

HISTORY
OF THE
GERMAN
STRUGGLE
FOR
LIBERTY

BY
POULTNEY BIGELOW

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WILLIAM THE GREAT

HISTORY OF THE
GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW

M. A. (HON. CAUSA) UNIV. YALE ; HON. MEMBER ROYAL UNITED SERVICE
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ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

Four
IN (THREE) VOLUMES

VOL. III.

1815-1848



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THIS BOOK

I DEDICATE TO THE MEMORY

OF THE MANY NOBLE GERMANS

who have suffered prison, exile, and death in order
that their country might be United and Free.

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P R E F A C E

IN this book I have endeavored to sketch for English-speaking readers an outline of the Germany which gloried in the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, which soon thereafter sank into sullen apathy under the police administration of the Holy Alliance, and which finally took bloody vengeance for its outraged manhood by inaugurating the revolutions of 1848. The task has been for me a difficult one—much more so than preparing the first two volumes (1805–1815), in which the reader has his mind enlivened by a constant succession of stirring events connected with the great war against Napoleon. Here, however, we have to tell of a nation writhing in torment under the short-sighted administration of two Prussian kings whom the German school-boy of to-day is educated to regard as illustrious, but whom we cannot but think enemies of Germany. In England, the historical writer is free to publish the truth about his royal house. In France there is no dynastic influence to appease. The American historian is still more free. But in Germany, while the utmost independence is tolerated—nay, encouraged—in the fields of science, speculative philosophy, and even theology, the moment that the professor impinges upon

the art of governing or the merits of those occupying a throne he feels himself on dangerous ground.

I know German men of science who write and speak fearlessly. To name them is to give you a list of those who are not favorites at court, who are not sought out for government distinction. You have but to read through the histories of Germany that have been written since 1870 to satisfy yourself, though I do not envy the task of him who follows this hint. Like most German works of importance, they are very dry reading, and, in common with most German books, they have no index.

Treitschke requires over 750 large, closely printed pages to bring his reader from 1830 to 1840 and another 750 from 1840 to 1848. He also has no index. To my mind the publisher guilty of such a book should be heavily fined.

In the matter of memoir and biography, Germany is singularly poor as compared with France, England, or the United States.

There is no good life of Blum or Jahn or Arndt. Most of the interesting men of this period were under police watch, and carefully destroyed all writing that could prove embarrassing on trial. Arndt thanked God that a storm at sea destroyed all his papers. Jahn lost all his in a fire.

Worse than this, the families of many illustrious German patriots fear the ill-will of the government if they publish the documents in their possession.

Even to-day the reader will find many books of this period still marked as "forbidden by the Censor." I have run across many such.

The full report of the trial of Sand, the assassin of Kotzebue, has been published, and well repays study as a sample of criminal procedure.

In many cases I found more in the British Museum library than in even so full and so liberal a library as that of Munich, which had not even a full list of all Robert Blum's works—or even all his public speeches.

To such as read German I cannot too highly commend a perusal of some of Jahn's writings—notably his *Volksthum* and *Selbstvertheidigung*. He will find there an originality and vigor of expression most refreshing after reading the pages of the normal German scholar. Jahn uses, as a rule, shorter sentences and better-formed ones than any German I know. Carlyle has imitated him to advantage. It is safe to say that no German of our day, with the possible exception of Scherr, has used language so forcibly as Jahn.

A fairly good German scholar who also knows English will have but slight difficulty in reading Fritz Reuter's famous Platt-deutsch account of his life in prison, *Ut mine Festunsted*.

English and American encyclopædias are poor guides in German biography. Even the *Century Cyclopedia of Names* ignores many whom Germans regard as eminent. It is well for the student, therefore, to refer to a German cyclopædia, like Brockhaus's—or, better still, the great biographical dictionary, *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*.

Many lives have been written of the Emperor William, but they are all of the kind that make you feel that they have been edited in the palace. Seely's *Life of Stein* and

Delbrück's Life of Gneisenau are each based on the large work of Pertz.

The Berlin Police Library and archives no doubt contain much interesting literature of this period, but I was not permitted to more than surmise on this subject.

It would be ungenerous to the reader if I here printed the hundreds of books and pamphlets I have consulted in the course of this volume. Much of my information I have gathered from personal visit to the spot where the interest centred. My various canoe cruises have been planned with a view of touching points of historic interest, and it is a means of locomotion I cannot too highly commend to those similarly employed, by reason of the facility with which maps, books, etc., can be carried and consulted on the journey. I refer, of course, to the American cruising Rob Roy, in which the occupant sleeps at night.

Germany is singularly favored by navigable streams and canals. Indeed, I might almost say that there is no point of historic interest that could not be conveniently reached by canoe.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

AMONG the many who have helped me in the preparation of this volume it is a pleasure to recall Mr. Canfield, the librarian of Columbia University, and his very painstaking and intelligent assistant, Miss MacMullen. The British Museum Library, through the kindness of my esteemed friend Dr. Garnett, gave me much assistance,

as did also the London Record Office, whose papers I was permitted to study, by the kind assistance of Mr. Hubert Hall. In Berlin, his Majesty the German Emperor most generously admitted me to the Archives of the Prussian State, and also to those of the War Department, down to the year 1815. The Royal Library of Berlin and the Municipal Library (in the Rathhaus) also gave me assistance. Finally, Dr. Koestler, of the Royal Library in Munich, took as much pains with me in his vast treasure-house as though he found no pleasure so great as helping the helpless American. Whatever the shortcomings of these sketchy chapters may be, they cannot possibly arise from want of most generous assistance in every quarter where I have applied. The British Museum even permitted me to use my typer in making notes. This was too violent an innovation for the Royal Library of Munich; but still even there I was accorded privileges which, until then, had been unheard of. I was allowed to take out books by the car-load, and, in deference to my injured right hand, was not required to sign my name in full on the library forms.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

THE most complete general history of this period is that of Treitschke, who was afforded exceptional opportunities by the government; and, as we may surmise, his work is strongly Prussian. But it is the most readable, according to German standard.

The first volume of Sybel, *Die Begründung des Deutsche*

Reichs, also covers this period. Both these works must be read with caution by the student who is not familiar with contemporary German society.

In general, I cannot too highly praise the great biographical dictionary published under the auspices of the Bavarian crown, *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*. It contains articles of the first importance (signed) on all notable Germans, without distinction of the country in which they may happen to have been born: Russia, Denmark, Austria, as well as Germany proper. This great biographical work, commenced in 1875, is now complete in forty-five volumes, and not only gives a fairly good life of each man, but a full list of works that may be consulted with profit. It is very much better of its kind than the English *Dictionary of National Biography*, which excludes many eminent men of English extraction and speech for no better reason than that they did not grow up within the political boundaries of Great Britain.

Weber's book on the Zollverein is an authority on the history of the Customs Union which developed into the North German Confederation.

The massive work of Pertz, on Gneisenau and Stein; also the equally portentous life and correspondence of Hardenberg, by Ranke—these are fully alive to the importance of avoiding whatever might be unpleasant to a government official in Berlin.

Thus to-day the American seeking the truth about the Germany of the nineteenth century must be prepared to find the ground occupied by a number of eminent professors who conscientiously search out the truth, who produce monuments of patience and erudition, who no-

where are guilty of a directly false statement, but who nevertheless, by an omission here and a soft adjective there, succeed in producing upon the reader of English or American extraction a far from correct impression.

Our task is different. We are not here to apologize for democracy, much less to glorify monarchy. We have in view nothing more ambitious than to explain, as well as we can, how a most loyal, monarchical, thrifty, and peaceful people could in the short time of which this volume treats become so infuriated as to assist in shaking the foundations of nearly every European throne, of driving the late Emperor William to seek refuge in a foreign country, and of compelling the ruling Hohenzollern to take off his hat to the Berlin mob.

The explanation to these events is not found in the works of the most famous and fashionable historians of modern Prussia.

We must bear in mind that in Germany every other man is directly or indirectly under government influence; that social pressure is strong on the Spree and the Rhine; that the salaries of professors are paid by the state; and although a professor has an academic liberty which is great, the sovereign has a liberty in many respects greater still.

I must ask the indulgence of the reader for the biographical form in which I have cast much of this effort. It may prove very perplexing now and then because of the violent chronological jumps; but I ask him to believe me that any other method would have been fraught with still greater disadvantages. It would have been dull beyond redemption.

To me the history of a nation is intelligible only through the eyes of one who is living out its problems. American history lives for me in the doings of Washington, of Franklin, of Hamilton; my English history is a reflection of my Shakespeare or my Bacon, my Elizabeth, my Cromwell, or my Cobden. The German history that I have had to read through by the wheelbarrow-load—that drags me a thousand pages without a single refreshing personal allusion or anecdote, that wearies me with endless diplomatic despatches written by perfunctory officials—that sort of history is immensely useful, and I cannot do without it. But may merciful Providence protect me from having to read it a second time!

From this I have endeavored to protect the reader. For this I claim some credit; for is there anything more difficult for a writer than to throw away page after page of valuable material. As between a state document and a personal sketch, I have given the preference to the lighter form; and in so doing I trust that the imagination of the reader will fill out the blanks which must necessarily occur.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

CENTURY CLUB, NEW YORK, *May 20, 1903.*

HISTORY OF THE
GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY

IN THREE VOLUMES

Vol. III

HOHENZOLLERNS AND HEROES

FROM THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO TO THE BARRICADES OF 1848

HOHENZOLLERNS AND HEROES

“Gott segne den König und erhalte Zollern’s Haus; schirme das Vaterland; mehre die Deutschheit; läutere unser Volksthum von Wälschsucht und Ausländerei; mache Preussen zum leuchtenden Vorbild des deutschen Bundes; binde den Bund zum neuen Reich, und verleihe gnädig und bald das eine Was noth thut—eine weise Verfassung!” — Friedrich Ludwig Jahn (1817), closing words to his lectures in Berlin on “Deutsches Volksthum.”

