

MEMOIRS

FREDERICK PERTHES

LITERARY, RELIGIOUS, AND POLITICAL LIFE IN GERMANY.

FROM 1789 TO 1813

FROM THE GERMAN OF

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MEMOIRS

OF

FREDERICK PERTHES.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE ALBERT,

THESE MEMORIALS OF HIS FATHERLAND,

ILLUSTRATING ITS HISTORY IN A TROUBLED PERIOD,

EXHIBITING THE ELEVATION OF GERMAN INTELLECT,

THE WARMTH OF THE GERMAN HEART,

AND THE DEVIOTISM AND TENDERNESS OF A GERMAN WIFE AND MOTHER,

IN CONNECTION WITH THE CAREER OF ONE WHO DID MUCH TO

PROMOTE THE HIGHEST INTERESTS OF HIS COUNTRY,

AND WHO WAS HONOURED WITH THE CONFIDENCE AND FRIENDSHIP

OF ITS MOST DISTINGUISHED MEN,

ALL BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S GRACIOUS PERMISSION

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Biography is not in every part a literal translation of the German work in three volumes. The minuteness of political detail which characterizes the original, even when treating of affairs which had but a temporary and local interest, could not have been reproduced in a home dress with any likelihood of interesting the English reader. Abridgment and condensation have, consequently, been resorted to ; but nothing has been omitted which is of general interest, or which can throw light on the social condition of Germany, and its political, literary, and religious history during the past half century.

EDINBURGH, *August* 1856.

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THE LIFE OF PERTHES.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD—1772-89.

THE year 1772 was a very calamitous year for Germany. Dearth and famine were almost everywhere prevalent, while scarcely any district escaped the visitation of a malignant pestilence. It was in this, "the great hunger-year," as it was called, that Frederick Christopher Perthes was born at Rudolfstadt, on the 21st of April. The ancestors of his father, Christopher Frederick Perthes, Secretary of the Exchequer to the house of Rudolf Schwartzburg, appear to have lived for several centuries at Erfurt, as pastors and physicians. In the year 1740, however, the respectable and art-loving Doctor of Medicine, John Justus Perthes, a God-fearing, honest, and discreet man, was summoned from Erfurt to Rudolfstadt as family physician to the Prince. The youngest but one of his seven children was the above-named Christopher Frederick. In 1741 he entered the Rudolfstadt Gymnasium; and in 1755, "well-informed and prepared," as the school-registers assure us, repaired to Jena to study jurisprudence. On his return to Rudolfstadt, he entered into the service of the Court, and was in the course of time promoted to the office of Secretary of the

Exchequer, and exercised jurisdiction over the estates of many noble families. He was but seven-and-thirty years of age when his wife Margaretha Heubel stood by his deathbed.

He left his family almost destitute. The widow found her pension of twenty-one florins entirely inadequate. She was soon received, however, as an inmate into a kinsman's family, which stood in need of her services as a nurse. Her mother, almost as destitute of means as herself, offered a home to the boy. She died when he was only seven years old, leaving him to the compassionate care of Frederick Heubel, his maternal uncle. Half a century after, the children and grandchildren of that helpless child, found the generous uncle who had taken pity on his forlorn condition, in the old Castle of Schwartzburg, enjoying, as equerry and overseer, the retirement provided for him by his Prince. A man of inflexible integrity, and of a just and vigorous mind, he was during the whole course of his long life under the influence of the Kantian philosophy. His life restricted, on one side, within the narrow circle of the little principality, on the other, knew no limits to the sphere of its speculations. He took a deep interest in all the great movements of the time. He was fond of the Greek and Roman classics, and studied them even in his later years. His passionate admiration of the horse, led him to the study of anatomy. Like all his contemporaries, he had hailed the great political movement of 1789 with delight, and even at a later period did not condemn it, regarding its further development merely as a running riot of principles in themselves worthy of reverence. In the cause of his Prince he was ready at any moment to have sacrificed both fortune and life: in his service he grudged neither toil nor trouble. Every

mark of kindness from his master touched him deeply: he defended him against every aspersion, and his whole being was penetrated by that devoted fidelity characteristic of the royal servant of the Middle Ages.

In 1779, when still a youth, he had returned from the University to his native district, penniless like the rest of his brothers and sisters. An office in the Prince's service, though a help, was by no means a provision. He kept house in Rudolfstadt with an unmarried sister, Caroline Heubel. Though not possessed of beauty, Miss Caroline had great strength of character. Ever ready to help others, to accept help herself was even in extreme age intolerable to her: to independence in every form, even though associated with grinding poverty, she was almost passionately attached. A peculiarity of a less amiable kind was a leading feature in her character; when not allowed to rule she became irritable and ill-humoured; so that it might seem doubtful whether she desired to govern in order that she might help, or sought to help in order that she might govern. Such was the household into which the little boy was received and brought up, with tender and even parental affection. The impressions of his childhood were so deeply graven as to influence him throughout life. Born with a very excitable temperament, he always ascribed to his uncle and aunt the horror with which he regarded every kind of immorality; and he also attributed to them that respect for the rights of others which are alien to extremely energetic characters such as his, in which there is too frequently a tendency to inconsiderateness.

The boy's first instructor was his uncle: he subsequently took part in the lessons of the tutors of some noble families;

and, finally, after frequenting for some time the classes of the court-pages, he entered the gymnasium of Rudolfstadt, when twelve years old, but not sufficiently advanced to profit by the instructions which he there received. A very lively fancy had made regular study a toil; and naturally possessed of little talent for language, and deficient in memory for numbers, the boy had gained little from the irregular instructions he had hitherto received. He possessed neither the rudiments of his own, nor of any other language; he was ignorant alike of the elements of history and geography, of orthography and arithmetic; but he was passionately fond of reading, a taste which sought and found satisfaction in the Court library. Several volumes of the great history of the world, in quarto, and the one-and-twenty parts of "The Travels by Land and Sea," gave him employment from his tenth to his fourteenth year. The account of the discoveries made by the Portuguese in the fifteenth century, was especially captivating, and the sailor Prince Henry and Albuquerque became his heroes. Then came the translation of Don Quixote, which quickly supplanted Campe's "Robinson," and filled his youthful imagination. In this way he collected a mass of knowledge, somewhat too varied and ill-assorted, and which but partially received a kind of arrangement by the perusal of Schröckh's "History of the World," a copy of which he possessed. That the activity of his fancy did not, through the want of severe mental discipline, degenerate into mere idle dreaming, and so extinguish a capacity for the real and the practical, the boy had to thank a near relation of his mother, John David Heubel, who, as lieutenant-colonel and superintendent of buildings, resided at the Castle of Schwartzburg. Peculiarly acute in his observation of nature,

he succeeded in rousing into activity the same undeveloped faculty in the boy. He would keep him for months together in his apartments at Schwartzburg, and take him with him when he wandered over hill and valley in his official visitations of the forests, or when sojourning for a time in the huts of the fowlers. On these occasions he would exact from him great physical exertions. The remembrance of these excursions was never obliterated from the boy's mind. The dusky pines that clothe the mountain-slopes of that wondrously beautiful region, the roar of the Schwarza, as far below in the valley it winds round the base of the hill on which the castle is built, were indelibly impressed upon his memory.

When he had reached his fourteenth year, and had been confirmed, it was thought necessary to choose a calling for him. To allow him to continue his studies was impossible, and from the mercantile life, as known in Rudolfstadt, he shrank with aversion. His father's youngest brother, Justus Perthes, was a pretty successful publisher and bookseller at Gotha, and it was natural for them to think of that business for the boy. Of its nature and details he was utterly ignorant, for there was no bookseller in Rudolfstadt; but that there must be books for him to read seemed certain, and this was decisive.

In the year 1786, Schirach the printer took the boy with him to the fair at Leipzig, to seek a master. He was then fourteen years of age. The first person to whom he introduced him was Herr Ruprecht of Göttingen, an aged man, who spoke kindly to him, and desired him to conjugate the verb *amo*; but when he found this too great a demand on his learning, he refused to engage him. He was then taken to Herr Siegert at Liegnitz; but the tall gaunt figure of the man in his long

flame-coloured overcoat, reaching to the heels, so frightened him that he could not say a word; "he was too shy for the book-trade," it was said. At last, however, Adam Frederick Böhme, who carried on business in Leipzig, and supplied the Rudolfstadt library with books, shewed himself disposed to take him, but "the boy must go home for a year; he is too delicate for the work yet." When a year had elapsed, indentures were signed by the uncle and the future master.

On Sunday the 9th of September 1787, the boy of fifteen took his seat in the open mail, to begin the great journey of life. "In the evening at Saalfeld I felt very sad," he wrote to his uncle, "but I met with many kind people." On a cold and rainy day, he passed through Neustadt, Gera, and Zeitz; and on Tuesday the 11th of September, at three o'clock in the afternoon, reached his master's house in Leipzig. "Why, boy, you are no bigger than you were a year ago, but we will make a trial of it, and see how we get on together," exclaimed Böhme. His wife and her six daughters and little son, as well as an apprentice who had been resident four years, all received him kindly. "I like Leipzig very much," wrote Perthes, immediately on his arrival; "and I hope all will go well, especially as my comrade is a very honest fellow. The young ladies also seem extraordinarily kind; Frederika, my master's second daughter, came into my room in order, as she said, to drive away fancies and whims." "Herewith," writes his master, "I have the honour to inform you that young Perthes has arrived safe and in good health. I hope we shall be pleased with each other. His pocket-money, which, according to this day's exchange, amounts to one dollar and twenty groschen, I have taken charge of, for we cau-

not tell into what company he might fall. One request I have to make, and that is, that when in future you favour me with your letters, you will have the goodness to omit the 'Well-born'* on the address, for it is not at all appropriate to me."

On the morning after his arrival, the first words young Perthes heard were these,—“ Frederick, you must let your hair grow in front to a brush, and behind to a cue, and get a pair of wooden buckles—lay aside your sailor's round hat—a cocked one is ordered.” This once universal custom had latterly disappeared, but Böhme tolerated no new fashions among his apprentices. “ You are not to leave the house, either morning or evening, without my permission. On Sundays you must accompany me to church.” The two apprentices certainly were not spoiled by over-indulgence. Their master's house was in Nicholas Street, and there they had an inner chamber up four pair of stairs, so overcrowded with two beds and stools, the table and the two trunks, which constituted its whole furniture, as scarcely to admit of their turning in it. One little window opened on the roof; in the corner was a small stove, heated during the winter by three small logs of wood, doled out every evening as their allowance. Every morning at six o'clock they both received a cup of tea, and every Sunday, as a provision for the coming week, seven lumps of sugar, and seven halfpence to purchase bread. “ What I find hardest,” said Perthes to his uncle at Schwartzburg, “ is, that I have only a halfpenny roll in the morning—I find this to be scanty allowance. In the afternoon, from one till eight, we have not a morsel—that is what I call hunger; I

think we ought to have something." Dinner and supper they took with the family, plentifully and well ; but, alas ! for them, when some fat roast with gourd-sauce, was set upon the table, for it was a law that whatever was put upon the plate must be eaten. The "Er,"* with which Böhme was always addressed, not only by his children, but also by his servants and dependants, mortified Perthes, but he wrote cheerfully, "Not the slightest thing is required of me which could hurt my feelings : while other apprentices have to clean their master's buckles, to cover the table, and take the coffee to the warehouse, none of these things are required of us."

Böhme was not indeed a man of varied learning or great mental powers ; but he had a good understanding, a character of the strictest integrity, and was not without reverence for knowledge and all noble things. He laboured uninterruptedly every day, from seven in the morning till eight at night, with the intermission of one hour at noon. Sunday after service was devoted to the "Jena Literary Gazette," every word of which he faithfully perused, and then took a walk round the city. He never played, never entered a public-house, never received company at home, and drank nothing stronger than water. Occasionally in the summer he would go over to Entritzsch with his family, and drink a bottle of *gose*,† and once in the course of the year he was accustomed to make an excursion to the valley of Störn, about twelve miles from Leipzig, in company with his whole household—wife, children, and apprentices. He was exceedingly good-natured, but equally irritable, and apt when

* Used by children towards a parent only when a constrained respect is stronger than affection.

† A kind of light-colored beer.

excited to give vent to a torrent of abuse. Great were the sufferings of Perthes from this irritability, during the two years of his inexperience in the business. "That which troubles me most," writes the boy, "is my master's passionate temper. If we have made the slightest blunder, he breaks out upon us; this is very different from what I have been accustomed to, and I feel it very hard to bear, but I shall get used to it in time." When the fit of passion was over, Bohme would good-naturedly endeavour to make peace with the boy by bringing him fruit, or sharing with him his afternoon coffee, and the accompanying lumps of sugar. This most temperate man, and stern disciplinarian, had a heavy domestic sorrow to bear. His wife was addicted to strong drinks, and the household economy accordingly, so far as it depended on her, fell into disorder. This melancholy failing frequently put the poor apprentices in the most painful position. "I am often in perplexity," wrote Perthes, "out of which I cannot extricate myself, for Madame has things brought to her in secret, which she quickly disposes of. The master would fain know all that passes, and I would gladly, like an honest servant, tell all to one who though weak is so good at heart, were it not that I should thus only insure my own misery, for many occasions arise in which he cannot protect me, and which he is powerless to alter: from seven o'clock in the morning till eight at night, he is at business, and the children do as they please, the mother being quite unable to restrain them."

The time of the apprentice was wholly occupied by the work at the warehouse, which was situated in the old Neumarkt. "I have not much enjoyment of our little room," he writes, "for we begin work at seven o'clock, return to dinner

at half-past twelve, and are at business again from one till eight; then comes supper, and it is only after this that we have any time to ourselves. We dare on no account leave the house in the evening. On Sunday we must go early to church, and to none but St. Peter's. In the afternoon, after a sharp cross-examination, he lets us out for a couple of hours." The employment was, during the first year and a half, wholly mechanical. When books published by a Leipzig bookseller were ordered, if not among Böhme's stock, they had to be obtained from other warehouses. This part of the business fell to the youngest apprentice, and gave him at first enough to do. "There are so many little details in our business," he writes, "that it takes some time for a beginner to understand them, and the master booksellers use abbreviations for everything, such as the titles of books, and so forth. After a year or so one understands this, but a beginner is sure to make blunders, and if I ask a question, I get for answer nothing but, 'Don't you understand German?'" The work which fell to him as the youngest apprentice, kept him in the streets or in the warehouses of other publishers during the whole of the first winter. His vivacity, united with great modesty of demeanour, won for him the favour of all the trade; he was the only apprentice who was allowed the privilege of warming himself in the counting-houses while the books he came for were being fetched. His hard lot excited sympathy. When towards dusk he returned half frozen and with wet feet to the warehouse, he had to stand for hours upon the stone flags collating. Böhme, who had never been ill in his life, and was particularly hardy, never had the shop heated, but kept himself warm by dint of stamping his feet and rubbing his hands. He was not more considerate

of others than careful of himself. The consequence was, that in the first winter of his residence at Leipzig, Perthes' feet were frost-bitten; Böhme saw his distress, but took no notice until he was unable to walk, when the nearest surgeon was at last sent for. Eckhold came, and at once declared that if another day had been allowed to pass, it would have been necessary to amputate the feet. Nine long weeks the boy lay in his bed in the little attic chamber, but not neglected—for his master's second daughter, Frederika, a lovely child of twelve years, took him under her charge, and tended him with care and affection. All day long she sat, knitting-needles in hand, by the bedside of the invalid, talking with him, consoling and ministering.

Upon the floor, among other old books, lay a translation of Muratori's "History of Italy;" and the poor girl, with never-failing kindness, read through several of the ponderous quartos in the little dusky attic. A devoted friendship between the children, the result of these tender attentions, continued long after he had need of her nursing.

But apart from the sufferings of these months, the boy who, under the faithful and kind though strict training of his relations, had grown up in the free and unlimited enjoyment of wood and mountain, often felt oppressed by the great city and its flat treeless suburbs, no less than by the unhappy relations subsisting in his master's family, and that restraint and unbroken daily routine of business-life, which permitted freedom neither of thought nor of action. His heart turned with yearning to the years of early childhood, and especially to the little incidents of the residence with his uncle at Schwartzburg, where he had wandered at will over hill and dale. All the letters written

at this time, and even those of a later date, bear witness to his tender recollections of those happy hours which he was never again to enjoy. "All is well with me," he writes on one occasion, "but for a sort of melancholy of quite a special kind, for when I am alone I fall to thinking of my former happy life now for ever passed away. Now this well-known rock, now another rises before me. Then the path to the fowling-floor, to Dettensdorf, and the spot where Spitz couched and Matzen yelped. Every bush is imprinted on my memory: often when I awake at night, or look out upon the early morning mist, I think now my uncle is saying to Matzen, 'To-day there will be good sport upon the fowling-ground.' Then I see you ranging the woods with your lanterns, and when you have caught anything, I fancy I hear you crying out, 'O that Fritz were here!' . . . Ah! how many sweet recollections of Schwartzburg, and of that bygone time, are in my heart." And he writes on another occasion, "Here, in a neighbouring village, called Gohlis, there is a cowherd who blows his horn as skilfully as the Schwartzburg trumpeter of yore. I can hear him in my bed, and you cannot imagine what a strange feeling comes over me, and the peculiar kind of sadness to which it gives rise."

Still the longing after his beloved Schwartzburg had not taken such absolute possession of the boy as to hinder his enjoyment of new books, and of such events as the varied life of Leipzig brought before him. Now it was a comment on some facetious scene out of Siegfried von Lindenberg, or the fine comedy of "Frederick with the Bitten Check," or a passage out of Villaume's "Logic," that filled his letters; again Blanchard's ascent in an air-balloon, or some procession of the Leipzig students, delighted his boyish fancy; six postilions in front,

then the riding-master Herzberg, followed by eighty students on horseback, and sixteen curricles—a magnificent spectacle!

“To-day,” he writes, “I have seen a military funeral; it was very grand, but I wish I had not seen it, for the officer lived in the suburbs, and I cannot go there now, the spectacle has made me so sad.” But it was the annual Book-fair, the first he had seen in Leipzig, that excited him more than anything else. It brought indeed days of severe toil; “but I do not even feel the labour,” he wrote, “when I think of the few minutes which I may spend with my uncle, who arrived from Gotha on Monday. He has been so kind to me during the whole time of his stay, that I often felt as if I had a father, and could confide all my thoughts and feelings to him. One Sunday afternoon, when I had not much to do, he took me with him to Raschwitz, a place in the neighbourhood, on the day when the booksellers of all Germany assemble there; with what respect I was treated!—such as no other apprentice would dream of. My uncle showed me everything; besides, it led to other pleasures so numerous, that I must tell you all about them. I saw, what I daresay you also would like to see, a collection of wild beasts—first, a seal that sat in a great tub of water, and which was as large as a calf, and quite black, with a dog’s head, and five fingers like a man’s on each fore-foot, and what was wonderful, it understood its keeper. ‘Turn round,’ said he, and at once it showed its belly, on which were visible hind-feet, just under the tail, which was like that of a fish. Then my uncle gave me six groschen to go to the play, but as there was not time for that, I went into one of the wild beast booths, and as I like when I see anything to see it thoroughly, I gave all I had, and went into the best places. Here I saw

wonders that almost bewildered me. First, a bird called an ostrich, all black ; then an African lion, eighteen months old, a very noble fellow ; a panther, which I touched ; and a tiger, which I believe to be the most magnificent creature upon God's earth. There were other wonders at the Fair, but these do not admit of description in writing ; but I had well-nigh forgotten one of the most memorable incidents of my life—I spoke to F. Nicolai,* he is just as I had pictured him to myself, tall and stout, and a most extraordinary swaggerer ; I thought he would have carried himself proudly to the booksellers, but he stood in a doorway for half-an-hour chatting with them."

During the first year and a half of his residence at Leipzig, Perthes had, indeed, gained but little knowledge and small insight into business from his own special labour, but he had acquired experience and considerable moral strength, for both of which he was chiefly indebted to the influence that his fellow-apprentice, Rabenhorst, exercised over him. The inward shrinking from all coarseness and impurity, implanted and cherished by the lessons of his aunt and uncle in his childish years, was to him an invaluable possession, of which he was deeply sensible. "Dearest uncle," he writes, "if I am good now, and continue so, I have to thank you and my aunt for it ;—certainly not myself, for if I had fallen into bad hands, my levity of disposition might easily have led me into vice." His lively and excitable temperament could not dispense with some moral support even after he entered into Leipzig life, and this he found in Rabenhorst, then eighteen years of age, distinguished equally

* F. Nicolai, an eminent German publisher ; but more distinguished as a critic. He edited the *Allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek*, and, along with Lessing, Mendelssohn and others, wrote the "Letters on the present State of German Literature," which exposed him to the criticism of Herder, Fichte, Wieland, Lavater, and others.

for his acquirements, for his business talents, and general character. "I thank God," writes Perthes to his uncle, "that I came here, and that entirely on account of my comrade, whose conduct is so good an example for me; if it had not been for this, the ways of the world would inevitably have led me quite astray. You thought that I should get into good society here, but this is impossible without money; for those who have position or fortune are very exclusive, and the pride of the merchants' sons, who can afford to play a four-groschen game at billiards, and drink a bottle of wine out of their very pocket-money, presents an impassable barrier to my intercourse with them. The booksellers' apprentices are, with only two exceptions, dissipated youths, who spend the Sunday, their only holiday, at the taverns in all kinds of excess. Now you will confess, that had I been left to mix with these, I should have made shipwreck of all the good principles I derived from you. Men here must live like others, or make up their minds to be persecuted; but Rabenhorst has been my support." In other respects, the elder comrade was of great service to the inexperienced boy; he taught him prudence in the troubled economy of their master's house, he made him attentive to such details of business as he could master without extraneous help, and was always urging him to exert himself in order to redeem lost time. But what he was chiefly, though unconsciously, the means of bestowing on his friend was, *ease* in his intercourse with others. "You will think, dear uncle," he writes, "that I agree well with my companion, when I can praise him so highly; but it is not so. Rabenhorst by no means possesses all the virtues that go to make a good companion; he is very proud, and most obstinate in maintaining his opinion; impe-

tuous, and, withal, so susceptible and suspicious, that I often provoke him ten times in an hour without knowing why. Many a time I have to give up my own opinion, though fully persuaded that it is right; and when I have done so, and am thinking that our difference is made up, he will exclaim, ‘How can you say yes to everything?—you fancy that I am deceived by your assent, but you are much mistaken.’ I know, dear uncle, that you will regard this as very useful training, and you are right; for, from having been brought up alone, I used to be a most insufferable fellow in the society of young people, but I have now learned how to behave to others, and every one is surprised to find that I get on so well with Rabenhorst; he has, indeed, an unfortunate temperament, but he loves me, and that is enough.”

In the summer of 1789, Rabenhorst left Leipzig to enter a bookseller’s house at Berlin, and from henceforward Perthes stood quite alone.

CHAPTER II.

YOUTH—1789-93.

TILL the end of the preceding century, the German book-trade had been confined to the north-east of Germany. In the south-west, from Vienna to Ratisbon, with the exception of a few publishers of Catholic books, there was no bookseller; and from Ratisbon to the Tyrol only one—and that in Augsburg. Nuremberg alone was able to supply the trifling demands of this vast tract of country. In Tübingen and Heidelberg, indeed, there were flourishing houses, but the whole north-west, taking Munster as the most advanced literary outpost, was dependent on the scanty supply which Frankfort could furnish. In the north-east, on the other hand, the book-trade had long before received a vigorous impulse, but till the close of the second last decade of the century, it was almost entirely confined to the publication and sale of books of science. New works were not then, as now, at once diffused among the various booksellers of Germany. Those publishers whose business was of sufficient importance, visited Leipzig, at Easter and Michaelmas, bringing with them the titles of their most recent publications. They called on each other, showed their title-pages, and after haggling for a while about price and value, they decided how many copies of each other's books they were prepared to take. As

they could not be returned if unsold, the greatest caution was exercised in the acceptance of works, and it often happened, consequently, that books ordered by customers were not to be had in any of the widely-dispersed book-shops of Germany. They might, indeed, have been obtained by application to the original publisher, but this would have involved a great expenditure of time and money. A remedy for this inconvenient state of affairs was provided by the establishment, first, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and afterwards on a more extensive scale at Leipzig, of large stores from which booksellers could be at once supplied with any books which they might order.

Böhme carried on such a commission-business in the then sense of this term. In three large rooms he had an important depository of expensive old books, and of all new publications of value, that is to say, of such as he might have sold two or three copies of in the first year after they issued from the press. He had only two private customers—the princely library of Rudolfstadt, and the historian Anton; but the principal booksellers of Germany were his correspondents. Weekly orders from these and from the different Leipzig booksellers poured in, filling five or six pages. The books required were sought out, deleted in the inventory, and entered in the despatch-book, which the principal examined periodically for the purpose of supplying gaps as they occurred. On Rabenhorst's departure the labour of finding and despatching the books ordered devolved on Perthes, and he gave himself to it with pleasure and interest. It excited his astonishment to find that it was possible, by means of the orders continually pouring in from various districts, to form an idea of the scientific necessities of Germany in general; and even, by attention to the special

character of the orders proceeding from within certain bounds, to form some conception of the wants of the various districts. To a mind like his, alive to everything, this knowledge was attractive for its own sake, and he early perceived its value to those booksellers who were inclined to take a large view of their trade. At the same time the many scientific books that passed through his hands, in the course of business, made him acquainted with the names of all the great authors of the preceding century, and gave him at least such an external view of general literature as to rouse in him the desire of obtaining some insight into what was known only by name. In addition to his commission-trade, Böhme was no inconsiderable publisher. Whenever a scientific book was offered to him, he called to his councils an aged antiquary, who, summer and winter, presided at an open bookstall at the corner of Grimmaer- and Ritter-strasse. This man's extensive knowledge and acute intellect gave him great influence with Böhme, and as he had an affection for Perthes, he did not hesitate to make a prudent use of his influence on the boy's behalf, when some excessive severity had led him to complain.

In the first year after Rabenhorst's departure, Perthes had worked diligently, and acquired the confidence of his master to such an extent, as to be left by him in charge of the business during an absence of some weeks. He managed things so admirably, that, in acknowledgment of his services, he received a pair of silken garters. But Perthes now began to crave more leisure than business allowed, for the purposes of education. "My principal, indeed, teaches me all that is necessary for one who is to continue a servant, but very little suffices for that; a special knowledge of the trade, I certainly

do not learn from him, for he conducts his business in the most mechanical manner—he does everything in the way that first occurs to him, without being guided by any principle; if a question is asked, he replies, ‘ We will do it in this way ’ but can never give a reason why it is done so, and not otherwise. for if the same thing occur again, he will do it in some other way. All the MSS. that he receives are submitted to the old antiquary, and then whether they treat of the three bread-earning studies—reading, writing, and arithmetic, or of mathematics, philology, pedagogy, farricry, or polite literature, if the oracle declares ‘ it will do,’ the thing is settled, and if it were by Geiker, junior, it would be taken; does he say, ‘ it will not do,’ it is as certainly rejected. The antiquary is sagacious, no doubt, but it does not follow that he has travelled through all the realms of learning.”

That satisfaction which he did not immediately find in his calling, Perthes sought in pursuits of his own. From 1790, when he attained his eighteenth year, he had been possessed by an evident desire for literary employment, but time and money were alike wanting. The entrance of a junior apprentice had, indeed, relieved him from the wear and tear of running the streets, and in winter he could now spare himself, still the only hours that he could call his own, were those before seven in the morning and after nine at night. He would, however, have taken lessons in languages at these seasons, had not his extreme poverty put it quite out of the question. The widow’s pension of one-and-twenty florins, which his mother had, with generous self-sacrifice, given up to him, scarcely sufficed to provide him with shoes; his uncle contributed his half-worn clothes, but except in a case of extreme necessity,

could do no more. His linen was taken by a carrier every fortnight to Rudolfstadt, where his aunt superintended the washing and mending. At Christmas his master always made him a present of two dollars, as pocket-money for the year. An extraordinary piece of good fortune would now and then come in the shape of a present, from his uncle at Gotha. "If you could see me now, my dear uncle, you would not know me," he writes in the summer of 1789, "for I am much taller, and through my uncle's kindness, very well dressed in a green coat with a short waist, and buttons behind, after the English fashion, trowsers of new English nankin, and a white waistcoat. What would you have more? But I must have a greatcoat at Michaelmas, and then the old dollars must spin. Hurrah! I have the two still, but I shall look my last at them then."

Such a state of things made it impossible for him to remunerate a teacher, and though Perthes frequently tried, grammar in hand, to gain some knowledge of French or English, after nine o'clock at night, he could make nothing of it, and invariably fell asleep. His inclination and talents would have led him to the study of history and geography, but the prevailing fashion required of every young man who would enjoy any respect for his abilities, that he should be a *philosopher* as it was called, and Perthes could not resist the mandate. It was in the direction indicated by Kant that salvation was at this period sought. Kieseewetter's logic was the key to Kant, and Perthes covered whole sheets of paper with tables which were to familiarize him with the terminology and the formulae. Although this wearisome labour never made a philosopher of Perthes, yet his intellect and judgment gained in acuteness. Knigge's work on Intercourse

with Men,* it was then considered indispensable to have read : Perthes read it, and with great interest ; but all the while an inward voice was ever telling him that in this book the root of all evil was worked up into a sort of manual. He sought other food for his spiritual cravings, but in the want of any experienced adviser and guide, his choice was determined by casual influences, or by the spirit of the times. He was for a whole year occupied with Reinhard's "System of Morality," and Docdenlein's "Dogmatic Divinity;" but the work that impressed him more deeply than either of those, was Garve's "Translation and Exposition of Cicero *De Officiis*." Here he believed that he had found true satisfaction.

The impressions of early childhood, when moral progress had been continually kept before him, both by uncle and aunt, the influence of the tendency of the time which received its direction from Kant's philosophy, and his private studies, all reflected themselves in the mode in which the various circumstances that attracted his attention, were apprehended by the intelligent and lively youth. His feelings on all subjects were unreservedly expressed in his letters to his uncle and aunt. From these we find that he at this time began to regard life as a vast institution of the Creator, for leading individuals and the whole human race to an ever-increasing perfection. "Viewing things in this light," he writes, "I do not believe in evil, since by every occurrence we may be improved, and everything when it is past heightens our power of enjoyment. No one is afflicted without a purpose ; who could form such horrible ideas of the Godhead as to suppose it otherwise? But while a man is still under the power of failings and vices, it is impossible that he

* Umgang mit Menschen

should be perfectly happy ; he must even take these along with him into the future life, and the conviction that he might have been better than he is, will be his punishment there." He always set before himself and others the stimulus of a perfection to which nearer approaches were continually to be made, and in which a high position was ultimately to be attained. He frequently believed that he could say with deep conviction and perfect honesty, that in this struggle after perfection he had made some progress. "By reading works of practical philosophy," he writes in 1790, "I have established myself in the idea of striving after perfection, and this is strengthened by a consideration of my destiny, and by the remembrance of my benefactors." "Dearest, best uncle," he wrote towards the end of the year 1791, "it is certainly true that he who strives after improvement, is thereby capable of exalted enjoyment ; and I have myself often had such bright hours when, by meditation on the perfections of God and his works, and by the consciousness of my own dignity as a human being, I enjoyed a foretaste of the destiny ultimately in store for me. At such seasons, all, all was joy, and I saw everything around me labouring onward to perfection—then all men were my brothers advancing with me to the same goal." At other times the youth had to confess that he often deviated both to the right and the left of the path which he saw to be the true one. "You say," he writes in a letter to his uncle at Schwartzburg. "that you are delighted with the principles expressed in my letters ; and encourage me to cleave to them, and practise them in my life. I do indeed cleave to them, dear uncle, for they are not a mere result of reasoning : Oh no ! they are so interwoven with my whole being that I have no power to think of myself

without them, but allowing them to actuate my life is quite another matter. I should be a hypocrite if I were to tell you that they had been the never failing guide of my conduct. Now passion triumphs, now habit, again a constitutional levity which is quite at variance with the results of my reflection; and then I have to pay for the errors which reason has made in deluding me by the exhibition of a perfection which seemed within my grasp, but which, I find, cannot be reached by a bound, but must be slowly and painfully worked out. The attempt to make such a leap always insures a heavy fall." There were seasons when the youth had so absolutely lost courage as to give up all hope of fulfilling what he conceived to be the destiny of man. "I must indeed struggle hard, if I am to expel from my heart all that disturbs my peace; for, alas! when I feel tranquil, it is but the sleep of evil inclinations which are gathering strength for a more violent outburst when opportunity offers. Ah! my want of firmness and my hot blood often destroy in one hour what it has been the labour of weeks to build up, and then I am the victim of a remorse which is not soon succeeded by the unrepenting self-possession of a heart at peace with itself. How often have I, with tears, deplored my perverseness, when, after some steadfast resolution to cling to the good, I have fallen, because too weak to overcome some passion! At such times every one seems better than myself, even those who have openly transgressed, while I have erred only in thought; for I say to myself,—had others the same impulses to good as thou hast, they would assuredly have been better." Then, again, came seasons in which the young man was inclined to look complacently on these self-condemnations. "You see, dear uncle," he writes,

“that I have made a good beginning, for the being dissatisfied with myself is a sure proof of this.”

While anxiously desiring individual progress, he watched eagerly for indications of the advance of the human race; and it was from this point of view that he regarded the French Revolution, an event that had a most exciting effect on him. “I believe,” he writes in 1792, “that humanity is now involved in a chaos from which it will emerge with splendour, having made a great step towards perfection. I enclose a little treatise which appears to me admirable; to me such an encouragement is especially needful, as I am surrounded by those who are always exalting the old times and anathematizing the new. Now, according to my notions, the government of one’s-self is the only true freedom for the individual; and were all men free in this respect, civil freedom would soon follow, since we should no longer require any executive. But this must be a work of centuries; and were the poor French patiently to endure the pressure of a tyranny that cried to heaven for vengeance till then? No! and they have assuredly done right to emancipate themselves; and as a man, and a citizen of the world, I rejoice in the progress of the French army, although as a German I would fain weep. I regard it as an eternal reproach to us that we recognised the right only after compulsion.”

“You think, dear uncle,” he says in another letter, “that if the efforts of the rulers to coerce the people should succeed, Europe would be covered by a mediæval darkness; but this could never be, for knowledge of every kind is diffused among all classes, and the spirit of freedom and the rights of nature have found their way even into the beggar’s hut; and where,

among the present rulers of the earth, are we to look for the heroic spirit, the high courage, and the presence of mind which, amid all their atrocities, cast a glory around the tyrants of old?" In spite of this view of the French Revolution, Perthes was already haunted by strong misgivings as to the unqualified blessings of its results. "I do not believe," he writes, "that we are yet sufficiently trained and good enough to be ripe for a complete deliverance from despotism. The lower classes, and even literary men, rail at all despots and aristocrats; but if a noble condescend to be gracious to them, they immediately forget all manly dignity, and become mere lickspittles; and if one of them is fortunate enough to rise in the State, he becomes a more arrogant aristocrat than those who are born to rank. All would fain be masters, but the true sense of equality and the virtue of never infringing on another's right, is of no easy attainment. If you would read something which goes to the root of the matter, I would recommend to you Ehler's 'Principles of Political Philosophy.' I send you an outline of it sketched, in the order which the ideas have assumed in my own mind."—"I cannot contemplate the political world without sorrow," he writes in the spring of 1793; "in France a raging, blinded people; here among us a set of perjured tyrants. I used to believe that even if the individual man fell, the race, at least, would gradually attain to a high development; but this, too, seems to be a dream. Confusion to the French bloodhounds who so outrageously dishonour the sacred cause of freedom!"

The activity of Perthes both in his business and his personal pursuits, as well as in the political and general movements of the age, by which he was profoundly attracted, had developed his understanding, made him acquainted with life in its varied

relations, and given him an intelligent interest in all the events of the period; but this very culture had at the same time made him conscious of a void in his spiritual life, which caused him many hours of sorrow.

Frank, open, and truthful, he keenly felt the want of some one to whom he might pour out his whole heart in the unrestrained freedom of mutual intercourse, and be met by a frankness and attachment equal to his own. The natural devotedness of a child to father and mother, had been denied him; for his interviews with his mother had been too few and short to exercise any influence in the formation of his character. To the uncle and aunt who had supplied to him the place of parents, Perthes turned with ardent affection, and never allowed an opportunity to pass of expressing the gratitude which he felt towards them. He opened his heart to his uncle unrestrainedly; to him he imparted the struggles of youth, the grief which his weakness occasioned, his honest joy at having been at least enabled to prevent evil thoughts from running into evil deeds,—all was communicated to this his fatherly friend. Still he yearned for the daily interchange of thoughts with some companion about his own age, whose sympathies would be in unison with his own.

“The most earnest wish of my heart,” he writes, “is for a friend to whom I might freely unbosom myself, who would strengthen me when I am weak, and encourage me when I begin to despair; but, alas! I find no such friend, and yet I feel an irresistible necessity to unburden my heart; and so overpowering is this longing, that I could press every man to my breast, and say, Thou, too, art God's image.” While thus deploring the want of a friend as one of the misfortunes of his life,

he had been powerfully attracted by the kindly, though childish, advances of his master's second daughter, who, by the force of a benevolent nature, had won the affection of the unfriended boy from the first day of his residence under the same roof with her.

Frederika, then twelve years of age, was, as we have seen, his faithful nurse during the illness of his first winter, and continued to be his playfellow and comforter in subsequent years. She provided for all his wants, giving him food, fuel, and light, and never failed to cheer him with her sprightliness. She had often much to endure from the disorders of the house, and when she or Perthes suffered from the unhappy relations which prevailed, they found comfort in each other's sympathies. "We were sensible children," writes Perthes subsequently; "we comforted each other, read together, and talked over all our troubles." Together they grew out of childhood: the boy became silent and embarrassed, the girl shy and reserved. About this time a second apprentice, Nessig by name, came into the house; a smart, good-natured lad, with a wonderful gift for entertaining himself and others with light and lively talk. This was unbearable to Perthes when addressed to Frederika. He had been able to hold earnest discourse with her only touching the dignity of man and the perfectibility of the human race, of the love of God and of our neighbour, and such high topics, and when these were inappropriate, Perthes had nothing to say. "On this account," he writes to his uncle, "Nessig is more regarded than I am; people talk with him, while they leave me standing, and treat me almost contemptuously." Perthes felt irritated by the neglect, and soon became the victim of jealousy. He first became conscious of this by the ill-will that

he felt towards the favoured Nessig. This ill-will he determined to overcome ; he opened his whole heart to the favourite, and promised to conceal nothing from him. A warm friendship between the youths, founded on their common feeling towards the beloved maiden, was the result ; and this afterwards exposed Perthes to much ill-natured raillery, and eventually to many vexations. His former playfellow had grown into a very handsome girl of sixteen, and the admirers of the elder sister, who had hitherto been regarded as the *belle* of Leipzig, were now dazzled and tempted from their allegiance by the sprightliness and superior intelligence of the dark-haired Frederika. Lovers without number soon gathered round her, and yet she could not do without the shy and anxious apprentice at the other side of the room, who numbered only nineteen years, and who never expressed his feelings to her except by the involuntary attention that he bestowed on everything she did and said.

“ She is still,” he writes, “ most kind to me ; she knows how, by a few words, to cheer me when I am troubled and depressed, and she speaks to me of her position in her father’s house, as she does to no other. Ah ! my dear good uncle, how sincerely I thank God that my former struggle with evil thoughts, which surely came without any intention on my part, is over ! What the most serious reflections on the greatness and perfectibility of man could never accomplish, has been effected by the influence of a pure and innocent love. God will still protect me ; may He also protect you and your wife and children, and what is my most earnest prayer, may He make Frederika happy.—Good-night.” The next letter from his uncle, as might have been expected, brought the inquiry, “ What next ? ” “ Assuredly she is not in love with me,” was the reply ; “ she

has the choice of so many highly-educated men, that I, with my youthful twenty-year face, cut but a sorry figure among them, to say nothing of the advantages of dress and social position which they possess. It is true that the last-mentioned have no great value in Frederika's eyes ; but a young man is at this very moment paying attentions to her, whose acquirements I respect so highly, that I should be the vainest of living men were I for an instant to put myself in competition with him. Yet one word, dear uncle : even if she loved me, and I were able to maintain her, I could never make her my wife ; for nothing on earth would induce me to commit myself irrevocably with Böhme's family, nor would I marry one who has first known me in the humble position which I occupy here. My heart is ready to break while I write thus, yet be not anxious on my account, dear uncle, I never felt so confident of my steady adherence to the right as I do now."

In 1792, while this struggle was going on, Perthes one day found himself placed opposite to Frederika, at a dinner given by Böhme in honour of some strangers who were visiting Leipzig. She paid him the most marked attention, and drew him into every conversation ; he was animated, and took wine, and when after dinner she happened to draw near, and reach over his chair to take something from the table, approaching him so closely that he felt her heart beat through her blue silk dress, he could command himself no longer, but rushing out into the dark night, wandered for hours through the fields like a maniac. "I felt as if annihilated," he wrote a few years later ; "in that hour the sanctuary of my thoughts lost its purity ; I determined to take vengeance on myself—I resolved never again to look into the maiden's eyes—I could not resist, how-

ever—I looked, but found there nothing but a deathlike coldness. She was no longer the same; she was cold as ice, and hard as iron. Then began a desperate struggle with myself, in which I called all my energies, all my strength of will to my aid, and succeeded—not indeed in annihilating, but in overcoming the passion for a time.”

At this time Perthes would sit up half the night, seeking to allay the storm in his bosom, by the arduous study of treatises upon Kant's Philosophy and Cicero *De Officiis*. A better help than any which these wearisome studies could afford, and one of which he, up to that time, had had no experience, was at hand, in the society of young men of great mental activity and high moral character. Accident had given rise to an intimacy with seven young Swabians, considerably older than himself, who formed an affection for him, and drew him into their circle. The names of four principal members of this circle were, Schroder, Duttonhover, Trefftz, and Meier. They were men of talent and good education, of pleasant humour, and considerable poetical enthusiasm. Perthes soon devoted all his leisure hours to them. Through them he became acquainted with Herder, Schiller, and Goethe; and, moreover, had his first genuine experiences of the joyous life of youth. “Never, since I came here,” he writes, “have I enjoyed such pleasant heart-quickening hours as now, in the society of my beloved new friends. They are all Swabians, and closely united, and cultivate no society beyond their own limited circle; but the moment I enter, I read my welcome in their eyes.”—“Yesterday evening,” he says in another letter, “one of my friends gave a little farewell party. We were very jolly; you cannot think what a peculiar kind of good humour those Swabians possess. I am, indeed, not behind the rest in

merriment, but as for wit, I must knock under, except when my spirits are roused by a glass of wine."—"I am one of the happiest of men," he tells his Schwartzburg uncle. "The friendship, and regard, and affection of good men accompany me at every step, and an annoyance of a particular kind that oppressed me, has now disappeared. The annoyance I refer to was this; when I saw other young men of my own age setting about everything with a sort of sprightliness that I could never command, I was grieved at heart, because I was convinced that nothing great or noble could be accomplished without ardour and vivacity. My weak spirits vexed me, and I even went so far as to blame all that was good in me, ascribing my good tendencies merely to the coldness of my temperament, which I consequently mortally hated. And now, dear uncle, all this is changed!—yes, I feel that there is enthusiasm in me; but when this enthusiasm, which is now satisfied with lower objects, shall have religion, perfection, and virtue for its inspiration, then the last vestige of selfishness will disappear, and I shall love all,—all as my brethren."

The circumstances in which Perthes had grown up to youth, had, indeed, been narrow and limited, but his mind had been formed and strengthened by much valuable experience. "When I think of the years I have passed here," he writes in 1793, "when I carry myself back within the circle of ideas that I brought with me to this place, I am astonished at the transformation I have undergone. I shall ever look back upon Leipzig with affection and blessings; for here my mind began to develop and to apprehend the greatness of humanity. I have had seasons of trial, but they have brought forth much good. I came here a light-minded youth, with many failings; I

have still many, but many too are corrected. For all the good I have enjoyed I thank God, who placed so many inducements to good in my way, in order that my levity might not get the upper hand." It was not without a feeling of pride that, as the term of his apprenticeship drew near, he contemplated his actual position. "It gives me pleasure," he writes, "to say to myself, Thou hadst no father, no means, and yet thou hast been a burden to no one, and in a few weeks wilt be independent of all but thyself!" According to agreement the term expired at Michaelmas 1793; but Böhme's friend, Hoffmann the Hamburg bookseller, who had carefully observed Perthes and admired his business qualities, requested his master to set him free before the close of his term, as he wished to engage him as an assistant in the Easter of the same year. Böhme consented; at a grand entertainment he came up to Perthes, told him to rise, gave him a gentle slap on the face, presented him with a sword, addressed him as "*Sie*," (they,*) and the apprenticeship to the book-trade was at an end, but not the apprenticeship to life.

* The Germans use the third person plural instead of the second, when addressing others—"they," instead of you. Children and servants are addressed by the second person singular—"thou."

CHAPTER III.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE RESIDENCE AT HAMBURGH—1793-94.

ON the 13th of May 1793, Perthes took leave of the city in which he had spent six years—"happy years of earnest striving," as he called them himself; he had now left behind him extreme poverty and abject dependence. He exchanged his cold little chamber in the roof for the comfortable travelling carriage of his new master, and the roughness of honest Böhme for the cultivated society of his travelling companion Hoffmann, a man of education, and one who also possessed considerable knowledge of the world. The country was in the first bloom of spring, and a bright moonlight night induced meditation on the past and the future. At Hochweisig, the first stage, the travellers fell in with Hoffmann's friend, Campe of Brunswick, his wife, daughter, and nephews. Campe was a member of the Council of Education, and enjoyed a widespread reputation as a man of talent and a distinguished author, and was on intimate terms with the most noted men of the period. It was the first time that Perthes had had an opportunity of social intercourse with a family of such distinction, and it was not without a feeling of excitement that he contemplated the meeting. The house in which Campe had found lodging, was a wretched village inn, and the many little con-

trivances and mutual good offices called forth by the scanty accommodation, and the ignorance and awkwardness of the host, soon made Perthes acquainted with a family from which, under other circumstances, he would have kept respectfully aloof. His admiration knew no bounds, when he found that he was to visit Wörlitz and Dessau in their society. "Herr Campe," he writes to his uncle, "I found to exceed the ideal which I had formed of the author of the *Theophron*. He is a tall and slender, but handsome man, with an air of dignity diffused over his whole person; his most trivial action bears the impress of a superior mind. But she who contributes most to the charm of the family and to his own dignified tranquillity, is his admirable wife, who, to the most refined breeding, unites the warmest affection, and to the widest range of information, the most careful housewifery. And now comes that masterpiece, the model of education and high-breeding, Lottchen Campe: but to praise her as she deserves is beyond my power." The nephew invited Perthes' friendship and correspondence—an advance which he joyfully met. "When we parted," he writes, "it was as though I were leaving father, mother, sister, friend, all that stands for happiness here on earth." By Helmstädt and Uelzen, Hoffmann and he now journeyed to Hamburg. "The next morning at five o'clock," he writes to his uncle, "we reached the Elbe, and had to be ferried over in a large boat to Zollenspieker, the first point in the Hamburg territory; this gave me great pleasure, as it was all new to me. From Zollenspieker to Hamburg is eighteen miles, but the constant variety in the scenery made it seem hardly a league. The whole tract is one continuous village, a village cradled by the Elbe, surrounded by garden grounds, and houses such as one does not often see in cities—all

kept with the greatest neatness, finely painted and fitted up with Bohemian plate-glass windows. It is a fine sight! And just think, there are peasants who give to their daughters portions of ten and even twenty thousand dollars. It was at ten o'clock at night, on the 17th of May, the day before Whitsunday, that we entered Hamburg. I was astonished at the crowds of people, far greater than in Leipzig, even during the most thronged days of the Fair. Everything is grand and beautiful, surpassing all I have yet seen."—He was favourably impressed by the polite manners and kind-heartedness, the open candour and regular habits of the Hoffmann family. "Madame Hoffmann," he writes, "is a woman of superior intelligence. She is admirable as a wife and mother. But I find I must take heed to my manners, for you cannot think how particular she is, and what a way she has of managing us. The daughter is handsome, very handsome, and very good too, but one is somehow compelled to keep at a distance from her." Hoffmann was a good man of business, and, both as a man and a bookseller, thoroughly well-informed. He liked the luxurious, hospitable style of Hamburg life. The contrast between the dry tranquillity of his manner and the excitable vivacity of his wife, in no wise disturbed the harmony of the family. "Were you to see this respectable couple," writes Perthes, "you could not refrain from laughing; for she is like quicksilver, and would know everything, while he, as you know, is rather phlegmatic. Though fond enough of talking, he has a great dislike to answering questions. She has consequently to keep up an incessant fire of interrogatories, as, 'I say?—Do you hear?—Hoffmann?—Tell me?—Don't you hear?—Answer me?'—and not unfrequently she pours out all these in rapid succession before she can ex-

tract a reply. At last he rejoins with, 'I have told you already,' and yet no one has heard a word. If she is too hard upon him, he growls a little; it is of no use, he must do as she bids."

The business in which Perthes was now, under Hoffmann's direction, to work, was one that called forth all his powers. Half a year after his entrance on it, he thus writes, "I was ignorant of many things, as is mostly the case with apprentices who have served their time; but I have hit upon a situation particularly favourable for extending my information, for I have work to do here which is unusual even for an experienced hand. That this keeps my brain in excitement you may well believe; happily, being left to myself, I can work as I like, and this is the only way in which I can get through much. Reflection has always been my best teacher, and just for this reason I find it very difficult to comprehend and to imitate any one who sets himself to shew me the way to do anything." Perthes did not find many leisure hours in his new employment: "We never close," he writes, "till nine o'clock at night, and once in the week we have to sit up half through the night, and on each alternate Sunday we have to assist in the business half the day. This is in ordinary seasons, but at the approach of a fair the work can scarcely be overtaken." Perthes had already learned in Leipzig to take advantage of the few hours which the uninterrupted routine of business life left at his disposal for mental cultivation and for recreation, and in Hamburg, too, he found time to accomplish much.

He had been deeply interested with Herder's "Letters on Humanity," and Jacobi's "Waldemar." Schiller's "Essay on Grace and Dignity" had charmed and captivated him. "It is singular," he writes, "that works of this kind make the

most profound impression on me, while special treatises on morality, and grave exhortations, however excellent, fail to interest, and even leave me restless and unhappy. These suggest many things which rouse all sorts of doubts and questionings in my mind, but a treatise, which, like that of Schiller's, is so convincing and exhaustive and gives birth to so many new thoughts, has power to move me deeply."

On the holidays, the fine environs of Hamburgh afforded him recreation and numerous sources of pleasure. "He must be dead to the beauties of nature," he writes, "who could be unhappy here. You can imagine nothing finer or grander than the neighbouring country. Every turn of the Elbe below Altona is unique of its kind, and reflects in its peculiar beauty the greatness and goodness of the Creator." Acquaintances he had readily found, and was no longer, as he had been in Leipzig even during leisure hours, dependent on the will of a master: he was quite disposed to avail himself of the many pleasures which were to be enjoyed in a great city. Concerts and masquerades occasionally form the subjects of his letters. The theatre especially presented to him the greatest attractions. "You *should* see Schroeder act!" he writes; "it exceeds all that can be imagined." The summer brought with it many a Sunday pleasure-trip by land or water, in the company of families with which he was intimate. "Thirty of us, ladies and gentlemen, some old, some young, floated yesterday down the Elbe, to the sound of kettle-drums and trumpets, and enjoyed ourselves to the full." On these and similar occasions, he was irresistibly fascinated, now by the sparkling wit, then by the earnest thoughtfulness, and again by the frank cordiality of some attractive girl, and seemed indeed to pass from one en-

chantment to another. "How highly man is still favoured by the gods," he writes; "how love exudes from me at every pore!—what is there in me to make every maiden believe that I am in love with her, and thus actually to bring it about? Should occasion offer I begin to speak with them of what has a deep interest for me, and, as I speak, the interest gains strength, for they are so fascinating that a man believes himself in heaven; but this does not last long, I weary of them or they of me. It is a sad thing that these powerful natures will so seldom use their influence to make us better. If they were but disposed, how wonderfully they might improve us, for we are ever ready to do their bidding; but they have no such high object, and desire nothing from us but folly."

But amid all the shifting scenes and impressions that the change of life brought with it, Frederika's image was still present with him. When Perthes left Leipzig, they had promised that they would not forget the days of childhood, and that they would correspond occasionally. He was deeply affected at hearing that on the day he took his departure, she had sat for hours at the window weeping. In his first letter to his Leipzig friends, he says, "I still live wholly in the past, and am now first aware how fondly I love Frederika; she is ever the centre round which all my thoughts turn." True to the obligations he had taken on himself, to keep back nothing bearing on his relations with Frederika from his friend Nessig, he sent to him their whole correspondence. A strange intimacy thus grew up between the rivals, grounded solely on their common affection for the girl. "You may have secrets from me," writes Perthes, "but nothing, nothing may you conceal of your thoughts and feelings *regarding* me. Here

the least reserve would be the grave of friendship. Keep back neither doubt nor reproach; write all, even though it should cost me many a bitter tear."

Pertthes was able to comment to his friend with calmness, nay, even with some severity, on whatever seemed wrong in Frederika, but he found excuses for all in the trying circumstances of her home. "Men may indeed blame her, but God condemns no one for single and isolated failings. He has appointed a stern discipline for the poor, dear, noble girl, and hereafter she will reap the reward. If I knew any way to make her happy," he writes again, "I would joyfully do so at any cost. I have been long thinking how I can write to her an affectionate letter of advice; but though you may let a girl *feel* that you think her wrong, and although she is quite conscious of it, yet you must not venture to *say* it, or you will at once be made aware of the power which in such a case a woman always has over a man." "Be her friend, her guide and counsellor," he writes to Nessig, "but guard against yourself, and do not harbour a feeling of security which is only imaginary. Your last letter betrayed the height of passion, and shows that you are given up to its intoxication. It were folly to strive to tear it from your heart, even if you could. No; keep this love-sickness, be still an enthusiast, only forget not virtue and religion."—The calm judgment and self-forgetting anxiety which Pertthes at one time exhibited, were at another overpowered by an outburst of passion: "You are still living," he writes, "under the eyes of my Frederika!—*My* Frederika! Yes, so I call her, for come what may, a part of her soul is mine, and will be mine for ever." In another letter he says, "Frederika begins everything with me, Frederika is with me while I

am occupied with it, Frederika ends it with me—in a word, Frederika is in my heart by night and by day. Ah! my suffering is sometimes great, and it is truly terrible to have to will to subdue such a passion as mine, and yet I must and will subdue it.”

Pertes had the firm conviction that the maiden loved his friend better than himself. “I would fain not confess it,” he writes, “but I have long been aware of Frederika’s preference for you—a preference grounded on your noble character, which is much stronger than mine. Believe me, brother, it often cost me a struggle, yes, a terrible struggle, not to be unjust to you, and not to make you smart for the preference you enjoyed. Once I was on the point of becoming your enemy, but I overcame, and now I am calm, though I must still weep. Write and tell me what is to be the issue of your love, and I will do all I can for you.”

In such a mood Pertes would seek for solitude, where he might give himself up undisturbed to melancholy thoughts. “I have just returned,” he writes, “from a solitary walk, which has done me much good; I was penetrated by the glory of Nature; certainly I was never better in soul than now. Dearest brother, be it what it may that now inspires me, God—Nature—Heart—do not grudge it me, but rather rejoice with me. In the twilight of memory, visions rise before me, and the misty figures of the distant loved ones hover around me.” “Imagination!” he says in another letter, “Imagination! no dependence is to be placed on thy votaries, says Campe; and yet though thou hast caused me many sorrows, I would not be without thee. Imagination gave me blessedness—gave me love and melancholy. Oh, the melancholy which is the offspring

of imagination, is the sweetest thing that I know! My brother, to lie in the stillness of nature, not knowing what one feels or thinks, and yet to know it so well! In such moments every blade of grass, every leaf is my friend—while as fancy prompts I can extract from each, food for my imagination, and would fain shed tears of sweetest sadness; there and then is it revealed to man that God is the soul of all.”

Grateful as Perthes was for the happiness of his Hamburg life, it was not long till he felt its insufficiency to satisfy him. “You cannot imagine, dear Campe,” he writes, “what it is to be confined exclusively to the company of the young, and to be quite shut out from that of older men, and from all family gatherings, except on some rare festive occasions. Among the young men, however extended the circle of acquaintance, an unbearable sameness prevails, and the whole conversation turns upon trifles. There can be nothing more perilous than constant intercourse with commonplace men; even if the character do not sustain direct injury, a dry, dull, reserved condition of mind is induced, more or less inimical to freedom. When I first came here I was foolish enough to associate with a multitude of young persons, who at the outset appeared tolerable; now that I have discovered how many precious hours they make me waste, I must take decided measures to get quit of them.” But though anxious to free himself from these connexions, Perthes by no means sought to avoid all society. His natural disposition, fostered by early habits, made it impossible for him to find entire satisfaction in what books alone could afford; to become what he was capable of becoming, he needed both correspondence and personal intercourse with men capable of exercising influence over his mind, men of

different positions, different degrees of culture, and of various tendencies. He became more and more conscious of this want. "My heart," he tells his uncle, "yearns for the society of many, and of cultivated men. Such society is a necessity for me, and I must compass it unless I am to sink entirely." Hamburgh, the most stirring city of Germany at that time, was exactly the place where an ardent desire for the variety and excitement of improving society might best be satisfied. As the first commercial city, and the first sea-port of Germany, its world-wide trade had made it the centre of the most varied interests, and consequently the resort of strangers of all nations. From the beginning of the Revolution, the enterprise of a few great houses, and the close alliance with France, had given an impulse to trade, which was felt even by the lowest classes. So keen, consequently, was the interest in the progress of events in France, that a more exact acquaintance with their shifting phases than was perhaps to be met with in the great cabinets of Europe, was to be found in Hamburgh. Emigrés of all shades of political opinion had sought refuge there; and when, towards the end of the year 1794, the French threatened the Weser, and many wealthy and influential families from East Friesland, Oldenburg, and Hanover, were desirous to take up their residence in Hamburgh, the pressure and the excitement reached the highest pitch. In addition to the German theatre, which, under Schroeder's management, ranked with the first in Germany, a French company from Brussels, and an English one from Edinburgh, had established themselves permanently. The literary movements that agitated Germany, also roused the interest of the more distinguished circles of the great commercial city: Devotion, in some cases passionate devotion to

the interests of the Revolution, went hand in hand with a perfect acquaintance with the contents and purport of the Wolfenbüttel Fragments.* Although the noble efforts of the elder Reimarus, who died in 1767, had left no trace, and even although the powerful influence exercised by Lessing, when, in 1768, he wrote his *Dramaturgie* in Hamburg, was no longer apparent, yet such was the breadth of feeling in the literary circles, that a harsh and invidious exclusion of men of talent, on account of their different political creeds, was never thought of.

“Live and let live” is a maxim in literature as in trade. A comparatively small number of congenial families formed the centre around which citizens and strangers of distinction alike gathered. Büsch, whose writings on political economy and commerce enjoyed a great and wide-spread celebrity, was already advanced in years; but the Commercial Academy, of which he was President, was the means of bringing strangers from all parts of Europe to his house, where all that was most distinguished for wit, talent, or learning, was to be met with. The younger Reimarus, who, as practising physician, commanded the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens, and as a writer on medical science, as well as on physics and philosophy, enjoyed a high reputation throughout Germany, was on terms of close intimacy with the president. In the evening, when his professional labours were over, a number of townsmen and foreigners used to gather around his

* Lessing, when Curator of the library of Wolfenbüttel, published a work about the year 1774, opposed to the theological spirit of the age, under the title of *Wolfenbüttelschen Fragmente eines ungenannten*, which attracted great attention in Germany, and gave rise to considerable controversy.

domestic circle, which consisted of Mademoiselle Reimarus, and an unmarried sister, Elise. Still more varied was the society that met together at the house of his son-in-law, Sieveking, who was considered to be one of the wealthiest, as well as one of the most sensible men in Hamburgh. Strangers from all countries, and men of all opinions, found an hospitable reception every Sunday at Neumühlen, his summer residence, beautifully situated on the banks of the Elbe. A circle of seventy or eighty guests might often be seen there at mid-day, gathered round Mademoiselle Sieveking; than whom, as Rist, a younger cotemporary, afterwards remarked, "no one understood better how to make every one appear to the best advantage, and to let each share in the wealth of a pure and benevolent heart." There can be few houses with which so many kindly and grateful associations, far and near, are linked.

The chapel-master Reichardt,* who, after many reverses, had found a refuge at Neumühlen, formed one of this society. His study was adorned with portraits of Mirabeau, Pichegru, and Charlotte Corday; and one of his sons, in his ardour for the young Republic, had joined the army of the Pyrenees as a Chasseur. At Altona lived Gerstenberg,† the author of *Ugolino*, formerly one of the most regular contributors to the *Letters on the curiosities of Literature*, now one of the most zealous

* Apparently J. F. Reichardt, the musical composer, who, after a distinguished life spent in the various European capitals, retired to a small estate in Holstein. He composed, among many other pieces, the operas *Andromeda*, *Olympiade*, and *Brenno*, but perhaps his most famous production was a diige on Frederick the Great. He was born in Königsberg in 1751, and died in 1814. He was not so remarkable for original genius as for a careful musical culture.

† Gerstenberg was born in Schleswig in 1737. He was favourably known as a minor poet and littérateur. He joined Klopstock and others in the *Briefe über Merkwürdigkeiten der Literatur*.

Kantians, and the founder of a Kantian Club. Schroeder above all, who was equally appreciated as a theatrical manager, a publisher of several dramatic works, and as a companion, never failed to find a cordial welcome; the brothers Unzer, free-thinkers and worshippers of Italian poetry, were also there, and were ready at any moment to sit in judgment on the German poets, and on all that they regarded as a narrow-minded morality. Von Hess, who subsequently exercised so vast an influence on the destinies of Hamburg, represented politics in these social reunions. And amid them all Klopstock might be seen, a frequent and not unwilling visitor; all respected his opinions, though so unlike their own, and forbore to irritate the aged and distinguished man by argument.

When Perthes, then in his twenty-second year, first came to live in Hamburg, he was wholly unacquainted with the opinions and objects that formed the centre-point of this society; but he saw that the life there led was one of some significance, and longed to obtain admission into the circle. "How my heart beats," he writes to his uncle, "when I think of such eminent families, as those of Busch, Reinmarus, and Sieveking, and when I meet with young men who are privileged to enjoy in their society the genuine pleasures of life. I must and I will find an entrée speedily."

This was not, however, so easy a matter. The distinction between the business of the wholesale and that of the retail dealer, a distinction grounded in the nature of the occupations, was strongly marked at Hamburg, by the fact of its being recognised in the very constitution of the city. The merchant might become a member of the Senate, the tradesman only of what are called the burgher colleges. It would be difficult for

any one, not familiar with life in a great commercial city, to conceive the difference in the mode of life and in society, as well as in opinions and interests, arising from this distinction—a distinction by no means exclusively depending on the accident of superior wealth.

Bookselling being regarded as a retail business, those engaged in it did not form a part of that which, in other cities, would be called the “best society.” Perthes, moreover, was poor, and had neither connexions nor introductions. It was a happy accident that first brought him in contact with the Sieyekings; and his first appearance among them was an event of some importance to a youth brought up in the most limited circumstances—an entrance into an entirely new sphere of life. “My neighbour at the table,” he tells his uncle, “was Busch, a man of seventy, almost blind, and not a little deaf; he would insist on my helping him to everything; and as each dish was presented, he said, ‘What’s that?’ Now I, you know, had neither seen, smelt, nor tasted any of the dishes before in my life, and as each dish was presented, I was obliged to proclaim my ignorance, in a loud voice, which was laughable enough both to me and to every one else!” The intimacy here quickly gained for him a welcome among the friends and relations of the family. Numerous invitations and much consequent mental excitement followed, but still the inward struggle and uncertainty were the same.

“I have,” he writes to a friend, “tasted the intoxicating pleasures of a world in which all is collision and opposition; carried away by them, like many others, I am not: I have had my experiences, but I am not the better for them, and not to become better is to become worse.”

CHAPTER IV.

NEW FRIENDS AND THEIR INFLUENCE—1795.

IN the society of the most distinguished families of Ham-
burgh, Perthes had hoped to meet with influences of an improv-
ing kind, which might give a new direction to his character ;
but the difference of years, of social position, and the fact that
his spiritual wants were not experienced by his new friends,
made this quite hopeless. Three men about his own age were
now destined to exercise a powerful influence on his moral
progress. "I have now," he writes in September 1794, "be-
come acquainted with three men who, in spite of their very
different characters, participate in each other's sentiments on
almost every subject. One of them, Speckter, is a scholar, en-
tirely devoted to the critical philosophy, and the intimate
friend of the philosopher Reinhold. The second, Runge, is a
merchant, the ablest mind with which I have yet come in con-
tact ; the other, Hulsbeck, is inferior to neither."

Perthes was two-and-twenty years of age when he was in-
troduced to these new friends. His small and slender, though
firm and well-formed body, his curling hair and fine complexion,
and a peculiarly delicate curve in the formation of the eye,
gave to his appearance an almost girlish charm. Singularly
susceptible, the slightest allusion to women brought the colour

to his checks. When he had determined on carrying out some settled purpose, the decision and resoluteness of his mind were manifest in the expressiveness of his slender form ; his strong sonorous voice, his bearing, and every gesture, indicated that he both could and would carry out his resolution. "Little Perthes has the most manly spirit of us all," said his friends ; and they had many stories to tell of the surprising power which his invincible will had exercised over the stubbornness and physical superiority of strong rough men. Perthes was conscious of his power, and in reliance on it, would often, both then and in more advanced life, advance boldly to encounter difficulties in circumstances under which men who possessed more physical strength would have quietly held on their way. He was not generally afraid of a coming evil, though he would tremble at the recollection of a danger past.

At the beginning of their acquaintance, Perthes exerted a gently constraining influence on the three friends, and on Herterich, who had recently been admitted to their circle. "Perthes is a man to whom I feel marvellously attracted by his tender susceptibility, and his earnest striving after all that is noble," writes Speckter at this time : "I thank you for having made me acquainted with such a man." Runge writing at a later period says, "I could not withdraw my eyes from him—the charm of his external appearance I could not but regard as the true expression of his inner nature." But the impression that Perthes on his side received was one of a far deeper kind : "I am now," he tells his uncle, "enjoying to the uttermost all that a quick and ardent sensibility *can* enjoy. I have found three friends full of talent and heart—of pure and upright minds—and distinguished by great and varied culture.

When they saw my striving after the good, and my love for the beautiful,—when they perceived how I sought and endeavoured, they gave me their friendship, and, oh! how happy I now am! Through them I have attained what I stood most in need of. They know how to call into life and activity all that is best in me. I am like a fish thrown from the dry land into the water. Do not say that this is enthusiasm; for a feeling is not to be regarded as enthusiastic because a man experiences it in its full power only in hours of peculiar elevation; such hours are rather to be regarded as those in which a man is most truly himself.” This friendship with men whose minds were more matured than his own, gave him a deeper interest in the appearance of the great literary works of that period. “Have you read Goethe’s ‘Lehrjahre,’” he writes; “how simple, and how grand! and that there is anything finer than ‘Iphigenie’ I do not believe.” But the most important influence of this new circle was that which bore on his growing apprehension of the demands of the inward moral law. Whereas Perthes had previously, in accordance with the received opinion, sought virtue and perfection solely in the avoiding of particular vices, and in the practice of particular virtues, his new friends treated the problem of man in a very different way. Under this influence, he began to perceive that that alone is virtue which is practised for its own sake, and from the impulse of motives originating in itself. “My affection for you,” he writes, “would have furnished me with another motive for striving against every external influence of an unworthy kind; but is such a motive of any value, since it is not the highest?” Now, that alone appeared to him to be virtue which was faultless and unintermitting. “If,” he writes, “virtue consisted in

momentary impulses and individual acts, if it were to be acquired by sacrifices and heroic deeds, I should have attained to it long ago ; but it is impossible that the worth of a man should be dependent on his occasional and special actions ; it must rather be a permanent, internal state, regulating his whole outward conduct." "The perfect man," he says in another letter, "must neither think, will, nor do anything that is not in conformity with the highest principles of morality ; no passion must be allowed to have ascendancy ; but head and heart, will and understanding, reason and feeling, must move in undisturbed harmony." The same rapid transition from self-satisfaction to self-distrust that had been the experience of the boy, was the frequent cause of doubt to the man, with his more matured views. But notwithstanding his advanced moral standard, there were seasons in which Perthes did not lose confidence in himself. "My will is always good," he writes, "but, nevertheless, I am still too often the slave of passion and of habit, but most assuredly I must and will achieve my freedom." Sometimes his account seemed to him to stand fair : "It does one so much good," he writes, "when one can come before God and say, 'Thou, O God ! knowest that I am good ;'" and in another letter, "Dear friend, you should not brand me with heterodoxy, because I have this clear consciousness of my own moral condition, for no one can possibly have this but he who is entitled to it. It is indeed possible for a man to be vain of talents which he may or may not possess, but it is impossible for any one to be at peace with his whole inner being, unless it be authorized by the *actual state* of his inner being." Frequently, however, some unexpected victory of passion, or a desponding view of his whole moral condition, filled him with sorrow and self-distrust. "How

exactly," he writes, "did Speckter hit my case, when he said to me—'Perthes! your present love of good is a mere play of nerves that assumes the appearance of a nobler passion, but is merely the result of a sensitive and susceptible temperament.' Ah! he is right, and even when all else is lulled to sleep, the spirit of evil is ever wakeful."

"That all-embracing kindness which you so unassumingly extend to every one, is very attractive to me," he says to Campe. "I do not feel thus; I am always looking inwards; I have so many and so various objects! And I fear, too, that my restless imagination has sullied the genuine purity of my heart. Is this to be altered, dear friend? Would to God that it were possible!" "Every frail old man," he writes on another occasion, "whose appearance indicates inward tranquillity, is an object of envy to me; a thousand times a day I wish myself in his place, though involving the extinction of all the pleasures of youth. I would fain possess this cold-blooded calm, this dulness of nerve, if I could thereby be set free from the present struggle between passion and duty, which drives me to the verge of distraction." "Dear Augustus," he writes in a subsequent letter, "you are indeed good! Would, alas! that I were so. It is so difficult to continue good, and so much more difficult to become better, that it has often occurred to me to doubt whether we were born good."

The misgivings he had as to his own perfectibility, naturally led him to doubt that of the human race. He thus gives expression to them:—"So long as I believed that our improvement was dependent merely on the rectification of our understanding, and that men must necessarily become better and happier as they become more enlightened, the future perfection of our

race upon earth appeared probable to me ; but now that daily experience shows me the fallibility of the wisest of men, shows me men—whose theories of life are unimpeachable—given up to the practice of vice, I have lost all faith in the realization of this virtuous ideal. If our evil deeds flowed from wrong principles, our errors might then be traced back to misconceptions, and we might improve as these were rectified. But can a more enlightened understanding strengthen the feeble will, restore the unsound heart, or change the unnatural and artificial into nature and simplicity? Nay, assuredly, goodness is no necessary result of enlightenment of mind ; this may indeed eradicate follies, but not a single vice.” In accordance with these altered views, Perthes now assumed a new position in regard to the Revolution. “ I will not deny the wonderful character of much that the French are now accomplishing,” he writes in 1795 ; “ but what is it worth, when it has no special human aim as its basis? In all their advances we indeed discover that they are but following more closely in the track of former conquerors. Even Klopstock had hoped that by means of the Constituent Assembly, the degradation of man by warfare would receive its death-blow, but he was deceived. What do you think of the burning of the Jacobin man-of-straw? I regard it as a deeper disgrace than any that the Parisian populace has yet incurred. What can be more detestable than to roll upon others deeds of wickedness that we ourselves have done, and then to rejoice that we have the power to burn them for these deeds? Verily this act was necessary to vindicate the infallibility of the decisions of the sovereign people! Do not from this think of me as an enemy to freedom or to the French people. Who could be so,

when he contemplates the unparalleled iniquities, the cold-blooded crimes of the other party? For he who is conscious of possessing even the lowest degree of physical force, must be ready to exert it against the oppressors of the Poles; but only in such a manner as shall be consistent with the honour of man, and therefore let us not deify the French."

