that my abode is hung with red silk curtains. From that moment I could easily see the great lords and ladies getting out of their carriages, and I amused myself extremely examining the distinguished court costumes and court faces. The first I cannot well describe because I lack the genius of the tailor; from questions of municipal policy I refrain from depicting the latter. Two pretty Berlin women who stood near me were in ecstasies over the beautiful diamonds, the gold embroideries, the flowers, the gauze, the satin, the long trains and the coiffeurs. For my part I admired still more the beautiful eyes of these admirers, and was somewhat annoyed when some one tapped me in a friendly way on the shoulder and I saw the little red-cheeked face of the Kammermusikus beaming at me. He was tremendously agitated, and skipped like a tree frog. "*Carrissimo,*" he quaked, "do you see that beautiful countess

over there? A cypress-like figure, hyacinth locks, her mouth is a rose and a nightingale together, the whole woman is a flower, and like a poor flower that is pressed between two sheets of blotting paper she stands there between her grey aunts. Her lord and husband, who browses upon such flowers instead of thistles, in order to make us believe that he is no donkey, has to remain at home to-day. He has a cold in his head, lies upon the sofa, and I have been obliged to entertain him; we gossiped for two hours upon the new Liturgy, so that my tongue has become thinner by reason of so much talking, and my lips hurt me from continuous smiling."

At these words the corners of the musician's mouth contracted into a sour court smile, which he licked away again with his fine little tongue. Suddenly he exclaimed again, "The Liturgy! the Liturgy! it will fly upon the wings of the red eagle of the third class from church tower to church tower, *jusqu'à la tour de Notre Dame!* Let us speak of something reasonable. Observe those two dandies who are now driving past. The one squashed, made-up face, with a thin head full of soft cotton-wool thoughts, and a vest of coloured embroidery, gala-rapier, conical white silk-clad legs. See how he gabbles in French, which, if it were translated into German, would be nothing but nonsense. As a contrast look at the other, the big man with the moustache, that Titan who will lay siege to every earthly paradise. I wager he has as much wit as Apollo Belvedere." In order to divert the thoughts of this tattler I pointed out to him my barber, who stood opposite to us, and who had donned his new coat made in old German fashion! The musician's face became red as a cherry, and he ground his teeth: "O Saint Marat! so that lout wishes to play the hero of Liberty! O Danton, Callot d'Herbois,

Robespierre!" In vain I hummed the song, "Eine feste Burg, O lieber Gott," etc.

In vain; I had only made matters worse. The man plunged into his old stories of the Revolution, and chattered of nothing but guillotines, of *lanternes*, of the September-breaking of prisons; until by good luck I remembered his ridiculous fear of powder, and I said to him, "Do you know that twelve cannons will be fired off directly in the pleasure-garden?" I had scarcely spoken these words when every trace of the musician had disappeared.

I wiped the cold perspiration from my face as soon as I was rid of the fellow, and now watched the latest arrivals; I bowed smilingly to my beautiful neighbours, and betook myself to the pleasure garden. There twelve cannons were in position, to be fired off the moment in which the princely bridal pair should exchange rings. An officer stood at a window of the castle to give the signal to the artillerymen in the garden. A crowd of people had gathered. One could read on their faces strange and almost contradictory thoughts.

It is one of the finest traits in the character of the Berlinese that they are indescribably attached to the king and royal family. The princes and princesses are the chief topic of conversation in the poorest *bourgeois* houses. A true Berlinese never uses other expressions than *our* Charlotte, *our* Alexandrine, *our* Prince Charles, etc. . . . The Berlinese, so to say, associates his whole life with that of the royal family, and he regards all the members thereof as old acquaintances; he knows the particular character of each, and is always delighted to note new traits in them. Thus the Berlinese knows, for example, that the crown prince is very witty, and that is why every *bon mot* goes the round of the town under the

name of the crown prince—so that to this one Hercules of wit the witty exploits of all the other Hercules are described.

You can, therefore, form an idea of how deeply the beautiful, brilliant Alexandrine is beloved; and by the light of this love you can explain to yourself the contradictory emotions betrayed by the faces of the people, as, full of expectation, they watched the high windows of the castle, wherein the marriage of our Alexandrine was being celebrated. Vexation they dared not show, for it was the wedding-day of their beloved princess; neither could they rejoice unreservedly, for on this day they were to lose her. Near me stood an old mother on whose face could be read, "I have married her, it is true, but she is lost to me now!" The face of my young neighbour expressed the thought, "As Duchess of Mecklenburg, she certainly does not rank so high as when she was queen of all our hearts!" On the red lips of a pretty brunette I read, "Ah! would I were at the same point myself!"

Suddenly the cannons thundered out, the ladies trembled, the bells rang, clouds of dust and smoke arose, the young folks shouted, the people trotted home, and the sun sank blood-red behind Monbijou.

The wedding festivities were not especially noisy. On the morning following the nuptial benediction the newly-married highnesses assisted at the service in the Cathedral Church. They drove in the gold coach with great glass windows, drawn by eight horses, and were well stared at by an immense crowd of people. If I mistake not, the above-mentioned flunkeys wore no hair-bags on this occasion. In the evening the ceremony of court felicitation was held, and thereafter a polonaise ball in the White Hall. On the 27th there was a grand banquet in the Hall

of the Knights, and in the evening the exalted and most exalted personages repaired to the Opera-house, when Spontini's opera, composed especially for this festival, *Nurmahal oder das Rosenfest in Caschemir*, was performed. Most people had great difficulty in obtaining tickets for that evening. One was given to me, but I did not go. I ought to have gone in order to describe it to you? But do you think I ought to sacrifice my life for my correspondence? I still think with horror of the *Olympia*, at which, for particular reasons, I was obliged recently to be present, and whence I emerged with all my limbs bruised. I went, however, to the Kammermusikus, and asked him what sort of an opera it was. He answered me, "The best point in it is that there are no gunshots." Nevertheless, I cannot rely on this musician's verdict. In the first place he himself is a composer, and greater than Spontini in his own opinion; secondly, he had been made to believe that Spontini was to write an opera with a cannon obligato. The newly-married pair were unanimously received with joyous acclamations. *Nurmahal* is not particularly well spoken of. It is certainly no masterpiece. Spontini has inserted in it many extracts from his old operas, with the result that while this opera certainly contains some good passages, the whole is a very patchwork affair, and lacks sequence and unity, hitherto the chief merits of this composer's music. The splendour of the setting of the piece is said to be unprecedented. The scene painter and the theatrical tailor have surpassed themselves. The theatre-poet wrote the verse, consequently it must be good. No elephants appeared in it.

The *Staadtszeitung* of the 4th July censures an article of the *Magdeburger Zeitung*, wherein it is stated that two elephants were to appear in the new opera, and observed,

with Shakespearian wit, "These elephants are doubtless still at Magdeburg." If the *Magdeburger Zeitung* gleaned this piece of news from my second letter, I deplore with heartfelt sorrow that I am the luckless one who drew down upon it this witty thunder. I withdraw it, and indeed with such humility and contrition that the *Staadtszeitung* will weep tears of emotion. For the rest, once and for all, I declare that I am ready to retract whatever may be demanded of me, providing it does not cost me too much trouble. I had myself heard, in fact, that two elephants were to appear in the *Rosenfest.* Later, I was assured it would be two camels, and still later they were called two students, and finally they were to be Angels of Innocence.

On the 28th there was a free ball. As early as half-past eight masqueraders were driving up to the Opera-house. I have described these balls in my former letter. The only distinction in this instance was that no black dominoes were admitted, that all the masks wore shoes, that at one o'clock unmasking in the hall was allowed, and that the entrance tickets and refreshments were given gratis. This last point seemed to be the chief attraction. I carry in my breast the firm conviction that the Berlinese are models of civilisation and of fine manners, and that they have reason to look with disparagement on the unpolished manners of my compatriots; also, I have witnessed on many occasions that the poorest Berlinese is a master in the art of enduring hunger decently, and of smothering the cries of his stomach under the forms of the most perfect convention. Otherwise, I might have conceived an unfavourable opinion of these people when I saw at this free ball how they pressed six deep round the Buffet, poured glass after glass down their throat, crammed their stomachs with cakes, and with so disgraceful a voracity, so heroic a

constancy, that it was almost impossible for an ordinary human being to break through the buffet-phalanx, in order, on account of the extreme heat in the hall, to cool one's tongue with a glass of lemonade. The king and the whole court were at this ball. The sight of the new-married pair charmed every one present. The bride shone more by her amiability than by her rich diamonds. Our king appeared in a dark blue domino. The princes wore, for the most part, old Spanish or knightly costumes.

I have long since pointed out that it is my caprice alone and not precedence which decides the order in which I recount the Berlin occurrences to you. Had I adhered to dates I would have been obliged to begin my letter with the jubilee of Privy Councillor Heim. The papers will have sufficiently acquainted you with the way in which this eminent doctor was fêted. It was talked about for two whole days, and that is saying a great deal. Everywhere anecdotes of Heim's life were repeated; some are very diverting. The most comical, in my opinion, is that of the way in which he mystified his coachman, who one day declared to him that he had driven Heim about for so long a time that he now wished to become a doctor and learn how to cure people. Many other civilian jubilees took place about the same time, and, at Jagor, there was a constant popping of the corks of champagne bottles. As a rule, people here, before one is aware of it, have served for fifty years. It is the climate that does it. Even a serving-maid held her jubilee, and in the *Eleganten* can be read how this jubilee-maiden was fêted and celebrated in song. I heard yesterday that actually a matron in the *Unschuldsgasse* had celebrated her jubilee. She was crowned with lilies and roses; a sentimental sword-bearing youth presented her with a sonnet, quite in the

style of the usual jubilee poetry, in which love, dove, strength, length, appeared in rhymes, and twelve maidens sang

> " Oh, sword upon my side,
> What mean thy bright flashes," etc.

You see, Theodor Körner's poems are still sung. Not, certainly, in the circles of good taste, where it was long ago considered to be very fortunate matter that in the year 1814 the French did not understand German, and could not read those insipid, stale, flat, unpoetical verses, over which we Germans were so enthusiastic. Nevertheless, these poems of deliverance are still declaimed and sung in those little cosy reunions where one warms oneself in winter at the innocent straw fire that crackle in these patriotic songs; and as the old white horse of Frederick the Great pranced again youthfully and went through the whole of the manœuvres whenever he heard a trumpet, in the same way the fine sentiments of many Berlinese are aroused when they hear of Körner's songs. They lay a hand gracefully on their bosom, heave a tremendous sigh of admiration, rise courageously, and say, " I am a German maiden."

I perceive, dear friend, that you look at me somewhat askance on account of the bitter mocking tone in which I at times speak of things, dear and rightfully dear, to others. I cannot do otherwise. My soul glows too ardently in the interests of true liberty not to be seized with dejection when I see our pretty prattling heroes of Freedom in their ash-grey insignificance. In my soul, the love of Germany, and the reverence for German magnificence, is too keen for me to chime in with the thoughtless gabble of those penny-mannikins, who coquet

with everything pertaining to the German dominion. Many a time the almost convulsive desire has arisen in me, with a bold hand to tear away the halo of old lies which surround their heads, to pull the skin off the lion himself, because I suspect an ass is concealed beneath it.

Again, I will say very little anent the theatre. The comic actor Walter has met with success here; but for my own part his humour is not to my taste. On the other hand, I was perfectly enchanted with Lebrun from Hamburg, who, a short time ago, played some first parts here. He is our best German comic actor, unsurpassed in jovial characters, and thoroughly deserves the approbation that all Berlin connoisseurs gave him. Karl August Lebrun is a born actor; nature has endowed him in full measure with every talent necessary to his career, and art has brought them to perfection. But what shall I say of Neumann, who has bewitched the city, even the critics themselves? What miracles a beautiful face works! It is fortunate that I am short-sighted, otherwise this Circe would certainly have changed me into a grey little quadruped, as she has one of my friends. This unfortunate has now such long ears that the one appears in the *Vossischen Zeitung* and the other in the *Hande und Spener Zeitung*. This lady has already sent certain youths mad; one of them now has hydrophobia, and no longer writes verse. Whoever approaches this beautiful woman feels happy. One collegiate vowed a platonic love for her, and sent her a caligraphic sample of his handwriting. Her husband is also an actor, and he shines like glazed linen in the comedy entitled *Kabeljau und Hiebe*. The good lady must often be incommoded by the numerous visits from her admirers. It is related that a sick man, who lived next to her, and could never rest on account

of all these men, who every minute rang at his door-bell and asked, "Does Madame Neumann live here?" at last had written on the door of his apartment, "Madame Neumann does not live here."

The beautiful woman has even been cast in iron, and small iron medallions stamped with her effigy are sold. I tell you, the enthusiasm over Madame Neumann rages here like a murrain. While I write these lines I feel under the influence myself. I still hear ringing in my ears the words of ecstasy with which an old grey head spoke of her yesterday. Homer could not describe Helen's beauty more vividly than when he showed how old men were seized with delight at the sight of her. Many medical men also pay their court to the beautiful woman, so much so that she is sometimes playfully called the Venus of Medicine. But why should I make so long a tale, for without doubt you have read our theatrical criticisms, and have usually noticed a sort of metrical form in them, which is no other than that of Sappho's Ode to Venus. Yes, she is a Venus, or, as a merchant of Altona said, a *Venusine*, only the accursed typesetter occasionally casts the sting of a wasp into this cup of Hymettus honey, that our pious critic offers to our goddess.

The explanatory *Intelligenzblate* (the title of this paper is ironical) corrects the following mistake in print, "In the critical article upon the dramatic play of Madame Neumann —No. 63 of the *Spener'schen Zeitung* of the 25th May—in line 26, instead of 'light play of love,' 'a light play of expression' should be read." Yesterday the beautiful woman played in Clauren's new comedy, *Der Brautigam ans Mexico*. One is charmed as in a fairy tale, with its light, bright originality, which must appeal to all lovers of joyousness. This piece has pleased many people, indeed everything that comes from the pen of this author receives

immense respect. His writings have many adversaries, nevertheless they run through one edition after another.

A people's theatre has been erected on the *Alexanderplatze.* A certain man, named Cerf, who held the licence for it, has renounced it, and receives in exchange the sum of 3000 thalers yearly. Bethmann, who was formerly an actor, has undertaken the management. Professor Gubitz has been offered the charge of the poetical part of this theatre. It is to be hoped that he will accept, for he is thoroughly acquainted with the stage and its economy. He is celebrated as a dramatic poet, critic, and at the same time as a master in the art of drawing. This versatility combines everything that is necessary for such a directorship. But it is doubted if he will accept it, for the editorship of the *Gesellschafter*, to which he devotes himself heart and soul, fully occupies his time. This journal has a large circulation—of more than 1500 copies, I believe; it is read here with an astounding amount of interest, and may well be called the most important and best in Germany. Gubitz edits it with a zeal and conscientiousness that borders on anxiety, for in his love of correctness and decency he is almost too rigorous. Yet do not suppose him to be a pedant. He is a man in the prime of life, frank, full of activity, joyous, enthusiastic for everything beautiful; his whole personality exhales the jovial anacreontic spirit, that is so marked a characteristic of his poems.

We have latterly had a new weekly journal that concerns itself with popular tastes; it is edited by Lieutenant Leithold, who has recently published an account of his travels in Brazil, under the title of *Kuriositaten und Raritäten*, bearing a very naïve motto. The best people's journals here are *Des Beobacter an der Spree* and *Der Märkische Bote.* The latter appeals to the more educated class. I was

amazed to find a portion of my second letter reprinted in it from the *Anzeiger*. I am very sensible of the honour done me and of the praise indicated thereby; but it might have brought me into very grave trouble, had not a gallant Censor at Berlin erased what I had said concerning the Berlinese ladies. If these angels had read those passages, the flower baskets would have flown at my head by the three-score. Yet even then I would not have taken refuge on the *Hundebrucke;* the beautiful maiden Fortuna has long since given me so large an iron basket that I would scarcely be able to fill it with all the tiny baskets of all the lady inhabitants of the Spree.

At No. 26 Unter den Linden, a serpent of a very rare kind is to be seen for eight groschen. I take this occasion to inform you that it is precisely where I have fixed my quarters. Blondin with his company still gives his delightful and much frequented exhibitions of equestrian skill before the Brandenburg Gate. He represents, among other things, Columbus landing at Otaheiti. Bosco has finally given his last representation but one, his last, and very last, and has also given one on behalf of the poor. People say that he imitates Boucher. It is not true; it is Boucher who imitates the juggler. The statues of Bülow and Scharnhorst will one of these days be placed on either side of the Guard House. They are on view at present in Rauch's studio. It was there I took a look at them some time ago and thought them beautiful. Blucher's statue, by the same artist, which is to be placed in Breslau, has started for its destination.

I have seen the new Exchange. It is very handsomely got up. It has a number of spacious rooms, on a very grand scale, beautifully decorated. I am told that the noble art-loving son of the great Mendelssohn, Joseph Mendelssohn, is the creator of this institute. Berlin has

long been in need of something of the kind. Not only merchants, but also functionaries, learned men, and persons of all classes, frequent the Exchange. The most attractive portion is the lecture-room, wherein I found more than a hundred German and foreign journals, including our *Westf. Auzieger*. Doctor Boehringer, a man well versed in literature and science, who superintends this hall, knows how to ingratiate himself with the visitors through his polite forethought. Josty has the charge of the restaurant and of the confectionery department. The attendants all wear brown liveries trimmed with gold, and the doorkeeper is especially imposing with his great marshal's staff.

The new construction going on close to the Lindens, whereby *Wilhelmstrasse* is to be lengthened, proceeds apace. The form is a scene of magnificent arcades. The foundation-stone of a new bridge has also been laid.