[*Translation*]

“God save the King and preserve the House of Hohenzollern; protect our country; increase the German element; purify our national character from the aping of things French and foreign; make Prussia a shining pattern for the Germanic Union; out of this Union call forth the new Empire, and grant graciously and speedily the one thing of pressing need—a wise Constitution!”

HISTORY OF THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY

I

AFTER WATERLOO

“The battle of Leipzig gave us back, at home our Fatherland, and abroad our national honor. We can now confidently stand up to each nation and assert with conviction that ‘We are German.’ Our name is once more honorable—and the battle of Leipzig has saved from extinction our twenty centuries of history.”—Jahn, *Runenblätter*, p. 106.

THE Germans who had sprung to arms in March of 1813, to drive Napoleon back over the Rhine, returned victorious in 1815, singing songs of German liberty, German unity. Students, who had left the university with no experience of the world, returned to Jena and Heidelberg, Göttingen, Leipzig, and Berlin bearded veterans, schooled not merely by the use of arms, but by intercourse with fellow-Germans from every part of the common Fatherland. Germans who formerly had been enemies one to the other now awakened to the consciousness that a common literature, a common religion, a common scholarship, and, above all, a common language, constituted the soundest basis for a united commonwealth.

Every German volunteer who plodded his weary way back from Paris to the Rhine and the Elbe felt his knap-

sack and musket the lighter for the promise of a Constitution which had been made (1815) by the Prussian king, Frederick William III. Ragged and footsore, the flower of German manhood tramped cheerily back to farm and village, spreading everywhere the gospel of a new Germany, bound together in constitutional liberty.

Indeed, few periods of history can show, within one generation, so large a proportion of men worthy to inaugurate a forward movement in human development. It was a golden age in nearly every branch of intellectual activity, and great as has been the progress of the German nation since the days of Frederick the Great, no step in this progress has been so striking as that which followed in the years after the Great Peace in 1815.

It would seem as though Providence provides fitting instruments when great operations are to be undertaken. We can with difficulty conceive the United States of to-day but for the extraordinary conjunction, in 1776, of such courage, moderation, and intelligence as were embodied in Washington, Adams, Franklin, Hamilton. Who can fail to recognize the influence upon English liberty to-day of that brilliant and powerful combination, Charles James Fox, Pitt, Burke, Chatham, and Sheridan. These and their like paved the way for the Cobdens and Brights of a later day, who raised England to a moral height little dreamed of by George III.

The people of Germany had been, as it were, made over by the horrible experiences of the Napoleonic days. The battle of Jena (1806) had laid bare the feebleness of a mere military aristocracy. No wonder, then, that in 1815 intelligent Germans commenced to feel that the representatives of the people could not do much worse than those who had claimed to govern by right divine.

This clamor for representation came not only from

the workshops, from the city guilds, even from the long-suffering peasantry. Liberty, in Germany, had taken refuge in the universities, whence it had permeated the volunteer regiments in the Wars of Liberation, and thus the soldier and the scholar united in training the people of their time to what we call civil liberty. The Prussian court called it revolution.

In entering Germany we enter a world whose people are of our blood, whose aims are practically ours, and yet whose methods fill the average Anglo-American with surprise until he has grasped the steps preceding. Indeed, nothing in the life of a nation can cause surprise to one who knows that each stage of a people's development follows from the last one as the flower succeeds to the bud, the child to the parent.

In England or America we do not look to the universities for revolutionary movement. On the contrary, Yale and Harvard, Oxford and Cambridge, have, in the popular mind, the flavor of vested interest if not of aristocratic pretension.

We look to our seats of learning as training-schools for clergymen, lawyers, physicians; and many people of means send their boys to college largely for the sake of some mysterious social prestige attaching to such a course of study. It is rarely asked among us, however, whether our representative men studied at this or that university. America and England owe much to the faculties of their venerable schools, yet we can imagine them all swept away without seriously crippling the progress of the English-speaking empire. Among such names of our own times as Sherman and Grant, Roberts and Kitchener, Lincoln and Roosevelt, Cobden and Bright, Henry George and Herbert Spencer, some have studied at academic or technical institutions and some have not; it would be hard for the

conscientious biographer to attach very great importance to this point in the lives of our notable men.

But in the Germany of the early nineteenth century there is hardly a name that rises above mediocrity, whether as cabinet minister or stump orator, which is not adorned with an academic degree. No one can read the history of Germany between Waterloo and the Revolution of '48 without feeling that every politician must have been a professor.

In those days such a thing as public sentiment was unknown, excepting in so far as one was allowed to have an opinion regarding the music of Mozart, a tragedy of Schiller, or a philosophical maxim of Hegel. The people, as a whole, were carefully educated to avoid political thought; and so carefully was political news excluded from the public prints that even people of education had no material with which to carry on a discussion save the gossip of the street or an occasional letter from across the frontier.

The King and his small circle of courtiers, ministers, and officials prepared laws and decrees in secret and made them known at his convenience. To the people, the King was a father, sometimes kind, sometimes harsh, but at all times to be obeyed. Such a thing as public meetings to discuss grievances was unheard of. It was strictly forbidden even to circulate petitions of a political nature. There were some two or three dozen kings and kinglets ruling throughout the geographical agglomeration called Germany, and while there were some differences among them, still, as a whole, they represented a fairly unanimous monotony of absolutistic administration.*

* "To promise, pause, prepare, postpone,
And end by letting things alone.
In short, to earn the people's pay
By doing nothing every day."

—Præd (1802-1839).

An American knows how each State of our Union differs from another—a Briton knows the vast gulf separating the Scot from the Englishman; but these differences cannot be regarded by a European who is studying the country as a whole. So, in treating of Germany, if we come close enough, we see sharp differences between Prussia and Bavaria, Saxony and Wurtemberg, Hanover and Baden; but looked at from a distance—say from Chicago or Melbourne—we form for ourselves a composite picture of the average—whether monarch, peasant, burgher, or professor—and this general type we must regard in these chapters.

To-day, thanks to political unity, the stranger can travel from the Rhine to the Russian frontier and feel the German spirit much as a German can travel from the Great Lakes to the Rio Grande and recognize the American national type in spite of local peculiarities which were once stumbling-blocks to political federation.

The despotism which had hung so long like a dark and stifling cloud above Germany compelled the scholar to relieve his pent-up feelings by telling the students tales of heroism drawn from the struggle for liberty among Greeks and Romans.

As Schiller rebuked German tyranny in his "William Tell," so German philologists pointed the way to political reform by analyzing from day to day the careers of men who, in Athens and Rome, battled for political principles which, in Berlin or Vienna, would have caused their arrest for high-treason. Thus it was that Pericles and Demosthenes, Cicero and Brutus, became among educated Germans not merely interesting historic links between the past and the present—as with us—but the living symbols of liberty. Hence a passionate study of Greek and Roman history—of all history save that of their own times.

Wherever a reference was made to tyranny and tyrants, liberty and liberators, the German reader quickly adapted it to his own needs. Thus the scathing lines with which Byron, in his introduction to "Don Juan,"* paid his respects to the enemy of popular liberty in England—Lord Castlereagh—were received with delight in England as fitting well enough beneath a portrait of several statesmen whom they disliked and dreaded. Substitute Poland for Erin, and the words will do for the Russian Czar of 1830. Substitute Hungary, and Metternich finds himself referred to. Substitute Italy, and he fits equally well. Indeed, at that time a little poetic license was not harshly criticised by the people.

* "Cold-blooded, smooth-faced miscreant!

Dabbling its slick young hands in Erin's gore,

The vilest tool that Tyranny could want,

With just enough of talent, and no more,

To lengthen fetters, by another fix'd,

And offer poison by another mix'd."

II

THE STUDENTS LIGHT SOME DANGEROUS FIRES ON THE WARTBURG

“Wir Deutsche können politisch nur in dem Maasse frei sein als wir uns geistig, religiös und sittlich frei gemacht haben.”—Strauss (1835), introduction to his *Leben Jesu*.

[*Translation*]

“We Germans can be politically free only in so far as we have achieved our freedom morally, intellectually, and theologically.”

THE Constitution which the King of Prussia promised his people in 1815, and which the Congress of Sovereigns had solemnly held out as a feature of New Germany, was hardly published to the world before Metternich, in Vienna; Alexander, in St. Petersburg; Lord Castlereagh, in London; and Frederick William III., in Berlin, began to wish they had never touched on the dangerous topic. They decided to ignore it for the present, in the hope that the people might forget it; but, to their annoyance, the people seemed prepared to forget everything else connected with the Congress of Vienna excepting this one reference to popular representation.

The Great Powers knew that the war against Napoleon had in Germany been fought by Volunteers, who sang of liberty. They had not the face to send such men back to their homes with expectations entirely unfulfilled; but their notions, with regard to the meaning of the word “Constitution” were hazy. From Alexander’s point of

view, Russia had an excellent Constitution; Frederick William of Prussia defined "Constitution" as something perfectly in accordance with absolute monarchy. Metternich was indifferent so long as he held the political police in his hands. Castlereagh sustained Metternich, regretting only that he dare not apply to Englishmen the political principles of Continental Europe.*

But German university men—and Germans of average education as well—understood by the word "Constitution" something akin—in spirit—to that of England. They were not practical politicians. With childish confidence, they naïvely asked popular representation at the hands of a monarch who held all popular initiative as a thing of the devil.

The fight for a German Constitution began in 1816, in the little state of Saxe-Weimar, whose university was Jena, and whose dominating spirit was Goethe. Saxe-Weimar is so small that it sounds almost comical to refer to it as to a real state. In that part of Germany, at one time, there were about ten sovereigns to a total population of 700,000 souls; yet it took many years to get this monstrous joke appreciated at court.