But the first use to which Perthes put his newly-acquired opinions was, to bring them to bear upon himself; and it soon became his firm conviction that the virtue which his friends desired was unattainable by him. "With a feeling of deep conviction," he said, "I know nothing of the heroism of a virtue proceeding from the will alone; this heroism I do not possess, and if ever I am to attain to it, that which is most excellent in me must first be extinguished; for, believe me, my heart beats higher for goodness than my will wills it. This is indeed the converse of what you desire, but it is not on that account to be called perverse: for it is only when my heart is deeply stirred by good impulses, and when I am able to surrender myself to the free current of my feelings, that I have power to act. Unspeakable is my thankfulness to the Supreme Being for the heart He has given me; for to me a heart unsusceptible of the higher emotions, a heart that could neither greatly rejoice nor greatly suffer, but would coldly shape itself as the will might dictate, would have been an inward hell. The physician lately told me, that the acute headache, from which I have so long suffered, is to be attributed to the sensibility of my nervous system, and that nothing can remove it, but preserving an exact balance between good and evil impressions. But though I should rejoice to be free from pain, yet I should regret as much to lose my sensibility; for in this consists my wealth. For

through it I live more than thousands live; and therefore I praise God for it: and yet I am forced to exclaim, Would that I were happy!—if, indeed, it is possible for me to be so.” The same friends who had revealed to him the moral law in its deeper and broader aspects, had, under the influence of Schiller’s writings, made some progress in their own moral development, and now made Perthes aware of a path hitherto concealed from him, which they said would lead him to the fulfilment of the moral law. The new doctrine did not demand from him the sacrifice of the living warmth of feeling on the altar of a cold and iron will; nay rather feeling itself inspired, purified, and elevated by and through art, was to reign supreme over the will. It was Speckter who first directed the inquiring youth to Schiller’s poem, “Die Künstler,” (the Artists,) constantly urging upon him the lines, “It is only through the morning gate of the beautiful that you can penetrate into the realm of knowledge,” and “that which we here feel as beauty, we shall one day know as truth.” Runge then helped him to comprehend Schiller’s æsthetic letters. It soon appeared to him as if a grand error, embracing all time, had been overthrown by Schiller, when he said, “It is not enough that all enlightenment of the understanding is worthy of respect only in so far as it reacts upon character; this enlightenment must also flow from the character, because the way to the head is only through the heart. The cultivation of our feelings is therefore the grand necessity.” “I entreat you to read the æsthetic letters,” he wrote to Campe; “take pains to comprehend them, make them your own, and you will reap your reward; for the views therein opened up of the beautiful, and of the whole condition and capabilities of man, are the

most sublime and the truest that have ever penetrated my soul." And again, "O brother! let us become good, genuine men, approaching more and more within the sphere of the moral and the beautiful. When we have ourselves attained a sure footing, we may then influence others; we may attain it, but only through the beautiful, for through it alone can goodness find entrance."

He was now penetrated with the liveliest gratitude towards his friends for the new convictions which they had awakened within him. "I had despaired of myself," he writes, "while I was striving in vain to become virtuous by the sacrifice of all feeling, spiritual as well as sensuous. Constantly failing to fulfil my purpose, I lived in the constant dread of being an object of contempt to the men whom I loved. Where was I to find support? I had discarded as worthless all that was most peculiar to my character. You it was who taught me to recognise what I had thus discarded, and strengthened it in me by your love; and your love will guarantee it to me as long as I am upon earth. You it was who led me to 'the morning gate of the beautiful;' and now it stands open before me—and now I may, and will strive after that which is most wanting in me,—constancy and equipoise."

Pertes was soon to discover, that even within the portals of the beautiful there were paths of darkness and perplexity; and it was well for him, that just as this experience was beginning to dawn upon his mind, he was forced to concentrate all his powers on the business of active life.

CHAPTER V.

HIS ESTABLISHMENT IN BUSINESS.—1796.

THE society in which Perthes now mixed made him feel keenly the defects of his own education, defects which he saw little likelihood of his now being able to supply. The daily calls of business occupied every hour. "In culture," he says, "I make no progress, and cannot hope to make any: this is a source of grief to me." He hoped, one day, to be able to retire, with a small sum, to some secluded spot, where he might devote himself to study, and give unity to his various but only partially digested knowledge. "Campe," he writes, "stigmatizes this desire for culture as vanity: 'A man must not live for himself,' he maintains, 'but to be useful to others.' But he is certainly wrong, and I do not agree with him." His future was pretty sure, as his uncle in Gotha had promised him the reversion of his business. "My plan of life is so simple," he said, "that I do not see how anything could occur to thwart it."

It was only a few weeks after he had thus expressed himself, that Reimarus and Sievcking proposed to him to enter into the publishing trade with a young friend of their own, promising to provide the necessary means; but, not feeling sufficient confidence in his knowledge of business, (he was then two-and-twenty,) or in the partner whom they destined for him, he

gratefully declined the offer. But from that moment he formed the resolution to establish a business of his own in Hamburg, as soon as he had acquired the requisite experience. He hoped to get his friend Nellig for a partner, and meanwhile succeeded in securing for him an engagement in Hoffmann's establishment.

At the outset indeed, Perthes regarded the book-trade as the means of acquiring property and achieving independence; but a sense of the importance of his "beloved book-trade," as he was wont to call it, to the whole intellectual life of the German people, soon took such entire possession of his soul, that during the whole course of his long life, we are justified in saying, the mere question of gain had little weight with him. Where a large conception of the nature of the book-trade did not exist, it seemed to him that learning and art were endangered by its operations. "If there be no blower," he would say, "the greatest artiste would strike the organ to no purpose." In more than one district where literature lay dead, he had seen it revive and flourish by the settlement of an active bookseller in the locality. Regarding the business from this point of view, he could not but complain that far too little attention had hitherto been devoted to this most interesting branch of industry. He had further observed, that where a bookseller possessed an educated taste, works of a high class were in demand; and that where, on the other hand, the bookseller was a man of low taste and immoral character, a licentious and worthless literature had a wide circulation. Supported by these facts, Perthes ascribed to the book-trade in general, and to each individual bookseller, an important influence on the direction in which the public sought its mental

food; and clearly perceiving the influence of literature upon thought and life, he was convinced both then and throughout his whole life, that the book-trade, and the manner in which it was conducted, had a most important part to play in giving direction to the course of events.

He was aware that the book-trade could be managed mechanically and viewed merely as a means of livelihood, but he saw elsewhere also, among priests and professors, ministers and generals, some who, in giving their services, thought only of their daily bread. A shudder came over him when he saw booksellers make common cause with a crew of scribblers who hired out their wits for stabling and provender. "Where," writes he in 1794, "where will you find a body of men so deficient in the requisite information, and so negligent of the duties of their calling, as the booksellers? Germany is deluged with wretched and abominable publications, and will be delivered from this plague only when the booksellers shall care more for honour than for gold." His friend Campe had proposed to institute a tribunal of booksellers, and thus to render impossible the publication of injurious works. But earnestly as Perthes desired the elevation of the calling to which with all the energy of his nature he had now devoted himself, he nevertheless regarded the execution of such a proposal to be not only impracticable but dangerous—introducing, in fact, a censorship of the press in another form. It was only in the elevation of the whole body and of each individual member, that he hoped for progress. "Dear Campe," he writes, "in order to bring about all that is possible and desirable, let us first see that we ourselves are what we ought to be; let us also increase our knowledge, and strive as much

as possible to win for our opinions friends and advocates among the young people of our own standing. There are now five of us, and what may not five accomplish if only they be in earnest? Let each strive to diffuse a high tone over his peculiar circle; let each seek out some choice spirits, and if we persevere, and God favour us, what may we not accomplish?—what good may we not be the means of bringing about? Write me your views on this subject, I entreat you, quickly, and at length.”

Perthes desired to be independent, and to exercise a wide-spread influence by means of his calling. He had become so much attached to Hamburg, that it seemed almost impossible to leave it; he was constantly revolving in his mind the practicability of founding a business there, and the change introduced shortly before into the manner of conducting the book-trade, appeared likely to facilitate the carrying of his wish into effect.

At the present day the two branches of the business, publishing and bookselling, are carried on separately. The former involves the printing of works made over to the publisher by their authors; the latter the selling of copies received from the publishers. Till the close of last century the two had been united, but at that time they underwent considerable change. When Perthes entered on his apprenticeship, the German booksellers, as we have seen, were accustomed to meet twice in the year at Leipzig, for the purpose of exchanging their respective publications. If the reckonings did not happen to balance each other at one Fair, the difference was generally left to stand over till the next; it was but seldom that money passed between the parties, and a great many

houses remained permanently in barter with each other. But while Perthes was in Leipzig, this mode of conducting business was done away with, owing to the unwillingness of the respectable publishers to give their valuable works for the trashy and insignificant publications which then began to issue from the German press with incredible rapidity.

A different mode of reckoning was now universally adopted; and at the close of each Fair all outstanding balances were paid in cash. Thus every bookseller whose purchases exceeded his sales required a supply of ready money, and the bookselling business, which had previously only existed as part and parcel of the publishing, now found itself in a position to assume a separate and independent form. Another change, which came into operation about the same time, gave to the now growing trade of bookseller a decided advantage over that of publisher. Formerly no bookseller could return works which he had once taken from a publisher; if they were not purchased by the public, he was obliged to keep them himself, and on this account great caution was exercised in the purchase of books. The publishers soon perceived that the sale of their works suffered owing to the early exhaustion of the bookseller's limited stock, and, by way of experiment, they gave to the latter, over and above the copies purchased by them, a certain number on commission. These the booksellers were to endeavour to dispose of; but if they failed they were to be taken back by the publisher. This custom gradually became more general, and eventually the purchase of copies by the bookseller was almost entirely discontinued; every new work, as it appeared, being sent by the publisher to all active and solvent houses, and the unsold copies returned at the next Fair, as *Remittenda*, or *Crabs*.

All risk of loss was thus shifted to the shoulders of the publishers, and an extraordinary impulse was given to the book-selling department. Any one enjoying the confidence of a publisher might trade on a very small capital; and provided he had such a knowledge of men and of books, as would enable him to introduce the right book to the right circle, he might hope to carry on a thriving business in a stirring locality.

Pertthes was of opinion that in this position of the book-trade he might, without running any improper risk, found a business in Hamburg, and by conducting it on liberal principles, stimulate the literary appetite to such an extent as to benefit rather than to damage the existing "Houses." He was only four-and-twenty, but "more at liberty on that account," he wrote to his uncle, "to enter on a great undertaking, as I may look forward to ten years of labour without thinking of marriage."

A thousand pounds of capital, however, was necessary, and Perthes had nothing. Nessig, however, was willing to become his partner, and to bring a capital of £300. A loan from one of his old Swabian friends, and the associating in the enterprise of a young Hamburg merchant, gave him command of the necessary funds. The firm was to be under Perthes' name. In Easter 1796, he left his situation and proceeded to Leipzig Fair, in order to open up communications with publishers. The circular which he issued was to the following effect:—

"I wish to signify to you my intention of establishing myself in Hamburg as a bookseller, and to beg your confidence and support in this undertaking. In asking this, it becomes my duty to give some information concerning my past experience

in the business I propose to conduct. Allow me to refer you to Herr Bohme of Leipzig, under whom I served six years, and to Herr Hoffmann of Hamburg, whom I have served for the last three years. If you think it necessary to make any further inquiries, I shall endeavour to give you every possible satisfaction, either orally or in writing." The old men were not without misgivings as to the prudence of giving credit to a young man of four-and-twenty, who so boldly established a business of his own. Pertles required larger sums of money than he had anticipated ; he fell into the most painful perplexity ; but the faithfulness of his three Hamburg friends extricated him from his difficulties. " You will have heard," he writes to Campe, " how things fell out at the Fair, but happily, amid so many other childish pleasures, I had also that of procuring a few thousand dollars ; and that was pleasant,—very pleasant !"

In the midst of the throng and tumult of business, his old passion for Frederika returned. He had persuaded himself that his love was no longer a passion, nothing but pleasure in reflecting on the intelligence and gracefulness of the maiden, and had, indeed, engaged to renounce her in favour of his friend. But, in the presence of the beautiful girl, the fire that had warmed his earlier youth was rekindled. " There she stands before me," he writes, " in all her power and in the full consciousness of her freedom—earnest—free from all petty vanity—her eye full of thought, every feature beaming with life and expression ; and, when her eye looks into mine, passion takes possession of me, and in the depths of my heart I feel that I am on the threshold of a great decision." The promise he had made to himself to win her for his friend, not

for himself, he now regarded as an evil destiny. "Such overflowing happiness," he exclaimed, "I saw for myself in that beaming eye! and I find that in all—all, I have been the victim of self-delusion, and that I am poor and helpless. I ought to withdraw from her presence, and I cannot. Must I keep my purpose, even when it is I, not he, whom she loves? No; I cannot, for love to *me* gleams in her eye." He saw but one way of escaping from this struggle between passion and duty. He at once wrote frankly to Nessig explaining all, and while awaiting his answer, he employed a friend to break the matter to Frederika. Perthes and Nessig each made an offer of his hand; the choice was to rest with her, and the rejected was to withdraw in peace, and, in all fidelity, to live and labour for the beloved pair.—"Frederika," wrote Perthes, "listened without changing colour, remained silent for a short time, and then, with deep earnestness, replied,—'I love Perthes, I love Nessig, but my hand I can give to neither.' And now," proceeds Perthes, "I feel sad and perplexed; for is it not I who have called forth this decision of Nessig's destiny?" A letter from his friend relieved him from the load of self-reproach, but the future now appeared empty and desolate. "My whole life-plan is ruined—ruined by her! I have done with life. God give me comfort and strength!" In another letter he thus expresses himself,—"You think the hard coldness with which I endure all this sorrow unnatural; you would have me give way to tenderness and melancholy. Well, I will obey you, and in future learn to submit; hitherto I have trusted too much in myself."

The necessity of working hard in order to give a fair start to the new business, was now a grievous burden to Perthes.

“Would that I had never begun ! but the thing is done. Already I am under heavy engagements to others, and these I must and I will fulfil, like an honourable man.” He returned to Hamburg, and there had the delight of receiving his mother and sister, to whom he was now in a position to offer a home. He now devoted himself, with all the energy of his nature, to those preliminary labours on which the successful opening of the business depended. He was the first bookseller who displayed a selection of the best works, old and new, in all the various branches of literature, classified and arranged. His shop presented the appearance of a small but well-chosen library, and the addition of the periodicals of the day offered the means of gaining a general view of the actual state of literature, its movements and its tendencies. Perthes started business in a stirring quarter of the city. “The house which I have rented,” he writes, “for a thousand marks, is quite a wonder in Hamburg, for, from top to bottom, all is literary. On the ground floor book-shelves ; up one stair the same ; up two stairs Dr. Ersch, as editor of the newspaper, recently set on foot ; on the third story, Dr. Ersch as littérateur and helper’s helper to Meusel* and his associates ; on the fourth, French booksellers in front, and at the back, the sleeping apartments of the young German booksellers ; up five stairs a loft, which may be used for a storeroom.” “My own domestic arrangements,” he tells his aunt, “are on a small scale, but tolerably neat ; I think you would approve of them ; at least my love

* Probably J. G. Meusel, distinguished for his literary activity. He was chiefly engaged with historical studies, and did much to diffuse a knowledge of the history of literature. He was born in 1743, was called to Erfurt in 1769 to the Chair of History, and, at the period when Perthes established his business, was editing the *Neues Museum* and the *Neue Miscellaneen artist. Inhalts.*

of order is becoming a terror to all the household." The preparations being all made, Perthes announced the opening of his business by the following advertisement in the "Hamburg Correspondent" of the 11th July 1796:—"I hereby make known that I have established a new bookseller's shop, which is now opened. In my shop the best books published in Germany, old and new, are to be found; and I venture to promise, that I will procure any book which is to be had in other parts of Europe. A portion of my assortment is ready bound, in order to meet the wishes of the reading public more readily, to facilitate to the purchaser the knowledge of what he is buying, and to supply the wants of the passing traveller more adequately.

"I am persuaded that by beginning in this manner, I have engaged in a useful enterprise. Whatever may be incomplete and defective in the manner of carrying out my arrangements, I shall endeavour to remedy as soon as I have acquired a better acquaintance with the wishes of the public. In order to make a visit to my shop agreeable, and, so far as I am able within my own sphere, to aid in diffusing a knowledge of recent literature, I shall take care that a copy of every German journal, every novelty of the day, and all writings of general interest, shall always lie in my shop for inspection. To attention, punctuality, and politeness to those who shall visit me, I pledge myself in all circumstances as a duty."

The business was now established with good hope of success. It was, as Perthes said later in life, a bold and adventurous youthful undertaking; but it was founded on a correct insight into the important movements and necessities of the literary life of that period.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH HOLSTEIN AND WESTPHALIA.—1796.

IN July 1796, only a few weeks after Perthes had commenced business, a tall, slender man, with a finely formed face, a darkish complexion, and glorious, thoughtful, blue eyes, entered the shop. He appeared to be about fifty, but in all his movements there was the ease and power of youth. His dress, expression, and bearing, had the air of being studied and yet perfectly natural. His fine and noble bearing soon attracted the attention of Perthes; it was Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi,* who having left Dusseldorf, was at that time residing in Holstein and Hamburg. Superiority was stamped upon him, but it was neither cold nor repulsive. The attractiveness of his appearance inspired immediate confidence; and Perthes had scarcely given the necessary replies to his inquiries, when he expressed to the astonished author of Waldemar, the reverence

* Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi, the younger brother of the poet, Joh. Georg, was the son of a Dusseldorf merchant. He was born in 1743, and was early distinguished by his deep religious feeling. He devoted himself chiefly to metaphysico-theological speculation, and rendered great service to the philosophy of his time by his criticisms on Mendelssohn, Kant, Fichte, and Schelling. The leading idea of his philosophical theology was, that as by our bodily senses we perceive the external world, so through Faith, or, as he afterwards preferred to call it, Reason, the Divine reveals itself to us. This revelation or Reason-intuition, he maintained to be an immediate consciousness: all knowledge (of the understanding) was mediate, and at the best second-hand.

and affection with which he had instantaneously been inspired. He, at the same time, gave the friendly listener a glimpse into his own earnest striving, and the uncertain ground on which he stood. Jacobi was pleased with his candour and animation, returned after a few days, and from that time became a frequenter of the shop, now turning over the leaves of the new French, English, and German publications, and now conversing with their owner. A few weeks later, in August 1796, Perthes was invited to visit Jacobi at Wandsbeck, where he was then living. There he saw Jacobi's youngest son Max, who had just finished his medical studies in England, and the two sisters of his host, Charlotte and Helena. Clever, lively, and deeply interested in all the literary movements of the period, the sisters at the same time discharged all household duties with praiseworthy energy and self-denying care. From this time Perthes enjoyed the privilege of joining the circle at Jacobi's as often as he pleased, and that was not seldom. Helena became a real, motherly friend to him, and her brother a paternal counsellor, ever ready to enter into the feelings, to sympathize with the inward struggle, and to answer the doubts and questionings of his young friend, admonishing and instructing him, and thus doing much to further his mental development. "I love and honour the glorious man as I love and honour none beside," he writes to his uncle. "I met him with a full heart; he recognised it, and thought it worth his while to occupy himself with my inner being."

The state of Perthes' mind at this time was such as to render the influence of Jacobi irresistible. He had striven for years to bring his will into subjection to laws to be fixed by the understanding, as the only valid standard; for years he wearied

himself in vain endeavours to establish this law-bridled will as the rule of his actions. Subsequently, he had joyfully recognised the feelings of his own heart as the pole-star of life, but these were to be first fashioned and purified by Art and the Beautiful, and in this he was equally unsuccessful. Jacobi now met him with all the weight of a great and acknowledged name, and with all the fascination of his personal appearance. He confirmed his willing listener in the opinion that the feelings are to be followed as the pole-star of life, though in a manner, and for reasons different from those he had hitherto supposed. "It is true," such was Jacobi's theory, "that truth has been revealed to man by the Creator as a guide for his earthly course; not, indeed, in word or symbol, but as a feeling seated in his own human heart. An inscrutable event, which receives no explanation by being apprehended as the Fall, has disturbed this original revelation in the feelings, and left man erring and sinful. The idea of a First Cause of all things has remained inseparable from the very being of man as man; but when the understanding, whose range is limited, which, indeed, can only raise sensations into conceptions, or give definiteness to the conceptions we already possess, seeks to demonstrate this original cause of all by the machinery of logic, or to explain it by sensuous perceptions, it is inevitably landed in a necessary Being destitute of all personality—the lifeless idol of the understanding. God, however, does reveal Himself and eternal truth in human feeling, without any intermediate agency. It is, then, only by receiving these direct revelations, and by withdrawing himself from the impressions of the sensuous world, as well as from the influence of the understanding, that man can aspire to an ever-increasing knowledge of eternal truth."

“How can I ever thank you,” wrote Perthes to Jacobi some years later; “you it was who fixed my destiny by your love, strengthening my young heart, and opening up for me a new moral career.” The sentiment of grateful veneration that bound him to Jacobi never grew cold; and Jacobi, who kept up the correspondence with his young friend to the last, used frequently to address his letters thus—“The aged Jacobi to his brave and beloved son, Perthes.”

Perthes had met Claudius* at Jacobi's house in September; and on the 27th of November he was, for the first time, received as a guest at the residence of the “Wandsbeck Messenger,” which was situated near the entrance of the neat and pleasant town of that name, on the high road to Lubeck. The sickly complexion, the hair tightly drawn back and fastened with a comb, the ungainly figure, the homely dressing-gown, and the Low-Saxon dialect, would hardly have revealed the treasure that was hidden in this extraordinary man, had it not been for the heavenly fire which flashed from his fine blue eye. “I had long felt a great regard for Claudius,” he writes to his uncle, “but it is not easy to get at him. I had bowed to the deep sense of his writings, every line of which is an evidence that the spark which proclaims our godlike origin burns in him as in none beside.” In the house of Claudius, as in the circles of Hamburgh, he again

* Matthias Claudius was born in Holstein in 1743. He was at once earnest and humorous in his writings, and cared less for the graces of diction than for the inculcation of honest, noble, charitable, and patriotic sentiments. He adapted himself to the tastes and condition of the people. Many of his prose and poetical pieces first appeared in a periodical which he edited when resident in Wandsbeck, called the “Wandsbecker Bote.” He published these and many additional writings in 1775, under the title “*Asmus omnia sua secum portans*,” or collected works of the “*Wandsbecker Bote*.”

encountered the great political and religious questions; here also he found the most lively interest in literary movements, but an interest of a different kind from that which had hitherto come under his observation. Altogether opposed to the prevailing notions of the period, which had a tendency to subject religion and politics more or less to the wavering opinions of man, Claudius found in the revelation of Holy Writ the only source of true religion, and in hereditary rule the one indispensable and divinely ordained means of security against the outrages and caprices of the people. He agreed with Jacobi in denying to logic any power to find out truth; but in other respects they were widely separated. While Jacobi gave great prominence to the moral wanderings of man as the result of the inscrutable event that brought disorder into the creation of God, Claudius looked at once to the sin of man as itself the cause of his departure from God. Thus he could not, like Jacobi, rest in a salvation to be found in feelings listening to the voice of God within, but only in the historical fact of the Redemption, and its converting power on the heart of man. Still, in spite of this essential difference, the convictions of these closely united friends were not diametrically opposed to each other. Jacobi could, without inconsistency, declare that he regarded him as a happy man who was following a brighter light than his, and clinging to a more steadfast support; while Claudius, inasmuch as the longing after truth, though unable to make a man morally great, gives the capability of becoming so, could not but regard Jacobi as moving on a path which led towards the same goal as that after which he himself was striving.

Claudius stood in a different relation to the convictions of

others. At that time, people, even of the most opposite tendencies, practised mutual toleration much more generally than in later times, but, partly perhaps on that account, the opposing convictions were expressed in very abrupt, straightforward, and unmistakable language. The religious and political controversy admitted of no mediation. Much that was unessential and irrelevant, was grasped with as much tenacity as a first principle itself, because it had once been held as involved in some fundamental position; and men hesitated to concede anything to their opponents, because they feared that if they exposed a little finger, the whole hand would be taken. Even Claudius, though holding his convictions with a strength and steadfastness unusual among his contemporaries, was not always master of his anxiety, and of the harshness of statement resulting from it, although severity was by no means a characteristic of his mind either in earlier or in later life. When Perthes made his acquaintance, he had just written "*Urian's Intelligence about the New Aufklärung*,"* and wished to publish it, in order to remove from himself the reproach of obscurity. But of bitterness or irritation, there was as little appearance in this work as in any other of the same class. The belief that he was reconciled to God being to him not a mere speculative doctrine, but a state of mind acting upon his whole inner being, all sad and disturbing, all gloomy and anxious thoughts, were unknown to him and his household. "I found Claudius as harmless and as full of German humour as ever," said Ewald, a devoted supporter of the "*Aufklärung*,"

* The clear perceptions of uneducated common sense, in all matters which affect human interests. The word, from its connexion with "Illumination," fell into bad odour in Germany, but did not merit the suspicion with which it was sometimes regarded.

when he visited him in 1796, in the expectation of finding a gloomy fanatic; "and," he adds, "whatever may be said of his religious and political opinions, they have not changed the man: he has no gloomy views, and is kindly towards all; indeed, he laughs at many things which would half kill with vexation many of our humanity and tolerance and stoicism preachers."

The characteristics of the father's mind, which was incapable of developing intellectual greatness and depth otherwise than in a garb of unattractive comeliness or invested in forms that were all but ludicrous, as well as the noble and womanly simplicity of the mother, were reflected in the daily life of the family. The great works of Palestrina, Leonardo Leo, Bach, Handel, and Mozart, the language and literature of England, and intellectual pursuits of all kinds, found a home here, side by side with an extreme simplicity of life. The daughters were brought up to discharge the daily routine of domestic work. Claudius was most careful to develop and strengthen the germ of spiritual life in his children, but in every other respect left them to themselves. It is true, that he had himself to struggle with the enemy in the human heart, which in his case led to the exhibition, in many circumstances, of a seemingly inborn harshness of nature, and to his allowing a greater influence to the impressions of the moment than was reasonable; this infirmity, however, in no way disturbed the free and unrestrained movements of the family life. Affecting and pretentious alternations from the earthly to the heavenly were not known among them; their life was simple and natural.

Perthes had hitherto regarded it as an important duty to analyze his actions and inclinations, and to pass sentence on them accordingly, and had thus become a troublesome self-

inquisitor. The first distinct impression that he received from Claudius' family was that there might be a condition of the soul in which the lying in wait for every impulse of the inner, and every movement of the outward life is no help, but rather a disturbance and impediment to a man.

The Hamburg friends, Runge, Hulsenbeck, and Speckter, did not fail to observe the impression which Jacobi and Claudius made upon Perthes. From their stand-point they could not approve of this, and they dreaded that through this influence the distance between them and Perthes would be more and more increased. A serious explanation took place; but Perthes, by a candid and affectionate letter to Runge, averted the threatened misunderstanding. "My position in regard to you is indeed altered," he says, "since I have known Jacobi and his friends. I venture to oppose you—I even oppose you for the sake of opposition. Hitherto you had taken my mind captive; now I have attained to an assurance which, though not perhaps in itself of more value than yours, actually recognises the truth in which others may be resting, and since then I feel more free. But my affection for you is unchangeable; he whom I have once loved with all my heart, I never forsake; have faith in me, and do not misunderstand me."

These words indicate that the impression which Jacobi and Claudius had made upon Perthes had, up to that time, only led him to depart from his former point of view, but it was easy to see that a longer and more intimate acquaintance with these two men, whether it were to have the effect of attracting him still more or of repelling him, would eventually lay the foundation of firmer and clearer convictions. The importance of his new friendships was greatly enhanced by the introduction which

they secured to the most cultivated society of Holstein, with which Jacobi and Claudius were closely connected.

A number of eminent men, most of whom were more or less intimate, were at this time living in Holstein, either on their estates, or in the smaller towns; and these diffused life and activity throughout the whole duchy. The Greeks and Romans, nature and art, religious topics and politics,—all had their friends and partisans in this country. Niebuhr the father had been living at Meldorf in the Suderditmarsh since 1778, intimately associated with Boie, the editor of “The German Museum,” who held the office of Landvogt; and, at the same time, like Niebuhr, had an extensive connexion with the men and affairs of foreign countries. Count Leopold Frederick Stolberg,* had, on his return from Italy in December 1792, fixed his residence at Eutin, as president of the government of the principality. He was then, as during his whole career, full of life, spirit, and love, and yet restless and unsettled, because, as a Protestant, he could not find for his religious convictions that firm external support of which he felt the necessity. Nicolovius,† the late director of the ministry of public worship in Prussia, worked under Stolberg. He had accompanied the

* Fred. L. Stolberg, the younger brother of Count Christian, was born in Holstein in 1750. Both brothers were distinguished as poets and men of letters. The younger was characterized by more extensive learning, and by greater poetic power. In 1800, he astonished his friends by passing over to the Roman Catholic Church. His works are numerous, embracing original and translated poetry, romances, dramas, and satires. After he became a Roman Catholic, he published a “History of the Religion of Jesus Christ,” which was translated into Italian by order of the Pope. He died in 1819.

† G. H. L. Nicolovius was born at Königsberg in 1767; travelled with Count Frederick Stolberg, and after his return was appointed secretary to the Duke of Oldenburg. He was afterwards employed in high offices connected with the de-

Count to Italy, as the tutor of his children, and in 1795, had received an appointment in Eutin, as secretary of the Exchequer. Voss* had come to Eutin as Rector of the Academy of Otterndorf, and had long been known and esteemed among the Holstein circles. Both the Stolbergs had been united with him in the association of poets at Gottingen, and from 1775 to 1778 he declared that he had led the happiest life at Wandsbeck, in the society of Claudius and his noble friends. His relations with the Eutin society, however, were not agreeable. Their want of sympathy on the most essential points, the diversity of their views on the aristocracy, on religion, and the French Revolution, and probably, even more than all, the difference of the positions in life in which the *quondam* college friends had met, had irrevocably broken up the youthful friendship between Voss and the Count Frederick Leopold. The unconstrained freedom of familiar intercourse was at an end; Voss saw everywhere aristocratic pride and religious fanaticism, and ill-disposed tale-bearers came in and widened the breach.

At Emkendorf, between Kiel and Rendsburg, lived Count Frederick Reventlow, who had retired to this estate after his recall from London, where he had filled the office of Danish ambassador. As a zealous champion of the necessity of the closest adherence to the Augsburg Confession, as Curator of

partment of Public Instruction in Prussia. He enjoyed the esteem of all his contemporaries. He died in 1839.

* J. H. Voss was born in Mecklenburg in 1751. He devoted himself with ardour to the study of ancient literature and mythology, and wrote several much-valued treatises on the latter subject. As a poet, and especially as the translator of Homer, he attained considerable celebrity. His translations of the Iliad and the Odyssey are still regarded as the most successful in any language. The most famous of his original poems is "Luise," in which he has succeeded in reproducing the spirit of the Idyls of Theocritus. He died in 1822.

the National University, and as a stanch maintainer of the rights of the nobility, he incurred much odium ; but his talents and integrity, joined to the refinement of his manners and his knowledge of the world, excited general admiration. His wife Julia, (born Countess Schimmelmänn,) by her intellectual vivacity, her unassuming piety, and her cheerful resignation under severe personal sufferings, as well as by her judicious kindness to her dependants, had won the friendship and respect even of those who did not share her opinions. This house was the frequent resort of Jacobi, Claudius, the Stolbergs, Cramer the father, and Hensler ; and the gravity and refinement by which it was distinguished were free from all formality, and interfered neither with the pleasures of literature, nor with the animation and cheerfulness of their social life.

The brother of Count Reventlow, the Count Caius, had his residence at Altenhof, near Eckernford, on the Baltic. In refinement of manner and general culture he was perhaps inferior to his brother ; but in energy, in business capacity, and activity of character, he surpassed him ; while in intelligence and extent of knowledge he was not his inferior. Closely connected with both was Count Christian Stolberg, at that time Warden of Tremsbüttel, a town situated about three miles from Hamburg. It was not owing so much to the Count himself as to his wife Louisa, (born Countess of Reventlow,) that his house was peculiarly attractive to the friendly circle. By the acuteness of her understanding, and the thoroughness of her education, the Countess stood high in the estimation of her friends ; and she did not hesitate to assert, with spirit and independence, opinions, political and religious, that were diametrically opposed to those of the kindred and friendly families of Holstein.

One would have expected that Kiel, as the seat of the national University, should have been the natural centre for all these distinguished circles, but it was too much under the influence of party spirit. On the removal of the philologist Cramer in 1794, on account of the unheard-of manner in which he announced his delight in the French Revolution, political antagonisms arose; and when the Curator of the University insisted on an unqualified adherence to the doctrine of the Augsburg Confession, religious differences were brought to light. In fact, of the residents in Kiel, it was only the venerable Cramer and Hensler, whose merits as a man and a scholar are known to all through the medium of Niebuhr's Letters, who were identified with the intellectual life of Holstein.

Holstein was separated from Hamburg by essential differences of character—differences which affected their mode of viewing all the events of the day and all relations of life, and these were now aggravated by the position taken up in Ploen by the Warden von Hensing, known as the editor of the "Annals of Suffering Humanity." Intimately associated with the circle of his father-in-law Reimarus, he was, on the other hand, avoided and hated by the Holsteiners. Notwithstanding this, Claudius, Jacobi, and the two Stolbergs, were fond of Hamburg, and, overlooking religious and political diversities, were often to be found there, enjoying its intellectual advantages. But the controversy regarding the Confession was connected rather with the influential circles of Münsterland, with the Princess Gallitzin as their centre, than with Hamburg. For the elevated position which, since the year 1770, the archbishopric of Münster had occupied, it had been indebted solely to the Baron Frederick William Francis von Fürstenberg, who, as Minister of

Max-Frederick von Königseck, Archbishop of Cologne and Bishop of Munster, had governed Münster since 1764. Fürstenberg was a statesman in the noblest sense of the word. Withheld by circumstances and by inclination, from endeavouring to initiate any changes in the existing forms of the territorial and ecclesiastical constitution which were so inimical to all political activity, he yet, in an incredibly short space of time, brought about such a transformation in every department of the diocese, that in the educated character of its clergy, the activity of its people, the excellence of its primary and its classical schools, its agricultural and commercial activity, and, above all, in the attachment of the inhabitants to the country and its institutions, it left all the ecclesiastical, and most of the secular governments far behind. But, apart from his merit as a statesman, Fürstenberg enjoyed a high literary reputation. He had at his command an amount of knowledge and experience seldom to be met with, and was quite at home in all the literary and philosophical movements of the period. Having been greatly addicted to the art of war in early life, and, in consequence, active in promoting the cultivation of mathematical studies and of a vigorous and manly style of education, he now, in his advanced years, devoted himself to the study of religion and philosophy.

To this man and to this country came the Russian Princess Gallitzin, on a visit, in the summer of 1779. She was the wife of the ambassador at the Hague. Her object in visiting Münster was to consult Fürstenberg about her son, with the intention of devoting herself to his education, in some country residence on the banks of the lake of Geneva. But so great was her admiration of the Minister, that she would not withdraw herself

from his counsel and support, and, consequently, became permanently established in Münster.

The princess, who was the daughter of the Prussian Field-Marshal Count Schmettau, had received an education calculated only to fit her for entrance into the fashionable world. In 1768, when in her twentieth year, she had accompanied the Princess Ferdinand to the baths of Spa, as her maid of honour and there became acquainted with Prince Gallitzin, to whom, at the end of a few weeks, she was married. In the course of her travels she had acquired some experience of court-life in Vienna, Paris, and London, and was then called to play a distinguished part at the Hague, as the consort of the Russian ambassador. Her ambition and vanity were flattered by the homage which her talents no less than her position commanded, but she was nevertheless far from being satisfied with her condition. From her earliest youth she had experienced an earnest desire for the knowledge of the truth, and the attainment of the ideal of moral perfection which ever floated before her in a variety of forms. The distractions of the great world had never quenched this desire. From the unbroken circle of amusements and visiting, of balls and theatrical representations, she returned night after night with a craving after something better, that grew in intensity till it became a torture. She felt a wish to withdraw from society, and to quiet the internal struggle by devoting herself entirely to the acquisition of knowledge and the education of her two children. It is somewhat remarkable that it should have been Diderot who obtained the consent of the Prince to her plan, although the philosopher had been unable to comply with her request, that he would introduce her into the realm of knowledge. At the

age of twenty-four, the princess had retired to a small secluded house near the Hague—there with an energy bordering on passion, to follow out a course of scientific study. Under the guidance of Hemsterhuis,* she gave her whole soul to the study of mathematics, languages, and above all, Greek literature and the Platonic philosophy. Although from her mother being a Catholic, she had been brought up in the forms of the Papal Church, yet neither in the form of Catholicism nor in that of Protestantism had she ever come into personal contact with Christianity. So long as she remained at the Hague, she had firmly maintained with Hemsterhuis, that none but the populace really believed the gospel; since it was impossible to have faith in its promises and threatenings, and yet to act in such direct contradiction to its doctrines, as was the almost universal custom. On coming to Münster, she forgave Fürstenberg his Christianity, as a prejudice of education, and on account of her reverence for his great sagacity; but she entreated him not to attempt her conversion, as she could not endure to entertain any thoughts relating to God, except those which God himself had formed in her own heart. In 1783, when she and her physicians alike despaired of her life, she had dismissed the priest whom Fürstenberg had desired to attend her, because she was absolutely without faith in the efficacy or importance of the Sacraments.

During her long and tedious recovery, she for the first time, and much to her alarm, became alive to the fact, that she was

* A philosopher and archæologist, born in Groningen in 1720. He died in 1790. He presented the philosophy of the sensuous school in a popular garb, and in a higher form than that in which it has been usually presented. He wrote also on the philosophy of religion, and on the fine arts.

a slave to literary ambition and the pride of learning. "With this discovery," she said, "all pleasure in myself vanished." About this time her children were of an age to receive religious instruction, and she considered it to be her duty as a mother to impart it. In order at once to preserve her own integrity, and to keep from her children her doubts on the subject of Christianity, she resolved that the instruction should be purely historical. For this purpose she gave herself up to the earnest study of the Holy Scriptures, reading them by preference in the Latin version. What she had entered on for her children's sake, she soon continued for her own. The truth of Christianity, as set forth in the Scriptures, penetrated her heart; and once convinced, she ever after strove, with all the energies of her powerful mind, to bring her life and actions into the strictest conformity to the truths which she had imbibed. A small but distinguished circle gathered round this extraordinary woman. Fürbergsten brought to it his large culture and wide experience; Overberg, in whose childlike piety and simplicity the penetrating glance of the Minister had at once recognised the man destined to carry out his most early and cherished plan for the education of the people, was a favoured member of the circle. It was also frequented by some younger men. These were the sons of Baron Droste of Vischering, Kaspar Max, afterwards Bishop of Münster, and Clement Augustus, who subsequently became Archbishop of Cologne, with their two brothers and their former tutor, afterwards the Prebendary Katercamp. A woman who, like the Princess Gallitzin, surpassed, in breeding and culture, all her contemporaries of the same rank, and who now linked with her dazzling talents the faith of a little child, could not but make a deep impression on these powerful

intellects. Goethe and Lavater, Herder and Hamann,* felt themselves in a like degree, though in different ways, attracted and elevated by this remarkable character.

All the literary men of distinction lived in intimate union during the latter portion of the last century. Holstein and Münster also were brought into closer relations through Hamann. "Those times," said Perthes, fifty years later, "were very unlike these in which we now live. The Holstein families, as well as the Gallitzin-Droste circle, stood apart on account of their Christian tendencies. The prebendaries, and other dignitaries of Münster, with the single exception of the family of Kersbrock, looked upon the Church with the eyes of mere men of the world; while, among the burgher class, luxury and vice were universally prevalent. Earnest Christians, whether Catholics or Protestants, were closely united. There was no mutual suspicion or bitterness; Claudius, Reventlow, Jacobi, and the Stolbergs, were often to be found in Münster, and the Princess paid frequent visits to Hamburgh and Holstein; Claudius and his family especially attracted her. Their confessions of faith were indeed dissimilar; Claudius was a decided Lutheran, the Princess a zealous Catholic. Her Catholicism was that of all times, so far as dogma and ceremonial were concerned; but in so far as it was a life, and presented itself as such, it differed as widely from the new-poetic, and the historico-political Catholicism of the present, as it did from the frivolity of the French and the torpidity of the German Catho-

* Hamann was born at Königsberg in 1730. He opposed himself to the theology and popular philosophy of his time, and was far from being popular with his contemporaries. His writings are not much read, on account of their obscurity, arising from his peculiar style and his love of symbolical language. He died in 1788.

cism of last century. The great fact of the Redemption, the common ground of Protestantism and Catholicism, exercised such a vital and governing influence on the Princess, that, so far as the Holstein circle was concerned, the diversity of confessions appeared comparatively unimportant; while again the names of Furstenberg, Overberg, and the Princess, were never mentioned in Holstein save with the greatest affection and respect."

No sooner had Perthes become a familiar guest in the houses of Jacobi and Claudius, than his attention was directed to these Holstein circles. They were destined to exercise a powerful influence both on his intellectual development and on his worldly position, but for a while he knew them only by report.

An event of an important kind, one which was to be the source of all his earthly happiness, was awaiting him.

CHAPTER VII.

MARRIAGE AND THE FIRST YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE.—1797-1800.

CAROLINE CLAUDIUS, the eldest daughter of the Wandsbeck Messenger, was born in 1774, and was two-and-twenty when Perthes first visited at her father's house. Although there was nothing remarkable or dazzling in her general appearance, notwithstanding her fine regular features, her slender figure, and her delicate complexion, yet the treasures of fancy and feeling, the strength and repose of character and the clearness of intellect which shone in her deep hazel eyes, gave her a quiet but irresistible charm. Throughout her whole life she inspired unbounded confidence in all who approached her. To her the glad brought their joys, secure of finding joyous sympathy, and to many of the afflicted both in body and in mind, she ministered consolation, taught resignation, and inspired them with fresh courage. Accustomed to the simple life of her parental home, contact with the bustle of the outward world appeared to her as fraught with danger to her childlike, simple walk with God. Household duties, study, and music, occupied her time. When more advanced in life, she retained a rich clear voice, and a fine musical taste. She was acquainted with the modern languages, and had gone far enough in Latin to enable her subsequently to assist her sons.

While Caroline had remained at home, she had received but few impressions from without. She clung with reverential affection to the Princess Gallitzin, who was a frequent visitor at her father's house, and who reciprocated the attachment with so much warmth, that to the end of her life she preserved a motherly friendship for her. By the Countess Julia Reventlow, Caroline was equally beloved. She had been to Emkendorf on a visit of some months in the summer of 1795, and had become so great a favourite with the family, that they would have taken her with them to Italy, had they been able to obtain her father's consent. The first great event in her life was the death of her sister Christian, who was only a year or two younger than herself. A letter that she wrote at this time to the Countess Reventlow at Rome, has been preserved.

"I am," she says, "like a little child, who, when it is in trouble, stretches out its arms to those it loves, and finds pleasure in weeping on their bosom. How often have I thus wished to be with you, dear Countess! but though my arms cannot reach you, my letter may. We have had a sad time! Our dear Christian was attacked with nervous fever, and died on the 2d July. Gently she fell asleep, after having suffered much; and now that the pains of death are over, I would not wish her back. How dear has the deathbed become to me!—it is at such times that we feel deeply, and in a manner that we can never forget, how necessary it is to seek for something that may support us in death, and accompany us beyond."

It was on the 27th of November 1796, that Perthes first saw Caroline in her father's house. "Her bright eyes, and her open, clear look pleased me, and I loved her," he afterwards wrote. A few weeks later, at the beginning of the Christmas season

he had been spending the morning, along with Jacobi, at the house of Caroline Rudolphi, the superintendent of the well-known Educational Institute, and had received an invitation from the former to spend the evening of the Christmas festivities with him. Among the guests, Perthes found Claudius and his whole family. Before the entertainment commenced, accident threw him alone with Caroline in a side-room; he had not a word to say, but he experienced a calm and a happiness which he had never felt before. The Christmas games began, but Perthes had eyes for nothing but the expression of quiet pleasure which beamed in Caroline's face. In his opinion the best that the evening offered was hers by right, and yet her younger sister's gift seemed better than hers. On the topmost branch of the Christmas tree hung an apple finer and more richly gilt than any; Perthes dexterously reached it, and, blushing deeply, presented it, to the no small surprise of the company, to the conscious Caroline. From that evening things went on between them as they usually do between those who are destined to share the joys and sorrows of life together as husband and wife. "Indeed," said Klopstock, as he was returning to Hamburgh with Perthes, after Claudius' silver wedding-day festival, on the 15th of March 1797, "you young people are quite unconscious of the love that we have long seen in you both!" But Perthes was well aware of the affection that had taken possession of his heart, and which was daily growing deeper. He felt, however, that the distance between himself and Claudius was too great to justify his approaching him without friendly mediation. He at once told his secret to Jacobi and his sisters, and entreated them to ascertain for him whether there was any hope.

“Thank God! my dear Perthes,” wrote Helena Jacobi on the 27th of April, “you are truly loved, and inasmuch as my courage is as great as yours is small, I see a prospect of great happiness for you. I could not hear anything yesterday from Caroline herself, for I did not find her one minute alone, but I ascertained from her mother enough to inspire me with great confidence, and Caroline looked so friendly that it was clear that she had something pleasant in her thoughts.” A few days later, on the 30th of April, Perthes applied to Caroline in person. “How can I ever forget that day of deep emotion in which I first revealed my love to you! Silent and motionless you stood before me; not a word had you to say to me, but as I was sorrowfully turning to leave you, you affectionately put your hand in mine.” So in after days wrote Perthes.

Caroline’s love was frankly confessed and pledged in the course of the evening, but to her father the decision not unnaturally appeared a hasty one. Perthes had only just entered his twenty-fifth year; he had boldly established a business which was attended with considerable risk, and he was too candid to conceal from the father the struggle of the conflicting moral principles that were fermenting in his mind. Moreover, Claudius was not altogether free from a species of jealousy. It was a pain to him to have to resign the protection of his daughter to another, and it was almost with grief that he discovered that she loved a young and inexperienced man better than her father. The saying, “Thou shalt leave father and mother,” was to him a hard one. All he could do was to assure Perthes that he would not oppose the marriage, but his formal and full consent he could not yet be persuaded to give. Perthes was not uneasy on this account, and, two days later, took his

departure for Leipzig, with love and thankfulness in his heart. "Know, my beloved Caroline," he wrote in his first letter, "that I would fain do, or leave undone, everything with sole regard to you. I am indeed happy, and have never loved the good God since my childhood so well as I love Him now. I have, indeed, felt love before, but it was torture and distraction; now it is peace and joy, and I thank thee for it, my dearest Caroline." He long expected news from Wandsbeck in vain. At the end of a fortnight came a letter from Claudius himself, which ran thus:—

"DEAR MR. PERTHES,—We are glad to hear that you arrived happily and safe, and that you are well and mindful of us. Caroline has received and read your letters from Brunswick and Leipzig, and thanks you kindly for them. She would answer them herself; but while the consent of her parents is not formally given, she is not at liberty to open her heart fully. It is better, therefore, that she should postpone her answer till your return."

A letter from Helena Jacobi explained matters. "Your Caroline said to her father, when he told her not to reply as if his consent were already given,—'If I may not write all that is in my heart, I cannot write at all; you must write and say why I remain silent.' I pressed your dear Caroline more closely to my heart than ever," adds Helena, "on hearing this."

From Leipzig Perthes wrote to inform his three Hamburg friends of the state of his heart. An alliance which drew him still nearer to Claudius and Jacobi, could not be regarded by them as a desirable one for their friend. "Why should the news of my engagement to Caroline have caused such bitterness in you? Were you thinking of my former unhappy love? It

will live as long as I live! or, were you thinking on the fleeting and changing fancies that have often filled my heart? It is possible that these too may move me again at some future time. If thoughts like these have suggested your letter, I cannot blame you. But listen to me. When I had succeeded in extinguishing my rejected love, I was horror-stricken to find that such love,—love with which the highest aspirations of my soul were associated, *could be extinguished*. A deathlike coldness took the place of the burning flame. Shall love, then, whose source is in God, and in all goodness, be annihilated by external, adventitious circumstances? There must at all events be something that is stable. If it be not love, it must be friendship. Friendship! I have nothing to say against friendship—and yet shudder to think that this is all. Where, then, shall I find deliverance and help for my inner being? My soul craves something that shall not pass away; my heart craves one who shall be all to me; my spirit desires some abiding good; my personality longs for union with some other being,—a union which shall endure even when the world is shivered to atoms; and nothing but love is greater and more enduring than the world. If I can in any way be preserved, it is only through Caroline; in her I find peace and stability, devotion and truth. The passion of love implanted by my former attachment is still latent within me, but the love itself is no longer there. The passion which I then experienced can exist but once; I can never love Caroline as I loved Frederika, but with her I can again lift my eyes to God, and this is the help from above which my soul requires.”

On the return of Perthes to Hamburg at the end of May, Claudius no longer withheld his formal consent. It was to the

Princess Gallitzin that Caroline first communicated her happiness. "To you, my dear mother Amelie, I must myself tell the news of my being a bride, and a happy bride. This would at one time have seemed to me impossible, even if you had assured me of it, but my beloved Perthes has reconciled me to the step. I know and feel its importance for time and for eternity; but I believe that I have taken it in accordance with the will of God, and now can only close my eyes and entreat God's blessing, and you, too, must pray for me, dear Princess. I can say, in all truth, that my Perthes is a good man, who does not regard himself as formed, but who knows and feels that he is not yet perfect; and I think, therefore, that he and I may make common cause, and, by God's help, make progress."

Perthes was now frequently to be found on the way to Wandsbeck, and letters were almost daily exchanged. Many of these have been preserved. On the 15th of July, the betrothal, which in Holstein is a church-ceremony, was celebrated. The solemnity was graced by the presence of the Princess Gallitzin and her daughter, by Overberg, who was then on a visit to Claudius, and, much to Caroline's satisfaction, by the Count Frederick-Leopold Stolberg. Shortly before the commencement of the ceremony, the bride was reminded by the pastor, that after it had taken place she was no longer free, and could be released from her vows only by the Consistory. "It is long since I took the step," she replied, "from which I could be released neither by you nor by the Consistory." In the quiet of Caroline's maiden-life, the bride-like love grew deeper and stronger, and put even her tranquil nature in commotion. "Caroline would fain act the philosophic bride," writes the daughter of the Princess Gallitzin, "but in vain; her love perpetually be-

trays itself, and I believe that she dreams of nothing but the letter P, and if for a moment she devotes herself to me, you will know who it is that quickly comes and displaces me."—"Your brother Hans," writes Perthes to his bride, "brought the rose safely into the room, but then broke it. Thank you for this rose! Hans slanders you. He says that you can never find anything you are looking for. Even if you have this failing it matters not, since once, although not seeking, you yet found him who was seeking the good angel of his life, and suffered yourself to be found by him."

The 2d of August was the day fixed for the wedding. On the previous day Perthes received the last letter from Caroline as his betrothed bride. "I have a great desire for a little black cross," she writes, "and don't know how better to get it than through you, dear Perthes, and why not? I have been to the pastor this morning. The formula by which we are to be united is neither cold nor warm, neither old nor new,—a wretched neither one thing nor another. But it will do us no harm, dear Perthes; we will ask God to bless us after the old fashion, and He will bless us after the old fashion. Do it with me, dear Perthes, opening your arms and clasping me to your heart. I am thine, body and soul, and trust in God that I shall find it to be for my happiness." The marriage was solemnized on the following day, the 2d of August 1797. In the first months and years of their married life, the diversity of their minds and their habits was to be brought into strong relief. Perthes had been fitted for the sphere in which he now moved by natural character, by the circumstances of his early life, and by his actual position in Hamburgh, by the variety of external relations and impressions, by the efforts he had to

make in difficult and changing circumstances, but, above all, by contact with men of the most opposite opinions. On the contrary, Caroline had never come in contact with the noisy outer world, but had lived a life entirely from within. To her the duty of man seemed to consist in withdrawing as much as possible from worldly business and motives, and in abstaining from all lively participation in the transitory. The first three books of Thomas-à-Kempis, taken as a whole, might be regarded as reflecting her views of life. Now that she had left her father's house, and experienced on all sides an infinite variety of new impressions, she could not fail to be disturbed and disquieted under their influence.

Her affection for her husband was, however, strong, and in the depths of her soul she felt that her new position was one of happiness and blessing. On one occasion, a few weeks after her marriage, when her father surprised her weeping in her room, he exclaimed, not without a measure of complacency,—"Did I not tell you that the first flush of happiness would not last if you left your father and mother?" "And if I am to pass the rest of my life in weeping," she instantly replied, "I should still rejoice that I am to spend it with my Perthes." But this confidence, which was an essential characteristic of her nature, could not overcome the uneasiness caused by the frequent disturbance and the many real or apparent hindrances to which the inner life was exposed from things without. In her sorrow and perplexity she thus writes to her husband:—"A thousand times has my soul spoken out and told me, that I am no longer what I was. Formerly, God always held me by the hand and led me in all my ways, and I never forgot Him; now I see Him afar off with an outstretched arm, that

I am unable to grasp. This must not be always so, for the heart could not endure such a prospect. But I have made up my mind that so it will be upon earth; and may God grant me the continuance of this inward longing, and suffer me rather to die of it, than to be content without it. There are moments in which I take courage again, but they do not last, and it is no longer with me as it was once." In another letter she says, "When you are away, my beloved Perthes, I feel quite lonely and forsaken; when you are not at my side to support me, I am a picture of grief. *Is this to continue—ought it to be so? It was otherwise once.*"

The letters written by Perthes, during short absences at Leipzig, Holstein, and Westphalia, shew, that while he took pleasure in the exercise of his powers in public life, he knew how to appreciate the value of a life which looked within rather than without. "Believe me," he wrote to his wife, in the summer of 1799, "believe me, my good angel, when I tell you, that you have much spiritual life; do not then disquiet yourself. Our father acted wisely in keeping his children from active life and an artificial existence. Even if he had carried this too far, if he had rendered you unfit for the business of life, so that to you the whole world were foolishness, still you would have had the spirit of love, and the spirit of love is all in all." The respect in which Perthes held the rights of individuality would have withheld him from any attempt to force his own mode of life upon Caroline, even if her character and her manner of looking upon life had not claimed respect from their own inherent merits. "To force upon one mind the opinions of another; to graft the fruit of our own tree upon another stem, is sin," wrote Perthes to a friend. Besides, he clearly per-

ceived that any such attempt upon Caroline's mind would be futile. "My Caroline," he wrote to his Schwartzburg uncle, "makes me unspeakably happy. She is a pious, faithful, true-hearted, and submissive creature; but her inward course she shapes for herself, and pursues it with a steady step."

As steadily did Perthes himself tread the path that seemed marked out as his. In 1798 he says to his wife, "I am more than ever persuaded that my destiny is an active, masculine career; that I am a man born to turn my own wheel and that of others with energy." He was not diverted from his course by the difference between his wife and himself. "Can you then, indeed, believe," he wrote in 1799, "that my restless labours, my activity and energy, can be detrimental to you? To you, Caroline! You should rather thank God that he has enabled me to take pleasure in things that might have been a weariness and a burden to me. How otherwise could I wish to exist? Dear Caroline, I am not always so good as you think me, but in this respect I am better than you think me." Doubts, indeed, would occasionally arise as to the distracting and hurtful influence of his mode of life upon Caroline. "You have to fight against many failings in me," he writes. "I have asked myself what I would do, if it depended on me to remove you to a situation in every respect congenial to your tastes—whether to a convent or into the hands of a man who not only loved you as I love you, but whose disposition and habits entirely coincided with your own. No, dearest Caroline, I could not do it. You must live with me, or not live at all; and, dearest wife, I know that in this you feel as I do."

That Caroline's dislike to all contact with the world, and her extreme susceptibility under the disturbing circumstances of

her new position, were sanctioned by the claims of the inner life, Perthes did not for a moment believe. He was of opinion that a character like hers ought to show itself as an example in the world. "Believe me," he writes, "I understand you and your present feelings thoroughly. While you lived in your father's house, you maintained, it is true, a constant walk with God. You had but one thought and but one path. But then your walk with God was the walk of a child, who knew sin and the world, and life, not at all, or only by name; still there was a unity in your existence. Now, simply because you are in the world, this condition must be disturbed. I have torn you from that childlike life, and brought you into the bustle of the world; you recognised in me an honest heart, full of love for you, but you have also seen in me, and through me, and in yourself, the sin of mankind. For a while, but it was not long, your love for me concealed all this. Now you can no longer walk so confidently as formerly with the Unseen, and He no longer speaks to you as before. You are perplexed, and would gladly regain the purity and simplicity of the child, and are unable to bring order and unity into your thoughts. My dear Caroline, the want which you feel is entirely the offspring of your own imagination. You have, pious child, ardent faith in your heart, and in your mind entire subjection to the higher decrees of conscience: but where others would be contented and at peace, you are full of care and anxiety, because you would fain lead again the undisturbed and simple life of childhood, and cannot. Here on earth, man has but a changing and unsettled existence; he does not *all* live in any single moment, but only a part of himself. The only things of value are love and truth, but would you, therefore, disregard all besides?

Would you live apart from everything? But even if you were to withdraw to some retirement where no sorrow, no disquiet, could reach you, you would become cold because you love only the Highest and no other object, and coldness is always a horrible thing. No, we are not to drift away from the world; God demands not the sacrifice of natural ties, but the submission of our will to His. The sorrow and annoyances which may be our lot in the world where He has placed us, we should bear with inward tranquillity rather than seek to escape from them.

“Caroline does not find life easy,” said Perthes to a friend; “in spite of her calm temper, and her rich and lively fancy, she feels it hard to have to do with the ever-changing and finite things of the world and of time. And yet, when I see her holding fast by her inward life, in spite of the annoyances which the tumult and distractions of her daily existence too often cause her, and also fulfilling the outward duties of her position in a manner so self-denying, kind, and noble, she imparts strength to me, and becomes truly my guiding angel.” “Two creatures more different than Caroline and myself, in culture and tendency, it would have been hard to find,” said Perthes later; “and yet, in the first hour of our acquaintance, Caroline recognised what of worth there was in me, and loved me; and in spite of all that she subsequently discovered in my character, that was opposed to her own modes of thought and life, her confidence has remained unshaken and unalterable. I, on my part, soon perceived her love, and at once apprehended the true and noble nature, the lofty spirit, the life-heroism, the humility of heart, and the pure piety which now constitute the happiness and blessing of my life.”

If Perthes and Caroline had not met till later in life, they

would probably have repelled each other ; but now the fusion of two characters so diverse was facilitated by the passionate ardour of youthful affection,—an ardour which long survived their marriage. Many of the letters written by Perthes at this time have been preserved. They are often full of tender playfulness ; frequently, too, we find in them the expression of fervid passion, and of deep reverence for that spiritual life of Caroline, still unattained by himself. In a letter written in the third year of his marriage, during her absence for a few weeks, he says,—“During my bachelor life, when one affection used to give place to another, when I loved Frederika, when I first knew you, my only aim was to conquer, to please ; I sought only myself—was always *I*. But now in you I have lost myself—without you, I am nothing—I have nothing—am to myself nothing.” “You, yes you, my ever-youthful love, have given me a new life,” he writes on the following day ; “through you I am born again. While you are absent, all around me is cold and uninteresting ; you alone give tone and colouring to every thing. I did not know that my heart had retained such feelings ; I had thought that the first love had passed away ; but no ! ever since you were mine, the first love is the first and the never-ending love. Where can it cease ? Love, ever strengthening love ! every morning I rise to new love, and every evening I repose on thy heart. Ah ! I can well understand now, how one may be cold and desolate, while yet, in the stillness, the heart is beating warmly.”

“Dear child ! dear Caroline !” he says in another letter, “I am exactly like our Bishop Kaspar ; I would, without interruption, cry, Love, love, nothing but love ! When I rise in the morning, I ask—Why should I ? my Caroline is not here.

When I am at work, I am thinking only of my return to you ; and, alas ! you are not here, and I have no home, no place of rest. If at evening I have done the day's work, and would assume a happy face—ah ! for whom ? my heart is not here. If you were to leave me, my angel, to leave me entirely, the good spirit would go with you. I believe, indeed, that I should love again, but how ?” . . . Again he writes,—“ You fancy that I am jealous of our little daughter, because I would share your love as well as she ; ah ! I could wish you had twelve strong and healthy children, to be your joy ; for you would have to thank me for all the twelve, my noble, excellent wife !” Caroline's return from a short excursion having been unexpectedly delayed for some days, Perthes wrote that the days passed as though a thousand pounds' weight were hung upon each :—

Just as the traveller's aching sight
 Explores in vain the morning sky,
 Where, hidden in a flood of light,
 The soaring lark sings joyously :
 So glance I anxious to and fro,
 Through wood and field, o'er hill and plain,
 My songs one only burden know,
 O come, beloved, to me again !

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BUSINESS AND THE FAMILY.

THE partnership into which Perthes had entered in 1796 was only provisional, and its continuance was contingent on the success which attended the undertaking. The returns during the first two years were so trifling as to cause a dissolution of the partnership in December 1798. Perthes, when left alone, found himself in a position of considerable difficulty ; but, relying upon the attention which his mode of conducting business had already attracted among the literary circles of Hamburgh, Westphalia, Hanover, Holstein, and Mecklenburg, he did not lose hope of ultimate success.

Nothing, however, could be done without additional capital. The confidence which he inspired was such as soon to put 30,000 dollars at his disposal, and, so supported, he was enabled to weather the great commercial and monetary crisis of 1799.

From the nature of the business, Perthes had escaped the immediate influence of this wide-sweeping calamity, but indirectly he felt severely the general scarcity of money. By the help of his own energy and prudence, and the friendly assistance of his three Hamburgh friends, he not only stood firm at this great crisis, but was enabled to extend his business

considerably, and amid the universal ruin, it acquired a name and received an impulse. He far overstepped, however, the means which he had in hand, and this prepared for him much anxiety and many painful perplexities.

“My engagements,” wrote Perthes in 1799, “are now so manifold, that all my time and all my strength are required for the superintendence. What men commonly call good fortune, I may be said to possess, for success attends all my undertakings; but this good fortune has been anything but easily won, and when I weigh the hours of ease and tranquillity against the hours of labour and anxiety, the latter have an overwhelming preponderance. You know me well, and know what it has cost me hitherto to ask, to entreat, to put on a bold face; you know how difficult it has always been for me to seem harsh, stern, inflexible; and all this I have been obliged to be, or to appear. God, indeed, has come to my help, when most I required His aid. Good fortune, and that activity and energy which are called forth only by enterprise, never fail me.”

Perthes had a lofty aim in the business which he had founded. Hamburg, Holstein, and Mecklenburg were to be only the basis of his operations, from which it was to attain a position which would constitute it the medium of literary intercourse for all European nations, and would render accessible to each people the literature of every other. Hamburg seemed to be the right place for a business so extensive in its relations: a branch was to be established in London as a support. But Perthes had not resources for carrying out so great a plan without assistance. He felt keenly the want of the necessary information, and more keenly still the inadequacy of his education—a want not then to be supplied. He looked around for

help, and found it in John Henry Besser, who, from this period may be regarded, both in joy and in sorrow, as his truest and most confidential friend, and who shortly became by marriage with his sister, a near and much-loved connexion.

Besser was one of those happy persons who are liked as soon as seen, whose society is sought by all, and with whom every one feels happy. His exterior was prepossessing and as a young man he had been distinguished for his handsome figure; his loving and love-desiring heart shone in his friendly eye, and gay expression to his delicate features. He had an instinctive perception of the wishes and wants of others, and without information or inquiry, he was ever ready to help to the utmost of his power. The favours of all kinds that he had conferred were innumerable. He attracted children as the magnet attracts iron, and could scarcely defend himself from their demonstrations of affection. Always, and in all circumstances, he acted with the purest integrity without the slightest effort, and without requiring to *will* to do so: that a man should speak contrary to his convictions seemed to him impossible. During the occupation of Hamburgh by the French, he would, with alarming *naïveté*, tell the plainest truths to the officers and functionaries, and yet, strange to say, he enjoyed their confidence. His many little peculiarities, his absence of mind, his habit of devolving on the morrow the business of to-day, often occasioned the most extraordinary incidents; but these peculiarities were regarded by his friends as component parts of a character of such rare amiability, that they would not willingly have missed them.

Besser was born in 1775. His father was chief pastor at Quedlinburg, and had sent his son, well instructed in the modern languages, to Hamburgh, to learn the business of a

bookseller. Here he so early won the confidence of his master Bohn, that, at the end of three years, he was sent to Kiel to take the sole charge of a branch-business in that town. Perthes, who had seen Besser in passing through Leipzig, was drawn into his society soon after he came to Hamburg, and each recognised in the other a turn of mind which led to a strong mutual attachment. In 1797, Besser went to pursue his literary education in Göttingen. There he made good use of his opportunities, and attended lectures on the history of literature. On his return, in 1798, he entered into partnership with Perthes; and although the business was still carried on in the sole name of the latter, the services of Besser became henceforward indispensable.

“It would be hard to find in any individual bookseller,” said Perthes, at a later period, “so extensive a knowledge as Besser possesses, of the most celebrated books in all languages, their character and value; and there is no one who knows, so well as he does, where to find, and how to procure them.” Besser, moreover, in spite of the gentleness of his disposition, maintained a calmness and presence of mind under harassing and complicated circumstances, which, united with the vigorous mind and active invincible spirit of Perthes, carried the business through great difficulties to a position of consideration and influence. The plan of making it the medium of the literary intercourse of the various European nations, was necessarily, in a great measure, abandoned, in consequence of the troubles and losses of the year 1806. Till then, it was steadily kept in view, and in the German book-trade, Perthes and Besser took an established and influential position. Even so early as 1802 Perthes could write from Leipzig,—“I do not

think that any of our brethren in the trade have met with such distinguished kindness as I have ; every one is ready to take trouble for me."

So great was the confidence inspired by Perthes, that numerous families in the north-west of Germany employed him to select periodically the works which he thought best suited to their respective characters and tastes—a duty which he performed with equal conscientiousness and success. It was impossible for Perthes, in his relations as a man with men, to be actuated by any mercenary considerations.

"I can forgive everything but selfishness," he once wrote and in more advanced life nothing made him so indignant at petty narrow-mindedness in money matters. "Even the narrowest circumstances," he said, "admit of greatness with reference to mine and thine ; and none but the very poorest need fill their daily life with thoughts of money, if they have but prudence enough to arrange their housekeeping within the limits of their income." In accordance with these opinions Perthes, in time of pressure, could accept freely from his literary friends the assistance they freely offered. Many of those who subsequently became his most intimate friends were originally only connected with him by the ties of business ; while his extensive literary acquaintance was of considerable advantage to his interests. But notwithstanding the flourishing aspect of affairs, he was very far indeed from being free from great and continual anxiety, and frequent anticipations of pecuniary embarrassment. The business meanwhile continued steadily to increase. "I am still," he writes in 1805, "in occasional straits for money, but yet in a sure way of becoming rich. I desire fortune only as a means of freedom and for the

general good. God grant that I may one day be in a position to work with a more tranquil mind !”

It was with the warmest gratitude that Perthes acknowledged the blessings that had attended him in his calling. “A week ago,” he writes, “I entered on the tenth anniversary of my establishment in business ; how thankful should I be ! For if the enterprise of 1796 had not succeeded, I should not now possess my dearest Caroline, nor my faithful partner Besser, nor my friends, nor my present wide and glorious sphere of action. I feel that I have found myself through my calling ; for, owing to my previous negligence, this was the only way in which my powers were susceptible of development.” His family circle afforded a resting-place from the ceaseless turmoil and anxious cares of business, and maintained in him that cheerfulness and vigour necessary for the proper discharge of his daily duties. “You have penetrated into the profoundest recesses of my being,” he writes to his wife ; “there is no moment of my existence in which you are not with me, in me, and before me ; and all I see, feel, and observe, I seem to see, feel, and observe only for your sake.”

On the 28th of May 1798, his daughter Agnes was born ; on the 16th January 1800, a son, Matthias ; on the 10th of January 1802, a daughter, Louisa ; and on the 25th of February 1804, another daughter, Matilda. Joys and troubles, which are found in every family, become, wherever there are children, a means of education to the parents. One may indeed be induced by the love of God to withdraw from the external world, in order to give himself exclusively and without distraction to the cultivation of the spiritual nature ; but the love of a mother for her children is, in its very nature, the closest of

all links to outward and practical life, a direct and continual doing and caring, which leaves no time for a life of contemplation. Caroline's maternal love was the school in which she first learned wisely and vigorously to give to the hidden "man within the heart" an outward direction. Increasing household cares, the influence of her husband, and varied intercourse with men of the most opposite characters, further tended to bring out her capabilities, and to make her move freely in the world, so that amid the variety of external circumstances she was able to preserve an inward calm and self-control. She retained indeed to the end of her days a desire after a life of unruffled tranquillity,—a longing which would occasionally dispose her to melancholy. "It is still the old story with me," she writes to the Countess Sophie Stolberg; "I desire much, and can do but very little;" and again to her husband, in the spring of 1804, on the day after his departure on a journey, "Agnes sends you word, she hopes you will cross the water safely, and is anxious—*my* daughter; Matthias only desires to know how his rocking-horse is, and is happy—*thy* son." Notwithstanding the continued longing for a life of outward repose, she had in the first ten years of her marriage attained to a measure of freedom, self-command, and tranquillity, which, when she was subsequently threatened with the loss of property, family, and all external happiness, she maintained with true womanly heroism.

She was now no longer disquieted, as she had often been at first, by the influence of her husband's position and mode of life. "I have just looked out into the night, and thought of thee," she once wrote to the absent Perthes. "It is a glorious night, and the stars are glittering above me,

and if in thy carriage one appears to thee brighter than the rest, think that it showers down upon thee love and kindness from me, and no sadness ; for I am not now unhappy when you are absent. Yet am I certain that this does not proceed from any diminution of affection. If I could only shew how I feel towards you, it would give you joy ; after all I may say or write, it is still unexpressed, and far short of the living love which I carry in my heart. If you could but apprehend me without words, you would understand me better.”—“What you have now,” wrote Caroline in 1803, to a newly-married friend, “is only a foretaste, and will every day increase. At least, the merciful God has so ordered it for me these six years, and my eyes overflow as I think of it.”—“My beloved Perthes,” she writes a year later, on the anniversary of the day on which he had declared his attachment ; “this is the 30th of April, and it is just nine o’clock. Do you remember this very moment this day seven years ? I thank God from the bottom of my heart for having made you think of me. I have just come from looking at the children, who are already in bed, and while I gazed on them I had you in my heart ; thus, although you are so far away, we are still united. I bless the happy moment in which seven years ago you looked on me, and said ‘I love you.’ Yes, my ever-beloved Perthes, I thank God, and I thank you, for our happiness. May God continue to be with us and with our children, and preserve us to a peaceful and blessed end.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE CONFIRMATION OF THE INNER LIFE.—1800-1805.

THE affection and ardour with which Perthes followed his calling, and the moral strength which he drew from his domestic life, enabled him to escape becoming the victim of vacillating indecision or of confused fancies—a danger to which his intercourse with men of such diverse and influential characters peculiarly exposed him. Next to his own, the house of his father-in-law was that which possessed the greatest attractions for him. “I have confidence in every one who esteems your father,” wrote Perthes, in the summer of 1797, to his bride; and in a letter dated 1802, he says, “There is no one on earth that I think more highly of than our father. May God long preserve to us the noble, beloved man!” The uninterrupted and ever-increasing influence of Claudius was strengthened by many kindred impressions. Perthes was a frequent and willing visitor at Klopstock’s house, till his death in 1803. “The repose of death was greatly to be desired for Klopstock,” wrote Perthes, shortly after his decease. “He said to me three weeks before he died, ‘I prefer a state of pain to any other—all else is but torpor.’ He died as he had lived, peacefully, simply, and with composure. No one, not even his brother, saw him during the last fortnight. Only his wife, Meta, and the physicians, were

with him. His wife seems to have entertained mistaken ideas of upholding Klopstock's greatness, even in his last hours. I am sorry for this; everybody knows that people do not die artistically. His funeral procession showed the respect in which the people of Altona and Hamburg held their fellow-citizen. As the body was borne from the church to the grave, a chorus of young girls sang, 'To rise again, yes, to rise again!' It was a moment of general emotion; but, even in death, Klopstock had to do penance for his toleration of the spirit of the times, and of his own insipid and shallow disciples, for N. delivered an oration over him."