In the musical world there is absolute silence. The capital of music does the same as other capitals; it consumes what is produced in the provinces. With the exception of the young Felix Mendelssohn, who, according to the judgment of all the musicians, is a marvel and, it is thought, may become a second Mozart, I know no single musical genius among the resident Berlin aborigines. Most of the musicians who distinguish themselves here come from the provinces, or even from abroad. It is an unspeakable pleasure to me to be able to notify that our compatriot Joseph Klein, the youngest brother of the composer of whom I spoke in my last letters, excites the highest expectations. He has already composed many things that are praised by connoisseurs. Song-accompaniments by him will shortly be published; they have met with great success here, and have been much sung in

society. His melodies, of a surprising originality, speak straight to the heart; and it is obvious that this young artist will one day become one of the celebrated German composers. Spontini left us a long time ago. He is on his way to Italy. He sent his *Olympia* to Vienna, where it was, nevertheless, not performed because it would have cost too much. The Italian stayed here only a few days. There is under the Lindens an exhibition of wax figures. In the Konigstrasse, at the corner of Poststrasse, wild animals and a Minerva are being exhibited.

Fonk's trial is here as everywhere else the subject of public conversation. Kreuser's very well-written pamphlet first turned public attention upon him. Thereafter came many other pamphlets all in his favour. The most important of them was that by Freiherr von der Leyden. These books, with the memoirs on the Fonk trial in the *Abendzeitung* and the *Konversationsblatt*, and the work by the accused himself, have produced a favourable opinion of him. Certain persons, who are secretly against Fonk, nevertheless speak for him in public out of pity for the unhappy man who has suffered for so many years. In one social gathering I mentioned the horrible position of his innocent wife, the sufferings of his honest and respectable family, and when I related how it is said that the populace at Cologne had insulted Fonk's poor children who are under age, one lady fainted, and one pretty damsel began to weep bitterly and sobbed, "I know the king will pardon him, even if he be condemned." I am equally persuaded that our truly humane king will exercise the most beautiful and divine of his rights, and not plunge so many deserving people into misery; I hope it as sincerely as the Berlinese, though I do not share their opinion concerning the trial. *A propos*, I have heard an astounding variety of random opinions. Those who

speak most weightily on the matter are the gentlemen who know nothing at all about it. My friend, the young humpbacked lawyer, thinks that if he were on the Rhine he could soon clear the matter. He is of opinion, more especially, that legal proceedings in those provinces is worth nothing. "What is the use of all this publicity?" he said yesterday. "How does it concern Peter or Christopher whether Fonk or some one else murdered Coenen? Let the matter be handed over to me; I light my pipe, read through the acts, and make my report; the commission will consult thereover with closed doors and pronounce the verdict, and decide whether the fellow is acquitted or accused, and not a comment will be made. Of what use this jury, these tailor and glover godfathers? I believe, I, a man who has studied, who has attended Fries's course of logic at Jena, who possesses certificates of the full course of legal studies, who has passed all examinations, must, therefore, possess more judiciary knowledge than these ignorant men! In the end such an one marvels at his own importance, because so much depends upon his yes or no! And the worst of all is this *Code Napoléon*, this bad statute-book which does not allow one even to box a servant's ears!" But I will not allow this learned lawyer to talk any longer. He represents the mass of men who are on Fonk's side because they are against the Rhenish mode of administrating justice. People resent it here, and would willingly free the Rheinlanders from these "Fetters of French tyranny," as the immortal Justus Gruner—God save his soul—one day named the French law. May the beloved Rheinland bear these fetters still longer, and may she be laden with other similar fetters! May that pure love of freedom, which is not based on hatred of the French and on national egotism, long flourish on the Rhine; that veritable strength

of youth whose source does not spring from the brandy bottle; that true religion of Christ which has nothing in common with zealous pursuers of heterodoxy or hypocritical proselytisers! There is no University news, except that thirty-two students have been expelled on account of the resumption of prohibited associations. It is a fatal thing to be expelled; the reprimand alone is in itself sufficiently disagreeable. I hope this severe sentence against the thirty-two will be mitigated. I have no wish to defend these associations at the University; they are the remains of that ancient corporation system which I prefer should wholly disappear. But I understand that these associations are the natural consequences of our academical *order*, or rather *disorder*, which in all probability will not disappear until the charming and popular Oxonian stall-and-forage system be introduced for our students. About half-a-dozen Polish students are usually to be seen here. A severe inquiry had been instituted against them. The most of them, it is said, decamped without any wish to return, but a great number, about twenty I believe, are still in our State prison. The majority of them are from Russian Poland, and these are accused of having raised demagogic disturbances against their own government.

It is announced that Louis Tieck will soon come here, to give some lectures on Shakespeare. The 31st of last month was the birthday of the princely State Chancellor. A deputation from Hesse is expected to settle our differences with Hesse concerning the violation of territorial rights. A commission has been sent to Pomerania to make inquiries into the various religious sects there. The wool-market has already commenced, and a good many landed proprietors are here who bring their wool for sale, and are jokingly

nicknamed "Wollhabende."[1] Even the streets have awaked to ambition. The Letzhstrasse (the Last Street) is now to be named Dorotheenstrasse. There is a talk of erecting a statue to Frederick the Great on the Operaplatz. The family of dancers named Kobler have had their baggage burnt upon the highway near Blunberg. A steam machine is now in use for the construction of the new bridge.

At this moment there is very little literary news, notwithstanding that Berlin is the central market of literature. In the matter of vegetables I go with the season; I no longer eat asparagus, I eat green peas. But in literature I have fallen behindhand. Thus I have not even read the *Falschen Wanderjahre*, which has made and still makes so much stir. This book has an especial interest for Westphalia, for it is usually attributed to our compatriot, Dr. Pustkuchen, in Lemgo. I do not know why he wished to disavow this book, which, however, need not put him to the blush. People cudgelled their brains in vain to discover who was the author, and settled upon a variety of names. The Court Councillor Schütz made it publicly known that it was not he. A few voices suggested the Councillor of the Legation, Von Varnhagen; but he made a similar disclaimer. Indeed this attribution was very improbable, because he is one of the staunchest admirers of Goethe, and Goethe himself in his last number of the review, *Kunst und Alterthum am Rhein*, declared that Varnhagen had understood him profoundly, and had even enlightened Goethe concerning himself. Of a truth, next to the consciousness of being Goethe himself, I know no more desirable feeling than to receive from Goethe, the

[1] An untranslatable play upon words. Wohlhabende signifies *those who possess wealth;* the word Wollhabende, substituted in its place, signifies *those who possess wool.*

man standing upon the topmost seat of the century, a testimony of that description.

Moreover, there is much talk here over the German *Gil Blas*, which Goethe published four weeks ago. The book was written by a former servant. Goethe revised it throughout, and added thereto a remarkable preface. This vigorous old man, the Ali Pacha of our literature, has brought out a new part of his biography. When finished it will be one of the most remarkable works, and indeed the great epic of our time. For this autobiography is at the same time the biography of the epoch. Goethe depicts this epoch and its influence most vividly. His is in contra-distinction to those other biographies—for example, that of Rousseau—who have only their own pitiful subjectivity in view.

One part of Goethe's autobiography, however, will not appear till after his death, because in it he discusses his relationships in Weimar, and especially those which concern the Grand Duke. This supplement will probably excite the most public attention. We shall receive shortly also Byron's *Memoirs*, though it is said these, like his dramas, are largely psychological. The preface to his three last dramas contains some very remarkable passages upon our century and upon the revolutionary elements with which it is pregnant. Great laments are still made over the godlessness of his poetry; and the poet-laureate, Southey, in London, calls Byron and his kindred spirits the *Satanic School*. But Childe Harold brandishes most powerfully the poisoned whip with which he castigates the poor laureate. Another autobiography excites much interest here. It is the *Memoires de Jacob Casanova de Seingalt*, of which Brockhaus has brought out a translation. The French original has not yet been printed, and a certain

obscurity still hovers over the pedigree of the manuscript. Of its authenticity there can be no doubt. The *Fragment sur Casanova* in the works of Prince Charles de Ligne is a trustworthy witness, and the book itself has that air of veracity which a mere fabrication would lack. I would not recommend the perusal of it, it is true, to my sweetheart or wife, but to all my friends. This book exhales hot breaths of Italian sensuality. The hero himself is a vigorous, lusty Venetian, who is chased by a full pack of hounds, who has run through all countries, who comes in contact with all the most distinguished men, and into still closer intimacy with the women. There is not a single line in the book which is in accord with my sentiments, nor a single line that I have read with pleasure.

The second part ought to be out now, but it cannot be procured here as yet, for I hear that the Censor yesterday again made a descent upon the publishing house of Brockhaus. At the moment very few good things have appeared in the domain of *belles-lettres.* Fouqué has brought out a new novel entitled *Du Verfolgte.* It is with the poetical world as with the musical world. Of poets there is no lack; the lack is of good poems. We may expect some good things in autumn, however. Köchy (he is not a Berlinese), who gave us some time ago a very ample work upon the stage, is about to publish a volume of poems; and the specimen proofs I chanced to see warrant the highest expectations. They are instinct with pure sentiment, rare tenderness, a depth of feeling untroubled by any bitterness—in a word, with true poetry. Neither is there a superabundance of dramatic talent; but I have great expectation of the young poet, Von Vechtritz (also no Berlinese), who has written several dramas that have been praised to the skies by connoisseurs. One of these, *Der Heilige*

Chrysostomus, will appear in print before long, and will, I believe, receive considerable notice. I have heard passages read from it which are worthy of the great masters.

In my last letter I promised to tell you concerning Hoffmann's *Meister Floh* (Master Flea). The inquiry against the author has been suspended. He is always ailing somewhat. I have at last succeeded in seeing this much discussed novel. I could not find in it a single line that referred to demagogic disturbances. The title of the book at first seemed to me very embarrassing; the mention of it in society brought a maiden-like blush to my cheeks, and I always lisped "Hoffmann's romance," with respect be it spoken. However, in Knigge's *Umgang mit Menschen* ("Intercourse with Men") (part iii. chap. ix., upon the way to live with animals; chapter x. treats of intercourse with writers) I found a paragraph which dealt with how to live with fleas, wherein I saw that these are not so disreputable as "certain other little animals," which this profound student of men and of beasts himself does not name. This humane citation profects Hoffmann; I call to mind also the song of Mephistopheles—

> "There was once a king
> Who had a big flea."

The hero of the romance, however, is not a flea, but a man whose name is Peregrinus Tyss, who lives in a state of semi-somnambulism, and by chance came across the Lord of the Fleas, and carries on with him very diverting discourses. This last-named Master Flea is a really clever fellow, a little timorous, but nevertheless very belligerent, and wears golden top-boots, with diamond spurs on his thin legs, as represented on the cover of the book. He is accompanied by a certain Dortje Elverdink, who, it is said,

is intended to represent the demagogues. George Pepusch is a fine type of student, who is no other than the thistle Zeherith, and flourished once in Famagusta; he is in love with the aforesaid Elverdink, who, in reality, is the Princess Gamahe, the daughter of King Sekakis. The contrast with ordinary life, which the Indian myth thus forms in this book, is not so piquant as in *Goldene Topf* (Golden Pot) and other of Hoffmann's romances, wherein the same *coup de théâtre* is employed by the aid of natural philosophy. The world of feeling, which Hoffmann so wel lunderstood how to delineate, is herein treated somewhat colourlessly. The first chapter of the book is divine, the others are unendurable. It has no action, no great central interest, no grit. Had the binder arbitrarily shuffled the leaves, certainly no one would have noticed it. The great allegory, the confluent in which all the streams ultimately flow, did not satisfy me. Possibly others may have been amused by the book; for myself I think that a novel should not be an allegory. The severity or acerbity with which I speak concerning this romance proceeds from the fact that I like and esteem all Hoffmann's other works so much. They rank among the most remarkable productions of our time. All bear the stamp of the extraordinary No one could fail keenly to enjoy his *Phantasienstücke.*

In the *Elexieren des Teufels* is to be found all that the mind can conceive of horrible and terrible. How weak *The Monk* by Lewis is in comparison, though it treats of the same subject! A student at Göttingen is said to have gone mad after reading this romance. In the *Nachtstücken* the author out-Herods himself in the description of the gruesome and the ghastly. The devil himself could do nothing more devilish. The short stories, which are collected under the title of *Seraption Bruder*, and with which

Kleines Zaches must also be ranked, are not so terrible, and have each serene and graceful scenes. The *Theater Direktor* is a mediocre sort of scamp. In the *Elementargeist* (Elementary Spirit), water is the element, for there certainly is no spirit in it. But *Prinzessen Brambilla* is a delicious creature, and if there be a man whose head is not turned by her marvels, it is because that man has got no head to turn. Hoffmann is quite original. They who call him an imitator of Jean Paul understand neither the one nor the other. The inventiveness of even two writers is totally different in character. A novel by Jean Paul begins in a very burlesque manner, and so continues; but suddenly, and before one is aware, there emerges a beautiful pure world of sentiment, a rosy, blooming island of palms irradiated by moonlight; an island which, with all its quiet and perfumed splendours, will soon be submerged in the hideous, strident, shrilling waves of an eccentric humour. The foregrounds of Hoffmann's novels are usually peaceful, flowery, and often full of soft emotions; wonderful and mysterious beings dance athwart them, pious figures stride to and fro, capricious little beings give friendly and unexpected greeting; but from out of the heart of this delicious picture there grins the hideously contorted masque of an old woman, who, after having made the most frightful grimaces with the most mysterious haste, disappears once more and again leaves free field to the scared-away cheery little figures, who recommence their droll capers, but without being able in turn to dispel the nauseating impression borne in upon our mind.

In my next letters I will speak of the novels of other authors in Berlin. They all bear the same character. It is the character of the German novel in general. This is easily understood when it is compared with the novel

of other nations, as, for example, with French or English, etc., etc. It will easily be seen how the outward conditions of the author stamp the novels of a country with a peculiar character. The English author travels with the equipages of a lord or of an apostle. Regardless as to whether he be rich through honorariums or whether he shall be poor, he travels mute and self-centred; he observes the customs, the passions, the ways of mankind, and mirrors the real world, real life, in his novels, sometimes serene (Goldsmith), sometimes sinister (Smollett), but always realistic and true (Fielding). The French author lives constantly in society, even in high society, however poor and titleless he may be. Princes and princesses flatter Jean Jacque the music-copyist, and in Paris salons a minister is called Monsieur, and a duchess Madame. Hence French novels are permeated by that light society-tone, that suppleness, politeness, and urbanity which can be acquired only through intercourse with men. Hence, also, the family resemblance between all French novels; their language appears always to be the same, because it is the polite speech of society.

But the poor German author usually receives very small honorariums; he seldom has any private means, and therefore has no money wherewith to travel, or, at best, travels late in life, when he has already acquired a certain style. He rarely possesses position or a title which open to him the gracious portals of high society. Not infrequently he lacks a black coat, which would permit him to frequent the society of the middle classes. The poor German shuts himself in his solitary attic, creates a world for himself, and in a wonderful self-involved style of speech he writes a novel wherein figures and types live who are beautiful, divine, and highly poetic, but who never existed. All our novels bear this fantastic character, the good and bad

alike, from the earliest days of Speiss, Cramer, and Vulpius, to Arnim, Fouqué, Horn, Hoffmann, etc. All are reflected from the character of the people, and we Germans are of all nations the most sensitive and susceptible to mysticism, secret societies, natural philosophy, absurdities, love, and poetry!

THE OLD RÉGIME.[1]

THE Gallic cock has just crowed twice, and in Germany, also, day is breaking. Mysterious shades and spectres take flight to remote monasteries, to castles, to Hanseatic towns, to all such remaining haunts of the Middle Ages. The sun-rays glisten; we rub our eyes, the cheerful light penetrates into our heart. Reawakened life stirs around us, we are amazed, and we ask of one another, "What did you do to us during the past night?"

Yes, of a truth we dreamed in our German fashion; that is to say, we philosophised. Not, indeed, over the truth of things which touched us most closely, or which would be highly expedient for us at the time; but we philosophised over the reality of things in and for themselves, over the ultimate reason of things, and similar metaphysical and transcendental dreams. Therein at times we were disturbed by the horrible uproar made by our western neighbours, a highly inconvenient noise, for not unseldom the French musket balls whistled through our philosophical system and carried away whole strips of it. It is singular that the practical action of our neighbours on the further side of the Rhine has nevertheless a

[1] In the original this section is entitled: Introduction to "Kahldorf on the Nobles."

peculiar affinity with our philosophic dreams in our peaceful Germany. If only a comparison be made between the history of the French Revolution and the history of German philosophy, it will then be realised that the French, who were engrossed with so many real occupations over which it was incumbent upon them to keep watch, must have besought us, we Germans, during that time, to sleep and to dream in their stead; and that our German philosophy is nothing else than the dream of the French Revolution. Thus, with us, there came about a rupture between routine and tradition in the realm of thought; as with the French in the routine of social life. Our Jacobin philosophers rallied to the criticism of pure reason and swept away everything that could not pass the standard of that criticism. Kant was our Robespierre. Thereafter came Fichte, the Napoleon of Philosophy, with his *Ego*, the highest love, the supreme egoism, autocracy of thought, and sovereignty of will, and rapidly improvised a universal empire that as rapidly disappeared — the despotic and terribly solitary idealism. From beneath his steps trembled the mysterious flowers spared by Kant's guillotine, or that since then had blossomed forth unnoticed. The oppressed earth-spirit arose, the ground trembled, the counter-revolution broke out, and, under Schelling, the past with its traditional interests was once more recognised, even indemnified. Then, in the new restoration, the philosophy of nature, there reigned the grey-headed emigrants who had always intrigued against the sovereignty of pure reason and of idea:—mysticism, pietism, jesuitism, legitimacy, romanticism, teutomania, sentimentality. . . . Till, finally, Hegel, the heir-apparent of philosophy, founded, or rather arranged a new *régime*, an eclectic *régime* in which he himself was certainly of little personal importance, but of which

he is the head, and in which he assigned an assured and constitutional position to the old Jacobin Hantists, to the Fichte Buonapartists, to the Schelling peers, and to his own creatures.