With the return of the first Army of Liberation, the University of Jena, under the inspiration of "Turnvater" Jahn, had founded a general (*Burschenschaft*) student organization, with branches at all German universities, irrespective of political boundaries. Dorpat, in Russia; Kiel, in Denmark; Vienna, in Austria; Leyden, in Holland; Strassburg, in France—none of these universities

* "Ye men who pour your blood for kings, as water,
 What have they given your children in return?
 A heritage of servitude and woes,
 A blindfold bondage, where your hire is blows!"

—Byron (1823), "Age of Bronze."



PRINCE METTERNICH

stopped to consider under whose flag it studied. They all hailed the new Germany for the Germans—a Germany broad enough and strong enough to include whoever spoke the German tongue.*

This was a highly inconvenient doctrine for some states. The Russian Czar had no mind to surrender his German (Baltic) provinces, nor was France disposed to anticipate the verdict of 1871; there were many Germans in Denmark and Austria who would not listen to any proposition which savored of bringing all Germans under one flag.

Karl August of Saxe-Weimar, the friend of Goethe, was a liberal-minded prince, disposed to deal honestly by his people. He knew what they wanted, and he knew that the danger from a free press and representative institutions was vastly less than that from police repression, even when backed by a large standing army. In those days the names "Weimar" and "Jena"—these two picturesque little towns, no farther from each other than

* "Das teutsche Volk ruft, wir dürfen nicht mehr Baiern und Sachsen, nicht mehr Preussen allein seyn, sondern Teutsche vor allen. Daher der allgemeine Ruf nach Verfassung welehen die innere Freiheit des grossen teutschen Volks, trotz den mannichfachen Stimmen der Regierungen auch ausserlich beurkunde."

—From the manifesto of German students, signed by delegates from Jena, Rostock, Kiel, Königsberg, Heidelberg, Halle, Marburg. Quoted in v. Hohnhorst, *Vollstaedige Uebersicht der gegen Karl Ludwig Sand, etc.* Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1820, p. 192.

[Translation]

"The German people calls. We must no longer be Bavarians and Saxons; no longer merely Prussians, but above all Germans. Hence this universal cry for a Constitution, which shall proclaim to the world the civil liberty of the great German people in spite of the different governments."

N.B.—The spelling *teutsche* instead of *deutsche* was presumed to be a revival of a more patriotic form. It was affected mainly by Jahn and those who desired to advertise themselves as in favor of a Constitution and opposed to the Metternich system.—P. B.

the East and West End of London—were to Europe what Athens was to the educated world in the golden days of Greece. Goethe did not look with favor upon government by the people. To him all such government led to mob violence. But still less had he a word for a government which opposed itself to free inquiry in the field of human knowledge. To him the brutal police rule of Metternich was quite as revolutionary as the radical noise of Turnvater Jahn.

At Weimar was launched the first liberal Constitution of Germany; at Jena was formed the first student organization that embraced virtually all German-speaking Liberals. What, then, was more natural than that the first opportunity should be seized for calling together a convention of all the members of this league—nominally to a jubilee of scholarship, practically a congress made up of men representing opposition to the governments of Prussia and—Metternich.

And, furthermore, what occasion for such a gathering could appear more opportune or innocent than the 18th of October, 1817, a date on which Germans everywhere would naturally celebrate, not only the battle of Leipzig (1813), but also the three hundredth anniversary of the Protestant Reformation, the year in which Martin Luther nailed his ninety-five theses to the church door of Wittenberg (October, 1517).

Near at hand, in the very heart of Germany, was the very place for such a convention. The beautiful Thuringian town of Eisenach, where Luther spent part of his childhood, where Bach was born, where Fritz Reuter closed his eyes forever. Grand forests throw their sheltering shade close to its very gates, and a delightful climb takes the historically minded tourist up to the old castle of Wartburg, in which Luther had been sheltered while

he worked at his translation of the Bible.* To be sure, to a strict Romanist of to-day, the selection of this stronghold of Lutheranism as the place for a gathering of students of all denominations would not have appeared as particularly tactful, but at that time German scholars were inclined to see in Luther a political champion, a liberator from foreign intellectual tyranny, rather than as the pope of a new creed.

So there flocked to this grand old castle, up the long hill from Eisenach, a joyous concourse of enthusiastic students who sang lustily their songs of liberty. Their banner was the symbol of United Germany—the black, yellow, and red tricolor, which has since given way to the black, white, and red of the German Empire.† These colors were those of the Independent Volunteer Corps (the Lützower), in whose ranks the poet Körner fought and sang and died. He had sacrificed a brilliant career in Vienna for the sake of helping the cause of Prussia, and

* “The pious Luther served in the Wartburg Castle his years of well-chosen imprisonment (kluger Haft!), and here he commenced his great work of translating the Bible, and here there appeared once more the devil for the purpose of tempting this brave monk. But Luther rose in noble fury and hurled the inkstand at his head; and even to-day the dark stains of this duel is still shown to the curious visitor at the Wartburg.”—Jahn, *Selbstvertheidigung*, Colberg, 1829. Bayne, in his life of Luther, says (vol. ii., p. 149): “Luther, indeed, threw his inkstand at the devil—only he threw it not once and one day, but every day and all day long, during his abode in the Wartburg.” At any rate, the ink which Luther used stuck well, for that same black spot was shown to me in 1870, and yet again in 1900; and on each occasion it was considerably larger than the one described by the honest Turnvater Jahn.

† “Sehr wenig Kanonen, jedoch genug,
Um eine Trophaee zu bilden.
Hoch ragt daraus eine Fahne hervor,
Die Farbe ist schwarz-rot-gülden.”
—Heine, “Aus Deutschland.”

it was but natural that he and other non-Prussian patriots should demand a symbol for Germany as a whole, rather than take the flag of any one of the dozens of little states. It appeared to Körner that for an Austrian or Saxon to fight enthusiastically under the black-and-white flag of Prussia was contrary to human nature. As well imagine the Virginia or Maryland volunteers of 1776 satisfied with the single flag of Massachusetts or Connecticut. The American people demanded the stars and stripes as a symbol of their new unity, and so did the German people at the first bugle-call which united them against a common enemy. The flag of German unity was forbidden in 1813, and the volunteers of Lützow had to content themselves with smuggling the colors they loved into their uniforms—black tunics, yellow buttons, and red facings.

On the 12th of June, 1815, the great Student Federation (*Burschenschaft*), had come into formal existence, and within a year the students at most of the other universities had, of their own accord, united with the parent chapter in an organization whose programme included all Christian German students.

This was rather a pointed exclusion of Jews, and indicates forcibly the popular prejudice existing against this Oriental race.* In 1812 they had acquired certain rights before the law, but it was generally understood that these rights had been bought by the Rothschilds from impecunious royal creditors. The people at large, peasants and scholars, distrusted them, because of the protection they enjoyed at the hands of Metternich, through whose inter-

* "Wohin Ihr fasst, Ihr werdet Juden fassen,
Allueberall das Lieblingsvolk des Herrn!
Geht-sperrt Sie wieder in die alten Gassen,
Ehe sie Euch in ein Christelviertel Sperr'n!"

—Dingelstedt (1814-1881).

vention those of Frankfort subsequently acquired limited rights of citizenship (1824). They were still forbidden to trade in grain, and but one Jew was allowed to a single house, and the number of marriages which Jews could contract was limited. The position of the Rothschild family in Europe is treated by Frank Pulsky, the friend of Kossuth, in his memoirs (i., 357, *et seq.*). He relates that:

“The original Rothschild did not belong to the Jewish aristocracy, if we may use that word to denote those who were bankers to princes or represented generations of celebrated physicians and had achieved a social standing in Christian society. Rothschild’s position, in spite of his considerable wealth, was more modest. He made a tour of the market towns with a cart loaded with wares of English and French manufacture, and became a favorite purveyor to different courts.

“The Prince of Hessen took a fancy to him because of his cleverness at chess; and they often played together when Rothschild came to Cassel. When the Napoleonic armies neared Cassel, Rothschild happened to be there also. The Prince was burdened with a large private fortune, which he had acquired by the sale of his soldiers to George III. during the American war, and was concerned as to how to place this beyond danger.”

The Prince returned to Cassel with the allies after the battle of Leipzig (1813), and at the gates stood Rothschild with the money—and interest.

The Prince had given half to Rothschild; the other half he placed with the Austrian Emperor as a loan—six millions to the Jew and six millions to the head of the Holy Roman Empire. The Jew was honest—the Holy Roman Emperor repudiated his obligations; but Rothschild bought up this claim later for a song, and subsequently recovered from Austria a good share of it.

During the twenty years that Rothschild had the millions of the Hessian Prince he turned it over profitably,

and thus it came about that, when Napoleon was driven out of Europe and all the royal families sorely needed money to set their houses once more in order, this Rothschild had practically a monopoly of this business.

“The sons inherited the genius of the father, notably Nathan, in London; James, in Paris. The third settled in Frankfort, the fourth in Vienna, the fifth in Naples. Already (1880) grandsons and great-grandsons are carrying on the business. . . . It is safe to say that if the Rothschild family should unite their art treasures to-day it would represent a collection outshining the proudest museums of our time!”

The concessions which Metternich made to the Jews through the influence of the Rothschilds cannot be traced to liberality. On the contrary, they were made against the opposition of nearly every liberal organ in Germany. The conduct of Metternich was regarded as evidence that cabinet ministers were susceptible to gold, and that the money of the Jew was in alliance with the political police. Popular sentiment was still further prejudiced against this race by the fact that at their request they had been allowed to buy substitutes in the war against Napoleon. According to the official figures, at the time when the Prussian army was largest—in 1815—there were only 730 Jews with her colors. To be sure, that army offered scant inducement to any whose ideals were remotely tinged with hope of pecuniary gain, and how should a Jew at that time have felt any burning enthusiasm for the success of a country under whose laws he was treated much as a Chinaman in the United States to-day. No Jew could become an officer in the Prussian army, and, even under the limited emancipation which Metternich gave those of Frankfort in 1824, no Jew could hold any office in city, county, or state.