In Hamburg, Perthes still kept up his former intimacy with the Sieveking circle, and lived in free and familiar intercourse with his old friends, Runge, Speckter, Hulsenebeck, and Herterich; but it was from Holstein that the deepest and most abiding impressions were now received. The Countess Julia Reventlow of Emkendorf continued till her death to be the warm friend of Caroline; and the unpretending sprightliness and gentleness of her disposition, which revealed itself even in her correspondence, made others more open to the influence of her opinions. Her husband's brother, Count Caius Reventlow of Altenhof, won the confidence of all who approached him by his genuine earnestness, and by his spirited and hearty manliness of character. Attracted by the goodness and candour of Perthes, the Count became his faithful friend in word and deed, notwithstanding the difference of age and position. "The Count was the last of the high-minded nobles of a bygone time," wrote Perthes to the widowed Countess Louisa, in 1804, shortly after her husband's death, "and a nobler than he our fatherland never possessed. He was a

good friend and a benefactor to me at the period of my greatest need ; and there are many who will think of him with love and regret as I do now." At Altenhof, Caroline and Perthes had become intimately acquainted with the Countess Augusta (born Stolberg,) who, as second wife of Count Andreas Peter Bernstorff was the stepmother of the Countess Louisa. Many might have overlooked the gentle, pious woman without suspecting the treasure which lay concealed in her heart, but Goethe showed his wonderful power of discerning mental endowment in the well-known inscription to this unseen friend of his youth To Perthes the Countess was wont frequently to refer, in letters full of intelligence and affection, and she always found in him a trustworthy friend. On his final departure from Hamburg, she wrote, "Your life has taken such deep hold of mine, so intimately is it connected with many of the earlier and later associations of my heart, that your departure makes me very sorrowful.—Forget me not." Manifold were the impressions which Perthes was to receive from Holstein. His intimacy with the pious and venerable Kleuker introduced him to a more extensive acquaintance with theological questions, while the friendship of Reinhold exhibited to him the mental confusion engendered by the mutual repulsion of philosophical and theological views. "Reinhold has received me in his old fashion, and with his accustomed kindness," wrote Perthes to his wife in 1799, "and has given up his own room to me. He wins upon me as a man, the longer I know him ; but his monotonous many-sidedness obstructs him in his progress towards truth. He pushes back the curtain little by little, but he cannot draw it up. It will be difficult to break down the partition-wall that separates him from Kleuker, because neither will allow the two

points on which the wall of partition rests, and on which all depends, to be touched; while, by their mutual sarcasms, they continually provoke each other." "I must read Reinhold's 'Treatise on the Rights of Common Sense' a second time," says Perthes, "disagreeable as his mannerism makes it to me. In speaking with him I get on much better than in reading his books." Jacobi's influence with Perthes was also an abiding one, and he was ever ready to converse with his young friend on the works in which he was engaged. "Yesterday, Jacobi gave me his new MS. treatise to read," writes Perthes to Caroline from Eutin, in 1801; "it was hard work. I laboured at it the whole of yesterday, and the 'tall papa' said admirable things apropos of it; to-day I have studied it again with him in right earnest." In all his visits to Holstein, whether long or short, Perthes felt himself improved and elevated by the influence of the country and the people. "On Sunday," he says to Caroline, "I was at Siclbeek with Nicolovius; the day was glorious. Nicolovius is a charming man. I felt so youthful, and so rich, and so thankful to God: He has bestowed on me so many gifts! such a long and happy youth, and you, my love!"

With Catholic Münster, Perthes was no less closely connected than with Protestant Holstein. It was in the winter of 1798 that he had first become personally acquainted with it, and on his journey thither he was greatly impressed by the grand aspect of the lofty oak forests and deep valleys of Westphalia, or more properly of Osnaburg. In a letter to Caroline, written after a night of travel, he says, "To-night as the stars sparkled, and life with its joys and sorrows lay reposing in slumber below, while I alone watched and was conscious

that the good God was also watching over all His children in the scattered cottages around, I was so overcome by my happiness, that I burst into tears ; and it was remarkable, that just at this moment the starlight fell upon a crucifix placed on an eminence among some poplars." In Münster, Perthes again met the Princess Gallitzin and the Droste family, the venerable Furstenberg, then seventy years of age, Kistemaker and Katerkamp, and the singular father of the historian Buchholz. This short and hurried visit to Münster was sufficient to give him an idea of the life with which, from other causes, he was afterwards to be so intimately associated. The Princess Gallitzin, till her death, kept up her correspondence with Caroline ; and, notwithstanding the difference of creed, stood godmother to Perthes' eldest son, Klopstock and Claudius being godfathers. Caroline, on her part, preserved her affection and reverence for the Princess. In 1806, on hearing of her fatal illness, she wrote, " No one ever made so deep and so lasting an impression on me as she ; and from the first moment of our meeting, she has been, I may say, my guide to God." Perthes had made the acquaintance of the Baron von Droste, a few weeks after his marriage to Caroline, when the three brothers, Kaspar, Clemens, and Francis had visited Hamburg in company with Kellermann and Brockmann. He had been their cicerone, and they had gladly shared the frugal meals of the youthful couple. They were about the same age, and a friendship so intimate was then established, that neither differences of position nor of opinion had any power to shake their mutual affection and esteem. " I was particularly attracted by Kaspar," said Perthes, in his later years, " even then a suffragan-bishop, and one who, in depth of love, might have been compared with the beloved

disciple." In 1806, the Princess Gallitzin died. "The last few hours," writes Kaspar to Perthes, "were hours of severe suffering, and yet rich in mercy. She met her end in perfect consciousness, and committing herself entirely to God, receiving her Lord and Saviour in the most holy sacrament about a quarter of an hour before her death; and thus her beautiful, purified, sanctified soul departed in the most blessed and intimate union with Christ. A beautiful death, dear Perthes; pray especially for her beloved daughter, that God may give her grace." "You believe as I do," he says in another letter, "in the necessity of illumination and grace from above, and that is everything." And somewhat later he writes,—“I am sure that you cannot rest on your present stand-point. The striving and hastening after the truth, which characterize you, and the need you feel of some firm footing, cannot continue; for, dear Perthes, we are not now searching for the truth—we have it, we are not looking for the true faith—it is already ours. This only is our task and our duty, to shew our faith by a real Christian walk, in all we do or leave undone. All our striving ought to have for its object progress in this path, and since we cannot advance without the grace of God, we pray to Him daily for this grace. Forget me not, dear Perthes.” Notwithstanding Kaspar Droste’s decided attachment to his own Church, he gladly recognised all that he held in common with Christians of other communions, and had no sympathy with those who, in the rancour of their unloving hearts, regard themselves as good Christians because they hate Protestants. In the year 1819, the suffragan-bishop could still close a letter to the widow of Claudius with these words, “May God watch over you, dear mother, and all of us. Pray for me in childlike love.—Your Kaspar.”

Ever since his entrance into the Catholic Church, Count Frederick Leopold Stolberg had been a member of the Munster circle. He had forsaken the Church of his fathers in order to find rest for his soul, which craved some visible support, something through which he might recognise the security and stability of his faith. His change of creed, which had great influence in giving direction to the spiritual tendency of that period, had shown what previously had been but little considered,—how wide the gulf was that separated the Catholic from the Protestant Confession; for Stolberg, although a Christian before as well as after his change, had been unable to find that rest in the one Church which he had at last found in the other. The step he had taken was a matter of the deepest regret to his friends, but when the effect of the first overwhelming shock had passed away, they could neither personally reproach nor misinterpret him. It was as the son-in-law of Claudius that Perthes had first been brought into contact with Stolberg, but their acquaintance soon ripened into a warm friendship, founded on mutual liking and mutual confidence. To the end of his life, Stolberg was a stranger to that bigoted, restless zeal, by which religious as well as political converts are so often distinguished; not that at any subsequent period of his life he regretted the step he had taken, but having changed his church rather than his faith, he was able to maintain a remarkably clear judgment with reference to Protestantism. "I have received your acceptable letter with the notice of the National Museum," he writes to Perthes in 1809, "we shall always understand each other, dear Perthes. There is a passage in the Prospectus that will offend many, alas! too many Catholics. It does not offend me. The Reformation originated in pure motives; and although

I feel assured that Luther assumed more than his adherents, as men, had the right to give, I yet recognise the many and great advantages resulting from it to those who remained in the Catholic Church in the stimulus it gave and the rivalry it excited. I would never raise a finger against the person of Luther, in whom I recognise not only one of the greatest minds that has been seen on earth, but in whom I also discover a great religious sentiment that never forsook him."

In 1802 Perthes had also met Sailer, then Professor at Landshut, in feeling and opinion a member of the Münster circle. "Sailer has sought me out here," he writes to his wife from Leipzig; "I am much pleased with him; he is a man of decided talent, and sees things from the Catholic point of view, though, as it appears to me, not without some effort. He desires to be commended to your father, and also to you." Perthes, like many others, never believed that Stolberg, although he had become a Catholic, had received every dogma of the Catholic Church, as part and parcel of his Christian creed. "You ask," writes Sailer to Perthes, from Landshut, in 1803, "whether it is essential that a convert to the Catholic Church must acknowledge the whole system as true. To this I can only give the following answer: before God,—before the tribunal of conscience, and in the judgment of every independent thinker, no man can believe that which he cannot believe, and therefore *ought not*. According to the judgment of a literal and absolute orthodoxy, the fundamental principle may be stated differently, and in practice at least is thus enunciated:—'This is true, this must be fully believed, therefore believe it.' In a literal orthodoxy, the distinction between credible and incredible is practically scarcely admitted. But he who,

by the force of his own mind, has worked his way through this literal and absolute orthodoxy to the gentle and broad spirit of all orthodoxy, will find as little necessity in the Catholic system as in any other, for stretching faith beyond the limits of conviction, and will be content with simply leaving undecided that which he who has not attained to the same position refuses to believe. I know not what more to write." And he thus continues,—“ You should certainly pay a visit to the good people of the patriarchal Wernigerode. You would be welcome for the sake of your father-in-law, and for your own. Fénelon's works are read by all the earnest; but, alas! the earnest are as rare as white crows.”

While the spiritual life was thus manifesting itself to Perthes in Holstein in a decidedly Lutheran, and in Münster in a decidedly Catholic form, he became acquainted with a religious life which shrank from any expression of the religious principle in dogma or formulary, in the persons of two distinguished individuals. The Countess Louisa of Windebye, who, as well as her husband, Count Christian Stolberg, kept up a regular correspondence with Perthes, asserted constantly, with all the intelligence of her acute understanding, that it is impossible for man to express his internal relations to the Deity by any form or formulary whatsoever. “ Ah, dear Perthes!” she wrote, “ it is so dangerous to shut up the real living faith in dogmas, and to seek to define it by dogmas! How weary I am of all formulas! I am striving to free myself so entirely from all literality, as to be able in every ritual to separate the essential from the accidental, the spirit from the letter, and to take as little exception to the Catholic as to the Hindoo rosary. Still, dear Perthes, every spiritual struggle after truth renders the

Catholic form more and more distasteful to me. I am delighted with Claudius' new book ; although I differ from him in many respects, I agree with him in general principles, for these with him take the form of acts not of words."—"He who attaches himself to dogmas," she says in another letter, "has mistaken a planet for the polar star. Many a time have I myself mistaken the aurora of the night for the dawn of the coming day ;" and again, in a letter of later date, she speaks still more decidedly,—"Every one who dogmatizes, be he Catholic or Protestant, theologian or philosopher, is to me an idolater."

Philip Otto Runge, the artist, a man animated by a deeply religious spirit, and, like the Countess Louisa, opposed to dogmatic teaching, had for Perthes singular attractions. His morality was stern, his mind vigorous and racy, and full of humour. While to strangers he was, without intending it, a sealed book, he opened his whole heart without reserve to his friends, and displayed all the riches of his lively, witty, and original mind. The centre of his being was nourished by a spiritual sense peculiar to himself, by which he apprehended the great mysteries of the Godhead, as manifested in the symbolical representations of nature. "If," said Perthes in later life, "there was any German of the last century who was a genuine representative of Mysticism and Theosophy, it was Runge ; for in him, as in no one else, were united the grand Theosophic intuitions of Jacob Böhme, and the mystic spiritual love of Suso ; and this arose from an inward and spontaneous impulse, and without any external influence. Runge could declare with the most solemn sincerity, that the artist who had gone so far as to make Art a religion, should have a millstone hung about his neck, and be thrown into the deepest part of the sea. At

the same time, a great religious idea would often unconsciously insinuate itself into the merest play of his pencil : for every where in nature he saw traces of the mysteries of creation, redemption, and sanctification, and he regarded it as the great duty imposed upon him, to seek out those traces, and to represent them to others through his Art. His apprehension of them was not always attainable by others, and thus many things in his compositions are unintelligible. When asked for an explanation, he used laughingly to say, "If I could have said it in words, I need not have painted it." Runge occupied the same position in painting that Novalis did in poetry. "The exhibition of a new and singular form of art, through which the earnest, pious, and tender feeling of the true artist revealed itself," as Goethe said, met with acceptance at Weimar. "Runge," wrote Goethe to Perthes in 1810, "is a character such as is seldom born into the world. His remarkable talent, his true and sterling honesty as a man and an artist, attracted me and attached me to him long ago ; and although his tendencies led him out of the path which I regard as the right one, he never excited any displeasure in my mind, but I was always able gladly to accompany him wherever he was carried by his peculiar style."

Runge had come to Hamburg from Wolgast, his native place, in 1795, when eighteen years of age, to be trained to business in his brother's house. He left Hamburg in 1798, in order to fit himself for an artist's life by study at Copenhagen and Dresden, and did not return till 1804. But the confidential friendship so quickly formed between him and Perthes, suffered nothing by this separation, but continued to gain strength till Runge's early death in 1810. "You have fully understood

me," writes Runge in 1802, "and I think of myself just as you think of me, and not at all more highly." Even in his old age Perthes retained the impressions he received on his visit to the Dresden Gallery with Runge in 1802. "Yesterday afternoon," he wrote to his wife at the time, "I saw Raphael's Holy Family, alone and unaccompanied, and I trust that this heaven will never pass away from my soul. To see creations such as these, from the hands of our fellow-creatures, is ennobling; pictures of this kind are the direct effluence and evidence of the Divine within us, and words are poor in comparison. Sounds may, perhaps, in a still higher sense, be akin to God, but then they are evanescent, and rouse in us a vague fore-feeling of intuitions, rather than intuitions themselves."

The friendships that Perthes had now formed were chiefly with men whose grand object, though pursued in diverse ways, was the cultivation of the inner life. His natural disposition, and the necessities of a calling that demanded the greatest activity, preserved the equipoise of his own mind in the midst of the various influences to which he was subjected. Two men of great eminence who shared his intimacy, Count Adam Moltke, and Schonborn, were perpetually exerting themselves to give intensity to Perthes' easily excited interest in the affairs of the world.

Count Moltke, a fine-looking man, with a noble forehead and a sparkling eye, had lived from the beginning of the present century at Nutschau, a small estate in Holland, which he had received as a trifling indemnity for the lost family fiefs in Zealand. His restless energy and glowing imagination had been deeply stirred by the French Revolution, and he remained, for many years, one of its most ardent, but, at the same time,

purest well-wishers. After having travelled over a great part of Europe, and experienced not a few of life's bitterest sorrows, he returned to Nutschau, and there, far from the cares of State, though deeply interested in political movements, he strove with a forced resignation to live patiently through that iron time. He required but little sleep, and sought to still the inward sorrow by the earnest and persevering study of history; particularly the history of the rise of the Italian Republics of the middle ages, with which he was minutely acquainted. He had often undertaken to present his own thoughts in poetry, or to give the history of remarkable political events of former times, but he was unable to express his ideas with that clearness and precision which were necessary to fit them for appearing before the public. He was thus excluded from writing as well as from acting history; but as, in the days of his fervid youth, he had exercised a powerful influence on all with whom he came in contact, so in his mature age he infused energy into every circle that he frequented. "He had attained the perfection of his nature," said Niebuhr in 1806, of this the friend of his youth; "he had tamed the lion, the ever-restless spirit within him, and he had used the fire of his youth to animate Greek forms."

Pertthes had met Moltke at Kiel in 1799. "What a man!" he wrote to his wife; "what power! and what self-control! I wish, Caroline, that you could see this 'mad Moltke,' as they call him. I esteem him as highly as any of my acquaintances. His wife, too, is a charming person." A few months later the two had become intimate, and mutually attached. "Thank the Countess for her delightful letter," wrote Pertthes to the Count, in the autumn of 1799. "Caroline and I may well read

with surprise what she wishes, and I wish I had matters of corresponding weight and interest to write of to her." Moltke came frequently to Hamburgh at that time, as he did in later years; and then, all thought of rest for that night was at an end. Between nine and ten in the evening, when Perthes had left business and had joined his family, he would find Moltke waiting his arrival. Before many minutes were over, they were involved in an earnest and impassioned conversation, and many a time the rising sun reminded the disputants that it was time to break off. When Moltke was in Florence in 1803, a report reached him that Perthes was about to stop payment. "Help my friend immediately with all that I have, if I be yet in time," wrote Moltke to his man of business in Hamburgh, at the same time sending the necessary powers with the letter.

The Councillor of Legation, Schönborn, was in almost every respect the direct opposite of Count Moltke. Rist has preserved his name from oblivion in a characteristic sketch. From 1802 to 1806, he lived as a guest in the house of Perthes. This extraordinary man, whose unpleasing exterior was somewhat relieved by the expression of resolution and depth in his countenance, would frequently remain in the house for weeks together, rejoicing in the comfort of his dressing-gown and the disorder of his apartment, or buried in the literary treasures that the warehouse afforded. He was now nearly seventy years of age, and there was no person or thing in the circuit of the busy city that had any claim upon him; and thus in the enjoyment of a long-desired independence, he would submit to no restraints, except those which his own habits and his constitutional sluggishness imposed. About

noon he was frequently to be seen standing in the door-way dressed in a long, loose overcoat with his stick under his arm, looking about in all directions, pondering with what friend or in what tavern to bestow himself for the hour, and then, after a while, re-entering the house, to shut himself up again in his own room. In the house of Perthes he was regarded as a member of the family, and went and came just as he pleased, at one time enjoying the lively and ever-varying society, at other times passing hours in silent abstraction, or in a kind of dreamy, silent enjoyment with the children, or the visitors. "Silence," says Rist, "was no burden to him, even when fools were talking; but in later years, he would give vent to his displeasure in some one of those strong expressions which he had borrowed from the rude mode of speech not uncommon in Lower Saxony." When, however, Schönborn could be led to converse, and Perthes well understood how to bring him to the point, he became at once the centre of the circle, and the rare treasures of learning, and of general knowledge and experience of life, that lay hidden in his mind, were brought out in surprising turns, and in expressions emphatic and rawy, the suggestions of the moment.

Schönborn, the son of a pastor from the Harz, who had been settled at Holstein, was born in 1737. With great efforts, and by fits and starts, he had made himself familiar with many branches of knowledge, and subsequently lived in the intellectual society that frequented Count Bernstorff's house at Copenhagen and at Hamburg, associating on terms of equality with the first men of his time. In 1773, through the influence of the Count, he was sent as Secretary of the Danish Consulate to Algiers. "The gentlemen pirates equip their

privateers here," he wrote to one of his friends, from his new abode, "and often for a month or two together, it is impossible for any ship to leave. May the vultures prey on you, ye beasts of prey! but rather a hundred thousand times may they prey on the European Governments who foster you!" And again he writes, "That Algiers is still standing astonishes me, now that I have seen it with my own eyes; no less does the short-sighted vulture-like policy of Europe, which precipitates itself upon a drachm of present evil, and leaves a hundredweight accumulating for the future." After a few years' residence in Algiers, Schönborn went to London as Danish Secretary of Legation, and remained there till 1802, frequently discharging the duties of Consul. "Yesterday evening I again philosophized for a few hours with Schönborn," writes Niebuhr from London in 1798. "We spoke from overflowing hearts. He is very original in his mode of expressing himself, and vigorous sometimes even to coarseness; he is a profound philosopher, and extensively acquainted with the ancients, especially with their philosophy and mathematics; he has a mind of extraordinary power, but impatient of contradiction. His bold spirit, which sported wildly in strange interpretations of mythology, afforded me an interesting entertainment." In another letter Niebuhr says,—“When he exhibits his deeply-pondered and well-weighed system, in all its extent and with the boldest applications, he kindles the spirit of his listener, and hurries him along into ideas entirely new. But when this splendid intellect leaves the depths of metaphysics for the common ground of daily life, he is no longer the same; he is like a mathematician who has measured the earth in imagination, but who does not know its surface.”

After an absence of nearly thirty years, Schönborn, then sixty-five years of age, returned to Germany, which he had visited but once during that long period, and then only for a short time. He found Germany as though centuries had passed over it during his absence. The Seven Years' War had not been long ended when he left his native land. Germany was striving to strengthen herself through Frederick the Great; every German eye was turned confidently to him. Lessing, Schönborn's companion and friend, had just completed his "Hamburg Dramaturgy," his "Minna von Barnhelm," and "Emilia Galotti;" and when Schönborn, on his route to Algiers, had visited Councillor Goethe at Frankfort, he had been introduced to his son, the remarkable young man who had just then written "Goetz;" and who soon afterwards wrote to Schönborn at Algiers,—“I have allowed a trumpery thing about Wieland to be printed under the title, ‘Gods, Heroes, and Wieland.’” When Schönborn returned to Germany, the triumph of the Revolution was a tradition of the past, and Napoleon was dazzling Europe. Lessing, who had been twenty years dead, was almost forgotten, and Goethe was preparing to strike the balance of the life he had lived. Schönborn had spent the time of the great political developments throughout the Continent, in London their central point, and he came back with a knowledge of England, and its relations to Europe, not inferior to that of Gentz himself. He still retained his former passionate attachment to philosophy, though he had long given up all hope of absolute truth being attainable by man. “A more thorough sceptic,” said Perthes later, “has, perhaps, never existed. God, Freedom, Immortality, were the objects which he was perpetually combating with the intellect; perhaps just

because, being firmly rooted in his noble nature, they were perpetually forcing themselves upon him. Freedom, indeed, universal as well as personal, was his idol; and he would not allow it to be circumscribed even by his own inward constitution. The limits of his individuality made him furious, and he incessantly champed and bit his chains like an old lion. His features also bore some resemblance to those of that kingly animal; and when, as was sometimes the case, he fell asleep at table from the weakness of old age, his eyebrows would be elevated like a mane, indicating that the spirit was still busy within. He died in his eightieth year. The death-struggle lasted for a week; he would not give up his life; he must have been welded to it, said the physician." In keeping with the most marked feature of his character, the objects of his search in philosophy and in life were consistency and activity; and, wherever he found them, he felt sure of having grasped one side of the truth. Passionately as he detested all shams, he was equally ready to recognise opinions the most adverse to his own, provided only that they were earnest convictions. Immediately after his return from England, and while desirous to form connexions with the men of that day, in order to enjoy with them the free and hearty intercourse that he had enjoyed with their fathers, he was, through Klopstock and Claudius, introduced to Perthes, and ere many weeks had elapsed became an inmate of his house. His intimacy with the Countess Catharine Stolberg, whose restless spirit was ever expatiating in all the realms of knowledge, had not then been formed, and he whiled away the years in the house that he loved, following the humours of the hour. A new world of interests and opinions, of information and experience, was thus opened to Perthes.

The manifold relations in which Perthes stood to active life, and the distinguished men among whom he moved, could not fail to exercise a great influence upon him, and almost to fashion his mind anew. "I know," he says in a letter to his Schwartzburg uncle, "that you often think of your Fritz: but I am no longer the Fritz of whom you are thinking. You only know 'little Fritz;' you have to begin to learn to know me. Where shall I commence, and where leave off, in order to explain to you who and what I am? You knew me as a child who had something good in him, who was lovable and who was thankful to be loved, warmly returning the love that was given; as a child of quick perceptions and some cleverness, but also of most perilous vivacity, and of almost morbid susceptibility. Many years have since rolled away, and of all that the child cherished in his bosom, what is left?—what is added?—what has the child preserved of the childlike? If I were to endeavour to trace the path I have trodden, who shall certify me that I really and truly know it?"

From his earliest childhood, and amidst anxiety and poverty, Perthes had uniformly and earnestly striven to bring his soul and his whole course of action into harmony with the Eternal Will. As he grew in knowledge and in culture, he had always endeavoured to attain his objects by spiritual means; and yet where anxiety regarding his inward condition was stronger than levity and self-confidence, he was forced to acknowledge that the will in his bosom was far from being the will of God, and that the tendency to oppose his own will to the will of God, was still the master tendency. Disturbed as he was by a consciousness of this kind, the society of so many eminent persons, who regarded the discovery of man's real po-

sition with regard to God, as the first and great business of life, could not fail to give a religious direction to the further development of his mind. He had long ago given up, as limited and perverse, his early stand-point, according to which man was to fashion himself to a rational existence by virtue of an intelligent will. In 1799 he thus wrote to Caroline,—“ N. was with me yesterday ; he thoroughly displeases me ; his formal know- ingness has dried up his brain and hollowed out his heart. After all his much-boasted reflection, he has merely satisfied a sort of tabular ethical system ; but in the (so-called) desire always to do right, he has no share, he has lost spirit and vitality. He dare not follow the promptings of his inner genius, for he must needs reflect perpetually ; and yet his reflection has not been able to preserve him from a commonplace style of mind, which was not natural to him.”

Pertles had long regarded Feeling—the immediate consciousness of the soul—as the only power that could lead man through life with cheerful and courageous views of God and the world. He had renounced the hope kindled by Schiller, of seeing feeling purified and perfected by means of Art. “ If,” he writes to Count Moltke, “ we could indeed so elevate and ennoble the Physical as to harmonize with the Spiritual, humanity would be perfected. But we are soon aroused from the delusive dream of such a hope, in a world where sorrow, want, and death, meet us at every turn.” Pertles had next, as we have seen, been brought under the influence of Jacobi, and listened to the voice of God speaking to and in Feeling ; still there was disunion and discord in his mind. “ Man is a twofold being,” he writes to Jacobi, “ the one mocks the other, and the latter in its turn despises the former. This is

the state of every man who is not in harmony with himself." Latterly, in his intercourse with the circles of Holstein and Münster, Perthes had met with men who, in a manner that had not previously come under his observation, seemed to be in harmony with themselves. That it was the supremacy of Love that enabled them to preserve peace, joy, and inward harmony in the midst of the tumults of life, he was fully persuaded. "It is only one overpowering idea that can uphold a man, and make him forget sorrow and death, earth and heaven." He writes to Moltke, "All such forgetfulness is greatness; but the greatness may be good and may be evil, according to the nature of the idea that has called it forth. We have seen men of angelic and of devilish minds, equally ready, firmly and fearlessly to confront the terrible. What is great is not always good, but what is good must always be great. Now, there is a something which is in God, and which He has kindled in us, that is always both good and great, and this is Love. Love can make even weakness great, and what the highest greatness is without love we may see in the devil. Your stumblingblock, dear Moltke, is not the want of Christian love in your heart, but the preponderance of Roman greatness in your head. But why should we think of greatness at all? It is but a poetic dream for us now; if we have made love our paramount idea, greatness will follow of itself." "Only the man who is possessed by love," he writes to Jacobi, "can solve the riddle of our being and of our freedom. Love is the visible form of freedom. He who loves, and even he who does not love, can see if he will that love is free as nothing in the world besides. I am in bondage if I do not love, and I cannot love if I am in bondage; and he who loves knows, as none

else does know, that individual freedom and the will of God are one and the same thing."

But in order to abide in love, as the permanent condition of the soul, Perthes felt the necessity of a human and personal medium, and no one stood nearer to him than Caroline. It was then through her, and her alone, that he expected the essence of life, as he called love, to be incorporated with his own being. "That I have something within me which lives and will live eternally," he writes to his wife, "I feel with a degree of certainty that is not to be expressed in words; I also feel that this eternal individuality can only find its satisfaction in the love of God. To him who strives after this love, and who in the midst of stumbling and falling, praying and thanksgiving, is in earnest, God will be gracious even if he worship a bit of wood instead of the Crucified One. For as the invisible is hidden behind the curtain of the outward world of sense, every medium by which I venture to draw near to the glory of God, is a sanctified means of escape from sin, and is not in itself idolatry. Evil rages within me and is powerful; my prayers are but signals of distress, and do not help; for I am not penetrated, as you are, by the holiness of the Supreme Being, by His light and glory; but I am penetrated by the love of thee, my angel, and through the love of thee I shall rise higher, and draw nearer to Him, in whom I find I cannot participate without some medium." And in another letter, "Do not lose heart, my pious Caroline, and make me, by your instrumentality, as pious as you are yourself."

But Perthes now began to be conscious that the love of God is not a spontaneous development of that which he had spoken of as the love of man, but that it differs from this not only in

degree, but in its object, and therefore in its essence. Although deeply conscious that his affection for Caroline was ever deepening and strengthening, he yet drew back timidly from God. He regarded his past life, and the present condition of his soul, as a partition-wall between himself and God, which even love had no power to throw down, and he could not but confess a desire to be without God, and a struggling against God as the predominant tendency of his heart. It seemed to him impossible that the alienation of man from God should be overcome by any human means. "My internal anxiety," he writes to Caroline, "calls for some one who in my stead gives satisfaction; and undefined feelings come across me, which seek after a God who as man has felt the agony of man. I have leaned upon many a staff that has given way, and have seen many a star fall from heaven. What is true, is given to us in science, but not The Truth. Human science can measure many things, but can take the *full* measure of none, and the great mysteries of life must for ever elude her grasp;—have they, therefore, no existence, or are they, therefore, less certain or less vital?"

He thus writes to Moltke, "That which is unusual, which does not repeat itself, but happens once only, we call unnatural, and if we have not ourselves been conscious of it, we call it untrue, and characterize the belief of it as superstitious; and yet Nature itself, which is assuredly the most unnatural of all miracles, delights us, and we find *it* quite natural: and thus we, whose whole history forms but a moment of this great nature-miracle, pretend to decide upon the naturalness or unnaturalness of a particular event! No, the great mysteries of the world are not to be sought and found without us—the intuition of them is born in us; our soul is intuitively christian,

and that which exists in us as intuition, the mercy of God has revealed externally as actual, objective existence." Jacobi had maintained against Perthes, "I shall become a Christian, according to Claudius, if I can be certified of the perpetuity of the Pentecostal miracle; but no historical belief can make up to me for the cessation of the Pentecostal miracle." To which Perthes had replied, "An individual man cannot be justified in disbelieving the perpetuity of the Pentecostal miracle simply because he has not himself experienced it." To Perthes the facts of Revelation were indubitable historical events; "but," he says to Moltke, "the time when these facts are to become vital to me, and the measure of their vitality, depend on the grace of God." An inward wrestling and striving now took place to realize in himself, as he expressed it, "the uncreated Son of the Father as in reality his God." The (to him) undeniable fact of the incarnation he desired for himself as the idea that should take entire possession of his being. Holy Scripture now appeared to his soul in all its majesty, and Claudius was at his side, to aid, to animate, and to confirm, at one time in person, at another by his writings. Their personal intercourse had been continually growing more intimate and confidential, and Claudius' tract, "A Father's Simple Instructions about the Christian Religion," which appeared in 1803, in the seventh part of his collected works, had made a deep impression upon his son-in-law; and he reached a certainty of conviction, and a repose of mind which he had never before known. "You ask how it fares with me, dear Moltke; I *know* what truth is, I *know* what man is, and what he shall be; I *know* how to estimate the world; I *know* that the richer a man becomes in himself, the poorer he is in the world. I thank God for

this knowledge, and especially for the consciousness that I am a poor sinner, in myself helpless and comfortless. Those men are now a problem to me who seek satisfaction in themselves, and, if unsuccessful, try to find it in one fruit after another, in the hope of being satisfied at last, and are never awakened to the alarming consciousness that the sap is not there." And in a letter to Caroline, "My youth," he says, "was healthy, and an unquenchable longing and an intense striving upwards possessed me, much more truly than now. But, on the other hand, I have now a clear insight into life; I am conscious of power and vigour, of an assurance and actuality such as I never possessed before; I know God, and this state of peaceful certainty is not indeed so pleasing, not so flattering I might say, as my former condition; but perhaps, on this account, it is a surer evidence of the truth. If passions were less violent, and if we could escape from the troubles of the world, it might be better for us; but it is presumption to require what God has not been pleased to ordain for us. An undisturbed internal assurance and perfect peace were possible to only one in this world, and that one was the God-man. Dear Caroline, when we have learned to be content, and to accommodate ourselves to times, circumstances, and outward relations, with tolerable calmness and composure, we thus advance more steadily than by all our striving and self-tormenting, towards the goal to which through the grace of God we are drawing nearer, but to which we can never attain on earth." To Jacobi he says, "I thank you from my heart, my fatherly friend, for the kind tone of the letter in which you declare the difference between our inmost convictions; I have only now to add, that by the words, 'Philosophical unbelief satisfies me as little as

poetical superstition,' I certainly did not intend to indicate that which you, with an implication of censure, designate romantic. I believe that I take surer ground than others in my opposition to a wild, wanton, vain, and ever-wandering belief, because I take my stand on the revealed word of God, as the only word, the only law which is *above* us; all besides is only *in* us, and whether it be a simple and compact, or a romantic and parti-coloured philosophy, it wanders in a perpetual maze, till at last it finds that all is vanity. I am, like you, disturbed by Jean Paul's fluctuations whenever I read his works; he indeed longs for truth and a settled faith, and yet he cannot abstain from representing the God-man as a mere creature of human imagination. But poems about the Messiah, whether written by Klopstock or by others, will never do." "It is far better," he says, after having read that amusing book, "Scenes from the World of Spirits," "to become a fool by philosophizing, than to graft our own imaginations upon the great truths of religion."—"Winckelmann's letters are interesting, yet, like Winckelmann himself, they have afforded me but little pleasure," he says in another letter to Jacobi, "and Goethe honoured him too much, when he called him a true-born Pagan, at the same time making him the representative of his own views of man and the world. But, on the other hand, I find in these letters the Goethean paganism more beautifully and forcibly developed than it is anywhere else, as the opposite pole of Christianity; on this side, we have strength and unity through love, on that, self-renunciation. Christianity is a free-gift-investiture—and in Christianity all is given by the grace of God, and received by love; while in heathenism all is nature, and every product is a self. The religious feelings of men ap-

pear as if begotten by nature alone ; every creature as if self-created is to stand only upon its own feet, man is to enjoy all things, and to resist or endure all unavoidable evil with a strength whose origin is in himself. Heathenism and Christianity exhaust everything ; and that which lies between, call it by what name you please, is a mere inconsistent fragment, mere patchwork and vanity, resulting either in despondency or in pride. That Goethe should hate the pole that is opposed to him is only natural ; and why should not the Christian also choose rather the opposition of an avowed enemy, than that of ten hobbling praters ? Let any man honestly strive to become a Goethean Pagan, and truly to stand on his own feet, it will give him work enough, and will bring many proselytes to Christianity. I must confess to having received a good lecture from the Countess Louisa for my praise of this Goethean work ; but by appealing to Reinhold she herself proves that I am right and that she is wrong."

Jacobi left Holslein in the spring of 1805, to settle at Munich. " God be with you," wrote Perthes. " How can I ever sufficiently thank you, who have been the means of giving a fixed direction to my development ? It is through you that I have attained to the conviction, the religious certainty which I now enjoy, and shall enjoy throughout eternity ; that conviction which, though seeking, you had not, and I am compelled to say, have not yourself yet found. None but you persuaded me of the nothingness of self ; but that which you have not been able to grasp, to seize, or retain with your head or with your heart, was to be sought in a direction different from that pursued by you. Farewell ! God bless you and all your doings."

It was through anxiety and labour and after many wanderings, that Perthes had won his way to the saving truths of Christianity, but he had won them as part and parcel of his life. It is true, indeed, that neither at this nor at any later period did they reign alone, nor did they hold habitual ascendancy in his heart : the natural man too often asserted itself, in sorrow and in joy, in the midst of the cares and activities of life : but the truths he had gained were never lost sight of ; and when, after many years, he lay on his deathbed, they filled his whole soul, and had power to take its sting from death.

CHAPTER X.

EVENTS OF THE YEARS 1805 AND 1806.

WHEN the imperial deputies met at Ratisbon in 1803, to parcel out the territories of the weaker powers, and divide them among the stronger, Hamburgh had had the good fortune to preserve its independence as an imperial city. Nevertheless, it was plain to all who looked at the power and violence of Napoleon on the one side, and the weakness of the empire on the other, that if there was any future for Hamburgh, it was to be found in its own political wisdom and strength; and of political vitality, there was little then within the walls of the free imperial city. That indifference to all political affairs which pervaded the whole of Germany, had extended its benumbing influence to the council of the city, and to the once proud and sturdy burgesses. The citizens, careless and indifferent, had left the government of the city entirely to the council, formerly the object of so much jealousy and suspicion. The burgher colleges, whose duty it was to watch the proceedings of the senate, were deserted by all, save those whose duties compelled them to be there, for the citizens had ceased to avail themselves of this field of political activity. The civic government of the preceding century was, indeed, one of great convenience, alike for governors and for the governed; but it was

not of a kind to develop strength, confidence, or ability, either in the council or in the citizens, so as to enable them to act with independence in difficult and important circumstances; and the men whose eyes were open to European events, found it morally impossible to arouse to any lively political sympathies the torpid life which pervaded the imperial city.

The enthusiasm with which Perthes had, as a very young man, received the intelligence of the French Revolution, was converted to hostility when France declared war against the German empire. It was not in Prussia or in Austria, but in the smaller principalities, that the true national, imperial feeling was to be found, and Perthes, who had been born in one of the petty states, had grown up with a true Kaiser-loving heart. Hamburgh, it is true, relying on its foreign relations for its importance, did not afford the materials for a thoroughly German national enthusiasm, but the opposite feeling, at least, had no influence. The earlier leaning in that town towards the French Republic had been weakened by the growing connexion with England.

Although in the distinguished men with whom Perthes associated, the religious was the predominating element, he still took a lively interest in political events. He was not then committed to any definite political tendencies or doctrines; he remained entirely free, also, from a limited narrow-minded zeal for a particular part of the fatherland to the exclusion of all the rest. His political feelings, thoroughly German, were opposed to the cosmopolitanism which places greater value on political doctrines than on nationalities, as well as to that local or territorial patriotism which cannot see the wood on account of the trees.

He saw Hamburg only through Germany. He had an ardent desire to gain insight into its great political relations and the circumstances of life in which he was placed were of a kind to afford facilities for the realization of this desire. Among his acquaintances were many men who had come into personal contact with European affairs. Schonborn had opened his eyes to the internal condition of England and its relation to the Continent, while the Danish poet, Baggesen, who had moved for many years in the most distinguished circles of Paris, and whose political views were at once intelligent and profound, threw much light on the confused politics of France.

Reinhard, the French consul in Hamburg, was a member of the circle in which Perthes moved, and by frequent intercourse with him, Perthes imbibed enlarged views of political affairs. There were two Frenchmen with whom he maintained still more intimate personal relations on account of their appreciation of German life,—Matthew Dumas and Villers.* Dumas, † honest and straightforward, independent in his pursuit of knowledge and decidedly German in his outward appearance, was yet a thorough Frenchman. *C'est un maître-homme*, he used to say, admiringly, of Napoleon. In 1830, when nearly eighty years

* He afterwards acted as French commissioner in arranging the affairs of the new Tuscan government, under the Directory, he held, for a short period the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs.

† Dumas had been deeply implicated in the Revolution. In 1789 he had organized the National Guard with Lafayette, in 1792 he was one of the most influential speakers of the period, and commanded the armed force which recited the King's return after his flight from Paris; in 1796 he took an important part in the Council of the Elders. In 1797 he made his escape from Paris on being condemned to banishment, in consequence of the reverse of the eighteenth Fructidor, and took up his residence at Hamburg, under the name of General Funk. He became a warm friend of Claudius, Klopstock, Jacobi, Stolberg, and Reventlow, and was as much at home in Perthes' house, as one of his own family.

of age, he appeared once more in the uniform of the National Guard, among the combatants of July. He had attained complete mastery of the German language, and when he traversed Germany in 1812, as one of the generals to the *Grande Armée*, he shewed that he still preserved his attachment to his old friends.

Villers stood in much nearer relation to Germany. He had studied at Gottingen, devoted himself with ardour to the pursuit of knowledge, and attained to a degree of German culture rarely to be met with even among Germans. He was so attached to Germany, that he would not quit it. After he took up his residence in Lubeck in 1797, his political sympathies were wholly with the Hanseatic towns, of whose significance in Germany and in Europe, he entertained decided opinions. They afterwards owed much to his exertions on their behalf in Paris. His views regarding these towns had great influence on Perthes.

Perthes longed for a political connexion with men who would not only give breadth to his political views, but also share his political feelings, and by a community of hope and fear, waiting and striving, might impart warmth, clearness, and strength to his own convictions. It was easier to find political fellowship then than in later times; for there were at that period but two parties—a small one that saw political salvation only in opposition to Napoleon—another and much larger one which hoped to achieve it through his instrumentality. All who took up a hostile position towards France, and sought, at whatever cost, to preserve the internal, and to retrieve the external independence of the German nation, felt themselves politically one. All the striving after this or that definite form of the German political future, which subsequently gave rise to numerous parties, was then merged in the general desire to free Germany from the

supremacy of Napoleon. Of all the men of German sentiment with whom Perthes had intercourse, Johannes von Müller and Niebuhr exercised the most powerful influence over him.

Johannes von Müller had left Vienna for Berlin in 1804, a Prussian historiographer, and, in closest concert with Gentz, had put forth all his power to remove the difficulties which opposed a simultaneous and united rising of Austria and Prussia. Müller was at the same time incessantly seeking to arouse the national feeling of the Germans, and to excite their wrath against the oppressor, by a series of spirited and powerful appeals. It was one of these that led Perthes to write his first letter to Müller, dated August 1805. He turns to him with warm and generous confidence, and concludes with these words, "old and young, rich and poor, strong and weak, all who love their fatherland, freedom, law, and order, must now act together."—"Thanks, noble-minded man, for your letter," was Müller's reply; "it is refreshing to find such genuine feeling, and without having seen you, I have become your friend. The time is come when all who are like-minded must embrace each other as brethren, and work together for the national deliverance. This is now the only charm that life has for me. There is an unspoken language, an invisible brotherhood among the like-minded, by which they recognise each other. This brotherhood to which you, my friend, belong, is the salt of the earth, and they who are united in it are brethren and friends, far more really than many who have passed a lifetime together."

From this first exchange of letters sprung a correspondence, which, as a key to the opinions and tendencies of the years 1806, 1807, and 1808, is of great importance. A portion of it was afterwards printed. At Easter 1806, Perthes went to see

Müller at Berlin, and in the autumn of the same year, Müller came to Hamburgh to return the visit. Of this personal intercourse Perthes thus wrote to Müller:—"The esteem that is felt for a lofty spirit, for a great name, for a frank correspondent, is a very different thing from the personal attachment and affection felt towards the man; and, now that I have seen you, believe that I entertain this personal feeling towards you. I for my part make no claim on you, except that you should recognise that a strong and warm heart beats in my bosom, and that I have some knowledge of the necessities of the times."

The friendship with Niebuhr, who had been long known in the circles frequented by Perthes, was of slower growth, but of greater depth. He had spent his sixteenth summer in Hamburgh with Busch, in 1792, and had at that time made the acquaintance of Klopstock, Reimarus, and Sievking; and while studying at Kiel, from 1794 to 1796, had formed a close intimacy with the Stolbergs, Reinhold, Jacobi, and especially with Moltke. In the spring of 1798, he again passed some time at Hamburgh before his departure for England, and it was then that an acquaintance began with Perthes, who was about the same age with himself; this acquaintance soon ripened into a friendship that continued to increase in warmth, in depth, and in power, up to the period of Niebuhr's death, in spite of one interruption that seemed to threaten its continuance. While Perthes was captivated by the noble character and the cultivated intellect of the great man, whom he seldom named except as "my dear Niebuhr," Niebuhr, on his side, was no less attracted by the "glorious power," as he was wont to call it, and the manly aptitude for the business of life that characterized his unlearned friend. It was to the uncultivated man of

business that he sent his first volume of his Roman History in 1811, with these words: "I am anxious to have your unreserved opinion of my book. I do not ask for a learned judgment; but if the great features of the work please you, I shall be delighted. On some points I fancy we are not agreed; but on others, I believe we are quite at one." To Perthes's answer, Niebuhr replied some months later,—“Your opinion of the first volume of my book has been of inexpressible value to me. Do not take it as an overstrained compliment, when I say that Goethe's praise and your feeling about it suffice me, even if hostile voices should be raised, as we may naturally expect, at Göttingen.” Niebuhr's intellectual superiority, together with a certain sharpness of manner, which not unfrequently broke through the natural gentleness of his disposition, caused even men who were themselves eminent in the literary world, to feel a degree of restraint in his society; and this made the perfect freedom, and the unconstrained ease of Perthes's intercourse with him, a matter of surprise. This perfect ease, which Perthes never lost, even in his intercourse with the most distinguished men, was owing partly to his position, partly to his consciousness of desiring to pass for no more than he was. His calling and his whole career precluded any expectation of learning or of statemanship, and yet nevertheless he must have been conscious that he stood for something in society. In a letter to Müller he thus expresses himself on this subject:—“I know who and what I am, and am always anxious to reveal rather than to conceal my ignorance, in order to prevent waste of time. Don't, however, give me too much credit for modesty, for though I am aware that I *know* nothing, I am also aware that I can *do* much.”

The terrible years 1805 and 1806 were years of animated correspondence between Perthes and those last-named friends. The greater part of this has indeed been lost, and the letters written after the battle of Jena, show how heavily French espionage pressed upon epistolary intercourse; but enough remains to show the political principles and the hopes by which Perthes was animated. It was with bitter vexation and deep sorrow that he witnessed the stolid apathy which, since the peace of Lunéville and the Diet of Ratisbon, had fallen upon men who were regarded as the pride of Germany, and from which neither the unutterable sufferings of their native land, nor the audacity of her tormentors, could arouse them. He was indignant at the appearance of Goethe's *Eugenie* at this season. "Our hearts must and should be filled with shame, burning shame, at the dismemberment of our fatherland," he writes to Jacobi in 1804; "but what are our noblest about? Instead of keeping alive their shame, and striving to gather strength, and wrath, and courage to resist the oppressor, they take refuge from their feelings in works of art!" A new hope of deliverance dawned, when, in the summer of 1805, the report of an alliance between England, Russia, and Austria, was propagated. But Perthes saw with dismay the political leaders of Germany array themselves on the side of Napoleon against England, and strive to work upon the minds of the people through the leading journals. "Our journalists," he writes, "take up the cause of the tyrant and the 'Grande Nation,' either from meanness, stupidity, fear, or for *gold*. I need name only Woltmann, Archenholz, Voss, and Buchholz;" and in a letter to Müller of the 25th of August, he gives vent to his stifled feelings. "Your letter distressed me, by the deep emotions that it stirred in my soul. If such men grow

faint-hearted—what then? I am not so hopeless; my courage, indeed, has grown of late. True, I am young, and not well read in history. From the past you form conclusions as to the present, and so despond! But has not every people, till consolidated into unity, been ready to receive a leader, a deliverer, a saviour? This readiness is, I think, very observable among us. There is a universal panting, longing, grasping after some *point d'appui*. Much is already cleared away; I instance only this,—the end of the paper times. Twenty years more of such coquetting with literature, such playing at intellectual development, such hawking of literary luxury, and we, too, should have passed through a *siccle littéraire* still more insipid than that of our neighbours. Are not our youth now persuaded that the country does not exist to serve knowledge, but knowledge to serve the country? How many are now convinced that strength and virtue grow out of moral principles, and are the fruit of no other soil! Do not men regard the love and care for their own houses as more important than a widely-diffused love capable of no intensity? Are they not now disposed to honour a hearty and even passionate love of country, rather than a cold cosmopolitanism? And even as regards religion, although through the long-standing abuse of theological tenets, infidelity and indifference have struck their roots deep in our soil, still the want of religion is increasingly felt. I grant you that a miracle must be wrought before the country or the people can again have a faith, but then many, many lament this, and would pray without ceasing to revive the religion of the nation.” “Ought we not to feel ourselves great,” he added, “just because we are born in such evil times?”

“I can give you but a very imperfect idea of the impression made by your letter,” wrote Müller in reply. “You regard what we see around us as a preparation for something better. I wish it may be so; but what element of good has ever been found in a monstrous empire full of the spirit of rapine, mockery, and vain-glory? The cold hand of death is its sceptre, and humanity and learning perish at its touch. And yet that is a sublime saying of yours,—‘Must we not *therefore* feel ourselves great since we are born in such evil times?’ You are a man of a rare soul, and I love you.”

It was but a few weeks after this letter was written, that Austria, she scarcely knew how, found herself allied with Russia and drawn into the war against Napoleon; and on the 20th of October, the Austrian General surrendered his whole noble army to the French.

After the disastrous day of Ulm, Perthes regarded all lost if Prussia persevered in her indecision, and much gained if Prussia, uniting her forces with those of Russia, should resist Napoleon. “What are we yet to pass through?” he writes to Müller; “what sufferings, what indignities, what degradation, are still in store for Germany, and for the world? And yet what opportunities Providence offers to men who have energy! Prussia can and must be the deliverer of Austria, even at her own peril. . . . Go to the King of Prussia and tell him what he, as a German, can do for the freedom of Germany. Prussia does not stand in this prominent position to no purpose. Let her raise the standard of Germany and all will flock to it, and will gladly give up their cherished local independence and look the danger in the face, as a united nation, rather than become the slaves of a people that has suffered itself to be made

the instrument, by means of which one man may reduce the whole earth to the same degraded level. Should the historian have eyes only behind him? Never was a man so high in his position as you are. You can have no motive for holding back when duty says, Go forward. The anticipation of failure, and consequently, of doing something ridiculous, is nothing. Does one man know what is in another, and what there is to be aroused? It is not I who call you.—Germany calls you; if you knew our city it would inspire you, and be assured all Germany feels as we do. "This hour is pregnant with greatness; but it is passing away and will never return." Soon after this he writes,—“I am not dispirited and will not be; free German hearts will never be wanting, and God will take care of the rest.”

The battle of Austerlitz was fought on the 2d of December 1805, and on the 26th of the same month the luckless peace of Presburg was concluded. Bavaria and Wurtemberg had assumed the kingly title. It soon became certain that Prussia, through its Commissioner Haugwitz, had pledged herself deeply to Napoleon. In January 1806, Russian troops invaded the Hanoverian dominions, and closed the Elbe against England.

In July was formed the Confederation of the Rhine, and thus the very form of the Germanic Empire was destroyed. “Events have now outgrown all political calculation,” writes Muller. “All customary expedients fail, and there is no appearance of help from any quarter. God must remove one man, or raise up a greater, or bring about something yet quite unforeseen. I no longer feel either indignation or fear. The scene is become too solemn. The Ancient of Days is sitting in judgment; the books are opened, and the nations and their rulers are weighed

in the balance. What will be the end? A new order of things is in preparation very different from what is imagined by those who are the blind instruments of its establishment. That which now is, is not abiding; that which was, will hardly be restored: and the difference will not consist in the mere substitution of Corsican rule, for that of some weakling of Italy, Germany, or Slavonia."

By the annihilation of the empire, Hamburg had become, from a free imperial city, a sovereign state. Perthes declared that there were but few Germans who would shed a tear over the downfall of the empire; the majority, and that composed of sensible men too, rejoiced to be relieved of their disbursements to Vienna and Ratisbon, and believed that Hamburg would be Hamburg still.

Immediately after the battle of Jena, and while Murat, Bernadotte, and Soult were advancing upon Lubeck in pursuit of Blucher, Mortier had occupied Hanover, and on the 19th of November 1806, marched into Hamburg. "How you will have mourned over the fate of these districts," writes Perthes to Jacobi, "and over that of our city! Why should I describe to you the awful fate of Lubeck?" Alarming accounts were now received from all parts. "Prussia will be annihilated," writes Niebuhr from Dantzic, "and that without leaving a single deed of heroism, daring, or patriotism on record." "Our blunders are of such a kind," wrote Scharnhorst on the 11th of July 1807, "that nothing short of a miracle can save us." From Berlin, Müller wrote despairingly: "I call to mind the great seer of antiquity, who knew, by the signs of the times, that God was about to create a new thing upon earth. Jeremiah had wept himself blind, but yet he saw that Asia, and

also his own people, were given into the hand of the Babylonians, and he counselled submission as the only prudent course, although even when doing so he forgot neither his country nor the desire of his heart. In like manner, in these days, in this wonderful year, are the nations taken as in the net of the fowler; from Cadiz to Dantzic, from Ragusa to Hamburgh, and soon, everywhere, it will be *L'Empire Français*, whether for seventy years as in Babylon, or for seven hundred as it was in the case of Roman sway, who can tell?"

Immediately after the French occupation of Hamburgh, all intercourse with England was prohibited on pain of death; all English property declared forfeited, and all goods purchased from English dealers, although paid for, were demanded from the owners, and trade was allowed to be carried on only under the restraint of a system of certificates. "All that was is annihilated," writes Perthes to Jacobi. "There is no longer any trade as it existed formerly." Owing to the general insolvency which followed the issue of the French regulations, Perthes's personal losses involved all that ten years of toil and anxiety had realized. In Mecklenburg alone, he reckoned his losses at 20,000 marks. Still his courage and hopefulness did not desert him.

CHAPTER XI.

GERMANY IN 1807 AND 1808.

IN those sad years of political 'oppression, the importance of the family life, in all its calm independence, revealed itself to many. It is true, indeed, that the family must always share largely in the joys and sorrows of the State ; but as in seasons of the greatest national prosperity the family has still sorrows of its own, so in a season of national torpor and calamity it may yet be gathering strength and spirit, and generating courage and vigour for outward activity. The darker the political horizon appeared, the more gratefully did Perthes acknowledge the value of the gift that had been bestowed on him in Caroline. His four children were strong and healthy, and on the 23d of January 1806 another son, John, was added to the number, and on the 15th September 1807, a daughter, Dorothea. The domestic sorrows which grow only out of the family were now, for the first time, experienced by Perthes in the death of this infant, three months later. "Dear mother," wrote Caroline immediately after, "God has taken my angel gently and calmly to Himself. I thank our heavenly Father that He has heard my prayer, and taken my darling child without pain. She looks so peaceful that we must be so too."

Perthes had, as we have seen, sustained heavy losses in

1806 ; but the excitement of the times, which left so many houses in anxious suspense, or led them to cautious limitations afforded to his bold and active spirit, opportunities of extending his business. He could say with truth, "No one in Haulburgh has anything to do, but my business is more active than ever, and I look for a still further extension." His library was now regarded as the finest in North Germany. In 1807, Hüllmann had written from Frankfort on the Oder,—“You have the most extensive collection in Germany ;” and Niebuhr had sportively called him, “the king of the booksellers from the Ems to the Baltic.”

The spirit that animated him, and the domestic happiness which he enjoyed during those years of external and political suffering, are exhibited in a letter to Jacobi of October 1807 :—“My mind becomes every year stronger and more free, and thus I am able to meet all events with courage and cheerfulness. I am, indeed, an ever-erring mortal, but unhappy I am not ; I am, indeed, singularly happy, for one who has so restless a career allotted him. A multiplicity of interests for this world and the next ;—much love, much passion, many friends, many children, much labour, much business, much to please, much to displease me, much anxiety, and little gold ; moreover, a dozen Spaniards in the house, and for the last nine days three gens-d’armes to boot, who drive me almost to distraction.”—“You ask how I am, and how I get on,” he says in another letter of the same period ; “I will tell you, as far as it is safe to write such things in these times. I am, then, rich in correspondence. Countess Louisa Stolberg writes to me diligently, and never without having something of importance to communicate. I receive regularly every fortnight a

letter from Johannes Müller; and Niebuhr, frank as ever, has frequently something remarkable to communicate. Here we have Maréchal Brune for our governor, and find ourselves tolerably contented, as he on his part may well find himself. The *ci-devant* printer has already paid his compliments to the craft by visiting me. Old Zimmermann of Brunswick is still living at Altona; he is one of the most sensible men I ever knew, and deeply interesting to me. I love without trusting him. We occasionally see at our own house, or at Madame Sieveking's, Walmoden, and the young Countesses of Lippe-Bückeburg, two very interesting girls, and the youngest positively enchanting. Besides these, there are many eminent men coming and going, who keep life from stagnating, and put some spirit into us."—Bernadotte made a deep impression on Perthes; "He is in person, as in many peculiarities of manner and of habit," he writes, "very like Jacobi. He is uncommonly fond of philosophizing. In Lubeck, at a great dinner, he engaged in a dispute as to the existence of a God, which he thinks he disbelieves, and at last being hard pushed, he called out with great vivacity to his opponent, who was a citizen of Lubeck—'How can you contend for the being of a God; if there were one, should I be here in Lubeck?' Villers is often in Hamburg, and likes it: he is very dear to me still; but it is singular that while he will no longer recognise, and cannot understand the French, he looks the Frenchman all over."

To shut himself up within the happy and attractive circle of his family and his business was not, however, in Perthes's nature; his inclination and the influence of the times led him rather to take a lively interest in those events which commanded the attention of the whole civilized world. He now

began, like many others, to consider Napoleon to be, and likely for some time to continue, an historical necessity. "Napoleon, the ruler of the earth, is a unity, and is secure and firm in himself as no other is, because, more than any other, he seeks only himself: and like no other, he is a devil incarnate, because, like no other, he has made himself his god. 'He does not will, he is willed,' said Baggesen to me, with striking emphasis." To this demon-like man Perthes believed the world given over by God—not to continue subject to his sway, but that through suffering, even of the most dreadful kind, the paralyzed energy of goodness might be resuscitated. "All that was," he says, "is ruined; what new edifice will rise on the ruins I know not; but the most fearful result of all would be the restoration of the old enfeebled time with its shattered forms. By a practical path of suffering and distress, God is leading us to a new order of things; the game cannot be played backwards, therefore onward must be the word. Let that which cannot stand, fall! Nothing can escape the crisis, and it is some consolation to see that events are greater than the circumstances that called them forth. He who would now turn the wheel backwards cares only for repose, comfort, and private happiness, and to these indeed the times are not favourable; but to such things Providence cannot accommodate itself. We should rather consider ourselves to be the growth of the epoch; and who could expect to compress the beginning and end of such a revolution into one lifetime?"

His opinion of the world-wide importance of the German people is more particularly developed in a letter to Jacobi, of the 19th October 1807. "We Germans have never been wanting in great moral and intellectual pursuits of a general nature:

we have always devoted ourselves to knowledge for its own sake. Has not Germany, for many years, been the general Academy of Sciences for all Europe? All that was discovered or expounded, felt or thought in or out of Germany, was at once generalized by the Germans, and elaborated into a form which might further the progress of humanity. In so far as we Germans had any vitality, we had it not for ourselves alone, but for Europe. We have every right to take credit to ourselves for intellectual wealth and for depth of character, but, alas! we have never known how to use our treasures. We have never given a general education, or a general business aptitude to our people; nor have we ever founded those national institutions which would have a tendency to keep alive the feeling of national honour, and which might preserve us from the aggressions of foreign enemies. That which we think and have thought can only be real and influential, when we shall have learned to act as well as to think."

For the deliverance of Germany, and through it of Europe, Perthes trusted little to Russian interference. He looked to united action on the part of the German nation itself. But that this self-dependent movement would originate with any of the German governments, Perthes did not believe; since no comprehensive and permanent form of policy had ever been the work of an individual monarch, however great. "Have not all the valuable constitutions, administrations, and institutions, enjoyed by nations, been acquired in the course of centuries, and independently; I mean, have they not been the gradual development of the intelligence, the sagacity, the foresight, and the experience of the Community itself? Who made the English—who made the Hamburgh constitution? We could not name the men;

we honour the forefathers, with whom these constitutions originated. The existing governments had, moreover, clearly shown their self-seeking imbecility by the character of their submission to Napoleon."—"Our people are betrayed," said Perthes, after the peace of Presburg; "we are delivered over to dishonour by our own hands, and even the most commonplace national feeling is extinguished in the ambassadors, the rulers, and the spokesmen of our common fatherland. Their possessions, their blood, and their honour, have been staked by the people," he says, after the peace of Tilsit; "and if, notwithstanding all this, a reconciliation has been possible among the princes, as at Tilsit, who will in future commit himself to the guidance of such men?" Despairing of external help, and expecting nothing from the existing governments of Germany, Perthes centred all his hopes for the German people in their unity. He had already, in 1805, been conscious of an innate power which might then have made them the deliverers of Europe, and, he believed, would still do so. "On all sides we see among the people," he writes, "will, energy, and indignation. Even in Bavaria, a spirit of nationality is spreading which will gain the ascendancy over the Bavarian spirit. Here we think of nothing but the national honour; and at Leipzig, where people of all conditions, and from all parts of the empire meet, we have the joyful assurance that Germany has but one voice and one utterance, 'Fatherland, freedom, vengeance!' I spoke with thousands, and was consequently the more circumspect in what I said. We have indeed reason to be well satisfied with the people; God send us a spirit which may unite the minds of the people! No! Germany will not perish from the earth as a nation of do-

nothings ; a new race of Germans will arise, and will flourish for centuries !” “ Whatever may be impending over Germany,” he says in another letter written after the surrender of Ulm, “ our first object must be, where special provincial interests still exist, to arouse the national German feeling and to keep it alive, bringing it more and more into the consciousness of the people.”

The spirit to stake all in a worthy cause was inborn in Perthes ; once aroused to action, he knew no retreat. “ And I thank God,” he writes, “ that I have a wife who shares my feelings, and who, if it come to the worst, will not shake my courage. He who has in him any element of intellect or power, of greatness or passion, cannot but turn his attention to what is now passing around him, in order, so far as he can, to influence the direction of events. He who has only an inward life in these times, has no life at all.” Perthes, however, was too practical and clear-sighted to involve himself enthusiastically in any undefined and ill-digested plans. He well knew that every deed of violence, and every individual act of resistance to the existing state of things, was mere madness, and was also criminal, notwithstanding the dissolution of political order. He knew, moreover, that it was impossible for any private individual to have any direct influence on the attitude of statesmen and governments, or on the political supremacy of armies and of gold. Still he regarded it as the right and the duty of every German to arouse and to strengthen, by every possible means, the hatred and the exasperation of the Germans against the oppressor. Yet even here it was impossible to his practical nature to stand, as it were, beating the air in his attempts to act upon others ; he must work from a centre,

and that centre he found in his calling as a German bookseller. He regarded it as his first duty to provide for the printing and the general diffusion of the most weighty and stirring writings of men animated by true German feeling.

Sensible at the same time that isolated individuals could exert but little influence on the great mass of the people, Perthes regarded it as the duty of all who felt themselves capable in any way of arousing the spirit of the nation, to unite in some definite association. "I often think," he says to Müller in 1805, "of the possibility of bringing right-minded Germans together, so as to form a centre where strength would meet strength, and gather fresh vigour. Men who are unlearned, nameless, and uncompromised like myself, might in that way do good service; and if the really German-minded men of all parts could be brought together, and a common direction given to their love for their fatherland, much might be done." He did not consider great diversities of political opinion as an obstacle to united action against the common enemy.—This he expresses in a letter to Müller in 1805:—"Diversities of theory, sentiment, and opinion are to be honoured as characteristic of the German nation, and could never be a hindrance to the formation of a league among Germans. Do not misunderstand me: I do not mean any external league with vows and bonds, but that league, the germ of which is in every German heart, and which should only be called forth by such an association to a common life. Whatever may come of it, it floats like a bright vision before my eyes; such a spirit might be infused into the German people through this means, as should constrain the princes to establish a princes'-league, which no power on earth would be able to dissolve. But, in the meantime, we must

be silent ; the great crisis will soon come, and we shall then see what direction to take." " I agree with you in thinking," he writes shortly after, " that the articles of the league should be few, simple, and inviolable, and that it must be managed by a union of talented men. The articles should not be printed ; they must be transmitted by word of mouth, or by letter, in all their power and significance."

Pertes had thought of Johannes Muller as the intellectual centre of this league of German patriots. Muller was thoroughly well informed as to the condition of Western Germany, and the secrets of Austrian and Prussian policy. He had the most extensive acquaintance with German statesmen, and with literary men of all shades of opinion : he was highly and universally respected ; and both as a man and as an author, he had shewn that he was ready and resolved to act for Germany and against Napoleon when the time should come. There was no man who seemed so well suited as he to be the soul of the desired Germanic Union. But the results of the war of 1806 forced him into a different path. When Berlin was occupied by the French, Müller did not leave the city : Napoleon invited him to an interview, and he wrote in high spirits to Böttiger at Dresden, that he had talked for an hour and a half with the conqueror about all the great events of history, and all the great subjects of politics. Müller now delivered his celebrated oration on the glory of Frederick at the Academy of Sciences, went in the autumn of 1807 to Paris, and early in 1808 to Cassel as Secretary of State, and Minister to the King of Westphalia. " I shall no more forget Germany," he said, " than Daniel—who was never thought the worse of for having taken office at Babylon—forgot Jerusalem in that foreign court."

But this change placed Perthes in a very painful position. He had loved Müller, and a man whom he had once loved, it was almost impossible for him to cease to reverence. "Give utterance to no harsh judgment against Müller," he says in a letter to Max Jacobi; "you have never seen him, and one must have seen him to recognise his greatness, to know his goodness, and to have the key to all his weaknesses and failings." Perthes had regarded Müller as a man who meant truly and well to his fellow-countrymen, and he still believed that he had associated himself with the foreigner in order to work for Germany in the only way which was left open to him.

"As to the manner in which you will shape your future," he writes, "I have no fears. As surely as I know what right is, so surely am I persuaded that you will do nothing that can lead you to forget what you owe to yourself. I believe that you will take office *dans l'Empire Français*;" and he adds, sorrowfully, "where else could you take office?" Again, he writes, "Your criticism of the Rhenish Confederation is fine, sensible, and spirited. It is the business of the scholar and spokesman of the country to take the nation under his protection in whatever form it is compelled to assume, and to give utterance to its rights and its nationality." When Müller's appointment to Cassel was decided, Perthes writes thus:—"God give you strength, and arm your heart and mind with firmness. That is my special prayer for you. I would not be the last to congratulate you on the important work now before you. What we expect of you is, that you stand forward as the peace-maker, the comforter, and the arouser of your country. Such a destiny as yours is rare. I know your piety too well not to be assured that you recognise in all this

the hand of the highest wisdom." And when Müller had undertaken the Ministry of Public Instruction in Westphalia, Perthes writes—"Happen what may, you can and will be a labourer in the Lord's vineyard. You are called to preside over those establishments and institutions which are the special organs of the German mind and people. May God strengthen and preserve you for the work; I have never distrusted you, and I have pledged myself for your fidelity and your truth."

But notwithstanding this personal confidence, Perthes could not mistake the nature of the impression that the conduct of Müller had made on the people at large. "To me," he says to Jacobi in 1807, "to me he is what he ever was, but he is certainly wrong, and is now lost to Germany." And shortly after the battle of Jena, he writes to Müller himself, "Your letter was a great source of consolation to my friendship; I believe with you that God has delivered the earth into the hands of Napoleon the Great, and that he is therefore invincible. Only I would say, that the head of the universal historian can and must be united with the most comprehensive estimate of governments and of political tendencies, and with the heart that beats the most strongly for the Fatherland. It is not, however, always the case that those who have a deep and well-grounded faith, are also skilled in the wisdom of this world; and such a one as I depict must be careful of giving offence to the finest spirits of a nation. It is not enough to be pure in the eyes of our confidential friends, we must also be clear in the sight of mere blind partisans. It is a difficult matter for many of our doubters to conceive why you should have gone to Mayence, to Vienna, to Berlin. We must have patience with

the noble-minded of the nation. Your influence with the people is no more. This should not have been."

Pertthes himself was also greatly distressed, not by any doubt as to the uprightness of Muller, but as to the correctness of the principles on which he had acted. Muller, dazzled by the unparalleled successes of Napoleon, had given up all for lost, and regarded him as the instrument chosen by God for establishing a new order of things in the world. He believed it impossible to form any idea of what lay hidden behind the curtain of futurity, and he viewed it as mere folly to oppose himself to this future. He felt that duty called him to consider how the intellectual energy lavished on the past might best be employed in the service of the present. The earth was given to Napoleon; that was fate, the finger of God was there. "It is God who sets up governments; who, then, is at liberty to set himself against them?" he exclaimed. "Men must rather accommodate themselves to them, and seek to make the best of things as a whole; not allowing themselves to degenerate, but awaiting patiently the further development of events over which they have no control."

In March 1807, Perthes had communicated to Müller in a letter, all the anxieties and torturing doubts that agitated him on his account. "A whole friend or no friend," he writes, "is my motto, and I therefore feel compelled to tell you all that I see and hear about you. These things have given me many a sad week, and I have occasionally been quite overcome. They declaim about hypocrisy, falsehood, treachery to the cause of freedom and fatherland: and it is not only the rabble yielding to the popular feeling of the day who do so; but men, who still love and honour you, weep and lament over

the grave of Johannes Müller." "Believe me," he writes again, "amid all the troubles of these uncertain and disturbed times, your present relation to your country is to me one of the most painful. The nation, believe me, is in perplexity and without leaders, and knows not if in future it is to hear your voice or not. I torture you—but I must have ceased to respect myself and to love you, before I could refrain from speaking. God be with you and with us all! The judgment of God will soon be given; I feel that I have still spirit and strength to be German, whatever turn things may take, and I trust that the road we are to follow will shortly be clear to us all."

CHAPTER XII.

EFFORTS TO KEEP ALIVE THE GERMAN SPIRIT.—1809-10.

MORTIER had taken possession of Hamburgh on the 19th. of November 1806, but it had remained a free sovereign city, although occupied by the troops of Napoleon. French, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, or German legions, under imperial generals, succeeded each other. Externally every vestige of independence was gone; but the internal administration of the city, as in the towns of the Rhenish Confederation, remained in the hands of the former magistracy, subject, however, to the French code. The revenues of Hamburgh being derived wholly from its commerce, its territory being of no importance, were entirely annihilated by the continental system. More than three hundred Hamburgh vessels were now lying unrigged in the harbour, and the Assurance Companies sustained, in the course of the three years following the occupation, a loss of twenty millions of francs. While trade-returns were thus incalculably diminished, the 130,000 persons who made up the population of the city and its territory, were given up to the unprecedented extortions of the French Government, and the shameless exactions of the French officials, among whom Bourrienne attained an infamous distinction.

Many wealthy men left Hamburg, that they might not lose what they had, and those that remained went about in sullen sadness, tortured by anxiety and want.

At this period, which was one of distrust and despair for Germany and for Europe, as well as for oppressed and down-trodden Hamburg, the news of the rising of Spain was received with universal joy. The importance of this new contest was deeply felt in North Germany, and more especially in Hamburg, when it was found that the Marquis de la Romana, who had been banished to Fünen by Napoleon, had effected his escape, and had reached Spain in August 1808, in an English ship. Perthes felt a more lively interest in the movement, from having enjoyed much personal intercourse with the Marquis during his residence in Hamburg, since the latter part of the summer of 1807. Shortly after his departure from Fünen, vague reports of great preparations in Austria, and of associations of resolute men in Prussia and Westphalia, reached Hamburg, and kept Perthes in a state of continual excitement.

At Easter 1809 he went as usual to Leipzig. "I rejoice that I have come here," he writes to his wife; "you would hardly imagine the general unanimity. Germany was never before so united." On the 25th of April the news of the series of victories in which Napoleon, on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of that month, had defeated Austria, arrived at Leipzig. "Yesterday evening we got the tidings of the lost battles," he writes, "and with the greatest precipitation the people illuminated." The battle of Wagram, fought on the 6th of July, and the peace of Vienna, signed on the 14th of October 1809, confirmed the dominion of Napoleon. West Germany had long been united to France.

In the east, Austria and Prussia were wholly subdued, and the countries lying between were subject to princes who either belonged to the family of Napoleon, or who, as members of the Rhenish Confederation, were his tools. Germany was dismembered, and any isolated attempt to restore political union would have been an act of madness. The great object was to prevent the political dissolution from becoming a national one. Were Austrians and Prussians, the people of the west bank of the Rhine, and the subjects of the princes of the Rhenish Confederation, to forget that they were members of one and the same nation, all hope of the restoration of German unity and independence was at an end. There appeared but one means of developing German nationality, without running the risk of exposing it to the prying eye and crushing power of the enemy. Science, so long as it was only science, Napoleon neither feared nor regarded; and for centuries independent scientific life had been one of the essential characteristics of Germany as a nation. This consciousness of scientific independence and unity was not indeed sufficient of itself to uphold the national spirit, but it might help to do so; it might be the veil beneath which the national hatred of the tyrant might gather strength; it might be the undisputed medium of communication between patriotic men in all parts of Germany, who, thus prepared, might, when the hour for action came, be found armed with other weapons than those of science.