Now that we have successfully completed the grand circle of philosophy, it is natural that we should pass on to politics. Shall we observe a similar method? Shall we open the course with the system of the Committee of Public Weal, or with that of the system of the *Ordre légal?* These questions cause every heart to tremble; whosoever has aught precious to lose, were it but his head, whispers apprehensively, "Will the German revolution be a dry revolution, or one wet with blood?"

Aristocrats and priests threaten us constantly with the ghastly pictures of the Days of Terror. Liberals and humanitarians promise us, as a contrast, the beautiful scenes of the Great Week and the later Pacific fêtes; both parties deceive, or wish to deceive, each other. For it cannot be inferred that because the '92 French Revolution was so terrible and bloody, or because that of July was so humane and beautiful, therefore a revolution in Germany must of necessity partake of either the one or other character. Only when the same conditions exist can the same results be awaited. The character of the French Revolution was from all time determined by the moral condition of the people, and in particular by their political development. Before the first revolutionary outbreak in France, there existed, undeniably, an already formulated civilisation; but only among the highest classes, and here and there in the middle classes. But, intellectually, the lower classes were neglected and hindered by a narrow-hearted despotism from all noble endeavour. Political culture was lacking not alone among the inferior classes but even among the privileged.

These were cognisant only of the petty little manœuvres between rival corporations, of a system of reciprocal enfeeblement, of traditional routine, of the art of equivocal formulas, of the influence of mistresses, and similar State-miseries. Montesquieu aroused only a relatively small number of spirits. As he always started from an historical standpoint, he gained but little influence over the mass of an enthusiastic people extremely susceptible to all ideas which well forth fresh and spontaneous from the heart, as in Rousseau's writings. But, however, when he, this Hamlet of France, had gauged the hostile spirit, and had exposed the depravity of spirit of the crowned Poison-mixer, the brilliant inanity of courtesans, the inept lies of court-etiquette, and the universal corruption, he cried aloud in his sorrow, "The whole world is unhinged, woe to me that I should have set it aright!" when Jean Jacques Rousseau, with a mad despair, half real, half simulated, had upraised his great plaint and his accusations; when Voltaire, the Lucian of Christianity, had laughed the life out of the knavery of Romish priesthood and of the divine right of despotism dependent upon it; when Lafayette, the hero of two worlds and of two centuries, had returned from America with his argonauts of liberty, bringing with him as Golden Fleece the idea of a free constitution; when Necker calculated, Sieyès defined, Mirabeau spoke; when the thunders of the constituted assembly rolled over the exhausted monarchy and its flourishing deficit, and new thoughts, economical and political, streamed forth like sudden lightning,—then only were the French able to learn the great science of Liberty, Politics: and these first rudiments cost them dear, cost them their best blood.

If, then, the French had to pay so dearly for their school-

ing, the fault lies with that imbecile light-shunning despotism which sought, as we have already said, to keep the people in an intellectual minority, that prevented all political enlightenment, confided the censorship of books to Jesuits and obscurantists of the Sorbonne, and even paralysed the periodic press, the most powerful organ of progress for popular intelligence. If one reads in Mercier's *Tableau de Paris* the article on Censure before the Revolution, it is impossible to wonder any longer over the crass political ignorance of the French, in consequence of which they were binded rather than illumined by the new ideas, heated rather than warmed, so that they relied upon the word of every pamphleteer and journalist, and could be led into the greatest excesses by the first self-deceiving fanatic, and by every intriguer in the pay of Pitt. That, precisely, is the benefit of the Freedom of the Press; it robs the bold speech of the Demagogue of all its charm of novelty, it neutralises the passionate word by a counter-word as passionate, it strangles in their birth lying rumours sown by chance or by malevolence, which flourish unabashed in obscurity, similar to those venomous plants which flourish only in the sombre marshy forests, or in the shadow of old ruined castles and churches, but wither up miserably in the bright light of the sun. It is true that this bright light of the sun of liberty of the press is detested by the slave who prefers to be kicked in shadow by the most illustrious of feet, and equally by the despot who does care to see his isolation and his weakness. The Censure is much appreciated by the people, it is true. But it is none the less true that the Censure, in lending its aid for a time to despotism, ends by destroying itself, together with the despotism; and that, wherever the guillotining of ideas takes place, there the censorship of men is introduced, so that the very slave who

kills ideas is he who with equal *sangfroid* scores the name of his master from the book of life.

Alas! these spiritual executioners make criminals of us all; and the writer, while he writes, finds himself like a pregnant woman, in a state of grave excitement, and in this condition very often commits child-murder of his thought, precisely from a mad anxiety before the judgment knife of the Censor.

At this moment I myself stifle some innocent new-born reflections, upon the patience and forbearance of spirit with which my dear compatriots for so many years have endured a spiritually murderous law, which in France required only to be promulgated by Polignac to bring about a revolution. I speak of those celebrated ordinances, the most important of which established a severe censure over the daily papers, that filled the noble hearts in Paris with stupefaction. The most peaceful citizens seized their weapons, the streets were barricaded, there were fights, assaults, cannons thundered, bells tolled, leaden nightingales whistled, the young brood of the dead eagle, *L'École politechnique*, fluttered from their nest with lightning in their claws; old pelicans of liberty threw themselves upon the bayonets and nourished the enthusiasm of the young with their blood. Lafayette sprang to horse, Lafayette the incomparable, whose like Nature could not repeat, and therefore—economist that she is!—utilised him for two worlds and for two centuries. After three heroic days slavery lay on the ground with its red sergeants and its white lilies, and the holy tricolour, gleaming with the halo of victory, waved from the Church Tower of our beloved Notre Dame de Paris.

There were no horrors, no deliberate massacres, there arose no arch-christian guillotine; no atrocious jokes were played, such, for example, as that famous return from

Versailles when the procession carried in front for a standard the bloody heads of Deshuttes and Baricourt, stopping at Sèvres to have them washed and elegantly dressed by a citizen hairdresser. No, since those days of awful memory, the French Press has imbued the people of Paris with better sentiments, with less sanguinary humour; it has ousted ignorance from their hearts and has sowed the seeds of intelligence in its stead. The result of such sowing was that historical moderation and touching humanity of the Parisian people during the great week; and as a matter of fact, if, later, Polignac did not physically lose his head, he owed this good luck exclusively to the temperate after-influences of the same freedom of the Press which, like a madman, he had endeavoured to suppress.

Thus the sandal-tree refreshed with its delicious perfumes the very enemies who wantonly had injured its bark.

With these cursory remarks I have, I consider, sufficiently indicated how every question upon the character which a revolution in Germany might assume must take the form of a question upon the civilisation and political culture of the German people; how culture depends primarily on the liberty of the press; how it should be our most urgent wish that, by its means, a great flood of light be spread abroad before the hour cometh wherein darkness shall be more pernicious than passion, wherein opinions and ideas shall work with more disastrous potency upon the blind crowd, in exact ratio as these ideas have been previously openly discussed and used as party watch-words.

Civil equality, in Germany as in France, might now be the first watch-word of the Revolution. Friends of the Fatherland should lose no time, if they wish to influence

the debate *On the Nobility*, to be regulated and adjusted by means of peaceable discussion, before intractable disputants join in with their all-too-telling arguments, against which neither the lock-and-key remonstrances of the police, nor the sharp arguments of the infantry and cavalry, not even an *Ultima ratio regis*, which could so easily be changed into an *Ultimi ratio regis*, would have any avail. From this standpoint I hold that the publication of the present work is a meritorious act. I think that the tone of moderation which reigns therein answers to the aim in view. The author combats with Hindoo patience a pamphlet entitled: "*Upon the Nobility and its relationship with the Burgherdom.* By Count M. von Moltke, chamberlain to his Majesty the King of Denmark, and member of the High Tribunal of Gottorff. Hamburg, 1830."

As a matter of fact, neither this pamphlet nor the response exhausts the subject; the one and the other treat only of the general, or, so to say, dogmatic part of the dispute. The noble champion, seated upon his tourney-horse, lustily defends the ignoble saying of the Middle Ages, that noble breeding produces better blood than burgher breeding; he pleads for privileges of birth, for the right of nobles to occupy the lucrative posts at Court, in the army, and ambassadorial posts, as lawful recompense for the trouble they have given themselves in being born, etc. Against him arises a combatant who attacks these bestial and absurd assertions piece by piece, and beats down other aristocratic opinions, until the field of combat is strewn with the brilliant shreds of prejudice, and splinters of the weapons of the old insolent nobility. This burgher knight also fights with closed vizier; the title-page of this writing designates him by only a borrowed name, which later may perhaps become an excellent *nom de guerre.* I know very

little more to relate of him save that his father was a forger of swords, and made good blades.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that I am not the author of this writing, but that I merely prepare it for the press. I could never have discussed with such moderation the pretensions and hereditary lies of the nobles. How impetuous I was once, when a charming little count, my best friend, who paced with me up and down the terrace of a castle, sought to demonstrate to me the superiority of noble blood. While we were disputing, his domestic committed some slight fault, and the high-born gentleman struck the low-born knave in the face, so that the non-noble blood broke forth. Moreover, he kicked him down the terrace steps. I was then ten years younger than I am now, and I immediately threw the noble count over the terrace—he was my best friend—and he broke his leg.

When I saw him again after his recovery—he still limped a little—he was not even then cured of his pride of noble birth, and he asserted anew that the nobility was placed as mediator between people and king, in accordance with the example of God, for between himself and mankind He had placed the angels, who stand next His throne as the nobility of heaven. "Gracious angel," I answered him, "walk a few steps to and fro." He did so—and the comparison halted.

No less lame is an analogous comparison used by Count von Moltke. In order to give an example of his manner I will quote his own words:—

"The attempt to abolish the nobility, in whom transitory esteem incarnates itself in enduring form, would isolate man, would raise him to an unsteady height void of the necessary ties between him and the subordinate masses, would surround him with instruments of his own caprice,

who, as has often been seen in the East, would put the existence of the ruler in a position of danger. Burke calls the nobility the Corinthian capital of a well-ordered state. The high-minded spirit of this extraordinary man, whose whole life was devoted to the service of a reasonable freedom, proves that it was on his part not a mere figure of rhetoric."

This example shows clearly to what extent the noble count is deceived by appearances. Burke, in reality, does in nowise deserve the praise which is here given him; for he lacks that *consistency* which the English hold to be the first virtue of a statesman. Burke possessed only a rhetorical talent wherewith he combated, in the second part of his life, the Liberal principles which he had honoured earlier. Did he intend by this change of opinions to gain the favour of the great? Did Sheridan's liberal triumphs in the chapel of St. Stephen's determine him, out of jealousy and spite, to become champion of the past, of the Middle Ages which afforded a fertile field for romantic tirades and oratorical figures? Was he a knave or a fool? I cannot tell. But I think there is always something suspicious when a man's change of principles is to the profit of the reigning power; he for ever after remains an insecure guarantee. A man who is in this position said one day, "The nobles are not the supports but the caryatides of the throne." I believe this comparison is juster than that of the Corinthian column. In any case, we shall refrain as much as possible from drawing attention to this comparison; for the capital pretension might occur to certain well-known capitalists to raise themselves up as the Corinthian capitals of the State pillars in the place of the nobles. And that would indeed be a most unsightly spectacle!

But here I touch upon a point which should not be brought to light until a later work, wherein the special and practical aspect of the question upon the Nobility may be discussed in an appropriate manner. For, as I have pointed out above, the present writing is concerned only with the principle. It combats the claims based upon legitimacy; its aim is to show how the so-called nobility is a contradiction to reason, to our era, and to itself.

The special and practical aspect, however, concerns those victorious usurpations, those false pretensions of the nobles which daily threaten and more and more undermine the well-being of the people. Indeed, it seems to me as though the nobles themselves no longer believe in their own pretensions, but that they prate about them as a bait to polemics, that the burgher mind may thus be occupied, its attention and energies turned from the central subject. This central idea does not consist in the institution of the nobility as such; not in settled privileges, not in the rights of feudal service and of jurisdiction, and in all sorts of exemptions and traditional immunities. It consists much more in the intangible compact between those who can lay claim to such and such a number of ancestors, in the tacit agreement to hold in possession the whole directing power of the State; so that, with one accord thrusting aside the plebeians, they can monopolise nearly every high military appointment, and all the ambassadorial posts. Thus they can, by means of the soldiers under their control, hold the people in an attitude of respect, and incite the one against the other whenever either attempt to shake off the chains of aristocracy, or conclude a fraternal alliance between themselves.

Since the commencement of the French Revolution the nobles have thus been on a war-footing against the people;

they combat openly or in secret the principle of Liberty, and so are against the French, the upholders of this principle.

The English nobility, the most powerful of all by reason of its privileges and possessions, became the standard-bearer of European aristocracy, and John Bull paid for this post of honour with his best guineas, and was victorious to the point of bankruptcy. During the peace that followed this pitiable victory, Austria carried the noble banner and represented the interests of the nobles. Upon every cowardly petty treaty that was concluded against Liberalism there glittered the well-known sealing-wax, and, like their luckless leader, the people themselves were thus also held under strict surveillance. All Europe became a St. Helena whose Hudson Lowe was Metternich.

But vengeance can be taken only upon the mortal body of the Revolution, upon that Revolution become incarnate, who, booted and spurred and spattered with the blood of the battle-field, stepped into the bed and soiled the white sheets of Hapsburg; that Revolution only could be allowed to die of a cancer in the stomach. The spirit of the Revolution is immortal, and does not lie beneath the weeping-willow of Longwood; and, in the great July week, the Revolution was born again, not as an isolated individual, but as a whole people, who in this incarnation mocked at their gaoler, and he, in his fear, allowed his bunch of keys to drop from his hands.

What an embarrassment for the noble! He had certainly somewhat recovered during the long time of peace from his previous fatigues, and since then, in order to strengthen himself, he has taken a daily course of asses' milk, the milk of the papal ass, in fact. In spite of this he still lacks the necessary strength for a new struggle. The English Bull

can to-day less than any one else make headway against the enemy; as heretofore, it is he who is most exhausted, and, in consequence of his intermittent ministerial fever, he feels a weakness in all his limbs. A radical cure, even a hunger-cure, is prescribed for him, over and above which the diseased member, Ireland, must be amputated. Neither does Austria feel sufficiently heroically inclined to play the part of the Agamemnon of the aristocracy against France; Staberle[1] does not willingly don his war gear, and he knows very well that his umbrella will not protect him against a rain of bullets. Moreover, the Hungarians frighten him with their bristling moustachios; in Italy he is obliged to place a sentinel before every enthusiastic lemon-tree, and at home he has to produce archduchesses wherewith in case of necessity to propitiate the monster of the Revolution. "That kills off one beast," says Staberle.

But in France the sun of Liberty flames ever more powerfully and illumines the whole world with its rays. Daily, the idea penetrates deeper of a citizen king without court etiquette, without noble valets, without courtesans, without intermediaries, without drink, money, or diamonds, and such-like luxuries. But the Chamber of Peers is already regarded as a hospital for the incurables of the old *régime*, that is tolerated only out of pity, and in due time will be done away with. Strange revolution! In its distress the nobility turns to that state which till quite recently she regarded and hated as the worst enemy to her interests; it turns to Russia. The great Tzar, who formerly had been the standard-bearer of Liberty, because he was especially hostile to the feudal aristocracy, and seemed impelled to make imminent war upon it; precisely this Tzar is now elected by that very aristocracy to be its standard-

[1] A masque or play of the old folk-theatre of the Austrians.

bearer, and he is importuned to become its champion. For, although the Russian state rests upon the anti-feudal principle of equality of citizenship, absolute Tzardom is, on the other hand, incompatible with the ideas of a constitutional liberty which can protect the meanest subject from the benevolent arbitrariness of the prince. Moreover, if the Emperor Nicholas I. was hated by the feudalists on account of this principle of civil equality; if, moreover, as open enemy of England and secret enemy of Austria, he was, in fact, with all his power, the representative of the Liberals, he has, nevertheless, since the end of July become their greatest adversary now that their victorious ideas of constitutional liberty threaten his absolutism; and it is precisely in his quality of autocrat that the European aristocracy know how to entice him into the field against free and frank France. The English bull has already lost his horns in one such combat, and now it is the Russian wolf who is to take his place. The high European nobility is cunning enough to know how to employ for its own profit, and how advantageously to play upon the terror of the Muscovite forests, and the terrible guest is not a little flattered that he is expected to champion the cause of the old royalty by-the-grace-of-God, against the detractors of princes and the gainsayers of the nobility. He takes a pleasure in allowing the moth-eaten purple mantle to hang from his shoulders with all its Byzantine inheritance of golden fripperies, and he allows himself to be presented by the venerable Emperor of Germany with the old, worn breeches of the holy Roman Empire, and he sets on his head the old Frankish diamond-covered cap of Charlemagne. Alas! the wolf has put on the garments of the old grandmother, and he tears you to pieces, you poor little red-caps of Freedom!

It seems to me, while I write this, as though the blood of Warsaw spurted over my paper, as though I heard the shouts of joy of the Berlin officers and diplomatists. Do they rejoice a little too soon? I do not know, but I and all of us are so afraid of the Russian wolf, I tremble lest our little German red-caps also soon fill grandmother's foolish long hands and great maw. Therefore we must hold ourselves prepared in marching array in order to fight with France? Good God! Against France? Yes, hurrah! We march against France, and the Ukasinists and the Knoutologists of Berlin pretend that again, as in 1815, we are the Saviours of God, King, and Fatherland; that Körner's *Lyre and Sword* shall again be imposed upon us, that to it Fouqué will add some new battle verses; that Görres will again be bought by the Jesuits to continue the *Rhine Mercury;* that the volunteers of the holy war will receive an oak branch to wear in their caps, will be called "Sir," and that later they will receive a free entrance to the theatre, or, at all events, will be considered as children and pay only half-price—and, to ensure extraordinary patriotic efforts, the whole people, in addition, shall be promised a constitution.