However, we are here merely taking note of German public sentiment, not arguing a question which burns to-day with little less bitterness than it did that glorious autumn when the youth of Germany entered the Wartburg, waving a black, yellow, and red banner which had been worked for them by the young ladies of Jena.

Some five hundred students had forgathered for this semi-sacred occasion. From Berlin alone came thirty. Those from Kiel had marched the whole way on foot. The strength of the movement was naturally from central and Protestant Germany; but from the lower Danube to the German Ocean there came Germans representing an amount of culture and ideal aspiration as had not come together in the Vaterland since the Reformation.

Among these students were grave members of the college faculties and graduates who were looked up to as conservative moral forces.

To be sure, many of the students had allowed their beards to grow since the call to arms of 1813, and this violent departure from the custom of the day made them appear, in courtly eyes, as pirates—or patriots: it is hard to say which sounded the wickeder in 1817.*

Nothing was wanting to give this gathering a dignity worthy of the day it commemorated. The head of the little principality gave it official countenance. As the procession started, the lead was taken by the chief official of the castle. Two by two the students (*Burschen*) of United Germany marched arm-in-arm, singing joyously and devoutly.

* "Wer für das Vaterland an heissen Tagen gestritten und geblutet, ist durch die That zum Manne vollendet, wogegen die Zuhausebleiber in langen und langweiligen Jahren kaum nothreif werden. Jene haben im Angesichte des Todes eine Mündigkeit erlangt, und eine Ritterschaft bewiesen, so jede Grossjährigkeit aufwiegt. So wurde ein vaterländischer Geist auf die Schulen und Hochschulen

By order of the ruler, they were made welcome in the great banqueting-hall, where six centuries before German Minnesingers had joined in rivalry of lofty sentiment and song—where Tannhäuser sang of Venus, and thereby lost his soul. Like the Covenanters of Cromwell and the Continental Congress of 1776, the first act was one of worship. They sang the Lutheran hymn, "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott."

Then rose a veteran of the (Lützow) Free Corps of 1813, who dwelt with much fire of language upon moral and patriotic virtue. He made, to be sure, a few reflections upon the state of the country which a cautious censor might have erased, but in general it was an appropriate utterance for a moment of great patriotic exhilaration. The orator bracketed Blücher with Luther as liberators of Germany, with the same pardonable poetic license which inclines us to group Washington with Christopher Columbus as founders of the United States, or Alfred the Great with William III. as pillars of the English Constitution.

After a festive noonday meal together, where beer and wine found adequate representation along with many other good things, the convention streamed down the mountain-side to attend a church service in company

verpflanzt, den die Heimgekehrten, den Heimgebliebenen mittheilten; die ihn dann wieder den spaeteren Zukoemmlingen ueberlieferten."

[*Translation*]

"Those who have fought and bled for their country in the noonday heat have by that act alone become men, whereas those who remain at home in commonplace and weary years become barely fit to go alone. In the presence of death we have achieved our majority and a patent of knighthood that stands us in stead of mere years.

"In those days [of the Napoleonic Wars] there went out over the schools and universities a patriotic spirit which was communicated by those who returned from the war to those who had remained at home; and this, in turn, was passed on to the succeeding generation!"
—Jahn, *Runenblätter*, p. 134, 1814.

with the local militia veterans (the *Landsturm*) of the late war.

The amount of religious observance and ethical oratory already mingled with this patriotic festival would, with us, have been sufficient guarantee that such a gathering as this was not likely to invite police interference; but in Vienna Luther was regarded not merely as a sacrilegious renegade, but as the incarnation of revolution and democracy. The very word "Lutherish" was used in Roman Catholic Germany as an equivalent for immorality, even though we cannot trace the etymological affinity of Luther, Luder, and Lüderlich.* What we, therefore, would encourage among our students as a step towards moral perfection was, at the court of the Kaiser Franz, interpreted as an outburst of heretic fanaticism tinged with anti-monarchical conspiracy.

Of course no such festival as this could occur without some exhibition of gymnastic skill—tourney (*turnen*, turns), which in itself was enough to make Metternich burst forth against the disciples of Jahn; but the celebration did not close here. As darkness came on, the students formed in procession, and, bearing torches, marched once more up to the Wartburg Castle, before which they gathered around huge bonfires and alternately listened to festive oratory or joined in selections of songs. Jahn himself had advocated cold water as the proper drink for the "Urdeutscher" (the German of pristine national qualities). We may safely suspect, however, that many who were rendered thirsty by the vigorous singing did not limit themselves to this hygienic beverage.

* Luder, Ludher, Leuder, Lothar, Lotter, Lutter, Luther—various spellings of Luther in 1483, quoted by Bayne, *Martin Luther*, vol. i., p. 63.

When the time came for the gathering to adjourn for the night there were plenty who felt that they were only just beginning to enjoy themselves, and these entered with delight into a bit of mummery which had been suggested by the father of tourney, "Turnvater" Jahn, and elaborately prepared by a few of his intimates.

Shouting students now proclaimed that they proposed, here on the Wartburg, to burn certain offensive books, after the manner of Martin Luther when he disposed of the Pope's bull at Wittenberg.

A manure pitchfork was produced and the innocuous *auto da fe* was inaugurated — not, indeed, upon the books themselves, but upon scrolls on which the titles were written in such large letters that all could read them.

The works themselves were such as probably few of the students had read. It was sufficient for them that their authors were favorites at court and opposed to German unity. Among these proscribed works were a history of Germany by Kotzebue and a work on the organization of a national police. Of course, as each work was pitchforked into the big bonfire, the spokesman accompanied it with an obituary notice far from complimentary.

Finally were thrown upon the fire several emblems of what the new Germany abhorred—military caste, bureaucratic tyranny, and secret political police. These were symbolized on this occasion by a pair of corsets presumed to fit the body of a lieutenant of the guards; a "pig-tail," or powdered queue, which typified the *ancien régime* before the French Revolution; and, lastly, the knout, or cat-o'-nine-tails, which required no explanation anywhere at that time. The merry party then adjourned to Eisenach, at the foot of the hill, there to sleep in the happy consciousness that they had vented their feelings

worthily, that they had done their country a service, that from such good work good alone could result.

An account of this famous gathering on the Wartburg was published at the time in the *Isis*, a periodical which ranked with our *Spectator*, of London, or *Nation*, of New York. It was written by the editor, Professor Oken, the Virchow or Agassiz of his day. Oken was, besides, like Goethe, a *Hofrath*, a species of court councillor. The edition was confiscated by the police almost immediately after it appeared. On the day after it left the press, single copies were fetching one ducat (nearly \$2.00) in Jena, and to-day this interesting number ranks as a literary curiosity. That such a report should alarm the cabinets of Europe well illustrates the perverted state of mind prevailing in official circles at that time. The account is entitled: "Der Studenten frieden auf der Wartburg."* (The student congress on the Wartburg). After referring to the opening address, Professor Oken says: "Those present, and we men, were moved to tears."

The object of the meeting had been to persuade students everywhere to cast aside their petty local badges and feuds and duelling and to unite in a general society—one great German family. Professor Oken, after telling about the students all going to church in a body and listening to an edifying discourse, then participating in gymnastic *Turnen*, and finally closing the evening by holding an *auto da fe*, writes that next day students of rival societies, who had hitherto been pronounced enemies, now

* *Frieden* means literally *peace*, but is from the same source as *frei*, *free*. This title "Studenten Frieden" happily suggests both liberty and peace. Oken used the words in the student sense as a sort of powwow, or convention, during which arms were laid aside and the different rival bodies smoked the pipe of peace about the same fire.

“threw themselves into one another’s arms.” “And thus, under the spell of a hallowed but free ‘moment,’ when the voice of youth found expression, was accomplished that which the court, with all its soldiers, . . . was not able to bring about, but, on the contrary, was only making worse. . . . Violence is ever the worst remedy to apply, and government by soldier force can no longer be endured.

“Then many returned to their homes; but many waited to take the communion.

“Thus did German students celebrate on the Wartburg.

“Many who offer their advice to Germany, and still more those who wish her ill, might do well to copy the example set by the feast on the Wartburg. *Nota bene.* Should any students chance to be molested on account of having been at the Wartburg, we should be glad to hear of it.

“We hold it our simple duty, in each such case without exception, to protect such, and intend to do so with all the power given to us by God.”

Those who have read thus far will not be surprised that Professor Oken was soon afterwards informed by the police that he must either suppress his editorial activity or surrender his professorship. He preferred his liberty, resigned his chair at Jena, removed to Munich in 1828, and to Switzerland in 1832, where he died in 1851—another martyr in the cause of Liberty.

In that day of political silence and suppressed patriotism, when man as yet merely experimented with steam and electricity, when even macadamized roads were scarce, men had time to talk and brood and voice their sufferings in songs; and strong men wept.

III

PRUSSIA SORELY IN NEED OF MONEY

“The Lord God of Hosts had to arise and appear in the storm of nations as the Judge of the world”—[a reference to the battle of Leipzig]—“in order that the times which had blasphemed God and his laws should once more have faith.

“The voice of the people, the voice of God.

“And in the beginning it was but a breath, a whisper, a lisp- ing, a soft buzzing. Then it became a murmur, louder and more distinct; finally speeches full of complaints, warnings, consolation, advice, anger, resentment, and prophetic threats; a revelation of the victories that have become national feast-days. Then the spirit of God went forth over the German people—first in a faint breath, then in gentle breezes, then on the wings of the wind, in the cyclone, in the roaring and crashing of the tempest.