In the months following the fresh conquest of Austria, Perthes had sought consolation for the present, in the history of the past. It appeared to him that the period of the Reformation, on account of the great changes that it was the means of effecting—and that of the Italian Republics, on account of the

political divisions of a spirited people—presented analogies with the circumstances of Germany since the outbreak of the Revolutionary war. “For the inner life of the sixteenth century,” he writes, “I committed myself to Benvenuto Cellini, and then Robertson’s ‘Charles V.’ was my guide. I have learned that a steadfast purpose and will, that calm reflection and the attainment of great objects, are possible even in times of the most terrible outward disturbance and revolution. Sismondi’s ‘Italian Republics’ delights and cheers me at present. For centuries Italy was without a centre of influence and without political cohesion; but in the little circle of those republics there was power; there were men of understanding; and Italy flourished anew and produced men of deathless spirit, the memory of whose glorious deeds is imperishable. And should we despair? No! although our previous hopes have died away, I am still full of confidence; I love my fatherland—have often prayed, often trembled, and would have fought for it, had there been hope of achieving aught. ‘I am,’ to use Adam Müller’s expression, ‘afflicted with the disease of patriotic madness,’ and, therefore, not in despair; but feel strongly convinced that although the old form of the Germanic Empire is fallen to pieces, the future history of Germany is nevertheless, not destined to be the history of its downfall, if every one does what he can in his own station: I, for my part, shall try what I can do in mine:” individuals can, and will do much.

It was only through his own calling that Perthes hoped, individually, to be able to accomplish anything. “The German newspapers,” writes Perthes to Jacobi, “are, with few exceptions, in bad hands. Some are deliberately bad in their objects; others having been established solely for gain, seek only to

please the palates of their customers with the most recent novelty. Such a state of things is at all times lamentable : in our own times, it is alarming. It is important, since things will tell only when uttered at the proper moment, that Germans should know where they can at once bring before the public anything which demands and deserves publicity. A journal, appearing at short intervals, which shall uphold the vital union of all German-souled men, is a pressing want. I have this object at heart, and my position is favourable ; the first men of Germany are known to me either personally or by connexion, and I am sure of their co-operation, while my shop offers facilities for the publication such as are nowhere else to be met with. But, perhaps, you will say, What avails your having it at heart ?—dare you do it ? I answer with Jean Paul, ‘The silence of fear is not to be excused by the plea of coercion.’ There are many things that may be said, even under the government of Napoleon, if only we learn *how* to say them, and take care not to overlook the good we have because of our hatred of the foreign medium through which it comes to us. Indeed, there is much to be learned from the French, and it is the native tendency of the German mind, to recognise and assimilate the good from whatever quarter it may come. The new journal shall be called ‘The National Museum.’ It must not be prohibited, and must, therefore, be characterized, especially at the outset, by caution and circumspection ; it must, at the same time, be read, and its object and tendency must, therefore, be evident to Germans. I shall go quietly forward in the firm conviction of reaching the goal, and, probably, without interruption.”

Towards the end of November 1809, Perthes began to

send the Prospectus of his "National Museum" to all parts of Germany, wherever men were to be found of whose patriotism and intelligence he had knowledge. In the private letters that accompanied it, many of which have been preserved, we find him presenting the enterprise to each in the point of view that seemed most likely to attract him. To one he urges the promotion of German science; to another the effect which a periodical would exercise over the public mind; to a third that which the journal might afford to patriotic Germans, oppressed and oppressed by their oppressors, to reserve themselves for better times. To some he set himself to prove that a scientific association was the only possible bond of union in Germany, and that German Science should hold the first place in the 'National Museum;' while to a few, such as Jean Paul, he opened his whole heart. He trusted that an alliance, unsuspected by their oppressors, might thus be formed among those who were called to be the intellectual leaders of Germany, every member of which, according to his ability and his position, might, without attracting observation, act as a centre of influence. When the right time came, the scientific alliance was to be transformed into a political one possessing the strength and union necessary for vigorous action. In order to extend this union as widely as possible among the people, the literature of Germany was to be presented in all its aspects. Rumohr was applied to for information relating to the works of ancient German art; Wilken for old national manners and customs, and for the truth or falsehood of the diversities of North and South Germany; Feuerbach was to write on German law and jurisprudence; Augustus William Schlegel on German, and Frederick Schlegel

specially on Austrian literature; Sailer, at Landshut, on the religious life of German catholicism; Marheineke of Heidelberg, on the importance of the German pulpit; Schleiermacher on the philosophical, and Plank on the historical theology of Germany. Schelling was reminded, by a reference to his oration on the Plastic Arts, how well he could adapt himself to the public mind, and Gentz was recommended not to keep silence, because he could not utter all he might wish. Innumerable ~~have~~ poured in from the cities and from the ~~innumerable~~; the first Germany; and there were few that ~~personally~~ or by ~~enthusiasm~~ for the undertaking, and gratitude to the ~~life~~ my shop planned it. He received encouragement from Adam Muller, Gentz, and Karl Ludwig von Haller; K. F. Eichhorn, Thibaut, Savigny, and Heise; Marheineke, Staüdlin, Schleiermacher, and Plank; Sailer, Stolberg, and Frederick Schlegel; Steffens, Arnim, and Fouqué; Görres, Franz Baader, and Brentano, Rumohr, Tischbein, and Fiorillo; Scheffner of Königsberg and Schlippenbach of Courland, Lichtenstein and Grimm; Rulis, Heeren, Raumer, and Rehberg; the venerable Feder of Hanover, and the equally venerable Hegewisch of Kiel, who all, though from various points of view, expressed themselves more or less hopefully of the intended scientific Association. Hüllmann expected to introduce the 'Museum' to the German Society at Königsberg, and trusted that the example would be followed by similar societies in other places. Villers looked forward with the liveliest interest to its introduction, through his influence, to the Germans in Moscow, Paris, and Warsaw, and even brought it under Guizot's notice. Goethe, however, declined participation:—"I must, though reluctantly, decline to take part in so well-meant an institution," was his reply. "I

have every reason for concentrating myself in order to meet, in any measure, my obligations ; moreover, the character of our times is such that I prefer to let it pass before I speak either of it or to it. Forgive me, then, for declining to share in the undertaking, and let me hear frequently how it succeeds." Count F. L. Stolberg, on the other hand, writes, "I rejoice to associate myself with you and yours, dear Perthes, and I need not say how highly I love and honour the boldness of your Address. Those parts of the announcement intended for the public cannot but appear somewhat constrained, but that is of no consequence : the unpractised reader will not observe it, the practised will at once detect the reason, and the patriotic will be deeply indebted to you." The numerous replies which he received from his widely scattered correspondents breathed similar warmth and cordiality.

The "Museum" made its appearance in the spring of 1810. It contained contributions from Jean Paul, Count F. L. Stolberg, Claudius, and Fouqué, with posthumous papers of Klopstock ; essays by Heeren, Sartorius, Hüllmann, and Frederick Schlegel, by Gorres and Arndt, Scheffner and Tischbein, and many other eminent men. Although Perthes was forced to confess that but little of what he would fain utter could be said in the pages of the "Museum," its reception far exceeded his expectations ; but the labour involved in editing it, combined with the great political excitement to which he was exposed and the continual efforts for the extension of his business, almost exceeded the limits of human strength. Joys and sorrows in the family too, added to his anxieties. On the 2d of March 1809, his son Clement was born. "We rejoice in the birth of a boy," he writes ; "through the youth now growing up we

may exert an influence on the future, which we cannot exercise upon the present." His daughter Eleonora came into the world on the 4th of April 1810; while his second son, Johannes, a lively and promising boy, had been removed by death on the 18th of December 1809. "His heart was overflowing with love and merriment," wrote Caroline, "so that he was our joy and delight. We yearn after him, and cannot yet fully believe that we must continue our pilgrimage without him; we have but a melancholy pleasure in the blessings that God has left us."

After many years of labour, Perthes snatched a short interval of leisure to revisit the beloved Schwartzburg home. The two younger children were committed to the care of their Wandsbeck grandparents, and in the beginning of July 1810, Perthes and Caroline set out with the other four, by Brunswick and Naumburg to Thuringia. From Schwartzburg Caroline wrote to her mother,—“Would that I could describe to you the grandeur, the beauty, the loveliness of this country; but words can convey no idea of it. I thank God that we are capable of feeling more than we can express: speech is but a poor thing when we are in earnest. The hills and valleys of Thuringia impress one just in the right way. I love them, and shall remember them with affection while I live. It is too much, I sometimes think, and one has no power to repress the excitement which this scenery stirs in the heart. In our flat country, we cannot attain to such a height of joy in the Lord of this glorious Nature, or to such intense gratitude towards Him, as are possible in the midst of scenes like these; and I consider it as a great gift that the good God has permitted me to see all this, while yet on earth. The valley of Schwartzburg sur-

passes all the rest. There is an inconceivable wealth of mingled grandeur and beauty about it which rivets the spectator to the spot, and compels him to stretch out his arms in adoration of the Creator and Sustainer of all this wondrous work. On the one side are vast masses of rock, piled one upon another ; on the other, hills of surpassing loveliness, adorned with meadows, houses, men, and cattle ; in the midst of all, the Schwarza runs clear and sparkling, rushing and roaring bravely, far below in the hollow. Our reception was very agreeable ; we had left the carriage, and were walking towards Schwartzburg ; suddenly, from behind the rock, the lieutenant-colonel made his appearance, and caught Perthes in his arms. My beloved Perthes, thus disturbed in the tranquil current of his thoughts, forgot nature like the rest of us in the pleasure of the reunion. This lieutenant-colonel is a fine, vigorous, frank, and very dear old man, and I already like him much. When we had walked a few paces farther, we came to a broad, flat rock on which a breakfast, brought in his own game-bag, was spread. He was quite overjoyed, and never weary of recounting the pleasure he had experienced long ago, in walking tours and fowling expeditions with Perthes. A little further on we met the other uncle with his troop of children ; we packed the little folk into the carriage, and walked slowly after it. The very depths of my soul are stirred when I perceive the great and general happiness which the return of my Perthes has diffused ; my dear Perthes himself is like a child with delight, and I thank God that He has let us live to see this time. They live the past over again, and are all twenty years younger."

After a stay of a few weeks, Perthes proceeded with his wife and children to Gotha, the home of Justus Perthes, his pater-

nal uncle. "Here, too," wrote Caroline, "we were received with inexpressible kindness, but our dear Thuringian hills are now only seen in the distance. The children long for the freedom of the woods, and to speak the truth so do I; and it is with difficulty that I can conceal my feelings. We had quite forgotten the French in our beloved woods; but here we are daily reminded of them. For months cannon of enormous calibre had been passing through the town from Dantzic and Magdeburg on their way to Paris. Ah! here we have the world and artificial life with all their annoyances, continually suggested to us; there is no place like hills and woods for forgetting ourselves and all our wants and infirmities."—They returned to Hamburg by way of Cassel and Göttingen. "A journey such as we have enjoyed," writes Perthes to Schwartzburg, "is a real picture of life; but that part of a journey which remains after the travelling is, properly speaking, the journey. This still remains with us."

Ere long, rumours were afloat of new and violent changes contemplated by Napoleon in the German governments. The French Ambassador, Reinhard, had been in Hamburg ever since the autumn of 1809, in order to settle the final destiny of the city. "He holds continual conferences," writes Perthes, "with deputies and others as to the maintenance and perpetuation of the Hanse-towns. The Emperor, after hearing the real state of matters, is to determine the future of the cities." More than a year after this letter was written, and just before Christmas 1810, the decision of the French Senate was announced at Hamburg. The Hanse-towns with the whole north-west of Germany were henceforward to be considered as forming part of the French empire. "Hamburg, built by Charles the

Great," so ran the decree, "was no longer to be deprived of the happiness to which it had a hereditary right, of acknowledging the supremacy of his greater successor."

Hamburg had now become a French city, and its burghers subjects of Napoleon. At the same time, Perthes finding the impossibility of carrying out his original object, in the form which it had up to this time assumed, gave up the "National Museum." "My sole aim in the establishment of this journal," he says, at the close of the last part, "was to unite the well-disposed and wisest of our countrymen, and enable them to contribute, by teaching and counsel, in a variety of forms, to the maintenance of that which is of peculiar worth in Germans, namely, energy, truth, literature, and religion. Now that, as an inhabitant of Hamburg, I am, by the recent incorporation, made a subject of the French Emperor, the obligations thereby imposed are incompatible with this object, and the 'German Museum' can no longer be carried on by me." "Your 'Museum' is indeed silenced," wrote Nicolovius, "but its spirit still lives, and will yet redound to the glory of you and your endeavours."

He who now, after the lapse of years, gives a glance at the contents of the "German Museum," cannot fail to be impressed with a sense of German ability and honesty; but only those who can recall the iron pressure of that period, resting on every form of life, will comprehend how the discontinuance of this Journal should, at a time of such unexampled tribulation, have been on all sides regarded as a national calamity.

CHAPTER XIII.

PERTHES AS A FRENCH SUBJECT.—1811-1812.

THE problem which Perthes, as a French subject and a man of business, had now to solve, was the maintenance of his business unimpaired under the new censorship. A widely organized system of espionage had been established, with its headquarters at Paris, which imposed restrictions not only on the books which issued from the German press, but on their circulation through the empire. The bookselling trade suffered severely from the new laws. Perthes, however, perceiving the irregularities of their operation, arising from the ignorance of the officials, succeeded, by skilfully taking advantage of these, not only in preserving his varied and wide-spread trade connections, but even in extending and giving increased efficiency to his business.

In the meanwhile, his intellectual life was kept alive by an active correspondence with eminent men of the most opposite tendencies and opinions; such as Rumohr and Klinkowström, Stolberg and Droste, Steffens and Fouqué, Niebuhr and Nicolovius, Görres and Villers, Jacobi and Reinhold; while the sittings of the jury, of which Perthes was a member, and a friendly intercourse with De Serre and Eichhorn, created other interests of a local kind. "There will be no peace," wrote

Görres, "till the whole generation contemporary with the Revolution, is extinct to the very last man." But although Perthes could see no signs of better days, his firm conviction that the present cloud would pass away, and that in the meanwhile the best must be made of things as they are, gave a tone of freshness and cheerfulness to his conversation and to his letters, which attracted the friendly sympathies of many persons of eminence far and near who admired the spirit that he displayed. "Your letter," wrote Fouqué, "has baptized me with fire and water—with the tear-water of the deepest melancholy, but at the same time with the fire of a sure and invincible faith and courage. If all the good men of our times could regard the phenomena of the present with the same calmness, the same depth of feeling and of penetration as yourself, then we should have nothing to complain of as regards all that is highest and most worthy of preservation among us." "Niebuhr will tell you," wrote Nicolovius, "how greatly we admire your manly spirit and your Christian serpent-and-dove demeanour. Do not doubt us, but believe that, to the best of our ability, we keep up our spirits, and will continue to be worthy of your sympathy."

The great intellectual movements, which were now visible, and the opposing attitudes which political parties now began to assume in Prussia, and especially in Berlin, were not unobserved by patriotic Germans of other countries. Perthes did not clearly see whether this mutual clashing and fermenting of political opinion would be productive of good or evil, and in the summer of 1811, was desirous to see and judge of the state of Berlin from personal observation; but he was prevented from accomplishing his purpose. "I regret exceed-

ingly that you are not able to come," wrote Niebuhr: "I had so ardently desired to see you; you could have passed a couple of days with us, and seen none but your friends; you are perhaps, hardly aware of the genuine goodness still to be found in those who maintain either of the two principles which exist here side by side—a goodness as pure and genuine as you could wish. I hate talkers and empty blusterers as much as you can, but I would gladly have introduced you to the salt of our wilderness, and I, as well as Nicolovius, wish to talk heart to heart with you for a couple of days. Dear Perthes, if it is not quite decided, ask yourself again, whether you could not contrive to come to us. I promise you that you shall not repent it. Your principles indeed are not exactly those generally adopted here, but I have so long been faithful to them that they have become a second nature to me."

In July 1812, Perthes accomplished his long proposed visit to Berlin, and passed some weeks there, during the passage of the French armies on their way to the East. He made himself acquainted with the views and objects of the ardent patriots who composed the two parties; and all that he saw tended to strengthen him in his belief that the hour of deliverance for Germany was not far distant. "The mental sprightliness of Perthes," wrote Niebuhr to the wife of the physician Heusler, "is very refreshing; he left us on Friday; we passed many cheerful hours together. The facility with which he adapts himself to every changing phase of the period, literary and political, without ever compromising his independence, keeps, and will continue to keep him youthful, and is greatly to be envied." And Nicolovius, in a letter of the 12th of August, says, "Your visit has strengthened me, my dear Perthes.

You understand how to take these evil times, so as not to be overwhelmed by them ; may God grant you strength for further struggles and future victory."

Perthes had now seen with his own eyes, how heavily and how fearfully the French yoke pressed upon Prussia. In Hamburgh it was no less galling. Trade and shipping were annihilated ; of the 422 sugar-boiling houses, but few now stood ; the printing of cottons had entirely ceased ; the tobacco-dressers were driven away by the government. The imposition of innumerable taxes, door and window-tax, capitation, and land-tax, &c., &c., along with the vexations that attended their collection, drove the inhabitants to despair. Charitable institutions, such as the Orphan-house, the hospital, and the almshouses, were deprived of their revenues, and their very existence was threatened : landed property was depreciated in value, and the interest of the public debt could not be paid. The once proud and flourishing city now presented the appearance of complete decay. Harsh regulations were enforced with heartless brutality. Ground down by the exactions of greedy officials of every rank, and harassed by arbitrary persecution, the inhabitants of Hamburgh had not even the consolation of feeling themselves free from annoyance in their own houses ; and when, towards the end of the summer of 1812, the Gazette announced victory after victory of the *Grand Armée* in Russia, all hope of deliverance, or even of alleviation, seemed to be at an end, and no man dared to attach any credit to the faint rumours of misfortune and defeat which were subsequently whispered. In gloomy and desperate dejection the citizens were preparing to celebrate the Christmas festival, when, on the 24th December, to the surprise of all, the publication of

the 29th bulletin confirmed beyond any possibility of doubt, the tidings of the total annihilation of the French host. A miracle had been wrought, and a star of hope had appeared, which rekindled life and spirit in every oppressed heart. Such a Christmas Eve was kept in Hamburgh as had not been known for many a long year.

CHAPTER XIV.

HAMBURGH ENDEAVOURS TO FREE ITSELF FROM THE FRENCH DOMINATION—JANUARY TO THE 18TH OF MARCH 1813.

PERTHES had long been connected, in a variety of ways, with Ludwig von Hess, a remarkable and talented Swede, of noble birth, who had in early life filled the post of privy councillor in his own country. He had settled in Hamburgh in the year 1780, and his passionate attachment to his new home, his strict integrity, and the acuteness of his understanding, had secured for him universal respect. He was singularly fertile in expedients, and had a peculiar aptitude for stating complicated questions clearly and intelligibly. He had shone in the circles of Reimarus and Sievcking, and was nearly connected with many foreigners of distinction. By a series of talented essays on the external and internal condition of Hamburgh, he had attracted the attention of the literary and political public, while he had won the confidence of the burghers by his assertion of the rights of citizenship. He had on many occasions availed himself of his favourable position, to advance and protect the interests of the city as far as this could be effected by private and personal influence; but he had seldom taken part in the public business of the State, because the inflexible tenacity with which he held his opinions, a quarrelsome disposition, and a mind too subject to the influences of the mo-

ment, unfitted him for engaging in debate. He had many warm friends, but the majority of them were at the same time his most vehement opponents; for he himself was a twofold man, bearing within him unreconciled the greatest contradictions. In his conceptions he was magnificent and noble, but petty and unforgiving in his character, and while he could throw himself with enthusiasm into any plan, he would cherish lurking suspicions in his soul: despising externals, he was yet vain and ambitious: thirsting after freedom, he was a military despot. His weak and excitable body was capable of being stimulated to the greatest exertions by the singular energy of his mind, and yet he was often the victim of a profound despondency, without any apparent cause.

Von Hess had always placed confidence in Perthes, and enjoyed his society; but it was Napoleon's Russian expedition that, by the excitement it gave rise to in both of these men, was the means of drawing them more closely together. They sought consolation and relief in the unreserved exchange of their opinions, hopes, and fears. Hess, a man of the past, and a foreigner by birth, had connected all his hopes and fears with Hamburg, the home of his choice, but he possessed no German national feeling; Perthes, on the other hand, though attached to the city, and grateful for all that it had given him—education, friends, calling, wife, and children, nevertheless did not hesitate to say—"If the freedom of Germany be not achieved, nothing in Hamburg is of any consequence to me,—can interest me for a moment." But neither their political differences, nor their dissimilarity of view on more important points, opposed the slightest obstacle to their mutual and entire confidence. In speaking of this friendship in after years, Perthes used to

say—"We were of different ages; our career in life, and our inward history, had been quite dissimilar; and our views and opinions were constitutionally opposed, and yet we became friends in the fullest and most genuine sense of the word."

The winter of 1812 drew nigh, and the burning of Moscow opened the prospect of a near and pregnant future. Perthes communicated his hopes to several men in whom he had confidence; first of all to Von Hess, and his old friend Hulsenbeck, then to Doctor Ferdinand Benecke, whose heart beat with the most self-sacrificing devotion to Germany, and to the Count Joseph Westphalen, who had been led at this time to Hamburgh, in the hope of finding there some field for his chivalrous spirit. The circle soon grew larger, and the opinions and plans of those who composed it more definite. In January 1813, the French garrison numbered scarcely more than 3000 men. To oppose this handful of troops, there was the numerous and vigorous population of the great maritime and commercial city, accustomed to hard labour and perilous enterprise, aware of their physical superiority, and not wanting in daring. The words of the burghers waxed daily louder and bolder; even men who had belonged to the old magistracy of the city, gave their fellow-citizens to understand that when the hour came they might reckon on their support. All depended on giving form and cohesion to the powerful but undisciplined mass, and towards the end of January, Von Hess spoke to his friends about the establishment of a burgher force. The consent of the French authorities, tortured as they now were with anxiety, did not seem improbable, as they might regard the measure as being to some extent a security for themselves in the event of any wild outburst of popular fury. While

Rist proposed the subject to the French generals, Perthes and his old friend Speckter formed a close intimacy with Mettlerkamp the plumber, a man of spirit and decision, and known and greatly beloved by the people. At their instigation, Mettlerkamp spoke to a number of the strongest and most determined among the people, chiefly of the labouring class, addressing each individually, and urging them to speak to others. Perthes, in like manner, availed himself of the extensive acquaintance that he had formed, partly through his vocation, and partly through his previous position as a member of the committee for billeting the troops. Lists were soon made out of men who engaged to be ready whenever the expulsion of the French was thought practicable.

While the excitement and the spirit of the burghers were at their height, General Lauriston appeared in Hamburg, early in February, and withdrew the greater part of the garrison to Magdeburg, where a large body of troops was to be concentrated. The French generals who remained, Cam St. Cyr and Ivendorf, now fully recognised the dangers of their situation, and manifested their uneasiness by the vacillation and uncertainty of their movements.

Perthes had unbounded confidence in the strength and spirit of the burghers, and he was unwilling to owe the deliverance of the city to any third party; still he could not overlook the fact that military discipline and experienced leaders were wanting, and that there was nothing to rely upon except the strong arms, and the courage of the untrained citizens. He was, indeed, fully convinced, that an outbreak of popular fury which should annihilate the French garrison might, at any time, be counted on; but then who was to conduct the defence of the

city, and to lead the raw burghers against the French troops under French generals, who, in such a case, were certain to endeavour to regain the town? Moreover, Perthes desired that the rising of Hamburg should be regarded not as a local but as a German movement. The solemn deliverance of the down-trodden city from its oppressors, seemed to him to possess importance as a signal for the rising of the whole north-west of Germany; for, in the event of this, it seemed likely that the princes, who at that time were the victims alternately of hope and fear, would be driven to a decisive step. In order to give this character to the efforts of an isolated city, some man of high rank and of recognised position was wanted, to whom the command might be intrusted, and who would be able to provide the citizens with experienced leaders. The Duke of Oldenburg appeared to be the man, and Perthes thought himself at liberty to send him an urgent solicitation without delay. "These eventful times," he says, "authorize the burghers to approach the prince with candour and confidence, and the voice of the individual burgher is also that of a band of united friends. It is only through herself that Germany can attain a real and permanent independence. And if, at this moment, even a small body of troops, led by a brave German prince, having under him men of irreproachable and recognised name, both from the ranks of the nobles, and from the burgher class, were to appear on our territory, the country would everywhere rise to support him, and by God's help Germany would, through her own unaided efforts, be free to the Rhine. The prince who now devotes himself to the German cause may rely upon the nation. The German has always loved his prince, and this affection still survives, and is now anxiously looking

for an object. You are the universal object of hope and desire, most serene Duke, for you have rendered your own States singularly prosperous; you have appreciated German manners and German art, and you saved your honour when with dignity you retreated before violence."

On the 21st of February Perthes, accompanied by his eldest son Matthias, set out with this document to the house of Count Adam Moltke at Nütschau. Moltke took him, the next day, to Eutin, and there through the earnest eloquence of the Councillor Runde, the President von Maltzan was persuaded to undertake its presentation to the Duke. From Eutin Perthes went to Lubeck, where he found the burghers animated with the same spirit as the citizens of Hamburgh. He returned home on the night of the 24th of February, and found the whole aspect of affairs changed. On the 22d there had been great excitement in the city on account of a false rumour of the approach of the Russians. "Yesterday morning," wrote Caroline to her father at Wandsbeck, "there were Cossacks at Perleberg, seventy-six miles from this,—ah! that I had a thousand voices to sing *BENEDICTUS QUI VENIT*! The city is all alive, and assuredly some great step is about to be taken." On the 24th of February, the day before the return of Perthes, the citizens had risen simultaneously in different parts of the city. The Custom-house guard at the Altona gate was attacked, and the soldiers fired repeatedly on the people. The number of the killed was never ascertained; but the guard-house was taken and demolished, and a long row of palisades thrown down. At the harbour, where the prefectural guard, which was composed of the sons of the burghers, was to have been embarked, the population of the neighbourhood

placed themselves in the road, and on the appearance of the Mayor, pelted him back with stones, and proceeding tumultuously through the city, tore down the French eagles wherever they found them with shouts of triumph, and trod them under foot. The house of a particularly obnoxious French police-officer was levelled with the ground. There was no theft committed; the French only were sought for by the mob."—"There is no longer an eagle to be seen in the city," wrote Caroline to her father; "the tumult in the streets grows louder, God be praised; would that my Perthes were here!" The French garrison suffered considerably, but kept the people at bay. No leader stepped forth from the ranks of the madly-excited populace; and the consequence was, that at nightfall, the mob dispersed, leaving the French, though dispirited and full of apprehension, still in possession of the city.

When Perthes, on the morning of the 25th of February, was made acquainted with the state of things, he immediately sought out Von Hess, to urge upon him the importance of overcoming a groundless but passionate dislike of Benecke, and of acting in concert with him and his friends Prell and Ewald. On Hess declaring that he was willing to unite, Perthes added Mettlerkamp to the number, and these six men held their first meeting at the house of Perthes on the 26th of February. When they learned from an announcement by the Mayor that the French authorities had concurred in the propriety of arming five hundred of the burghers, and had promised to supply them with arms, the main difficulty was removed; but the angry warmth with which Hess in this first interview opposed the ardent German nationality of Benecke, made him fear that it was scarcely possible to induce these two

men to work together. "It was then for the first time," said Perthes, "that I saw the evil element of hatred shew itself in Von Hess, with a violence hitherto unknown to me; I saw that the business could only be carried on through my mediation, and that a painful and laborious task was thus imposed on me." Perthes persuaded the Committee to choose Hess as Commander of the burgher-reserve. "I was certain," said Perthes, "that Bencecke, for the sake of the good cause, would gladly range himself under him, and I hoped that Von Hess, sensible of the honour conferred on him, would overcome his hatred." On the 27th of February the invitation to the burghers to enrol themselves in the reserve companies was issued. Men of respectability and spirit offered themselves in sufficient numbers, and subjected themselves to the necessary military drill. The five Captains assembled at the house of Perthes, to master the manual exercise which they were afterwards to teach the men, in a timber-yard that had been cleared for the purpose. Some days of restless excitement followed.—"In the old town all is quiet now," wrote Caroline to her father, "but elsewhere all is confusion. In Lubeck the movement is in full progress, and there is no longer an eagle to be seen. Cossacks have crossed the Elbe into Hanover, but at present, it must be confessed, they serve the purpose only of alarm-drums; for we have letters from Berlin, and they have not yet been seen there; but all, old and young, are preparing, even Fouqué and Steffens are with them." But the hopes that had been founded on the arming of the burgher-reserve soon disappeared. The rapidity with which this had been entered into, and the success of the movement, had excited the jealousy of the old burgher-guard, who felt themselves thrown into the

background, and who busied themselves in disseminating their suspicious and hostile views. At the same time the differences among the leading men of the reserve force, were found to be past remedy. Hess opposed with frantic violence every national German sentiment, only because it was advanced by Benecke, and rejected with intemperate warmth every plan for the deliverance of Hamburg that reckoned on the rising of the untrained and undisciplined masses, as an element of success; while Benecke and Perthes, on the contrary, perceived in the efforts of the people, irregular as they might be, a power which, in the present position of affairs, might be turned to good account. "The rising of the 24th of February," said Perthes, "has shewn that our people are ready for great events, and that they are neither bloodthirsty nor ill-natured." "Above all things, the burgher-reserve must be popular," said Benecke, "and we must therefore avoid everything that would be likely to deprive them of the confidence of the people; their duty must then be confined to the protection of the persons and dwellings of their fellow-citizens, and they must on no account be called on to aid the French military or Custom-house authorities against the people. From this principle there must not be the slightest deviation."

Hess held quite contrary opinions. Perthes saw that the union of the citizens was endangered by these irreconcilable differences among the leaders of the Reserve, and was persuaded that the only means of averting this danger was its immediate dissolution. Supported by Mettlerkamp, he gained the consent of the Committee on the 2d of March, and on the 3d, the reserve-companies were dissolved. On the very day that found him deploring the extinction of the hopes

of deliverance which he had associated with this movement. his spirits were revived by glad tidings from Berlin. "Here, in Berlin, all is life and activity," wrote Reimer, "and every one is engaged after his own fashion in raising the cry of Fatherland and King. The excitement and commotion has a charm for all, each lives a new life, and the individual disappears and is lost in his relation to the whole. Confidence has risen to the highest pitch by this visible manifestation of Divine providence, and the hope of a happy result has now become certainty. Such is the state of affairs with us, dear friend, and I hope that all Germany will participate in our joy, and do valiantly, so that a new day may dawn, and peace and happiness may once more take up their abode upon earth."

Now that there was no longer any possibility of openly training a large body of men in military exercises, Hess, Perthes, and Prell, assembled a small number of the most resolute and trustworthy members of the reserve, and went through the drill with them at the houses of different individuals. The object was to have ready for action a few leaders on whom, in case of need, reliance might be placed. Without entering into farther details, we may simply state that the French, aware of the growing spirit of discontent, and of the approach of the Russians, considered their position untenable, and much to the delight of the citizens of the town, evacuated Hamburg on the 12th March. The city, however, was soon threatened with a siege. When, on the 16th of March, General Moraud, with about three thousand five hundred men, entered Bergedorf, a village within a few hours' march of Hamburg, and the excitement of the burghers had risen to the highest pitch, Perthes, Mettlerkamp, and some other friends,

determined to make every effort to defend the city against the French, and to avail themselves of the popular fury, which was ready to burst forth on the slightest occasion. But the necessity of having recourse to this extreme measure vanished with the announcement that a detachment of Danish troops had taken up a position between Hamburg and Bergedorf, and refused to allow Moraud a passage through the Danish territory. The latter found himself obliged, in consequence of this refusal, to transport his troops to the left bank of the Elbe. A body of some fifteen hundred Cossacks about the same time entered Bergedorf, having marched by way of Ludwigslust and Lüneburg from Berlin; and on the evening of the same day, a flying party of thirteen men, under the command of Captain (afterwards Councillor) Barsch, rode for an hour through the streets of Hamburg. "As the detachment approached the city, and came in sight of the Steintor Guard-house," wrote Benecke to Perthes, "the guard turned out, and our Captain with eight men, myself being one of them, advanced towards the Russians. At a signal from him, the Russian officer commanded a halt, and our Captain delivered the keys of the city to him with these words,—'Here are the keys of the free Hanse-town of Hamburg—long live Russia and Germany, hurrah!' The shouts taken up by thousands after thousands, rendered the German reply of the Russian officer, who received the keys with dignified bearing and cordial friendliness, inaudible. The rejoicing passes description,—'German, Russian, Cossack, Alexander!' were the only intelligible cries, and tears stood in many eyes. Dear Perthes, it was a moment to be had in everlasting remembrance."

During the nights of the 17th and 18th of March, the Russians occupied Bergedorf, over against Hamburg, and on the morning of the 19th, entered the city. The streets were filled with crowds of happy citizens, anxious to behold with their own eyes those wild horsemen of another world who had hitherto been known to them only in nursery tales. "My dear papa," wrote Caroline, a few hours before their arrival, "how can I give you any idea of the universal joy of old and young, rich and poor, bad and good? To have seen, and heard, and felt it, is, indeed, a thing to be thankful for. I will not inquire into the causes of the joy, but its expression was unspeakably grand, and it appears to spring from a good and pure source. An advanced guard of thirteen Cossacks entered the city yesterday evening, with long flowing mantles, and adorned with the spoils of the French,—at any rate adorned with parts of the French military dress. Every throat was strained to welcome them, and every heart thanked God in heaven, and the Russians on earth. Never, dear papa, have I seen such a union of hearts, the feelings of thousands all centred in one point. Ah! could we but so centre ourselves in the best point of all, what a glorious Church we should form! The Cossacks advanced at a gallop, their lances lowered, and waving their caps, and looking wonderfully honest and friendly. The people crowded round them, bringing brandy, cakes, and bread. People who were yesterday quite desponding, are to-day full of hope and courage. If the depths of the soul were more frequently stirred, it could not but be attended with good results."

About noon, the Cossacks entered the city amid wildest shouts of welcome, and all the sorrows of the past and the dangers of the future, seemed merged in the happiness of the

present. And yet, scarcely a German mile off, lay the enemy, who might, in the course of a few hours, fill the city with blood and desolation; but no one thought of the enemy or of his chagrin. To him who wandered through the streets in the summer warmth of that spring evening, the city presented a strange spectacle. The echoes of triumphant rejoicing had died away; everywhere profound stillness and the calm of security reigned; there was neither guard nor watch, not even a policeman was to be seen. The moon shone brightly on the houses with their sleeping inhabitants, and completed the picture of peace and tranquillity. The joy-wearied city had committed itself to the sole keeping of the Almighty.

CHAPTER XV.

RE-OCCUPATION OF HAMBURGH BY DAVOUST—MARCH TO MAY 1813.

THE Russian troops which Tettenborn led into Hamburg were too few in number to enable the citizens to entertain the hope that the French would leave them undisturbed. Great exertions were now made to strengthen the government of the city, and to make preparations for a successful resistance in the event of the return of the French. Perthes worked with indefatigable energy, fixing the attention of all the leading men on himself as the citizen in whom most reliance could be placed in the hour of need; and he was regarded by many as the centre of the efforts which were being made.

A few weeks after the evacuation by the French, Davoust, at the head of 6000 men, advanced to recapture the city. Without resistance he had made himself master of Harburg, which was separated from Hamburg only by the Elbe, and the islands Wilhelmsburg, Ochsenwärder, and Feddel. On the 9th of May, at five in the morning, the drums sounded an alarm through the city; the enemy had effected a landing on Wilhelmsburg, had driven back the Lauenburg and Hanse battalions by which it was occupied, and had taken possession of the island. Two companies of Mecklenburg grenadiers and the first battalion of Hansatics advanced against the enemy

as soon as their leader, Von Canitz, had placed himself at their head ; and charging with spirit and in order, forced the French to the extreme south corner of the island, and even drove them back to Harburg. But to the surprise and alarm of all, Tottenborn, on the 11th, gave orders to evacuate the island which they had so bravely regained, and on the 12th, after the two Hanscatic battalions were to a man almost cut to pieces, Feddel also was lost. The foe was now close to Hamburgh, and on the night of the 19th of May, the bombardment of the city began.

“Dear Caroline,” wrote Perthes to his wife, who had passed the night at Wandsbeck, “I implore you from the depths of my soul to be calm, and place yourself and me in the hands of God ; trust me, and believe that whatsoever I do, I shall be able to answer before God. The bombardment seems more terrible than it is, and even if it should be repeated, the damage will not be so great as one would imagine ; there is often far more danger hidden under common things.” During the night of the 22d, above five hundred grenades were thrown into the city, but the spirit of the burghers was still unbroken.

The Burgher-Guard, which at the most mustered 3400 available muskets, and was therefore, to a great extent, armed only with pikes, had, since the 9th of May, furnished daily from 800 to 1000 men to secure Hamburgh Hill, the Stadtdeich, and the Elbdeich, against the landing of the enemy. Every night a part of them were obliged to bivouac. Perthes now felt that his position in the Burgher-Guard required him to exert all his moral and physical powers of endurance, all his elasticity of spirit, and all his influence over men’s minds, in order to stimulate the courage, and to increase the steadfast-

ness of his fellow-citizens, under circumstances which, trying enough in themselves, were rendered still more so by the conduct of the military authorities. Now, he afforded to Von Hess—who in restless excitement passed from the boldest confidence to the most abject despair, and from the most violent activity to a state of absolute torpor—the support of which he stood in need; now he might be seen quieting the citizens, when without any apparent cause, they had been summoned by the alarm bell, and were left to stand forgotten for hours together on the muster-ground; on other occasions, and generally by night, he sought out the burghers on the more distant posts, to many of whom his presence was a source of courage and of confidence. “From the 9th of May,” wrote Caroline afterwards, “Perthes had not undressed for one-and-twenty nights, and during that period had never lain down in bed. I was in daily anxiety for his life. He was only occasionally, and that half-an-hour at a time, in the house. The three younger children were at Wandsbeck, with my mother, the four elder were with me, because they could not have been removed without force. I had no man on the premises—all were on guard. People were constantly coming in to eat and drink, for none of our acquaintances kept house in the city. I had laid sacks filled with straw, in the large parlour, and there, night and day, lay burghers, who came in by turns to snatch a short repose. At the battle of Wilhelmsburg we lost our Weber, and many of our friends. Day and night I was on the balcony to see if Perthes, or any of our relations, were carried by among the wounded. At the time when the cannonading was loudest, and the greatest terror and anxiety prevailed, lest the French should land, Perthes sent to desire that I would instantly send him a certain small box,

that lay on his writing-table. As I was running down the stairs with the box in my hand, I felt sure that it was filled with poison. I desired the messenger to wait, and went to my room to decide what I ought to do, for this great matter was thus committed to me; it was a dreadful moment. My horror, lest Perthes should fall alive into the hands of the French, overcame me; and it appeared to me that God could not be angry with him for not willing this; and then the injustice of my deciding a matter between him and his God, seemed so great, that with trembling hands and knees, I, in God's name, gave the box to the messenger. Many hours elapsed before I heard anything further. It *was* poison, and poison prepared for the purpose I had feared, but not for Perthes, who assured me before God that he should not have thought it lawful, and was displeased with me for having so misunderstood him."

Tettenborn had entirely forfeited the confidence of the citizens, from the day on which he had given up the islands to the enemy. Many saw that he was not the man to whom the defence of the city, under such circumstances, should have been committed; and many feared that in the loss of Hamburg he would see little more than the unlucky termination of a boldly planned and luckily commenced Cossack adventure. From the city authorities no aid was to be expected; the warlike preparations which had been made, had been carried into effect without their co-operation. The appearance of the French on the Elbe had rendered the problem that Herr von Hess was to solve, far too difficult for him. All eyes were looking for foreign aid. As this was neither to be expected from the great army of the allies, nor from the corps under Walmoden, posted between Boitzenburg and Magdeburg, hope

was now fixed upon the Danes. They had in Altona, at the very gates of Hamburg, an adequate force, and as from the end of March they had entertained the hope of being indemnified by the possession of the Hanse-towns for the loss of Norway, they declared themselves willing to undertake the defence; but it was not till the evening of the 11th of May, when the danger had become imminent, that Tottenborn availed himself of their offer of assistance. Danish troops now marched in to the relief of the besieged. But, unfortunately, at the same time Count Joachim Bernstorff returned from London, whither he had been sent to treat respecting the entrance of Denmark into the general alliance. He had been sharply recalled; for Denmark having been led to believe that she could escape heavy losses only by reliance on Napoleon, felt herself compelled to espouse his cause; and thus, on the 19th of May, the Danish troops, in obedience to orders, abandoned Hamburg, and assumed a more than equivocal attitude in Altona. In this dilemma, Tottenborn placed his hopes upon Sweden. The Crown-Prince of that country had not yet indeed arrived at Stralsund, but a Swedish division lay in Mecklenburg, under the command of General Döbbeln, a man of dauntless courage and genuine integrity. On his own responsibility, and at his own risk, he marched into Hamburg, on the evening of the 21st of May, with three battalions. No sooner, however, had the Crown-Prince arrived at Stralsund, than having learned that the Swedish troops were enclosed on one side by the French, on the other by the Danes, he ordered their immediate retreat, and thus Hamburg was once more left to itself. General Döbbeln, for his independent and irregular conduct, was condemned to death.

Early in May, the conviction of the desperate posture of affairs had forced itself upon Perthes. "How should, how can this end?" he wrote. "The desire which we have to do our best is all that we have to rely upon. I will not speak of the people who act as though they wished to neutralize all our efforts; but what avails courage, when there is not one citizen among us who knows anything of military movements, or even of the use of arms, and when no soldiers are sent to us with whom we might incorporate ourselves? Our neglect of our good old guard for so many years past is fearfully avenged now. If we had but three battalions of burghers, who could go through military drill, and were good marksmen; if we had but a hundred young fellows, who knew how to manage a cannon, we might still be saved; but now our preservation depends upon strangers." And Perthes knew but too well what was to be expected from such quarters. Of all the citizens, he was the only one who was acquainted with the political situation of Russia and Denmark, and only he and Von Hess possessed any information about that of Sweden. In the meanwhile the turn that European affairs had taken, had cut off every chance of foreign aid; and, on the 26th of May, the day after the retreat of the Swedish force, Tettenborn's intention of leaving the city to its fate became known.

"The hours pass in uncertainty, dear Caroline," wrote Perthes, "and thus bring sorrow and difficulty. This evening will bring certainty, and two days hence you must leave the city." With the departure of Tettenborn every hope of successful resistance vanished. In these circumstances, Perthes saw it to be his duty to make preparations for escape, in the hope of working for Germany in some other place, and through

Germany for Hamburgh. "I consider the thing as decided," he wrote to Benecke, "and can only place my trust in God. Farewell, beloved friend, I shall hardly be able to see you again. I am going into the wide world with a pregnant wife and seven children, without knowing where at the end of a week I may find bread for them; but God will help us." Once more, on the 27th of May, a ray of hope shone out, when, at the urgent instance of Tettenborn, Walmoden despatched the brave Prussian battalion to Hamburgh, to take part in the defence of the city. "Our position is twice twenty-four hours older than it was the day before yesterday," wrote Perthes to Benecke,—“does that imply that it is better? I think not. Nevertheless, we must keep up from hour to hour; I am not yet disposed to give up all hope of deliverance.”

On the evening of the 28th of May, Perthes sent away his wife and children to Wandsbeck; there, in the Danish territory, they were safe from the perils of war. In a letter of some weeks' later date, to her friend Emily Petersen in Sweden, Caroline thus writes concerning these sad days:—"You can form no conception of the anguish and dismay, the hopes and fears of our last three weeks in Hamburgh. My heart is full, and I rejoice to be able to tell you how much more kindness, truth, and fortitude we all evinced, than we had supposed ourselves capable of. We may speak of it now, for it has been proved by exposure to want and danger. How heartily do I thank God for this experience! I never knew how strong we are when all concentrate their energies on one point. Dear Emily, I never before felt such a universal 'willing' in one direction. We were all elevated above small troubles and difficulties, and desired only the one thing needful, and desired that with all our heart,

each one in his own way, and without any doubt of obtaining it. The 28th of May, the birth-day of my Agnes, was the last I spent in Hamburgh; then I bade farewell to my dear sitting-room, with a sad, and yet a thankful heart. I had sent the beds and linen to Wandsbeck some days before, and the rest of the things I had either hidden or given away; the larger pieces of furniture we were indeed obliged to leave behind, because Perthes would not discourage the burghers by making them aware of our preparations for escape."

Caroline had left the city but a few hours, when, on the night of the 28th of May, the firing recommenced. The enemy had passed over from Wilhelmsburg to the isle of Ochsenwärder, and had attacked the Lauenburg battalion posted there with irresistible fury. "The battle," wrote Perthes to his wife, "which began at two o'clock, still rages on Ochsenwärder, and, as far as we can observe, the smoke becomes more and more distant: we hope the best, for it has already lasted five hours." And again, a little later,—“We have no certain tidings yet; the fight continues. Trust me still, and believe that God is in my heart, and before my eyes. How, in my circumstances, could I act otherwise than I do?—how could I have appeared before you? That I repress, as far as possible, the outburst of sorrow and of feeling, is for your sake; for one hour of feeling does me more injury than ten nights of watching, and I desire to spare myself for you and for the children.” After an arduous struggle, the French remained masters of Ochsenwärder, the island immediately opposite the city, and there were now but few obstacles in the way of their triumphant re-entrance. The Danish commandant at Altona, at the same time signified on the 29th, that, in case of his being compelled to proceed to

hostilities, it would not be in his power to give more than two hours' notice. The greatest excitement prevailed during the whole of that sad day. At one time, it was announced that Tettenborn had commenced his retreat; then this, again, was contradicted. Perthes was on guard at the Steinhof with Von Hess; they were walking backwards and forwards in earnest conversation a little after ten o'clock at night, when Major von Pfucl drove through the gate and invited Von Hess to accompany him into the city, saying to Perthes that he would not detain him long. About half an hour later, when Perthes was to have met and concerted measures with Mettlerkamp (commanding the burgher-battalion posted at the Steinhof,) in case of a night attack, he was ordered by an officer to repair immediately to Herr von Hess at the Mühnerpost, distant about a mile and a half. On reaching this station about midnight, he learned that Tettenborn, with his whole force, had retreated from Hamburg. He conveyed his troops in safety to Lauenburg, leaving the city to its fate. On the morning of the 30th of May, and only a few hours after the retreat of Tettenborn, the Danes entered Hamburg, and saved the citizens from the vengeance of Davoust, acting as a friendly and mediating power, and formally putting him in possession of the city.

On hearing this sad news from Hess, Perthes had set out for Wandsbeck; there, at two o'clock in the morning, he told his wife that all was lost, and appointed Nütchau, the residence of his friend Moltke, as her next place of refuge. The French troops were now within a few hundred paces of Wandsbeck. To escape a prison, and a rebel's death by the hangman's hand, Perthes himself drove on through Rahlstadt under cover of the night.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TIME OF THE TRUCE—JUNE TO THE MIDDLE OF AUGUST 1813.

It was impossible for Caroline to remain long at Wandsbeck. In a letter written somewhat later to her sister Jacobi at Salzburg, she says,—“As soon as Perthos had taken leave of me in his flight, I began to pack, and then, exhausted as I was, set out with my seven children and the nurse, in a light open carriage. It was a very affecting parting; my mother could not control her feelings, and my father was deeply moved; the children wept aloud; I myself felt as if turned to stone, and could only say continually,—‘Now, for Heaven’s sake!’ My sister Augusta went with me, to comfort and to assist me; truly willing to share my labours and anxieties. In the morning we arrived at Nutschau, where, finding only two beds for ten persons, I was obliged to divide our cloaks and bundles of linen, so that the children might at least have something under their heads.” Yet, on the evening of this day, Caroline contrived to write a few lines to her parents,—“I can only wish you good-night,” she said, “for I am so weary in mind and body, that I can neither think nor write. If I had but met Perthos here this evening, safe and sound, as I had hoped, I believe I should have forgotten all my sorrow. I am still cold, and hard as a stone, and shrink from the thought of the thaw-

ing. I felt all day as if everybody were dead, and I was left alone on the earth. These have been weeks of life-and-death struggle; God help every poor man who is in trouble of mind or body in these eventful times!" On the first of June Perthes arrived. "And now," says Caroline, "we wished to pause and consider where we should go, and what we should do; but my brother John came and told us that our friends advised us to lose no time, but to go farther away, as our house at Hamburg had been searched, and Nütschau was too near to Lubeck. Perthes set out at once, and again I began to pack up, and, on the 3d, I left for Lutgenburg, to be *en route* for Augustenburg if need were." Perthes, accompanied by his eldest son Matthias, had reached Altenhof, near Eekernförde, on the Baltic, the estate of Count Caius Reventlow. "I was so unaffectedly and kindly welcomed by the Count and Countess," he wrote to Caroline, "that it gave me genuine pleasure. The Count will give up Aschau to us; it is, I am told, a dreary place; but I think it will do very well." On Monday, the 7th of June, the husband and wife met again at Eekernförde. "Here we wept freely together," wrote Caroline, "which, in all our trouble, we had never been able to do before." Thence the whole family removed to Aschau, a summer villa on the Baltic, belonging to Count Reventlow, and made themselves as comfortable as they could. "And there," wrote Caroline, "I for a while forgot all our troubles for joy that I had got my Perthes, and I can truly say that we were inexpressibly happy in each other. I thought neither of the past nor of the future, but thanked God incessantly, and rejoiced that, out of all these perils, He had brought my husband to me, safe and sound."

Perthes had lost everything. His shop in Hamburg was sealed, his other property was sequestrated, and his dwelling-house, after being plundered of every moveable, was assigned to a French general. Ready money for the support of his wife and family he had none. "Do not suppose that I complain," he wrote to his Schwartzburg uncle; "he who has nothing to repent of has also nothing to complain of. I have acted as in the presence of God; I have often risked my *life*, and why should I be dispirited because I have lost my fortune? God's will be done! I do not yet see how I am to provide bread for my wife and children in a foreign land. In the meantime if I receive but two-thirds of my outstanding claims, I shall be able to fulfil all my engagements; but in our country no one is in a position to pay, and I dare not press my demands in the French dominions, and thus I may not be able to avoid bringing others into difficulty; this to me is a great cause of grief." Letters from creditors now came in from all parts, and there is none in which such expressions as the following may not be found, "Do not think of my claims at present; I know as well as you do, that when you can pay, you will; you acted as you were in duty bound to act." By the help of the business books, which had been brought away, Perthes managed to get a tolerable insight into his position, he made such arrangements as were possible in the circumstances, and endeavoured, at all events, to secure the creditors, through the debtors of the house. By exerting himself to the utmost he accomplished this. "He works from morning to night," wrote Caroline, "with the exception of an hour after dinner, which we devote to thinking over our position, or rather to sleep; for we rise at four o'clock, and require some repose during the day.

Pertthes is perfectly clear and calm, and, I may say, in some respects more cheerful than formerly, and so am I, while he is with me." Pertthes received strength and encouragement from the expressions of respect and consideration that were conveyed to him from all sides: "What I hear of you inspires me with the deepest respect," wrote the Duke of Augustenburg, "and your indomitable spirit fills me with admiration, and I esteem it as an honour and pleasure to have an opportunity of saying this to you. Your belief in a higher world is, indeed, a great matter; it is this belief alone which is the source of your strength." No sooner had Pertthes set his affairs in order, so far as circumstances permitted, than he was informed by the Danish Government that it would be impossible for them to protect him, in the event of his being demanded by the French; and that he must leave Aschau. It was true that the truce concluded on the 4th of June, between the Allies and Napoleon, kept the sword in the scabbard for the next few weeks even in North Germany; but Pertthes, who from his solitary retreat could see nothing of the state of external relations, desired to attain to such a knowledge of the position of affairs, as might aid him in forming some plan for himself, after the expiration of the truce. A number of influential men of all kinds were assembled in Mecklenburg, and thither he proposed to repair; and, at the same time, he hoped to secure resources for the present support of his family, by collecting many outstanding debts due to him in that place. In a letter of Caroline's, she says, "When we had spent a few weeks together at Aschau, Pertthes said to me that matters were not yet settled, and that he must be off, in order to provide for our sustenance. Then it was that the scales fell from

my eyes ; I knew, without asking, what Perthes intended to do—what, indeed, he was compelled to do, and once more I became exposed to all my former sorrows. Perhaps it would be weeks, perhaps months, perhaps we should be in the world above, before I saw him again. I feared for myself ; for I believe that with him I can bear all things, but without him I know not what will become of me. Ah ! and my soul is filled with sorrow, anxiety, and care, on his account. You know how earnestly I have desired more rest and leisure for him, and now that he has lost all that he had earned in seventeen toilsome years, he must take up the yoke again, and he will feel it to be heavier than ever. Pray for me that I may not grow faint-hearted.” On Thursday the 8th of July, under the shade of the gloomy pine-trees of Aschau, Perthes took leave of Caroline. “It was the most painful parting of my life,” he wrote at the time ; and a journal which begins with this parting, and contains little else except short notices of facts, opens with these words, “I enter again into the world, into a new and unknown world, full of great possibilities, and also full of perils, but I have spirit and courage to meet them cheerfully. Resignation to the will of God, firm convictions and rich experience, a heart full of love, and youthful feeling, truth, and rectitude, such are the treasures which my forty years of life have given me ;—Lord my God, I thank thee for them ; forgive a poor sinner, and lead me not into temptation.”

The two elder children, Agnes and Matthias, accompanied Perthes to Kiel ; here he met Besser, and travelled with him by Lütgenburg to the little town of Heiligenhafen, situated on the shore of the Baltic. The feelings of his heart found expression in many letters written from that place. “About five miles

beyond Lütgenburg, the aspect of the country changes entirely,' he says in one letter: "all becomes wild and rugged, and the little inn of Bröckel is a very picture of desolation—not even a blade of grass does the barren wilderness produce. The host lay in his coffin; strangers were listlessly conducting the business: even the poodle at the door was hardly to be called a dog, and though the colour was evidently intended for black, it had got no farther than the dark grey of the surrounding scenery. But when we get over a few hills we come again into another world. There are, indeed, neither trees nor hedges, but the land is covered with the most glorious crops of green corn, and between the boundless green of earth, and the boundless light of the sky above, stretches a sea of the deepest blue, blending and harmonizing all. On the shore, looking inland, it becomes darker, till we reach the horizon, where it becomes brighter and more transparent, melting into the light of heaven. At my side stands in spirit my beloved, blessed Otto Runge, to point out to me all the mysteries and wonders that nature hides and reveals."

Pertthes was soon left alone in Heiligenhafen, for Besser was obliged to return. "For many weeks past," he wrote to Poel, "one member after another of the old life has been removed from me; farewells follow hard upon each other: now Besser, too, is gone, and as the door closed after him, I felt as if the coffin-lid were shut down upon me, and I had passed from the old to a new world; but love and memory are fresher and more sacred in ["]me than ever. I mean to go next to Rostock, in order to find out what there is for an honest and upright man to do in these momentous times. I have seriously put it to my conscience as in the sight of God, whether or not I should listen to the inward voice which impels me to rush

again into the tumult of life, and I find that I must follow it. It is not ambition that urges me, for under any circumstances I shall fall back, if I am spared, upon the business that I love. My still youthful heart is animated with an enthusiastic hatred of our oppressors, and to this my religion allows me to give full scope. Still, as I am not a military man, and have no scientific knowledge, and as there is no want of brave and strong men, I shall not enter the army; but if any leader were in want of a man who is accustomed to see his way through complicated relations, and who would unite the candour of a friend with the obedience of a subordinate and the duties and labours of an adjutant, I would shun no danger to fulfil the duties of such a post: Caroline would forgive me, and I should leave to my children a legacy of honour. If, on the other hand, on my arrival in Mecklenburg, I find things and persons in a state which seems to make it my duty to keep aloof from them, I shall then pay attention to my own concerns first; go with my wife and children to Sweden for the winter, and in the spring to England, where I am sure, in a very short time, to achieve independence by following my calling."

Perthes was detained nearly a week in a small house at Heiligenhafen, the extreme point of Germany, by the prevalence of a strong east wind, which in spite of the bright, beautiful weather, prevented any craft from putting to sea. "A severe trial of patience," he said, "but since we suffer so much from men, why not from nature also?" On the 17th of July the wind changed, and at five o'clock in the afternoon, Perthes, in company with some other Hamburgers, and Curtius, Recorder of Lübeck, sailed in a driving storm from Kiel across to Warnemünde, a seaport town near Rostock.

“So I am again on land,” he wrote to Caroline, “after a glorious passage! How I delight in those noble waves! My deepest feelings are called forth by them, and I become cheerful and courageous. I feel as if I were in my proper element. The waves were long and high, so that the open boat which just held us ten, was now poised on the edge of the billow, now deep in the trough of the sea. By the time it grew dark, all the passengers and one of the boatmen became sea-sick; I remained well. At eleven o’clock that night, the strong gale had driven us to the point of Warnemunde, but the skipper was afraid to run in; so we cruised about in the dark till morning. Nothing was to be seen but the monster billows which yawned for us in all varieties of horrid shapes. At dawn we found ourselves lying immediately opposite to Admiral Hope’s ship, a colossus of seventy-four guns, surrounded by two-and-twenty other large vessels all bearing the flag of England. Far off across the sea the moon cast a strip of silver light, and the rayless sun a reflection of glowing red. I never received such impressions of the sublime as during that short voyage.”

At this time tidings came from Hamburg that a general pardon had been proclaimed. Ten men, however, were excepted, among whom was Perthes. “I thank you from my heart, my beloved Perthes,” wrote Caroline, “that your name stands among the names of the ten enemies of the tyrant. This will bring us joy and honour as long as we live.” The general pardon failed to protect the city from the atrocities of Davoust. Bad as these appeared in July, they had not then reached their height. “It will do some good,” said Perthes, “for if it had not been for this, the old-fashioned

spiritless people would have relapsed into the indolent let-alone habits of their former life—still it is terrible, and it cuts one to the very soul when one hears of such horrors.” But still more grievous than the fate of particular cities was the miserable condition of Germany. The uncertainty as to the results of the truce filled all hearts with uneasiness. Would it end in a desperate renewal of the struggle, or in a disgraceful peace? Would Austria join the allies or preserve her neutrality? A native Austrian, in a letter to Perthes, says,—“It must soon be decided whether Germany is to be a nation or not, and whether the name of German is henceforth to be our pride or our reproach. Would that I were but relieved from the anxiety caused by the conduct of Austria! I cannot, and will not suspect that its hesitation is grounded on a crafty policy which hangs the decision of its adherence on the next turn of events.” To many the honesty of Prussia appeared no less doubtful. The hesitation of Austria made it more than ever apparent that it was by Prussia, hated where it was not forgotten, that the fate of Germany was to be decided. The great warlike preparations of the people had excited the enthusiasm of all North Germany.

During the next month Perthes was actively engaged in reviving the Hanseatic Legion, and in taking measures for the defence of the Hanse-towns, and for their full recognition as an important political element in North Germany. He was well aware that no step of an important kind could be attempted without the support of Prussia, and it was therefore with considerable satisfaction that he discovered the opposition between the Government and the people, which now began to manifest itself. To the Privy Councillor Scharnweber, who

possessed the entire confidence of the Prussian Chancellor, he sent a full statement of the position of North Germany, and concluded with these words:—"I build my hopes of deliverance for North Germany almost exclusively on the Prussian nation—on the earnestness, on the real German spirit, and the freedom which it is developing; and whatever may be the particular tendencies and aims of the government of the day, they must, and will be overmastered by this spirit. Of your own personal desire and the influence you possess, I am well aware, most excellent sir, and I therefore commend our affairs to your protection. If you take up our cause, we have gained a *point d'appui* such as we need." It was amid this complication of cares, of labours, and of doubts, that on the 10th of August, the truce, which had for a time sheathed the sword in North Germany, came to an end.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SITUATION OF THE HANSE-TOWNS DURING THE STRUGGLE
ON THE LOWER ELBE, FROM THE MIDDLE OF AUGUST TO THE
BEGINNING OF NOVEMBER 1813.

ON the 17th of August, hostilities recommenced between Walmoden and Davoust. Walmoden, whose division formed the extreme right wing of the northern army, under the command of the Crown-Prince of Sweden, was forced to retreat, and by the end of August, the enemy had taken Wismar, Gadebusch, and Schwerin. But early in September, Davoust himself was compelled to withdraw altogether from Mecklenburg, and to fix his head-quarters at Ratzeburg during the rest of the month; while Walmoden sent strong reconnoitring parties to the left bank of the Elbe, and, on the 16th of September, cut to pieces a body of 7000 French on the Göhrde, occupied Lüneburg, and made incursions into the Hanoverian territory. Thus, when at the beginning of October, Davoust assembled the main body of his army on the Elbe between Lauenburg and Hamburg, he found himself menaced by Walmoden's troops on the side of Hanover, as well as from Mecklenburg.

During these months of hope and fear, Perthes found full employment at his post in the Burgher-Guard, and in the Hanseatic Directory. The maintenance of the Burgher-Guard he considered as a matter of the first importance, both for the

future external position and inward development of the cities. It seemed to afford the only means of diverting the burgher mind from the one object of trade and commerce, and of cherishing a vigorous self-reliant spirit, by means of which the narrow city-life might expand into something wider and more national. But to be in a position for accomplishing this task, when it should return to the citizen-life, the Burgher-Guard must, in the meanwhile, have obtained general confidence and respect, and this was only to be won by active co-operation in the struggle. General Vegeſack's appointment of this force for garrison-duty at Rostock, in the rear of the contending armies, was conſequently regarded by Perthes as an unfortunate arrangement. He ſays to Mettlerkamp on the 3d of September,—“ We have ſworn to riſk our lives for the liberty of the cities, and the hour is come. Our brethren in the legion are a-head, we dare not draw back. We burghers of the cities entreat to be led out to war; not becauſe our little contingent can add any weight to the army: it is for our own ſake we aſk it.” On the following morning he laid before the officers and privates a petition addreſſed to General Vegeſack, requeſting to be led into the field at once. It was ſigned by the whole corps, but the General declared that he could not, without the moſt urgent neceſſity, conſiſtently with the dictates of his own conſcience or with his duty to the future authorities of the Hanſe-towns, oppoſe to the enemy a force compoſed almoſt entirely of heads of families. The Burgher-Guard accordingly remained in garrison during the months of September and October, in Wiſmar, Greſſow, Calſow, and Groviſmühlen, in the vicinity of the foe, but without participation in the ſtrife.

The injurious conſequences of ſuch a half-way poſition be-

tween citizen and soldier life were soon manifested. The spirit of the corps declined, and its discipline became relaxed. Protracted delays and long seasons of inactivity engender evils and give rise to vices which cleave even to the best men. Endless disputes arose; the one party demanding military subordination, the other asserting burgher independence. Bitter jealousies also arose between the guard and the legion; and Perthes saw that the only means of avoiding future mischief was to effect a union of the two forces under the command of Colonel Witzleben. Mettlerkamp was opposed to this arrangement, and wished to retain an independent position with his burgher force; but Perthes first won over Vegesack and Witzleben, and then exerted the whole weight of his personal influence to bring the members of the guard themselves to his opinion. On the 24th of October, he publicly appealed to the officers, and finding that they were unanimously of his way of thinking, the union of the Burgher-Guard with the Legion took place at Gadebusch on the 29th October. All jealousy and ill-will were now forgotten; and, writes Perthes, "It was a happy hour when burgher and burgher, brother and brother, were reunited: there were, indeed, elements of evil to be overcome, but what was not to be done by gentleness, I accomplished by force. The youth of both corps adhered to me, and their affection won the victory over their ill-disposed elders."

Perthes had taken a considerable part of the labours of the Hanscatic Directory upon himself. These were continually increasing, on account of the growing necessity of procuring fresh supplies of money from England and Germany to provide for the support of the destitute exiles who were daily receiving additions to their numbers. The universal confidence in his

integrity and his conscientiousness, was increased by the circumstance of his having thought it his duty distinctly to refuse every kind of support for himself.

The position assumed by the Hanseatic Directory, as the political representative of the cities, had thrown its business, as a relief committee, somewhat into the background; and, in the meanwhile, the plans for the future had assumed a definite form. The restoration of the regenerated empire, under a prince of the house of Hapsburg, was the hope of all North Germany, with the exception of Prussia. The cities united by the Hanseatic league, elevated to a position of dignity and importance by their internal reformation, were to form an independent portion of the Empire, like Bavaria, Russia, or Hanover. The separation of the judicial functions from the administrative, an improved state of finance, the removal of all political disabilities from non-Lutherans, the abrogation of the College of Ancients, and the adoption of a new principle of burgess-representation, were brought forward by a committee of organization, as a means of effecting the necessary reformation. Availing himself of his extensive acquaintance, Perthes applied to the most opposite quarters for the purpose of ascertaining in how far the projects of the Directory were in keeping with the plans of the Great Allied Powers. The answer was, in all cases, one and the same, that neither sovereign nor statesman had any plan for the political future of Germany, and that Germany would undoubtedly become what the result of circumstances should make it. To the Emperor of Austria the Imperial Crown was as a crown of thorns, and his cabinet assumed an attitude of delay and indecision. No one knew the intentions of the Russian government, but all distrusted them. Under these circumstances the

position of the cities could only be assured externally by the co-operation of England and the Crown-Prince of Sweden, and internally by those of the generals who might effect their deliverance. Early in September, Gries and Sieveking, deputed by the Directory, repaired to the head-quarters of the Crown-Prince. Perthes sought through his personal connexions to excite the interest of England, and especially of Count Munster, while he hastened from Vegesack to Walmoden, from Walmoden to Dornberg, Witzleben, and other Germans of influence, in order either to awaken their sympathy on behalf of the cities, or to stimulate and keep it alive.

The views of the Hanscatic Directory met with strong opposition on the part of the Conservatives of Hamburgh, who wished to see the old constitution restored. It seems to have been Sieveking who first saw the danger that might accrue to the future independence of the cities from this jealous opposition. In a letter written from Berlin on the 19th of September, he says, "We have laid before the Crown-Prince the Memorial relating to the measures which may be rendered necessary in the event of Hamburgh being placed under military authority. But I must confess, dear Perthes, that many an anxious foreboding has accompanied this step. The future independence of the Hanse-towns seems to me to be so absolutely contingent on their internal tranquillity, and on the result of the intervention of the Princes, that I would rather decline the avowal of our helplessness, and shrink from provoking the strife of burghers or admitting the interference of princes, even with the purest intentions. Let us keep our heads clear and our hands free, so that the fall of the Hanse-towns, which is perhaps a necessary result of the tendencies of the age, be not

placed to our account. Let us not reckon too much on the indifference of our narrow-minded fellow-citizens ; there is fire enough under the ashes ; and you know as well as I, that Providence often makes use of the ideal in legislation to lead blinded men, by little and little, to political suicide. I am not sufficiently acquainted with Hamburgh to come to a conclusion as to the possibility or impossibility of restoring the old constitution ; but I am sure that it is only in the event of its impossibility, that we should be justified in hazarding much in the hope of gaining much ; and even then we must remember that we are playing a game of chance. The reaction which is now fast manifesting itself, confirms my conviction of the necessity of avoiding every appearance of innovation."

The danger of attempting to carry out constitutional changes, by means of foreign assistance, was increased by a rumour that Von Hess had availed himself of his credit with the English Ministers, to induce them to take the Burgher-Guard into the pay of England ; thus throwing the power of framing the new constitution into his own hands. Rumour was also busy with reports of similar designs on the part of the Crown-Prince of Sweden. It was said that the forces of all the petty states of North Germany were united under his supreme command, and that he just required to obtain a victory, in order to have at his disposal an army of 50,000 Germans, and 30,000 Swedes. The Crown-Prince had indeed treated with the Hanscatic Directory throughout, as a duly constituted and independent political power ; but when it should actually assume independence, then we should hear of the necessity of avoiding revolutionary measures. Such was the current report. General Vegesack, a rough soldier of the old stamp, when some observations as to

the future constitution of the cities were made in his presence, replied, "When I enter Hamburg, or Lubeck, I shall say to the people, 'Now, my children, thank God that you have got your freedom again, and govern yourselves according to your laws. Where is your old burgomaster?—where are your old councillors? I will put them in their old places; if you have heretofore had any foolery among you, be the wiser on that account for the future. I know neither the blockheads nor the foxes, but you must know them; I can't trouble myself about nothing. Not a word of constitutional changes, I can hear nothing of the sort; I bring you back your old laws, and will do what my master commands me.'"

At the sight of these opposing forces, the influence of which he could not avert, Perthes was greatly perplexed. "It is a momentous time," he wrote, "and I am able to comprehend it; but the man often sinks into melancholy, and then all, all appears vain and miserable—all is falsehood, deceit, and illusion. Through such dark seasons a man must pass, they are part of human destiny; and even He who was without sin was pleased to endure the like. I could not tell you in a thousand pages, my Caroline, all the thoughts and feelings that pass through my head in the course of the day; my days are often sad enough. How hard it is to present truth in its purity! it receives the colouring of each individual's mind, and of each individual's weaknesses and follies. How weak and corrupt are men, even the good! If man were not a poor sinner, he might regard himself as a God." And in another letter, "May God enable me to do what is right, and keep me from self-exaltation. I will preserve my integrity; I will look upon my fatherland with a good conscience, and will

return to our city with an open countenance and head erect."

He still retained the conviction that the circumstances of the times required a change in the constitution of the cities, while at the same time they were such as to render it impracticable without foreign help. "But what avails it," he said, "that the way is clearly and definitely pointed out to us, when the men with and for whom we are to act have shut their eyes to the requirements of the time; and at this moment the opinion of men is stronger than the might of circumstances, and to disregard them at the present juncture would be both foolish and criminal." Perthes soon relinquished the idea of effecting any change by extraneous means. "Every suspicion must be removed," he wrote, "that we are serving the political purposes of foreign princes, or that we are aiming at revolutionary changes within the cities. For the present the Hanseatic Directory must keep quiet, and wait upon events, without arousing jealousy and suspicion. Its first object must in the meantime be to prevent the allied cities from being given up to some sovereign prince, and to secure for them the same independent position that the princes themselves expect to occupy under the future empire."

The stirring events between the expiration of the truce and the middle of November, had demanded from Perthes mental and physical exertions and sacrifices of all kinds; but it had also been rich in experiences both of heart and life. Naturally disposed to self-confidence, he had learned that his powers were limited; "but," he said, "I have at the same time learned that the voice of an honest man is a mighty power, and has great influence." There were seasons when the impressions made on

him by the great agitation throughout Prussia, and the battles which were then being fought—remarkable both in themselves and in their consequences—rendered it difficult for him to preserve his sympathy and his energies for circumstances which, when compared with the momentous events of the times, were petty and circumscribed. Many of his friends desired a wider sphere of action for him. "Would to God," wrote Nicbuhr, "that you would now step forth as a statesman in our fatherland! I call to every one who has ears to tell me how you can in future be brought into the administration of Germany." Perthes, on the contrary, was convinced that he was, by the previous course of his life, unfitted for working for great things except in a small circle; and since he was excluded from any immediate participation in the great affairs of Germany, he rejoiced the more in the confidential relations in which he stood towards the most eminent men of the North. He possessed the personal confidence of Generals Walmoden, Dornberg, and Vegesack, as well as of the Hereditary Prince of Schwerin, and Lieutenant-Colonel Witzleben who requested his intervention in numberless cases, when fresh supplies were to be procured, intricate questions to be determined, or young troops to be animated and encouraged. The young men of the Legion were devoted to him heart and soul, and clung to him with childlike affection and confidence. They delighted in the sympathy of the slender, delicately-formed man, who never shrank from the endurance of any hardship with them, who took part in all their joys and perils, and who never spared earnest and friendly remonstrances in the hope of preserving them from the reckless licence of a wild and irregular soldier-life. Perthes repaid their affection with the most cordial recognition. It was not

without some mixture of personal pride that he heard Witzleben and other experienced officers praise the cheerful patience under hardships, and the daring, even foolhardy rashness of the attack of the newly-formed legion : he excused their occasional wildness as the exuberance of a poetical enthusiasm. Tears stood in his eyes on receiving a letter from Witzleben, in which the general wrote, "The infantry fought like lions, my dear Perthes, in yesterday's battle at Möllner Wood, and I am perfectly satisfied with their conduct ; they have revived the glory of the old Hansa." Perthes writes on one occasion, "I see many fine youths here, who are developing noble qualities. The blessing of God will rest upon our youth, and through them He will make all right ; such is my firm conviction, and it is my happiness that all our dear young people cling to me like children."