Free entrance to a theatre is always a pleasant thing, but a constitution would also be no bad thing. Yes, we may in time even reach the point of longing for one. Not that we doubt the absolute good, or the good absolutism of our monarchs; on the contrary, we know that they are quite charming people; and if, from time to time, there be one among them who does dishonour the State—as, for example, His Majesty the King Don Miguel—he is merely an exception; and if his very exalted colleagues do not put an end to his bloody scandal, as they could easily do, it is merely so that by contrast with such a crowned wight they may appear more humanely noble, and their subjects may love

them the more. Yet a good constitution has its good side, and it must not be taken amiss if even from the best of monarchs the people beg a written word concerning matters of life and death. A wise father acts very reasonably when he builds a few salutary barriers before the precipices of sovereign power, so that no misfortune may befall his children if they one day gallop too daringly on the high horse of pride in company with groups of vaunting noble youths. I know a king's child who, in a bad riding-school for nobles, learned in advance how to dare the most perilous jumps. For such royal children barriers of double height must be created, their golden spur must be carefully covered, a quiet horse must be apportioned to each, and pacific burgherly companions. I know a hunting tale—by Saint Hubert! I also know some one who would give a thousand Prussian thalers that it could be denied.

Alas! the whole history of our time is but a hunting tale. It is the time of the grand hunt against liberal ideas, and their sovereign majesties are more eager than ever; their hunters in uniform shoot at every loyal heart which harbours liberal ideas; there is no lack of learned dogs who carry back the bleeding word as good prey. Berlin nourishes the best couple, and already I can hear the whole pack yelping at this book.

1831.

JUNE DAYS.

PARIS, *June 5th.*

THE funeral procession of General Lamarque, *un convoi d'opposition* as the Philippists say, has just left the Madeleine for the Place de la Bastille. There were more people in mourning and more spectators present than at the obsequies of Casimir Périèr. The people themselves drew the hearse. It was especially remarkable to see the foreign patriots whose national banners were carried in file. Among these I noticed a flag whose colours were black, red, and gold. Towards one o'clock a heavy rain fell, which lasted during thirty minutes; nevertheless the crowd, for the most part bare-headed, remained on the Boulevards. When the procession reached the Variétés Théâtre, and at the moment of passing under the column of *the friend of the people*, many democrats began to call out "Vive la République." A sergeant of police tried to intervene, but he was seized roughly, his sword was broken, and a horrible tumult arose, and was repressed with the greatest difficulty. The spectacle of such an uproar, which threw some hundred thousand of people into commotion, was certainly remarkable and suggestive.

It was rumoured yesterday in the Tuileries that the Duchesse de Berry had been arrested at Nantes. If this

be the case, Louis Philippe will be placed in great embarrassment, for he cannot deliver up to justice the niece of the Queen who has greatly importuned him; while he dare not arouse any suspicion of being in amicable relationship with his family at Holyrood. As to Marshal Bourmont, it is certain that he has been arrested. If he be taken before a council of war, he will die like Ney, only less gloriously, and less respected.

PARIS, *June 6th.*

I DO not remember if I mentioned in my last letter that towards evening a riot began.

When Lamarque's funeral procession reached the Boulevards, and the incident at the Théâtre des Variétés took place, a general foreboding of evil was felt instinctively. It is difficult to say on which side lay the onus of this terrible outbreak. The most contradictory rumours are still current concerning the commencement of hostilities, the events of the night, and the general condition of affairs. I will report one occurrence which has been confirmed in many quarters by most trustworthy authority. When Lafayette, whose presence in the procession had everywhere excited the greatest enthusiasm, had finished his discourse on the Place du Pont d'Austerlitz, where the funeral ceremonies were solemnised, a crown of immortelles was placed on his head. At the same moment a Phrygian cap was hoisted above a red flag which had already attracted much notice, and a scholar of the Polytechnic School raised himself on the shoulders of his neighbours, brandished his naked sword over the red cap, and shouted "Vive la Liberté!" or, according to other reports, "Vive la République!"

Lafayette appears then to have placed his crown of immortelles on the red cap of Liberty; trustworthy people declare that they saw this with their own eyes. It is possible that these symbolical actions were the result either of conspiracy or of sudden caprice; possibly, also, they were due to mere exuberance, but unobserved on account of the great crush. It is said by some that after this manifestation there was a desire to carry the crowned red cap in triumph through the town, and that the fight began when the municipal guards and the sergeants of police offered opposition arms in hand. This much is certain, that when Lafayette, wearied with his four hours' march, stepped into a cab, the people unharnessed the horses, and with their own hands dragged their old and faithful friend through the Boulevards amid tremendous applause. A number of workmen had torn young trees up by the roots, and ran with them like savages beside the carriage, which every instant seemed in danger of being overturned by the disorderly rabble. It is said that two shots were fired at the carriage. I can, however, find no circumstantial account of this singular incident.

Many persons whom I have interrogated concerning the actual outbreak assert that the bloody conflict began close to the Austerlitz Bridge over the body of the dead hero; for one section of the patriots wished to carry the coffin to the Pantheon, another to accompany it as far as the next village; both intentions were promptly opposed by the municipal guards and the sergeants of police. Therefore this strife, fought with bitter fury, as in olden days before the gate of Troy over the body of Patroclus. Much blood was spilt in the Place de la Bastille. Towards half-past six the fighting had spread to the Porte St. Denis, where the people had thrown up barricades. Many important posts were carried;

the National Guards, who had occupied them defended themselves feebly, and ultimately gave up their arms. Thus the people gained numerous weapons. The Place de Notre Dame des Victoires I found given over to tumultuous fighting; the "Patriots" had placed three posts at the Bank. When I wandered towards the Boulevards I noticed that all the shops were closed, I saw few people, and almost no women, who, even in serious riots, are wont fearlessly to gratify their desire for a spectacle. Every one looked very serious. Foot soldiers and cuirassiers passed here and there; ordnance officers with anxious faces galloped by; in the distance, shots and powder smoke. The weather was no longer lowering, and towards evening it cleared.

Matters looked serious for the Government when the rumour spread that the National Guard had declared itself on the side of the people. The mistake arose through several patriots having yesterday worn the uniform of the National Guards; the National Guards, in fact, had a moment's indecision as to whom they should support. In all probability the women, during last night, demonstrated to their husbands that only that party should be supported which offered most guarantee for life and property; that Louis Philippe answered this requirement better than the Republicans, who were very poor and usually very hurtful to commerce and industry. Thus, to-day, the National Guard is wholly against the Republicans; the matter is decided. "The blow has miscarried," the people say. Troops of the line arrive in Paris from all quarters.

A number of cannons stand loaded on the Place de la Concorde, even on the other side of the Tuileries, also in the Place de la Carousel.

The Citizen-King is surrounded by citizen cannons;

"where could he fare better than in the bosom of his family?"

It is now four o'clock, and the rain falls heavily. This is very unfavourable for the "patriots," who, for the most part, have barricaded themselves in the Quartier St. Martin, and receive but few reinforcements. They are hemmed in on all sides, and at this very moment I hear a loud cannonade. The rumour runs that two hours ago the insurgents still held great hopes of victory, but now there is nothing left them but to die heroically. There are many who will. As I live near to the Porte St. Denis, I have passed a sleepless night, the firing having continued almost unbrokenly. The thunder of the cannon awakes the most mournful echo in my heart.

It is a miserable occurrence which will have miserable consequences.

PARIS, *June 7th.*

As I went yesterday to throw my letter into the central post-box, I found the whole group of speculators congregated under the colonnade on the broad steps of the Bourse. The news had at that moment arrived that the defeat of the "Patriots" was a certainty, and the sweetest satisfaction dawned in every face; it might be said that the whole Bourse smiled. At the sound of the cannons the stocks rose ten sous. The firing went on till five o'clock; at six o'clock the whole revolutionary attempt was suppressed. The journals have therefore been able to-day to publish just as much information as they deem advisable. The *Constitutional* and the *Journal des Débats* seem to give a sufficiently correct account of the main events. Only the colour and the proportions are false. I have just come from the theatre

of yesterday's combat, and I am convinced that it would be extremely difficult to ascertain the whole truth. This spot is, in fact, one of the largest and most populous streets of Paris, the Rue St. Martin, which begins at the gate of the same name on the Boulevard and continues to the Seine at the bridge of Notre Dame. At both ends of the street, I heard the number of the "Patriots," or as they are to-day called "the rebels," who fought there given as five hundred and as one thousand men; towards the centre of the street the number decreased, and finished by being as low as fifty. What is truth? asked Pontius Pilate.

The number of the troops of the line is more easily ascertained. There is stated to have been (according to the *Journal des Débats*) 40,000 fighting men yesterday in Paris. Add to this at least 20,000 National Guards. The handful of insurgents, therefore, was pitted against 60,000 men. The recognition of the heroic bravery of these audacious madmen is unanimous. They shouted continuously, "Vive la République,"—a cry that found no echo in the hearts of the people. Had they, instead, called out "Vive Napoleon," then, according to the assertions of all the groups of people to-day, the troops would with difficulty have been induced to fire upon them; and the great mass of workmen would have gone to their aid. But they disdained the lie. They were the purest, if not the cleverest, friends of Liberty. And yet, to-day, people are idiots enough to accuse them of an understanding with the "Carlists." Of a truth, they who die so heroically for the sacred error of their hearts, for the beautiful illusion of an ideal future, do not ally themselves with the cowardly scum which the past has bequeathed to us under the name of "Carlist." I am, by God, no Republican; I know that if the Republicans gained the day they would cut my throat, because I do not admire

exactly what they admire,—yet to-day my eyes filled with tears when I trod upon those spots still red with their blood. I would rather that I, and all my fellow-moderates, had died in the place of those Republicans.

The National Guards rejoice greatly over their victory. In their intoxication they nearly sent an unfriendly ball into my body, although I am one of their party; that is to say, they heroically fired on whomsoever approached too near to their posts. . . . It was a rainy, starless, sinister evening. There was scant light in the streets, because nearly all the shops remained shut, as they had been throughout the day. To-day, there is everywhere the usual bright animation; so much so that one would think nothing had happened. Even in the Rue St. Martin the shops are all open. Although it is very difficult to pass along on account of the torn-up pavements and the remains of barricades, yet an immense mass of people streamed from curiosity through that very long and rather narrow street, with its unusually high houses. The shock of the cannons has broken all the window-panes, and everywhere can be seen fresh marks of balls, for the guns were fired from both ends of the street until the Republicans found themselves in a *cul-de-sac* either way. I was told yesterday that they were finally hemmed in on all sides in the Church of St. Méry. But this assertion I heard contradicted at the place itself. Their head-quarters appears to have been a projecting house called the *Café Leclerc*, situated at the angle of the little street St. Méry. Here was where they made their most sustained resistance, and here was their last stand. They asked no quarter, and most of them were bayoneted. Here fell the students of the Alfort School. Here ran the most ardent blood in France. It is a thorough mistake to suppose that the Republicans are composed merely of young firebrands. Many

elderly people fought with them. A young woman to whom I spoke near the church of St. Méry lamented the death of her grandfather.

"Till then we had lived so contentedly; but when he saw the red flag, and heard the cry of 'Vive la République,' he ran with an old pike among the young people and died with them." Poor old grey head! He heard the cow-bells of *La Montagne*, the memory of his first love of Liberty reawoke, and he wanted once again to dream the dream of his youth! Soft be his sleep!

It is easy to foresee the consequences of this revolution. Over a thousand men are arrested, and among them, it is said, one deputy, Garnier Pagès. The Liberal journals are suppressed. Trade is jubilant, egoism is rampant, and many of the best men must wear mourning. The theory of intimidation will claim yet more victims. Already the National Guard trembles at its own strength; heroes are afraid when they look at themselves in the glass. The king, the great, strong, and powerful Louis Philippe, will distribute many crosses of honour. Paid wits will revile the Friends of Liberty even in their graves, whom they now call the enemies of public peace, murderers, etc., etc. This morning, in the Place de la Vendome, a tailor who ventured to refer to the good intentions of the Republicans was well cudgelled by a strong woman, probably his own wife. This is the counter-revolution.

PARIS, *June 8th.*

IT appears that it was not a wholly red flag, but a red, gold, and black flag, which Lafayette crowned with immortelles at Lemarque's funeral. This already half-mythical banner

seems to have been mistaken by many for a Republican flag. Ah, I knew it very well; I thought at once, "Great heavens! they are the colours of our Burschenschaft! to-day a misfortune or a blunder will happen!" Alas! both happened. When, at the commencement of hostilities, the dragoons sprang upon the Germans who followed the flag, these took refuge behind the great wooden beams of a carpenter's yard. Later they retired to the Jardin des Plantes, and the flag, though in a sorry plight, was saved.

I have conscientiously told the Frenchmen who have asked me concerning the signification of this red-black-golden flag, that the Emperor Barbarossa, who for several centuries has lived at Kyffhäuser, has sent us this banner as a sign that the old dream of a great empire still exists, and that he himself will come again with sword and sceptre. For myself, I do not believe it will happen so soon; too many black ravens still flutter around the mountain.

Here in Paris affairs are in strange suspense; bayonets and watchful military faces are in all the streets. At first I took the announcement of a State of Siege in Paris to be an unimportant scare; moreover, it was rumoured that any such condition would be of brief duration. But when yesterday I saw cannon after cannon pass along the Rue de Richelieu, I observed that the defeat of the Republicans might be made use of to suppress other opponents of the Government—namely, the journalists. It is now a question whether "good-will" is backed by requisite force. The astounding victory of the National Guards who took part in the violent measures against the Republicans is being exploited just now, and Louis Philippe dispenses as urbanely as before the hand-shake of comradeship. As the Carlists are hated and the Republicans disapproved of, the people uphold the king as the preserver of order; he, therefore, is

as popular as necessity itself. Yes, I heard "Long live the King!" shouted, when the king rode down the Boulevards; but I also saw a tall figure, not far from the Faubourg Montmartre, go boldly towards him, crying out, "Down with Louis Philippe!" Several riders in the king's suite jumped instantly from their horses, seized the protestor, and dragged him away with them.

I have never seen Paris so crammed as yesterday evening. In spite of the bad weather, crowds filled the public places. In the garden of the Palais-Royal were groups of people discussing politics; but they spoke softly, very softly, in fact; for might one not suddenly be dragged before a Council of War, and see oneself shot within twenty-four hours! I begin to yearn for the slow-going jurisdiction of my Germany. The lawless condition of the moment is odious; it is a worse evil than cholera. Just as formerly, when the cholera raged here, one's alarm was increased by an exaggerated death-roll, so now one is alarmed when one hears of the enormous number of arrests, of the secret fusillades, of the thousand dark rumours which, as was the case yesterday afternoon, circulate in the dark. To-day, in the daylight, there is more reassurance. It is admitted that the alarm was exaggerated yesterday, and one is more annoyed than frightened. A *juste-milieu* terror now reigns!

The journals are moderate in their protestations, yet in nowise dejected. The *National* and the *Temps* speak fearlessly, as beseems free men. I have nothing newer to tell you than is to be found in to-day's papers. Every one is tranquil, and matters are allowed tranquilly to take their course. The Government is perhaps amazed at the enormous power it sees in its own hands. It has raised itself above law—a dangerous situation; for it is said with good reason, "He who is above the law is beyond the pale

of the law." The reason wherewith many true friends of Liberty condone present violent measures is that *democratic royalty* must of necessity strengthen itself from within in order afterwards to act more powerfully from without.

PARIS, *June* 10*th*.

YESTERDAY Paris was quiet. The rumour, which even yesterday evening the most trustworthy people were spreading abroad of numerous fusillades, has been satisfactorily contradicted by those who stand nearest the Government. A great number of arrests, however, are admitted. Of this any one could convince himself with his own eyes; yesterday, and still more the day before yesterday, everywhere one saw persons under arrest, conducted along by the communal guard or the soldiers of the line. At times it was like a procession; men, young and old, in shabby garments, accompanied by lamenting relatives. It is said that each one will be at once taken before a Council of War and shot within four-and-twenty hours at Vincennes.

In all directions groups of men stood before the houses that had been searched. This was especially the case in the streets which had been the scene of the fight. In many of the houses the refugees, when they realised that their cause was desperate, had hidden themselves until betrayed by some traitor. The people congregated thickly along the quays, talking and looking in particular towards the Rue St. Martin, which was constantly filled with curious folk, and around the Palais de Justice, whither so many prisoners were being conducted. There was a crowd round the Morgue also to see the dead bodies exposed; the most heart-rending scenes of recognition took place there. The

town presented the most lugubrious aspect; everywhere groups of people with misery on their faces, patrols of soldiers, and funeral processions of National Guards who had fallen in the fray.

Society, since yesterday, has not disquieted itself in the slightest; it knows its people, it knows that the *juste-milieu* itself feels very uncomfortable in the plenitude of its present power. It holds the great sword of Justice, but it lacks the strong hand wherewith to wield it. At the least stroke it fears to wound itself. Intoxicated with the victory, which in the first place was due to Marshal Soult, it allowed itself to be dragged into a military measure proposed probably by that old soldier, who is still imbued with the desire of the Empire. This man is now, in fact, at the head of the ministerial councils, and his colleagues and others of the *juste-milieu* fear that he may attain to the presidentship so ardently wished for by him. They are making an effort gently to retrace their steps, and to extricate themselves from an attitude of heroism: to that end all the mild definitions tend that are to-day given of the ordinance for the present State of Siege. It is easy to see the alarm of the *juste-milieu* at its own power, which it holds convulsively in its hands, and will perhaps not abandon till pardon is asked of it. In its desperation it will perhaps sacrifice a few insignificant heads; it will perhaps feign the most ludicrous anger in order to alarm its enemies; it will commit ghastly stupidities; it will——

But it is impossible to foresee all that fear may do when it is barricaded in the heart of the powerful, and sees itself hemmed round with mockery and death. The acts of a coward, like those of a genius, lie outside of all reckoning. In any case, the higher public here feels that the extra-legal condition in which they stand is only a formula.

Whenever laws live in the consciousness of a people, the Government cannot destroy them by a sudden ordinance. Here, *de facto*, there is greater security for life and property than elsewhere in Europe, with the exception of England and Holland. Despite this institution of military tribunals, the liberty of the press still actually exists here, and journalists discuss government procedure more freely than in many countries on the continent where the liberty of the press is sanctioned—on paper.