“In that day there was no salvation in bending the knee, in playing the serf, in cultivating quiet; it was the time to stand erect, to march out, become a pilgrim, to run, to race towards the goal on the holy race-course of the Fatherland, towards the Prize of Peace, the evergreen life-tree of Liberty.

“Whosoever has lived through those times can be of good cheer; he has lived times of enthusiasm and experienced the hand of God in the affairs of his country.”—Jahn, *Runenblätter* (1814).

ALMOST in the same breath that proclaimed him an enemy to freedom of conscience Frederick William III. proclaimed (1818) freedom of trade throughout his dominions and anticipated by many years the legislation of Cobden and Bright; for Sir Robert Peel did not move the repeal of the Corn Laws until 1846. These few years immediately succeeding Waterloo are the Golden Age of enlightened bureaucracy in Prussia, in so far as legisla-

tion of a commercial nature is concerned. It was no doubt because he limited his attention to the economic legislation that Cobden was able to pay such fulsome compliments to the administration of Frederick William III.*

This was a time when the bulk of English law was a barbarous survival of class selfishness. Those who had fallen into debt for trifling amounts were sometimes permitted to linger indefinitely in prison; hanging was meted out for a large number of trifling offences, and such was the power of the comparatively small number of landlords that they successfully imposed upon the whole body of consumers taxes in food which ultimately led to bread riots and brought the nation to the verge of revolution. Yet the Briton of this period was, in his own opinion, the freest citizen on earth, ruled by a free Parliament, the happy possessor of a free press and free speech.† Our

* "I very much suspect that at present, for the great mass of the people, Prussia possesses the best government in Europe.

"Had our people such a simple and economical government, so deeply imbued with justice for all, and aiming so constantly to elevate, mentally and morally, its population, how much better would it be for the twelve or fifteen millions in the British Empire. . . .

"The government of Prussia is the mildest phase in which absolutism ever presented itself."—Richard Cobden, 1838.

These exuberant statements of the great free-trader show us how completely he kept his mind upon the mere material outside things of Prussia. Had he been familiar with the German language, and capable of conversing with the notable German thinkers of the day, he would have made these observations with reservation. He probably did not know that Fritz Reuter was in jail—was probably not aware that such a man existed.—P. B.

† "From the pinnae of fame and popularity he (Wellington) had been lowered to the depth of odium. Coarse reproach and blood-thirsty menace were yelled at him from the very throats which, only a few years before, had ached with unceasing cheers."—Sir Herbert Maxwell, *Life of Wellington*, vol. ii., p. 332.

The Iron Duke was known as an opponent of the Reform Bill of 1832. It was at that time that iron shutters had to be placed in the



FREDERICK WILLIAM III.

own democracy has, since the civil war (1861–1865), enacted laws injurious to shipping and commerce quite as evil as the so-called Corn Laws of England. In both cases the law-makers were dominated by pecuniary interests acting upon popular ignorance and political prejudice. The men who make our laws have yet to learn that matters financial and commercial are so technical and so far-reaching in their operations that they call for the treatment of experts quite as much as the planning of a railway or the construction of a man-of-war.

The man to whom modern Germany should raise monuments in every commercial centre as the one chiefly instrumental in directing Germany into the channel of industrial prosperity is Charles George Maassen.* There is a street named after him in Berlin, but few who pass it know that they are speaking the name of one who with the prophetic vision of Adam Smith combined the practical knowledge of a Benjamin Franklin. Yet he is not known to the *Century Cyclopædia of Names*; no more is that of the illustrious Jahn! When we ask how it was possible that Frederick William III. could permit so liberal a law to pass, the answer is the same as when (1807) Stein carried through his edict of self-government for cities and Scharnhorst his plan for universal service in the army.

Prussia was on the verge of bankruptcy. The whole

windows of Apsley House. These are no longer there, but the passer-by may still note the chiselling made for the hinges.—P. B.

* "Der eigentlicher Schoepfer dieses Zoll System's und ueberhaupt der ganzen Richtung der Preussischen Zollpolitik war der nachmalige Finanz Minister K. G. Maassen, der auch bei der spaetern Begründung des Zollvereins die grösste Thaetigkeit entwickelte und wesentlich zu dem Gelingen dieser Schoepfung beitrug."—Weber, p. 6.

budget did not call for more than 50,000,000 thalers (or \$30,000,000 gold) (the thaler being worth 75 cents, or three shillings), but there was a deficit for 1817 which respectable financiers calculated at near 2,000,000 thalers. The national debt, which had been 132,000,000 thalers in 1812, swelled to 217,000,000 thalers in 1818. It was estimated that the value of landed estates in the old Prussian provinces did not average one-half the value they possessed before the Napoleonic Wars. Many districts had to be exempt from taxation owing to the thoroughness with which the war had stripped them.

So here was Prussia, after a gloriously successful campaign and a nominal doubling of her national area and power, in desperate straits for the mere means of paying her bills. This, too, in spite of a king notoriously thrifty and an administration which was a model of economy.

That excellent war minister, Boyen, made in 1817 a masterly report to his monarch showing that the army on its popular basis was the most economical institution of its kind in the world; that under Frederick the Great it had cost three times as much, man for man, as under present conditions; in other words, that in 1817 the Prussian King got a larger army and a more efficient one for less money than any of his predecessors. It remained now only to apply to the civil administration of the country the same financial principles—with a single eye to permanently improving the revenues.

Fortunately for Prussia, the King never had to seek far for good men. He now called together an advisory council (March 30, 1817), the co-called "Staatsrath," in which sat generals and bishops and princes and heads of bureaus. It was the last brilliant manifestation of

ideal absolute monarchy. Germany owes much to this "Staatsrath" of Frederick William III., though its sessions were secret and the people did not even suspect its existence. Hardenberg* addressed it in language recalling the enthusiastic vigor of his early days. Their object was, he said, to unite the forces of the state for the education of the people, to meet the demands of the times. The mission of the Prussian state, he said, in conclusion, was to prove to the world that true liberty and legal protection, that equality under the law and personal liberty, that the well-being of the individual as well as of the community in general, that science and art, that bravery in war for the Fatherland—that all these virtues can flourish most effectually under a just monarch—that is to say, "enlightened despotism." This bit of oratory, although not suggesting the treaty he was soon to make with Metternich at Karlsbad, was the prelude to his submitting to a committee the question of what was needed in the present state of the country. Business men can, perhaps, best appreciate what this was by the fact that Hardenberg in this year, 1817, congratulated himself upon having negotiated in England a 5 per cent. loan at 72, which means that for each dollar loaned by England she withheld 28 per cent. of its value by way of insurance against risk of non-payment, and this over and above the 5 per cent. interest. At the same time Prussia's 4 per cent. debt certificates were from 71 per cent to 73 per cent in the Berlin Exchange, and in the year following sank to 65 per cent.

* Hardenberg was then sixty-seven years old; he died three years later in Genoa—1822—abandoned by the King he had loyally served, and broken down physically long before his time. His is proof that republics are not the only governments that may be taxed with ingratitude.

It was a heroic act to enter upon a broad scheme of radical innovation at a time when popular discontent was all but universal and the national exchequer suggestive of the pawnbroker. Already, on June 1, 1817, the Royal Council made its report, recommending a thorough revision of the whole system of revenue raising.* There was a decided leaning towards the principle of direct taxation and a departure from the mediæval principle of protecting one community at the expense of its neighbor—a principle which we of to-day are apt to call, euphemistically, "Protection."

The King submitted the proposition to notable men of his ten provinces called together for that purpose at their respective capitals; and while in these gatherings there was much difference of opinion, still the need of reform was pretty generally acknowledged.

The German Magna Carta of Commercial Liberty which the King accepted and made law in 1818 commenced by the sweeping statement that henceforth there should be throughout Prussia freedom to enter and export goods, as well as the right of free transit from one part of the kingdom to the other.

This principle once established, the next thing was to place custom-houses only on the frontiers, and to little by little bring such pressure upon her neighbors as to

* "In der einen Provinz, selbst in einem Theile derselben war die Einführung von Producten und Fabrikaten erlaubt, in anderen entweder ganz verboten oder mit schweren Tarifen belastet. Während in den westlichen Provinzen, der westfälischen Mark, in Minden, Mecklenburg und den Rheingegenden, soweit sie damals zum preussischen Staate gehörten, beinahe alle fremden Gegenstände, insbesondere auch alle englischen Fabrikwaaren, frei oder gegen mässige Abgaben eingeführt werden durften, war für die öftlichen Provinzen rechts der Elbe die Steuerfreiheit einzelner Gegenstände eine besondere seltene Ausnahme und das Prohibitivsystem die Regel." —Weber, *Deutsche Zollverein*, p. 2.

compel them to join the Prussian customs union.* Maassen had in mind, first of all, the improvement of trade within Prussia by removing the barriers to commercial intercourse between the different provinces; next he wished to raise the largest possible revenue from the frontier custom-houses; and, finally, he had the large political idea of so framing his laws as to make the rest of Germany seek the benefits of this arrangement. There may have been some idea of a "protectionistic" nature in this scheme, but if there was it was wholly subordinate to the more important one of raising revenue, and in those days the manufacturers of Germany were not rich enough or socially influential enough to bring much pressure upon the King or his cabinet.

The Prussian customs tariff of 1818 was, strictly speaking, what all good tariffs should be—for revenue only. If there was any protection in it to domestic manufacture, it was purely accidental. Protectionism as a principle of national policy came into Germany with the narrowing doctrines of Bismarck—with that species of opportunism which consists in playing off one class interest against another for the sake of a parliamentary majority.

At the time that Maassen reformed the financial condition of Prussia, there were in the old provinces sixty

* "Wenn vielleicht auch in Preussen der Gedanke einer grösseren Vereinigung niemals gänzlich aufgegeben war, so erschien derselbe den preussischen Beamten doch niemals anders als im gewande einer grösseren preussischen Zolladministration, in welcher Preussen die alleinige unbeschränkte Direction zustände." — Weber, *Deutscher Zollverein*, p. 61.