But the active and stirring life of three months was pervaded by a deep and heartfelt sorrow, arising from the position of his wife and children. He had been obliged, as we have seen, to leave them in the beginning of July at Aschau, a farm belonging to the Count Caius Reventlow. There, near the farmhouse, and in the middle of the wood, close to the sea, stood the summer-house which had been the refuge of Caroline and her children, consisting of a sitting-room and a few small bedrooms. The farmer was the only inhabitant within a circle of four miles. In a letter written some time afterwards to her sister at Salzburg, Caroline says, "We could get nothing from the farmer, kind as he was, but milk and butter ; bread, soap, salt, oil, and so forth, were not to be had within four miles, and my sister Augusta, with the two elder children, had to fetch them. For eighteen weeks we had neither meat nor white bread in

the house. What was called the kitchen was about forty paces from the house ; our cooking utensils consisted of four copper pots, a bowl, and a few plates. Fortunately, I had brought our spoons with me, and I purchased a few knives and forks ; everything else we did without." " And yet," she says, in another letter, " we are rich in comparison with many others, for we have a hundred thousand times more than nothing." Caroline's confinement was expected in a few months. The eldest of her children was a daughter of fifteen, and the youngest, a boy, did not yet run alone. The eldest son, Matthias, walked every morning at seven o'clock to Altenhof, a distance of three miles, to receive instruction with the sons of Count Reventlow. The education of the rest was in the meantime interrupted. One old and faithful servant had remained with them, and their means did not allow them to engage a second. The damp garden-house, with its twelve windows down to the ground, and unprovided with shutters, brought ailments of all sorts upon the children during the moist, rainy season, and Caroline herself was often laid upon a sick-bed. There was a friendly old farrier at Eckernförde, but no physician nearer than Kiel, a distance of at least twelve or fifteen miles.

The deserted wife, however, met with sympathy and comfort. Her sister Augusta was ready for every emergency by night or by day, " and the families of Count C. Reventlow and Count C. Stolberg, vie with each other," writes Caroline, " in their attention, and in the readiness they manifest in lending us assistance in our need. No words can describe the kindness of our dear friends at Altenhof and Windebye." The children, too, while adding to her anxieties, ministered no less to her

strength and happiness. "They refreshed me in my distress, each in his own way, and out of the simple and genuine affection of their hearts,—the little Bernard not excepted, who is often at a loss to find expression for his love. I am indeed convinced from experience that God can give us no greater joy, or sorrow, than through a loving and beloved child. Nothing else so revives and sustains the heart, and shames us into energy. This I have experienced a thousand times; and I scarcely think that I could have continued mistress of myself, if God had not given me my angel Bernard, and in him a living image of childish love and confidence. When I was in deep affliction and anxiety on account of Perthes, and in sorrow for my eight children entering upon life deprived of a father's counsel and affection, I was often on the brink of despair. And when at such times I folded my dear Bernard in my arms, and looked into his clear infant eyes, and saw that he was neither troubled nor afraid, but calm, sweet, and loving, I found faith again, and prayed to God that I might become even as my dear child."

The kindness of friends and the love of her children, might indeed uphold her against the heavy pressure of external circumstances, but when her anxiety for her absent husband was aroused, she could not be comforted. The communications with Mecklenburg being interrupted, letters from Perthes were seldom received, while the most contradictory and exaggerated reports were in circulation, as to the position he had assumed, and the dangers with which he was encompassed. Caroline's mind meanwhile was full of the saddest forebodings: in a future that did not seem far off, she pictured her children fatherless and motherless, helpless and forsaken. Her

grief is revealed in letters evidently written under the deepest melancholy:—"I have need of hope," she writes to Perthes, "for the present is mournful, and my condition and circumstances are more serious, and my sense of desolation is greater than you in the midst of so much activity and hopeful labour can realize. If I am to spend my time here alone, if I am to remain here without tidings of you, while I know you to be exposed to constant danger, I cannot survive. I cannot sufficiently impress on you, my Perthes, the importance of making such arrangements as may prevent our being separated during the coming winter. I solemnly assure you, that it is an act of injustice to leave me here, without the most urgent necessity. . . . I am surrounded by darkness and perplexity, and I see before me a sad and painful deathbed, to which I may at any moment be called; but I will not despair. May God protect and preserve you to us; we will pray for you by night and by day." And in a letter written somewhat later, she says, "If you love me, take care that in the event of my death, my children, especially my little children, be intrusted to the care of those who will teach them to love God, without knowing that they are learning it. This is the main point, and to little ones everything else is comparatively unimportant: their hearts, in which so much lies dormant, are first to be opened. Ah, my Perthes! may God help us to awaken the love of Himself in our children, whether we are to live together or apart in this world. My hand trembles, and I can write no more." At other times her anxiety for the life of her husband overcame the thought of her own approaching hour of danger:—"How can I persuade myself that you, my dear Perthes, will be preserved to me?" she writes; "God takes away thousands of husbands as much beloved by their wives

and children as you are by us. Perthes, my dear Perthes! to fulfil your slightest wish would be my only pleasure, were you to be taken from me, and I were to have the misery of being left in the world without you. Tell me then more of your views regarding the children, and of what I can do to please you."

The quiet energy and self-command with which Caroline, even in her deepest affliction, presided over her household, and the expressions of courage and resignation which filled many of her letters written to women who, like herself, were victims of the events of the time, had impressed her friends with the conviction, that even if the worst should befall her, her peace of mind would still remain unshaken. To her husband, whom she had always found a sure refuge in circumstances of trial, she, indeed, gave vent to her oppressed heart in frequent complaints; but amid her complainings she as often gave utterance, without seeming to intend it, to the language of patience. Thus she writes in one of her letters to Perthes,—“I have the firm conviction that my trust in God will never fail, but I cannot always rejoice in the will of God, and I cannot make up my mind to resign you without tears, and without the deepest anguish: you are too entirely my all in this world; but believe me, I do not murmur, I only weep, and I am yours for eternity.” But it was only at long intervals that these letters came into the hands of Perthes, and his answers sometimes lost, sometimes carried from place to place for months together, afforded no help to Caroline in forming her plans, and little or no support in her solitude. To transport his wife and children to Mecklenburg into the midst of the confusion of war, was impossible, and to have visited them

in Holstein, he was assured by the Danish authorities, would have involved peril to life or liberty. Perthes was, moreover, fully persuaded that he was in the path of duty. "I follow the voice of God and duty," he says in one of his letters, "and that voice is now clearer and more distinct than ever;" but the privations and anxieties to which he knew his family to be exposed did not on this account affect him the less.

"Never, my Caroline," he writes, "permit yourself to think that my love for you and for the children is one whit less warm or deep than that of those who are anxiously striving to preserve their lives for the sake of their families. There are seasons in which the whole weight of the anxieties which await us in the future, and of the sorrow that is involved in the present, presses heavily upon me. Your task is, indeed, a hard one, but mine is not light. Have patience, be calm and self-possessed, my beloved Caroline, trust to my sense and prudence, and leave the event to God. When we took leave of each other, you wished to know what was to become of the children in the event of my death. It is not well to make minute arrangements which are to have effect long after our death, for life is always changing, and any disposition we can make, may thus turn out unsuitable. I trust to your wisdom, your energy, and your affection, and I pray to God to give you what you want; and that is, tranquillity. If I have a wish, it is that you and the children should live near Nicolovius, and that Matthias should remain under the tuition of Twesten for five or six years. But man proposes, God disposes." "Thank God," he says, in another letter, "that you, my darlings, and my only earthly treasures, are well. Dear Caroline, what a vast wilderness the world becomes when man has no home! That

which I wanted as a youth I want now, but in a different way. In my youth you stood before me, the object of my love and desire, like some fairy-enchantment ; I behold you again in my thoughts, but it is in all the reality of your truth and worth, and I cannot reach you. These times are, indeed, wonderful and interesting, but it is hard to be without a home, and the sad hours that I spend apart from you, shifting for myself, are too many. . . . The sight of little children always brings tears into my eyes." " God will help me," he writes again ; " I dare not leave what I have undertaken. I am not so blinded by vanity and folly as not to see that my own want of ability and experience, as well as my age and my previous calling, unfit me for military life, especially considering that there is no lack of brave young men ; but it is my business to lift up my voice for truth and justice, as opportunity offers, and to shew that the will of God is not altogether forgotten, in spite of the sinfulness and weakness that everywhere impede its clear and perfect recognition. That in times such as these, when the struggle betwixt good and evil, truth and falsehood, is so fierce, a man cannot hope to achieve anything without risking much ; that, in order to do homage to truth and right, a man must be ready to give up heart, and life, and fortune, and estate—that, my noble wife, you know as well as I. I have courage, and energy, and moderate desires, and I am at peace with God and with myself. I can pray as I never prayed before, and I pray much. My much-loved Caroline, take courage and be calm ; God will help you and me also." Again, he writes, " It seems as if God were blessing all my undertakings. Indeed much has been achieved, many things have received form, and in more than one instance harmony and stability have been secured by my efforts ; but

it is not only in its results, as they affect the one great national object, that our separation has been useful: it has also enabled me to assist many individuals known and unknown. Large sums of money are placed at my disposal, and thus I am able to aid the distressed not only with sympathy and advice, but also with substantial assistance. Yes, dear Caroline, all the inducements that can move a man to sacrifice every earthly possession in order to work energetically and actively, combine to stimulate me now—honour, gratitude, affection, freedom, love of action. Comfort yourself as I do, by thinking on what has been done.”

On the 17th of September Caroline and her children had left Aschau for Kiel, where Count Moltke had given up to them the apartments which he usually occupied when he was staying in that city. There, Caroline found indeed medical help, friends and relations; but she had still to endure the most severe privations from the want of money. Her own illness and that of her children added to her sorrows. Her anxiety for the fate of her family, in the event of her not surviving her confinement, was also increased by her total ignorance of her husband's circumstances, and even of his place of residence. From the 7th of August to the 2d of October she was without tidings of him, and knew not whether he were alive or dead. Towards the end of October she wrote, “I struggle ever more and more to keep thought and fancy, heart and yearning, under control, but oh, my beloved, I suffer inexpressibly!”—and then after details concerning the children, she adds, “I tell you everything, for you should know how things actually stand, that you may be able to do what is right in the circumstances; but I do not write thus to induce you

to draw back. I take God to witness, who is more to me than even you are, that I do not wish you to do anything but your duty."

These last words were conveyed to Perthes with unusual rapidity, and within a few days he was transported to a sphere of action which enabled him to assure his wife that she had now nothing to fear for his life, for that he was employed on a peaceful mission.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DEPUTATION TO FRANKFORT, NOV. 1813 TO JAN. 1814.

CIRCUMSTANCES arose which rendered it desirable that Perthes should remove to Bremen, to prosecute there his labours on behalf of the Hanse-towns. With all the zeal, the untiring energy, and the self-sacrifice which we have already seen him display, he continued to labour until he was deputed to represent the Hanse-towns at the Diet of Frankfort, where the affairs of Germany were to be deliberated upon. On the 3d of December, in company with Sieveking, his fellow-deputy, he left Bremen, and on the 8th reached Frankfort.

On the following day Perthes had the satisfaction of obtaining from Baron von Stein, in a long and very candid conversation, the most positive assurances of the Independence of the three towns. "The Germanic Empire," said Stein, "will be restored; but till peace is concluded, it is not advisable to proceed to any definite arrangements, lest we should thereby give rise to misunderstandings. But the feeling of the great allied powers is entirely favourable to the Free Cities; they will not be subjected to any prince, but will preserve their independent place in the empire. They have nothing to fear from the Crown-Prince of Sweden; he and his intrigues are well known." He highly approved of the proceedings of the Hanseatic Directory, and considered it as a matter of justice that a Provincial

Committee should be appointed for Hamburgh, in order to carry out the requisite changes in the Constitution." Stein entirely agreed with Perthes in his opinions respecting the Elsflcth duty. "Duties," he said, "imply no restriction on trade; even England admits them; only a duty should not be levied for the benefit of a single district. A regular scale of duties should be fixed for the whole empire, from Holland to Russia."—"Stein spoke so freely and openly," said Perthes, "that I poured out my whole heart to him, and told him all my feelings with reference to our German Fatherland and our Hanse-towns, and I soon perceived that he listened to me with pleasure."

From Stein Perthes and Sieveking went at once to Herr von Pilat, private Secretary to Prince Metternich. "We spent the afternoon and evening in friendly and cheerful conversation with him and Baron Binder," said Perthes, "and soon perceived that Austria was prepared to look favourably on every attempt to restore the Germanic Empire and the Imperial power; but a conversation with Bartholdy, the Prussian councillor, admitted us to a different view of things. Everything here seemed to point to great changes,—'The king,' said Bartholdy, 'will shortly assemble the States, and the relation in which Prussia stands to Germany will then at once appear. As to the internal policy of the Free Cities, we were to do,' he said, 'what we could without asking many questions, and what is done would be approved.'" On the 10th of December the deputies were introduced by Pilat to Prince Metternich. "The Prince received us very kindly," wrote Perthes, "assured us of the independence of the Free Cities, and spoke with confidence of the restoration of the Germanic Empire. On my

observing that the cities would not be disposed to return to a simple neutrality as before, but would desire to be included in the Empire ;” he replied, “ I see that you, like the rest of us, have given up many of the chimeras of former days.” On the same day the deputation was admitted to an audience of the Emperor Francis. “ You have suffered much,” he said, “ but matters are improving, for now we are all Germans, and I will soon help you.” Then turning to Perthes and Sievking, he added, “ Yes, it goes hard with Hamburgh, and that wild fellow Davoust avenges himself cruelly, but what I can make good, I will.” While the kind assurances of the Emperor had increased the previous affectionate attachment of the deputies to his person, the abrupt harshness of the King of Prussia, by whom they were received on the following day, was in no way calculated to lessen the dislike which was then felt in North Germany towards the Prussian supremacy. By the Chancellor Hardenberg, by Wilhelm von Humboldt,* and by the Privy-Councillor Hoppel, the freedom of the Hanse-towns was spoken of as a political necessity, but a secret misgiving as to the designs of the Court of Berlin still remained.

Many were the political impressions that Perthes received during his short stay in Frankfort. At the table of the Chancellor he met the most distinguished personages of Prussia : Count Nesselrode spoke kindly to him of the importance of the Hanse-towns to the trade of Europe, while the Hanoverian Count Hardenberg hastened to assure him of his friendly feelings : Stägemann, and the banker Harnier, frankly told

* Wilhelm von Humboldt, the younger brother of Alexander, distinguished as an orientalist and philologist—and in other respects as one of the most eminent men of the period.

him that they were persuaded that the commercial relations, the river navigation, and the customs, would be adjusted as chance or the influence of the moment might suggest, there being no one present who had any clear views respecting these matters. The plenipotentiaries of the smaller states, the Chancellor von Kettelhodt, President von Berg, the Minister von Gagern and the Swiss deputies, afforded information regarding the special relations of the states which they represented. Intellectual subjects of all kinds formed topics of discussion in the evening assemblies, with such men as Schlosser, Zacharias Werner, Gunderode, Passavant, and others equally distinguished. "This day," writes Perthes, on the 16th of December, "terminates our journey of discovery, and we have found that the *terra firma* which we sought is not yet in sight; but our hearts are filled with gratitude and praise to God, for showing us how much kindly feeling exists among the great European powers towards our Fatherland and the Hanse-towns." While Smidt remained at head-quarters, Perthes and Sieveking returned to Bremen, and arrived there on the 20th of December. The Emperors Francis and Alexander, and King Frederick William had in writing recognised the Independence of the Free Cities, and the deputies were thus able to render a joyful account of their journey in the Council-hall at Bremen, where the senators assembled to meet them.

Perthes had been disappointed in his hope of finding letters from Caroline at Bremen: he was the more anxious, because Holstein had become the seat of war. Finding no letters at Bremen, he hastened to Lubeck, carrying with him the guarantees of the Independence of the cities. Here he heard that Caroline had been safely delivered of a son, Andreas, on

the 10th of December. On Christmas night he travelled to Kiel, now no longer threatened by a hostile army, and arrived there next day at five o'clock in the afternoon. "Unexpected, and in the twilight, he entered my room, after a separation of nearly six months," wrote Caroline: "Matthias saw him first. I had the happiness of restoring all the children to him safe and well, with the addition of a darling, healthy infant. What this was none can know but one who has experienced it."

Shortly after his return, Perthes was requested by the staff-general of the Crown-Prince of Sweden, to associate himself with two other gentlemen of Lubeck and Bremen, who were also named, to administer the large sum of money which the Prince had granted for the relief of the exiled Hamburgers. For this purpose, Perthes again left his family on the 1st of January 1814, and in order to be as near as possible to the scene of suffering, he took up his quarters at Flottbeck, a small town on the Elbe, about nine miles above Hamburg. Here the situation of the city revealed itself to his eyes in all its horror.

While the greater part of Germany had long been delivered from the French, Davoust had maintained himself in Hamburg, although confined within the limits of the city by the besieging army of General Benningsen, who had succeeded to General Woronzow, towards the end of December. What Davoust did may perhaps find its excuse in his position as a beleaguered general, but the manner in which he did it could only have been devised by the rage of a disappointed villain. He began his cruelties with the robbery of the Bank, and the most cruel treatment of the burghers. On the week following the Christmas festival, the suburbs, all the surrounding villages, and the fine country houses on the Alster, were set on

fire after only eighteen hours' notice, and 20,000 people were driven out of the city destitute and homeless; first the young and strong as dangerous, and then the old and weak as superfluous. The children were next brought out of the orphan-house, the infirm poor from the alms-houses, the criminals from the prisons, and all were driven outside the gates, and there left to their fate. At mid-day, on the 30th December, Davoust gave orders that the hospital in which were 800 sick and idiots, should be vacated, and set on fire, and by the same hour on the following day it was in flames, but not till, through the incredible exertions of the burghers, the helpless inmates had all been removed, while bands of drunken soldiers were struggling with the sick for their clothes and their bedding, and scenes of reckless plundering were being enacted on every side. The troops, at the same time, set fire to the adjoining houses, and gave themselves up to deeds of unmitigated atrocity. The intense excitement, and the bitter cold of a January night, cost 600 of the sick their lives.

The tidings of these horrors filled with sorrow and indignation the minds of Perthes and his friends at Flottbeck, while the misery which came under their own personal observation was equally heart-rending. For miles round, the snow-covered country presented the appearance of a vast waste of ruins, above which, here and there, a wall, or a half-consumed tree, might be seen, while women and children wandered about amid the desolation, seeking their property. Every night the sky was illumined by the glow of freshly-kindled fires. In the streets of Altona, and in the neighbouring villages, half-frozen figures were seen wandering about and crying for food and clothing, and for shelter from the frost and cold, while long lines

of the sick and the aged, of women and children, might be seen on the roads to Lubeck and Bremen, under the escort of a troop of Cossacks, on their way to seek in the sister-cities the assistance they so sorely needed. "You will have heard of the misery of this district," writes Perthes to Caroline, "but no words can give any idea of it. It must be seen: all the trouble that I have witnessed and shared for the last nine months, is as nothing in comparison. How will it end! May God graciously shorten it, and bring us safely through it." Much was done to alleviate the wretchedness; the most strenuous efforts were made in Altona, Bremen, and Lubeck; contributions poured in from far and near; a committee of Hamburg burghers made great exertions at Altona, and those appointed to administer the Swedish contribution did what they could: "but all we can do," wrote Perthes, "is to relieve cases of individual suffering, we cannot meet all the necessities of the present; may God save the future! We must in the meantime summon all our energies to prevent the burghers and the city from sinking into depths out of which there will be no possibility of raising them." It seemed as though the destiny of Hamburg for years to come had been sealed, by what had been already done. Everything depended on Davoust's abandonment of Hamburg being insisted on, as the preliminary condition of the next truce or treaty between the allies and Napoleon. Perthes turned to Smidt with the most urgent entreaties that he would continue to press on Metternich, Hardenberg, and Nesselrode, the importance of making the evacuation of Hamburg a preliminary condition of any treaty with Napoleon. With the same object Perthes availed himself of his personal influence with the Duke of

Oldenburg, to request his mediation with the Emperor Alexander. "The Princess, lately won for Germany, appears at the present crisis as a heaven-sent deliverer among us," wrote Perthes to the Duke: "one word of hers to her imperial brother may rescue thousands from wretchedness and suffering." "The Duke will write to you himself," replied Zehender. "but for the present I must tell you that in all probability a courier will shortly be despatched to the Emperor, who will carry with him a good word for the unhappy Hamburgers."

Perthes sought to minister to the pressing wants of the Burgher-Guard, by applying to Benningsen and to his friends in London, but without success. He then had recourse to a loan, by means of which food and clothing were to a certain extent provided. He next drew up for Smidt an estimate of the losses that Hamburg had suffered through the French occupation, and he was incessantly busied in bringing to Benningsen's head-quarters, men who could give information required by the General.

The letters belonging to this period which have been preserved, give evidence in general of an almost incredible number of references made to Perthes during his residence in Flottbeck, touching matters great and small, far and near. From the Russian and Swedish head-quarters, from the leading men of Bremen and Lubeck, from men of all parties, and from the unfortunate, he received applications for information, counsel, money, or for assistance in carrying out their plans. Perthes held no office, he had neither rank nor title, and yet he appears at this time to have occupied the centre around which all business revolved that had any bearing on the destiny of Hamburg.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PERIOD PRECEDING THE RETURN TO HAMBURGH—JANUARY TO
MAY 1814.

PERTHES had passed the last days in Flottbeck in sorrow and depression, working amid many anxieties. On the 17th of January he wrote to Caroline, "No letter, no word from you, my beloved Caroline—how is this? I am very unhappy, and long to be with you and the children; but I dare not leave, for an important decision may depend on my presence. Never since our departure from Hamburg have I been so unhappy as I now feel myself, and yet I have no tidings from you. Surely some great calamity has overtaken you. Is my darling Bernard still alive?—he was unwell when I left." This child, a boy of uncommon beauty and vivacity, was indeed still alive when Perthes wrote these lines, but he was even then struggling with death, and within two days the Lord took him to himself. "My dear Perthes," wrote Caroline, immediately after the death of the child, "what I feared has happened; our dear Bernard is very ill, and although the physicians assured me yesterday evening that he was not in danger, I am full of care and anxiety, and fear the worst. I wish above all things, both for your sake and for my own, that you were here. . . ."

May God be our help! Why should I conceal it longer from you?—our angel is with God—he died this morning at half-past nine. He looks wonderfully beautiful, and I implore you to come as soon as possible, that you may see his dear remains before any change takes place.” Owing to the irregularity of the posts, Perthes had neither received this letter nor a former one acquainting him with the illness of the child; and on the 21st of January he stepped cheerfully into Caroline’s room with the question, “Are all well?” “I had to lead my poor Perthes to the corpse of our beloved child,” wrote Caroline to her sister: “his grief was excessive, and my anxiety for *him* carried me through this painful day.”

Perthes had been only a few hours in Kiel when he received an invitation to repair to the Russian head-quarters at Pinneberg, in order to consult in the name of the Crown-Prince, as to what further measures ought to be taken for alleviating the sufferings of the outcast Hamburgers, and for obtaining the voluntary cession of the city. “Called at such a time and under such circumstances, you must go,” said Caroline. But Perthes was physically unable. “Caroline’s heroic spirit was greater than my bodily strength,” he wrote. He was unable to leave the house till the 27th January. “But, thank God, nothing has suffered by my absence,” he wrote from Pinneberg. “Be strong, my beloved! May God spare us further trials. We are quiet just now. I have no more to say to you at present; but we understand each other for eternity without words. May the Lord protect you and my dear children, and keep for us those who are now at rest.”

The misery that Perthes met on every side left him no time for the indulgence of his own grief. He exerted himself

to the utmost to give unity to the efforts which were being made to relieve the sufferings of the Hamburgers, and was the means of bringing into operation a Central Relief Board, under the able presidency of Senator Abendroth ; and in this way much was effected for the relief of the more urgent necessities of the fugitives. In order to be as near as possible to the seat of suffering, Perthes had fixed his quarters at Van Smissen's Mill, near the Devil's Bridge at Flottbeck. On the 9th of February the Russians converted the mill into a temporary hospital for their soldiers, and he had to carry on his work amid the groans of the wounded and the dying.

“ My letter of the 7th of February, your fortieth birthday, my still young and ever youthful bride, you will have received before this,” wrote Perthes ; “ and gladly would I have hastened to your arms and pressed you to my heart. Be comforted, my dear Caroline ! True love is immortal, and by some bonds of love I feel sure that our departed little ones are still united to us. Here, since three o'clock to-day, things look very, very serious. The French are attacked on every side, at Wilhelmsburg, at Neuhof, and in Harburg, and many of our people have already been brought in wounded. One fine brave young fellow, Volkmann, fell to-day. He went out yesterday full of spirits. His father, a stout artisan, was obliged to flee from Hamburg on his account, and is in deep distress, but is supported by the thought of the honour his son has won by his self-sacrifice. Close to me lies a Russian captain, a man upwards of fifty ; as the surgeon was cutting out the ball, he said that he felt the house shaking. And here I sit amid blood and moaning, groans and death, but I trust in God that the end is approaching. Here come three waggons full of

wounded, and there is not a spare corner in the house. Nine corpses are now lying in a row in the snow before my door. It is strange to look upon these once wild men, now so still and tame." The misery of the exiles, and the sufferings of the wounded, now that he was brought into such close proximity with them, filled the heart of Perthes, already saddened by the loss of his child, with a horror such as he had never before experienced.

He was compelled to be almost perpetually in motion, passing and repassing over ground covered with snow, while suffering severely from a contusion on his foot, which he had received by a fall from a carriage. A dangerous fever at the same time prevailed in the regiment stationed at the mill, and Perthes carried the germ of this with him, when on the 16th of February, he left Flottbeck for head-quarters, and for Lubeck, with a view to complete arrangements for the relief of the destitute. He arrived in Kiel on the 19th of February, and then it was found on examination that a bone of his foot was broken. "I hope my future biographer will record," he wrote playfully to Sieveking, "that I have walked about for nearly a fortnight, and driven twenty miles in a requisition waggon, with a broken bone." For nine long weeks he was now confined to bed, and for the first part of the time was in great danger from a severe attack of nervous fever; but a good constitution carried him through all, and he had soon only to endure the pain of lying still. "Here," he wrote to Besser, "after many journeyings up and down, I have been obliged to cast anchor at last. Such a fate is hard to bear at the present moment. If a ball had done it, one might have been better pleased." His spirits, however, never flagged; and his wife could write,—“My dear Perthes is always the same, whether lying and enduring, or

travelling and acting ; and during the whole period of his confinement, he has never been cross or impatient. I rejoice that he was with us when he fell ill, and that I had the happiness of nursing him. The children were all well, fortunately, and we made the best of it."

Intellectual excitement was not wanting meanwhile. As soon as the state of his health permitted, he was visited by his numerous friends, who passed many cheerful hours by his bedside. He took advantage also of his being laid aside from public duties to consult with Besser, whose faithful friendship afforded him comfort and support in this, as well as in many other seasons of trial, as to the ways and means of resuming their business ; and he gave himself up with fresh delight to the pleasure of reading, of which he had been so long deprived. He sought the probable causes of the present state of Europe in Putter's "Development of the German Imperial Constitution," Frederick Schlegel's "Lectures," and Lacretelle's "History of France," without overlooking the numerous fugitive pieces to which the events of the day gave rise. Nicolovius directed his attention to Neander's "Life of St. Bernard." "Read Neander's 'Life of St. Bernard,'"* he wrote ; "you will be astonished at Neander's wealth of inward experience, and his exalted view. Fr. Leopold Stolberg wrote to me about it with the most enthusiastic admiration, inquiring whether the author were old, or whether he might be expected to write more. His popularity in the university here is great, and his influence must be good. It is touching to see the simplicity with which he brings forward the most sublime opinions, and the results of the most

* A translation of this work has been published by the Messrs. Rivington, London.

laborious study." But above all other books, Perthes was again enchanted by a re-perusal of Goethe's "Wahrheit und Dichtung," of which he writes, "Just as the Bible is the book of the life in God, so I would say is Goethe's 'Wahrheit und Dichtung' the book of the life in the world;" but all other objects of interest were soon cast into the shade by the events of the time. By an active and extensive correspondence, Perthes endeavoured to bring order, harmony, and regularity into the plans for the assistance of the exiles, and even from his sickbed his efforts were attended with success. The conferences at Chatillon, the fresh victories of Napoleon, the onward march of the Allies, their arrival before Paris, were known to him before he had left his room, and many a word of hope for the future found its way to distant Kiel. "We are living in a time of miracles," wrote Nicolovius, in a letter that the Countess Louisa Stolberg transmitted to Perthes; "what we, with sad hearts, *desired* for our children, but never dared to expect, we ourselves have lived to see. And what a glorious day this beautiful dawn promises! A generation that has raised itself so high will never sink again." On the 9th of April, Perthes at length received permission to leave his bed. On this occasion he wrote to Max Jacobi,—“I have borne this trial of patience with tolerable composure and cheerfulness. I have been strengthened by the victory of truth which is once more bringing back freedom, order, and love to mankind. God is with us, and all now feel that they have been doing more than they thought.”

On the 19th of April, Perthes left Kiel with his whole family, and on the 20th arrived at Blankenese, a fishing village a few miles below Hamburgh, where he purposed remaining till the French evacuated that place. Although the day of Ham-

burgh's deliverance seemed uncertain, it was evident that it must come in the course of a few months, and in this certainty all those hopes and fears for the political constitution of the city that had been thrown into the background by the pressure of the moment, now started once more into life.

The thoughts of all now naturally turned to the question of the future constitution of the Hanse-towns. As to Hamburg, Perthes was decidedly of opinion that some innovations should be introduced. He was desirous above all to see a perfect civil equality among the three confessions, and to infuse fresh blood into the hereditary *Bürgerschaft*, by the admission of deputies from the hundreds, the educated classes, and the Jews. It was in the executive, however, that he thought reform most indispensable. But apart from any reference to his own peculiar views, Perthes had begun to doubt whether any open party strife was not likely, in present circumstances, to be more perilous to the interests of the city than the restitution of the old and defunct constitution. From the head-quarters of the Allies came an emphatic warning against all internal division. "It is all over with the Hanse-towns," wrote Smidt, "unless they see the necessity of avoiding all that may lead to foreign interference. The Allies can look upon each city only as one body politic, not as divided into factions, each of which seeks some separate object."

At this time Niebuhr, irritated apparently by the prominence which the Hamburgers were giving to their own affairs, and especially to their own differences, took a view of the position of Hamburg and the other Hanse-towns, and of their claims in the settlement of the general question then engaging German statesmen, which caused a temporary estrangement between him

and Perthes. "I need not tell you my opinion of yourself," he wrote to Perthes; "you have done what your friends expected of you; but we must not expect the historian to hear the fame of an unwarlike people like your Hamburgers, whose thoughts are bounded by their trade and whose city has ingloriously fallen, made so much of without ascribing it to a vain and partial exaggeration." "For a long time," wrote Niebuhr subsequently, "the isolated Hanse-towns have existed by a kind of sufferance, without any political activity worthy of the name. Such civic communities, in fine, have been contented with the reed's destiny, and have regarded it as a privilege to bow before the wind. Bravery is the attribute of cities full of free and vigorous life, and which by virtue of their own resources are capable of defending themselves. A full and free life is now only possible in great states, in which all homogeneous elements are concentrated." Many passionate and hasty words passed between the friends in the spring of 1814, and Perthes wrote so bitterly of Niebuhr, that Nicolovius replied,—“I like quarrelling in such times as these as little as you do, and I am convinced that in no circumstances are we warranted in speaking hastily, or otherwise than as the good spirit prompts, and that in this respect, as in the Gospel, a mite is of more value than large gifts and mighty deeds. You must not do injustice to Niebuhr as you do in your last letter to me. You make erroneous combinations, and draw false conclusions. Continue to him your full and entire confidence, for he deserves it. He is not only one of the most profound and most original of men, but also one of the most upright. He is excitable, and may, therefore, be occasionally unjust, but he is full of humility in the presence of the good, the great, and the godlike.”

It was at the price of what then seemed an irreparable breach of friendship with the man whose sympathy of heart and mind had attracted him in a period of national suffering, that Perthes learned the inevitableness of a contest between those who sought to develop the future destiny of Germany through the German people, and those who sought its development by means of Prussia. Many perplexing anxieties were, indeed, involved in the prospect of such a struggle, but that help from above which had wrought deliverance in the hour of greatest necessity, was not now to be distrusted. Nicolovius warmly pressed this home to the heart of Perthes. "As I have an opportunity of forwarding a letter, I send you a few lines, my dear, noble, old Perthes. God above has certainly understood and willed matters better than the wise heads at Châtillon, who are seeking to reconcile themselves with the evil one: they don't know how wonderfully God helps when we are but in earnest in our pursuit of what is truly great. This great, and mighty, and all-sufficient help, must have given you also new life in heart and soul, and is the earnest of a glorious reward for all the sacrifices you have made. Whatever you may henceforth become, and I am glad that you mean to return to bookselling, no man can take the crown from your head, or the order from your breast, or the consciousness from your heart. Blessings a thousand-fold await you in this life; such is my belief, and I hear the amen from above confirming it."

The impression which his correspondence with Niebuhr, Nicolovius, and many others made upon Perthes, led to the firm conviction that the future destiny of Hamburg was rather dependent upon German vitality, than upon any efforts of its own. Thus the question of modes of civic government lost much of

its importance, and from this period, Perthes was able to follow with composure and equanimity that course of events which led to the final restoration of the independence of Hamburg.

Early in May, and through the mediation of a French General despatched from Paris, negotiations were entered into for the surrender of Hamburg to one of the Prussian Commanders. In consequence of this, the former members of the Senate thought it right to assemble without the city, and as its legitimate representatives, to take part in the negotiations.

On the 25th of May, the old Senate declared itself restored to place and authority, and on the following day, the hereditary *Bürgerschaft* met, and chose twenty men who were to form a commission for three months for the reorganization of the city. The attempts to secure the extension of the constitution and to infuse greater energy into the executive were thus resumed. "Henceforward," wrote Perthes, "I can have no other bearing on public affairs than such as springs out of my position and rights as a citizen, and my influence with my friends; and I thank God from my heart that He has been pleased to give me a larger share of the affection and confidence of my fellow-citizens than is usually the lot of any one who steps out of the limits of his own immediate sphere."

The day when Perthes and his family were to leave Blankenese, and return to Hamburg, now drew nigh. "These six weeks in Blankenese have been the sweetest part of my life," wrote Caroline to her sister. "Perthes with me, the children well, and the hope of the deliverance of our city gaining strength day by day. Suddenly the white banners waved once more at Harburg and from St. Michael's tower: in all directions outcasts might be seen streaming into the city. We lived near

the Elbe, and could see all those who were hastening back from Bremen and Hanover. One day, a carriage full of little children, whose parents had died in the Hospital at Bremen, arrived at our door. Troops of starving people with many children and but little luggage, passed under our windows, and it was touching to witness the love for home and hearth that was manifested, though, for the most part, the poor creatures could look forward to nothing but trouble and wretchedness. As they came through the country, each silently broke a branch from the trees by the wayside, and bore it in his hand, and old and young, and even little children, amid tears of grief and shouts of joy, thanked God for their deliverance from the great and universal calamity, little thinking all the while that each brought his own burden with him, and that a heavy one.'

On the 31st of May, General Benningsen made his entrance with the Russians and the Burgher-Guard; and on the morning of the same day, Perthes and his family left Blankenese and in the midst of the advancing troops returned through Altona, to the home from which they had been driven a year before.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RETURN—SUMMER OF 1814.

ON the 31st of May 1814, Perthes had returned to the home and the city which he at one time hardly expected to see again. Many an anxious thought was mingled with his feelings of gratitude. "God be praised that He has brought us thus far, that He has stood by us and helped us in this year of heavy trial," wrote Caroline to her parents on the day of her return. "I will be glad, and forget all, except my dear Bernard. We have many troubles before us, even under the most favourable circumstances: God grant that my Perthes may be spared to me with strength and spirits for the heavy daily toil now before him."

It was, indeed, no easy task to take up the links of the old life after so long an interval,—an interval filled with suffering and privation. Even to render the house habitable was a difficult undertaking. The pleasant and beautiful apartments on the ground-floor had for many months been used by French soldiers as guard-rooms. In the middle of the largest room was a huge stove; trunks of trees had been dragged in through the windows to feed it. All the woodwork that could be pulled down had been burnt; the smoke had found an outlet through the windows. The upper part of the house had been

inhabited by General Loison, but even there the soldiers had conducted themselves so riotously, that the whole house was little better than a heap of filth. All the furniture had been taken away ; some of it, by kind friends who had concealed it where they could, and the rest by the French prefect. There was not a single habitable room—dirt and rubbish, a foot high, covered the floors. Chairs and tables, beds and bedding, and the whole apparatus of the kitchen, had to be replaced ; while the want of money and the heart-breaking spectacle of numbers of hungry and sorrow-stricken exiles flocking into the city, made the strictest economy a duty no less than a necessity. It was a heavy re-commencement for Caroline ; but before winter all was once more in order, though not without considerable labour and anxiety. To place the business, which had been entirely broken up, on its former footing was an undertaking of far greater difficulty. A numerous family had to be maintained, and many liabilities to be met. Along with a number of adventurers, sharpers, and revolutionists, times of great political excitement always call forth the most talented and energetic members of a State, turning their attention away from their usual avocations, and drawing them into the current of events in which unusual powers are required to meet unusual circumstances. When the waters have returned to their accustomed channel, these men, whose minds had been kept in a state of continual activity and excitement, and who had been intimately associated with all the great events of the period, have to return to the quiet, uniform, and narrow circle of their own peculiar vocations. Such a step has been difficult even to men of strong natures, and many who were deemed worthy of all praise in critical times, become, when order is restored,

a species of intellectual vagabonds, who, at home in no calling, occupy themselves first with one thing, then with another, unsettled in their minds, discontented with themselves and with the world, and a source of grief to others. Perthes felt that if he would escape this danger, the time was now come when he must devote all his talents and all his energies, to the business of his calling, and he was able both to form the resolution to do so and to carry it out. In spite of seasons of trial and difficulty, it was not without a certain pleasure that he had taken part in the weighty and complicated political events of the period; but, fortunately, he had sense to see the limited orbit in which he was henceforward to move, and courage to keep within it. The actual state of his business was such as to render a return to its daily cares and labours doubly difficult: "I dislike this transition," he wrote to Villers, "from the poetry of my previous existence, to the prose of common life, and the more so, because I see labours and anxieties of all kinds before me."

On the day following the re-occupation by the French, in the previous year, Davoust had sealed up Perthes' warehouse, and had given notice that all debts due to the firm were to be paid to the French authorities. He then issued an order that all the serviceable books were to be seized and divided between the libraries, schools, and the officials, and the rest sold by auction. A great part of the valuable stock of maps was distributed, some to the topographical bureaux, some to the different generals, while many valuable works fell into the hands of individual officers: the auction was, however, delayed. It was impossible for Perthes to pay any attention to the concerns of the business during his exile, but Besser, though also an exile, never lost sight of it. Ever watchful, and on the alert

to take advantage of any favourable turn to save what might yet be saved, he was ably seconded by the dexterity and zeal of a faithful servant named D'Haspe. The first thing to be done was to separate the books in the large commission warehouse, which were the property of other booksellers, from the rest: it was accordingly committed to the safe keeping of the firm of Hoffmann and Campe. D'Haspe then paid all tradesmen who had claims on Perthes, not with ready money, but with small bills on such persons as were in debt to the firm, from whom, owing to the dissolution of all order, he would himself have found it difficult at that time to obtain payment. Finally, an attempt was made, and not absolutely without success, to carry on the business through the firm of Hammerich in Altona, and that of Michelsen in Lübeck, and either personally, or by means of friends and connexions, to solicit debtors in the neighbouring districts to pay what they owed into the hands of Besser, in spite of the prohibitions of the French commander-in-chief. But it was not so easy to stop the threatened dispersion and sale of the books in Perthes' own warehouse. In the hope of accomplishing this, however, the creditors were secretly invited to come forward and state that before any division of the property could take place, they must have satisfaction for their claims. As they could take up quite a legal position, Davoust, after making careful personal inquiries, yielded, and ordered that the creditors should be paid first out of the proceeds. Thus one point was gained. But before the sale could take place, it was necessary that a catalogue should be prepared; and this, Besser, in the expectation of a speedy deliverance from the French, proceeded with as slowly as possible. He gained his object, though Davoust more than once threatened to

have the books sold by weight, if the catalogue were not forthcoming. The warehouse being required as a residence for the French officials, the 30,000 volumes which it contained were removed in waggons to another place, and thrown together without any regard to order. The catalogue was nevertheless begun, but before it was ready, the Allies had crossed the Rhine, and, under this change of circumstances, Davoust carefully avoided any step that might have led to claims being made on what he considered as his private property. The books accordingly still remained unsold and in safe keeping.

Such was the state of things when the two friends, Besser and Perthes, met at Kiel towards the end of February 1814, and subsequently at Blankensee, to deliberate as to their further proceedings. Although the whole of the customers were dispersed, both partners were of opinion, that under the circumstances, it was not only possible to resume the business without involving any culpable risk, but that it was a duty to do so, as being the only means of securing the creditors from loss. With this view, Perthes issued a circular in 1814:—"No one could expect that I should at once fulfil all my engagements, and I am aware that many of my correspondents expect a proposal for an accommodation. But now that the position of our fatherland has enabled me to re-establish myself, I trust to God to end as I began, and to pay every man his own. I have, indeed, no longer the youthful energy with which I set out eighteen years ago, and I have a numerous family to support; but on the other hand, I have experience, and am thus saved paying the apprentice-fee of ignorance. I have the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and also a large circle of friends and patrons, and an extensive connexion in foreign countries. I re-

sume my business confidently in reliance on the friendship of my correspondents, and with the resolution to pay all my debts, and to let none suffer loss through me. The how and the when of payment I must ask you to leave to myself, but within three years all liabilities shall be discharged." In this circular Perthes announced that the name of Besser, who had long been actually in partnership, would "now appear in the firm, and would thus afford to the commercial world a further guarantee for the security of the house."

It was not their intention immediately to resume their business in all its former extent, but to proceed with prudence and caution. There was little to be expected from Hamburgh or the immediate neighbourhood under existing circumstances, and not much from Germany in general, since the present distress was likely to tell on the literary market for many years to come. The attention of the partners was thus turned to England, where the results of the war of Independence had awakened a degree of sympathy with the Continent, such as had not been known for centuries. The time appeared especially favourable for arousing a taste for the wider diffusion of German literature in England, and more particularly for directing the attention of the many great and wealthy collectors to German classics of all kinds, and to works on philology. The very defective state of the English book-trade also induced them to hope that the German booksellers might be constituted the medium of the English foreign literary traffic. Besser had passed some time in England, earlier in life, and had perfect command of the language, and introductions to the most influential persons were at his disposal. It was therefore determined that he should go to England and endeavour as much as possible to ex-

tend the previous connexion in that country. The preparations were soon made, and on the 4th of May Besser embarked at Ritzebüttel.

In the meantime Perthes was left to make the necessary arrangements for re-opening the shop as soon as possible after the retreat of the French. "Yesterday," wrote Perthes to Villers, "I was invited by the Prefect to enter the city, in consequence of the Marshal's resolution to release my premises from the embargo he had placed upon them; and I was also informed, that 700 francs had to be paid by me for a catalogue which they had prepared. You see, that under the white flag they are still the same people. Thus, for having hung me on the gallows in effigy, for having hunted me out of house and home, for having destroyed my trade, stolen the half of my books, and burned my furniture, the scoundrels ask 700 francs!" Perthes having at once and decidedly declared that, as it was not at his request that the authorities had given themselves the trouble of taking charge of his books, or preparing the inventory, he was not disposed to reimburse them for their pains, the warehouse was, on the 19th of May, unconditionally surrendered to Runge, as his representative. On the 30th Perthes himself returned to the city, and thus wrote to Besser:—"I shake hands with you from our old house. I dare not express in words the emotions of my heart. It is, indeed, like a resurrection from the dead." The labours involved in the re-opening of the shop were begun and carried on with all diligence. "You will believe, but you can form no idea of the labour of finding one's way through all this confusion, and of putting everything in order; if only there were some one to help me!—but that is impossible. I thank God that I am well and in good spirits, and I am grateful both to

Him and to men. The worst of all is the payments which require to be made immediately : few pay *us*, while every day bills, little and great, from Peter and Paul, from bookbinders, tradespeople, and others, are coming in : the poor creatures are in the greatest distress, and petition us to pay them. This is very sad. Bills and notes, too, pour in upon us from abroad. I will fight my way through, but it will only be by the sweat of my brow." Amid all his labours, cares, and anxieties, Perthes never for a moment lost hope or courage, and many a favourable turn helped him through difficulties when things were at the worst. "I am inexpressibly affected," he writes again to Besser, "by the confidence, the affection, and kindness which our fellow-citizens manifest towards us in so many ways. Our credit is not only maintained, it stands firmer than ever. The booksellers' answers to our circular are now come in. With a single exception they are all satisfied with our proposals, and express the most entire confidence. I can assure you that our business will soon be once more in full operation." Towards the end of June Perthes himself opened the shop, and within a few days he could write:—"God's blessing is upon us, and all promises well ; but I cannot get through the work alone, and it is absolutely necessary that you should return. One thing presses hard on the heels of another, while things are not yet in order. All are desirous to prove their friendship, and orders pour in from every side. I am overpowered, and long for your return."

Besser's stay in England was to have been longer, but he quickly perceived the position and relations of the book-trade there, and felt that his absence from Hamburg was no longer necessary. He had been deeply impressed by the spectacle

which London presented in the first moments of excitement, immediately after the fall of Napoleon. "Here I am," he says in his first letter, "in this great city, and in this wonderfully beautiful country, at a time which has not its parallel in history. The sovereigns are expected shortly ; but General 'Blut-scher' is more thought of than all the rest. There is something absolutely overpowering in this enormous mass of animated and mechanical life ; but with the people, if you only understand their manner and their language, you are soon quite at home, spite of their want of amenity."

It was Besser's object to form acquaintance with men of all kinds and of all ranks, and his numerous introductions gave him access to the most distinguished circles. Germans, English gentlemen of fortune, leading men in the "city," he freely mixed with. Now he had intercourse with the keen business man ; then with the amiable and the good ; at another time with Methodists and Quakers ; and again, with people who knew nothing of life but its worst side. "It is a perilous thing," he exclaimed, in one of his letters, "for a poor frail mortal to seek to take the measure of the knowledge of so many other children of men ; whether we will or not, we must place ourselves above those whom we presume to judge. I am heartily tired of this sort of life, and often, in the course of the evening, find myself longing for my little lodging, where at least in thought I can be with you." He turned for rest and refreshment frequently to the great Museum, and the private collections of London. "I am delighted to have Hans Lappenburg to enjoy all these grand things with me," he writes. "There is something glorious about *youth* ; and with a young man we ourselves feel young again." The interest evinced by so many dif-

ferent men for German literature, seemed to justify the most sanguine hopes, and Besser formed his plans accordingly—"Through Schwabe, who is a truly admirable man and highly respected, and through some other clergymen and Count Münster, as soon as he comes, I mean to suggest the introduction of German into the schools. Why not as well as French? Don't laugh, this is what I call going to the root of the matter—and it will succeed. We should also have a German periodical here, on the plan of the English miscellanies; I do not mean that we should undertake it, but we might give encouragement to such a thing in connexion with a literary advertiser. I have the right men in my eye, both authors and publishers. In close connexion with this periodical, it would be well to endeavour to establish a subscription library. It would bring together the lovers of German literature, and increase their numbers. At present there is scarcely a single German work to be found among the twenty great booksellers at Oxford. My proposals are warmly seconded by friends and acquaintances. Only take courage, I may assuredly say that my coming to London will have important results."

A few weeks very much diminished Besser's hopes. "Here," after further experience he writes, "you must strike again and again before you can hit. Strokes are not wanting on my part, but I am no farther advanced in the carrying out of my plans." As was natural, Besser had at first conversed chiefly with the most eminent men, both Germans and English—men who had cultivated and who were fond of German literature—and had imagined that each of these was the centre of a circle, devoted like himself to its advancement. But he was soon to learn from the men themselves, that each occupied an isolated

position. "Alas! I am candidly told," he wrote, "not only by Germans, but by Englishmen who are thoroughly acquainted with German literature, that the English as a people are incapable of apprehending it. Goethe and Herder they do not understand, and Klopstock they totally misunderstand. I myself now see more and more clearly that it is impossible that the genuine English should have any taste for our works. I do not speak of the men of 'the city,' who are certainly by no means the patrons of literature, but as Robinson calls them, mere *quill-drivers*; neither do I refer to my Methodist friends, to whom Goethe is a 'wicked fellow;' but the insular character of the people generally, is intellectually exclusive, it cannot get out of itself, and it cannot take in anything foreign. Such men as Robinson are of rare occurrence in England. A better medium than this remarkable and most attractive man, it would be impossible for Germany to find. I unconsciously place him in my mind by the side of Villers, and then the different influence which a thorough German education has had on the Frenchman and on the Englishman, is very striking." After an interval of a few weeks, Besser again writes to Perthes: "I have at last become thoroughly aware that to promise, to will, and to be able, are three very different things; and while we may with certainty reckon on the two first, in the case of many men, we must not on that account venture to rely upon the third. I am distressed at the thought of having raised false hopes as to the results of my present visit, nevertheless we have gained much by it. We know with certainty what we should *not* undertake; and if we cannot enter into any great enterprises in England, we may yet reap certain positive advantages. We must keep our eye upon works

of science, especially of natural history and medicine, while, on the other hand, German editions of the Classics appear to be less used than formerly. Under these circumstances, a longer stay in London is unnecessary, and I hope to be in Hamburg by the beginning of August." "Your lamentations do not alarm me," answered Perthes; "only be contented; the blessing will not fail us, even in England. We are in good repute there, and the tranquillity which is by degrees winning its way all over Europe, will open to us fresh channels even on that side of the water."

On Besser's return from London in August 1814, the two friends laboured together in right good earnest, and friends far and near assisted them gladly in their constantly recurring pecuniary embarrassments. By Easter 1815, Perthes and Besser were able to show that they had already discharged all their obligations long before the lapse of the stipulated time, and from that period the house took the important position which it has ever since maintained.

Perthes, however, did not allow the demands of business so entirely to engross his attention as to divert him entirely from the attempts which were being made to re-establish the old civic constitution. By speech and writing he did as much as his position and the circumstances of the time permitted.

CHAPTER XX.

STATE OF POLITICS DURING THE VIENNA CONGRESS, AND THE SECOND WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.—AUTUMN 1814 TO AUTUMN 1815.

WHILE individuals were labouring like Perthes, each in his own place, to gather up the links of social life in all parts of Germany, the sovereigns and princes, the ministers and diplomatists of Europe were assembling in Vienna, to settle afresh the great European relations, and especially to re-unite the German states, which since the dissolution of the empire had been very much isolated. The unheard-of political contradictions from which Germany had suffered for centuries, had been in some degree concealed, so long as the heavy pressure of habit made everything appear more tolerable than the commotions to which political changes would give rise. A political existence Germany had indeed possessed for centuries, but no political life. Napoleon had not solved the problem of the old contradictions, but only cut the knots. He had destroyed the empire, and now the German states existed only as so many separate sovereignties; he had annihilated the power of Austria and Prussia, and so removed the danger that might have resulted from their union; nevertheless, at present, Germany had neither political life nor political existence. Napoleon's dominion was ended, and as it passed away the former difficulties were developed more clearly than ever. Germany was to form a whole, while

yet she was to find room for a host of independent princes; her future presupposed the close alliance of Austria and Prussia, while yet the jealous rivalry of these powers was a recognised fact. The Congress could neither mistake nor refuse its task. And this was, to seek for Germany a political organization which, while it should not ignore the actually existing contradictions, should make them, at least, endurable.

Throughout Germany the people were everywhere deeply impressed with a feeling of the importance of the Congress, both as affecting the present and the future; and during the summer of 1814, the hope that the statesmen assembled at Vienna would at once present the nation with a grand political constitution, was predominant. But no sooner was the Diet really opened in the autumn of 1814, than it became evident, first to the initiated, then to the lookers on, that the power of the assembled diplomatists was rather negative than positive. Every scheme of organization that had for its objects the unity of the Germanic nation, and the political connexion of the several states, was attacked as soon as it was brought forward. The practical difficulties were insurmountable, and the author of the new Germanic constitution was not forthcoming. From his home at Hamburg, Perthes had followed the course of events with the most lively interest. He had friends and acquaintances both among those who actually took part in the business of the Congress, and among those who were well-informed as to their proceedings, and accordingly his correspondence during this period, and during the war in France, includes many particulars of interest.

As early as May and June 1814, he had been made aware of the difficulties that attended the political organization of Ger-

many ; he had heard of the strife between Austria and Prussia, and then of the restless efforts of Bavaria to secure a position that would carry weight not only in Germany but in Europe. He heard, too, of the fears that agitated Wurtemberg, lest she should be left behind Bavaria, and of the mistrust of Hanover, ready to be pleased with everything but the influence of Prussia ; he perceived the blind struggles of the less powerful states, who believed their own permanence most likely to be secured by an Austro-Germanic empire, provided always it did not trench too closely on their own sovereignties. He heard how Baden and Hesse were unable to determine whether to associate themselves with Bavaria and Wurtemberg, or with the smaller princes ; and he was informed of the strenuous opposition which every step that tended to increase the influence of Germany or of any German sovereign, encountered from the rest of the European powers.

But each letter only proved more plainly than the preceding how greatly the actual difficulties were increased by the passions of the contending parties. Among the acquaintances of Perthes who attended the Congress, there were some who regarded with indignation the attitude of Austria, and hotly attacked Metternich. "Metternich," writes one of these, "cannot leave off the old tricks of his wicked policy ; and in order to secure some advantages for Austria, he favours the desire for an Imperial Commonwealth that is manifesting itself on the Rhine and in Swabia, the grasping ambition of the Minister of sovereignty-seeking Bavaria, and, in the smaller States, the wish of the Princes to establish a sort of patriarchal empire, while, at the same time, he has relations with Talleyrand, which might convulse not only Germany but Europe."—

“The Austrian statesmen,” writes another, “are fallen to the lowest depth of political expediency.”—“The Cabinet of Vienna,” says another, “regards all danger as over because Napoleon is conquered, without considering what is under the surface, and is forcing itself upwards. Austria, lowered in the opinion of foreign powers, deficient in spirit, and eating out the life of every one that devotes himself to her service, can never be at the head of Germany. If Germany would escape the fate of Italy, and would not be partitioned among neighbouring powers as an indemnification for this or that supposed loss of territory or influence, the smaller States must yield to the strongest, and range themselves under Prussia: that power has in this last heroic period shewn that it has both the will and the power to render Germany free and independent.”

Not less violent were the attacks made on Prussia in other letters that Perthes received from Vienna. “While Austria,” says one of these, “has fought for Germany for thirty years without making a boast of it, while the Emperor of Austria has been *our* Emperor, and is, as well as all his brothers and his whole Cabinet, thoroughly German, Prussia is actuated solely by the thought of her own personal interest, and her own aggrandizement. Prussia has insinuated herself like a wedge into Germany, and now seizes on the dead chips which she herself has made, under the pretext that they have long been destitute of all vitality. The Prussians are possessed by the fixed idea that Prussia is Germany, and that every augmentation of the power of Prussia gives strength to Germany; they are persuaded that the Germans can only attain to genuine Germanism by becoming Prussian.”—“The whole administration of Prussia,” writes another, “is full of dishonesty. The ma-

majority of the Privy-Council are men of grossly immoral lives ; and almost all the employés of the State have imbibed some of the prevailing corruption of morals, according to which every kind of means is sanctioned as 'State wisdom,' if only it be suited to circumvent others."

In the letters that were received after November 1814, the increasing alienation of the Great Powers appeared still more plainly. "Fresh grounds of hatred and ill-will," says one, "are daily brought to light. The Great Powers, in the desperate strife that they are now waging, have had recourse to the former weapons of diplomacy, and are again endeavouring to outwit and overreach each other by dissimulation, treachery, and artifices of all kinds. Indeed, things are now come to such a pass that a man is ashamed to appear what he really is. Woe be to him who has set his hopes upon this mass of diplomatists, who, in fact, know no other way of settling difficulties than by postponing them ; and who yet pretend, before they separate, to close the Congress in such a manner as shall console the nations with the illusive appearance of a final arrangement."—"The resolutions which have been adopted in accordance with the passing humours and mutual expediencies of arrogant men," wrote another, "cannot and will not be productive of any lasting results ; and another power, the revolutionary spirit, will sooner or later overtake the whole mass of them, and bring the house about their ears. But what then ? The man who might take the measure of these important times has not appeared among us."

The nation itself offered a striking contrast to the vain and fruitless labours of the Congress, and the cares and anxieties of diplomatists. Germany was animated almost to enthusiasm

by an elevated political spirit, the growth and result of influences of different kinds which had been working together for several generations. After a long season of self-forgetfulness, the Germans, about half a century before, had seen their nationality reflected in the poetry of Klopstock and his imitators. To their own surprise they had discovered that they were not only a people, but a great and powerful people. The belief in the existence of an idealized German nation had, notwithstanding petty obstacles, sunk deeper and deeper into the public mind during the last few years of the preceding century, and had received a fresh colouring through the tendency first embodied in the works of Schiller, who sought to give an actual existence to the ideal. Then came the romantic element, which, regarding things and circumstances almost exclusively in their poetical aspect, had discovered much of the poetical in the German character, and had accordingly elevated the German people to a more glorious position than ever. While the dominion of Napoleon had effected a great political disorganization, it had also been the means of drawing together the *élite* of the nation in a manner hitherto unknown; so that German customs and the German language, as well as German science, art and tradition, were brought into prominence as a mine of national wealth; and to these the struggles and the results of the war of Independence now added the lustre of a great military fact. It was no longer in poetry alone, it was in the stern realities of life that the Germans had won the meed of praise, and foreigners looked with amazement at the power that was now once more raising its head in Europe. The nation came out of the war with a glowing faith in its own greatness; a faith which was the result of

the spirit of poetry, of idealism, and of romance, of the admiration of German science and art, and of the pride of having brought the war to a successful termination. It was not possible that the mighty overflowing tide of national feeling could again be confined within the narrow, petty, and now shattered forms of the preceding century; or that it could be divided and diffused among a multiplicity of isolated neighbouring States, artificially united, as in Napoleon's time. The nation, newly aroused to consciousness, demanded some all-embracing form which might serve as the political expression of the National Unity. This was a necessity; and the public mind was so exclusively occupied with the consciousness of this necessity, that all its hopes and efforts were directed to this point. That a glorious future awaited the German nation in its unity every one believed, though of what nature no one had perhaps formed any very definite idea. Every one knew what he did *not* want, and with ardour proclaimed it; but none could state precisely and practically what he *did* want.

Perthes had always regarded nationality as far more important for the Germans than political organization. It was not merely Hesse, Wurtemberg, or Mecklenberg, but even Austria and Prussia that he considered as altogether secondary to German nationality. He had not looked upon all as lost, even when one by one the different States succumbed to the genius of Napoleon; he always expected that the German States would ultimately be delivered by the German people, and the national rising had confirmed his faith in them. "Deprive us of our nationality," he once wrote to a friend, "and all our states and cities, our burghers and householders, will become as the leaves and branches of the oak when that hidden

and living power which God has put into the stem of the tree is withdrawn." Amid all the fluctuating events of the years 1814 and 1815, Perthes adhered firmly to the conviction that the nationality of the Germans was the gift of God, and was independent alike of the good-will or ill-will of those in power; that it was great and good, and a mighty power on which we might and ought to rely, in spite of all the corrupt and selfish counter-workings of individual princes or merchants, ministers or artisans, soldiers or lawyers. He had already confidently stated his belief that Germany would never rest till it had attained the full recognition of its nationality; and now, notwithstanding his esteem for the Prussian people, he rejected most unequivocally every proposal that pointed to a merely Prussian development of Germany or of any portion of it. "All the men," he wrote, "who are now labouring honestly and in good faith to reduce Germany to one or two States, are unconscious tools in the hands of artful diplomatists, who are all the while laughing at them as visionaries. The Germans will, however, escape this fresh danger by which they are now menaced, and will in future be united as one great nation, though without ranging themselves under the banner either of Austria or of Prussia." He regarded with satisfaction the struggle in which the escape of Napoleon in March 1815 threatened anew to involve Europe, as a means of withdrawing the decision of the fate of Germany from the arbitrary will of the few, and throwing it back upon the people. "Now it is once more man to man, friend to friend," he wrote; "now we shall see whether it is a mere flash, or a steady flame that has been kindled among us." The sluggish indifference with which at this time the military preparations of the smaller German

States were conducted appeared to him to be unaccountable. Being himself appointed commissary at Hamburgh, he had every opportunity of seeing what was done and what was left undone there, and he complained bitterly of the negligence of the authorities.

It was his opinion that a number of the best and bravest troops of all parts of Germany should be marshalled under the command of a leader of the highest rank, in the rear of the acting army, in order to keep up the spirit of the people, to support the weaker and wavering princes, and to take summary vengeance on any traitors among them. If circumstances should afterwards call for a general levy, the people would, he believed, easily incorporate themselves with the corps already formed. "The very existence of such a body under the command of Prussia would," he said, "repress the inclination to play the coward or the traitor among even the most dissembling." While out of Hamburgh, Perthes could do nothing more than seek sympathy for his views: within the city he put his hand to the work. A number of spirited and warlike youths chose a committee of ten elder burghers, who met at the house of Perthes on the 1st of April. The necessary military preparations were made, engagements were formed with Lubeck and Bremen, and the Landgrave Ernst von Barchfeld was invited to take the command of the troops thus to be assembled.—"Your happy and valuable suggestion," wrote subsequently a Prussian statesman, "has indeed been without results, owing to the unexpectedly speedy termination of the war; but to have formed such a plan at such a time must afford you pleasure as long as you live."

In the midst of the universal excitement, Perthes on the 8th of April set out for Leipzig to attend the Fair there, after an

interval of two years. He found everywhere the greatest consternation prevailing on account of the future fate of Saxony then just determined. But the momentous aspect which European affairs now began to assume, soon diverted the general attention from this unhappy country.

Soon after the return of Perthes from Leipzig, the opposing armies met, and the decisive day drew near. Minds long since exhausted by the perplexities of politics, were now inspired with military ardour. Two days before the battle of Belle-Alliance, Perthes wrote as follows to Fouqué, who, after a short stay at Hamburgh, had gone to visit the Counts Stolberg and Reventlow: "You have by this time become acquainted with the honoured Count Stolberg and his noble consort, and with the pious, humble family at Altenhof. How gladly would I spend a day with you there! We would, together, take a cheerful survey of history, and see how a spirited, self-confident, and vigorous youth—brought to God and to humility by grappling and struggling with dangers and difficulties—is about to recover for Germany its ancient free constitution, developed and fortified by the experience of centuries. I would fain never cease preaching to that perpetual youth, courage, progress, and loving hope. Time broods and ferments long before he takes a step, but then it is a giant's step, which treads many wriggling, creeping worms into the dust; this must not disturb our faith and trust. We must step forward, difficult as it may seem, not in proud self-confidence, but beholding with awe how God has forewarned and prepared the world for the step. It is necessary, however, to fight manfully with those who, shutting their eyes to the truth, would fain avert the course of events, either for the purpose of ruling with despotic sway, or of repos-

ing in selfish ease and enjoyment on the last remaining pillow of a bygone age."

Sooner than any one could have ventured to expect, the hopes of Germany were realized by the victory of Waterloo. Caroline had been residing for a few weeks at Wandsbeck, and when the first uncertain rumours of a great and decisive battle reached her there, she wrote at once, in the greatest excitement, to Hamburgh. "Is it true, dear Perthes? Oh, why are you not here, or I with you? Write to me immediately if it be true. I cannot believe it, and stand listening for voices in the air." Caroline had posted her children on the path leading from Hamburgh, in order to have the first news of the approach of the expected messenger. At length a horseman was seen in the distance advancing at full gallop, and waving a white flag. It was a friend whom Perthes had despatched with the Gazette of the victory, and these words,—“Behold the wonderful works of God, give thanks and praise to Him.” “That is indeed a victory,” replied Caroline: “may God help us still further, and may it be without fighting and conquering, if this is not asking too much. You write that Hanbury is shot. Alas! for the poor mother at Flottbeck. But she must bear up; she sees what he has died for.” Events now succeeded each other with wonderful rapidity. “The first great act of the European drama is ended,” wrote Perthes on the 20th of June. “Napoleon is dethroned. You will read the rest in the Supplement to the Gazette; the French, if they give up their idol, set the crown on their own degradation. I expect it, and, on this account, I shall illuminate, and not because of the fall of the monster, who has long ago appeared to me as fallen.” And again, a few days later,—“In France all is confusion, and this kingdom of hell

is going to pieces. What a judgment from God!" On the 26th of June, he again writes to Caroline,—“Yesterday came the report of the taking of Napoleon, but it is not yet confirmed. Believe me, the person of this monster is not now of the importance that you and half the world imagine. Look at the fate of the French! their present downfall, their terrible prospects! The dispersion of the Jews is nothing in comparison.”

CHAPTER XXII.

ACTIVITY ON BEHALF OF THE SUFFERING CLASSES, AND EXPERIENCES
IN THE FAMILY. 1814 AND 1815.

THE events which had again convulsed Europe had, indeed, driven the citizen from the seclusion of private life, and forced him into the wide circle of political sympathies and affairs. But the individual and his purely human lot retains his significance in a period of political excitement, as well as in a season of political repose. While states are struggling with each other, and conquering or falling, cold and hunger, bodily and spiritual privation, are still inflicting their sufferings on the individual. While great battles are being fought, and great congresses are being assembled, the individual still requires our sympathy with his present and his eternal wants: for even the poor perishing man occupies a far higher place than the State: he is connected with eternity, the State has to do with affairs of earth alone. It would have been no sign of political greatness, but a symptom of moral decay, if MAN, as an individual, had been forgotten in the mighty rising of the War of Independence. In fact, the distress had become everywhere so great, during the eighteen months between the first and the second peace of Paris, and had reached such a height, especially in Hamburgh, that none but the hardest hearts could

have been unmoved by it, even amidst all the excitement of political events.

For many months the numerous workmen of all kinds that, in Hamburg, earned the daily bread of wife and children by daily labour, had, perforce, kept holiday : the whole trade and commerce of that world's emporium had given place to a stillness like that of death. From the moment that labour ceased on the quays and in the warehouses, hunger began to tell upon strong and active men. Thousands had lost home and all, when Davoust had set fire to the suburbs ; and though death had made provision for a large number of the 120,000 of grey-headed and helpless men, women, and children, whom Davoust had driven out of the city in the cold of a December night,* still thousands survived to return, bringing sickness and sorrow with them, and no property of any kind, save what they carried on their persons. To provide food and lodging, and a bed of straw for each, was the least that could be done. Artisans, too, required tools to enable them to resume their work ; while the many petty dealers who ministered to the daily wants of the great city required some capital, however small, to meet their first outlay ; in every corner wants were springing up that craved immediate attention. The public charities were turned to the best account, and were admirably worked : 148,000 marks were expended annually in alms, clothing, and lodging ; but the distress that had been occasioned by extraordinary circumstances called for extraordinary exertions. Collections were made among the wealthy burghers, and sums, greater or smaller, came in from the different European cities. Distant Malta sent a large sum, and in London Von Hless laboured with

* In the meadow behind Ottensen 1138 of these lie buried.

indefatigable zeal to procure fresh contributions for his unhappy countrymen. A number of the most experienced citizens distributed the supplies thus sent. Perthes, with a few others, undertook the distribution of the English contributions, and the minute accounts, still preserved, attest the care and conscientiousness with which he discharged this duty.

As the dispenser of these contributions, Perthes had come in contact with individuals who were suffering the extremity of privation, and in every instance he had found that they were suffering from other than mere bodily wants. Thus in September 1814, he wrote, "I have gathered much valuable experience among the lower classes, and, thank God, I have often found that suffering and sorrow have been the means of rousing many from their former spiritual death, and of awakening in many hearts a sense of divine and eternal things. Hundreds of families would fain seek help and comfort in God, but they know not the way that leads to Him, and, under our former circumstances, *could not* know it. What would our handful of clergy do with this multitude of people? The Bible, too, is known only to few families; I have found it wanting even in schools." It was at this time that the London Bible Society, founded in 1804, began to direct its efforts towards Germany. The missionaries Steinkopf and Patterson were first deputed to request that Rambach, Perthes, and Gilbert van der Smissee would form an association in Hamburg and Altona, for the distribution of Bibles; in the event of their doing so, a contribution of several hundred pounds was promised. Perthes and his friends were well aware, that owing to the tendency of the times, such an undertaking would expose them to the reproach of pietism or mysticism, or some such term of reprobation, and

in order to avoid, as far as possible the suspicion of anything clandestine or sectarian, Perthes had recourse to the men who then held the first ecclesiastical and political offices in Hamburg, and requested their personal co-operation. On the 6th and 13th of October 1814, the preliminary meetings were held at Perthes's house; and on the 19th the Hamburg-Altona Bible Society was founded. When its twenty-fifth anniversary was celebrated in 1839, the important services which Perthes had rendered to the Society in its infancy were gratefully commemorated.

Perthes regarded the Bible Society as but one of many means for bringing about a revival of religion, and he gladly recognised the labours of those who, in a variety of different ways, were seeking to influence the people. But to make the theatre, although frequented by great numbers of persons who were inaccessible to any other influence, a means of rousing religious feelings, seemed to him more than doubtful. "Be temperate," he wrote to Fouqué, "and don't seek to bring your religious feelings, or rather your convictions regarding our holy religion, on the stage. Life and nature, and therefore destiny, belong to the theatre, but not the consolations of religion. These man must seek in his chamber or in the church, and there God will reveal himself to him." Popular works by which the dormant Christian consciousness might be revived, Perthes viewed on the other hand as an absolute necessity. Thus he wrote to Fouqué, "We greatly need a national-historical religious catechism for our primary schools, through which our youth may be taught that God made man, that the human race fell by sin, of the coming of the Redeemer, and of the means by which Christianity was spread; how a way was made for its intro-

duction by the migrations of the Germanic tribes, how we Germans, thus born again, advanced in the new world-career, and how the seed of better times was and is still preserved among us. I do not understand how to put it together, but you have it all at your fingers' ends. It must be short, and in question and answer, or else in simple propositions. The man who should give us this would be an unspeakable benefactor in the sight of God and man."

It was upon the youth of our land, and on their yet uncorrupted susceptibility, that Perthes built his hopes of future improvement among the people, and as a favourable opportunity of advancing their interests now presented itself, he did not suffer it to pass unimproved. A committee of twelve was appointed to make an extraordinary collection for the education of the poor of the city. "We got 30,000 marks at once," he says to Fouqué, "for the education of poor children, and we hope to get a great deal more. We twelve have now gone minutely through the town, and what numbers of fine children we have found! The blessing of God is indeed upon our people. We have taken 700 of the destitute children of the city." The Hamburg schools for the poor, since so widely extended, owed much to this collection.

That it was possible to form well-organized associations to minister to the temporal and spiritual wants of our perishing people, was a thought that lay beyond the horizon of 1814; but Perthes regarded with lively hope the female associations that had been instituted in Germany during the war, for the purpose of nursing the wounded, and taking care of the widows and orphans of the slain. "Whether two, three, or four German cities shall by these means be henceforward united, no

one can tell," he wrote ; " but these associations of ladies may certainly do much to unite all Germany in one blessed circle, in spite of all intestine divisions and all future struggles with foreign enemies. They may hold on their way undisturbed, if only they steer clear of all interference with the State, and carefully avoid mixing themselves up with any of the questions of right and wrong, which will have to be determined so soon as peace is re-established."

The anxieties and privations of the year of exile had told severely on Caroline's health. Her freshness and vivacity of mind, however, never forsook her ; and on this account she felt only the more painfully the pressure of the bodily disease which had its origin in great excitability of the nervous system, and in an incipient complaint of the heart. " I have not yet recovered my strength and energy," she writes to her friend Madame Petersen in Sweden, " and I often find my household duties so heavy, that I almost despair." But although occasionally depressed, Caroline was neither indifferent nor ungrateful for the many blessings she enjoyed. " The old song is every morning new," she once wrote, " that, if possible, I love Perthes still better than the day before. How inadequate seems all the gratitude I feel for having been permitted to retain him !"