The post to-day (Sunday) goes at midday, therefore I can tell you nothing of to-day's events! I must refer you to the papers. Their tone is more portentous than the things they say. Moreover, they are without a doubt again filled with lies. Since early morning there has been a deafening beat of drums. It is the day of the great Review. My servant tells me that the Boulevards, and in particular the whole stretch, from the Barrière du Trone as far as the Barrière de l'Étoile, is covered with foot soldiers and National Guards. Louis Philippe, the father of the country, the conqueror of the Catilines of the 5th June, the Cicero on horseback, the enemy of the guillotine and paper money, the protector of lives and of shops, the citizen-king, will in a few hours show himself to his people. A great cheer will greet him; he will be much touched; he will shake many hands, and the police will not fail to take special measures of security and for an *extra* show of enthusiasm.

PARIS, *June 11th.*

SPLENDID weather favoured yesterday's Review.

On the Boulevards, in front of the Barrière de l'Étoile, there were perhaps 50,000 troops of the line and National Guards; while an innumerable mass of spectators, on foot or

at the windows, awaited with curiosity to see how the king would look and how he would be received after such extraordinary events. Towards one o'clock his Majesty, with his staff-general, drew near the Porte St. Denis, where I had placed myself on an over-turned milestone in order better to observe. The king did not ride in the middle, but at the right side, where the National Guards were ranged, and all along the route he bent sideways from his horse in order everywhere to press the hands of the National Guards. When he returned, two hours later, he rode on the left side, where he continued the manœuvre. I should not be surprised if, in consequence of this twisted posture, he suffers great pains in his chest or has dislocated his ribs. The extraordinary patience of the king is incomprehensible. He had, moreover, to smile continuously. But under the fat friendliness of that face there lay, I thought, much sadness and care. The sight of the man filled me with deep pity. He is greatly changed since I saw him this winter at a ball at the Tuileries. The flesh of his face, then red and full, was yesterday slack and yellow; his black whiskers have turned grey, so that it looks as though even his cheeks were tremulous at present or imminent blows of fortune; at all events it is a sign of worry that he has not thought of dyeing his whiskers black. The three-cornered hat thrust low upon his forehead gave him an additional look of unhappiness. With his eyes he seemed to beg both for goodwill and for pardon. Of a truth it was not difficult to perceive that there was the man who had put us all into a state of siege. Not the slightest sign of ill-will was shown him, and I must admit that great cheering met him everywhere; they, especially, whose hand he had shaken, shouted frantic acclamations after him, and thousands of women's voices yelled a repeated "Vive le roi."

I saw one old woman poke her husband in the ribs because he had not shouted loud enough. A feeling of bitterness seized me when I thought that these people who now cheered this poor hand-shaking Louis Philippe, are the same French people who so often saw Napoleon Buonaparte ride past with his marble Cæsar face, his immovable eyes, and "inaccessible" hands.

After Louis Philippe had held the Review, or, so to say, had felt the pulse of the army, in order to convince himself that it really exists, the military tumult lasted several hours longer. The different corps shouted a continual exchange of compliments as they marched past one another. "Long live the Line!" from the National Guard was answered by "Long live the National Guard!" They fraternised. Here and there National Guards and soldiers of the line were seen linked symbolically arm in arm; and, as a similar symbolical act, they divided between them their sausages, bread, and wine. There was not the slightest disorder.

I must, however, state that the most frequent cry was that of "Vive la Liberté"; and when one heard these words shouted from the full breasts of armed men, one felt cheered and reassured in spite of the State of Siege and of military tribunals. That is it exactly; Louis Philippe will never willingly oppose public opinion. He will always know how to spy out its most urgent requirements and to act accordingly. That is the important meaning of yesterday's Review. Louis Philippe felt the need of seeing the people *en masse*, to convince himself that his cannon-shots and ordinances had not been taken in bad part; that he was not looked upon as a wicked, violent king; that, at all events, no misunderstanding existed between them. But the people also, on their side, wished to

observe their Louis Philippe attentively, to assure themselves that he is still the submissive courtier of their sovereign will, that he still remains obedient and devoted to them. Thus it may well be said that the people have passed the king in review, and have expressed their supreme satisfaction with his manœuvres.

PARIS, *June 12th.*

THE great Review was the general topic of conversation yesterday. The moderates see therein a satisfactory understanding between the king and the citizens. Many discreet persons, nevertheless, do not trust themselves to this charming bond; they predict a tussle between the king and the citizens, and this may easily take place the moment the interests of the throne clash with those of the shop. To-day, it is true, they reciprocally support one another; king and burgher are mutually satisfied. According to what I am told, the Place de la Vendome was yesterday the spot at which this edifying unison could best be observed. The king was exhilarated by the cheering with which he was received on the Boulevards; and when the ranks of the National Guard defiled before him, one or two of them stepped unceremoniously from the ranks, stretched out a hand to him and said a friendly word, told him briefly their opinion of the recent events, or declared to him without circumlocution that they would support him as long as he did not misuse his power. Louis Philippe protested by all that is holy that this would never happen, that he wished merely to suppress the fanatically turbulent so that he may the more powerfully defend French Liberty and Equality: many place confidence in his words.

Impartiality compels me to make mention of these circumstances. Yes, I confess, my mistrustful heart was thereby somewhat mollified.

The opposition journals seem almost desirous of wholly ignoring the proceedings of the day before yesterday. Altogether their tone is very remarkable. It is the kind of reticence that usually precedes a terrible explosion. It seems as though they wish merely to await the repeal of the ordinance for the State of Siege. The tone of each journal betrays to what degree it was compromised in the recent events. The *Tribune* has to be completely silent, because thus it has committed itself more than any other. The *National* is in the same plight, but not to so great a degree; it may, therefore, speak at greater length and more freely. The *Temps*, whose voice was raised the loudest and most vigorously against the ordinance of the State of Siege, stands by no means badly with some of the ring-leaders of the *juste-milieu*, and is better protected than Sarrut and Carrel; but we will not allow ourselves on this account to refrain from lauding M. Coste, as one of the best citizens of France, because of the manly and noble words spoken aloud by him in a most difficult moment against the illegality and arbitrariness of the Government.

M. Sarrut is under arrest; everywhere M. Carrel is sought for. People are irritated chiefly against Carrel, and it is possible that it is he who was especially thought of when the exceptional tribunals were instituted. Yes, if it be true, as it is now pretended, that M. Thiers was the author of this stroke of genius, he must certainly have had his quondam colleague Carrel in his mind, for it is he whom he has most cause to fear. He knows exactly his own power, he knows that each party, when victorious,

punishes its renegades first of all. Little Thiers' head, already full of the hubbub of the Marseillaise caldrons and the laudatory verses of Viennet, must certainly have been completely deafened when the thunder of the cannons and of the name of Carrel reached his ears. It is, in fact, universally believed that M. Carrel was at the head of the popular movement of the 5th June. That great building in the Rue du Croissant, which contains the printing-press and offices of the *National*, was considered to be his head-quarters; and nearly two thousand people, among whom were several men of importance, repaired thither to offer him the assistance of themselves and of their adherents. It is, however, quite certain that Carrel declined all these offers, and that he predicted the failure of the projected revolution because it was not properly prepared; because the insurgents had not assured themselves of the sympathy of the people; because they were in want of the necessary resources; even because they did not know influential personages, etc. As a matter of fact, never was a rising worse organised; to this day no one knows how it arose and how it was formed. One of the combatants in the Rue St. Martin declares that when the Republicans found themselves shut in there, and looked one another in the face, not one recognised the other; chance alone had brought together all these men, complete strangers to one another.

They, nevertheless, soon learned to know each other and to fight together, and most of them died like hearty, faithful brothers in arms. In like manner, to this hour, no one can exactly ascertain how matters went at the home-taking of Lafayette. A well-informed man assured me yesterday that the Government, mistrusting the funeral cortège of Lamarque, held some dragoons in reserve, and

also had given the police orders, in case of any insurrectionary outbreak, at once to seize hold of Lafayette so that he should not fall into the hands of the insurgents and strengthen them through the authority of his name.

Therefore, when the first shots were fired, some agents of police, disguised as workmen, forcibly shoved poor Lafayette into a carriage, while other police agents, similarly disguised, harnessed themselves in the shafts, and with loud cries of "Vive Lafayette!" carried him off in triumph.

When the Republicans' version now is heard, they affirm that if, on June 5th, the misfortune of their friends harmed them greatly, the foolishness of their enemies on the day following, that is to say, the ordinance for placing Paris in a state of siege, was so much the more useful to them. They pretend that the 5th and 6th June should be regarded as outpost skirmishes, that not one of the notabilities of the Republican party took part in it, and that the blood shed has gained for them many new auxiliaries. What I have said above seems in some degree to confirm this statement. The party that represents the *National*, and is accused by the perfidious *Gazette de France* as Republican doctrinaires, took no share in these disturbances; neither did the chiefs of the party of the *Tribune*, the Montagnards, mix themselves in the matter.

PARIS, *June 17th.*

PRESUMABLY, the most singular ideas of our present situation are entertained by outsiders and foreigners, when they consider the latest events of the still unraised State of Siege, and the violent antagonism between the parties. Yet here, at this moment, we see so little change, that it is

precisely the absence of any special manifestation which astonishes us the most. This remark is the chief item I have to impart to you, but, negative as my letter is, it will certainly serve to dissipate many erroneous suppositions.

All is quite quiet here. The military tribunals issue their instructions with a grim air. People laugh, mock, and make jokes over the State of Siege, over the bravery of the National Guards, over the wisdom of the Government.

What I foresaw is now happening; the *juste-milieu* does not know what to do in order to extricate itself with heroism; the beleaguered, with malicious pleasure, watch this desperate condition of the besiegers. The latter wish to appear as terrible as possible: they rummage in the archives of barbaric times in order to resuscitate execrable laws, and they succeed only in making themselves ridiculous. They wish to be tyrants, whereas nature has designed them for quite other things.

The groups of well-dressed people, who promenade in the gardens of the Palais-Royal, the Tuileries, and the Luxembourg, who breathe the quiet summer coolness, watch the idyllic play of the little children, or enjoy some peaceful leisure,—these groups, without knowing it, form the sharpest satire upon the existing State of Siege.

In order that the public may believe in it to some extent a house-to-house search is everywhere being made with the greatest seriousness; sick people are disturbed in their beds, everything is turned topsy-turvy to discover a hidden gun or a powder flask. Unfortunate strangers are the most incommoded, for, on account of the State of Siege, they have to present themselves at the Prefecture of the Police to obtain new permits of residence. There they must submit, *pro forma*, to all kinds of interrogations. Many provincial French, especially students, are obliged by the

police to sign an agreement that, during their sojourn in Paris, they will undertake nothing against the Government of Louis Philippe. Many have preferred to quit the town, rather than give their signature. Others signed after having obtained permission to add that they were Republicans in opinion. The doctrinaires have undoubtedly introduced these precautionary measures, after the pattern of the German universities.

The most heterogeneous persons are from time to time arrested, and upon the most heterogeneous pretexts: some for having taken part in the Republican revolt, others on account of a newly-discovered Buonapartist conspiracy. Yesterday, three Carlist peers were arrested; among them Don Chateaubriand, the knight of the sad figure, the best writer and the greatest fool in France. The prisons are overflowing. In Sainte-Pélagie alone there are over six hundred prisoners for political causes. From one of my friends, who is there for debt and is writing a great work to prove that Sainte-Pélagie was founded by Pélagists, I received a letter yesterday, wherein he laments grievously over the noise which surrounds him and disturbs his learned researches. The greatest audacity reigns among the prisoners of Sainte-Pélagie. They have drawn on the walls of the court a huge pear with an axe above it.

Talking of the pear I must not omit to observe that the print-shops have taken not the slightest notice of the State of Siege. The pear, and again the pear, is repeated in every caricature. The most striking of these is the representation of the Place de la Concorde with the monument that is dedicated to the Charter; on this monument, which is in the form of an altar, lies an enormous pear with the features of the king. In the long run such things tire and sicken the soul of a German. These eternal printed and painted

mockeries are calculated rather to excite a certain sympathy for Louis Philippe. He is truly to be pitied now more than ever. Good and gentle by nature, he is condemned by military tribunals to be severe. Moreover, he feels that executions will neither help nor hinder; especially as the cholera, a few weeks ago, executed more than thirty-five thousand persons with the most horrible tortures. Cruelties of governors are more readily pardoned than the violation of traditional rights, a violation involved in the reactionary essence of a declaration of siege. This is why the threat of military tribunal severity inspires the Republicans with so superior a tone, whereas now their adversaries appear so small.

PARIS, *July 7th.*

THE exhaustion which usually follows upon any great excitement is very noticeable to-day. Everywhere grey ill-humour, peevishness, fatigue; mouths that gape open showing their teeth, or that yawn equally helplessly. The decision of the Court of Appeal has put an end to our singular State of Siege, almost after the manner of a comedy. There has been so much laughter over this unforeseen catastrophe that the people have almost pardoned the Government for their miscalculated *coup d'état.* With what glee at the street corners we read M. de Montalivet's pronunciamento, in which he, as it were, thanks the Parisians for having taken so little notice of the State of Siege, and, moreover, for not having allowed themselves to be disturbed in their amusements!

I do not believe that Beaumarchais could have written this proclamation better. Really, the present Government does much for the enjoyment of the people!

At the same time the French are amusing themselves with a singular pastime. It consists of a Chinese puzzle, whose peculiarity is that a determined-upon figure must be put together by means of a few oblique and angular pieces of wood. The occupation in Parisian salons is to piece together a new ministry in accordance with the rules of this game.

No idea can be given of the angular and oblique personages who find themselves grouped together without any of these wooden combinations resolving in one honest collective figure. The greatest number of attempts are made with Talleyrand and Dupin the elder. Concerning the first-named, the daily papers have not failed to say every possible untruth. It was a cardinal mistake to attach so much importance to his forming one of the new Ministry.

This man is old and worn, and came here on perhaps purely personal concerns. He is reported to be ill and weak, precisely because he constantly reiterates that he has never felt so well and hearty as now. He travels now to the baths merely to confirm his health and robustness. With the wilfulness of a child who does not yet know the bad side of the world, people listen to this grey-haired man, who has scarcely yet learned to know the good side, and jokes lightly over the complications and threatening difficulties of the day. With this well-known manner of taking the gravest matters lightly, he makes himself appear the embodiment of trustworthiness and infallibility; he is thus, to a certain extent, the Pope of those unbelievers whose luckless church have faith neither in the Holy Spirit of the people, nor in the incarnation of the divine Word.

Over Dupin's checks concerning the choice of ministers, the papers have said many extraordinary, but always unfounded, things. It is true that he has had some rather

stiff consultations with the king, and that one day they separated with reciprocal ill-feeling. It is also true that Lord Granville was the cause. The following is the account of the matter:—

M. Dupin had previously passed his word to Louis Philippe that as soon as the king should desire it he would accept the presidency of the Council. Lord Granville, to whom it was displeasing to see so bourgeois a man at the head of the Government, and, in the spirit of his caste, desired a more socially distinguished Prime Minister, must have expressed to Louis Philippe some serious doubts concerning the capacity of M. Dupin. When the king recounted these remarks to M. Dupin, the latter became so irate, and gave vent to such unseemly expressions, that a rupture ensued between the king and himself.

A number of petty intrigues are, moreover, interwoven with this event. Had Dupin become President of the Council, most of the members of the then existing ministry would have retired. A number of the other high officials would have been dismissed. The ancient editor of the *National*, M. Thiers, would of necessity have taken another post, whereas the present editor of the *Temps*, M. Costa, would have obtained the important position previously occupied by the vanished M. Kessnen—namely, of chief administrator of the State-treasury.

Meanwhile the inherent power of events will resolve many disclosures; as soon as the Chamber recommences its debates, M. Dupin is the only available minister for the *juste-milieu*. For he alone is able to offer resistance to the opposition in parliament, and, undoubtedly, the Government itself will be sufficiently called to account.

Thus far Louis Philippe still continues to be his own Prime Minister. This is already proved by the fact that all

government acts are ascribed to him, and not to M. Montalivet, of whom almost nothing is heard, and who is not even hated. The change that seems to have taken place in the king's views since the revolt of the 5th and 6th June is very remarkable. He now considers himself very strong; he is convinced he can depend unreservedly on the great mass of the nation; he believes himself to be the necessary man to whom the nation will unconditionally attach itself in event of foreign aggression; and he seems, thereupon, to feel less repugnance for war than formerly. The patriot party are, as a fact, in the minority; they mistrust him, and fear, with reason, that he is less hostile to foreign enemies than to those at home. The former threaten his crown only, the latter threaten his life. The king knows well that it is so. Indeed, when one reflects that Louis Philippe is convinced to the depths of his soul of the sanguinary malevolence of his enemies, one cannot be other than astonished at his moderation. Through the declaration of the State of Siege he allowed himself to be guilty of an unjustifiable illegality; but he cannot be accused of having unworthily abused his power. He, on the contrary, generously spared those who had personally insulted him, while he sought only to repress or rather to disarm those who were inimical to his government. In spite of all the ill-will that may be cherished against Louis Philippe the king, I am thoroughly convinced that Louis Philippe the man is wide-minded and great-hearted to an unusual degree. His master-passion appears to be architecture. I was at the Tuileries yesterday: everywhere building is going on, above and below ground; room walls are being torn down, great cellars are being dug out, and there is a constant sound of slip-slap. The king, who resides with his whole family at St. Cloud, comes daily to Paris, and inspects first of all the progress of the building in

the Tuileries. This palace now stands quite empty; only the ministerial councils are held therein. Oh, if old blood-stains could speak, as in nursery tales, good advice might sometimes be audible there; for in yonder rooms of that tragic house much eloquent blood has flowed.