[Translation]

"Even though the thought of a larger customs union may never have been abandoned, even in Prussia, yet this custom union appeared to the Prussian officials only in the form of a great Prussian customs administration over which Prussia alone had the absolute control."

different tariffs for customs purposes and 3000 different articles taxed. In Posen and Pomerania there were forty-eight different standards of money admitted by the customs agents, and in the territory on the left bank of the Elbe were seventy-one different coins in vogue. Smuggling was the normal occupation of a large population, owing to the utter impossibility of enforcing the laws at the different frontiers; and, in short, Prussia was in a desperate state, and therefore prepared for a heroic remedy.

The new customs law was published September 1, 1818, and on January 1, 1819, the customs officials at the Prussian frontier entered upon their new duties.*

* Had this law come into force January of 1816, Robert Blum would have been spared those sad years of famine on the Rhine; he would probably have been given a decent education, have been spared the misery of his apprentice years; his whole life would have been changed.

IV

THE GERMAN EMPIRE COMMENCES TO TAKE FORM

“If Germany is ever to realize her high destiny as a citizen of the world, her neighbors of kindred stock and speech must unite in one imperial federation. Then will all her natural frontiers be defended by one great popular force (*Landwehr*)—Switzerland, the Netherlands, Denmark, Austria; and with that accomplished, let the storms of the world (*Weltgewitter*) blow from north, east, south, and west—not even the kingdom over the Rhine (*Westreich*), on the Mosel, Meuse, Vosges, and Ardennes, will then be able to affect anything against us.”—Jahn, *Runenblätter*, 1814, p. 29.

FREDERICK WILLIAM III. signed the memorable law for customs unity on May 26, 1818. The measure gave offence in many quarters—as might be expected of any tax law—and the King was so besieged with protests on the subject that he caused the law to be once more discussed, even after he had signed it. It was not published until September 1, 1818, more than three months after signing.

The tax upon imported manufactured articles was less than 10 per cent., a contemptibly small tax compared to what the United States levies to-day. Tea, coffee, spices, and kindred articles from abroad were taxed 20 per cent., but this was not “protectionism.” Raw material was, for the most part, free, and the only monopolies reserved by the state were playing-cards and salt. So gentle was this tariff that neighboring states smiled indulgently. It was, indeed, a far-seeing and liberal arrangement, which

(with a trifling modification in 1821) has served as a species of commercial constitution for the emulation not only of Germans but of the world. The promulgation of this act was like a surgical operation. There were screams of pain throughout Germany when the new Prussian customs officials closed the black-and-white barriers across roads where peasants and smugglers had hitherto done a thriving business. There was already plenty of political ill-will towards Prussia. Her King was already a symbol for what was most unpopular among the people, and small wonder, therefore, that any act emanating from Berlin should be treated with suspicion merely because it was Prussian. Men like Maassen knew this and regretted it. They were engaged in a war against the prejudices of nearly the whole of Germany; they were convinced that this war could end only in the triumph of Prussia; they were prepared to wage this war patiently, with good-humor, yet doggedly.

Motz, the finance minister, died in the revolutionary year 1830, being only fifty-four years of age. He did not see Germany united, but, like Scharnhorst, who died on the battle-field in the spring of 1813, he saw the great work so far on its way that he could retire with a consciousness of having planted the seed in good soil. For near ten years after the King signed the great customs law the other states held sullenly aloof, seeking vainly petty means of organizing customs unions of their own that should injure Prussia even if they did not benefit themselves. Bavaria sought to become the centre of a customs federation. The states about the mouth of the Elbe attempted also a rival demonstration; but in spite of such combinations, and, above all, the ill-will of Austria, such was the power of Prussia's example that finally, in 1828 (February 14th), the little state of Hesse-Darmstadt,

nearly ten years after Prussia's inauguration of her free-trade policy, entered the league under a treaty of reciprocity which formed the basis of all other treaties of like nature down to the final consolidation of the German Empire.

Those of us who have studied the long, dreary preliminaries which ushered in free-trade in England and the abolition of slavery in the United States do not wonder at the ten years that Prussia had to wait between 1818 and 1828 for the realization of a very small part of her ideal. Even this small step required three years of diplomatic dickerings; and the jealousy of other states was such that only by the exercise of secrecy was the arrangement consummated. The agent employed by Hesse-Darmstadt was ostensibly selling a salt-mine; and even in the best-informed diplomatic circles his mission was not suspected.

This treaty was to last until the last day of 1834. It carried far-reaching benefit to Germany at large, but at the time its framers were actuated by anything but patriotism. Hesse-Darmstadt was in a ruinous financial condition, and consequently suffered what it regarded as gross humiliation at the hands of Prussia. Maassen regarded the situation solely as a financier, and anticipated so much loss of revenue by reason of Hesse-Darmstadt's unsatisfactory geographical situation and economic condition that he rejected her overtures until diplomatic and political pressure was brought to bear upon the government and Prussia decided to take on this little state, even at a loss, in the hope of ultimately encouraging other states to follow her example.

It was arranged that one custom-house system should surround the joint frontier, that both states should cooperate in supervising the administration, and that the

taxes collected should be distributed proportionately according to population. There was infinite detail to be discussed, and here was a field where Motz and Maassen and Hardenberg and Eichhorn, by conducting the negotiations in the spirit of conciliation, soon convinced their weaker neighbor that where Prussia remained unyielding it was for the good of both parties.

There ruled in Munich at this time the famous Ludwig of Bavaria, who had many sides to his eccentric character, one of which, at least, was of most importance to the new German Zollverein. He will always be famed as a generous patron of art, a man who from his private purse spent some eighteen millions of guldens (\$9,000,000) in the cultivation and popularization of art. On Goethe's birthday he went in person to congratulate him, and by his personal energy and good taste no less than by his thrifty management he raised Munich to the rank it now holds as the chief German art centre. The magnificent Walhalla temple overlooking the beautiful Danube near Regensburg is the delight of every waterman and canoeist, and a grand monument to Bavarian patriotism and art. At this time he was animated by a passion for German unity and a corresponding distrust of Austria; and thus, in its hour of need, Protestant Prussia received from Roman Catholic Bavaria the support which it most needed in order that what had been merely a Prussian customs union should take on national, if not imperial, proportions.*

* This Ludwig of Bavaria ascended the throne in 1825, and abdicated in 1848 in consequence of the revolution. He it was whose passion for Lola Montez caused him to incur the opposition of the Jesuits. His grandson is the one who protected Wagner, and who drowned himself and his physician in the Starnberg lake, near Munich. It is noteworthy that for many years the bust of Luther was excluded from the Walhalla, whose ostensible purpose was to honor the great men of Germany. So strong was Papal opposition.

At this time Germany received another proof of providential interest by the appearance on the field of the eminent publisher Cotta,* of Stuttgart, the friend of Goethe and Schiller, the founder and owner of the Augsburg newspaper referred to in the chapter on Hungary. Here was a man more familiar than any Bavarian official with the trade requirements of South Germany, thoroughly at home in the conditions prevailing elsewhere, with a large acquaintance among influential people—a practical man, and yet enough of an idealist to risk the enmity of Metternich by acting as intermediary between Bavaria and Prussia in the matter of a close customs alliance.

It cost Ludwig of Bavaria something of a struggle before he could make up his mind that his dream of a Germany under Bavarian leadership was a mere Utopia. Public sentiment in Bavaria was also strongly hostile to Prussia; but, fortunately, when once this German-minded prince had been made to see clearly that the Prussian system was good and was bound to prevail in spite of all rival combinations, he supported Cotta to the extent of making concessions which excited a storm of indignation amid those who dreaded Prussian ascendancy.

In September of 1828 Cotta appeared in Berlin, ostensibly to attend a congress of naturalists. He spent little time discussing bees and butterflies, but all the more in talking tariff with the Prussian minister, who sent him away full of hope. In November he made a second trip to Berlin, while the Prussian Crown-Prince (the future Frederick William IV.) was visiting in Munich. This was fortunate, for Minister Motz was enabled to write a confidential note to him regarding Cotta's mission, and this did much to influence the mind of the Bavarian King; for

* Born in 1764, in Stuttgart; died there in 1832.

both of these men were enthusiastic in their dreams of Germanic unity and grandeur. Again, in January, 1829, the indefatigable Cotta appeared in Berlin—always for the same purpose, to secure from Prussia assurances that Bavaria would not sacrifice any of her precious prestige by the proposed customs arrangement.

Finally, on May 27, 1829, the great customs treaty was signed, which was to last at least until 1841. Not only did Bavaria come into this arrangement, but with her Württemberg. Thus, by one act, a commercial, if not a political, union arose in Germany, comprising 20,000,000 souls, whose interests reached from the Alps to the Baltic, from Russia to France. Motz felt now that at last he could talk with some confidence of a Germany freed from Austrian interference, that he represented a living political organism which lacked only a name and a flag to take its place among the great powers of Europe.

Before he died (1830) he blessed his country still further by treaties which rendered those already concluded still more precious. He arranged for the construction of a great national macadamized highway connecting Bavaria with North Germany and the ports of the North Sea and Baltic, a free line of communication to all members of the Zollverein. With Holland he also made a treaty by which the lower Rhine was opened to the commerce of the world, by which the wares of England could find a market at Cologne and Frankfort. This was the last brilliant triumph of enlightened despotism. Let us note it gratefully. The men who made this period shine in history will never be forgotten, though Berlin has not yet raised a worthy monument to either Maassen, Motz, or Cotta.

V

BIRTH AND EARLY PRIVATIONS OF ROBERT BLUM

“O das Ruhmen, O das Preisen,
Dass wir gute Deutsche sind! ,
Lasst uns durch die That beweisen,
Dass wir deutsche Männer sind!