Death was now to be revealed to Caroline in its most solemn form : she was called to attend her father, as he approached that awful moment when time and eternity meet together. Claudius had suffered severely in the years 1813 and 1814. At the age of seventy-three, he had been driven from the house and home to which he was attached by the

happy memories of half a century, to seek an uncertain asylum and a precarious subsistence in Holstein, where he was often exposed to poverty. "We are pretty well off here," he wrote on one occasion to Caroline from Lubeck: "we have a little room, with a bed and a sofa which almost fill it. We cook groats and potatoes for ourselves, but fuel is extravagantly dear. You will have seen in the papers that Wandsbeck is in the hands of the Allies. Fritz is there taking care of our house, and has sold the cow: he writes me that the cellar is, like the universe before Creation, waste and void." A few weeks later he wrote,—“We are now living in a larger, I might say a large room, but it is very cold, and we have not the means of making and of keeping it warm.” The outward difficulties were great, but it was not these which affected Claudius the most sensibly. “The still vigorous man of seventy-three, had strength to bear all his personal sufferings and the dispersion of his children,” says Perthes in a letter of that period; “but his sincere and patriotic heart was broken by the conflicting emotions and the doubts for his fatherland to which the war with Denmark had given rise. He felt that the exaltation and victory of Germany involved the defeat of his own king, whom he had good reason both to love and honour. This inward struggle, during a season of such violent outward excitement, was too much for the simple mind and the loving heart of the noble old man.”

Claudius had returned to Wandsbeck in May 1814, but never again to enjoy his old home. Worn with the burden of years, and worn by bodily infirmities, he struggled through summer and autumn. In compliance with the earnest entreaties of his daughter, he removed to Hamburgh in the beginning

of December, that he might be within reach of medical advice. "Papa is weary and languid," wrote Caroline, soon after the arrival of her father and mother; "but we have reason to be thankful that he is free from pain. He is so calm and so kindly, I might even say so satisfied and contented, that I am too happy to see this, to give utterance to the grief which I really feel." It soon became evident that recovery was not to be expected; but life was prolonged for seven weeks,—to Claudius a season of thankfulness and of almost uninterrupted calm and love: the blue sky above, the rising of the sun, the sight of his Rebecca, of his children and grandchildren, were all perpetual sources of enjoyment. One night he called Caroline to his bedside, and said, "I must take something from the night, for the day is too short to thank you, my dear child." Caroline, writing a few days before his death, says, "He is confident, peaceful, and, except at very short intervals, even joyful. Yesterday, after half an hour of distress from difficulty of breathing, he said to Perthes, 'Well, dear Perthes, this is all just as it should be, though not pleasant.' He then spoke of the approaching struggle, and of Him who is mighty to save, and said that he had placed his whole confidence in God. He is wonderfully kind towards us all, and likes our mother to sit by his bed. He is also anxious that you absent ones should have daily tidings of him, and never fails to send you his greeting." His mind continued active to the last, and he was able to trace the daily progress of his own dissolution—of the great mystery of the separation of soul and body. "I have all my life reflected by anticipation on these hours," he said to Perthes, "and now they are come; but I still understand as little as ever about the manner of the end." During the last few days he prayed

incessantly, and was pleased when he saw the bystanders praying, although he did not like prayers or exhortations to be made aloud. He never relinquished the hope that God would vouchsafe him a glimpse into the realms beyond, while still on this side of the grave; but although sight was not vouchsafed, his faith was never shaken. "The 21st of January was the day of his death; about two o'clock in the afternoon he became aware that his end was approaching, and prayed, 'Lead me not into temptation, and deliver me from evil.' An hour later he said 'Good-night!' several times, and in the moment of departure he opened his eyes, and looked lovingly upon his wife and children, as though they had a right to the last outgoings of affection."

"His mind was quite unimpaired, and he retained all his originality and all his peculiarities to the very last hour," wrote Perthes on the day of his father-in-law's death. "He died without anxiety—I may say, he died rich; for even in temporal things the fulness of hope was, as usual, at his command. The expression of the whole person is still very striking; there is an air of weariness, as if he were satisfied and pleased to have done with the earthly; while the brow still retains the beauty and power, and the mouth all the fulness of affection which characterized them in life. The end of this man was indeed great and noble." "May God forgive us," writes Nicolovius, "for feeling that such a man could have been better spared in heaven than upon earth."—"Death is a hard step," wrote Caroline, "but to take the step as he did is inconceivably great."

The solemn experiences of these weeks, during the whole of which her husband had been at her side, took deep hold of Caroline's mind; and with her lively fancy and a heart ever

seeking sympathy, she felt it to be a heavy trial, that Perthes, laden with cares, business, and interests of all kinds, could devote so little time to her and the children. "My hope becomes every day less that Perthes will be able to make any such arrangement of his time as will leave a few quiet hours for me and the children. There is nothing that I can do but to love him, and to bear him ever in my heart, till it shall please God to bring us together to some region where we shall no longer need house or housekeeping, and where there are neither bills nor books to be paid. Perthes feels it a heavy trial, but he keeps up his spirits, and for this I thank God." To these and kindred feelings which she had long cherished in her heart, Caroline now gave expression in letters which she wrote to Perthes during his absence. After eighteen years of trial and vicissitude, her affection for her husband had retained all its youthful freshness; life and love had not become merely habitual, they remained fresh and spontaneous as in the bride. She always gave free utterance to her feelings, in a manner at once unrestrained and characteristic, and felt deeply when Perthes, as a husband, addressed her otherwise than he had done as a bridegroom. Now that he was detained for some weeks in Leipzig, this state of feeling found expression on both sides, half in jest and half in earnest. "You have indeed renounced all sensibility for this year, because of your many occupations," wrote Caroline a few days after her husband's departure; "but I, for my part, when I write to you, cannot do so without feeling; for the thought of you excites all the feeling of which my heart is capable. Not a line have I yet received. Tell me, is it not rather hard that you never wrote me from Brunswick? At least I thought so, and felt very much that your

companion G. should have written to his newly married wife, and you not to me. It is the first time you have ever gone on a journey without writing to me from your first resting-place. I have been reading over your earlier letters to find satisfaction to myself, in some measure at least, but it has been a mixed pleasure. Last year, at Blankenese, you promised me many happy hours of mutual companionship. I have not yet had them; and yet you owe many such to me, yes, you do indeed." Perthes answered, "You write, telling me that I have renounced all sensibility for this year. This is not true, my dearest heart, it is quite otherwise. I think that after so many years of mutual interchange of feeling and of thought, and when people understand each other thoroughly, there is an end of all those little tendernesses of expression, which represent a relationship that is still piquant because new. Be content with me, dear child, we understand each other. I did not write to you from Brunswick, because we passed through quickly. Moreover, it is not fair to compare me with my companion, the bridegroom; youth has its features and so also has middle age. It would be absurd, indeed, were I now to be looking by moonlight under the trees and among the clouds for young maidens, as I did twenty years ago, or were to imagine young ladies to be angels. Nor would it become *you* any better if you were to be dancing a gallopade, or clambering up trees in fits of love-enthusiasm. We should not find fault with our having grown older: only be satisfied, give God the praise, and exercise patience and forbearance with me." "I wish you were here on this your birth-day," answered Caroline on the 21st of April, "and had half an hour to spare to celebrate it with me and the children. The children do their best, but you are always your-

self, and have ever the first place in my heart. Thank God, my Perthes, neither time nor circumstances can ever affect my love to you. It is, indeed, beyond the reach of change. May God be pleased only to spare my life and restore my health, and preserve you and the children, and maintain your love for me unimpaired. It is all I ask; but there is no end of wishing and praying, and happily, none too, of granting,—if not in our own way, at least in God's. Your last letter is, indeed, a strange one. I must again say, that my affection knows neither youth nor age, and is eternal. I can detect no change, except that I now *know* what formerly I only hoped and believed. I never took you for an angel, nor do I now take you for the reverse; neither did I ever beguile you by assuming an angel's form or angelic manners. I never danced the gallopade, or climbed trees, and am now exactly what I was then, only rather older; and you must take me as I am, my Perthes:—in one word, love me, and tell me so sometimes, and that is all I want.” “Your answer,” says Perthes, in his next letter, “was just what it ought to have been; only don't forget that my inward love for you is as eternal as yours is for me; but I have so many things to think of. How much of us belongs to earth, and to man?—how much to heaven? for we belong to both.” And so ended the correspondence upon a subject which, perhaps, is not altogether unknown to other married persons.

In the middle of May Perthes returned to Hamburgh, and soon became aware that Caroline's health required serious attention. The physician, Dr. Schröder, an old friend of the family, had told Caroline that her nervous system, although still unimpaired, was over-wrought; and that by stimulating the bodily powers to exertions beyond their strength, she was gradu-

ally preparing the way for disease. A change of scene was desirable, and Caroline, with her younger children, went to pass the summer of 1815 at Wandsbeck with her mother. During this period, almost daily letters were exchanged between her and her husband. While those of Perthes were devoted to warnings and entreaties to take care of her health, the few lines in which Caroline was wont to reply, were full of expressions of love, and of sorrow on account of their necessary separation. "I am seated in the garden," she writes, "and all my merry little birds around me. I let the sun shine upon me, and make me well if he can. God grant it! if it only be so far as to enable me to discharge my duties to my family; for I feel myself too unhappy as a mere cipher." And again, "I hope, my dear Perthes, that you will again have pleasure in me; the waters seem really to do me good. Come to-morrow, only not too late. My very soul longs for you."—"You shall be thanked for the delightful hours that I enjoyed with you yesterday," she wrote after a short visit to Hamburg, "and for the sight of your dear, kind face, as I got out of the carriage."—"I only live when you are with me," she writes a few days later; "send Matthias to me if it does not interfere with his lessons; if I cannot have the father, I must put up with the son."—"The children enjoy their freedom, and are my joy and delight: alas! for those who have none!" she says after telling some childish adventures. "But you, dear old father! you, too, are my joy and delight. Let me have a little letter; I cannot help longing for one, and will read it when I get it ten times over. Pray don't forget the poor people in the mud-huts at Hamm: the house is easily found, it is in the lane, opposite to something particular, but I cannot remember exactly what."

With many fluctuations of health, Caroline had passed the time at Waudsbeck ; August had now come, and with it was brought vividly before her mind the many years of happiness she had spent with Perthes. "It is eighteen years to-day," she writes, "since I wrote you the last letter before our marriage, and sent you my first request about the little black cross. I have asked for many things in the eighteen years that have passed since then, dear Perthes, and what shall I ask to-day? You can tell, for you know me well, and know that I have never said an untrue word to you. Only you cannot quite know my indescribable affection, for it is infinite. Perthes, my heart is full of joy and sadness—would that you were here! This day eighteen years ago I did not long for you more fervently or more ardently than now. Thank God over and over again for everything! I am and remain yours in time, and, though I know not how, in eternity too! Be well pleased, if you come to-morrow. Affection is certainly the greatest wonder in heaven or on earth, and the only thing that I can represent to myself as insatiable throughout eternity."

In the middle of August Caroline returned to Hamburg, and although not fully restored to health, she was yet able, with sundry interruptions, to superintend the large household, and to continue to minister comfort and joy, support and assistance, to many persons of different classes and ages.

CHAPTER XXIII.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS AFTER THE SECOND PEACE OF PARIS.
AUTUMN 1815 TO AUTUMN 1816.

POLITICAL excitement was not less violent in Germany at the time of the second peace of Paris, than it had been at the period of the first; but the objects of hope and fear were different. In 1814, the unity of Germany and the restoration of the empire, had roused the political imagination of the German people. In 1815, although in many places the first feeling was that of displeasure at the substitution of the prosaic Bund for the poetical Kaiser, yet, as the Bund was now the recognised form of German unity, and as, moreover, there was little probability of setting it aside, the popular excitement spent itself on the probable fate of the separate governments, seeking to obtain for them a something which, under the various names of constitution, representation, states-general, freedom, was quite as indefinite, though quite as reasonable as the cry of unity that had been raised a few months before. To the governments of Germany this political agitation appeared by no means the less dangerous, on account of its change of object, but seemed rather to call for an additional amount of watchfulness and care. Schmalz's pamphlet on "Political Associations," written in the summer of 1815, in which the objects of these unions and the means adopted by them were bitterly attacked, called forth, in reply, a number of pam-

phlets no less bitter and violent. Those internal differences of opinion were thus made manifest, which, with occasional intermissions, have continued to agitate the German nation to the present day.

The efforts to secure the political rights of the subject had not then associated themselves with a self-seeking fanaticism, fighting for a series of lifeless dogmas ; but was rather a poetical longing after something fabulous. The careful conservatism of the governments had not yet degenerated into a spirit of cold negation and open persecution, but appeared rather as the dull prose of an exclusive attention to the petty political duties of daily life, and as the fear that shrinks with timid caution from all that is great. The sting of long mutual exasperation was wanting in the struggle of 1815, but the struggle itself was everywhere recognised ; and every German had now to choose between prince and people, as in 1814 he had been obliged to choose between nationality and state craft. The first collision arose out of the question, Whether the political destiny of Germany was to be brought about by the various governments, by the help of their police, their armies, and their treasuries ; or by that spirit now fermenting and working in the minds of their subjects, which at the time could be manifested only as public opinion ?

Perthes was in many respects opposed to the prevailing tendencies and their representatives, and expressed his opinions plainly and without reserve. He was too well acquainted with the machinery of newspapers and journals to receive their *dicta* as the expression of public opinion ; and had so little confidence in theorists and essayists, that he would have excluded them altogether from political organizations if this had been possible.

Secret associations also were repugnant to his very nature. "We spoke our minds about secret associations when you were here," he writes to Fouqué, "and I participate in all your opinions, and in your abhorrence of them."

In a letter to a restless friend he says,—“The time is passed in which it was a man’s duty to put on harness for God and fatherland. Believe me, truth and right are not wholly on one side now, as they were in those years, but, on the contrary, they are greatly divided. Above all things keep your eyes open, and make use of them, and don’t suffer yourself to be led by the blind. Be cautious if you would not be unjust. The powers and passions that were let loose in 1813 threaten us now, and what have we to oppose to them? We are so little acquainted with public affairs, and have so little talent and training for public business, that a strong and firmly-established monarchical government will be still necessary for us.” When, however, Perthes turned his eyes to the existing governments, and saw what they were now doing and leaving undone, he could not believe that the future destiny of Germany was to be moulded by *them*. Letters that Perthes received at this time from persons holding the most opposite opinions, conveyed the same impression of anxiety and displeasure at the attitude assumed by the various governments. Thus F. H. Jacobi writes from Munich,—“I have read a printed letter of yours, dear Perthes, headed, ‘Extract from the Letter of a German from the North, who has great hopes.’ It has, indeed, edified and comforted me; but it has not communicated the strength of which I stand in need. If I were not so very weak, I would write a postscript with the title, ‘Extract from the Letter of a German from the South, who has great

anxieties.' How rapidly Schmalz's mischievous pamphlet, with all the contemporary laudations, has been circulated in all the public papers! And this is from Prussia! your most German of German States! When such things are done there, Bavarian Alemannia may fold her hands as indeed she does. If the Absolutists get the upperhand in France, our princes will contrive to turn the promised representation of the people into a mere mockery. I wish with all my heart that 'the spring which moves all this clock-work may give way!'—"What will become of Germany," wrote another friend in the autumn of 1816, "if the princes go on with this Macchiavellian policy? Instead of representation, and freedom of the press, we have the censorship, police, militia, persecution of the best men among us, and the beginning of a political inquisition. The dreadful condition of the peasants in South Germany, especially in Würtemberg, Bavaria, and Baden, has affected me deeply. I did not know before that German princes could thus torture and squeeze the very life-blood out of their people for the sake of possessing a new summer-palace, or a few head of deer or wild boars, or a regiment of guards to protect them from the despair of their oppressed subjects. This must and will be altered, for our people awoke, in the last war, to the consciousness of their power and greatness. The question is, how long will they be satisfied with the mere consciousness, while England, America, and even France, are reaping the fruits of the knowledge? I am ready to weep at the thought that the angel of resurrection can only come forth from the graveyard of revolution. And now, the hungry eagles of the East and the West will rejoice to trample my beloved fatherland into dust with their savage hordes, and to divide it for a spoil,

under pretext of restoring order ! My mind cannot discern the means of deliverance, but my belief that no amount of oppression can crush out of our people what is great and good remains unshaken."

It was clear to every one that the attitude of the Prussian government would give direction to the policy of the other German cabinets ; and, accordingly, the tendencies to which the pamphlet of the Privy-Councillor Schmalz had given expression, excited no small amount of anxiety and exasperation, and were vigorously attacked in the counter-pamphlets of Niebuhr, Schleiermacher, Koppe, and others. "We are beset with dangers on more than one side," wrote Perthes to his friend Jacobi at Munich. "The contest in Prussia is a sign of the times. The government, in its terror, attacks the Tugendbund, disarms private associations, would fain crush public opinion and public spirit, and the popular wish for a constitution, militia, &c. ; and not understanding the present times, would fain work her way out of them, and settle down quietly in the past." Perthes regarded the present proceedings of the German governments as so utterly destructive, that he was ready to rejoice in the difficulties by which they were now on every side beset. "I do not complain of the second peace of Paris," he says to Fouqué ; "the governments *must* in future be threatened from without, in order to feel their need of the people. If the balance of power were so exactly poised as to secure peace and tranquillity to Europe for the next fifty years, the rights and claims of the people would be wholly disregarded, and all would be left in the old unconstitutional form. Constitutions are not, indeed, to be made to order, they are the work of time and circumstances ; and those men are fools who

expect to do all with a pair of scissors: still there must be a beginning—and this beginning, alas! princes and governors do not like to hear of.”

But the position of the governments with regard to public opinion was but one of the questions then agitated; the future position of Prussia with reference to Austria, and to the whole of Germany, was another point which was discussed with equal warmth, though not so widely. The German Bund was indeed formally established in June 1815; but the Bundestag, its only exponent, was not opened till the 5th of November 1816. Thus, at the period of the second peace of Paris, the Bundesact was a mere dead letter, and no one could form any opinion as to the practical working of the twenty articles of which it was composed. One thing, however, was already plain, that in spite of the article by which all decisions were to depend on a majority of voices, Austria and Prussia would in reality determine all questions. Austria and Prussia were thus to be joint leaders of Germany, just as if, instead of having been so long animated by mutual hatred and suspicion, these two cabinets had been swayed by a common instinct, and had been indissolubly united by the bonds of mutual confidence.

Perthes was exclusively neither North nor South German. “If my hopes be realized,” he wrote, “we shall see the North and the South, as two halves of all Germany, standing as a mighty bulwark against every attack from without, while our internal divisions will be merged in an amicable contest for the best development of constitutional freedom and order, of attachment and fidelity to our princes, and of such intellectual culture as may set forth the glory of God, and advance the best interests of man. And truly we, in North Germany, shall,

if we live, have enough to do, not to be *outdone* by the South : for we may expect great things from the honest Emperor of Austria, whom we would so gladly have hailed again as our own emperor, and from the thoroughly well-informed princes of his house. There is also much to be hoped from the heirs of the kingdoms of Bavaria and Wurtemberg."

We have already seen the alienation that had arisen between Niebuhr and Perthes, when in 1814 the latter had regarded Niebuhr as exclusively Prussian rather than German in his political sympathies. In 1815 he had bitterly attacked Niebuhr's answer to Schmalz, as written from a merely Prussian point of view. These violent political contests between the former friends seemed to offer little probability of a renewal of friendship ; and on this account it was with no small emotion and pleasure, that Perthes received the following lines from that great and noble man, written shortly before his departure for Rome in the spring of 1816 :—"Dearest Perthes, I would not willingly impoverish myself, or part poorer than inexorable destiny may have decreed. That destiny has beggared me in those nearest friendships in which but one short year since I felt myself so inconceivably rich. Three days ago was the anniversary of my father's death, with which sad day the destruction of my possessions began. My friendships I know have suffered from passion and irritability ;—let all be forgotten between us, and let every misunderstanding be removed before I leave my native land. Will you accept this?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

IMPORTANCE OF THE BOOK-TRADE FOR GERMANY.

PERTHES had never regarded the book-trade merely as a means of subsistence and of personal gain ; he had always looked upon it as one of the institutions by means of which spiritual vitality is maintained in a nation. His business had indeed secured to him a comfortable livelihood and an independent position ; but he never forgot, in the enjoyment of these advantages, that it also involved the responsibility of quickly discerning and diligently supplying the literary wants of the nation within the sphere of his own business-operations. It is in this perpetual and practical recognition of the indissoluble union existing between his private interests and the public welfare that we detect the secret of the success that, to the end of his life, attended all his undertakings. In 1816, he believed that the time was come when the German book-trade stood in need of a fresh impulse and a partial transformation.

Among the many dangers by which Germany was menaced from within, that which Perthes most feared was the possibility that the division into North and South, Protestant and Catholic, Austrian and Prussian, might eventually cease to be merely political, and become national in its effects. Once divided into distinct races—into North and South Germans, he gave up all

hope of any future brilliant destiny for Germany, as a mere illusion. For this reason he regarded with displeasure and anxiety the many North Germans who, while they could speak with fervour of the political unity of Germany, were at the same time helping to destroy, what it necessarily presupposed, the unity of the nation.

There exist, indeed, important differences between the North and South, grounded in the very nature of things, and these can neither be overlooked nor effaced ; but in spite of these, and of the diversity of races, Perthes considered it as the first duty of all Germans fully to recognise, and to labour earnestly to develop, the national unity. A pertinacious adherence to the local had stereotyped every religious and social diversity, and preserved every political and historical remembrance ; still Perthes believed that in literature, the North and the South, Protestant and Catholic, Prussian and Austrian, would learn the lesson of their common nationality. But even in this, unhappily, Germany was divided. In the South, especially in Austria and Bavaria proper, the literature of the North had but little influence ; and the literature of Austria and Bavaria, again, was so little known in the North, that it was impossible to say whether, notwithstanding a Romanist bias, it might not contain treasures destined to confer universal benefit. He believed it to be the first and special duty of German booksellers to overarch this unnatural breach in our literature, and to render the circulation of a work equally easy, whether it was published at Hamburg or Vienna, at Königsberg or Trèves. But he also knew that the trade was at present in no condition to discharge this duty : it was to some extent operative in Bavaria and other smaller states, but in Austria it could scarcely

be said to have any connexions at all. With the exception of Würtemberg, as Perthes himself had said but a few years before, South Germany as far as Nuremberg and Dresden, and West Germany as far as Frankfort and Heidelberg, were totally dead to literature. Since, however, the Rhonish provinces had become Prussian, and Austria and Bavaria had identified themselves more with German scientific life, this had been changed, and the connexion with those countries had increased, but the intercourse was still incidental, unsystematic, and unbusiness-like.

Every attempt to bring unity of action into the German book-trade was met by an obstacle which the German governments alone could remove. The publishing trade, though representing one language, literature, and people, was yet carried on under exclusive regulations in every separate State. Thus there was no general copyright, and the right of reprinting without acknowledgment, a work which had been published in another State, was recognised and adopted as a lawful source of profit. The pernicious effects of such a system of spoliation Perthes endeavoured to make plain, even to the uninitiated, in a small pamphlet written about this time. "When an author," he says, "wishes to publish, he applies to a bookseller to print his book, since he himself has neither time, nor money, nor aptitude for such an undertaking. If the bookseller think well of the work, and believe—*know* he cannot—that it is likely to interest the public, he buys the manuscript, and pays for the paper and printing of a certain number of copies. But the bookseller is perhaps mistaken, and has many copies left on his hands, so that he loses not only his hope of gain, but a portion of the capital he has expended.

This experience the bookseller repeats several times, perhaps with the sixth undertaking he may be successful, and thus he may be indemnified for his previous losses. Then comes a second publisher, who, taking no note of the failures, pounces at once upon the popular work, and prints a new edition at a cheaper rate, which he can afford to do, as he has neither previous losses to cover nor author to pay. The original publisher is thus left with half an edition on his shelves, and is afraid to venture on anything else. The author no longer finds a purchaser for his book, but the pirate publisher, the *lier-in-wait*, pockets what should be his and his publisher's rightful profit. The public, it is true, reap the benefit of the cheaper edition; but can we call him a good householder who eats up his seed-corn?"

The parties more immediately concerned—the authors and publishers—had indeed always considered this piracy as an evil, and had taken steps for putting a stop to it, immediately after the second peace of Paris. Eighty-one of the principal publishers had held a meeting in the summer of 1814, and had chosen a committee, authorizing it to take such steps as might induce the several governments of Germany, and the impending Congress, to guarantee to authors and publishers the protection of copyright throughout Germany. Cotta and Bertuch had repaired to Vienna, as a deputation, with a memorial drawn up by Kotzebue, and had been favourably received by Metternich and Wessenberg, Hardenberg and Humboldt. The result had been the insertion of the following words in the *Bundessact*:—"The Bund shall, at its first meeting, endeavour to devise some measure of general application, by which the rights of authors and publishers may be secured against piratical reprints." As the day of meeting drew nigh, it was thought desirable, in order to

secure the fulfilment of this promise, that the statesmen of whom the assembly was to be composed, should be provided with clear and accurate information regarding the bearings of a question half mercantile, half literary, of which they could have little previous knowledge. Urged on all sides, Perthes, in the summer of 1816, drew up a memorial, entitled, "The German Book-trade as a condition of the existence of German Literature," especially calculated by its tone to win over Austria, which, in so far as literature was concerned, had been up to that time estranged from the rest of Germany.

This statement Perthes caused to be printed and distributed, it having been most favourably received by Schlegel, who advised its immediate publication, and promised to do all in his power to bring it before the members of the Bund.

There were many obstacles in the way of attaining the object which the publishers had in view, in the political institutions and police stringency, not only of Austria, but of most of the other states. In order to form an opinion of the existing obstacles, and of the means of removing them, and to gain reliable information respecting the literary wants, tendencies, and objects of the different German states, as well as to form connexions with the most influential statesmen, all which seemed indispensable, it was necessary to have a personal knowledge of the various districts. The extensive acquaintance of Perthes, and the general confidence with which he was regarded, not only by authors and publishers, but by the statesmen of many different governments, seemed to point him out as the person on whom such a mission should naturally devolve; and ever since the spring of 1816, he had entertained the thought of making a tour in South Germany, in pursuance of these objects. He believed

that the expenses of the journey, which to one in his circumstances were by no means inconsiderable, would be balanced by the extension of his own business-connexions, and also by the publication of a new and cheap edition of Stolberg's "History of Religion," in and for Austria, from which he expected to realize a large profit. Urged on all sides to carry out his intention, and assured in confidential letters from the most eminent and influential men, that they regarded it as likely to be fraught with good results, and to be a means of cementing a cordial and fraternal union between the still divided North and South, he resolved to undertake the journey, and accordingly he set out in August 1816.

CHAPTER XXV.

JOURNEY TO FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE—19TH JULY TO
4TH AUGUST 1816.

ON Friday the 19th of July, Perthes left Hamburg in company with his son Matthias, then sixteen years of age, with the intention of travelling by way of Cologne, Frankfort, and Munich, to Vienna.

“ Our journey has been prosperous thus far,” he writes from Bremen. “ The night was clear and mild, and the postilions were good. The carriage is convenient, and holds me and our boy very comfortably. I am somewhat fatigued in mind and body; the labours and efforts of the last two years, coming immediately after the terrible anxieties of the fearful time that preceded them, have shaken me. To you, my beloved Caroline, I know not what to say concerning our present separation, but that I believe I am going where God calls me. I commit you and the children to His protection.”

Perthes travelled without stopping to Münster, where he meant to stay some days. “ It is sad,” he writes, “ to see the fine *Claussée*, made by the French with German money and German labour, entirely neglected by the Hanoverian government; the displaced stones are left by the wayside, and in many places between Bremen and Brinkum, for instance, it is

impossible to travel by night; yet the tolls are everywhere exacted. Till you approach Osnabrück, the country is dreary and tedious; towards Böhme it is more interesting. Here we drove to see the oak of a thousand years. Its circumference at the base is twenty paces. This giant of antiquity stands towering to the sky, but bears neither bark, branches, nor boughs; on one side only where a vein of living sap still runs, the trunk is covered with tender green sprouts; a touching sight this monument of grey antiquity, standing like some ancient watch-tower, clothed with clustering ivy. It is a pleasing custom they have here of giving proper names to horses. The horse is a noble and intelligent animal, and quite as deserving of such a distinction as the dog; and when it has a name, it has made some advance towards personality." "Here I am once more in old Munster," he says in another letter, "and find it as usual, devotional and lively. Yesterday, at noon, July 22d, we arrived, and as we alighted I saw Count Joseph Westphalen, riding across the Square, and I am sorry to say about to leave the town, but we enjoyed a quarter of an hour's cordial communion: after this I inquired for our old friends, and paid many visits. Bishop Droste is on a journey, but is expected back to-morrow. I was invited to the President von Vincke's, and found several members of the council of Münster there, and a few also from Minden. The conversation was animated and unrestrained, and the men seemed to me to be of the right German sort, simple, intelligent, and well-intentioned: Vincke bears the impress of a gifted man, capable of accomplishing much by the union of power and promptitude. In his carriage and his gestures he often reminds me of Niebuhr, while in acuteness, solidity, and genuine German character, he may

be compared with Möser." "Early this morning, July 24," he writes to Caroline, "the dear Bishop took me to his house, which, though comfortably, is very simply fitted up. We were alone for two hours, and spoke together with perfect openness. We understand each other, though on certain important points we are not on the same track. He is calm, stedfast, decided, and liberal in the best sense, for his liberality is the fruit of love. I went with him to visit his brother Clement, and thence to call on the other brother, Canon Francis, where we met Katterkamp and the vigorous old Vicar Konrad, who now has a living in the country; the venerable Overberg, alas! I did not see, for he was travelling. The hours that I spent in the society of these men will always live in my memory: it did one good to look at the three brothers. Clement is matured in every quality which can call forth respect, is full of fire and energy, simple and sure: Francis is talented, acute, and lively. They are all alike distinguished by honesty of purpose and purity of heart, and in each the outer man reflects what is within. It is an advantage to the Roman Catholic Church to have men of social distinction among its priesthood, but they must be of the right sort. Clement has lately returned from Rome, and is labouring zealously for the freedom of the Church, 'in order,' as he says, 'that aspirations after divine things, and the free movement of the higher spiritual life, may not be subjected to the supervision of the State and the control of the police.' In a higher ecclesiastical position he might become too dependent on Rome to work freely."

"On the 24th of July we left Münster," says Perthes in another letter. "From Hagen, which we reached next morning, the country assumes an aspect unusual in Germany. In

the valley, which is about two miles broad, with a number of lateral valleys opening into it, lie closely crowded together factories, and mills, and smithies, all encircled by trim gardens. The slopes of the low hills are covered with corn, the summits with wood. For four hours we travelled through this wealthy district, till we got to Schwelm, and looked from the height into the Wupperthal, and down on a little clustering town. From the summit the view of the valley is very striking,—the hills crowned with wood, and their declivities clothed with grain, or adorned with emerald meadows, here white as snow, there with a purple hue, or glittering in various colours according to the dyes of the outspread manufactured stuffs, and far below, on the banks of the Wupper, lordly mansions, with their fine flower-gardens and luxurious and sometimes tawdry decorations; the fruits of that incredible manufacturing activity which will be the grave of our character, our morals, and our power. The children work in the factories from eight, or even six years of age; become cripples and begot cripples; and the efforts of the so-called pietists to put a stop to this style of things have hitherto been as unsuccessful as the exertions of the government. We could not stop to see the wonders of the valley, but we had the pleasure of visiting J. Koetmann! I have also met and conversed with all the men whose names I had set down. It appears to me that the people express much more dissatisfaction with Prussia in the hill-country than in the Münster district. Considerable irritation between Catholics and Protestants has arisen among the mixed population, and both parties accuse the government, while many branches of trade suffer by the separation from France, and no one has patience to wait for better times. The Prussian

forms are complained of as tedious and antediluvian, and a demand for a constitutional assembly is strongly urged."

It was at Dusseldorf, and by the light of a fine sunset, that Perthes first saw the Rhine. "The glorious river makes a grand impression," he says; "it is true that like the Elbe at Hamburg, it flows through a level country. I should not say flows, but *streams* impetuously, for there is a vast difference; yet the Rhine can never form so beautiful a mirror as the Elbe occasionally does. We have now, my beloved Caroline, the Elbe, the Weser, the Ems, the Ruhr, and soon we shall have the Rhine, too, between us; but love and devotion recognise no boundaries. Be confident. Your glances into the past, and fearful and hopeful longings, are indeed guarantees for the great future beyond the grave; yet do not forget that a vigorous grasp of the present is our duty so long as we are upon earth. It is the present moment that supplies the energy and decision which fit us for life. Retrospect brings sadness, and the dark future excites fears, so that we should be crippled in our exertions were we not to lay a vigorous grasp upon the present." Perthes passed some days in the family of his brother-in-law, Max Jacobi, who had lately exchanged the post of Director of the great Hospital at Salzburg, for that of State-councillor at Dusseldorf. They had not met since 1808, and in reminiscences of the great events in midst of which both had lived, the hours passed quickly away. It was with deep emotion that at Pempelfort, Perthes looked on the spot, where in bygone times, before the stormy season of the first revolutionary war, Frederick Henry Jacobi had formed the centre of a highly cultivated circle, and had received as his guests, Goethe, Herder, Lavater, Hamann, Schlosser, Heinze,

the Princess Gallitzin, and so many others : and thus in recollections of the past, rather than in observation of the present, the time was spent in Düsseldorf. But the general impression that even the passing traveller almost inevitably receives, was not favourable to the inhabitants of this town. "There is an appearance of restlessness and inconstancy in the countenance, bearing, and manners of the people ; their features are not well defined, and they do not look like men whom one would choose as associates in a time of peril."

It was but a hasty visit that Perthes could pay to the literary residents, Kohlrausch, Kortum, and Delbrück—with Frederick Hoffmann, the merchant, he remained somewhat longer. In his earlier mercantile journeys Hoffmann had been in the habit of everywhere seeking out men animated by earnest religious feeling, and had thus formed an extensive circle of friends—men of the most diverse characters. "I sought out our old friend Hoffmann," writes Perthes to Caroline. "The peculiar and distinguishing characteristic of this pious and very wise old man, is his enmity to all Churches and ecclesiastical institutions. He maintains that the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, through which medium alone a Church can be constituted, ceased with the third century : that all endeavours to restore the lost visible Church are ineffectual ; but that, according to the promises of Scripture, a second effusion of the Holy Ghost is sooner or later to be expected, when the Church will be restored, and the present forms of society will be dissolved. I could not help answering, that the Jews had failed to recognise the Redeemer when He came, because they were expecting a worldly lord and a king clad in purple ; and that we too should be on our guard, lest in our anticipa-

tion of a glorious and all-conquering manifestation of a *Church*, we should think ourselves justified in overlooking and slighting the present inward working of the power of God. Hoffmann and Koetmann accompanied us to Benrath, a summer palace, commanding a fine prospect, where Murat, when Grand-Duke of Berg, used to pass much of his time; thence we travelled through an exuberance of fruitfulness, by Mulheim and Deutz to Cologne."

"It is difficult to give you any idea of Cologne," he writes in a letter to Caroline, "for all is so new to us—men, manners, and customs, the city, the houses, and the institutions. We have already seen much that is grand and beautiful, and also much that is comic. Don't be alarmed at our having become somewhat Catholic: in the cathedral there was a service against the rain, and at night there were torch-light processions, the priests praying aloud, and were we travellers to keep aloof? As soon as we arrived, we wandered through the city. The streets, lanes, and alleys, very appropriately called *Spar-gassen*, are strangely intricate and perplexing. Houses of all periods, antiquities of all ages, are here seen side by side; in a few paces you walk through the history of the old Roman times. The Cologne dwell among the stones and the ruins of fifteen hundred years: they are distinguished by peculiarity of dialect, carriage, and manners. On the street floor most of the houses have only a counting-house or shop with a dark room at the back; above are warehouses and large rooms without windows, the frequent dwelling-place of the bat and the owl. But on passing through the ground-floor to the back of the house, you find well-built, spacious rooms, in which the family live as quietly as if they were in the country, and which

frequently open into large gardens surrounded by venerable walls festooned with ivy and other climbing plants. We saw a number of small houses built against the old Roman city wall, and clustered together in mid air, like swallows' nests. How many generations with their joys and sorrows have passed away within them ! But amid the ruins of the past we were pleasantly reminded of the present by a glass case, protected by wire-work like a parrot's cage, and containing three merry and fine-looking children, which was let down upon us as we passed under a window. These floating children's rooms are hung out of the windows in the sunshine, or when there is anything to be seen.—We went to the cathedral on the day of our arrival though it was already half dark ; our cicerone unceremoniously tapped on the shoulder a very old priest, who was kneeling and praying diligently, and the old man rose at once from his knees, in order to do the honours of the cathedral to us, while the cicerone knelt down in his place, and carried on the prayers. To-day we went again for the third time to the cathedral. On entering the choir, every one is expected to drop his arms. What honour has been conferred upon man in making him the instrument by which the Spirit of God produces such wonderful works ! It is impossible to write about it. St. Peter's has now recovered the picture of the Crucifixion of Peter, painted by Rubens, and presented by him to this church in which he was baptized. It was taken to Paris by the French, but I am afraid that the barbarity which did not scruple to tear even this precious legacy from the very altar will soon be forgotten by the inhabitants. This morning, after visiting the Wallraff collection of Colognese antiquities, where I might have learned much if I had known more, we went to the house of

Schauberg the bookseller, a very well-informed and highly cultivated man, and there met Professor Wallraff, State-councillor von Harthausen, Captain Bürsch, and a Herr de Groot. Several hours passed rapidly away in animated conversation ; Catholicism and Protestantism being among the subjects discussed. On my mentioning the incident of the cicerone and the priest, and referring to similar indecencies of daily occurrence in Catholic churches, I was told that it was the office of this priest to shew the relics, and that whether praying or not, he must needs be always ready to discharge the functions of his office ; that among Catholics it was the custom to treat God with familiarity, as a father, and thus they could occasionally put Him on one side with childlike confidence, while Protestants who, on the contrary, always make an effort when they pray, must be on ceremony with Him as they would with some stranger of rank. This reminded me of the drunken Catholic peasants who, before they begin to fight, with a similar confiding spirit, put the crucifix under the table, that the Lord may not be a witness of the scandal !”

On the 31st of July Perthes left Cologne for Godesberg. “While changing horses at Bonn,” he says, “I sought out old Stogmann. The sight of me reminded him of the death of his daughter, our dear Herzfeld, and he wept bitterly ; but we drank to her memory in a glass of old Rhenish wine, and he soon recovered his spirits :—‘ Oh Human Nature !’ At Bonn the vineyards begin ; the bright green of the foliage gives a colouring to the district, of which we in the north have no idea : the growth of plants and flowers is, in general, more luxuriant here than with us. Fruit-trees are planted in rows in the corn-fields, and the cherry here aspires pine-like

to the skies, while the apple and pear-trees spread out like limes. At Godesberg, there is a mineral bath. Everybody is dispirited by the incessant rain. I am determined to be cheerful, for the enjoyment of nature was not the object of my journey; yet the farmers have but too much cause for uneasiness. All have failed—corn, grapes, and fruit—and the prospect is dreary enough: ‘Believe me,’ said an intelligent man, ‘the winter of 1816-17 will bring famine.’”

Perthes reached Coblenz on the 1st of August, and early on the following morning, the anniversary of his wedding, wrote to Caroline:—“You are awake I am sure, and looking towards me as I to you. We have known fulness of joy in our nineteen years of wedded life, and have also experienced much trouble and sorrow; God be praised for both! I again hold out my hand to you, beloved one! for the years that are yet appointed to us; let us meet them bravely. Matthias is just awake, and he, too, greets his mother. The day is breaking: the dark majestic rock of Ehrenbreitstein rises in the east and hides the sun, which, nevertheless, casts kindly rays athwart into the valley that winds between the heights, while a thick grey mist is still brooding over the rushing Rhine in the plain beneath.”—“This morning,” he says in a letter written on the evening of the same day, “I went to Görres.* He is a tall, well-made man, energetic and plain spoken, but withal somewhat affected. The genial spirit and the kindling fancy appear at once. In figure he reminds me of Benzenberg, only he looks abler;

* J. J. Görres was born at Coblenz in 1776. He was celebrated as a political orator, and was for some time editor of a Journal called “Das Rothe Blatt.” He held an eminent place among the politicians of the time. In 1827 he was appointed to the Chair of History in Munich.

he speaks like Steffens. I found him alone ; his wife was at the bleaching-field with a great washing ; she came in afterwards—a cordial, unaffected, and very amiable woman, with a good, clear intellect. The children were with her, a very pretty girl of fifteen—a frank, lively boy of twelve, whom I would gladly have taken with me, and another little wild girl ; altogether an amiable family, and a well-ordered burgher household, simple and beautifully clean. Everything bears the impress of Görres' strong moral sense ; the same cannot be said of all gifted men. At noon we went in company with him and President Meusebach to the Procurator-General Eichhorn, and afterwards Görres and the President accompanied us to Ehrenbreitstein, and like experienced guides, shewed us, through the chinks of the demolished fortress, wonderfully fine glimpses of the vale below. Meusebach was delighted with Matthias, and chased him from rock to rock. This Görres was pleased to call a mere literary predilection for the grandson of Claudius, whom, indeed, the President does not deem sufficiently honoured till his works are printed in grand folio volumes, instead of in their present octavo form, or else written on parchment ! Among these antiquarian gentlemen, the value of a book is determined by the antiquity of the form, by the type, and the binding. The evening was spent in cheerful society at Görres' house."

In the house of Görres, and all along the Rhine, at that time, there was no escaping political discussion. "The dinner to-day was very animated and interesting," says Perthes in his next letter from Coblenz. "Meusebach and a hard-headed old knight of the iron cross* formed the Prussian party *versus* the

* The iron cross was a decoration conferred on those who had fought in the war of Independence.

Rhenish-Görres, and set down all the liberal ideas and institutions developed by the Revolution as 'Napoleonism,' declaring that that was what the Rhenish people loved and would fain have back again.—'You are Lithuanians,' cried Görres from the other side of the table—'Lithuanians with the fetters of serfdom yet hanging about your heels.' This mutual esteem between Prussian and Rhenish does not appear to me to be limited to the intercourse of the table. The Rhenish are, however, genuine Germans in spite of their twenty years' subjection to France; although, of the Germany on the other side Frankfort they know nothing whatever. They regard their own concerns as all-important; their own as the only beautiful country, and theirs as the only liberal ideas: to them barbarism begins where Frankfort ends, and they only take occasional cognizance of what lies beyond, and then with a kind of condescending compassion. I like the Colongnese best; with all their petty state notions there mingles somewhat of the great City-feeling of olden times when cities were principalities. They, and they alone, have a history, and therefore are entitled to self-respect. It will be hard for Prussia to win over Dusseldorf and Coblenz; there is an unsteadiness about the people, and a disposition to gainsay everything, even in matters of religion. Catholicism is well adapted to Münster and Westphalia. it is at home there, and appears as the growth of the soil; but on the Rhine it is like an exotic, or something ingrafted or assumed, and therefore a mere external ornament. It was in the midst of this state of things that our Protestant Bible Society began its work of furnishing Catholics with Bibles, and this often by means which, if adopted by Catholics, we should style Jesuitical and proselytizing. The future welfare of the country and

its position with respect to Prussia depend greatly on the personal character of the bishops who are about to be appointed. Kaspar, Droste, and Sailer are mentioned. What an infinite amount of labour and of influence they might take from the government if they were inclined! This evening I have taken leave of Görres. The force of his understanding must be evident to every one who hears him speak; but there is great confusion in his views. His letters and his writings had prepared me for hasty conclusions, startling paradoxes, flights of fancy and of wit, but not for his often self-contradictory and really revolutionary arguments. Görres does not know what he wants. The elements of the positive are in him, but the district, the time, and the city in which he lives, have ingrafted on it a spirit of opposition which is not worthy of him. Beyond the limits of Frankfort and Heidelberg, he, like the rest, is absolutely unacquainted with our fatherland."

In order to speak with Baron von Stein, Perthes chose the route by Ems and Wiesbaden, rather than that by Bingen and Mainz. "On leaving Ems," he writes, "you see on a hill that rises before you the ruins of the castle that was the cradle of the Nassau race, and beneath, raised upon a rocky eminence, the remains of the castle of Stein. In the valley below, the Lahn winds its way through charming meadow lands, and in a narrow bend of the stream lies the little town of Nassau, and near it Stein's present castle. I sent in my name, and was received by him in a very friendly manner, and recognised as an old acquaintance, on account of our meeting here in December 1813. He requested me to sit down. 'You are going to Vienna? What do you want there? What do you want with me?' Assuredly, he who did *not* know precisely

what he wanted with Stein, would very quickly find himself outside of the door. I explained my views and intentions in few words, and he went into the whole affair at once, heart and soul. He then asked me about the Hanse-towns, and whether any fresh blood had found its way into the Hamburg Senate,—the perukes he had once seen there had made no pleasing impression. He agreed with me in my observations on the Rhenish provinces, but he cherished a hope that they would gradually grow into the Prussian kingdom. Great mistakes, he said, had indeed been made by the superior Prussian authorities through indecision and vacillation, but the government was working for good, and the chief authorities in the provinces were, without exception, men of sense and integrity, and thoroughly German, while the majority of them were also able and active. So much still remains to be arranged, and there are still so many places left for Rhenish-born subjects, that complaints of neglect were, to say the least, premature. In Coblentz, in particular, everything was found fault with, and yet the city, were it not for the employés and the garrison, would soon fall to pieces. Gorres, he said, was a genius, a learned and upright man, but he would not listen to counsel, though the Chancellor had done his utmost to keep him within bounds; finally, that both in and out of Prussia there were blunders and evils, and so it had ever been, and so it would be to the end of the world. ‘Nevertheless, even in Frankfort,’ he added, ‘you will see that good also is in store for Germany, and, therefore, for Europe; for the present conservators of freedom—the English—will hardly continue so much longer.’ Stein invited me to dinner, and on my refusal, accompanied me to the door, in order to shew me a stone tower

in process of erection. On my saying, 'that will be a Zwing-Uri, not *against* the people, but *for* them,' he laughed heartily, and shook my hand, and thus I left a man, who, after a world-wide experience, is yet open to every new impression; and who though so many of his schemes have foundered, and though he has been so often compelled by the will of the Prince, or by an unfavourable majority in the council, to withdraw his plans for the progress of the people, is still full of hope. We got on afterwards as far as Wiesbaden, and this morning, August the 4th, arrived in Frankfort."

CHAPTER XXVI.

STAY IN FRANKFORT, HEIDELBERG, AND STUTTGART.—1TH TO THE
20TH OF AUGUST 1816.

AT Frankfort, Perthes found letters informing him of the sudden and serious illness of Caroline. He had resolved on a hasty return, when in a letter from Caroline herself, he was assured that all danger was over. "How can I thank you for your letters," she wrote, "and for the lively enjoyment that they afford me? If I were not altogether yours, I would now give myself to you anew. You cannot conceive how thankful I am. To-day I have another letter, while I am still enjoying those from Cologne and Coblenz. They are living pictures of your inner life, and of all that you are seeing and doing, and are inexpressibly dear to me. Often I can scarcely persuade myself that it is only a narrative, it is so exactly as if I were present at all you describe. Rubens' picture of Peter hangs before me day and night, and yet it is too terribly beautiful to have always before my eyes. I am also thankful to God for keeping you so well, after so many years of wearing labour."

His mind set at rest by this letter, Perthes could now surrender himself without anxiety to the manifold impressions of Frankfort life. "I did not find one of my personal friends here on my arrival," he says, "and was consequently obliged to make

my own way ; and first I sought out Frederick Schlegel, whom, notwithstanding our long correspondence, I had never seen. He is a fat, round man, with very bright eyes, which, nevertheless, look coldly out : he has shortness in his manner, which you may call straightforwardness if you will. He gave me a very friendly reception, and yet I did not feel myself constrained to open my heart to him. I passed the evening at his house in company with Buehholz ; you remember this accomplished, amiable southron of 1813. Frau von Schlegel made a very favourable impression on me. She may, indeed, have passed through a hard apprenticeship ; but she seems to me to have won the victory, and appears to be an unassuming, sensible woman. Canon Helfrich, the well-known papal orator at the Congress of Vienna, was also there ; a lively, talented, and open-hearted man, who won my confidence. The conversation soon turned on the important subjects shortly to be discussed at the Bund. I learned how to look at them from the Catholic point of view, which was made still plainer to me in my frequent subsequent meetings with these men, and with the brothers, Christian and Frederick Schlosser, who received me as an old friend. Schlegel, who evidently thinks that he will have great personal influence on the decisions of the Bundestag, declared that its first act must be one of justice towards the Catholic clergy on the left bank of the Rhine, who, under the French regime, had sunk into extreme poverty. On this Helfrich observed that Rome also thought of putting in a claim on behalf of her necessitous clergy, as the Pope wished to establish a library in each diocese, to be composed of works on Church history, and of sermons from all the Christian confessions by way of replacing the monastic libraries, the dispersion

of which had deprived the poor village priests of any means of acquiring professional knowledge. This, said others, was the more necessary, since even among the Catholic priesthood novelties of various kinds were appearing. On one side, Sailer and his party, with Von Meyer, Schubert, and others, were endeavouring to realize a visible union of the religions of all confessions; while, on the other, Von Constanz, under the Vicar-General Wessenberg, was labouring to bring all German bishops under the supremacy of one German Patriarch. The appointment of such a Patriarch, they said, would sever Germany from Rome, and withdraw it from its connexion with the Catholic Church; while it could not fail to bring the bishops within the jurisdiction of the State. To preserve the independence of the Church it was indispensably necessary, they maintained, that the bishops should directly acknowledge Rome; so that each might be constituted without any reference to territorial limits—one state being often divided into three or four bishoprics, and one bishopric being sometimes formed out of as many different states. ‘Our bishops must not be territorial bishops,’ said Helfrich, ‘and paid by the State—they must live on their own means, however small. Poor the Church should be; she has a right to poverty, and this right being disregarded by the German prelates, they have made themselves rich, and have thus led to the violation of the liberties of the Church. Things have come to such a pass that there is more union of sentiment among Protestant divines in Church matters than among Catholics. I have,’ he added, ‘collected the transactions, and all the documents I could get, and sent them to Rome. And now may good come of it!’ On my asking how an independent Catholic Church unity, such as he con-

templated, was to be upheld in Germany, in the face of Protestantism, I saw that the restoration of a *Corpus Evangelicorum** was already forming matter for discussion, though from different points of view. To such a *political corpus* in itself the Catholic politicians do not appear to object, only they would have it placed under the presidency of Saxony, as in the time of the Empire: but being all aware that this is no longer possible, and that Prussia would now be at its head, they are opposed to its revival. In general, the claims of Protestants and Jews are regarded by Roman Catholics as precisely on the same footing; even to the latter, Schlegel would have all civil rights conceded, excepting only that of sitting in the representative assemblies. ‘You Protestants stand outside the Church, as well as the Jews,’ said he to me, ‘and so have no right to speak against them!’ How different, in spite of all the external unity of Catholicism, are the Catholicisms of Münster, Coblenz, and Frankfort! Here, in this very intellectual circle, the dread of Protestant influence is in the ascendant.”

In order to obtain some explanation of the suspicions which he was surprised to hear associated with the name of Sailer, Perthes applied to Count F. L. Stolberg. “I well know,” replied the Count, “why Sailer is regarded with suspicion by certain rigid Catholics. In some respects the suspicion does him honour; for the rest, he owes it, in some measure, to a certain mannerism, which, however, he has been gradually throwing off for several years past. He has done much to keep alive a spirit of real religion in Bavaria, as formerly in Swabia: attacked by zealots, and persecuted by Illuminati, his labours

* A union of all Christians, who could unite on a broad evangelical basis.

have been, notwithstanding, manifestly blessed by God, and he has steadily gone forward on the straight way."

Among those who were accounted the most zealous Protestants, Perthes found almost as much to dissent from as among the Catholic circles of Frankfort. "I shall name first the Senator J. F. von Meyer," he writes, "the same who, under the signature IMO, wrote the criticisms in the Heidelberg Annual, on Jacobi, Goethe, and Claudius, which so much charmed us. I met him with feelings of respectful anticipation, but quickly found myself repulsed, and in a few minutes involved in a violent argument with him. You see at once that he is a man of talent and weight; but he is ever ready to do battle for petty points of controversy, in support of which he has an infinite number of texts at his fingers' ends. He is undoubtedly a man of piety, and full of genuine humility towards God, but what he says, he says in the name of God, and carries it very proudly towards men. To him Rome is Antichrist, Stolberg a castaway, who does not know what the grace of God is; every other Christian community is good only when compared with Rome, in other respects they have only the external form of Christianity."

Wilhelm von Humboldt, an old personal acquaintance, received Perthes with great cordiality, and took up the book-trade question with zeal. After an afternoon passed in his family circle, in company with the Secretary of Legation, Count Flemming, and Von Bulow, Perthes wrote, "There is a wonderful atmosphere about a really great man; nowhere do we feel so much at home; nowhere does one feel so free and happy. Through all the light play of conversation, in which he takes quite an equal share with his wife,—the real, actual

greatness of Wilhelm von Humboldt comes out, and I am confirmed in my old opinion, so often laughed at, that under an ice-cold exterior, and a keen-edged sarcasm, this man conceals deep and warm feelings, and a lively interest in Germany. He made no allusions to the future attitude of Prussia towards the Bund, and I do not think it improbable that he is himself at present in the dark as to the next step to be taken by that Cabinet. The general opinion is, that it is only the delay in the nomination of the Prussian Plenipotentiary that has hitherto prevented the opening of the Assembly; Herr von Hanlein is, indeed, now fixed upon, but report says he will be superseded by Count Goltz, or by Humboldt before the opening of the Assembly. While the Prussians are thus silent as to the views and intentions of their Government, the Austrians, on the other hand, are loud and long in their talk, and apparently with a purpose."

At the end of a week Perthes prepared to leave Frankfort. "I am," he wrote, "so thoroughly tired of eating and drinking, of speaking and hearing, and of the exuberance of talent and wit which I have here encountered, that although there are still several influential men I would fain see, I have determined to depart. I have received letters of all kinds for Vienna. Schlegel, whom I met this morning at breakfast at Smidt's, after partaking of some fresh herrings that our host had just received from Bremen, asked me, on my conscience, whether I was not a Free-mason, or a member of some other secret society, and when I said I was not, he commended me to the Director of the Police at Vienna, Councillor von Ohms. And now for the southern Tetrarchy—Darmstadt, Baden, Würtemberg, and Bavaria."

As he left Frankfort on the 12th of August at noon, Perthus cast a last look, from the Sachsenhäuser Tower, across the broad plain, with its innumerable towns and villages, watered by the silver stream, and stretching itself in luxuriant fertility at the foot of the Taunus range. "It is from this point," he says, "that one first learns to appreciate the splendid situation of Frankfort. How many memories of former times, and of its grand old history, are awakened as one looks upon the outspread city; and how many conflicting efforts in which the welfare of Germany and of Europe are involved, are now mutually clashing there! Immediately on leaving the Sachsenhäuser Tower, you are in the Darmstadt territory, which is like a piece of patchwork. Here—the capital with the original domains of the Landgrave—in the distance isolated Giessen, and, on the other side of the Rhine, Electoral Mainz, with a portion of the Archiepiscopal territory. The little place seems to have been bent on great things, for the gates are a mile and a half from the city. But though the greatness is yet unachieved, things seem in good order, and much has been done to promote science and literature. I went to Leske the bookseller, and asked him if he could tell me where Claudius had formerly lived? 'Here, in this room,' he replied. 'My house was the printing-office of the journal which was begun under the superintendence of Claudius, for the benefit of the invalids.' Late in the evening I saw the house again. The moon was shining brightly, and I thought of the little Caroline who had played here so many years ago. On the well-known Bergstrasse between Darmstadt and Heidelberg, we were met by large parties of emigrants, whom a characteristic restlessness drives from this earthly paradise to the barren steppes of

Russia. On the other hand, what numbers of peasants from the Breisgau* flock hither for the harvest! We encountered a large party of these reapers talking a simple Hebel† language. The girls, with their pretty faces, short petticoats, and short morals, were quite on simple Old Testament terms with the lads who accompanied them. The Heidelberg students who find their way into this Canaan, must have a hard time of it."

At Heidelberg Perthes passed three days full of interest and instruction. His first visit was to Professor Thibaut, whom he had known at Kiel. Under his guidance he saw the castle and the Königs-stuhl, and feasted his eyes on the fine outlines and luxuriant verdure of the mountains. He was particularly struck with the graceful melancholy of the weeping willow, which there attains a size and height unknown in North Germany; while the famous Vat delighted him as a specimen of genuine German humorous folly. At the house of Mohr, the bookseller, he spent a pleasant evening in company with Daub and Kreutzer, with whom he had no previous acquaintance. To his great delight he also met Pastor Zimmer, who had formerly served in his own warehouse, and had left him to establish a business of his own in Heidelberg. Amid all the hindrances of a laborious business life, he had acquired the classical languages, studied theology, passed his examinations, and had now assumed the priestly office in Worms. "When I see my dear Zimmer, I feel proud of human energy; we see in him what a man is capable of accomplishing, when he is resolved."

Voss, also, was one of Perthes' early personal acquaintances; and on the day after his arrival he went to visit him, anxious

* A district of Baden, in which wooden clocks and toys are made

† A writer of great naïveté and simplicity.

to know his manner of bearing himself in his altered circumstances. "Voss has a healthy look," he writes, "and what was decaying in him has passed into the tough; but Ernestine is worse, and does not look as if she would live long. I received a kind and friendly welcome from both, and a cordial greeting for you. The old man took me into his garden, and was very amiable among the flowers. At first he spoke patriarchal *Luisisms** about God's beautiful nature, about flowers and plants, old times and simple-hearted men; and then, suddenly, at the mention of Fouqué's name, gave expression to a spirit of hatred which I was really terrified to see in the old man. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'that Fouqué, who has misled the whole crew of booby priests and aristocrats, is seeking to make Catholics of them, as he has done of Stolberg!' He next inveighed furiously against the worthless spirit of the Mecklenburghers and Holsteiners; then attacked Claudius, and said, it was his intention to publish an edition of the 'Wandsbeck Messenger,' in which all the priestly legends should be expunged, which he said had been the suggestion of the dark spirit of superstition. I was silent for a while; but to this last sally I replied, that I, on the contrary, was thinking of publishing a new edition of Stolberg's 'History of Religion,' to the extent of several thousand copies, believing that I should have cause to congratulate myself on the speculation, not only as a matter of business, but as one that was likely to have a great and good influence throughout the whole of Catholic Germany. Upon this the old man said, that he had read nothing of Stolberg's since his apostasy. I then endeavoured to turn the conversation, for I do not willingly speak of Catholics, or of the Catholic

* Voss had, in his youth, written a sentimental Idyl, called *Luisse*. Vide p. 76.

Church, except with those who have themselves received the faith of Christ in all humility. With such persons we can contemplate, from a firm and intelligible stand-point, the various forms in which the spirit of Christianity has expressed itself: but with a man who is ever revolving in the circle of his own self-constructed religious system, it is nothing but idle or passionate disputation. After dinner, Voss went with me alone into the garden; he hastily ran over a string of names, adding to each some epithet, such as 'sneaking fellow, mischief-making traitor, scoundrel,' &c. At last, I got up and ran away. I would not answer the worthy old man as he deserved, and I felt that I ought not to be silent. Believe me, in spite of all the domestic spirit and garden joys which are visible here, there reigns in this house a spirit of hatred that has surprised and deeply pained me."

It was not alone in Voss's house that Perthes observed the presence of a prevailing spirit of bitterness, which, manifesting itself as it did chiefly in political questions, caused him deep anxiety for the future. "It is as if scales had fallen from my eyes," he says; "I was in nowise prepared for such scenes. Here, when, during the reign of Napoleon, circumstances might have justified some exhibition of political hatred, it was scarcely known, and now it rages with wildest fury against their own government. For the first time, I understand much that I heard and overheard at Frankfort.

"In an hour we leave for Stuttgart. I should have remained here some days longer, for one can hardly see the game these men are playing so well elsewhere: but notwithstanding all this wonderful beauty of scenery, I am oppressed and dispirited. There are few here who recognise in their lives, fewer still in their words, the mystery of love in its uniting and saving

energy, the point to which the inexhaustible goodness of God is ever leading us back. The moral nature becomes rank through license, and the spirit hardened; and although there are many who have escaped the snares of sensuality, there are few who have been delivered from those of pride. Here, in this earthly paradise, grief and dejection have overtaken me. To-night we put up at Heilbronn."

From Stuttgart, where he remained from the 18th to the 20th of August, Perthes continues his narrative:—"I passed a night of the wildest fever-fancies at Heilbronn; body and mind were both over-excited by personal fatigue, by speaking and hearing, and the experience gained at Heidelberg had impressed me deeply. But the fresh and glorious morning chased away the spectres of the night, and, refreshed in spirit, we drove through the valley of the Neckar, a valley so highly cultivated, that the artisan can scarcely find a spot to settle in undisturbed. I heard of nothing but the apportioning of lands and emigration. We reached Stuttgart at noon. Cotta drove us to see the fine environs, and with this remarkable man, in whom the greatest contradictions meet, I passed the evening. On Sunday morning I called on the Medical-councillor Jäger—he was absent; then on the Russian Ambassador, Von Struve—gone to church; to Von Wangenheim—not at home; then to the Parade—which *was* at home. I dined at Cotta's with a small circle of very interesting men, among whom was Wangenheim, whom I had known long ago at Gotha, as a wild youth. His imposing person, all covered with decorations, offers a singular contrast to his careless manner of presenting himself. Full of talent, he is apt to be overtaken in conversation by flights of fancy, and to hurry his hearer with him over hill and dale up to the clouds of speculation, and down into the depths

of human nature. In his place, I should not have spoken so freely as he did of public affairs. Yesterday afternoon and this morning I spent in calling on many distinguished people. This country is truly in an extraordinary and perilous situation. Its princes are possessed of a kind of heathen greatness—wicked and powerful; just such as men in the olden times required as rulers, in order to keep them quiet. As to personal affection for the king, that is not to be thought of. A Stuttgarter said to me with evident pride, ‘Our princes have always been wicked fellows, and have deserved to occupy even higher thrones.’ The people of Württemberg are proud of the vastness of their palaces, the magnificence of their gardens, the beauty of their theatre, and of their model highways. They are proud that their king should have better horses and dogs than any other king; that he is the best shot known, and that, what he wills, he accomplishes in spite of any amount of opposition from his subjects. Every Stuttgarter knows, and makes no secret of it, that the wildest beast in the whole menagerie of kings has fallen to his share. Freedom of speech is at the same time so unlimited, that I could not write the half of what was told me openly close under the palace windows. Order reigns supreme; the ministers appear to be honourable men, and are so situated as to be kept out of the range of popular hatred, the burden of which the king takes pleasure in keeping to himself, by a series of offensive and tyrannical enactments. In vigorous and determined opposition to this powerful prince, stand the Constitutionals, regarding the voice of the country as the voice of God, and looking neither to right nor left; while between them, the world, with its selfishness, its corrupt principles, and its interested views, plays a cunning and wicked game.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

JOURNEY FROM STUTTGART TO VIENNA, AND RETURN TO HAMBURG,
20TH AUGUST TO 8TH OCTOBER 1816.

ON the 20th of August Perthes left Stuttgart, and travelled by way of Esslingen, Geislingen, and Ulm, to Augsburg. In spite of the hurried journey, he found abundance of material for observation among a country and a people, which, to a North German, were foreign. He halted for a few days at Augsburg, attracted by the social life of this old, art-loving, imperial city. "On the 21st, at noon," he writes to Caroline, "we drove to the magnificent hotel of the Three Moors, and in the course of the afternoon I visited several book and map sellers, and have wearied myself yesterday and to-day with walking and listening. Augsburg is a large and handsome city, but it does not impress one with the idea of antiquity. There is not a single public building, and but few private houses, that date from our great architectural era. Centuries of prosperity have enabled the inhabitants to renovate their dwellings according to the fashions of the day. It is within the houses and in the mode of conducting business that we find the family manners and customs of ancient artistic Augsburg. I am much mistaken if we are not here among a spirited and determined population, hard to bend or to break: we find here 'originals' in character and even wild eccentricities. At the present time, a vast traffic

is carried on, and many factories are in full operation; while works of art in silver and other materials are still objects of desire with the burghers; and yet there are tokens of decay. Such a life, so prodigal of labour, energy, and invention, can only be sustained in these days by men possessed of civil and political freedom. The good people of Augsburg firmly believe that, on his accession, the Crown Prince will again declare their city and Nuremberg to be free cities." "The present state of the literary traffic here," he says in another letter, "is really extraordinary, and it has been at the expense of much labour and fatigue that I have got a glimpse of it. I shall write the details to Besser."

The journey from Augsburg to Munich offered little that was attractive in natural scenery; but the Sunday brought out the peasants in all the picturesque variety of their singular but grotesque costume, richly adorned with silver lace, buttons, and coins. "They may be at once distinguished from the Swabians," wrote Perthes. "These are stout, cheerful fellows, well-fed, and vigorous; in Swabia, the men have a downcast, oppressed look, and are often thin, sallow, and ill-shaped."—On the 25th of August he reached Munich, and went straight to Jacobi. "He received us as if we had been his children, and with the feelings of a child I embraced the dear old man. In appearance he is little altered, and his health is quite as good as can be expected at his age, especially for one so delicately organized, and of so susceptible a temperament. In conversation, when only two or three are present, there is the same power as ever, the same clearness and readiness of mind, but for general society he is dead; being somewhat deaf, he does not follow a conversation quickly. If possible, he is even more

affectionate and cordial than ever; and he bears his altered and now narrow circumstances with the composure of a wise man; it was only when he referred to the pension that he had lately been obliged to ask of the king for his sisters that his voice failed, and the tears came into his eyes. He still takes the liveliest interest in public affairs, and carefully watches the progress of events. He listened to my account of the death of his friend (Claudius) at Hamburgh, and seems to dwell with interest and thoughtfulness on this last event in human life, but yet without seeing further into Christianity than he did ten years ago."

"I have seen few *things* in Munich, because I felt that my time belonged to Jacobi; but the Picture Gallery has great attractions. For some time I was perplexed, till from the mass of the great and beautiful, I was able to fix on something definite: the contrasts are too strong. With wonderful power has Rubens penetrated into the dark side of human nature, and with equal power has he exhibited it. His drunken Silenus is a horrible compound of devil and sow; the woman just falling into hell, and still reeking with lust and passion—the torments of the damned portrayed in her countenance—is not less horrible than the principal figure in the same picture, a bloated glutton. Gluttony and the dread of future hunger are both depicted in his face, the latter somewhat diminished by the consciousness of having a resource for a while in his own fat. The evil that is in man is as truly represented by Rubens as man's heavenward aspirations and pure affections are by Guido Reni and Raphael. Man is in both: we feel, and are conscious of the contradiction that we carry within us, at other times and in other places, but here we see it

in pictures—it becomes visible to itself. It was strange to see again the pictures that were in the former Dusseldorf Gallery, and which I had helped Tischbein to take, one by one, out of a chest in a barn at Glückstadt.” “Matthias shall have special thanks to-day,” replies Caroline, “for his descriptions of nature, which really did me good, after you had frightened me with Rubens’ dreadful picture. I hold it to be sinful and wrong to pervert such a divine gift as Rubens had received to such corrupt and monstrous uses. I rejoice over one who has passed through life without having known, seen, imagined, or been susceptible of such abominations. How dare a man, by the medium of pictures, realize to better and purer souls, who dream not of them, things which are the disgrace and brand of humanity? In a word, I hate such pictures, in spite of all the art with which they may be painted. It is a black art. Matthias should not paint such pictures if he could; I glory in God’s work,—Nature; she comes from Him and leads to Him, and happy is he who has it in his power to look upon these works as you have done. Dear Matthias, fill your soul with *such* pictures, and let them live there till you have learned to draw nigh to your Creator in another and higher way: bring back to me all that you can apprehend and can communicate—I long for it.”

The position of Bavaria, as a state, appeared dark indeed, as Perthes contemplated it, during his visit to Munich, and he says,—“What political form Bavaria may ultimately assume, no one here seems to have any idea. As to any feeling for a common Germany, or for national union, it is wholly unknown here; but if a German spirit were awakened, the Bavarians would be one of our bravest, most powerful, and loyal races. All is un-

certainly as regards the internal policy. The king is cordially loved as a true, warm-hearted citizen, but he will not hear of representative chambers or constitutions, and has said that whoever speaks of them attacks the throne. Montgelas seems to be a highly-cultivated and very well-informed man. He can talk admirably, and does so with the utmost liberality and openness about the freedom and the rights of the people: he knows Europe—Courts and men—but only their weak and dark side, and is not conscious of the divine power that can, and does preside in the heart of man. He has thus misunderstood our times, and is come to the limit of his activity and influence. The Royal house owes him much, but he has brought the country to the verge of ruin in more than one respect. Without enriching himself, he has squandered enormous sums, and now finds himself unable to make up his accounts. He is not politically opposed to a representative chamber, but inasmuch as this would be sure to call for a reckoning, he is the king's most zealous associate in opposing everything constitutional, and was the prime mover of the violent opposition offered by Bavaria at the Vienna Congress to the article referring to the States-general in the Bundesact. Everybody says that Montgelas must retire when a constitution is agreed on, and this time cannot be far distant, since the disorder of affairs has reached such a point that the total dissolution of the monarchy is only prevented by the faithfulness of a small circle of efficient servants, and by the loyalty of the people." "I have again spent some hours with Jacobi," wrote Perthes immediately before his departure from Munich; "he took me into his room alone, and spoke of many things, and his voice was often tremulous: he was always beginning the conversation afresh, and I could see

plainly that he dreaded the parting moment. He felt, as I did, that in this life we shall never meet again."

And now that Perthes was entering on the hitherto unknown world of the Alps, he forgot kingdoms, literature, and the book-trade, and surrendered himself with all the freshness and joy which were peculiar to him, to the overpowering impressions of that glorious region. He passed some days at Salzburg, and thence visited Berchtoldsgaden, the Königssee, the Eisequelle, and the Salt-works of Hallein. In spite of these demands on his physical strength, he preserved sufficient elasticity of spirit to write to Caroline late in the evening, and to convey to her living and graphic pictures of the sublime Alpine world. But the human element in man never, even amid such scenery, lost its attractive and abiding interest for Perthes,—“I have,” he says, “seen many men, and men of all kinds. in my long journey from Hamburgh hither; and my love for man is in nowise diminished. I have found far more intelligence, ability, and uprightness, and far less outward immorality than I expected. If only we meet men with confidence, and are not repelled by differences of manner, and peculiar modes of viewing things, we everywhere feel how nearly related the individuals of our race are to one another. I have felt in some degree at home even in the rigidly Catholic countries, and have seen much that is attractive there. How touching, for instance, was it to see in one of the churches at Augsburg, the childlike thought of a whole row of little chapels, each devoted to special prayers, suited to different circumstances,—first a marriage chapel, where, under garlands and orange-flowers, bride and bridegroom come to be united; then a chapel to the Virgin Mother, to entreat her blessing on the marriage, a third, in which maidens pray for good hus-

bands, and a fourth for parents whose darlings are sick or dying. In the Salzburg district you see a crucifix at the summit of every declivity, and a crucifix or an image of the Virgin on every bridge; and the driver never passes any of these symbols without a grateful reverence and a friendly look. After all, the people of Cologne were not far wrong when they talked about the Sunday-God of the Protestants and the family-God of the Catholics, to whom they can resort in work days, and in all the petty circumstances of life." To this Caroline replied,—“The little chapels for prayer interested me, but, nevertheless, you are very unjust to Protestantism, dear Perthes. I can tell you, as before God, that I have many little chapels in my heart, to which I resort in time of need, although not so fervently or so purely as I ought, and as I could wish. At present, the chapel of thank-offering takes up most of my time, and you must retract what you said of the Catholics being more familiar with God than we, and of our making a rush to Him only on Sundays.”