PARIS, *July 15th.*

THE 14th of June passed tranquilly, without any symptoms of the expected riot, announced by the police. It was, however, an excessively hot day; so suffocating an atmosphere lay over the whole of Paris, that the pronunciamento did not attract the usual number of curious folk to the habitual theatre of such riots. Only on that *Place* where the Revolution was inaugurated, where once the Bastille was destroyed, groups of men gathered, loitering there quietly in the grilling midday sun, and allowing themselves more or less out of patriotism to be roasted. It was rumoured some days ago that on the 14th of July the old stormers of the Bastille, who are still in life and in receipt of a pension, should be publicly crowned with laurels on that spot. A principal rôle in this fête was proposed for Lafayette.

This project, however, must have been abandoned after the events of June 5th and 6th; moreover, Lafayette does not seem to wish for a new triumphal procession this year.

In the groups of men in the Place de la Bastille there were possibly more police than ordinary men; for malicious, bitter remarks were spoken, such as only disguised detectives could venture to utter. Louis Philippe, they said, is a traitor; the national guards are traitors; the deputies

are traitors; the July sun alone has honourable intentions. And it, indeed, did its duty; it poured its glowing rays upon us almost beyond endurance. For my own part I made the reflection in this excessive heat, that the Bastille must have been a very cool building, and must certainly have afforded a very grateful shade in summer. When it was destroyed five persons sat imprisoned therein. Now, however, there are ten State prisons, and St. Pélagie alone contains over six hundred State prisoners. St. Pélagie must be very unhealthy, and is very restricted in space. Otherwise it is jolly enough there: Republicans and Carlists, it is true, hold themselves apart from one another, but they continually exchange witty passages, and laugh and joke together. The Republicans wear red Jacobin caps, the Carlists wear green caps with a white lily for their badge. The one party shouts continually "Vive la République!" the other shouts "Vive Henri!" The applause is unanimous if, in wilder fury, some one levels insults at Louis Philippe, and this can happen with impunity, inasmuch as no prisoner in St. Pélagie can be either arrested or put in solitary confinement. Most of the hot-heads, who previously stirred up tumult on the slightest pretext, are now there under lock and key, and that is why the police latterly have not succeeded in organising any riot of a productive sort. The Republicans are for the moment very careful not to attempt any violence. Moreover, they have no weapons; the disarming has been carried out very thoroughly.

To-day is the name-day of the young Henri, and some Carlist excesses are anticipated. A proclamation in his favour was spread about yesterday evening by rag-pickers and disguised priests. Therein it was set forth that he would ensure the happiness of France, and preserve the

country from foreign invasion. Next year he will be of age, for French kings attain their majority at the age of thirteen, and are then supposed to have acquired their highest attainments.

For the first time the young Henri is represented with sceptre and crown, in that proclamation; hitherto he has been depicted in the dress of a pilgrim, or of a Scottish highlander, climbing crags, or putting his purse into the hand of a poor beggar woman, etc. Nothing redoubtable is expected from these miserable efforts. The Carlists are also in a very disheartened humour. The mad temerity of the Duchesse de Berry had done them much harm. In vain did the chief of the Parisian Carlists despatch M. Berryer to the Duchess, in order to facilitate her return to Holyrood. In vain has Louis Philippe made the same essay by means of his agents. In vain the foreign ambassadors conjured her in the name of God to relinquish her enterprise for the moment. Neither reasons, menaces, nor prayers could prevail upon that headstrong woman to depart. She is still in the Vendée. Although wholly without resources, without support from either side, she will not yield.

The key to the riddle is this, that stupid or cunning priests have made a tool of her fanatical superstition, and have persuaded her that if she die for her child she will work a benediction on him. Consequently, she courts death with the religious ardour of a martyr and the passionate love of a mother.

If no agitation is visible in public places, there is so much the more disquietude observable in society. Primarily it is the German affairs, the ordinances of the Diet, which occupy all minds. The most aggravating criticisms upon Germany are to be heard. The French in their volatility erroneously suppose that our princes oppress

liberty; they do not perceive that there is question only of putting an end to the anarchy that reigns among German Liberals, and of advancing the unity and welfare of the German people. As early as the 2nd June the *Temps* had given a digest of the six articles of the decrees of the Diet. And previously to that a well-known pietist went about carrying extracts from these decrees and therewith edified many hearts.

Next to German affairs we are mostly here concerned with those of Belgium and Holland, which are hourly becoming more tangled, yet which must be brought to a conclusion as quickly as possible. England is credited with the intention to put an end to these complications in one way or another; and it is said that this, and not Polish interests, is the real purport of Durham's journey to Petersburg. In any case, the choice of messenger is considered as a sign of a decisive purpose; for Lord Durham is the most morose, the most prickly, and the most angular son of Albion. Moreover, he is personally hostile to the Russian camarilla, because the latter on the occasion of the Reform Bill intrigued against him, a jealous reformer, and against his father-in-law, Lord Grey, and must have sought by any available means to overthrow him. The friends of peace hope that he and the Emperor Nicholas will not speak much with one another, because the latter can in nowise be favourably disposed on account of the unbecoming and even contemptuous manner in which he has been spoken of in Parliament. Perhaps there may be other very obvious reasons why no important interview between them can take place, and everything may depend upon the intermediary. Louis Philippe is still of opinion that he is strong. "Look, how strong we are!" is the refrain of all discourses in the Tuileries; just as a sick man perpetually

speaks of health and does not know how sufficiently to affirm that he digests well, that he can stand on his legs without cramp, that he breathes quite comfortably, etc., etc.

These people constantly vaunt the strength and energy that they have already expended in various comminatory measures, and that they may still expend. Then come daily to the castle the diplomats who feel their pulse and make them put out their tongue, who carefully diagnose their symptoms, and then send bulletins of the political health to foreign courts. Among the plenipotentiaries the eternal question is asked: "Is Louis Philippe strong or weak?" In the first case, their masters may tranquilly conclude and carry out any wished-for measure at home; in the second case, where war might be a consequence of a change of French government, nothing very serious can be attempted. . . .

That great question, whether Louis Philippe be weak or strong, may be difficult to decide.

It is, however, easy to see that the French themselves are not weak. They have found new allies in the hearts of the people, whereas their adversaries at this moment do not stand on the pinnacle of popularity. They have invisible hordes of spirits as auxiliaries, and their corporeal army is therefore in a flourishing condition. French youth is as warlike and enthusiastic as in 1792.

The young conscripts parade through Paris to the strains of joyous music, and wear on their hats fluttering ribbons and flowers and the number they have drawn, which in a manner is their great lottery. Hymns to Liberty are sung and the marches of '92 are rattled on the drums.

1832.

LETTERS FROM NORMANDY.

HAVRE, *August 1st*, 1832.

THE question, whether Louis Philippe be strong or weak, appears to belong to the category of those problems whose solution is of equal interest to the people and to their rulers. It occupied my thoughts constantly during my excursion in the north of France. But, as concerns public opinion, I have heard so many contradictory assertions, that I am able to communicate nothing more definite on this subject than—*they* can discover who go for inspiration to the Tuileries, or, more properly speaking, to St. Cloud. The northern French, and consequently the wily Normands, are not wont to express themselves as unreservedly as do the people of the *langue d'oc*. Or is it perhaps already a sign of discontent that many of the citizens of the *langue d'œil*, preoccupied exclusively with the national interests, preserve this serious silence the moment they are interrogated thereon? Youth, alone, enthusiastic in the promulgation of ideas, expresses itself in unveiled language upon what to it is an inevitable event—namely, the Republic; and the Carlists, who consider the interests of the individual to be of paramount importance, insinuate in every possible way their hatred of the powers that be, which they depict in the most exaggerated colours, and whose fall they predict as a matter of certainty. The Carlists are fairly

numerous in this region. This is explained by the existence of a particular predilection, the attachment to certain members of the fallen dynasty, who formerly spent the summer in this neighbourhood, and knew how to make themselves beloved; the Duchesse de Berry, for example. Her adventures are the subject of daily conversation, and the priests of the Catholic Church invent in addition the most pious legends, redounding to the great glory of this political Madonna, and the blessed fruit of her body. In earlier days the priests were in nowise so satisfied with the ecclesiastical zeal of the duchess, and it was precisely because she excited their displeasure that she gained the favour of the people. "That pretty little woman is certainly not as bigoted as the others," it was said; "see with what worldly coquetry she saunters along in the procession, with what an air of indifference she carries her prayer-book, how she amuses herself by holding her taper aslant so that the wax drops on the satin train of her gloomily pious sister-in-law, d'Angoulême!" These days have passed, and the merry roses have faded from poor Caroline's cheeks. She has become as pious as the others, and carries her taper as devoutly as the priests could wish; and, with this taper, she sets light to the civil war in beautiful France—as the priests wish.

I cannot refrain from remarking that the influence of the Catholic ecclesiastics is greater in this province than is generally supposed in Paris. In funeral processions they are here to be seen robed once again in their church vestments, with cross and banners, as they chant a melancholy dirge through the streets; a spectacle well calculated to astonish one recently come from the capital, where all such display is strictly forbidden by the police, or, more correctly, by the people. During my stay in Paris I have never once

seen a priest wearing official attire in the streets; I have never seen the Church represented, either by its ministers or by its symbols, in any of the thousand funeral processions which passed before me during the cholera time. Nevertheless, many people aver that religion is silently reviving in Paris. This is true at any rate of the French Catholic Church of the Abbé Châttel, which increases each day; the hall in the Rue Clichy has become too narrow for the crowd of the faithful, and for some time past the Abbé has held his services in the large building in the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, wherein M. Martin previously exhibited the animals of his menagerie, and where the following inscription in large letters is now set up: *Église Catholique et Apostolique.*

Frenchmen of the North, who will hear nothing either of the Republic or of the miraculous child, whose sole desire is for the prosperity of France, are not exactly warm partisans of Louis Philippe, and do not sing praises of his frankness and integrity. On the contrary, they regret that he is not candid. They are, however, thoroughly persuaded that he is the right man; that he must be upheld for the sake of public tranquillity; that the repression of all disturbances is salutary for commerce; that all further revolution and even war should be avoided in order that commerce should not come to a complete stop. They fear war only in the interests of commerce, which is already in a sorry condition. They do not fear war as war, for they are Frenchmen, and consequently are eager for glory as well as warlike by nature; and besides this, they are of stronger and more solid build than the Frenchmen of the South, upon whom perhaps they impose their will by firmness and by an opinionative perseverance. Is this a result of the admixture of the Germanic race? They resemble

their great powerful horses, that are as competent to run swiftly as to carry heavy burdens and to endure all hardships of weather and of the road. These men fear neither Austrians nor Russians, neither Prussians nor Baskirs. They are neither partisans nor adversaries of Louis Philippe. The moment war is declared they will follow the tricolour flag, no matter who may be its bearer.

I am convinced, that if war were declared, all the internal dissensions of the French would be promptly adjusted, either by conciliation or by force, that France would become a strong united power able to hold its own against the rest of the world. In that moment the strength or weakness of Louis Philippe would no longer be a subject of controversy. Then, he must be strong, or nothing. This question relates only to the preservation of peace; it is under this aspect only that is of importance to foreign powers. In many parts of this country I have received the following answer: "The party of the king is certainly imposing in point of numbers, but it is not strong." I think these words afford much matter for reflection. In the first place, they imply the unfortunate statement that the Government is itself in subjection to a party, and to all the interests of that party. The king is no longer the august power that calmly watches the strife of parties from the height of his throne, and knows how to maintain them in a salutary equilibrium; no, he himself has descended into the arena. Odilon-Barrot, Mauguin, Carrel, Pagès, Cavaignac find, perhaps, no other difference between him and themselves than that of a fortuitous momentary power. This is the deplorable result of the king's decision to reserve to himself the Presidentship of the Council. Now Louis Philippe cannot change his chosen system of government without immediately falling into contradiction with his party

and himself. Hence the press treats him as the supreme head of a party; it lays upon him all the blame provoked by faults of the Government; it assumes every ministerial word to be his own utterance; in the Citizen-King it sees only a minister-king. When the statues of the gods descend from their exalted pedestals, the holy respect with which we regarded them perishes, and we judge them by their deeds and their words, as though they were our equals.

With regard to the assertion that the king's party is numerous, but not strong, it certainly relates nothing new, since its truth has long been known. But what is remarkable is that the people have made this discovery on their own account; that they do not count the heads, as is their usual custom, but the hands; that they distinguish between those who applaud, and those who grasp the sword. The people have narrowly observed their world, and know very well that the king's party is composed of the three following classes: merchants and proprietors who fear for their shops and their possessions; those who are weary of the struggle, and sigh for repose above all things; and the timid who fear the Reign of Terror. This king's party, laden with property, apprehensive of the slightest interference with its daily comforts; this majority is face to face with a minority little encumbered with baggage, unquiet and restless to the last degree, that, in the impetuous, unbridled course of its ideas, sees but an ally in the Terror.

In spite of the great number of heads, in spite of the triumph of June 6th, the people doubt the strength of the *juste-milieu*. It is always a sorry augury when the Government is not strong in the eyes of the people.

These are thereby incited to try their strength against it; a mysterious demoniacal impulse drives men to test their strength. This is the secret of Revolution.

DIEPPE, *20th August.*

IT is not possible to give an idea of the impression produced upon the lower classes of the French people by the death of young Napoleon. The sentimental bulletins which the *Temps* has published concerning the prolonged dying of the young prince during the last six weeks, which were reprinted and sold in the streets of Paris for a sou, had already begun to excite deep sadness in all the thoroughfares. I have seen even young Republicans weeping; but the old Republicans did not seem much affected, and it was with surprise that I overheard one of these say severely, "Don't cry; he was the son of the man who fired the mitrailleuse against the people on the 13th Vendémiaire." It is curious that when misfortune strikes a man we involuntarily recall some old grievance against him of which we have perhaps not thought time out of mind. In country-places the Emperor is venerated without reserve. There a portrait of *the Man* hangs in every cottage, and perhaps, as *la Quotidienne* remarks, on the same wall hangs a picture of the son of the house, as though he had not been sacrificed by this very man on one of his hundred battle-fields. Spite sometimes extorts from *la Quotidienne* the most naïvely conscientious remarks, which the more jesuitically fine *Gazette* defies in its turn. This is the chief political difference which exists between these two papers. I traversed the greater portion of the neighbourhood of the northern coasts of France while the news of the death of the young Napoleon spread through it. Wherever I went I found universal mourning among the people. The grief of these people was sincere; its source was not in the self-interests of the day, but in the cherished memories of a glorious past. Especially among the beautiful Normandaises was great lament made over the premature death of the son of the great hero.

Yes, in every cottage hangs the portrait of the Emperor. Everywhere I found it crowned with a wreath of immortelles, as are our images of the Saviour during Holy Week. Many old soldiers wore crape. One old wooden-leg held a hand out to me and said, "A présent, tout est fini!"

Undeniably, for those Buonapartists who believe in the resurrection in the flesh of the Emperor, all is at an end. For them Napoleon is nothing but a name, like Alexander of Macedon, or Charlemagne, whose issue likewise perished early. But for the Buonapartists, who believe in a resurrection of the Napoleonic spirit, there is a future full of high hope. For these, Buonapartism is not the transmission of power through direct issue. No, their Buonapartism is now purified from all animal admixture, it is the idea of a monarchism of the highest power, employed for the profit of the people; and whosoever shall have that power and shall so use it, shall be called by them Napoleon I., as Cæsar gave his name to authority only; so the name of Napoleon will henceforth designate a new Cæsardom, of which the right of possession shall belong to him of greatest capacity and of best will.

In certain respects Napoleon was a saint-Simonian Emperor. As he had himself arrived at supreme power by his intellectual superiority he furthered the interests of capacity only, and he had for aim the physical and moral welfare of the most numerous and the poorest class. He reigned less to the profit of the *tiers état*, of the middle class, of the *juste-milieu*, than in the interest of the men whose riches are in their heart and in their hand. His army was a hierarchy, whose posts of honour were occupied by reason of personal merit and capacity. The meanest son of a peasant could, equally with the heir of the most ancient race, obtain the highest dignities and win gold and

stars of honour. This is why the Emperor's portrait is in the hut of every peasant, on the same wall on which would have hung the likeness of the son of the house, had he not fallen on the field of battle before he had been promoted to be general, or duke, or even king, as might many another poor lad, whose talent and courage might carry him to such high destiny, when the Emperor should reign again. In the image of this man there are many, perhaps, who worship the vanished hope of their own greatness.

Most frequently I found in these peasant huts the picture of the Emperor visiting the sick at Jaffa, or that of him lying on his death-bed at St. Helena. These two representations bear a striking resemblance to the most holy pictures of the Christian religion. In the one Napoleon appears in the character of a saviour, who heals the sick; in the other he also dies a death of expiation.

We, who are preoccupied by another symbol, we see no expiation in the sense indicated in the martyrdom of Napoleon on St. Helena. The Emperor there endures the penalty of the most fatal of his errors, of his guilt of infidelity towards the Revolution—his mother. History had long since shown that a union between the son of the Revolution with the daughter of the Past could never prosper, and we now see that the only fruit of this fatal marriage had no life-principle in him, and that he died deplorably.

Concerning the heritage of the defunct, opinions are divided. The friends of Louis Philippe think that the orphaned Buonapartists will attach themselves to them. I doubt, however, if these men of war and of glory will pass over so promptly to the pacific *juste-milieu*. The Carlists think that the Buonapartists will do homage to their King Henry V., the unique Pretender. I really do

not know which most to admire in men, their folly or their presumption. The Republicans would seem more than all the others in a condition to draw the Buonapartists to them, but if it were easy once to make of uncombed *sans culottes* the most brilliantly appointed imperialists, it may prove difficult now to work a contrary metamorphosis.

It is greatly regretted that the beloved relics, the sword of the Emperor, the mantle of Marengo, the world-historic three-cornered hat, etc., which, in conformity with the testament from St. Helena, have been delivered over to young Reichstadt, do not come back to France. Each party in France might easily utilise a portion of this succession. Really, if I had the disposing thereof, I would apportion them thus:—to the Republicans the sword of the Emperor, because they alone would still know how to put it to profitable use. I would allow my gentlemen of the *juste-milieu* to have the cloak of Marengo; for, indeed, they are sadly in need of such a cloak wherewith to cover their inglorious nakedness. For the Carlists I would reserve the Emperor's hat, though it is not very suitable for such heads; but it may stand them in good stead when again blows rain down on their heads. Yes, I would even give them in addition the top-boots of the Emperor, which in any case they will be able to use the next time they again wish to run away. As to the staff with which the Emperor walked about at Jena, I doubt much if it is to be found in the Duc de Reichstadt's legacy, and I believe the French have it still in their hands.