“Lasst uns auch vor Königsthronen
Ruhig sagen was wir sind,
Dass nicht Flinten und Kanonen
Unsre Herren und Meister sind!”

—Hoffman von Fallersleben (1848).

THE condition of a nation is good or bad according to the condition of the individuals who work for a living; and for that reason it is refreshing to turn aside for a moment from the doings of kings, courtiers, and salaried officials to the cabin of a German day-laborer. It is here that successful revolution is hatched, and not in the salons of Paris or the lecture-rooms of Jena. Let us draw aside to look at Robert Blum, who was put to death by the Austrian government during the revolution of 1848. In his day Robert Blum exerted a larger influence among the working-classes than any other German, not merely because he was a singularly forcible speaker, but because he spoke a language that was understood by the men of the anvil and the loom.

Robert Blum was not burdened with much genealogy. His grandfather came from a little village (Frechen) of the Rhine Province, about the middle of the eighteenth

century, and settled in Cologne as cooper by trade. His father, who was born in 1780, was physically too delicate to succeed at this trade, and was, therefore, sent to the school for priests. Cologne was then, as now, the chief stronghold of the Roman Church on the Rhine, and its institutions of a clerical nature were many and wealthy. It is fortunate for our biography that the father of our hero studied theology at this particular moment in the history of Europe, for we learn that he very soon acquired a reputation for heretical thinking and was on the point of severing his connection with theology when the troops of revolutionary France planted the liberty pole on the Rhine and promptly broke up this and various other religious houses. From this time on to the close of Napoleon's European career the Rhine became a part of France; educated people conversed in French, and when little Robert Blum was born in Cologne, on November 10, 1807, in the very small house at No. 1490 Fischmarkt, the registry of his birth was in the French language. This was the year of the battle of Friedland, the meeting of Napoleon and Alexander on the raft at Tilsit, and the noble but futile sacrifices of Queen Luise. The people of Cologne cared little that a Prussian army was being thrashed to ribbons far away in the swamps of the Memel. They themselves had their eyes turned towards Paris rather than Berlin; their trade was with the vast empire over which Napoleon wove his web of prefects and well-macadamized highways. The man of the Rhine cared no more for a Prussian than for a Dutchman, a Briton, or a Russian. The new empire was to him a federation infinitely to be preferred to the little principalities whose rulers had all the pretensions with none of the powers of great tyrants.

When the priests' school was broken up by the French administration, his father, too weak to work at the cooper's

trade, took a clerkship in a warehouse, but the long hours at the desk broke his health. Then he got a position as foreman in a pin factory. But here again he could not stand the foul air. He tried again to become a cooper, seeing no other prospect of keeping body and soul together, and was earning 1 franc (or 20 cents) a day when he married the woman of his choice, in 1806, the year of Jena. This marriage was made in spite of the opposition of both families. The wife had been a servant in various houses, was of the neighborhood of Cologne, and is described as of superior education, industrious, amiable, and rather romantic.

Little Robert was a splendid baby, sturdy, cheery, and marvellously intelligent. He was soon a great favorite, particularly with his grandfather, and the love-match was quickly forgiven under the influence of its happy addition to the family life. Already at four years of age we are told that he could repeat the whole of the mass, which I presume to be a prodigious task or it would not have been favorably noticed by a German biographer. In particular let me add that I am following in this narrative written by his son a biography which, whatever its shortcomings on political grounds, is a standard work so far as family life is concerned. Little Robert's childhood was of the happiest until the year of Waterloo, when his father died, leaving his mother penniless and Robert at eight years of age the eldest of three children. The franc a day which his father had earned, combined with another trifle which his mother made by her needle, had enabled them to pull through the nine years of married life in a condition of poverty which is never unbearable so long as hope holds out. The grandfather had decided to assist little Robert by getting him a position as an acolyte; but this did not fill the larder.

The blow was a crushing one to the mother. It could not have fallen at a worse time. The economic condition of the Rhine provinces played a tragic part in her life also. From being French, Cologne suddenly became Prussian, and many industries which had grown up under Napoleonic protection were now ruined by foreign competition. The Rhine had the Prussian flag and some Prussian troops, but the administration had not yet brought order out of chaos; the change of flags had brought only misery to a large number of people. The poor mother in her distraction was ready to seize any means of living which would keep her children at least from starving. Little Robert bravely did his share. He took charge of the younger children, carried his mother's sewing to her customers, brought back further orders, and, except when he was eating or sleeping, his little hands were busy knitting stockings for the family.

But the poor mother felt that she could not wait, so she married again, and little Robert received as a step-father a man who had led a checkered career partly as a soldier in Spain under the French and partly as a sailor at home. He was given to drink, treated his wife badly; but all was pardoned because he was earning 40 stivers a day (about 35 cents) as 'longshoreman, bargee, or stevedore.

And as though the breaking-up of the former frontier had not entailed misery enough on these good people, there came, in 1816, a famine which persisted through the following year and which sent the price of bread high up at the very time when the capacity to earn money was at the very lowest. We cannot to-day conceive a famine in Germany, for its effects would be quickly modified by interchange of commodities, thanks to railways and canals. But at this time a bushel of wheat cost on the Rhine \$1.75 (6 marks 95 pfennigs), more than

on the Prussian Baltic. Of all the Prussian provinces the Rhine perhaps suffered most, for it was violently shut off from its former trade connections in France; and as the Prussian customs law was not signed until 1818, she was equally excluded from trade with her sister provinces on the Elbe and the Oder; and thus men could die of hunger in one county while in another they were forbidden to take their superfluous food to market.

The wages earned by Robert Blum's bibulous stepfather were large for normal times, but in those years of famine they did not suffice to buy even the 7 lbs. of bread which the family required for daily consumption. In the cold winter mornings little Robert stood in the dark outside the baker-shop, awaiting his turn with other hungry children in order to get a loaf of very bad bread, and even this was not unfrequently stolen from him on the way home.

The misery in Cologne was aggravated by the fact that no organized charity existed in the place of the many religious institutions that had been abolished. Many of the rich Roman Catholics had moved away, and the poor people were helpless, owing to the loss of their natural protectors. The Prussian government added to the suffering indirectly by moving the University to Bonn, the School of Art to Düsseldorf, the Scientific School to Aix-la-Chapelle, and, finally, the seat of the administration to Coblenz.

Cologne has since vindicated its right to be regarded as the commercial metropolis of the lower Rhine, and once more demonstrated that governments may make political capitals but cannot supersede the Almighty in the establishment of natural centres of commerce.

In those years, between the famine and the helplessness of the Prussian government, the people of Cologne

suffered all the horrors of a prolonged siege, with none of the compensations associated with gallant resistance.

When Robert Blum was ten years of age a stingy old aunt in Cologne employed him to teach arithmetic in a school she had just opened. The charge was 1 cent per lesson, and this money was paid extra by the pupils. Robert taught here one hour a day, four days in the week, and earned enough to save his mother the cost of his outfit when he went for confirmation. The aunt allowed him daily one cup of coffee and also a roll made of wheat. The coffee he had to drink on the premises, but the roll he always concealed and brought home to his sister Margaret.

Then he became an acolyte, and had his first doubts in matters religious. He told his mother, with tears, that the priests laughed and joked about the holy emblems, that they passed by the altar where the real body of our Saviour was supposed to be, and did not even bend the knee! Like Martin Luther, his faith in the Church was first shaken by the scandalous behavior of priests. Soon he discovered that the tips which people dropped into a box for the acolytes were tampered with, and that only an insignificant portion reached the boys. He kept careful watch, marked down the names of those who had given (and the amount), and reported to his mother. She complained to the priest in charge of the money-boxes, but he joked about it, much to the scandal of the mother. When, however, he discovered that the full evidence was in her possession, he promised that it should not happen again. Soon afterwards, however, little Robert was called before a clerical tribunal, and found there assembled several other priests, among them his particular father confessor, to whom he had poured out his heart about his doubts and the matter of the stolen money. This priest

now, in violation of his vows, denounced the boy as an impudent heretic who dared to criticise the Lord's anointed. When the boy was asked what he could answer to these charges, he could only stammer out that he had supposed that things said to a confessor were secrets never to be divulged!

The parish priest cut him short: "Oh, that is an old story."

After this he was ignominiously dismissed from his position of *Messdiener*, or acolyte, and threatened with excommunication. Yet he was a most religiously inclined boy. His mother at length found one priest who promised to take an interest in his case, and at last secured his readmission to the parish school. Here the lad showed such marked talent that his mother was strongly advised to fit him for the university. She had no money, but the benevolent priest secured Robert's admission to the Jesuit high-school (Gymnasium) of Cologne. He was soon leading his class, and in 1820 he received a certificate of distinction in every department. Then came the blow of his life. He was almost ready to graduate, always hoping for a scholarship; but there were no funds—all were poor, and Robert had no social influence. The project had to be abandoned. None of Robert's relatives would help. His stingy aunt Agnes answered: "I have no children. Let those that breed children take care of their own."

Robert's dream was over. The city had done nothing, the Prussian government had done nothing, his relatives were no better, the Church had cruelly persecuted him; he had no father; the only people in the whole world who cared whether he lived or died were his little sister Gretchen and his dear mother, who had worked day and night for his success. So in 1820, at the age of thirteen,

Robert Blum renounced the hope of academic distinction and looked to manual labor for a livelihood. He became apprentice* to a goldsmith named Asthoever. But after nine months he found that his master used him mainly as errand-boy, nurse, scullion, maid of all work—that he barely saw the inside of the workshop. Once more Robert became the victim of political and economic forces which had remade the map of Europe under the influence of the Holy Alliance. French republicanism had brushed away the old *Zunft*, or trade guilds, where at least some obligation rested on the master to give instruction to his prentice.† Nothing had come to take

* “Der Lehrling wurde nicht bloss technisch unterrichtet, er wurde durch Anweisung und Vorbild zu Fleiss und Ehrbarkeit vom Meister erzogen, zu Sparsamkeit, Ordnung und Reinlichkeit vom sorgenden Auge der Meisterin angehalten.”—Gustav Schmoller, *Zur Geschichte der deutschen Kleingewerbe im 19. Jahrhundert*, “Das Verhältniss der Gehülfen zu den Meistern im Allgemeinen,” ed. Halle, 1870, p. 327.