The character of the South German, as he saw it at Salzburg, struck Perthes forcibly. “At the *tables-d'hôte*,” he says, “I met chiefly officers and employés. Everywhere I found good common sense, expressing itself clearly and decidedly on all the circumstances of life, without exaggeration and without losing itself in vague generalities. Learned or book-borrowed phraseology you never hear. Cheerfulness and gaiety prevail unchecked. The different dialects, with their simple hearty accents, suit all this. To many travellers this appears tiresome, unpolished, and insipid; some, in the pride of their refinement, have thought themselves justified in animadverting on this simplicity of manners, and have, for the most part,

been answered as they deserved. I have often found the people draw back suspiciously from the North German, leaving him to himself, as though all belonged to the class of commercial travellers, with whom they are most familiar, and who are indeed often very ignorant, and unblushingly immoral in their talk. For myself, I have everywhere found the South German easy of access. If you ask about the inner man, I must say that, here as elsewhere, we find self-sufficiency and arrogance; and here as elsewhere, one is forced to admire the wisdom that planned the world, and is ever renewing it by means of children, and the love they bring with them; and restoring men when their faith in their own wisdom is at the strongest to the simplicity of childhood, and placing marrying and giving in marriage in the middle.—Here we walked for a while in the churchyard, and read the inscriptions. They are, in general, very singular, and many of them provoke a smile; but there are no flowery, fantastic, or sentimental phrases, and no heathen philosophy; all is from the heart, and expressive of a firm faith in the mercy of God. There is much love and goodwill in our people, and where the materials are still, or I should rather say, *already* so good, the right political form will surely not be long wanting, if we would but try to work in existing forms, however unfitted they may be, and—satisfied with a gradual development—not insist on having everything ready-made.”

It was with no small regret that, on the 3d of September, Perthes took leave of the Alps. “We travelled through a fine and pleasing district, but our hearts and minds were closed, and, like one who sighs for his home, we often turned to look for the splendour we had left behind, till at length even the last of the

Salzburg hills had vanished from our eyes. In the evening we passed Neumark and Voeklabruck, and at night reached the Austrian frontier, and were harshly wakened from our soft slumbers by the officials on duty. The officer, roused out of his sleep, asked sternly, 'Is the business then so urgent that people are obliged to travel by night?' But on my replying politely that the explanation of my business would only detain him the longer from his bed, he looked at the passport, and muttered, 'Drive on—but at Lambach you must stop for the night.' In some anxiety as to the reception that might await us, we drove on, and stopped at Lambach, in front of a large building. The postilion unharnessed his horses, called out, 'This is the custom-house,' and rode away. The question now was, whether we should patiently wait for day-break in our carriage, or knock up the custom-house authorities. At last I took courage and knocked, and soon an old soldier with a lantern in his hand came out, and said, 'Follow me.' He brought me into a large hall, where there were at least twenty desks, went into a side-room and returned immediately, bringing two large wax-candles, and followed by a man of very gentlemanly appearance, in snow-white undergarments, who very politely asked to see my papers. The soldier again said, 'Follow me.' We went to the carriage, and he searched the pockets,—'Cards, maps, and schnapps, the rest only dirty linen.' For the third time the old man said, 'Follow me;' and reported at the bureau, 'The gentlemen have all in order.' Thus satisfied the officer bowed, returned my papers, said, 'All right,' and disappeared. The old soldier procured horses, took a two-guilder token, and at the end of an hour we drove free from these mighty perils."

Without further delay they travelled through Wels, Amstetten, and Molk, to Vienna, where they arrived on the 5th of September.

“ I soon felt quite at home here,” says Perthes in his first letter. “ In the midst of so many people and of so much activity, a man soon finds freedom of life and action for himself. I feel uncomfortable and ill at ease only in a place where I am conscious of being observed, and where I am liable to come in contact with individuals of peculiar and different characters, who have as yet given no intimation whether they are friendly or hostile—however, this does not apply to Vienna. Here the stranger sees neither officers, orders, signs of rank, nor official costume in the streets or public walks—at the *tables-d’hôte*, or in the theatres. He sees no *individuals*, but everywhere Viennese, all seeming to be on equal terms, and none allowing himself to be disturbed in his ways and enjoyments by a third party, or even recognising the existence of such a third party. In Vienna the stranger observes only life and pleasure, not the living and the pleasure-loving ; all is freedom and equality, as these are to be found only in great cities.” In the Austrian capital there was so much to be seen and done, so many persons to be visited, that the time till late at night was fully occupied, and apart from the fear of committing everything to paper in Vienna, it was impossible for Perthes to record the impressions received there, and to continue his journal-like letters to Caroline—a jotting down of names was, in general, all that he could find time for. Even of his audience of the Archduke John, his dinners with Gentz, his visit to Collin, where he saw the young Napoleon, and of his frequent meetings with Hammer, Baron Stahel, Stift, and other

eminent men, we find mere passing notices, but the general impression made on him by Vienna life appears in all his letters. Many questions were there debated, on which Perthes was already well informed, but the religious movements of a small, yet decidedly Catholic circle in Vienna, touched and interested him deeply.

“Pilat,” he writes to Caroline, “is a talented and imaginative man; but he is also a man of strong passions. His bearing and manner are remarkable. He works daily with Prince Metternich, who has given him the Austrian Observer for his services. Diplomatic he undoubtedly is, but I believe him to be honest, and he certainly has at heart the interests of religion, and of what, as a Roman Catholic, he regards as appertaining to religion. Towards me he has really behaved like a friend. Our old acquaintance Klinkowstrom I also believe to be an honest man, in spite of the opinion of some.” Perthes, having expressed a wish to hear a good genuine Catholic preacher, was recommended by Pilat and Klinkowstrom to Father Pascal, a Franciscan. “To-day,” he writes, “was the festival of the Salutation, a great day for a church boasting the possession of a miraculous picture of the Virgin Mary. The high altar was splendidly lighted, the church crowded. Behind the pulpit is a gallery, some paces long; in this the father walked up and down, laid aside his sackcloth, &c., and made himself quite at home. His voice and gesticulations are powerful and violent, his idiom is that of the common Austrian dialect. We were reminded of everything from Abraham to Sancta Clara, whether we would or not. He had taken the power and graciousness of the Virgin as the subject of his discourse. Two-thirds of it were directed against the prevailing corruption of morals, one-

third against heretics, that is to say, heretics within the Church, for with those without the father declared he was in that place no way concerned. The comparison of the Virgin bearing the spiritual world within her. with the ark of Noah containing all the beasts, was clever, but far from delicate in the details. The pictures of famine and its accompaniments, disease and crime, as similitudes of a famine-stricken, unbelieving heart, were very good, and the concluding prayer was admirable. When at every fresh petition the father, turning himself towards the miraculous picture, devoutly supplicated the Virgin, people could not fail to be affected, and overlooked the comic element. On the whole, it was an able discourse, and effective."

But the interview with Father Hoffbauer of the Redemptorists, to whom his attention had long been directed, had greater interest for Perthes. "To-day," he writes on the 18th of September, "after many ineffectual attempts, I succeeded in meeting Father Hoffbauer. I found him in a large gloomy saloon, whose very windows were converted into small latticed chambers, within which young ecclesiastics were sitting, some reading, some writing. During my visit one of them came forward, and took a slice of bread and butter out of a safe attached to one of the pillars. Hoffbauer seated himself by me in the centre of the room; he is over seventy, and small of stature, but vigorous and smart. He has not the usual downcast look of a Catholic priest: his eye is full of fire, and his glance keen and steady, with great variety of expression; yet withal there is a repose of countenance that one can only call heavenly. Hoffbauer began the conversation with great politeness, by speaking of common friends; then, of my youth and manner of education. From Claudius he passed to F. L. Stolberg and his

joining the Catholic Church. He soon won my heart, and I talked quite freely of Stolberg and his connexion with the Princess Gallitzin, whom I spoke of as my motherly friend, and said, that considering Stolberg's peculiar temperament, and the state of the Protestant Church at the time he left it, with reference both to doctrine and practice, I regarded this step not only as natural and intelligible, but almost as inevitable. When, however, I perceived the impression that my words had made, and found that they were received as having immediate reference to my own position, I immediately added, in order to set the worthy old man right, 'Had I been born and brought up in the Catholic Church, I should have remained in it; or were I now to be transplanted to some land where there is no Protestant congregation, I should, if obliged to remain there, join the Catholics; and even, in the event of the present Protestant Neology getting the upper hand, and becoming generally acknowledged in the Protestant congregations, I would, in order to secure Christian communion for my children, follow Stolberg's example. But this, I said, will never happen, and such a step is nowise necessary for the salvation of my own soul, inasmuch as consciousness of sin, the necessity and certainty of redemption through Jesus Christ, humility, faith, and walking with God, are entirely independent of adhesion to the Catholic Church; while the passing over of individual believers from one church to another, except in peculiar circumstances, might be an anticipation of the Lord's purposes, and an obstacle to the future union of all Christians as one flock. The Catholic Church has already given way in many matters of form; the Protestants will also have much to retract, and the course of time must and will unite them again.' While I was speaking, Hloff-

bauer regarded me steadily but calmly, then grasped my hand, and said, ' I, too, believe in an invisible church ; I will pray for you, that you fall not into temptation. And now let us talk on without disturbing the explanation which you have just given.' We then spoke of the Reformation, and Hoffbauer said, ' Since I have been enabled, as Apostolic Nuncio, to compare the religious position of the Catholics in Poland with that of the Protestants in Germany, I am convinced that the apostasy from the Church arose from the need which the Germans felt, and still feel, of genuine piety. The Reformation was propagated and upheld not by heretics and philosophers, but by men who were seeking a religion for the heart. I have said this at Rome to the Pope and Cardinals, but they would not believe me, and will have it that it was enmity to all religion of whatsoever kind that brought about the Reformation.' Hoffbauer then listened to much that I had to tell him about the religious and ecclesiastical condition of North Germany, and, on my departure, the gentle and pious old man extended his hand to me with his blessing."

A young Catholic priest, named Hörni, who, on the death of Claudius, had written to Perthes a letter full of respect and sympathy, made, indeed, a different but not less interesting impression. " This morning," he says to Caroline, " a young man in the dress of an ecclesiastic entered my room, and approached me with great respect. It was Hörni, whose letter written on the occasion of your father's death you will remember. He entered on his family history, explained to me his personal circumstances, and the course of his education, in a very amiable and intelligent way. ' I too, like most of my associates,' he said, ' was a victim to the religious free-thinking that prevailed in Austria

under Joseph the Second ; but my truant soul was led back to the way of truth and grace by the writings of Claudius. How wonderfully great he was ! In the hottest of the battle waged throughout Germany, Protestant as well as Catholic, against all revealed religion, he clung but the more closely to the Lord Jesus Christ, and when all the so-called philosophers of Germany were perverted by the prevailing systems, he remained unmoved, and recognised the delusive enchantment, when at its culminating point, as what it really was—a dazzling nonentity. His wisdom was, indeed, too little like that of this world, to be acceptable to the children of this world. His contemporaries did not understand his lofty simplicity, and esteemed it lightly ; they spent their energies spinning cobwebs, and seeking out many devices, and only went the farther astray. For my own part, I shall be thankful as long as I live, that the wisdom of the single-minded Wandsbeck Messenger was revealed to me in its height and in its depth.' Hørni then asked me for further particulars of your father's last hours. 'For though,' said he, 'it is possible that, in the death-agony Claudius may not have had the power of expressing what the soul experienced in prospect of approaching union with its Friend and Redeemer, I believe that after such a uniform and singularly Christian life, his death must have been beautiful and Christian, and that the consolation poured into his soul by the Redeemer must have been evident to the happy witnesses of his passage "to the land of life and truth."' On taking leave he asked me for a picture of Claudius. 'It does a wrestling man good,' he said, 'to be surrounded constantly by tried wrestlers ; evil thoughts are put to flight when the eye falls on the portrait of one in

whose living presence one would have blushed to own them.' All that Hórni said bore the impress of truth, and of pious conviction. The intelligence with which he spoke indicated great accomplishments ; his manner of speaking is fluent and pure, such, indeed, as you seldom meet with here, even among people of rank and learning. Next to the Drostes at Münster, he appears to me to be the deepest and most assured Catholic I have ever met, deeper and better grounded assuredly than any of the champions of Catholicism that I am acquainted with.'

Towards the end of September, Perthes had brought to a close the arrangements preparatory to entering into literary undertakings in Austria, and delighted with the fruitful weeks, and the confidence that he had enjoyed in Vienna, he took his departure from that city on the 22d of the month. After a hurried journey and a halt of four days in Nuremberg, he found himself on the morning of the 2d October in the neighbourhood of Blaukenburg in the Thuringian forest, and within a few leagues of Schwarzburg, the home of his childhood. The heavy rains of the last month had swept away the bridge over the forest-brook between the village of Schwarzza and the little town of Blankenburg. Perthes, well acquainted with all the footpaths, ordered the postilion to drive round by the stone bridge while he with his son walked in the direction of the paper-mill, where he knew that a lofty narrow footbridge was thrown over the stream ; but this also had been carried away, and in its place two trunks of trees had been laid from shore to shore. As they were setting foot on these, a bystander asked if the travellers thought it safe to venture to cross on so narrow a ledge. They went forward, however, without hesitation,

both having risked far more perilous paths in Salzburg. The Schwarza swollen to a torrent rushed rapidly beneath them : they were within two paces of the opposite shore, when Matthias, who was foremost, called out, "Hold me, I am falling !" Perthes seized the falling boy by the collar, and was instantly precipitated with him into the water. He soon regained his feet, but both were again carried away by the impetuous stream. Once Perthes rose to the surface and cried, "Don't lose your presence of mind," then immediately sank. Wife and children flashed across his mind, and then he lost all consciousness. Both were being swept along towards the wheel of a saw-mill about two hundred paces distant, but when within a few yards of this, Perthes was vigorously grasped by the left arm, and slowly dragged to the shore. In the struggle for life he had kept convulsive hold of his son, by the right hand, and now, all unconsciously, dragged him to the bank. The stranger who had warned them of the danger—Stahl, the owner of the paper-mill—when he saw them precipitated into the torrent, had hastened over the narrow bridge and along the bank to a shallow which extended far into the Schwarza. Here, up to the middle in water, he waited, seized the floating body as it passed, and, while expecting to save only one from certain death, found he had saved two. In the warm drying-room of the paper-mill the rescued father and son speedily recovered under the treatment of a surgeon from Rudolfstadt, who happened fortunately to be on the spot. They then hastened to Schwarzburg, where, well heated by a rapid walk, they arrived towards evening. The hand of death had been upon them, but had left no tokens of his having been so near.

Amid the scenes of his childhood,—cherished and affectionately ministered to, as if he had been still a child, by the old Colonel, the old Master of the horse, and the old Aunt Caroline,—Perthes rested for a day or two after the excitement of the two preceding months. Then, after a short stay in Gotha, he hastened back to Hamburg by way of Göttingen and Hannover. He reached home on the 8th of October, and found Caroline, whose health had often been a source of anxiety to him during his absence, stronger than he had left her.

[The information which Perthes gained during this tour regarding the state of the German book-trade, confirmed the views which he had been led to take of it; we omit the detailed account of his observations and inquiries on this special subject, as not likely to interest the English reader.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

POPULAR MOVEMENTS TO THE PERIOD OF THE CARLSBAD DECREES.
SUMMER 1819.

SHORTLY before the return of Perthes to Hamburgh, Besser had written to him: "You went out to see Germany, but, as it appears to me, you did not find it." This was undoubtedly true. On the Rhine, in Würtemberg, in Bavaria, and in Austria, Perthes had indeed met with truly German manners and modes of thought, and even with the wish for a great and powerful fatherland; but, at the same time, he had found the South Germans unwilling to diminish the independence and integrity of Baden and Würtemberg, Bavaria and Austria, which yet would be a necessary consequence of their becoming parts of a whole. The North German adhered as tenaciously as the South German to the independence of his own particular state, but less consciously, and arose from an impression, that in any alliance with the South, the preponderance would still be his.

With even more turbulence than in 1814, the movement for a German empire manifested itself in many parts of North Germany in 1816, and following years, among all who were young either in age or in feeling. Perthes was well aware that the restoration of Emperor and Empire had become an

impossibility, but he still retained a conviction that the Diet was bound to represent and embody the unity of Germany, notwithstanding the opposition of individual governments. "I am astonished," he wrote to a friend in Prussia, "that in your historical treatment of the Germans, the words Empire and Emperor have never escaped you. The loss of our Emperor has made a terrible gap in our history, and we shall henceforward have no fatherland morally, historically, or politically, unless the imperial idea be transferred to the Diet, and the imperial power to the Diet's army." In answer to a letter of similar import, Count F. L. Stolberg wrote to Perthes:—"The noble patriotic hopes which you still entertain gladden my heart! May God fulfil them! My eye, however, rests on the Diet with desire rather than confidence. Not only Austria herself, but Germany, ay, and all Europe, will have cause to repent that Austria disdained the imperial crown, when all Europe, so to speak, offered it to her."

Another question that occupied the minds of old and young, and excited as much interest as that of German unity, was, how the demands of the subject for political emancipation should be satisfied. The call for representative assemblies, as promised by the Diet, waxed louder and louder. Görres, in the summer of 1817, wrote, "The 18th of October is fixed for signing the addresses to the Diet throughout Germany, praying that Article 13th be put in execution. It can do no harm if for once the masses are stirred, and with roaring and stamping give vent to their impatience, just to shew the governments that they are in earnest. At the same time we must support the Diet, insignificant though it be its weakness requires a protection against Court-influence,

and without backing, it cannot be expected to act with vigour.'

The waves of the German movement reached even to the German Baltic provinces of Russia, and kindred impulses found expression there too, though in another form. "The emancipation of the serfs originated with the nobles themselves," writes a friend of Perthes from Livonia in March 1817, "and I trust that even the reluctant among them will soon perceive, that, for all the relations of civil life, the free man is better than the bond. I am myself deeply concerned in the matter, but I do not expect to suffer any diminution of income by the change; our peasants lived, on the whole, as well as they can expect to do in their new circumstances, and I shall consequently be at no more expense on their account now than when they were bondsmen." The same party wrote, in June 1818, "The emancipation of the serfs has been confirmed by the Emperor, but, that it may be effected in Esthonia and Livonia at one and the same time, it is not yet officially proclaimed. A commission has been appointed in each of the three Baltic provinces by the Emperor, for the purpose of collecting and harmonizing the provincial laws; and we are cherishing the hope that this legislation may pave the way for a constitutional and distinct definition of the rights of all classes."

Perthes regarded the struggles and conflicts of these years as the necessary result of the course that events had taken in Germany. He says in a letter to Jacobi, "Men of action are never far from men of thought; but the struggle is violent and wide-spread in proportion to the rapidity with which history is enacted. Formerly opposite movements of thought and effort

were separated by centuries, but our times have united wholly discordant elements in the three cotemporaneous generations. The immense contrasts of 1750, 1789, and 1815, acknowledge no transition state, and appear to men now living not as succeeding one another, but as co-existing." The fact of conflict was not only intelligible to Perthes, but even matter of rejoicing. "You remember what I said to you in 1815," he writes to Fouqué, "that the real hard fighting would only begin with the war of minds, when the external warfare should be over. And now, do you think I should be sorry if I turned out to be in the right? By no means. Remember, dear Fouqué, here below, in some way or another, work is God's will for man. Man has more time on hand than he can spend in mere love and contemplation; therefore, pray and work; now warfare and struggle are a sort of work. It is in vain that as friends we give each other the hand of love; as soon as we would come to an understanding, by word or deed, on any subject of human interest, we find ourselves in mutual opposition, and a conflict is inevitable till the goal be reached. You do not yourself like the stagnant waters of indifference, the slough of compliance and servility; why then be disquieted by conflicts in these times, even when they arise among friends? But let no unfair weapon be ever made use of, and let us give even our opponents credit for intentions good and noble as our own. It is only when experience has proved them to be otherwise, that indignation, driving the liar out of the sanctuary with sword and scourge, can become well-pleasing to God." Perthes was, however, reminded by serious and thoughtful men, that conflict is not itself true life, and that it does not always, as a matter of course, end in victory.

“However fortunate the course of events,” wrote a friend in the summer of 1817, “many an ardent wish of the age will remain unfulfilled. I find consolation in the thought, that the wishes of the age are not always the best, and that an effort is not always in vain, though it fail of the object intended. In the life of nations, as in that of individuals, Lessing’s remark, that the straight line is not always the shortest, is often true. Like the Jews, we are journeying through the wilderness to the promised land, and, like them, we need much preparation and purification, that our freedom may be built upon a right basis, and that its permanence may be guaranteed by love and insight developed in ourselves. To restore and create, not to deny and destroy, was the aim and endeavour of those earnest but turbulent years which succeeded the liberation wars; this indeed was what made them so attractive. But the age knew not precisely what to restore and create: and partly in consequence of the hesitation resulting from this ignorance, and partly in consequence of the arrogance with which many individuals obtruded their own political nostrums, the whole movement assumed a fantastic and often an extravagant character. The Wartburg festival in 1817, where the Reformation and the battle of Leipzig were in the most extraordinary manner united in one commemoration, is an instance in point.” In a letter from Berlin, dated November 29, 1817, a friend writes,—“I would not say a word about the Wartburg affair, if I had not something to tell you, which you cannot otherwise know, viz., that Richelieu has sent a note to our Court respecting it, and that a similar one is every hour expected from Moscow, full of unction—you know the style—and that Austria insists on the most

stringent measures against the press. You can have no conception of the spirit which has intoxicated Weimar even to the extent of prizing and protecting audacity. It reminds me of Lessing's host, who quietly allowed people to be beaten and murdered in his alchouse." Count F. L. Stolberg wrote,— "You commend the seriousness of our youth : for my own part I would rather see them joyous, for this too early seriousness is a precocity that bodes no good. I know that a portion of our youth has been animated by a noble spirit ever since the assertion of our national freedom. But it is contrary to nature that a nation should be led by its youth, as if men in their prime were dotards. The best of youths need restraint, example, guidance ; but now so much praise is lavished on them that it must turn their heads. Young men are like young trees, to which older ones are the natural protection against wind." Perthes, however, remained of opinion that the vagaries which the young men had been betrayed into by their patriotic earnestness, were very pardonable.

A letter which Perthes received from Görres about the end of the year 1818, expresses the opinions of many eminent men of the period. "You, my dear Hanseatic friend," he says, "have now seen what reception my address has met with from the most dastardly and the coarsest of despotisms. The slightest stimulant applied to these people brings on delirium and convulsions, and without stimulants they sink into dullness and lethargy. The Rhenish Mercury was the very thing for them. Every other day it came out with an ointment, compounded according to circumstances, of bitter, stimulant, sedative, gently purgative, or nauseating ingredient. Thus an equilibrium was maintained, a gentle perspiration induced, the

excessive irritation carried off, and the animal spirits set once more into regular circulation. After three years of silence, I thought it well to send a rocket among the parties again, in the form of an address, but I cannot say that it has revealed to me anything agreeable. It shewed me princes who have been in the school of adversity without having learned anything there, not even so much as to take care of their own dignity : ministers who have good intentions but no ability, decision, or courage : a Court opposition,—bad rather from the absence of all good than from the presence of positive evil. stupid to brutishness, awkward as a rhinoceros, cowardly, contemptible, and beneath all criticism throughout : a democratic party without unity, without standing-ground, inactive, yet running after every Jack o' Lanthorn, always hoping that over night things will shape themselves anew ; without skilful leaders, without principles or comprehensive views ; arrogant, frivolous, scatter-brained, and negligent ; barren and inconsistent ; at once cowardly and boastful ; without dignity, vigour, and repose. Such are the magnificos of this erotchety time ; they are worthy of a generation that has stood on the pinnacle of the temple, and yet waded through every sort of mire ; which has shewn aptitude only in destroying, complete impotence in building up. Like the Jews, who spent forty years in the wilderness and never saw the promised land, so these men will accomplish nothing, but only lay the foundation of something better. Another generation, however, is growing up now, from which we may reasonably expect much good."

The year 1819 is rightly regarded as a turning-point in the history of Germany. It not only revealed the deadly breach between sovereigns and subjects, but gave it a new and more

perilous character. The idea that the old which remained was an obstacle to the attainment of the new, daily gained ground ; a mighty future, it was supposed, would open up of itself if the existing order were only destroyed. Hence the destructive tendency began to predominate. The romantic element of the liberation war disappeared, and gave place to hatred of the political condition of Germany in general, of the several governments, and of the Diet. The favour for Russia and the Emperor Alexander was turned into animosity ; and France, which had so recently been an abomination, came to be admired and extolled on account of the opposition in its Chambers. This negative tendency found expression in every possible way, and the following letter represents the actual peril of it by a single instance :—“ You in North Germany don't seem to be aware,” wrote a well-informed and intimate friend in April 1819, “ that in the Grand Duchy of Hesse there are 60,000 militia who refuse to give up their arms, and that, consequently, the reins are only *formaliter* in the hands of the government. Popular writings of a revolutionary tendency are in universal circulation.”

These political movements, under the name of Liberalism, were regarded with deep anxiety by many high-minded and eminent men. Count F. L. Stolberg wrote,—“ Wittingly or unwittingly, all the efforts of the age have destruction, political and religious, for their object. For a long season we were humbled, then we thought upon God and He had pity on us ; but we quickly forgot Him. The discussions of the Chambers in Munich, Stuttgart, and Darmstadt, are all of the same character ; all aim at a constitution like that which has brought anarchy and despotism upon France. The governments,

through cowardice, allow full scope to this goblin, and I fear that we shall have to pass through another furnace of purification before we come to ourselves again. The devil is but slightly bound in France ; when he bursts the cords, will Germany shout applause or defiance at him ? There is the terrible possibility that from the general confusion we may fall into a state of utter barbarism."

Perthes himself distrusted the noisy orators of 1819. He thought that civil freedom could exist only when the members of a state think less of themselves than of the general good ; and to the question whether this were the spirit of the Liberals, he answered, "No : division and discontent characterize the popular leaders, because they are in bondage to the spirit of selfishness, which, I fear, is at present the prevailing spirit of liberalism."

It was not, however, in police regulations, but in a wholesome influence exerted on the minds of the people, that Perthes saw the means of deliverance ; and to bring the noblest spirits of the age to grapple with what was evil and perverted, became now the first wish of his heart. In the summer of 1819 he wrote,—
"It is greatly to be deplored that our political literature, unlike that of France and England, is exclusively in the hands of book-men. A wall of separation is thus raised between literature and life, between word and deed, which, in the absence of remedial measures, may be violently broken down. At this moment of extreme peril, could not honest and talented business-men throughout Germany unite in publishing a political periodical, in which practical experience, hitherto unrepresented in our literature, might be brought to bear on national questions ? The contributors must not, however, write in the style of diplo-

matic notes and protocols, and they would require to be independent in every respect of princes and ministers. Something of the kind is, I hear, to be started in Frankfort."

The murder of Kotzebue by Sand, on the 23d of March 1819, revealed to every one the form which the spirit of the times might assume in overheated imaginations. Perthes wrote,—“That which gives such a frightful aspect to the deed, is that it seems almost to have been necessitated by the course of events. It is not detestation of the murder that should move us first and most; it is especially important that both rulers and subjects should recognise in this crime, a last and terrible warning, which, since all milder intimations have proved vain, should open our eyes to the state of things which has rendered so bloody a deed possible, and to the terrible future that awaits us without a thorough political regeneration. The germs of other terrible events lie in this act, which is, only *apparently*, the crime of an individual. Fanaticism once armed with the dagger will not stop at the comic dramatist.” A statesman wrote to Perthes in the summer following:—“The murder of Kotzebue is like a jet of fire from a volcanic abyss; the flame may be put out, but the sea of fire still surges beneath. The judgments passed on the horrible deed are more frightful than the deed itself, and shew that the state of feeling which engendered it is not confined to a few excited students. The individual criminals may, and should be punished with the utmost rigour of the law; but a system of terrorism would only multiply the chances of a revolutionary outbreak; for every hydra-head cut off, two new ones would spring up. The Germans have a profound longing for common objects of affection, reverence, and hope; but this craving re-

ceived no satisfaction after the victory over France. On the contrary, the victors see the vanquished in possession of great national treasures; honoured and respected as a people, while they themselves are deprived of all political coherence and importance. The result is, that, failing objects of common love, the Germans have found out objects of common hatred—and it is impossible for any government to maintain the existing political order long in opposition to such a state of opinion.”

While the Germans at home were fretting in discontent, many a voice of earnest yearning for the beloved fatherland sounded from abroad. One such expatriated German wrote to Perthes from Courland, and, after stating that only one-half of the last book-parcel had reached him, the other half having been sent to the authorities at Mitau, he subjoins the letter of apology for the mistake, sent him by the custom-house officer in charge of the book-department:—“You are aware of the difficulties attending the admission of books. I must however observe, that you have only yourself to blame for the accident that has happened to the last parcel. If you had given me earlier notice, so that I could have made the necessary arrangements, every annoyance would have been avoided. Under existing circumstances, I have done all that lay in my power, and if the gentlemen of the civil department in Mitau have taken payment for their trouble by detaining some of your books for perusal, this is no more than fair. I enclose a memorandum of costs.” Perthes’ friend writes subsequently that he had made an arrangement with the customs, by which he would in future receive his books complete and uninjured. How true is it, that unless the principle of honour exist in officials, right and law become fictions!—“The longer I am here, the more ardently do

I long for home," wrote a German lady, frequenting the first circles in London. "By the side of my husband, with my child, and in my own house, I am happy, but England is, and always will be, foreign to me. The English are a wonderful but not an attractive people; the education of the ladies is so imperfect, or at least so one-sided, that it is impossible to take pleasure in their society, and amidst the throng of the great world I feel lonely. How far behind England is, in all that relates to education and culture, no one can believe who has not seen it. The English might learn much from us. The German mother who is compelled to educate her children here, is greatly to be pitied. In spite of all the talk about Christianity in this country, the religious element is fearfully deficient among the people; a vast number of the clergy live away from their parishes, and are represented by curates, who read prayers on Sunday, and give themselves little farther trouble. It is almost inconceivable how a people can be so far in advance in some things, and so far behind in others. Of this you may be quite certain, that when I return to the dear fatherland I shall be more thoroughly German than ever."—A friend in Sweden wrote to Perthes praising the liberty and security of his adopted country, the King, and the Crown-Prince, and the progress of agriculture, and complaining only of the scarcity of money. He then adds, "Almost every change involves the interests of one or other of the four Estates by which the country is represented; whatever Estate is menaced, leaves no means untried to bring a second over to its side, and thus, by establishing an equality of votes, defeats the proposal. But inasmuch as the national will is bent on progress, and the press is almost entirely free, progress is certain, though

it may be slow. I love and esteem Sweden, as you see, but he who has grown to manhood in Germany can never forget that country; elsewhere he will be a stranger, yearning for intercourse with the earthly home of his spirit. Here, however, we know little of what interests Germany and the world. The Swede has no interest but in domestic affairs; the few foreign journals that reach us are no mirror of the times, and German, French, or English books, are quite beyond the means of any private person, owing to the highly disadvantageous state of the exchange, and the difficulty of transit."—"The whole German nation, governments, and people, are turned hypochondriac," writes another distant friend; "you all talk so much about perils and destruction, that you will actually die of the fear of death; get rid of this death-phobia, and you will find yourselves well, at least as well as man can be on earth. You have many imaginary evils and much real good; but being, as I said, hypochondriac, you must needs be angry when any one says to you, 'My dear friend, you are really not so *very* ill.' Just look at France—where there is much imaginary good and much real evil; but there everybody is cheerful, and rejoices in the delightful consciousness of belonging to '*la grande Nation*.' If the German nation could but make the tour of Europe, it would on its return find life very bearable at home."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE GOVERNMENTS AT THE PERIOD OF THE
CARLSBAD DECREES.

It is probable that on the termination of the war, the necessity of political regeneration was not less keenly felt by the more powerful German governments, than by the effervescent youthful population. Many paragraphs in the first speeches made at the Diet, would have been received with applause at the Wartburg Festival. But it is for governments to act, not to speak; and, as the necessity only, and not the mode of action, was what the ruling powers discerned, they could not act, and, of course, soon left off speaking, their silence being then interpreted as indifference. Porthes shared the universal dissatisfaction at the inactivity of the rulers. After giving vent to it very decidedly in one of his letters, he proceeds: "The appearance of Madame de Staël's '*Considérations sur la Révolution Française*' may be useful. This talented work will be read by princes, for it is written in the language of their drawing-rooms. When they see how the murderous axe of revolution hung over the king's head they will tremble at the sound of the tempest that is approaching their own thrones, and when all other inducements have failed, fear may perhaps force them

into action. Even Steffens' pamphlet on 'The Present Times' is said to be capital; but I cannot read it; it is too wordy, and, like an interminable stair-case without landings, takes away the breath of my spirit."

The year 1819 was decisive so far as the attitude of the governments was concerned. The want of knowledge, which is the same as want of power, that kept them from acting immediately after the war, now became want of will. The spirit of Conservatism sought to retain not only those institutions and usages which the development of our national character and history had called into being, but all those mere accidents which the languid stream of centuries had deposited on its banks. The congress of European powers at Aix-la-Chapelle in the autumn of 1818, gave universal satisfaction, by maintaining the integrity of Baden, of which Bavaria had sought to appropriate a part; but apart from this, the carefully concealed proceedings of the Congress were regarded with the utmost distrust. "The sovereigns of Europe," wrote Perthes, "have placed themselves in opposition to the half-slumbering, half-roused peoples, and seek, like master-tailors, to shape governments for them. Governed, indeed, we must be, and kings and princes we must have, but we need not be bondsmen for all that." A lively representation of the public excitement occurs in a letter written to Perthes about the end of December 1818: "At Weimar I rubbed shoulders with the Emperor Alexander this time, as twelve years ago with the Emperor Napoleon. Now, as then, I found everybody in excitement; even Goethe spoke of nothing but the masquerade in which he was to declaim his own noblest pieces to their high mightinesses. Twelve years ago Napoleon was in a great hurry,

but he came from Paris, and went I know not whither, and had a hundred cannon in his train. Alexander was also in a great hurry, but he came from Aix-la-Chapelle, and is going to Petersburg with twelve carriages full of lacqueys, gentle and simple—some with pointed, others with flat noses. It thus appears that an emperor is not always the same thing: so at least I thought, when, at Erfurt, I heard Napoleon abused in the most outrageous manner by the officers after he was sent to St. Helena; which reminded me of Blumenbach's furious anger at the mischievous disposition of scorpions, when, at the very time, he was exhibiting them to his auditors preserved in spirits!"

Shortly after the breaking-up of the Congress, the German governments attacked with the strong arm of the law those demonstrations which had hitherto been attempted on the part of the people, only with the weapons of argument. In the spring of 1819, the gymnastic grounds* were closed; in the course of the summer many arrests were made, and house-visitation was extensively carried on. "When I look at Germany as a whole," says a well-informed political friend, in a letter written at the beginning of 1819, "the many-coloured and even bright tints which belong to particular parts are mingled with a sort of dull grey, one might even call it black. You yourself find the present state of things tiresome—and tedium is always dismal. No account is to be made of the present, in order that the foundation-stone of a political edifice for the distant future may be laid; and thus the present generation is sacrificed to posterity. All that has been won is every moment imperilled anew. We have placed nothing in

* Places without the towns where the young met for gymnastic exercises.

safety, not even our boundaries and defences. Nevertheless, we are not standing still; it is astonishing how rapidly things advance, but always by a succession of events, which are stronger than man, and may overwhelm him at any time. Is not this revolution? although, deluded as we are by the order which the police maintain, we perceive it not. In this respect France, with her strong, vital spirit of freedom, is far before us."

The two great German States were well aware that police regulations availed but little, since the press, secret associations, and the universities, could exercise a mighty subverting influence over all Germany, so long as they could find were it only one place where they might organize their attacks. In the few years that had elapsed since the Congress of Vienna, the governments had learned that for them, too, if they would maintain external order, the unity of Germany was a necessity. The Diet did not, however, appear to the two great powers equal to this task of achieving the unity. Prince Metternich, therefore, invited a few of the more important German Courts to send plenipotentiaries to a conference, to be held at Carlsbad during the months of July and August 1819.

Pertthes had kept up an active correspondence with several members of the Diet during these years. He thus gained an insight into the plans that were in preparation for the development of the federal system, and was led to form certain views, which are expressed in many of his letters, and may be summed up as follows:—"The governments must, uprightly and honourably, further the universal movement for something like unity; otherwise it will force a way for itself, and sooner than they think, and then a little fire may set the whole forest in

flames. Some common object must at least be found on which hope may fasten, and patience feed. Nor may this be a petty object: it must have some bearing on the most important point of all, viz., that Germany should acquire a separate independence in Europe similar to that of France or of England. The discussion of the differences between Bavaria and Baden before a European tribunal; the Russian, French, and English *hortatoria* and *dehortatoria*, addressed to the Elector of Hesse, the negotiations carried on independently of the Diet regarding the fortresses of the Confederation,—these, and many other things of the same kind, are insults to the German nation, and have tended to confirm the opinion that Austria and Prussia regard the Confederation not as an end but as a means; and that the stoppage of proceedings at Frankfort originates in their wish to manage the affairs of Germany in concert with the European powers, rather than through the Diet. Others beside the Bavarian Ambassador will receive the thanks of their respective courts, on announcing that nothing particular has been done at Frankfort, that the sittings are reduced to almost one per week; that three weeks' holidays have again been agreed to, and that the long recess is eagerly anticipated. Truly the public grief and indignation on account of this national abasement cry aloud; and there is but one remedy, viz., the adoption by the Diet of an independent policy. The desire to see Germany take her due place among the nations is indeed less ardent in the inhabitants of Austria and Prussia, because their respective governments carry weight already in the European balance, but the consciousness of political inferiority serves only to raise the indignation of the rest of Germany to a

higher pitch; partly from envy, and partly from fear of complete absorption into these greater powers. We do not wish to be protected by Austria and Prussia, but to be represented as the German nation in Europe. Everything cannot, indeed, be done at once, but some important step ought not to be longer delayed; such, for instance, as the appointment by the Diet of a Commission for foreign affairs, with authority to accredit ambassadors to the European courts. The almost immediate consequence of such a step would be, that the embassies of all the German States, excepting Austria and Prussia, would disappear; and then the delicate question would fall to be considered, in what relation the federal ambassador should stand to those of the two great German powers."

In the extensive correspondence which Perthes carried on with his political friends in the summer of 1819, there is much to the following effect:—

"A step has been made toward the union of our armed forces, by the appointment of a federal military commission; but unity of trade and commerce, uniformity of duties, weights, and measures, of coinage and postage, and of law as regards the book-trade and literary piracy,—these and many other things are, like the great desideratum of a federal tribunal, urgently needed, and although difficult, not impossible of attainment. If, however, the peculiar situation of Austria, and the consequent remoteness of her connexion with many of the confederated States, be ignored,—if the special wants and interests of the several States are not carefully and fairly balanced,—if a reckless disregard be shown to alarms, though groundless, and to long-standing prejudices, then, by endeavouring to gain all at once, we shall gain nothing. But if two or three States

would unite in the pursuit of a common object, leaving an open door for the accession of others, and inviting them to join, were it only by way of experiment, for a few years, things would shape themselves, and more would be effected than could result, in the present state of jealous feeling, from the best general measures. The grand function of the Diet is to preserve the unity attained, and to extend it farther. But it needs assistance. Practical men out of all the States should be assembled at Frankfort, and formed into committees. These would constitute a popular board, knowing far better than a council of statesmen where the shoe pinches. By their means the Diet would be able to devise and carry out really useful measures, and not till it do so, can the Diet become a power, and the salvation of Germany."

The letters received by Perthes from Carlsbad, during the summer of 1819, were not calculated to excite hopes of any earnest efforts, on the part of the deputies there assembled, for the further development of the powers of the Confederation. "We would bless the Conference," says one, "if it took but one earnest step towards securing for Germany her proper standing in Europe: but my fears outweigh my hopes. The men now at the helm are men of details, whose views are not large enough to embrace objects of national importance. Prussia is especially called on to take the lead, but who believes in her honesty? Austria feels herself safe at home, and would tolerate liberal principles in other States to a certain extent, provided they were carried out in peace and order. Metternich is personally more favourable to federal unity than the other Austrian ministers: still tranquillity is the great point with him. On returning from the Aix-la-Chapelle Congress, he was as pleased

as a child, with what he regarded as the lasting pacification of Europe. 'Now,' said he, 'every man may go and look after his cabbages in safety for a long time to come; and if the ambassadors were only forbidden to report proceedings to their respective courts, the only occasion of misunderstanding would be taken away.'" Adam Müller wrote to Perthes from Carlsbad: — 'As to the freedom of the press, though my own writings are often objected to by the censor at Vienna, what of that? I do not serve a political chimera, whose enigmas I may interpret as I please, but a real flesh-and-blood Emperor, whose express will is my law; add to this that I am a Catholic, and as such, believe that we already possess the truth, not that it lies hidden somewhere, and must be brought to light by the freedom of the press; finally, I believe that the existing secular authority must be preserved at any price, if only as a foundation; and, therefore, as the Episcopalians of the 17th century said, 'No bishop, no king,' so now I say, 'No censor, no sovereign;' but I say it with a bleeding heart, and with profound sorrow, that we, in this age, are sunk so low, as to be constrained to commit the intellectual guardianship of the people to the clutches of official functionaries."

On the 31st of August 1819, the ministers assembled at Carlsbad sat for the last time; the resolutions adopted were communicated to the governments who had no deputies there, with a request that they would so instruct their representatives in the Diet, that the Carlsbad resolutions might through the Diet be made binding on the whole of Germany. No time was allowed the smaller States for deliberation or consultation, and of course no one of them dared to oppose the will of the two great powers; consequently, the Carlsbad resolutions became

decrees of the Diet on the 20th of September, without a dissentient voice. They imposed on every State the duty of subjecting to censure all publications of less than twenty sheets, and of appointing for every university a special inspector. Further, the confederation was to establish at Mayence a Central Board for inquiring into the revolutionary intrigues which had been discovered in several of the confederated states; as also a provisional executive tribunal, and a commission for the suppression of dangerous works.

The Carlsbad decrees, and their working, were regarded by some of Perthes' correspondents with sorrow, and by others with indignation. Sartorius wrote from Göttingen,—“ Unless a middle party, strong enough to keep in check the two that have vowed each other's destruction, be speedily formed, we shall pass through the crisis of a revolution, and land either in despotism or in anarchy.” Görres gives the reins to his active and fervid fancy, in a letter written to Perthes on the 2d of October 1819:—“ You will,” he says, “ have received the Carlsbad decrees. It must be confessed that these people have a peculiar talent for defeating their own purposes, for there are no greater movers of disquiet among us than those whose repressive measures, like the smith's dripping mop, produce only a fiercer glow in the fire. I can only account for it by supposing that they have maggots in their brain, such as cause the staggers in sheep, which become furious, not exhibiting their fury in a bloodthirsty way of course, but by stamping and blowing, so that their very gentleness has an angry look. One would have thought that people who look at things from the political height should see them calmly and clearly; but the contrary

is the case ; being weak-headed, they turn giddy ; and when anything stirs, they think the world is whirling round : they are afraid, lest the houses should fall upon their heads, and the trees start forth to impale them ! Meanwhile necessity has extorted from them the execution of the 13th article : they have, indeed, told us plainly enough how they mean to carry it out ; but that matters not ; what they give, is given ; and what they unjustly withhold will be taken ; and so, though not without striving and collision, things will get into the right track. Their ordinances regarding the press are simply ridiculous ; it would be easier to keep a sieve full of fleas, than to confine thought within their pen."

The excitement produced by the Carlsbad decrees was called forth rather by their completely ignoring the national will, than by their stringency. "It is not in what the Conference has done," wrote Perthes in the autumn of 1819, "but in what it has *not* done, that the evil and the peril consist. If the decrees mean no more than they say, then they will do no harm and suppress much evil ; if they contemplate something else or something more, they will fail. But that at a moment of such incalculable danger, the statesmen of Germany should have assembled in council and do nothing, absolutely nothing, to satisfy the craving of the nation for freedom and unity, this is, indeed, a terrible calamity. No genuine national craving has ever been stifled ; nor can the most perilous aberrations be prevented by an authoritative veto."

The consideration and influence which the Diet still possessed are known by the universal astonishment manifested at its acquiescence in the Carlsbad decrees. "It is dreadful

to find the Diet, instead of taking up a proud position, stooping to become the blind executive of what I do not hesitate to call a bad principle, and the tool of an illiberal, terrorist faction," wrote a staunch conservative. "The consequences both to individuals and to the body politic are incalculable; and the demon of revolution, so long made use of as a scare-crow by the governments, will now manifest himself as a veritable giant. The whole proceedings are yet veiled in mystery. We know not whether the two great powers have compelled the silence of the smaller, or whether the German people are deceived by an assurance of unanimity, when diversity of opinion was the fact. But up to the present moment we do not hear that even a single member of the Confederation has given in his resignation, rather than continue, under the guise of independence, to be a tool in the hands of bad men."

On the 23d October 1819, Perthes received the following from a friend:—"There were two ways open to the Conference, viz., address and force. Had there been less anxiety like that of drowning men who catch at a straw, and more of cool calculating intellect at Carlsbad, the *panem et circenses* would not have been forgotten, and things would then have been in a very critical position indeed. For example, had they only determined on abolishing frontier-dues throughout Germany, and opened up the country to free-trade, it is very probable that the decrees which have now called forth deep and universal displeasure, would have excited but little attention, and that the masses would themselves have contributed the wood for the *auto-da-fé* of liberal writers and speakers. But if the Carlsbad deputies either could not, or would not employ political ad-

dress, they should, in order to secure the attainment of their objects, have determined on a course of unflinching severity. Blow upon blow should have been struck, victim upon victim should have fallen, and that before any one had time to think. If the anti-revolution tribunal at Mayence had come into operation on the very day that the decrees were published, and had it immediately ordered a series of imprisonments, the suppression of some dozen liberal journals, and, every month or so, a public execution, a Napoleonic terrorism would have spread over Germany; but for such measures other men were required than the good-natured *bon-vivans* of Carlsbad, who, assuredly, have no desire to inflict positive suffering on any man—whose only object, indeed, is the tranquillity of the world, and their own continuance in office. It is solely to their ignorance of any other means of attaining those ends that we owe the apparently stringent decrees, of whose wisdom they are still trying to persuade one another.” Again,—“Just because the delegates at Carlsbad could not resolve on employing either address or violence, their measures will probably have little effect. The views of statesmen are not always identical with those of the States they represent, and the conference at Carlsbad may be regarded as the club of a ministerial faction. Already in those States where the minister for foreign affairs is not all-powerful in the cabinet, have the Carlsbad deputies on their return been severely blamed. Hardenberg and Bernstorff, for instance, have been fiercely attacked by Humboldt. In short, all the larger States, with the exception of Austria, will pass through an internal crisis, which will result either in displacing the present ministers, or in making them take

different ground ; and in either case, the ministers even of the States represented at Carlsbad will be found in opposition to the Carlsbad decrees. I know that many princes who think and govern independently, were very unpleasantly surprised by the results of the Conference, and desire to preserve at least the appearance of having given only an extorted consent. The majority of the deputies at Frankfort are enraged at being made the passive instruments of the Carlsbad Conference, and are therefore not likely to aid in bringing its resolutions into authority and honour. When, in addition to all these hindrances, you consider the wounded pride of the petty princes who believe themselves, as it were, mediatised, and the fury of public opinion, which, as ever, gains in intensity the more it is compressed, there is no reason to expect any permanent effect from measures which have entirely failed in their primary intention of inspiring a general terror, and have thus virtually ceased to exist, even before coming into operation."

Again,—“ While the Carlsbad decrees have certainly failed in effecting what they intended, it is not unlikely that they may bring about what they did not contemplate. Since 1815, the old rivalry of Austria and Prussia for supremacy in Germany has taken the form of a contest for the lead in the confederation. At Carlsbad, they believed themselves to be masters of Germany; but they were mistaken, and the opposition they have encountered will, for a long time, compel them to seek for union with all the states whenever in political matters they would act for Germany. This confirmation of the federal principle is one blessing which the Carlsbad Conferences have bestowed on us,—but it is not the only one. Individual states were always unwilling to compromise their sovereignty by sub-

ordinating themselves to the confederation. Now, however, they have been able to find no way of attaining the objects proposed at Carlsbad, but that of handing over the police of political offences, together with the superintendence of the press and the universities, to the Diet. The object will not, indeed, be attained, but the means used recognise in the Diet, as representing the totality of Germany, a power superior to the individual states, and the consequences of this recognition will soon be developed. The subordination of individual states, then, to the Diet, is another benefit which we owe to the Carlsbad Conferences."

An assembly of plenipotentiaries from all the German States had been called to meet at Vienna in November 1819, for the further development of the federal constitution. The deep-rooted mistrust with which this Vienna Conference was regarded even by calmly-judging men, is expressed in a letter received by Perthes in December 1819:—"What will the Vienna Conference do? It may be that our magnates are not unanimous enough to carry out their plans, and that Humboldt will do his utmost to unseat Bernstorff. Things are come to such a pass that our best hopes must be founded on the mutual jealousies and suspicions of courts and ministers; for all the noble sentiments and endeavours of the German people are ineffectual from the want of organization. The noblest energies, isolated and unguided, are indeed as likely to end in a chaos as in justice and order." Another wrote:—"For ministers there is no history, no experience, and but one political idea, viz., that of imprisoning Jacobins." The Vienna Conference confirmed the policy of the Carlsbad decrees.

While the German governments were thus striving to repel

popular attacks by force, a champion appeared, waging the most deadly intellectual war against all the political tendencies of the age. Since 1816, K. L. von Haller had been engaged in the publication of his comprehensive work, "The Restoration of Political Science," and inasmuch as he assailed the adversaries of the German statesmen, they regarded him as an ally, not seeing that Haller's principles must sooner or later lead him to turn against the State, as represented by the governments, the very weapons which he now used against that form of it which was sought to be realized by the people. Adam Müller was one of the most talented adherents of the new political school, and to him Perthes wrote his own views as follows:—"I entirely coincide with you and with Herr von Haller, when you say that we can be saved only by submitting ourselves to the external political ordinances ordained by God. But what *is* ordained by God? His ordinances were once proclaimed in the Theocracy under Moses, of which the Papacy in its best days was a shadow. But where now is Moses? where the Papacy? The Church is now abreast of the State; in temporal matters under, in spiritual over it. This separation of what was originally united is the ordinance of God in our times, and we may not seek either to secularize the Church, or to spiritualize the State. But what does Herr von Haller do? You indeed write—'Haller has only restored the genuine idea of right, and erected a barrier against this century's idle dreaming about natural and political rights, which it will not be easy to break through.' I answer, well; but Haller pays to this idea of right, to this secular law, apart from the Church, divine homage. This idea, we are

above all things to respect, love, and trust. Now, what is this but to set up a golden calf while Moses tarries on Sinai? You set up as the law of God tables of stone, which have nothing in common with those of Moses but the stone, and for their sake God's own law is set at nought."

CHAPTER XXX.

ISOLATED POLITICAL QUESTIONS.

THE public mind, agitated by the absorbing interest of great general subjects, was little attracted to individual political questions, such as the organization of the public service, of taxation, of the law-courts, and of the police. The mercantile world, however, had been considering the relation between paper-money and that which it represents, as also the compatibility of the custom-house system with a prosperous commerce. In the hope of gaining information for himself and others, on the perplexing subject of the currency, Perthes had already, in 1817, applied to Gentz at Vienna. Gentz replied, "The monetary question, from its complications, is not a popular one; and to treat it in clear and precise language, is above all things necessary. No one in Germany has yet done so with success. A single chapter in the style of Adam Smith is worth more than a hundred volumes of fantastical and mystic writing, like Adam Müller's, in his 'Theory of Money.' When, in 1810-11, the interesting question, as to whether the then high price of gold arose from the depreciation of the English notes, was discussed in Parliament, I procured all the documents, and eagerly pursued an inquiry which might throw light on several

of the most important questions relating to the currency, paper-money, banks, exchange, and the balance of trade. In Vienna there was not an individual with whom I could have talked on such a subject, and I found a charm in the calm discussion of these difficult questions, with the clearest heads and greatest authorities of England. The result was a work, which I sent to England in June 1812, but which did not arrive there till the end of the following year, after war had broken out." What eventually became of this very valuable and instructive MS. does not appear from the papers left by Perthes.

The customs' question became one of great interest, on the cessation of the continental blockade, when Germany was suddenly deluged with English goods, while the importation of German corn into England was all but prohibited, and the exclusive system was revived in France and Holland. The new system established by Prussia in 1818, was regarded as an attempt to shut the door against the rest of Germany; and it was feared that if permanent it would annihilate the trade of the smaller States. From many quarters the cry for help arose, and in 1819 a commercial and industrial association was founded at Frankfort, which, headed by List, sought to establish a general system of prohibitory duties for the protection of German industry. "The Hanse-towns ought not to stand aloof from this new association," wrote a friend from Frankfort to Perthes; "for if they do, a spirit of hostility to them will inevitably spring up. The association is indeed already disposed to see only selfishness in their endeavour to establish free-trade; while, in fact, the interest of the Hanse-towns is the same as that of all Germany." The excitement of the Hanse towns reached the highest pitch on the appearance of Lindner's well-

known 'Manuscript from South Germany,' in 1820, the special object of which was to prove the necessity for elevating Bavaria to the position of a first-rate power, even at the expense of her weaker neighbours. But there were also allusions to North Germany, among others, the following,—“What mean these Barbary States of Germany, the Hanse-towns, whose interests as English factories involve the spoliation of the rest of Germany, and the annihilation of her industry? Germany ought to hold her own most important sea-ports, and not commit them to the keeping of a privileged merchant-caste, closely linked to England by their own selfish interests. These republics are in every sense a *hors d'œuvre* in fatherland; and the Congress of Vienna did not know what it was doing when it recognised their independence.”

On the publication of this Essay, a friend living in South Germany wrote to Perthes:—“You have no idea of the prejudice entertained here against free-trade, and the Hanse-towns. The feeling is just now deepened by the zeal and earnestness with which it is attempted to unite the South German states in an association opposed to the Prussian customs-system.” On the other hand, many believed that even the new custom-laws of Prussia ignored the importance of German trade, and might, in seeking to protect the manufacturer, sacrifice the merchant. Perthes felt the greatness of the danger, and believing that it could be averted by acting powerfully on public opinion, he stirred up a number of experienced merchants to write articles for the most extensively circulated journals; and it is probable that these were not wholly without influence on subsequent commercial legislation.

But questions regarding the representative assemblies, and

the nobility, were of far deeper interest to the general public than those connected with trade. Representative assemblies were indeed ardently desired, but only in the general. The infinite difficulties connected with their realization in the present circumstances of Germany, were perceived only in very few circles; and it had become a generally received maxim, that the voice of the majority should be law. In opposition to this view, Falk had written from Kiel, as long ago as the year 1817, "Nothing is more dangerous than a delusion, which prevents men from recognising any higher law than their own will, and justifies every folly for which a decision of the majority can be shewn. *Major pars meliorem vicit*, says Livy, and the old saying is true yet. If, indeed, there exist in any society no higher ground of decision than the will of the majority, its first effort should be to create a law for restraining individual will."

Pertthes himself entertained no doubt that if the majority were to rule, the government would fall into the hands of those whose proper function is to obey. This he says very decidedly in a letter of the 4th March 1821:—"It will be long before we attain to constitutional order; and the hindrances lie rather in the liberal than in the monarchical party. We must again be subjected to a despotism; but this time the despot will be a *majority*. If Chambers be established as in France, or Cortes as in Spain and Portugal, the State and all that belongs to it become a prey to party leaders whose cry is popular opinion. Already passion rages wildly in these countries, as at the era of the French Revolution, and the representative system opposes only one barrier to the invading deluge, namely, the majority of votes. Do you really believe

that men politically opposed, instruct or convert each other by argument? Never! Each adheres but the more closely to his opinion and party. The representatives of the people are therefore but counters; and, according as they have been won by gold, fear, intrigue, or some other means, we can tell beforehand how they will vote; and all the fine speeches about the welfare of the state are but spoken into the air, and leave no trace behind. Our forefathers in Hamburgh well knew that most hideous tyrant the majority, and sought to break its power by voting not individually, but by the five parishes. Unless remedies of this kind, or, at least, to the like effect be found out, we shall be slaves to the multitude, or rather to the misercants who lead and beguile them. That liberalism is advancing towards a decided, if only a temporary victory over monarchy, I cannot for a moment doubt. The people will however soon discover that to be politically free, and to have no king, or a weak one, are two very different things. When once liberalism has attained its objects, *i.e.*, a king who is but a cipher, and a majority which, under the name of Chambers, acts the despot, then the struggle will begin; blood, death, and utmost misery will overtake men in whom no trace of humility will then be left. The end of all will be, that since every one wishes to get much and to give nothing, to be everything and to acknowledge no authority, every man will oppress his neighbour, in order that he may not himself be oppressed."

Perthes nevertheless took a lively interest in the further development of representative assemblies in the different German states. In the Grand Duchy of Hesse the deputies were sum-

moned for May 1820, but they refused to recognise the edict of the Grand Duke as a constitution, unless it were altered into the form of a contract; the Grand Duke, on the other hand, required recognition of its authority previous to its revision. Wurtemberg attracted especial attention. King William, who had succeeded to the Crown in October 1816, had previously, as Crown Prince, excited great expectations, and even during his struggle with the Chambers on the subject of the new constitution, had won universal confidence. When the Carlsbad decrees appeared, there was a general impression that they especially aimed at the overthrow of the Wurtemberg constitution. The attitude of the king, therefore, seemed decidedly patriotic. Thus in a letter from Frankfort to Perthes, it is said:—"They thought at Carlsbad to frighten the King of Wurtemberg, and to give the constitution a blow; but the king is not to be frightened, and will certainly maintain what he has determined on." Count Moltke also writes from Heidelberg,—“A very sensible article has appeared in the Stuttgart Court Journal, against the Carlsbad decrees; the king has, moreover, declined to become a member of that commission, whose function it will be to send delegates to that darling inquisitorial tribunal. Throughout South Germany the king is enthusiastically beloved.”

The tumultuous joy excited in Bavaria by the concession of the constitution in 1818, was reckoned a happy augury for the first deliberations of the Chambers. However, immediately after assembling, a misunderstanding arose between the first and second Chambers, the senators regarding themselves as one with the king, and looking upon the Chamber of Deputies as a common enemy. In the course of a few weeks, a difference

between the government and the Chambers, on the monetary question, was added to that previously existing between the aristocracy and the representatives of the people. so that the country and its rulers soon came to regard each other with the same ill-will and suspicion in Bavaria as everywhere else.

Another question had at this time greater interest for Perthes than even that of the representation. So early as the period of the Vienna Congress, the standing of the lesser nobility, which had been kept in the background during the war, became again the subject of discussion. Pride, suspicion, and the love of prerogative on the one side; jealousy, discontent, and the mania for equality on the other, embittered the contest, which arose, indeed, out of actual relations. The anticipation of a new and fantastic future for the lesser nobility, as advanced for instance in the "Adelskette," excited in the opponents of the nobility a still stronger fear, lest such anticipation should be fulfilled. The universal unpopularity of the nobility was manifested when Voss attacked Count Frederick Leopold Stolberg. Public opinion was decidedly with Voss—although his weapons were most unworthy,—partly, indeed, because in Stolberg he attacked Catholicism, but far more on account of the vehemence with which he attacked the nobility as represented by him. Even to so honourable and moderate a man as Count Caius Reventlow, the cause of the nobility seemed to be very feebly supported. He wrote to Perthes in 1820:—"The nobility, now that it exists, and for that only reason, is not to be killed outright, it seems; but a mere *pro forma* nobility is as good as none. Besides, the contest is not one of principles but of feelings, and it can never therefore be settled by arguments.

One can contemplate the struggle and its vicissitudes more calmly by reflecting that the perfection of the social system is not so important as that men, feeling themselves ill at ease here, should be brought back to God. From this point of view we look upon the never-ending play of the natural and spiritual elements as a training school, and are reassured."

While by the people, the present position of the nobles was regarded as absolutely untenable, the governments adhered with greater tenacity than ever to the opinion that to the nobility alone belonged the conduct of public affairs. "The old poetico-historical nobility of former centuries has long since passed away," writes a friend of Perthes in 1819. "Our nobles, however, would fain return to the glorious times of the Emperor Frederick II.; well, let them try it. The nobles, in that case, should be nothing but knights: and they only, not citizens and farmers as well, should be subject to military service, and, shouldering the musket, form our regiments; every knight of course disdaining pay. Now, if our nobles neither will nor can do this, they no longer represent the ancient knightly nobility; and the rights and claims of a class cannot last longer than the class itself. Driven by hunger from the ruined castles of their fathers, the nobility would fain revel at the burgher's table; and because, in days of yore, they were outside the State, now they would be over it; because formerly they were the only warriors, now they are to be the only ministers and privy-councillors. I know, indeed, that we want an aristocracy, but I also know that it is the necessity of the State, and not the interest of the nobility that must determine their position." Similar sentiments on the same sub-

ject were expressed in letters to Perthes, with reference to the special circumstances of particular States. Thus a Prussian statesman in 1819 writes, "Everything lies bound in the fetters of the aristocracy, and the efforts to shake off these fetters which have been attended with such happy results in the humbler spheres of society and government, have scarcely been felt in the higher ranks. Public life is made up of petty private considerations; the State, the government, public offices, and public institutions serving merely as ornamental appendages to a small number of families. I have no hope, so long as the ministries are regarded as prizes to be contended for within a limited aristocratic sphere; for a fresh breeze can only then fill our sails, when the State comes to be influenced by a spirit not born and educated in the prejudices of the aristocracy."

Even Rehberg, so long and intimately acquainted with the nobility, expressed his anxiety on account of the delusions that led the governments to regard the nobles alone as born to rule, and all others as born only to obey. Count Adam Moltke, too, wrote in the same strain,—“Just because I love the aristocracy, and regard it as essential, I regret the more deeply to see it leaning upon prejudices. Its present position is quite false, it stands as a historical wrong, upheld by force only; and unless it be reconstituted according to the spirit and requirements of the age, not a seion of it will be allowed to remain.”

In spite of this vehement controversy, it was seldom that any attempt was made to gain clear views of the inner life and proper functions of the order in dispute. In the hope of obtaining correct ideas, Perthes applied to men holding the most various positions in life. “The essence of the nobility,” wrote Count

F. L. Stolberg, "cannot lie in territorial possessions, or in any particular employment or position in life. The accident of birth could not in that case remain long and everywhere an object of high consideration: there must, therefore, be some idea of which the external position of the nobility is only the expression. There is, indeed, something poetical, which appeals to sentiment, in the nobility. As the military order represents courage, and the clerical piety, so the nobility represents nobleness of mind: and unless this idea had always influenced the conduct of a great many among them, the nobility, in spite of territorial possessions and external position, would have sunk beneath notice long ago."—"The nobility," wrote Fouqué, "is virtually the same institution in England and in Germany; but the form that it assumes in the two countries is very different; and this difference we should respect as of historical origin, without seeking to transfer the form acquired by the nobility in the one country to the other. Even in England territorial possessions do not imply nobility, but are an appendage to it; and in Germany a noble is still noble, though he may not possess a single rood of land. This being so, there must be something in the noble which is not represented by property. The peculiar knightly spirit which is, as it were, the soul of nobility, is a subtle essence, almost as delicate as virgin purity, and like it, must be represented in the living person, not defined. I cannot say—this precisely is the knightly spirit, but I can say, here is a man in whom it lives. While this spirit exists in the nobility as a class, individuals in whom it is found may, from time to time, be admitted to their order; but that an order of chivalry may be developed, the

institution must be permanent, and the chivalric flame kept alive from father to son. Each member of the class must know from his earliest childhood that he belongs to it, and the English custom, according to which a younger son, suddenly, and without preparation, becomes noble on the death of his elder brother, is inconsistent with the spirit of the nobility."

Notwithstanding these and many other mutually contradicting views, Perthes, on the whole, adhered to the idea which Rehberg had developed in his *Essay on the German Nobility*, published in 1803; and, in a series of letters which afterwards appeared in a somewhat altered form, under the title of "*A Word on the German Nobility*," Perthes endeavoured to work himself into clearness on the whole matter. Thus: "You regard knighthood as synonymous with nobility; but incorporated knighthood was only a passing form of nobility, and is therefore not to be reproduced in our day, however honourable and glorious it may have been. The knighthood of the Middle Ages, translated into modern language, is military nobility; but how can there be such a thing as a military nobility, when the whole nation won its spurs in 1813? For your practical idea of chivalry, we lack the castle, the feudal dominion, and the knight himself. The knightly spirit must be one that exists exclusively or pre-eminently in the noble; but if knighthood and military nobility are one, then the knightly spirit and military honour are also necessarily one. Now, military honour consists in this: that it tolerates no doubt on the matter of personal courage, and washes away the slightest aspersion of cowardice with blood. This is military honour, and it extends not an inch farther; for piety, integrity, fidelity, courage, and

respect towards the female sex belong to no particular class, but are common to men as men. Unless, then, you would make military honour the soul of all nobility, you must find some other foundation for our present nobility than chivalry, and I can find none but that of entailed territorial possession. If this be so, then nobility must be limited, like territorial property, to the eldest son; the rest of the family falling back into the ranks of the people, unless Germany is to be inundated with unsatisfied candidates for all posts of influence."

To the friends of the aristocracy Perthes freely expressed his opinions, that their present position was untenable; but he did not conceal from others the great anxiety with which he regarded these attacks on their hereditary and legal rights. Thus, in the spring of 1821, he wrote, "Very unsatisfactory and ambiguous is the answer to the questions,—Why should the rights of property be more sacred than personal rights? Why, if I may deprive the noble of his privileges, may I not, with equal justice, deprive the rich man of his wealth? If, as you Liberals would have it, we are to be all equal, I may, nevertheless, do whatever I please with what I have earned myself; and what becomes of equality if the son of a wealthy father spend his hard-earned fortune in ease and idleness, in the midst of a starving community? Should not children work like their fathers before them? Is social order established for the benefit of 'slow bellies'? No! If we are to be really equal, all property must return at the death of its possessor to the common stock, to be anew divided. But even this will not suffice to preserve equality. Differences of education will, even after hereditary rights are swept away, produce inequality. Why should

the children of the poor be worse educated than the children of the rich, whose parents have worked less? Educational establishments must, then, be provided for all. This is a consequence of the demand that the nobility be deprived of their privileges. I know, indeed, that to be consequent is to be devil-driven: but it is well sometimes to be consequent in theory, for many may thus, perhaps, see what a perilous thing it is to be consequent, and may change their minds."

CHAPTER XXXI.

AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA DURING THE PERIOD IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING.
THE CARLSBAD DECREES.

THE Carlsbad decrees secured repose and external order to Germany for a number of years. The governments obtained an interval to shew what they could do in the way of political development, undisturbed by grievance-mongers and tumultuary outbreaks. Those, however, who expected a new impulse to proceed from the Diet, forgot that the Diet was composed not of independent plenipotentiaries, but of deputies charged to represent the will of their several courts. Whether or not the interval of repose should be directed to the development of political freedom, depended on the good pleasure of the several states,—mainly, of course, on Austria and Prussia. Perthes' letters from Vienna assured him that the policy of Austria would be, simply to maintain the *status quo*, the elements which had sprung out of revolution being respected no less than those which owed their origin to reaction. A return to the old, it was supposed, would be as hazardous as a transition to the new.

From 1817 to 1819, Baron von Hormayr, historiographer of the Empire, and on good terms, as yet, with Metternich, pub-

lished a Universal Modern History in the Austrian sense. One of Perthes' correspondents characterizes it as a piece of special pleading for Austria.

Ever since the spring of 1820, Frederick Schlegel had, in his "Concordia," brought the whole force of his wonderful talents to bear against every form and degree of opposition to the existing order of things. A friend, who declines to pronounce judgment on Schlegel's views till they shall be further developed, thus continues in a letter to Perthes: "His historico-philosophical inquiries are conducted in words of such varied meaning, that they can be twisted any way, and indeed confuse the mind. I am convinced that, in the paper to which you particularly refer, Schlegel's object is not to search after truth, but to strengthen the Papal Church, and it would not be the first time that great gifts, deep insight, comprehensive learning, and even true wisdom, have been made subservient to political ends. That he honestly believes he is right I do not for a moment doubt; but I believe that he is entirely mistaken in his fundamental principle, and that from the very first every stroke has been aimed so as to clinch the ultimate conclusion. One observation I will hazard. It is dangerous to regard and pronounce upon good and evil in the mass. He who condemns or praises a whole century, is as certain to hit some nail on the head as he who throws a stone into the middle of a heap is certain to strike something; but something is not everything. Considered in the mass, things always appear better or worse than they really are, because the infinite is brought into the narrow focus of our weak sight. We select from the total of events, we reduce, we abstract, but we cannot reproduce those shadings which gave to the actions and the times criticized

their genuine character. For instance, the century before the Revolution is now characterized as torpid, contemptible, and frivolous. This may be true of the higher ranks and of literature; but, does a whole century become what it is in virtue of its literature, and of the small educated minority? I maintain, that while, in the ten years preceding the Revolution, those above were building the Tower of Babel, simple-mindedness, contentment, and innocency were to be found below. A tendency passes slowly from above downwards, and it is only now, when improvement has taken place above, that corruption, frivolity, and ungodliness, are in possession of the lower classes. Then, again, that many-sided thing, the individual heart, so strangely divided between good and evil—who holds the thread of investigation here? Who from the action can judge the thought? Ought not the hidden virtues of individuals to balance national corruption? But the most perilous of all is to condemn mercilessly the age on whose current we ourselves are floating. Every improvement must originate within, and improvements must be changes; that which is vital in the old forms will pass into the new; but the past is not, as such, to be honoured as imperishable, which is precisely what they vainly insist on in Austria. Many a premature attempt will fail, but I have no fear of the total ruin of European civilisation. It has in Christianity a principle of vitality, a pledge of regeneration which will preserve its spiritual energy through all external confusions.”

The Austrian government endeavoured to procure the general circulation in Germany of the Vienna Annual Register;* the real views of Austria were too strongly opposed to the

* “Jahr-buch”—German.

spirit of the age, and were a secret to none. Ever since 1819, there had been a general feeling of distrust towards the Austrian government. The following letter to Perthes bears on the subject :—“The present policy of Austria results from the whole character and history of the empire. From the time of the Reformation, when Austria would not or could not obey the intellectual impulse, she has felt herself an alien in the new world ; and being unable to adapt herself to the age, would have the age adapt itself to her. When the Turkish empire ceased to threaten Europe, the bond which had held together the heterogeneous elements of the Austrian empire, and made it the bulwark of Christendom, lost its power. The farsighted Joseph II. foresaw the coming dismemberment of the Austrian dominions, and since his time this misgiving has been the mainspring of Austrian policy. Hence the repression of intellectual progress and provincial development since the French Revolution ; hence, too, the opposition of Austria to political progress everywhere. To maintain the *status quo* not only is, but must be Austria’s policy.”

While the opposition of Austria to the universal tendencies of the age was regarded, and sometimes pitied, as an inevitable necessity, the attitude of Prussia was considered simply as culpable, and the Prussian government became the object of bitter hatred. The subsequent course of events has indeed proved, beyond a doubt, that the men who then guided the helm of Prussian affairs, are responsible for great calamities ; but only infatuation can overlook the enormous difficulties, arising out of Prussia’s political situation, no less than out of Austria’s—and, because of the evil, ignore the good. Prussia could always boast of a magnificently organized army, and of an honest and

mild administration, and these cannot co-exist without conferring great benefits on the community.

The views which prevailed regarding Prussia during the years immediately succeeding the Carlsbad decrees, are thus expressed in a letter to Perthes:—"For a century past Prussia has had but one object,—that, namely, of becoming a great European power. The material power and greatness of Prussia are in striking contrast with this pretension; but the perfect organization of her administration, and of many of her political institutions, as well as the intellectual advancement of her people, throw an incalculable weight into the scale, and attract the other German states, which are her natural, and to a certain extent dependent allies. Immediately after the Liberation-war, Prussia fell into contradiction with such of her own institutions as had originated from 1808 downwards, and with the intellectual tendencies of her whole population. By refusing a constitution, and by opposing every liberal measure in the rest of Germany, she undermined her own standing-ground in Europe, made enemies of her own people, and alienated the other German States. In consequence of this, though preserving the name of a European power, she has become really subordinate to Russia and Austria. Prussia well knows that her independent utterance would be disregarded in the councils of Europe, and is therefore careful to say only what some influential power has said already, or will say: immediately after the war she was the echo of Russia; and now she has thrown herself into the arms of Austria. It is certain that Prussia can attain to independence and influence in Europe only by the development of liberal institutions at home, and renouncing all selfish designs, such as the amalgamation of

the smaller States with herself: otherwise, she can only be the echo and tool of Austria in Germany."