After the death of the young Napoleon, it was the journeyings of the Duchesse de Berry that chiefly I heard discussed in the provinces. The adventures of this lady

are told so poetically that one would think they had been woven in hours of leisure by the grand nephews of the Fabliaux poets. The wedding of Compiègne has also furnished ample material for conversation; I could impart a perfect ant-heap of bad jokes on this subject that I have heard debited to a Carlist castle. For example, one of the orators at these festivities seems to have observed that the Maid of Orleans was made prisoner at Compiègne, and that it was even in Compiègne that a new Duchesse of Orleans also was put in chains. Although all the French papers noise abroad the intimation that the influx of strangers is here very great, and especially that the life at the baths of Dieppe is very brilliant this year, I, here on the spot, have found it to be quite the contrary. There are not more than perhaps fifty bathers altogether; everything is sad and dull, and the Baths which had attained to so high a degree of prosperity, thanks to the visits paid every summer by the Duchesse de Berry, seem irretrievably ruined. Many people have in consequence sunk into abject misery, and they look upon the fall of the Bourbons as the cause of their misfortunes. It is, therefore, easy to understand why there are many rabid Carlists here. At all events, it would be calumniating Dieppe to maintain that more than a quarter of its inhabitants are partisans of the previous dynasty. Nowhere do the National Guards evince greater patriotism than here; at the first beat of the drum they are to be seen massing together for drill; moreover, in their zeal, all wear the complete uniform. The fête of Napoleon has, during these last days, been celebrated with striking enthusiasm. As a rule, Louis Philippe is here neither loved nor detested. His maintenance on the throne is looked upon as necessary to the welfare of France. As to his government, it does

not exactly excite enthusiasm. The French are in general so well informed by the free press concerning the true state of matters, they are so enlightened in politics, that they accept lesser evils patiently so as not to run the risk of greater. Concerning the personal character of the king, it is rarely attacked; he is to be a man worthy of respect.

ROUEN, *17th September.*

I WRITE these lines in the old country-seat of the Dukes of Normandy, in the ancient city where many old stone documents recall the history of this people so renowned of old for their adventurous and heroic intrepidity, and to-day for their spirit of litigation and their cleverness in gain. There, in that castle, sojourned Robert le Diable, whom Meyerbeer has set to music; on that market-place the Maid of Orleans was burnt, the great-hearted girl sung of by Schiller and Voltaire; in this cathedral rests the heart of Richard the valiant king, named by men the Cœur-de-Lion; from this soil sprang the Conqueror of Hastings, the sons of Tancred, and so many others of the flower of Norman chivalry.

But all these are of no importance to us in the present day; here we occupy ourselves much more with the question: Has the pacific system of Louis Philippe taken root in the warlike soil of Normandy? Has the new citizen-kingship made for itself a good or bad bed in the old heroic cradle of English and Italian aristocracy, in this land of Normandy? I think I am to-day able to answer this question very briefly. The large proprietors, especially among the nobles, are Carlists; the well-to-do tradesmen and farmers are Philippists; the bulk of the people hate

and despise the Bourbons, but love, at all events the lesser number, the gigantic remembrances of the Republic, and the greater number the brilliant heroism of the Empire. The Carlists, like every vanquished party, are more active than the Philippists, who feel themselves secure for the present; it may be said in their praise that they make great sacrifices, especially money sacrifices. The Carlists, who never question their future triumph, but are persuaded that the future will return all their present sacrifices to them a thousandfold, give to their last sou, if they think thereby to benefit their party. It is a characteristic of this class less to appreciate their own belongings than to lust after those of others (*sui profusus, alieni appetens*). Covetousness and prodigality are sisters. The plebeian, who is not wont to acquire his earthly goods by court services, the favour of mistresses, by soft words and light play, holds more tenaciously to what he has earned.

Meanwhile, the good citizens of Normandy have perceived that the journals through which the Carlists seek to work upon public opinion were very dangerous to the security of the State and of their possessions; they realise that they must thwart these intrigues by the same means—the press. To this end the *Estafette du Havre* has been recently started, a moderate journal of the *juste-milieu*, which cost the honourable merchants of Havre a great deal of money, and upon which many Parisians are at work, notably M. de Salvandy, a small, pliable, colourless nature in a long stiff and dried-up body (he has been praised by Goethe). Thus far, this journal is the only counter-mine opposed to the Carlists in Normandy. These latter, on the contrary, are indefatigable; they start their journals everywhere, their fortresses of lies, against which the spirit of Liberty may little by little expend its strength until succour comes from

out the West. These papers are conducted more or less after the manner of *La Gazette de France* and *La Quotidienne;* these two are, moreover, very actively distributed among the people. Both are written in a singularly clever and attractive manner, but withal they are profoundly wicked, perfidious, full of useful advice, of malicious pleasantries; and their noble colporteurs, who often distribute them gratis, and perhaps give money in addition to the readers, naturally find for their wares a greater sale than the moderate mouthpiece of the *juste-milieu.* I do not know how sufficiently to recommend these two papers, for, from a superior point of view, I do not consider them in any way dangerous to the cause of liberty. On the contrary, they are helpful, because they spur on and provoke the combatants to new efforts, when at times weary of the struggle. These two journals are true representatives of the kind of people who, when their cause fails, revenge themselves on individuals; it is an action old as the world. We put our feet on their head, they pierce our heel. It must, however, be said in praise of *La Gazette Quotidienne* that, if it be as much a serpent as *La Gazette,* it nevertheless hides its wickedness less; that its hereditary rancour betrays itself in every word; that it is a kind of rattlesnake and itself warns people of its approach. *La Gazette,* unfortunately, has no such rattle. At times it speaks against its own principles in order indirectly to procure a triumph; *La Quotidienne,* in its ardour, would rather sacrifice the victory than thus deny itself in cold blood. *La Gazette* has the calmness of Jesuitism, and does not permit itself to be disturbed by the fervour of its opinions, which is so much the easier, inasmuch as Jesuitism, properly speaking, has no opinions, but is merely a profession. In *La Quotidienne,*

on the contrary, imperious lordlings and rabid monks rage and roar, ill-disguised in the garments of chivalrous loyalty and Christian love. This last characteristic belongs also to the Carlist journal which appears here, at Rouen, under the title of *Gazette de la Normandie.* In it there are lamentations over the disappearance of the good old times with its chivalric figures, its crusades, its pious nuns, its gentle ladies, its troubadours, and other sentimentalities, which remind one strangely of a celebrated German poet, in whose head blossomed more flowers than thoughts, but whose heart was full of love; whereas, on the contrary, as concerns the editor of the *Gazette de la Normandie*, his head is full of crass obscurantism, and his heart of gall and poison. This editor is a certain Vicomte Walsh, a long grey-haired figure of about sixty years of age. I have seen him in Dieppe, where he had been invited to a Carlist council, and where he was much fêted by the noble clique. With characteristic loquacity, a little Carlist, nevertheless, whispered in my ear, "C'est un fameux compère; he does not belong properly to the French nobility; his father—Irish by birth—was in the service of France at the outbreak of the Revolution, and when he emigrated and wished to avoid the confiscation of his goods he went through the form of selling them to his son. But when, later, the old man returned to France, and demanded back his goods from his son, the latter denied the simulated sale, pretended that it had taken place in good faith, and thus kept possession of his father's and poor sister's fortune. She became maid of honour to Madame la Duchesse de Berry, and the enthusiasm of her brother for Madame is founded in vanity as much as in egoism, for" . . . I knew enough.

It is difficult to form an idea with what perfidious conse-

quences the present Government is undermined by the Carlists. With what result time will show. As no man is too base for them, if they can use him to their ends, neither are any means too bad. Besides these canonical journals, of which I have spoken above, the Carlists, alas! work through the oral transmission of every possible calumny, through tradition. This black propaganda seeks to destroy utterly the good repute of the present governments, especially that of the king. The lies, forged to this intent, are often as abominable as they are absurd. "Calumniate, calumniate, for every snail leaves its trail," is practically the motto of their charming masters.

In a Carlist society at Dieppe a young priest said to me: "You ought in your correspondence with your compatriots to help the cause of truth a little, so that when war is declared, if by chance Louis Philippe should still be at the head of the Government, the Germans may hate him more vehemently, and may fight against him with greater enthusiasm."

And when I asked him if we could be certain of victory, he assured me with almost a smile of pity that "the Germans were the bravest people in the world, that they would be opposed with only a semblance of resistance; that the North as well as the South was devoted to the legitimate dynasty; that Henry V. and Madame were generally adored as though they were a little Saviour and the immaculate Mother, that it was the religion of the people, and that this legitimate fervour would sooner or later break out publicly in Normandy." . . . While the man of God spoke thus, a horrible disturbance arose suddenly in front of the house in which we chanced to be. The drums rattled, the trumpets sounded, the "Marseillaise" rang out so loudly that the window-panes vibrated, and

there followed the cry from full throats, "Vive Louis Philippe! À bas les Carlists! Les Carlists à la lanterne!" This took place at one o'clock in the morning, and the whole company was in great alarm. I was also afraid, for I remembered the old German proverb, "Taken together, hanged together." However, it was only a joke on the part of the National Guard at Dieppe. These good people had learned that Louis Philippe had just arrived at the Château d'Eu, and they had at once formed the resolution to march there to greet the king, but they wished in starting to give an alarm to the poor Carlists, and to this end they made that horrible row before their houses, and sang like madmen the "Marseillaise," that "Dies iræ, dies illa" of the new church which announces the last judgment to the Carlists.

I can, as eye-witness, report that it was not a prompted enthusiasm with which the National Guards saluted the king. He passed them in review, was delighted at the unrestrained joy with which they greeted him, and I am bound to admit that in this time of dissension and defiance this picture of union was very edifying. They were free, armed citizens, who without timidity looked their king in eyes, showed him their respect, weapon in hand; and, sometimes, by a manly shake of the hand, assured him of their fidelity and their obedience. Louis Philippe very naturally—I need hardly say—shook hands with each. . . .

The Carlists still mock greatly over these hand-shakes, and I must admit that hatred makes them at times witty when they quiz that unseemly familiarity. Thus, in the castle of which I have made previous mention, I saw a farce performed by a select few, which in the most burlesque fashion represented how Fip I., king of the grocers (*épiciers*), gives his son, Grand Poulet, lessons in political economy, and paternally instructs him "that he must not allow

himself to be enticed by theoricians to see the citizen-kingship in the sovereignty of the people, and still less in the maintenance of the Charta; that he must give ear to the babbling neither of the right side nor of the left; it is of no consequence whether France be made free at home or respected abroad, still less that the throne should be barricaded with republican institutions or sustained by hereditary peers; that neither pledged words nor heroic deeds are of any importance, that citizen-kingship and the art of government consists in shaking hands with every ragamuffin."

Next he shows the different kinds of hand-shakes, in every position, on foot, on horse, when galloping through the ranks, during a march past, etc., etc. Grand Poulet is an apt pupil, and accurately repeats this governmental legerdemain. He even asserts that he wishes to perfect this invention of the citizen-kingship, and each time he shakes hands with a citizen he will also ask him, "How are you, *mon Vieux cochon?*" or, what is synonymous, "How are you, *citoyen?*" "Yes, it is synonymous," answers the king dryly, and the Carlists laugh. Grand Poulet wishes next to practise shaking hands, first with a grisette, and then with the Baron Louis, but he does it so abruptly that he breaks the people's fingers. The whole farce was seasoned with mockeries and calumnies of those celebrated men whom, before the July Revolution, we honoured as lights of liberalism, and whom, since then, we have degraded as servile. Although I had heretofore not been much in favour of the *juste-milieu*, yet I felt myself moved with a certain feeling of piety for these objects of my earlier reverence; my liking for them re-awoke when I saw them insulted by these bad men. Yes, like him who under the waters of a dark well can discern the stars in the heavens in

full daylight, I, having fallen into the company of Carlist obscurantism, could see again, pure and clear, the merit of the men of the *juste-milieu;* I felt again my early respect for the former Duc d'Orleans, for the doctrinaires, for a Guizot, a Thiers, a Dupin, a Royer-Collard, and for other stars whose brilliancy is lost in the glaring daylight of the July sun. It is useful, from time to time, thus to consider the matter from a deep instead of a high standpoint. Thus we learn to judge men more impartially, even when we hate the cause whose representatives they are. We learn to distinguish the men of the *juste-milieu* from their system. This system is bad, in our opinion, though individuals may merit our esteem: especially the man whose position is the most difficult in Europe. Only in the resolution of the 13th of March does he see a possibility of his existence.

This sentiment of preservation is the same in all humanity. If we happen to be in the midst of Carlists, and we hear them accuse this man, he rises in our esteem when we find that what they blame in Louis Philippe is exactly what we see in him with greatest pleasure, that those qualities of his which displease us are those most to their taste. If, in the eyes of the Carlists, he has the merit of being a Bourbon, this merit appears to us, on the contrary, a *levis nota.* But it would be unjust not to make an honourable distinction between him with his family and the elder branch of the Bourbons. The house of Orleans has attached itself so completely to the French people that it has been regenerated with them; it, like the people, has emerged from this terrible bath of the Revolution purified, ameliorated, more wholesome, and more citizenly. Whereas the Bourbons, who have not taken part in this rejuvenation, belong yet wholly to that decrepit old generation which Crebillon, Laclos, and Louvel have so well depicted in the

full glory of its sins, in the flower of its corruption. France, become young once more, could not again belong to this dynasty, to these ghosts of the past; this false semblance of life became daily more insupportable. Their conversion after death was a repulsive spectacle; the perfumed corruption was an offence to every honest nose, and one fine morning in June, when the Gallic cock crew, these ghosts had to vanish away. Louis Philippe and his family, on the contrary, are healthy and full of life. They are the flourishing sons of young France, chaste in spirit, fresh with youth, and of good citizenly habits. It is precisely this citizen quality in Louis Philippe, so displeasing to the Carlists, which raises him in our esteem. I cannot, in spite of the best will in the world, sufficiently divest myself of party spirit to judge correctly at which point he takes the citizen-kingship seriously. The grand jury of history will decide whether he meant it seriously. In this case the hand-shaking would in nowise be ridiculous; and the manly hand-shake will, perchance, become the symbol of the new citizen-kingship, as the servile genuflection was formerly the symbol of feudal sovereignty. Louis Philippe, if he preserve and transmit to his children his throne and his honourable sentiments, may leave behind him a great name in history, not only as the chief of a new dynasty, but also as the founder of a new sovereignty, which may change the face of the world. As the first citizen-king . . . Louis Philippe, if he preserve his throne and his honourable sentiments,—but that is precisely the great question.

LETTERS FROM THE PYRÉNÉES.

I.

BARÈGES, *July 26th*, 1846.

IN the memory of man there has never been such an influx of visitors to the health-giving springs of Barèges as this year.

The little village of about sixty houses and of a few dozen temporary shelters cannot accommodate the crowd of invalids. Late-comers could scarcely find even a miserable shelter for one night, and were obliged to turn away with all their aches and pains. The greater number of the visitors are French military men, who have earned laurels, lancer-thrusts, and rheumatism in Africa. A few old officers of the Empire drag themselves about here, and seek in the baths forgetfulness of the glorious mementoes that cause them so much suffering with every change of weather. There is also a German poet here who may have divers things to have bathed out of him, yet who, until the present moment, has in nowise taken leave of his senses; who, still less, is shut up in a lunatic asylum, as a Berlinese correspondent has stated in that very praiseworthy *Leipziger Allgemeinen Zeitung*. We may, of course, be mistaken. Heinrich Heine may be madder than he himself knows. But what we can with assurance affirm is that here, in anarchic France, he is still at liberty to come and go as he pleases, which in all

probability would not be permitted to him in Berlin, where the mental sanitary police would have acted in a more summary manner. Be that as it may, pious souls on the banks of the Spree may console themselves, inasmuch as the body of the poet, if not his soul, has been sufficiently chastised with paralysing infirmities; and during his journey here from Paris his suffering became so intolerable that at no great distance from Bagnères de Bigorre he was forced to get out of the carriage and be carried across the mountain in an arm-chair. During that magnificent ascent, however, he enjoyed many fine gleams of light. Never had the sunshine and the fresh greenness of the forest enchanted him more poignantly, and the great rocky peaks, like the heads of stone giants, looked at him with immeasurable compassion. The Hautes Pyrénées are wonderfully beautiful. Especially regenerative to the soul is the music of the mountain torrents, which, like a full-sounding orchestra, precipitate themselves into the so-called Gâve, the noiseful river of the valley. Then there is the idyllic tinkle of the sheep bells from time to time, when the flocks in great numbers, headed by the ewes with their long wool and the rams with their Doric horns, carrying large bells round their necks, joyously file down the long slopes of the hills.

After them saunters the young herd who leads them down to the valley to be shorn, and who will thus have an opportunity of seeing his sweetheart again. A few days later the sound of the bells is less cheery. The weather in the interval has grown stormy; ash-grey cloud-mists trail along the flanks of the valley, and the young shepherd with his shorn, shiveringly naked lambs takes his melancholy way up to his Alpine solitude. He is wrapped round in his brown, well-patched Basque cloak, and perhaps the parting from her was bitter.

One of these glimpses reminded me vividly of Decamp's masterpiece which hung in this year's Salon, and was criticised with unjust severity by many, even by Théophile Gautier, who is so learned in matters of art. The shepherd in this painting, a veritable beggar-king in his tattered majesty, tries to shelter a poor little sheep under the folds of his cloak from the torrents of rain; the bulging, stormy clouds with their damp grimaces, the shaggy hideous dog,—everything in this picture is so true to nature, so faithfully Pyrénéan, so free from any sentimental taint, or any enfeebling idealisation, that here the talent of Decamp manifests itself in its most naïve nudity to an almost alarming extent.

The Pyrénées are nowadays exploited with great success by numbers of French artists, particularly on account of the peasant costumes to be met with. The rendering of Leleux deserve the praises which our colleague on the *Augsburg Gazette*, with his fine penetration, awards to them. In this painter's work also truth to nature is to be found, but with lack of discernment; it is emphasised too crudely and degenerates into virtuosity. The costumes of mountaineers, of the Béarnais, the Basques, the frontier Spaniards, are, indeed, as original and as worthy for the easel as can be desired by any young enthusiast of the confraternity of the brush to whom our stupid frock-coat is an abomination.

The head covering of the women, the scarlet red hood which falls to their hips above their black bodice, is especially picturesque.

There is no more charming picture than that formed by a goat-herd thus clad, seated on a high-saddled mule with the old-time distaff under her arm, advancing with her black-horned flock over the summit of the mountain, where

the adventurous procession outlines itself in purest contours against the clear blue background of the heavens.

The building, wherein are situated the baths of Barèges, presents the most disagreeable contrast to the environing beauties of nature; its unattractive exterior is in thorough keeping with the interior; sombre, sinister cells, like sepulchral vaults, with stone baths that are far too small, a kind of provisionary coffin, wherein each day for an hour one can practise, lying silently with legs extended and arms crossed. But the most distressing inconvenience at Barèges is the scarcity of water; the healing springs do not well in sufficient quantities. To remedy matters there are lamentable make-shifts, called *piscines*, that is to say, narrow reservoirs of water wherein a dozen and sometimes more men bathe together in upright position. Thus there are occasional contacts which are far from agreeable. It is on such occasions that one understands the deep meaning of the saying of the tolerant Hungarian to his companion, "To me," he said, while stroking his moustache, "to me, it matters little what a man is, whether he be a Christian or Jew, Republican or Monarchist, Turk or Prussian, providing he be in sound health."

II.

BARÈGES, *August 7th*, 1846.

I WILL not venture to speak authoritatively on the therapeutic value of the baths at Barèges. Perhaps nothing definite can be said on the subject. It is possible chemically to analyse the waters of a spring, and to tabulate exactly how much sulphur, salt, or butter it contains; but no one would hazard a declaration that the action of this

water, even in specified cases, is guaranteed to effect an infallible cure.

The result depends solely on the peculiar constitution of the patient. Even when two patients, say, are suffering from the same illness, with identical symptoms, the bath treatment will benefit one and have no effect soever upon another, unless to his hurt. Just as it is with magnetism, so is it with mineral waters. These possess virtues which may be sufficiently recognised, but are yet not accurately determined; whose full capacities, and, in truth, whose essential qualities, even, still remain obscure. So much is this so, that physicians themselves are in the habit of resorting to them as a treatment only when all other means fail. When the son of Æsculapius knows of nothing further to recommend to his patient, he sends him to the baths with a long written "consultation," which is nothing more than a letter of recommendation addressed to Chance.

The necessaries of life here are very bad, and proportionately dear. Midday dinner is brought in high baskets to the guests in their rooms by unattractive looking waiting-maids—exactly as at Göttingen. If only we still had here the youthful academical appetite with which we once masticated Georgia-Augusta's most learnedly dry roast veal! The life, in a word, is as dull as on the flowering banks of the Leine.[1]

Nevertheless, I must not omit to mention that we have enjoyed two very pretty balls, at which the dancers appeared without crutches. One or two daughters of Albion were not lacking, who distinguished themselves by their beauty and their awkward manners; they danced as

[1] A river which runs through Göttingen. The university of that town is called Georgia-Augusta, after the name of the founder, George II., King of England.

though they were riding on asses. Among the French-women shone the daughter of the celebrated Cellarius, who—what an honour for little Barèges—danced the polka here on his own feet! Also some young nymphs from the Grand Opera at Paris—of those who are called rats—among others the silver-footed Mademoiselle Lelhomme, whirled their *entrechats* here, and at the sight I thought again with affection of my dear Paris, where I had been able to hold out no longer at last on account of the dancing and the music, and where, nevertheless, my heart would fain be to-day. Marvellous and foolish enchantment! Through dint of pleasures and wild amusements Paris at last becomes so fatiguing, so overpowering, all pleasures there are productive of so exhausting a tension, that one can hardly contain oneself for joy at escaping at last from this tread-mill of pleasure. Yet scarcely have we been away from it a few months than a certain waltz melody, or the mere shadow of a lancer's leg, suffices to awake in our breast a languorous home-sickness for Paris! But this can only happen to the befogged heads at these sweet *bagnos*, and not to the young fellows fresh from our German Student Lands-mannschaft,[1] who, after a short term spent in Paris, complain piteously that there they are not so serenely quiet as when on the other side of the Rhine, where the cell system of solitary meditation has been introduced; that they cannot meet together as peaceably as, for instance, at Magdeburg or at Spandau; that the moral conscience is drowned in the noise of the waves of pleasure which sweep over it; that the tide of dissipation there is too great. Yes, indeed, dis sipation is certainly too great in Paris, for while we give ourselves up to it, our money dissipates itself at the same time.

[1] Association.

Ah! that money! it knows even here at Barèges how to dissipate itself in spite of the dreariness of this health nest. The expense of a sojourn here is beyond all comprehension, more than double that of any other baths in the Pyrénées. And what avarice among these dwellers in the mountains, whom usually we vaunt as children of nature, remnants of a guileless race! They revere money with a fervour that borders on fanaticism; it is their peculiar national religion. But is not money the God of the whole world to-day—an Almighty God, whom even the most obdurate atheist could not deny for three days consecutively? for without its divine aid the baker would not deliver over the smallest roll of bread.

During these last days of intense heat whole swarms of English have arrived at Barèges; healthy red faces fed upon beef-steaks, an almost insulting contrast to the pale-faced tribe of bathers. The most important of these new arrivals is a member of Parliament, enormously rich, tolerably well known, and a Tory to boot. This gentleman seems not to care for the French, but, on the contrary, to have the greatest sympathy with us Germans. He praises in particular our integrity and fidelity. Moreover, in Paris, where he thinks of passing the winter, he intends to have no French servants, but will employ only Germans. I thanked him for the confidence he reposed in us, and recommended certain compatriots of the historical school to him.

We count also among the present Bath guests the Duc de Nemours, who with his family lives at Luz, a few miles distant from Barèges; though he drives here daily in order to take his bath. When he came with this intent for the first time to Barèges he drove in an open vehicle, in spite of the miserable mist-clouds which obscured the day; from which I concluded that he must be in perfectly good health, or at

all events, that he was not afraid of catching cold. His first visit was devoted to the military hospital, where he conversed familiarly with the sick soldiers; he inquired concerning their wounds, their term of service, etc. A demonstration of this kind, though it be but the well-worn flourish of trumpets by means of which so many illustrious personages have made known their exceeding worth, never fails of its aim; and when the prince arrived at the bathing establishment, where the curious public awaited him, he was already moderately popular.[1]

The Duc de Nemours is not so beloved as his dead brother, whose qualities showed themselves more openly. This admirable man, or, to express it better, this admirable human poem that was entitled Ferdinand d'Orléans, was written to some extent in a popular and generally intelligible style, whereas his brother Nemours screens himself in a form of art less accessible to the apprehension of the masses.

These two princes have always outwardly presented a

[1] The following paragraph is in the original letter to the *Augsburger Allgemeinen Zeitung:*—"As this regent-designate has a great future before him, and as his personality may have an influence upon the destinies of the whole of Europe, I scrutinised him with especial attention, and sought to discern from his outward appearance the sign of his inner nature. I was speedily disarmed during this rather trust-lacking occupation by the tranquil grace which to some degree distinguished this slender, elegantly dressed young man, and then by the fine compassionate look with which his eyes rested on the suffering faces grouped around him. This look had in it nothing official, nothing studied; it was the pure and sincere outcome of a noble humane soul. The compassion which his eyes betrayed had something touching in its reserved modesty, for modesty is apparently the most beautiful trait in his character. We have observed this same modesty in his brother, the Duc d'Orléans, who fell prematurely on the battle-field of life. The Duc de Nemours is not so beloved," etc.

remarkable contrast. The Duc d'Orléans was at once nonchalant and knightly; the other is rather something of the fine patrician. The first was frankly the young French officer, bubbling over with the most light-hearted bravery, one of those who throw themselves with equal zest into the storming of a fortress or of a woman's heart. Nemours is said to be a good soldier, in point of cool-headed courage, rather than of warlike zeal.[1]

If he succeed to the Regency he will not allow himself to be so easily allured by Bellona's trumpet-call as his brother

[1] Instead of the above sentences, the following is to be found in the *Augsburger Allgemeinen Zeitung*:—"Nemours looks much more like a statesman, but one who has a conscience, and unites prudence to the noblest intentions. Did I wish to elucidate myself by means of an example, I should best select it from the domain of poetry, and it seems to me as though Goethe had partially depicted these two princes under the names of Egmont and Oranien. Persons situated near him tell me that the Duc de Nemours possesses wide knowledge of and clear insight into home and foreign affairs; he sets himself zealously to understand all essentials; he is himself, however, very uncommunicative, whether by reason of shyness or taciturnity is not known. He is praised for his trustworthiness, as a foremost characteristic; he rarely makes a promise, and only with reluctance, but his word is as steadfast as a rock. He is a good soldier, of a cold-blooded courage, but not very warlike. He is passionately attached to his family, and his clever father knew well to whose hands he committed the welfare of the house of Orléans. What especial securities did this man offer in the interests of France, and especially of humanity? I believe the best. In any case, we must pronounce it as far better than that offered to us by his brother of blessed memory. He is less popular than was the other; for the same reason he risks less if once the acquired property of the Revolution comes into conflict with the needs of the Government:

"Beloved Regents who enjoy blind confidence are at times very dangerous to Freedom. Nemours knows that he is narrowly watched; and he will certainly beware of any act of treachery. Moreover, he will not allow himself to be so easily allured by Bellona's trumpet-call," etc.

would have been; which is highly satisfactory for us, for we can easily presage what dear country would have become the battle-field, and what innocent people would have had at the last to defray the expenses of the war. One thing only I should like to know: I mean, whether the Duc de Nemours is possessed of as much patience as his glorious father, who, by means of this quality—lacked by all his French adversaries—was indefatigably victorious, and preserved peace for beautiful France and for the whole world.

III.

BARÈGES, *August 20th*, 1846.

YES, the Duc de Nemours is patient. That he possesses this cardinal virtue I am certain from the equanimity with which he endures delays when his bath is being prepared. He in nowise recalls his great uncle, with his famous "J'ai failli attendre!" The Duc de Nemours understands how to wait, and I have observed a no less excellent quality in him, that he does not keep others waiting. I am his successor (at the baths, of course), and I must give him due praise that he takes his leave as punctually as any ordinary mortal, to whom the hour is measured out to the minute. He comes here daily, usually in an open carriage, and drives himself, while beside him sits a coachman with lazy, sulky face, and behind him a corpulent German footman.

Often, when the weather is fine, the Prince runs beside the carriage the whole way from Luz to Barèges; for he has a great partiality for physical exercise. He impresses the mountaineers by his hardihood in climbing the steepest acclivities. At La Brêche de Roland, in the Gavarnie valley, neck-breaking rocky peaks are pointed out as having been scaled by the prince. He is an ex-

cellent hunter, and appears recently to have put a bear into great danger. With his wife, who is one of the most beautiful of women, he also makes frequent excursions to the most interesting points in the mountains. Thus recently he made with her the ascent of the Pic du Midi, and while the princess and her ladies-in-waiting were carried up the mountain in palanquins, the young Prince strode on ahead in order to be alone for a moment on the summit, there, unmolested, to enjoy those colossal beauties of nature which raise our soul to such ideal heights above the every-day world. Every time the Prince reaches the summit of the mountains he has found there, planted stock-like, three gendarmes! Now there is truly nothing in the world so dispiriting and sobering to the imagination as the positive table-of-the-face of a gendarme, and the horrible citron yellow of his belt. All enthusiastic feelings are instantly arrested in the breast *au nom de la loi*, and I can easily understand the expression of a little Frenchwoman who, last winter, was scandalised to see these gendarmes everywhere, even in the churches, in the pious houses of God, wherein one wishes to give oneself up to feelings of devotion. "The sight," she said, "destroys all my illusions." . .

I could not refrain from smiling mournfully when it was related to me how disagreeably affected the Prince was with the surprise which the servile officiousness of the Prefect had prepared for him on the top of the Pic du Midi. Poor Prince, I thought, you deceive yourself greatly if you suppose that alone and unmolested you can still give vent to your enthusiasm. You are in the hands of the gendarmerie; and you will yourself, one day, need to be the gendarme-in-chief, entrusted with the peace of the country. Poor Prince!

Here, at Barèges, it grows daily duller. It is not the lack of social distractions which is insupportable, but rather that one is deprived of the advantages of solitude. Endless cries and noises permit of no peaceful dreaming, but at every moment awake one with a start from one's thoughts. The shrill cracking of whips—that national music of Barèges—grates upon the nerves from early morning till late at night. Then, when bad weather sets in, and the mountains, drunk with sleep, draw their mist-caps over their ears, the hours lengthen to a wearisome eternity. Then the goddess of Ennui in person, her head enveloped in a cowl of lead and carrying Klopstock's *Messiah* in her hand, walks about the streets of Barèges, and whomsoever she yawns at feels the last drop of his life's courage ebb from his heart! Despondency has reached such a pitch that from sheer despair I no longer try to avoid the society of our patron, the English member of Parliament, who continues to pay the well-merited recognition of our domestic virtues and our moral qualities. Nevertheless, it seems to me that he likes us less enthusiastically since I let fall the remark that the Germans now feel a great desire to possess a navy; that we have already invented the names of all the ships of our future fleet; that the patriots wish, instead of wool as hitherto, to spin only linen for sail-cloth; that the oaks of the Teutoburgundian forests, which have slept since the defeat of Varus, have awaked at last, and now voluntarily offer themselves as masts for the ships. This communication much displeased the noble Briton, and he opined that we would do better, we Germans, did we with undivided forces continue the erection of Cologne Cathedral, that great work of faith of our fathers.

Every time that I converse with English people concerning my country, I observe, with profound humiliation, that

the hatred they feel against the French is infinitely more honourable to this people than the impertinent liking which they deign to accord to us Germans, and for which we have to thank some lacuna in our power in the world, or in our intelligence. They like us for our maritime weakness, on account of which they have nothing to fear from commercial competition on our part; they like us for our political naïveté, which they hope to exploit in some selfish way in the event of a war with France.

One diversion in our dulness has been afforded by gossiping stories, chronicles of the elections, which even in these mountains have found a scandalous echo. The Opposition has once again suffered a defeat in the Department of the Hautes Pyrénées, which could easily have been foreseen from the indifference to politics and the greed for money which prevail here.

The candidate of the party of progress, who was thrown out at Tarbes, must be an upright, loyal man, as he is praised on account of his convictions and the fixity of his perseverance; although with him, as with so many other so-called heroic characters, conviction, properly speaking, is only arrested thought, and perseverance only a physical weakness. Such people are faithful to the principles for which they have already made so many sacrifices, actuated by the same reasons that prevent so many men from separating from a mistress; they keep her because she has already cost so much.

The papers have announced to society that M. Achille Fould has been elected at Tarbes, and that he will represent the Hautes Pyrénées in the next Chamber of Deputies. Heaven preserve me from divulging here any particulars of the elections of the persons therein concerned. The man is neither better nor worse than a hundred others, who with

him will constitute a majority on the green seats of the Bourbon Palace. The elected member is, moreover, Conservative, not Ministerial, and hitherto he has supported not M. Guizot, but M. Molé. His promotion as a deputy is a genuine pleasure to me, for the very simple reason that the civil equality of the Israelite is sanctioned in his last measure.

It is true that, for a long time past, law as well as public opinion in France has recognised the principle that all the State employments, without exception, shall be open to any Jew who shall distinguish himself by his talents or high sentiments. But tolerant as this may sound, I detect in it, nevertheless, the acrid after-taste of the superannuated prejudice. Yes, as long as Jews, even without talent and devoid of high sentiments, are not admitted to all employments equally with the thousands of Christians who neither think nor feel, nor know how to count, so long will the prejudice be not wholly eradicated, and the old oppression will still be in force. But the intolerance of the Middle Ages will dwindle to the merest shadow the moment the Jews, also without special qualifying merit, and merely with their money, may, equally with their Christian brethren, attain to the deputyship, the most desiderated post in France. From this point of view the election of M. Achille Fould is a definite victory for the principles of civil equality.

Two other confessors of the Mosaic faith, with an equally good monetary reputation, have also this year been elected as deputies. In how far do these two elections further the democratic principle of civil equality?

Both these deputies are millionaire bankers, and in my historical researches upon the national wealth of the Jews, from Abraham until the present day, I shall, doubtless,

again have occasion to speak of M. Renoit Fould and of M. d'Eichtal.

Honi soit qui mal y pense! I wish to remark in advance, so as to avoid all misunderstanding, that the result of my researches into the national wealth of the Jews is a glorious one, and redounds to their greatest honour. Israel, in fact, owes its opulence solely to that sublime faith in God which it has for thousands of years preserved intact. The Jews have ever revered a supreme Being, who reigns invisibly in the heavens; while the heathens, incapable of rising to the conception of pure Spirit, made themselves all sorts of gods of gold and silver, which they worshipped on the earth. If these blind pagans had converted into money all the gold and silver that they squandered in the service of their false gods, and had put it out to interest, they would have become as rich as the Jews, who knew how to invest their gold and their silver to the greatest advantage, perhaps in Assyrio-Babylonish State loans, in Nebuchadnezzarian obligations, in Egyptian canals, in 5 per cent. Sidonians, and other classical shares which the Lord had blessed, as he seems also to bless the corresponding modern undertakings of the pious Israelite.

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