Among the many letters which Perthes received at this period, there occurs not a single expression of confidence in the men who were at the head of affairs; no one believed them capable of understanding the problems involved in history, and in the relations of Prussia to Germany and Europe.

In March 1817, the Council of State was inaugurated, and from this body a commission appointed to frame a constitutional charter. A violent discussion arose among the leaders of the opposite parties, on the form which the representation of the people should take, and on the new system of taxation proposed by Count Bulow, minister of finance. From this period William von Humboldt headed the opposition. The immediate result was, that both questions were postponed: that William von Humboldt, being appointed ambassador to Great Britain, was removed from the arena; and that in the summer of 1818, not he, but the then Danish ambassador in Berlin, Count Christian von Bernstorff, was appointed minister of foreign affairs: but in January 1819, Humboldt was recalled to share the ministry of the interior with Herr von Schuckmann, while the ministry of the royal household was confided to Prince Wittgenstein, previously minister of police. Hereupon, in the summer of 1819, began the prosecution of the demagogues in Berlin.

In the autumn of 1819, the Carlsbad decrees gave occasion to an almost open rupture in the ministry. William von Humboldt, Beyme, and Boyen, were on the one side, Prince Hardenberg and Count Bernstorff on the other, while Prince Wittgenstein, with a strong party, worked in silence. The

issue of the struggle was not long dubious : at the end of the year, Humboldt and Beyme were dismissed ; while Generals Boyen and Grollmann, who had shortly before asked for their congé, received it. Peace and confidence did not, indeed, even now reign in the ministry ; the divisions, however, originated no longer in political principles, but in personal rivalry. One correspondent sarcastically writes to Perthes :—“The great questions of the age have, at last, set our government in motion. For many weeks our statesmen have been uninterruptedly engaged in determining the cut of the coat that our young people shall henceforth wear ; but they have not yet decided whether the German coat shall be absolutely prohibited, or allowed on condition of its not exceeding a certain length.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

PUBLIC OPINION ON GERMAN AFFAIRS DURING THE PERIOD IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THE CARLSBAD DECREES.—1819-1822.

THE attitude which Austria and Prussia had assumed rendered it impossible for the Diet to effect anything of importance. Even in respect to the military system, and the protection of the mediatised states, everything remained as it was. It is not surprising that the hindrances inherent in the state of affairs, and arising from the proceedings of revolutionary demagogues, were wholly overlooked, and that this inactivity was ascribed solely to the corruption of the governments. Conspiracy raised its head in 1820, and even men who were quite innocent of conspiracy, gave expression to feelings both orally and in their correspondence, just such as animated the conspirators. More than one weak point was indeed presented by the governments. By many of the reigning families and their adherents, the idea of authority was associated with the notion that the crown transformed its wearer into something superhuman. A king, let him be what he might as a man, was to be regarded as, in a sense, inspired,—a sort of political pope. This superstition, so opposed to the whole current of our history, and to our national feeling, could not but be offensive to the Germans, who never regarded their princes as demigods, but simply as men of sense and vigour, who had inherited from their forefathers the

right and the duty to govern, even as the people had inherited the rights and the duties of subjects. "The princes feel more and more," writes one of Perthes' correspondents, "that they conquered Napoleon not by their own power, but by that of others; and since they will on no account own themselves indebted to the people by whose manly uprising alone they are what they are, they resort to a convenient subterfuge, alleging themselves to be special objects of divine favour; political prophets, plenipotentiaries, and vicegerents of God, images of His wisdom, infallibility, and inviolability!" Another correspondent, writing from Berlin in July 1820, says:—"While the blinded partisans of the governments throughout Europe are making the essence of monarchy to consist in a political incarnation of God, the principle of monarchy is caricatured by events now passing in Spain, and by scandals in England."

The absolute and irresponsible authority claimed by the governments was met with still more general repugnance than the pretension to a sort of divinity in behalf of the office and person of the sovereign. "I know not," wrote one of Perthes' correspondents, "if it really was said at the Diet, that we had just escaped great political dangers; if so, I know not whether to rejoice or lament at our escape. To governments, as to individuals, calamity survived is often a benefit, and calamity escaped a misfortune. Only those who are wise enough to recognise the precarious nature of all arrangements, however specious, and the narrowness of the boundary that separates good from bad results, become more gentle and tolerant, or as you would say, humble, by the contemplation of a danger escaped. Such, however, is not the character of the German governments."

In 1819, Görres had in his famous Essay, "Germany and the Revolution," attacked the governments with volcanic eloquence. In December 1820, Görres wrote to Perthes from Strasburg, where he had found an asylum:—"Now as twenty years ago, when I declared Napoleon to be a tyrant, I am in contradiction with the world; now as then, the course of events has not been premeditated and pre-arranged, but rather determined by a sort of instinct working out obscure ideas into fact. I penetrated these ideas sooner than others, and set forth their meaning in plain German five years ago; and for that reason have the rulers hunted the unwelcome seer out of the country. This, in short, is the whole story. People cannot get over their astonishment here at a liberalism like mine, which tolerates the aristocracy and the Pope. In France, as in Germany, the good in the masses is leavened with much evil; the vilest passions ferment within while the lips drop wisdom; wooden hands are raised in the attitude of prayer, while, beneath the cloak, the real hands are engaged in pilfering and plundering. Whichever party prevail, there will be cause both for joy and sorrow. The young generation is growing up in a hatred of the past, which the knaves and fools who write in defence of it, do their best to justify; and so before another half century has passed over our heads, not one stone will be left upon another." Perthes answered:—"You should have painted the sins of the assailants of government in the same glowing colours, and with the same unexampled eloquence, with which you have represented those of the governments themselves: yea, you should have given pre-eminence to the former. What would have been the consequence?—why, you would have been sitting quietly at Coblenz, and for the sake of the one you

would have been forgiven the other. In a letter which you wrote to me shortly before the appearance of your book, you represented the democratic party in Germany as a mass of confusion, ignorance, coarseness, and impotence; why did you not do the same in your book?" Görres answered,—“My prophetic vocation is, indeed, rather an unprofitable one; for my masters call out to me, ‘If we don’t want the accursed truth, why should you force it upon us?’ I have now disgorged all my political plunder, and have returned to the work which has occupied me for years; my legendary history of the old world is to embrace in one panoramic view, whatever preceded the so-called exact history of all nations. If possible, I shall publish *Ancient Germany* by way of commencement next year, and thus rid myself of a good deal of accumulated matter. I fancy that our primitive age will appear far otherwise than it does in the miserable lamplight of pedantic book learning.”

While the governments were thus assailed on the one side, they were defended on the other, everywhere throughout Germany, by men who were devoted, heart and soul, to authority and its claims. But many of these men regarded the rights of authority as more seriously endangered by the proceedings of princes and ministers than by the attacks of demagogues; and did not, therefore, judge it advisable to act or speak directly in support of authority, lest they should seem to countenance its abuses. One of Perthes’ correspondents remarks:—“In public affairs, our conduct is determined less by principles than by the tendencies of those who for the time being represent them.” To other favourers of authority, again, every danger appeared trifling in comparison with that to which the governments were exposed. These turned with unmitigated fury on the dema-

gogues of the day. In 1821, a nobleman of the old stamp wrote to Perthes :—“ The cause of freedom is injured most of all by those who would force us to wear national cockades and caps of liberty. And although when they cry liberty they mean dominion, they are exceedingly displeased when those who have the power and the obligation do actually govern. How often have I been displeased with kings for seeking to compel their own people and others to live and think thus, and not otherwise ! But do not these would-be kings do the same ? Like the tuncless organ-pipe of my village-church, they strike into every melody with their single harsh note, to silence, if possible, every expression of opinion but their own.” Another correspondent writes :—“ It is said that the people are regenerated, and must therefore be put into a new skin. I myself don't believe that it would be advisable to try on the old coats again : but these brawlers feel themselves ill at ease, not because the coats are too tight, but because their own bodies are puffed up. Germany is inundated with selfishness as with an ocean of dirty water, and we must all beware of being drowned in it.”

But it was in the letters which Perthes received from Livonia and Courland in 1820 and 1821, that the strongest denunciations of the German demagogues were found. Thus : “ The outcry made in Germany, because the unattainable has not been attained, originates in the importance which the German writers arrogate to themselves. Thus some old professor seated in his arm-chair, and surrounded by medicine phials, believes that his pen is the lever which moves the world ; and yet the pens of all Germany would not have rubbed off the rust from German swords, but for the Russian year of 1812. The spears of the Russian Cossacks and peasants pierced deeper than the Ger-

man pens, and their public spirit was right genuine though not distilled in the retort of any venerable professor. The political good which is fabricated by the pen resembles beet-root sugar ; it tastes like the real, but has no strength. A people is formed not by orations but by events ; and the popular spirit is not to be called forth by the author, but the author by the popular spirit” Another : “ Germany is held together by a pair of good, stout iron hoops ; Russia and Austria are strong enough to withstand the fermentation of the popular spirit, and the little froth which now and then oozes out through the tap does little harm. We shall yet see these revolutionary heroes end their career, without having effected anything. Germany has no political, but only a literary nationality ; and that which cannot be struck down will neither be bawled nor hooted down ; in political as in private life, he is very fresh who thinks to accomplish by big words what he cannot do by the sword.” Another still : “ I believe that every German State might, without loss, consent to an exchange of rulers with Russia, even where the Prince has recently hatched a fresh constitution. Blind prepossessions and one-sided prejudices, which, like the trade-wind, hold but one course, making compass and helm alike useless, is the curse that now rests upon Germany. Singular, indeed, is the hatred of all that is called Russian ; Russia shares the fate of Rupert :* he brings freedom and regeneration as Christmas gifts to the Germans, but they are not fond of calling him by name, and don't speak of him as a benefactor, because it is possible that he may come to them some time or other with a rod.”

Perthes sent a number of these Baltic letters to a friend,

* An allusion to a Christmas custom in Germany.

and wrote: "There is a wonderful confusion of truth and falsehood, of German and Russian, in these letters, but I cannot be angry with the writers; I am sure that the men who here speak so proudly for Russia, speak still more proudly in Russia for Germany, and contend bravely for German culture and German honour in the nation to which they are politically subject."

There were at this period men in Germany who entertained at once the hatred of these Livonian noblemen against the demagogues, and that by which Görres was animated against the existing governments. "Our position," writes one, "is the most perilous that can occur in the history of a people; we are hesitating between anarchy and despotism, and the question, as to which side we shall take, is the question of the lamb between the bear and the wolf, when it had to decide by which it would rather be devoured." The strife of parties appeared to many men of culture as a great historical drama, in which both parties, while intending only their own interests, were in reality but instruments in bringing about a political condition desired by neither.—"The chance of revolution is over," exclaims one of Perthes' correspondents despairingly; "that symptom which, to us Germans, is ever the precursor of recovery, has appeared; the poison which, like suppressed gout, was pervading the system, has now passed from the fingers to the pen; the literary wrangling is resumed, princes and ministers breathe freely, rub their hands delightedly, and exclaim, 'The danger is past, let us sit down to dinner.'"

Perthes was quick in detecting base natures, and sheered off from them immediately; but wherever he found not baseness, but only a very different stand-point from his own, he always

believed that some common ground must exist: and he had a peculiar faculty for discovering this, which enabled him to associate intimately with men of the most opposite tendencies. Even in holding intercourse with those whose views in the main coincided with his own, Perthes was in the habit of opposing them on individual questions, and so awakening their interest. In his letters he generally took the side opposite to that espoused by his correspondent, not from the love of contradiction, but because, truth being many-sided, he selected, in contemplating it, sometimes one side, and sometimes another. Seldom did Perthes come to a rupture with his political opponents, and even in cases where the opposition was too decided to allow of farther political intercourse, he always endeavoured, in giving up the politician, to retain the man.

Perthes recognised a full expression of political truth even less in public opinion than in the sentiments of individuals. He would on no account concede to public opinion the right of sitting in judgment on the convictions and actions of individuals. "Can we truly affirm that there is a public opinion in Germany?" he writes in the spring of 1820. "This wonderful thing can only be regarded as a principle and a power, when it is the natural growth of events and circumstances; not when it is created by some talented men who understand how to flatter the passions and weaknesses of the time. In the case of a virtuous and simple people living in quiet, and in relations so limited that they can be easily scanned, unity of opinion, of desire, and aversion, has certainly an authority,—but is that case ours? How often have we seen a couple of cleverly-written articles echoed in all the other journals, and turning opinion completely round?"—"There are few," he wrote on another occa-

sion, "who hear the opinion of so many men of all political parties as I do, and yet I have never in a single instance been able to say what the public opinion was. If we turn to the newspapers, we at once perceive that the noblest and most influential men are not represented there. How often, indeed, are the talkers bad men! Where, then, is public opinion?" And in a letter which Perthes wrote to Hormayr, he says, "If we would understand what public opinion is, we should always bear in mind, that in every age three generations are living together, one of which consists of inexperienced, and often turbulent youth, and another of satiated, often weak, desperate, or bankrupt old age. The intermediate generation ought indeed to be an independent power: in our times, however, it is not so, but belongs partly to the childish, partly to the imbecile age."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

EFFECT OF THE REVOLUTIONS IN SOUTHERN EUROPE ON THE PUBLIC
MIND OF GERMANY, 1820-1822.

THERE was but little probability that the German governments would shrink from the course marked out at Carlsbad; and the democratic party was too well aware of its own weakness and want of cohesion to attempt force. It was on a European agitation that their hopes were based. If revolutionary principles triumphed in other parts of Europe, it was impossible that the German powers should long resist their influence. The eyes of Germany were therefore turned with earnest attention to every popular outbreak. During the years 1820, 1821, and 1822, revolution was in the ascendant in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Greece, while Germans looked on, and familiarized themselves with the idea that it was not impossible for subjects to appear in arms against their rulers.

The Spanish nation had been very popular in Germany ever since its heroic resistance to Napoleon. Through his friend Bochl von Faber, then resident at Cadiz, Perthes had the opportunity—rare in Germany—of becoming acquainted with both sides of Spanish affairs. In June 1815, he wrote to Perthes, "Your fears lest confidential letters to me should fall into dangerous hands, and do me mischief, are unfounded. This

idea belongs to the tissue of lies woven by the liberals, in order to render Catholicism, and every part of the Christian system hateful. No letters are opened in Spain; every man says freely what he thinks, and for every defender of the present system there are a hundred assailants; it is fashionable, indeed, to rail at king and clergy, and one of my stamps is a *rara avis*. Every house swarms with prohibited books, and as yet not one has been seized by the Inquisition. As for what you hear of tyrannical decisions, torture, and imprisonment at Madrid, you may set it down as fabulous, and a proof only of deep-rooted hatred against monarchy and religion. That the former state of things cannot be exactly restored I am fully aware: but I would fain have something akin to the old, and not the entirely new of 1812." In a letter of October 1817 he says, "My knowledge of the proceedings of government, although it applies especially to Cadiz and Andalusia, extends to the whole of Spain, and I assure you that the Inquisition exists only in name. The Inquisitors are for the most part liberals, and blush for their office. Prohibited books are possessed and read by everybody, and conversation is perfectly free except when it would raise its voice in behalf of monks, inquisitors, and the rosary. In a word, the tendency to liberalism is so general and decided, that the few who adhere to the former state of things are silent." In October 1818 he wrote, "It is a wonder that the social edifice holds together, and that the patience of the troops continues without pay. The king will at last be compelled to concede what perhaps he ought in the first instance to have granted of his own free will; especially as under another political form, sacrifices would willingly be made, against which not the people, but the so-called

liberals would rebel." At the beginning of 1820, the revolution broke out in Andalusia, shortly afterwards in Galicia and New Castile, and in all parts of the kingdom; and in March, Ferdinand VII. accepted the constitution of 1812, abolished the Inquisition, opened the prisons, proclaimed liberty of the press, and shortly afterwards called the Cortes together.

Boehl von Faber wrote on the 4th of April 1820:—"The ignorance regarding civil freedom that prevails among even the would-be liberals, is incredible. By 'constitution' each man understands a release from his particular burden. I have myself heard one say, 'Now, I shall not need to fast any more;' another, 'Now, I shall be able to smoke tobacco without paying for it;' a third, 'Now, our old treasure ships will come to us again from America.' The sheets of the daily press are filled with the most miserable slip-slop,—high-sounding words without definite meaning, but also without indecency, and with boundless devotion to the person and character of the king. The Royalists give a willing assent to the constitution, since their beloved and shamefully calumniated king has accepted it, and the Liberals cordially love the king because he has restored to them their pet child. I trust that the Jacobins will remain a small minority. The king by accepting the constitution has given them a check. Here, in Cadiz, we are enjoying perfect security and peace."

When the first news of the triumph of the Spanish Revolution reached Germany, all eyes were turned to the arena where the great political quarrel had been fought out, not as in Germany with words, but with arms, and these the arms of victory. A friend from Franconia wrote to Perthes:—"Everything in Spain wears so bright a colouring, that we can hardly

hope for its continuance, and yet it may be that this noble and heroic people is destined to serve as a model for Europe. Their affection for the king; the moderation of all parties; the fact that the people are not groping about in the dark for they know not what, but have a definite object in the constitution of 1812, reassures me; the consequences to Europe are incalculable."

The Cortes met in Madrid, July 1820, and continued to sit till the following November. Even then the struggle began which the constitutionalists had to maintain against the king and the clergy on the one hand, and the Jacobin Decamisados on the other. "The people are content," writes a friend on his return from Spain, "and are not fond of commotions. The king, a mere debauchee, is too contemptible to be respected even by superstition; the clubbists are getting into disrepute; and the ostensible chiefs of the revolution are men of no great influence. Riego is said to be a man of talent; and the leaders who are behind the scenes are also said to be very able fellows; they would fain have a republic, but will hardly win over the people." Another correspondent wrote to Perthes:—"In Spain the preponderance is really where it appears to be, that is, in the middle class. The aristocracy and the clergy, since the time of Charles V., no longer stand in the same relation to the State. Why has their voice been unheard, and their arm unfelt during the great movement which began in 1808? Because archbishops and the like were dancing attendance at Madrid in the ante-chamber of Manuel Godoy, in expectation of a gracious look, or, perhaps, a benefice; because there was not one among the grandees, who had respect enough for himself and his order, to repel an insult by chal-

lenging, at his own risk, the contemptible minion of the king; and because the best believed they had done much when they merely sulked in silence. Why, on the other hand, have not the citizens unlearned to bear the burden of war and to care for the public weal? because they have been kept fresh and vigorous by labour, self-conscious and awake by their municipal institutions, and because their leaders have always been courageous enough to assert and defend their rights. 'Would you know,' said Fivre to Napoleon, 'the worth of the institutions you have created? try to overturn them; those that offer no resistance are good for nothing.' In Spain the nobility and clergy are absolutely at the beck of the king, not so the towns. I do not deny that the middle classes in Spain have been mistaken in aiming at a federal-provincial constitution; but I find this mistake very natural. The component parts of the Spanish monarchy, brought together by conquest and inheritance, are so markedly distinguished as to race, manners, spirit, and constitution, that the attempt to get rid of the Castilian rule which they have never liked, and now like less than ever, is easily accounted for. If you only bear in mind that the whole tendency of the times is, in spite of all experience, republican, you will not be surprised that many Spaniards should regard a new constitution and an old dynasty as incompatible. I know, positively, that many of the most violent regard the constitution of 1812 as we do, but they see the republic beyond the constitution, as a light after a brief darkness. The assertion that the present struggle in Spain is confined to the towns is wholly unfounded; it may be so in the South, but, in the Northern and Eastern Provinces, where property is for the most part free and divisible, the political feeling is strong in the country, although

there also it manifests itself first and strongest in the towns, because in them men come into closer contact with one another, and the means of organizing an agitation are more readily found." Perthes wrote to a friend,—“If ever a revolution appeared a necessity, this does. I am not disconcerted because soldiers brought it about, knowing that in Spain the soldier is more closely connected with the people than in any other country. That, however, which I heard long ago, but would not believe, is only too true. The upper ranks, including the majority of the clergy, know no other teaching than that of the French Encyclopedists and more refined Jacobins. Whole shiploads of the writings of Rousseau, Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Diderot, are sent to Spain, where they are circulated and devoured. The suppression of the monasteries and abolition of the tithes have set the monks and the regular clergy in opposition to the new order of things, and civil war appears inevitable.”

While the strife of parties was just beginning in Spain, revolution triumphed in Portugal, and raised its head in Italy. The northern part of the Apennine peninsula had, after the expulsion of the French, been broken up, and divided among Austrian archdukes and the King of Sardinia, while the States of the Church and Naples had been given back to their former rulers. The Carbonari, who had arisen during the French dominion, now overspread Italy, and possessed considerable influence. On the 5th July 1820, Ferdinand IV. was compelled to accept the Spanish constitution of 1812, as the groundwork of one for the kingdom of the Two Sicilies; and in Piedmont and Lombardy, plans were laid for placing the crown of all Italy on the head of Charles Albert of Savoy.

Count Moltke wrote to Perthes, "If I were an Italian, I should be a Carbonaro. To dispute about the lawfulness of revolution, appears to me like disputing about the lawfulness of storms and earthquakes, thus much is certain, no people makes a revolution because it wills so to do, but because it must, and the *must* is plain enough in the case of Italy. The Italians have slept for centuries, like the marmot in winter, spending their sickly strength in the composition of languid sonnets; one cannot but rejoice that they are now animated by the wish once more to play a part in history." Perthes wrote at this time,—“When I regard the Neapolitan Revolution, not as one act of a great drama, but as an independent piece, it seems to me to border on madness. Look at the component parts of the kingdom. A state with a very limited territory, but a capital of 400,000 souls, the greater part lying idle in the streets; Calabria inhabited by a race of savages, almost in the primitive condition of Nimrod; and then Sicily, with its feudal divisions of territory, which, though equal in importance to all the rest of the kingdom, is yet separated from it as widely by manners as by the sea; how should such a medley of natures, customs, circumstances, and pretensions, be united in one common bond of national and political interests? Could a legislative assembly effect this? Never. The new force, styled the majority, would with remorseless tyranny obliterate all right, all freedom, and all that is sacred. But the Neapolitan Revolution is assuredly not for Naples alone, it is the first stroke of the tocsin which the Carbonari would fain sound over all Italy, and this changes the matter. Who that lived with us through 1813-15, and drank in the inspiration of the struggle which began in 1806, would cast a

stone? The Italians, like ourselves, have their national rights, and are entitled to live after their own fashion.”

The revolutionary spirit, in its progress from west to east, did not stop at Italy. In the spring of 1821, Greece, so long oppressed, rose in arms against the brutal yoke of Turkey. Under Alexander Ypsilanti, Moldavia and Wallachia broke out in insurrection, and in the Peloponnesus, Attica, and the isles of the Archipelago, a war of extermination began between Greeks and Turks. The heroic deeds of the Greeks, and the tortures to which they were subjected by the Sultan, were sounded throughout Europe. The insurrection of Greece was, of course, hailed with joy by all who favoured revolution in general; but because this was an insurrection of the descendants of the Hellenes against the Osmanlis, of presumed civilisation against utter barbarism, of the victim against his tormentor, of the abused Christian against the brutal Mahometan,—even the most decided opponents of revolution, in general, forgot that the Greeks had turned their weapons against their lawful masters, and wished them success. At the beginning of the struggle, it was generally believed that the Emperor Alexander had provoked it; and this won for the Greeks many an advocate who would otherwise have been silent.

The sympathy felt for the Greeks in the Russian-Baltic provinces was most enthusiastic. One of the Courland nobles wrote to Perthes in May 1821:—“ I never before believed it possible that I should earnestly wish for war, but I do so now. Wo to the English, who were so indulgent to the liberal party in Naples, and now surrender the poor Greeks to the wild hordes of barbarism! Where are now the loud voices we then heard? They are silent, because, whether Greece rise or fall is nothing

to them, since in Hellas it is not Jacobinism striving for the mastery, but humanity struggling to shake off the yoke of a dreadful tyranny. The Germans, like the European liberals in general, are basely selfish. The age is great, and yet paltry ; it flies and creeps at the same time ; it is a cricket which springs only to make a noise behind the stove. If it be the will of God, our glorious Alexander will again cut asunder, with the sword of justice, the bonds of an oppressed people. If I did not feel age in every limb, I should go myself to the holy war." The reproach of apathy on the part of Germany, conveyed in this letter, was wholly unfounded. Although Austria closed her ports against all who conveyed succour to Greece, and in Prussia, Bavaria, and Saxony, every public demonstration was strictly forbidden by the police, nevertheless associations were formed throughout Germany, for the purpose of collecting money and arms for the insurgents.

A friend, who was rather fond of paradox, wrote to Perthes in June 1821 :—" You are busily engaged with Greek affairs. For my own part, I cannot think of the Greeks otherwise than as history represents them. From their first appearance in history they have, like the French in modern times, shewn themselves to possess everything that could be desired in honest men, except honesty itself. It is not only in their present state of degradation and semi-barbarism, but also in the days of their greatness and glory, that the Greeks have proved themselves wanting in the sense of truth and right, of justice and gratitude, and have even ridiculed these qualities. Thucydides is my witness in respect to ancient times ; the period of Roman influence, and the abominations of the Byzantine empire furnish evidence enough, and you may add to these the Greek

councils. I am no panegyrist of church councils in general, nevertheless those of the West, especially those of the noble-minded Goths and Spaniards, wore the aspect of seriousness and dignity, sometimes even that of fairness and benevolence. How entirely opposite was the character of the Greek councils! What an abuse of imprecations and maledictions on the most indifferent occasions! What wrangling! What impatience! What sudden transitions from condemnation to approval! And among patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops, what coarseness, what stamping and cuffing, what mutual altercation! Then look at the period of the Turkish dominion. Are the sufferings of Moldavia and Wallachia due to the Turks? No: but to the cruel exactions of the Greek princes, and insatiable Fanariots, to whom the government of these provinces was delegated, and who preyed upon the vitals of the population. The conqueror of Constantinople, Mohammed II., conceded important privileges to the Greek patriarchs and their church, and the Turks have kept faith; but the paltry Greeks have outbidden each other for the Patriarchate, and constrained the Turks to put it up to auction. The Greeks have indeed suffered severely, but not more than they deserved: they will sooner or later achieve their freedom, but only to abuse it, else twice two are not four. I cannot bestir myself for such men, or such Christians."

This view, which was entertained by very few at that time, but in which there was some truth, did not prevent Perthes from continuing his efforts; and in the course of these he became acquainted with the dark side of the enthusiasm for Greece then prevalent in Germany. He was beset by adventurers of all classes and ages, by men with one foot already in the grave,

and by lads who were yet almost boys, all bent on seeking their fortunes in Greece: some wanted a coat and boots, some money and letters of introduction, and the greater part, as soon became evident, were moved by anything rather than by enthusiasm for Greece. Perthes answered one impostor as follows:—"Since you, most illustrious sir, possess such extraordinary influence with personages of the most exalted rank, I advise you to apply rather to the Emperor of Austria, or to the Crown-Prince of Bavaria, to whom you have constant access, or to your special patron Count Wrba, or to your intimate friend, the Prime-Minister Wangenheim, or to any of the other kings, ministers, and generals named in your letter, rather than to me, who am a bookseller and citizen of Hamburg."—"The Greeks, as I am informed," he wrote to another party, "don't want soldiers, but experienced officers of artillery or engineers. You, however, my young friend, belong neither to the artillery nor to the engineers, and I advise you to stay quietly at home and learn something useful." When a lady, who was herself devoted to the Greeks, and whose son, a good-natured but thoughtless and insignificant youth, wished to join their ranks, asked Perthes' advice, he gave it thus:—"You seem to regard the cause of Greece as so grand and sacred that all other claims and ties are to be overlooked in comparison with it; but I must tell you that I consider it to be the first duty of a mother to preserve her son from moral ruin; and the first duty of a son and brother, to take care of his widowed parent and fatherless sisters. These are paramount obligations, and take precedence even of the claims of our native country; much more, consequently, of the claims of Greece. I entreat you to picture clearly to your

maternal heart the probable fate of your son if you should let him go. Should he reach the shores of Greece, he would arrive there with insufficient pecuniary means, ignorant of the language and manners of the people, and without military experience. I say nothing of the officers and comrades he would find there, of the battles and skirmishes, the mutilation and slavery to which he might be exposed, for I believe that if you let him go, he will no more get the length of fighting against the Turks than of fraternizing with the Greeks. Suppose that we actually despatch him to Marsilles, he will probably have to idle about there for some months without family ties, and surrounded by temptations of all kinds, waiting for a ship; when on board, his companions will be adventurers from all parts of Europe, and he will be ruined in soul and body before he has ever seen Greek or Turk. In short, it would be throwing him into the flames, or pushing him into a quagmire, and therefore it is impossible that it should be as you write, 'the most sacred duty of a mother to send her son to Greece.'"

As, on the one hand, many, who spoke and collected for the Greeks, regarded the means as more important than the end, aiming to keep up an excitement in Germany rather than to deliver the Greeks, so, on the other hand, the German governments subjected the whole movement to the strict surveillance of the police. But this only provoked greater activity, and converted the movement in behalf of the Greeks into a movement against authority at home. Perthes was continually receiving applications, now for support, now for the transmission of letters, now for forged passports, which last it was not very difficult to obtain in Hamburg. Such applications, however, were abhor-

rent to his character, and were answered accordingly. "I regard the cause of Greece," he wrote to one of these correspondents, "as just and important ; but I also know what I owe to my country, and public order in it ; if I meet with a reputable and experienced officer desirous to join the Greeks, I shall rejoice to help him according to my ability ; but I will take no part in the general agitation."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE HOLY ALLIANCE IN ITS BEARING ON THE REVOLUTIONS OF
SOUTH-EASTERN EUROPE.—1820-1822.

WHILE Revolution was thus progressing in South Europe, and exciting sympathy and admiration in the North, all parties were expecting, some with hope, others with fear, a counter-movement on the part of the great powers. Perthes wrote, "All the Romanic nations, the Spaniards and Portuguese, the Italians and French, are in the wildest agitation: on the other hand, the Slavonic races stand motionless, like a brazen colossus; and between these lie the Teutonic, agitated intellectually like the Romanic, but politically motionless like the Slaves. Although the three great European races retain their distinct and strongly-marked peculiarities, the corresponding territorial boundaries are confounded as at no previous period of modern history; the same state-boundary enclosing various races, and dividing others into two colonies, separate from the mother country; other states besides the European are joining the family of nations; and, by the increased rapidity of communication, the spread of mechanical appliances, and the community of scientific and literary activity, all the nations of the world are coming into closer contact. All imaginable elements of peril are let loose in Europe; every-

where unsatisfied claims abound, everywhere the passions are on fire. While the tendency of conflicting nationalities to separation, and the tendency of kindred interests and passions to union meet each other, foaming and roaring like two mighty torrents; while all the political forces of the earth are confessedly raging as they never did before, no controlling and directing power seems to be at hand. The supreme sway of Imperial Rome, the twofold temporal and spiritual government of the middle ages, the balance-of-power system of last century, all have disappeared, and our age must find a substitute."

Ever since the downfall of Napoleon, the necessity of some power that should be recognised as director and regulator in all European questions, was generally felt; and the Holy Alliance concluded between Russia, Austria, and Prussia in September 1815, sprang out of this feeling. The Christian religion was to be the only rule in the government and intercourse of the allied states; love, justice, and peace was to reign upon earth—God was to be the only Sovereign—all men brethren—and kings were to be considered only as fathers chosen by God for the guidance of the great Christian family. Russia, Austria, and Prussia believed the introduction of this new order of things to be their mission, and invited the co-operation of the other European states: in five years' time, however, there were few who saw in the Holy Alliance an institution capable of averting the ruin which impended over Europe. Perthes wrote in 1821, "Although the Holy Alliance has sprung from the inquiring and tentative spirit of the age, it has nevertheless so far outstripped the existing order of things, as to be without truth and power. A council of European sovereigns, summoned for the candid consideration of high destinies, and

for the purpose of appeasing or repressing disturbances, is a thought pleasing alike to God and man; but such a council must not be merely an assembly of princes for the maintenance and increase of princely power,—it presupposes princes who represent states, and govern them by just and constitutional means; and since we have no such princes, we cannot have such a council.”

The religious character of the Holy Alliance disappeared soon after its formation. At Aix-la-Chapelle an alliance was concluded between the five great powers on the 15th of November 1818, in virtue of which, all events which might in future threaten the peace or order of Europe, were to be withdrawn from the jurisdiction of individual states, and referred to the united judgment of the five great powers. And now the question was, whether the Holy Alliance in this new form would be able to check the movements arising out of the revolutions in the South. A well-informed friend wrote to Perthes as follows:—“When Russia, Prussia, England, and Austria had, by their union, overthrown the dominion of Napoleon, they thought to exercise jointly the same power over Europe which Napoleon had hitherto possessed. They regarded themselves as heirs of his sword; and though, in the first moments of devout gratitude, they vowed to use it as a shepherd’s staff, the sword was still a sword, the abuse of which Europe might well dread. Notwithstanding the more republican forms of government now introduced, oligarchy was still formidable; and as, in all directions whatsoever, the age was striving after representative forms, so the states of the second and third rank naturally sought to be represented in the councils of Europe. The quadruple alliance, however, was not

generally considered likely to be permanent, and never won much confidence from the other states; it was indeed held together only by the necessity of crushing every new attempt of France to make herself again the arbitress of Europe. France, however, not only became less and less dangerous from month to month, but even joined the Alliance at Aix-la-Chapelle, which thus admitted a quite alien element; and it was all the more difficult to amalgamate this element with the Alliance, because the other powers had previously been in opposition to France, and a hostile attitude is apt to be retained in feeling and act long after it has been renounced in theory. In order to preserve unanimity and energy in the Alliance after the accession of France, a common object was wanted which might take the place of the former common hostility to the dreaded preponderance of France; and as such a common object was not found, the Alliance was in danger of falling to pieces, each member seeking to make the interests of his own state the vital principle of union. But the particular interests of the several great powers were very different. Austria, from her internal position, would fain make use of the Alliance to uphold the order of things established in 1815. Prussia seeks in the Alliance the means of ranking in Europe as a great power. Russia has, indeed, greater interest than either in the permanence of the Alliance. The necessity of civilizing her unwieldy masses binds her closely to Europe; but in her relations with Europe she must ever seek to counterbalance the want of intellectual superiority by the greatness of her physical resources. Direct and instantaneous interference in the minor collisions of civilized Europe is difficult to Russia on account of her geographical position; her views and advice

can generally only then be learned when circumstances have already changed. Russia seeks, therefore, to make up for the want of direct interference by indirect influence, and sees in the Alliance a means to this end: she has constantly striven to gain an influence over some one of the other powers, so that this power may acquire the habit of consulting Russia before deciding, and thus delay the definitive settlement of every matter till her voice has been heard. The future course of events in Europe is to Russia, from its isolated position, generally a matter of indifference. For instance, whether or not a constitution be granted to a certain country is of great importance to Austria, while it matters little to Russia; but it is of the utmost importance to Russia that she should always play a part in European politics; all which explains the frequent apparent inconsistencies of Russian diplomatists in treating of particular interests. England's position is altogether different. England has all along regarded the Alliance only as a means to a well-defined end; the arbiter of the Continent was to be overthrown, and a guarantee obtained that France should never again attempt, as she did in 1815, to concentrate in herself the whole power of Europe. Now that the necessity for that guarantee is diminished, the Grand Alliance which she has made use of, for no other purpose, becomes indifferent to England. As long as it holds together, England will take part in it, but she will not oppose, nay, may even favour its dissolution, in order to be more at liberty to devote her whole strength to the promotion of her own interests, which do not always harmonize with those of the Continent. Finally, France found herself obliged to tread very softly, on first joining the Alliance, in order to allow the his-

tical enmity of the other powers to subside: and although her influence slumbered for a few years after the fall of Napoleon, she is, nevertheless, in virtue of her whole history, a power which need not stoop like Prussia to continual subserviency, in order to keep her place among the great powers. France regarded the Alliance as a means of regaining her former position; and, as a sick man throws away his crutches as soon as he can walk without them, she now shews herself inclined to dispense with it, as being in its origin odious to every Frenchman. If we consider all the changes that have occurred in the position of the great European powers since the fall of Napoleon, it seems impossible to believe that either the Holy Alliance, or its continuation at Aix, is called on or is fit to check the events now taking place in Southern Europe."

Austria was quite sure that the Neapolitan revolution might and must be put down by force. She had determined upon an armed intervention, but she desired, if possible, to obtain for it the sanction of the great powers. The Holy Alliance served as a pretext. Prince Metternich invited a European Conference, and at the Congress of Troppau, held in November 1820, tried to win over all Europe to make war with revolution when and wheresoever it might shew itself. But his purpose was overthrown by the opposition of England, which declared against all foreign intervention in the internal affairs of independent States; and thus delivered the minor States of Germany from the fear of seeing their cities occupied by the troops of Austria and Prussia under the pretext of guarding against revolution. In spite, however, of England's opposition, the plenipotentiaries of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, signed an agreement to oppose by force of arms all revolutionary movements.

A few months later, in January 1821, a fresh congress of the five powers met at Laibach. To this the king of Naples was also invited; he came and was loaded with honours, but his foreign minister, the Duke of Gallo, was detained by the Austrian authorities in Goerz, and placed under the surveillance of the police. England, supported by France, opposed the principle that a foreign power was entitled to interfere in the internal affairs of an independent people, simply because Europe in general was pledged to oppose revolution. At the same time, England declared that in case Austria felt herself called on to send troops to Naples, she would offer no opposition. In the middle of February 1821, an Austrian army marched towards the Neapolitan frontier, and Europe, in feverish anxiety, awaited the clash of arms.

“Those who have led the poor deluded princes into this frightful mistake, must answer for the consequences,” writes a friend to Perthes. “Naples, with the *Terra di Lavoro*, will be easily overpowered; but along with Naples the immense and restless population of the capital falls to the victor, and it is not so easily cabined within doors as the populations of the north. Then how are the Abruzzi, Calabria, and that second Gibraltar, Gaeta, with its fortifications hewn out of the perpendicular rock, and provisioned from the sea, to be mastered? Austria may exhaust herself in this struggle, and if she lose but one battle, she has a hundred cities in revolt behind her: her physical preponderance will not secure her against the enthusiasm of a whole people. Was she not the stronger, physically, when she struggled with Switzerland? Spain, too, when she would have subdued Holland?—Has not England been compelled to acknowledge the indepen-

cence of the United States? and will Spain much longer hold sway over South America? That a people determined to win for themselves a political existence is unconquerable, is for me axiomatically certain. Such a people stakes its all—life and fortune, body and soul, on the die; and there is no other power on earth that can command this devotion, for every other power seeks only some particular object, not existence. The Neapolitan troops may indeed be inexperienced, but a determined army is soon in fighting order: Naples has surely inhaled something of the warlike spirit of the last thirty years, and English, French, and Spanish officers will not be wanting." Like the writer of this letter, there were few indeed who expected that, when the Austrians entered the Neapolitan territory in the beginning of March, it would be not to cross swords with a wildly excited people, but to chase a cowardly and miserable rabble. In the course of a few weeks all trace of revolution had disappeared in Naples, and a cipher was exalted to absolute dominion.

This sudden turn of affairs appeared to many a consequence of the steadfast cohesion of the five great powers, and the Holy Alliance, strengthened and cemented by this first victory, was expected to follow up the struggle with revolution in Portugal, Spain, Greece, and elsewhere. But better-informed men knew that the Holy Alliance, instead of being strengthened by the congresses of Troppau and Laibach, had been, on the contrary, weakened almost to dissolution. A friend wrote to Perthes in the summer of 1821,—“Austria has found that the ministers of constitutional states fall back on their responsibility to the Chambers, and are frequently unable to fulfil their engagements. Representative constitutions have consequently become more

hateful than ever to Austria, and Prince Metternich has left the congresses with the firm determination that no new constitutions of the sort shall be allowed to arise. Austria has, at the same time, exchanged her close connexion with England, which her geographical situation and her liability to Russian dictation rendered natural, for a sort of protection from Russia, which promises military support in case of any untoward events in Naples, she has been obliged to consent to the claims of France for greater influence in Italy, and is not on the best terms with Prussia, because the court of Berlin has, it appears, declined to promise actual help in case of need; and this is doubtless the reason why the King did not make his appearance in Laibach. Russia has yielded in many points to Austria, but without losing sight of her own interests. England and France have won golden opinions at Laibach; they echoed the voice of Europe, by decidedly refusing the demands of Austria, and have thus immeasurably increased their European influence; France, in particular, has thus made a step towards the recovery of her former influence in Italy. The recklessness with which Austria has manifested her wish to make the Alliance subservient to her own interests, has so aroused the suspicion of the other powers, as to threaten the dissolution of the Alliance altogether. The attempt to unite Europe under the five great powers, may be regarded as abortive; the grand Alliance is to all intents and purposes at an end; each member of it goes independently his own way, and will seek as before to gain as many allies for himself as possible among the greater and smaller States."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE RELIGIOUS CONFLICTS OF THE PERIOD.

THE men to whom in his youth Perthes had been accustomed to look up with childlike reverence ; by whose faith and convictions he had strengthened his own ; and in whose strivings he had found a guide through the intricacies of his own inner life, were no longer in the arena on which the great religious conflicts of the age were to be fought out. The man, to whose words he once listened as to those of an oracle, had now become a loved and honoured patriarch, who required and received the most tender consideration. In December 1818, Frederick Henry Jacobi, then in his seventy-seventh year, wrote to Perthes a few lines concluding thus :—“ It is really wonderful how, in old age, men often gain what they had previously striven for in vain ; I, for instance, can speak of an increasing cheerfulness.” Perthes answered,—“ You have certainly every reason to be cheerful ; it is assuredly no misfortune to have reached an advanced age, and few even of the most distinguished men retain so much clearness and activity of mind. But don't look for production any more ; historical narration is the province of age. I very much wish you would let alone Part Fourth of your works, and devote yourself to gathering and arranging the experience of the last

forty-five years of your life. It would cheer you, by bringing vividly before you the entire circle of ideas and course of thought belonging to an important period. If it has not been granted you to accept with childlike confidence the Divine Revelation, because you have eaten too largely of the tree of knowledge, this is indeed a great spiritual loss; but he who can ask as you do in your last letter, 'Where and what is truth?' possesses humility before God, such as few inquirers like yourself attain to; and humility is the very kernel of humanity, and the way to God."

Throughout the length and breadth of Protestant Germany, the rationalism of the 18th century, as propounded by Roehr, Brotschneider, Paulus, and others, had exercised absolute dominion, but its very existence was now endangered from two opposite quarters. The profounder scientific theology had appeared in alliance with the new philosophy, and in Schleiermacher especially, who was then at the zenith of his influence, had found a powerful champion. It withdrew from rationalism the loftiest minds, limited its influence to the less intelligent, and threatened its extinction. Scientific theology might at first escape the notice of the laity, or it might be suspected of merely defending the old errors of rationalism with more approved weapons, and of making the ascertainment of truth the first object, while sanctification in the truth was not even the second. Doubts of this kind may have been expressed by Perthes in the letter to which a theological friend sent the following answer:—"We ought not to forget that, as the majority, and among these the most eminent men of our times have been seduced from Christianity by science, it is only through science that they can be brought back. She alone can heal the

wounds which herself has made. In saying this I am advancing nothing new ; none of the Fathers thought otherwise, though, undoubtedly, they were as ready to sacrifice life and fortune for their convictions as any of our present zealots can be ; nevertheless they always acknowledged that the word of life revealed in Christ was reflected in the philosophy of the East and West, and that, as the Jews by the law, so the heathen might by philosophy be prepared to receive Christ." Perthes' doubts were in nowise removed by this and similar representations ; he still feared that the theologians, rejoicing in the newly discovered or newly established scientific ideas, would not resist the temptation of bringing them into the Church, which, as it neither was, nor could be a scientific institution, would find in these only a new element of disruption.

On the other hand, Perthes took the warmest interest in another movement that threatened rationalism from a different quarter. The deeper spiritual life which had been called forth, first by the heavy pressure of the French yoke, and then by the popular rising to shake it off, was actively working and penetrating into the heart of the nation. The craving for remission of sins and godliness of life, apart from all scientific theology, had manifested itself in individuals, in congregations, and here and there in whole parishes. Not finding satisfaction in the prevailing Rationalism, the subjects of this craving betook themselves to a new, or rather to a very old method ; in all parts of Germany, associations were formed of men seeking spiritual help, and finding it in the old faith of the Church. The links which had held the whole of Germany in the grasp of Rationalism were broken, and its prestige as the universal Protestant creed disappeared. Perthes had attentively observed the

new movement; and though he was by no means insensible to its perils, its aberrations, and its caprices, he yet rejoiced in it, in so far as it was earnest and healthy. "Harms is now pastor in Kiel," he writes to a friend, "and all Holstein goes, drives, and rides to hear him, even the professors; and if Voss should come to Holstein this summer, it will be at the risk of becoming a low German* Christian. Harms, as I hear, has no personal advantages, and an unpleasant delivery; but his earnestness and his steadfast belief in Divine revelation, aided, perhaps, by his provincial plainness, carry all before them. Falk tells me, that his preaching has already made other preachers somewhat more careful in disseminating their rationalistic wisdom, so that they at least refrain from pulling down what a more godly era had built up." In mentioning another earnest and pious man, who headed another religious movement, Perthes regrets his arbitrary use of Scripture passages, whereby they can be made to say anything.

A friend in Berlin wrote to Perthes, that certain young men in that city were attracting attention by their earnestness in the matter of salvation; but that they were of a sombre mood, regarding everything secular, and even art itself, as sinful, and were very eager proselytizers. Perthes answered, "If the zeal of the young men be sincere, you need not alarm yourself about their gloom. Sadness and cheerfulness are things of temperament, and the same earnestness and faith are variously manifested, by some in seriousness, by others in cheerfulness, according to the bodily constitution, and we may not, on account of the earthly husk, quarrel with the heavenly substance." Another theological friend writes:—"A very peculiar view of

* Platt deutsch, low German, the dialect in which Harms preached.

“He who has not felt the internal working of a great mystery which is ever alienating us from God,” wrote Perthes, “will never attain to that humility without which the saving virtue of the atonement is inaccessible. The flesh is not the root of evil, pride,—pride is the real devil. The flesh is but the means of punishment and cure, ever reminding, even the proudest, of his misery and helplessness. Little that is positive is revealed to us, but that little is all. What form shall be given to revealed truth is an open question, for it breaks into rays of the most various colours, according to the fancy and modes of thought peculiar to individuals and epochs. But when you say that the Christian revelation, if received as truth, at once shrouds history and philosophy in a haze, in which man is confounded, and dreams rather than thinks, I reply, that to every one who ignores the redemption through Christ, history becomes one immense tangled skein, and every philosophical system a sun in arithmetic, the correctness of which, for want of proof, can never be ascertained. Inquiries into the nature of the Trinity, and of our Lord, into redemption and atonement, are great and noble, but the craving in which they originate is scientific not spiritual. We are lighted and warmed by the rays of the sun, whether we understand the laws of light and heat or not. On your expression, ‘The swinish multitude do indeed require a faith which surpasses comprehension,’ I must observe, that the arrogant contempt of the people which it betrays, is very remarkable in so determined a liberal as yourself. In conclusion, I have only further to say, that a man who, like you, has never been seduced by the allurements of sense, and never felt the swellings of pride, nor ever needed any to help him, would only be wasting his time by bestowing further attention on

me. Such a man might choose for his spiritual adviser a preacher in this neighbourhood, who selected two Jews as sponsors to his own child ; and he might repeat daily, till his last hour, that men are all in the right, and all in the wrong.

An upright and gifted man, far gone in rationalism, endeavoured in lengthy communications to justify to Perthes his position with reference to the Christian revelation. " My words will not have pleased you," he says in conclusion, " but I cannot help it, and you have too much sense and fairness to expect fresh bark on an old withered trunk. I believe but little, but I am fully persuaded that every man is justified in believing a great deal more than I do, and that it is not the business of the so-called wise or learned to despise those who do. We need not be hypocrites, eye-servants, and enemies to intellectual freedom, in order to despise the talkers who make use of their own liberty for the purpose of imposing laws on the rest of the world ; and this I would not hesitate to say to the Heidelbergers, Paulus and Voss. Both stand upon a rock which I myself have tested ; but neither can see that the standing-ground of other men may be equally sure. I thank God that my views are compatible with feelings of the highest consideration for every faith which respects the moral law. I am as candid towards Christianity as an inveterate heathen can be, and simple-minded Christians will never be my opponents, nor I theirs ; they are rather my natural allies, and only go further than I do : my religion ceases, indeed, where their mysteries begin ; I cannot follow them there, and remain peacefully, without envy or scorn, in the heathen camp. You may at the most pity me, for I would have believed, if it had been the will of God ; it was not His will, and I am too honest to play the

hypocrite: how, indeed, could my salvation be promoted by deceiving men and offending God with a lie? I am passing on to a futurity which cannot be worse than my Father and Creator has appointed it. A place in the outer court of your temple is all I aspire to, and if you refuse me this, the wilderness also belongs to my Lord; but I think that so quiet a neighbour might be tolerated in the outer court of the heathen, at the threshold of your temple."

"You say," replied Perthes, "that with the mysteries of Christianity your religion ceases. To this I reply, that the God of Rationalism baffles conception far more than does any mystery of Christianity. You say that you cannot abide the teaching of that school, in which the world is the Godhead, proceeding from, and flowing back to it,—in fact, nowise distinguishable from it. This is all very well: but when you assert that, by dint of thought, you can pass from the God of Pantheism to that of Rationalism, the voice of all experience is against you. All acute and profound thinkers, past and present, who either did not know of Christ, or who rejected Him, have lauded in Pantheism, not in a personal God; and this I need not tell you. But for Christianity there could have been no Rationalism; and apathy alone enables it to remain where it is. By the idea of an Eternal Being, exalted above time and space, the Rationalist seeks to satisfy himself and others,—but what he means by these words, he neither says nor knows. Man cannot conceive of a personal God without investing him with a human form; every religion is an incarnation of Deity, and so far an obscure anticipation of God's manifestation in the flesh. It is true, indeed, that men have never attained to an incarnation of God, but only to caricatures

of it ; and they are right in saying that by no effort of human thought *can* they attain to a proper incarnation, to atonement and redemption. But how does that affect the truth involved in the historical fact ? In no way. The most acute thinkers could not by thinking discover the Roman Empire ; but had it, therefore, no existence ? You, my dear friend, will be obliged to go either forwards or backwards, since you cannot, like others, shut the eyes of your understanding."

"You say that Christianity is forced upon man," wrote Perthes to another friend, "and are displeased that it should be so. I, at all events, cannot complain of any such violence. Neither upon me nor upon any of my cotemporaries did any teacher or pastor, force eternal truth, nor so much as bring it near to us, by an injunction to attend church or read the Bible. But as every year strengthened the conviction of my divine origin, I felt but the more deeply the degradation of my shameful bondage through the flesh and the mind. My trouble on account of selfishness and impurity drove me to seek reconciliation with the God before whom I trembled, and thus led me to recognise and lay hold on revelation. Christianity was not forced upon me, but I upon Christianity ; I was thrown by an inward necessity into the arms of the Saviour, and so, I believe, are many others."—"Our existence is that of fallen spirits," he says in another letter ; "but we have retained a yearning after the purity of our divine origin, and this elevates everything. We are all conscious of an effort to soar, to climb, or to creep upwards ; many get the length of struggling with evil, but none gain a victory over it ; the most elevated, as well as the most grovelling natures, need a Helper and Mediator in order to rise ; and he who is unconscious of this

necessity, wears himself out in ineffectual endeavours. For him who, in the anguish of his heart, cries out, 'I am a miserable sinner,' and stretches forth his arms to the Saviour,—for him, I say, Christ died. How closely, then, is faith in the Redeemer allied with the realization of one's own sinfulness! Many, who no more recognised Christ than did the disciples at Emmaus, may yet have prayed to Him, and in their perplexity made an idol their mediator. Such men Christ will, in His own time, bring to that truth, which is rest and light, and many will sit down on the right hand of God, who in this life never uttered the name of Christ."

"The Divine light," says Count F. L. Stolberg in one of his letters, "has so thoroughly penetrated the modern mind, that our civilisation could not be preserved if that light were extinguished. The heathen philosophy found an element of preservation in that yearning after light in which it originated; but the false philosophy of our times originates in insensibility, audacity, and vanity, without any yearning after light or truth. The Divine light, indeed, will never be extinguished, but the candlestick, on which it is placed, may be removed from a land that has rejected it, to another; and of this history furnishes alarming examples."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHURCH QUESTIONS—1817-1822.

THE certainty, to which Perthes had attained in matters of faith, did not extend to ecclesiastical questions; but he did not consider his own salvation or that of others endangered by uncertainty with reference to these. He, nevertheless, considered the external Church to be of inestimable value as a depository of the faith. "God has, in the Holy Scriptures," he writes to a friend, "taught us the way in which He delivers men from their self-imposed slavery. Man, however, is so obstinately self-willed, that he cannot apprehend the directions of Scripture; he overlooks them, perverts them, or stares at them stupidly in the letter, so that, in fact, he requires a second helper, in order to avail himself of the help which they contain. But who is to open up to him the depths of their meaning? Who is to keep, disseminate, and expound the Scriptures? This is the grand and the hard question. Scripture needs protection against the perversity of man; man needs an interpreter of Scripture, and the visible Church is the institution charged with both these functions. But where is she? In few and simple lineaments the Lord himself has portrayed her; but did he not commit her further development to the good sense of believing men? The Papacy, indeed, supposed Divine authority to be where it really was not, and has

overlaid the Church with man's handiwork. The Reformation laid bare the mistake; but I doubt whether the Reformation could establish a Church, or even disprove that the Catholic, or Universal Church—although disfigured—was yet contained in the Papal." "Where in the Protestant Church, as such," wrote Perthes to Merle d'Aubigné, "is the power to evolve and maintain the truth contained in the words of Scripture? The laity, it is said, are to learn of the clergy; be it so; but who is to teach the clergy? Who believes that truth is imparted with ordination? or that the Protestant Confessions, framed under the pressure of the period, as a defence against cotemporaneous errors and assaults, contain not only truth, but nothing besides truth, and the whole truth? Does not every minister make a system for himself out of the scientific instruction he receives at the university? Each begins afresh, and the result depends on the natural disposition, the poetical faculty, the philosophical acuteness, and the believing heart of each. If it were not for the dread of incurring disgrace and shame in the eyes of the Catholic Church, how loud and despairing would be the cry of believing Protestants for the help and authority of a Church!"

The question as to the nature and functions of the Church was producing violent excitement among Protestants, when, as a preliminary to the celebration of the third centenary of the Reformation, an attempt was made in Prussia and in other German states in 1817, to amalgamate the Lutheran and Reformed Churches. About the same time, Harms published a series of propositions in Kiel, one-half of which were directed against Rationalism, and the other against the Reformed Church and the Union, his object being to secure an independent existence for the Lutheran Church.

In July 1818, a friend wrote from Berlin, expressing a fear that, as Harms grew more ecclesiastical, he was becoming less spiritual, and then continued:—"This, indeed, is the danger of propping up faith by means of a church, that we suffer as much from the petrification of the spiritual as from infidelity itself. It appears to me both unscientific and unchristian to confound the Reformed and the United with 'infidels, as Harms does.'" Far more decidedly wrote another friend:—"The Catholic Church, as we all know, cares only for the appearance of unity; as long as the deep internal rent does not appear outside, she is content, as long as the infidelity of her members consists with their attendance at masses and processions, they pass for good Catholics. They who imperatively insist on maintaining the authority of the symbolical books, are bringing us into a similar condition, although, I allow, unwittingly. At that rate ours too will become a Church in which Rationalism may be in the heart, while orthodoxy is on the lips and in the pulpit. I rejoice in the union because it recognises, instead of ignoring, differences in scientific theology; let us frankly give up the semblance of unity, in order that the way may be open for truth and real unity, whenever they appear." Others of Perthes' correspondents saw in the union of the two Protestant Churches, only a sign of indifference and danger to the faith of both, Harms' position being defended thus:—"How any one can seriously assert that a Church constituted on Harms' principles could not be distinguished in principle from the Romish Church, I cannot at all understand. A hundred or a thousand men are convinced that a certain interpretation of Holy Writ is the right one; they draw up a creed accordingly, and appoint a pas-

tor, who shares their convictions, to proclaim the Word, and to administer the Sacraments. He who does not accept its creed cannot belong to this communion; the pastor who does not teach in accordance with its creed cannot continue to be one of its pastors; but it has not, therefore, the principle of the Romish Church, for it would never seek to put down those of a different faith by saying to them, 'You have departed from the doctrines of the Church,' but would rather argue with them on Scriptural grounds, and would refrain from the forcible imposition of church doctrines as unchristian."

This striving of Protestantism after a more definite ecclesiastical form was regarded by the Catholic party with various feelings. Many dreaded the uprising of a mighty power when Protestantism should no longer be divided into Lutherans and Reformed. Others, on the contrary, looked with a sort of malicious pleasure on the efforts of their old and dangerous adversaries, to get, as they said, a Catholic Church, without the Catholic faith; a Romish hierarchy without Rome; a papacy without a pope. The Catholic friends of Perthes were too much in earnest to cherish feelings like these; but they hoped that, when all attempts to create a new Church should have failed, Protestants would at last recognise in the Catholic, the Universal Christian Church, and they earnestly warned Protestants against entertaining the opinion that it was possible to rest in a merely inward Christianity unexpressed in any Church form. "The most powerful and terrible delusion of the Evil Spirit," wrote Klinkowström to Perthes, "is that of a so-called inward faith, preached by a large party. This mystic Reformation, the only one which we have still to fear, offers to the man of feeling, even while here on earth, a life in God, which

acknowledges no order, and is independent of truth. Where are unity, peace, order, but in the holy Church founded on the rock? This is assuredly not a point at issue between *us*, but the tongue still carries on the combat even when the heart has made peace; just as the outposts continue firing after the shout of peace has been raised at head-quarters." In milder terms F. L. Stolberg wrote:—"All that I hear and read of Neander gives me a high idea of his learning, talents, and sincere piety. His mistake is that of many honest Protestants, who seek to worship in spirit, without troubling themselves much about positive truth, not seeing that it is the function of the Church to gather into her bosom those who, without her, would be wanderers, and that it is only a visible church that can do this."

The real differences existing within the boasted unity of the Romish Church, not to speak of the secret enmity and the indifference of many of her members, were, in these years of general and violent excitement, manifested more plainly than in all the preceding century. In many parts of Germany, and especially in Bavaria, the priestly thirst of power began to work afresh. Thus, in a letter to Perthes one says:—"At the present moment, mixed marriages are the apple of discord in Bavaria. Excited by a pastoral letter of the Nuncio, the priests everywhere insist on the children of these marriages being brought up Catholics. At the same time, the mania for miracles has reappeared in many Catholic districts."—"Hohenlohe, and no longer Hohenlohe only, is working miracles on miracles," writes a decided opponent; "wherever he appears, all is excitement and enthusiasm, although he is opposed by a great many of the clergy. The facts are remarkable, physiologically; the old Bavarian craving after miracles borders on the enigmatical, but some of

the cures effected by the prince are indisputable." In August 1821, Kaspar Droste wrote to Perthes:—"The cures wrought by Prince Hohenlohe in Würzburg and the neighbourhood, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, are assuredly deserving of the greatest attention. The man himself is pious and of exemplary character; his exterior is pleasing and simple; he is a benevolent, good-humoured, attractive person; his humility and self-denial, his faith, his simple piety, and his profound sense of personal unworthiness, must have fitted him for receiving this mark of God's favour. He may have been imposed on by persons feigning sickness in some instances; but in the cures of the Princess Schwarzenberg, the Crown Prince of Bavaria, and individuals totally blind and lame, the idea of deception is inadmissible. On all hands, indeed, there are mockers who turn the whole thing into ridicule. But this in no way alters the fact. A formal investigation has been already instituted; the Prince himself has forwarded information to Rome, and so has the Crown Prince of Bavaria, with reference to his own recovery, and to what passed under his own eyes in Bruckenaau."

While some among the Catholics sought and found, or at all events desired to find miracles, others, like the Rationalists of Protestantism, recognised in the Christian Revelation little more than a system of morals. "The irreligion of former times is laid aside for the present," says F. L. Stolberg, in a letter to Perthes, "but that which so many, even among those who call themselves Catholics, mean by religion, is mere morality. Jesus Christ is, indeed, extolled as an admirable moral teacher; but morality severed from Christian faith, which is its root, and left to float in the air, will soon wither. Under

the name of mysticism, which is confounded with fanaticism, faith in the divine mysteries is ridiculed, and the doctrine of faith are called opinions." The mysticism of Christianity was not, indeed, attacked by that intellectual Catholicism which received its colouring from converted Protestants, such as Frederick Schlegel; but Schlegelian Catholicism did enter the lists against Sailer and his school, on account of the great stress which they laid on the inward life, and thus increased the contradictions within Catholicism in Germany. Even the ecclesiastical authorities warned their people with some anxiety against the doctrine of an inner life, which they regarded as dangerous to the traditional forms of the Church. Even in Pastoral Letters it was called "a pseudo-mystical impulse."

The efforts of Protestantism to distribute the Scriptures, amid all these commotions, were variously regarded by Catholics. "The Bible societies, like all the other institutions of Protestantism, for the enlightenment of mankind," wrote a zealous Catholic, "prove only new engines of destruction, because they are not in harmony with the Church, which is under the guidance of the Holy Ghost. The watchword of all Protestant effort is ever anything but Catholicism, *i.e.*, anything but Christianity." Very differently did F. L. Stolberg express himself in a letter to Perthes:—"I am grieved to find that a feeling of distrust has arisen among Catholics with reference to the Bible Society. The members of this society must, of course, proceed with caution in Catholic countries; but it is my firm conviction that infinite good is done by the general circulation of the Holy Scriptures. Ten thousand copies of a Catholic version of the New Testament have been distributed in Bavaria, to the great joy of Sailer and other pious ecclesiastics, through the assist-

ance of the Bible Society. May God prosper its holy work as He has hitherto manifestly done! At my brother's, I met with one of its most active members, Mr. Henderson, from Scotland, an admirable man. The only thing that awakens my anxiety, is the circumstance that, from the majority of the Society's members being dissenters, they are likely to deal very ungraciously with Catholics, as one may see in that otherwise beautifully written book, Buchanan's 'Christian Researches in Asia.' With him I curse the Inquisition in Goa, but the entire temple is not to be judged of by one dark corner. Whether any measures in behalf of religion are to be expected from the Diet, I know not. Real good can only be brought about by men whom the Spirit of God has endued with power. All the rest is a mere patching of the cuter garment, and leaves the man where he was. That our bishops cannot in future be princes, or our canons idle squires, is in any case a gain."

But, in spite of all internal contradictions, the Roman Catholic Church presented the outward appearance of unity, and however its members might in other respects differ among themselves, they unanimously cherished the belief that the Roman Catholic was not one of many churches, but the only true one. Accordingly, they contemplated the recantation of Protestants, and their return to the bosom of Rome. So Stolberg writes, "The craving for a church is, indeed, deeply felt by many, but there can be no church so long as each individual claims the right of withdrawing himself from the authority of *the Church*. Why may not a Protestant Christian adopt Calvin's doctrine concerning the Lord's Supper, and Luther's concerning election? Thus, in fact, the two parties inevitably split into many subdivisions. And what, then, becomes of the idea of a

Church founded by the Son of God? Yet this exists and will exist to the end of time. Whether the others will flow back into its bosom, or lose themselves in the quicksands of shifting-opinion, God only knows."

Pertes never could tolerate attacks on the peculiar doctrines and ceremonies of Rome, much less on the Christian truths common to all confessions, although even these were now regarded by some Protestants as papistical; no wonder then that at a time when the perversion of many had awakened suspicion, he should have been supposed favourable to Catholicism. He had many friends among the zealous Catholics, and Stolberg's History of Religion was not only sold by him as publisher, but likewise recommended by him from conviction. Those suspected of Catholicism were also identified with absolutism in politics; for Metternich and Gentz upheld both alike, and Haller and Adam Müller both assailed liberalism, and went over to Rome. Many a sad hour was thus prepared for Pertes. Of his staunch Protestantism, however, he gave many proofs. When, in the spring of 1821, he was requested to undertake the publication of *Essays on Indifference*, translated from the French of the Abbé de la Mennais, who was still at that time a hero with the rigid Catholics, he replied:—"I don't hesitate to publish works that have grown out of the Catholic faith, and that breathe the spirit of love; they are not opposed to my convictions, which also recognise the necessity of an external, universal Church, and I can put up with the reflections cast on me in consequence. La Mennais' work, however, is of a different kind; his zeal against the 'uncatholic sects' carries him so far that he represents Holy Scripture as an unsafe authority. He may be a pious man, but

he has entirely forgotten all humility before God, and is guided by his own understanding and passions. How could I publish such a book without myself appearing to be a liar!" Perthes' relation to Catholicism is clearly brought out in a letter to a very rigid and bigoted Catholic friend,—“Mán,” he says, “had lost God, and could only find Him again through Christ. Christ has appeared, the work of redemption is accomplished, and the partition-wall between God and man is broken down. Such is the faith alike of Protestant and Catholic, and by those who consider it Catholic only, and not Protestant, I am willing to be called a Catholic. Even the ceremonies of Catholic worship, foreign as they are to Protestantism, offend me but little; many of them I find attractive; and I am in nowise alienated from Catholicism by them. But, then, Catholicism says that the work of redemption, although perfected, is only accessible and effectual to individuals through the priesthood, and the Church built on the priesthood; apart from the priesthood no salvation, no grace, no access for man to Christ, no work of Christ for man. So speaks Catholicism, and because it so speaks, teaching everywhere in word and sacrament accordingly, I neither am, nor ever can be a Catholic. The grace of the Lord is tied to no priesthood, and to no priestly work; to reach the Mediator man needs no new mediator; access to Him is by the atonement free to all who, casting aside their own merits, offer to the Lord an humble heart. I am well aware that it is not left to chance to bring to the individual the message of redemption. For this end there must be an institution, preserving to all ages the living Gospel, and imparting it to every individual. So long as the Romish Church, with her priesthood, fulfilled these conditions, she was a corner and foundation-stone of

Christianity; but she could not remain as she was before the Reformation, and she has never been able to recover her universality since. Still she is not replaced by the Protestant churches, and never will be. It is only by means of an institution common to all Christians, only by a truly Catholic Church that the Gospel can be preserved and diffused. When such an Institution will be granted to us, God alone knows. But you will not hasten its coming by your efforts to bring over individual Protestants to your Church, and you will retard it by attacking us with unfair and unchristian weapons. What guilty blindness lies at the root of such assertions as those made in a letter of our friend N, when he says that in Protestant congregations unchastity is not regarded as a sin, and that the recent crucifixions among certain fanatics in Catholic Austria, were brought about by the circulation of the Scriptures! Christ and Truth are one, and the Truth cannot be insulted without insulting Christ." A sharp answer to this letter was a matter of course. "Whatever you may say," was the reply, "your standing is not that of a Christian, but that of a pious man under the old covenant. You have a yearning expectation, but are a stranger to fulfilment; like the Jew, you know only of a fallen not of a sanctified humanity, such as the Catholic Church includes: according to you, the Lord dwells not in humanity through the priesthood, but in Scripture through the letter, and accordingly, like the Jew, you believe not in God manifest in the flesh, but only in God manifest in Scripture. You are even worse off than the old Jews; for they expected One who was actually promised, while you, not recognising that which has long since come, build your hopes on what has never been promised; and have, moreover, added to the Jewish

sacrament of Scripture the heathen sacrament of reason. This most unfortunate position you seem to have taken up, chiefly because, gazing fixedly at the Catholic priesthood, you have overlooked the fact that, according to the teaching of the Church, and of every page of Scripture, human nature sinned, and was redeemed as a whole. If, however, sin and grace are both the inheritance of man, the means of grace cannot be communicated to each individual by direct Revelation, but must be offered through an institution comprehending all mankind. The most honest Protestants, and especially those who have possessed most of inward life, as Arndt, Spencer, Zinzendorf, for instance, reject the inheritance, and prefer to wait for the Messiah, who is come already. The Catholic Church on the other hand, is not expecting the Lord; she has the Lord. In saying that she *was* a corner and foundation-stone of faith, and at the same time that you are hoping for a new building, you are simply asserting that, for the present, the individual has no need of corner or foundation-stone at all. What is this but humility towering to the height of pride? Forgive, sir, the harshness of my language. If I could lay my heart, devoted as it is to you, on the paper, you would receive this letter as it is meant."

To the distinctive doctrines of Catholicism, neither at this nor at any other period of his life had Perthes any leaning whatever; but, at the time of which we are writing, he certainly adhered to the opinion that the Church of Rome, rooted in the history of a thousand years, might yet by development and renovation become the universal Christian Church. To this he was led by the consideration of what he regarded as the abortive attempts of Protestants to establish a permanent

Church. This opinion was earnestly opposed from different points of view by many of his Protestant friends. Some of them regarded the Romish Church as utterly apostate, and combated the idea that it could contain the germ of a new church life for Christendom. "You are deceived," writes one of his correspondents; "when you think you are commending the Romish Church, you are only commending some of your Catholic friends; and it is very possible that, without being aware of it, what you find attractive in these men is not the Catholic but the Protestant element: for the Protestant spirit extends far beyond the limits of the Protestant communion, and makes a still deeper impression on us when we meet it in a Catholic dress. The Reformation still delivers many an earnest Catholic from the yoke of the hierarchy and of superstition, and enables him to taste the blessings of that which he so violently opposes. The ground which earnest Catholics take in their controversies with us is not Roman-Catholic, but Christian-Catholic; this it is that our Reformers, in opposition to Popery, desired to restore and preserve; and they achieved it, not only for us, but for Catholics. Where would Roman-Catholicism have been now without the Reformation? and what would it become, if the influence of the Protestant spirit were withdrawn? Now, surely a Church which is indebted for the vitality she still possesses, to her most violent opponent, can never be the Church of which that opponent stands in need."—"You rave against the commonplace generalities that Protestants are accustomed to urge against Catholicism," writes another, "and you are right: but you appear to me to regard certain Roman Catholic arrangements as almost innoxious, simply

worthily attacked. If you had a Catholic country, you would be shocked at the extravagance to which the great mass of the clergy are carried. You are also familiar with the every-day intolerance and fanaticism, while Catholicism is known to you as the best and most pious Catholics; hence your judgment is unfair"—“What is your exact meaning when you speak of the Catholic Church?” wrote a French friend: “the Catholic Church, as you find it in the person of this or that friend, may indeed please you; but the Catholic Church, as it actually exists, *c'est vraiment la Bête de l'Apocalypse*. It is very desirable that every one who speaks of the Catholic Church should carefully ask himself, in order that he may neither be misled himself, nor mislead others, whether he is speaking of an imaginary, or of an actual Church.”

Others, among Perthes' friends, combated the possibility of any future development of the Romish into the universal Church, because they regarded its fundamental principle as absolutely antagonistic to the belief of Protestants. “You cling,” writes one of these, “to the doctrine of Augustine and the Reformation; that man in his natural state has no power to find out God, to love Him, or please Him, but must surrender himself to the Divine influence, and be saved through faith. You will not hear of the Pelagian doctrine, confirmed anew a century ago by the Church of Rome, that a man can be saved by works done in his own strength. You are an out-and-out Protestant in doctrine; but you think that the Protestant doctrine may be included in the forms of the Romish Church, and that thus the universal or Catholic Church of Christianity will sooner or later issue from it. Now this, I

must absolutely refuse to concede. the evangelical doctrine must, unless origin, proceed on the supposition that the table Church, out of which there is no sal and not to be confounded with the visible Church, local and temporary association for the proclamation of the gospel and the administration of the sacraments. Many may be members of the invisible, who never belonged to the visible Church, and *vice versa*; hence no Protestant Church can deny salvation to those who are without, or assure it to those who are within her pale; neither can any Protestant Church consistently have recourse to the sword, or to violence under any form. On the contrary, the adherents of the Romish Church must of necessity identify the visible with the invisible Church, transferring the attributes of the latter to the former, particularly to its clergy, bishops, and pope. Her utterances, just because they are from her, are a law to every human being, and it is merely out of courtesy that she ever reasons out of Scripture. So great is the difference between Protestant and Catholic doctrine, that if at any future time, Protestants and Catholics should be included in one universal Church, one or other must give up the doctrine which made them Catholics and Protestants respectively. So, then, I must absolutely deny the possibility of a universal Christian Church as a development of the Romish."

END OF VOLUME FIRST.