Would that this had been the lot of our little Robert Blum!—P. B.

† “Zu erwähnen ist noch, dass bis zum Jahre 1865 es den Gefellen ausserordentlich schwer und für die Mehrzahl derselben sogar unmöglich gemacht war, einen eigenen Herd zu gründen. Im Stadtgebiete Hamburg wurden alljährlich von jedem zünftigen Gewerk drei bis fünf Gesellen ‘einheimisch’ gemacht, d. h. es wurde ihnen zwecks dauernder Niederlassung am Orte der Ehekonsens ertheilt. Welche Zustände aus derartigen Beschränkungen im sozialen Leben erwachsen, laesst sich leicht denken. Gab es doch Gefellen in Hamburg, die mit ihrem Mädchen schon zehn Jahre und noch länger vergeblich darauf warteten, ‘einheimisch’ zu werden, um dann heirathen zu können.

“Ebenso wichtig ist, an die bis 1865 üblich gewesene Einrichtung des ‘Aus dem Thore schreiben’ zu erinnern. Gerieth z. B. ein ‘fremder’ Geselle mit seinem Meister in Diferenzen, so hatte dieser es in hand, den Gesellen aus dem Thore schreiben zu lassen.

“Der betreffende Meister verständigte die Polizeibehörde, und jeder Geselle wusste, was es zu bedeuten hatte, wenn ihm gesagt wurde: ‘Hol’ den Fremdzettel vom Stadthaus.’ Die Polizei brachte dann kurzer Hand missliebige Gesellen zum Thore hinaus, und noch zu anfang der sechziger Jahre wurden in der That Handwerksgesellen auf diese Weise 99 Jahre der Stadt Hamburg verwiesen. In den

its place, and therefore Robert was totally at the mercy of his master, of whom he received no instruction—and, of course, no pay. Then he was apprenticed to a *Gürtler* (leather-worker), but after six months that individual had to run away for some crime, and Robert was once more helpless.

Finally he was apprenticed to a *Gelbgiesser* (brass-worker), who had recently come to Cologne from Düsseldorf. It soon turned out that this man had a most outrageous temper, was malicious, petty, and avaricious. But Robert endured it for four years, merely because of his previous failures, and wishing to show that he had perseverance. This scoundrel once received from the government a large order that required rapid work night and day; and in order to meet his contract, he promised all his workmen extra overtime pay. For six weeks Robert worked his hardest, allowing himself but three hours in bed of a night. When the contract was filled and the master had received his money, all the hands were paid the stipulated amount excepting Robert, who was told that he had no right to claim anything, because he was merely an apprentice. This episode was not lost on a mind so impressionable as that of our hero. In 1826, when nineteen years old, he finished his apprenticeship and tramped away in search of work, a pack on his back, nothing to speak of in his pockets, but lots of notions in his head.

ausser halb der Thore belegen St. Georg, St. Pauli oder Altona konnten sich dann, ohne die öffentliche Ordnung zu gefährden, die Ausgewiesenen allerdings wieder niederlassen." — H. Burger, *Die Hamburger Gewerkschaften und deren Kämpfe von 1865 bis 1890*, "Organisationen und Bewegungen in Hamburg vor dem Jahre 1865," p. 2.

VI

PROFESSOR AND POLITICIAN

“Ich hatte einst ein schönes Vaterland.
Der Eichenbaum
Wuchs dort so hoch, die Veilchen nickten sanft.
Es war ein Traum.

“Das kuesste mich auf Deutsch, und sprach auf Deutsch,
Man glaubt es kaum
Wie gut es klang, das Wort, ‘Ich liebe dich!’
Es war ein Traum.”

—Heine (1844), “Aus Deutschland.”

IN those days the severest punishment that a student could call down upon his head was exclusion from the lecture-room of a popular teacher. Berlin was the first to introduce examinations, but at most of the small university towns such was the intimacy of students and professors that degrees were conferred, not in virtue of a formal examination, which is unsatisfactory everywhere, but when, in the opinion of the professors immediately concerned, the student had shown himself by his general scholarship fit for the honor. In other words, the undergraduate student of those days received his degree on principles somewhat akin to those which to-day determine in England and America the granting of a post-graduate or honorary degree.

It was in the universities of Germany that the idea of one common country found its first expression. Students from Hanover studied in Jena, Saxons studied in Berlin;



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each university attracted students from all quarters, according to the subjects in which its faculty happened to be particularly strong. Before the Napoleonic Wars the students of particular states had been in the habit of banding in duelling or fencing clubs, thus dividing the university up into fraternities based mainly upon national antagonism; but since that war a moral and religious tone had come to dominate the student societies, and all that was rowdy and flippant was frowned upon. Students and professors now met as fellow-investigators; many of them had fought side by side during the great war, and all were deeply interested in the serious problems which the future of their country presented.

In this atmosphere of zealous co-operation between mature students and teachers full of youth, men were developed who were great in their day.

Niebuhr was writing his *History of Rome* and teaching the world how history should be written. He first made the life of the Roman real to us—a political creature, a man solving the same problems as ourselves, actuated by practical motives and necessities. Was it merely accident that, in 1816, Niebuhr should have discovered in Verona the manuscript of Gaius (*Institutiones*), which cast a new flood of light upon the Roman Constitution?

In 1814 the great Savigny first made the study of law in Germany a science, not merely a codification of edicts. To legislation he applied the historic methods which Niebuhr used in the writing of history; he studied the people, their customs, their practices, and from an exhaustive collection of material in this field drew conclusions which gave to law-making the character which it should have among self-governing people—a normal growth, and not a monument to personal will alone. To-day Niebuhr and Savigny represent principles which are

universally accepted, but at that time their work was of a pioneer kind, if not revolutionary. Savigny was even, by a high Bavarian official, denounced to the authorities as a demagogue.

The great Baron Stein, in 1819, commenced to publish a series of documents to illustrate the progress of Germany from the earliest days. This is the Stein who was chief minister to the husband of Queen Luise in 1806, and who was curtly dismissed in the year following. Germans to-day are grateful to him as the father of Prussian self-government; and that is one reason why he had to wait long before a monument was raised to him in Berlin.

Then there was the philologist Boeck, to whom every English and American school-child is indebted for light in matters of derivation. Boeck laid down the then novel doctrine that "there is no philology that is not history." He treated language historically and taught the relation of nations to one another through the words of common derivation.

Then appeared that charming pair, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm. Who does not know Grimm's fairy tales? But that was a small part of Wilhelm Grimm's great life-work, or his brother's. Jacob Grimm (1785-1863) first treated grammar as a science—first traced back our linguistic ancestry to the nations beyond the Himalayas—first proclaimed the brotherhood of the great Indo-Germanic family. All these great advances were made by quiet German professors whose world was a shelf of books and a few fellow-workers filled with the same tremendous enthusiasm.

Wilhelm Grimm sought the beginnings of national literature in the tales and songs of the peasantry, and thus arose a delightful collection of fairy tales which

has lost none of its charm for the people of every country.*

The great Nibelung epic was made the subject of critical study at the hands of Lachmann, and Germans found patriotic stimulus in contemplating their own heroes. Much of Richard Wagner's popularity may be traced to his having utilized this material in his operas.

In 1817 geography commenced to be treated as a science by Carl Ritter, who gathered all that was known about the earth, and then drew conclusions based upon comparative study; again applying the historic, or scientific, method. It seems strange to us now that the country which led the world in scientific study of geography at that time should have been not France or England, with extensive colonies, not even Spain or Portugal, but Germany, with hardly a flag on the high seas, and no colonies at all.

It was the German, Alexander v. Humboldt, who contributed the most to geographical exploration, and who, in his writings, did most to second Carl Ritter and place Germany at the head of geographical research in spite of her limitations. Humboldt's researches in South and Central America may be said to have laid the way for our modern science of meteorology.

* "Er wird in den Mähren, Sagen und Liedern, in den Zeitbüchern langdauernder Städte und den treu und wahr erzählten Begebnissen in den Merken unserer Frühern Beschreiber, einen unendlichen Stoff finden, den weder die Dichter versingen, noch die Mahler vermahlen."
—Jahn, *Merke zum Deutschen Volksthum*, p. 277.

[Translation]

"He [the German student] will find in the myths, legends, and songs, in the chronicles of ancient cities and in the truthful records of our early historians, an infinite wealth of material which neither the poet nor the painter can exhaust."

Grimm's fairy tales appeared in 1812 and 1815, at the very psychological moment in German life.—P. B.

VII

A CHRISTIAN SPIRIT IN GERMANY

“Every united and purified people honors as a savior the man who gives order and unity; it can pardon all his sins.”—Jahn (1814), *Runenblätter*, p. 30.

IN the days of Napoleonic oppression the people of Berlin crowded Schleiermacher's church, for he preached national deliverance as well as freedom from sin. He was more than merely orthodox; he raised the spirits of his hearers by convincing them that religion is a law of our being, a fountain of hope and courage, the strongest force in prosperity and the most powerful consolation in adversity. He was preaching to a people poisoned by French so-called “Rationalism,” to whom religion had ceased to be anything but a bugaboo of priests appointed by the state. Frederick the Great had made religion ridiculous. His successor, Frederick William II., had done nothing to mend matters, and Frederick William III. had made his subjects feel that religion was but a cloak for the policeman.

Schleiermacher made it once more the vogue to profess Christian faith. He was not a revivalist, like Mr. Moody, but he taught the educated Germans of his day to meet the sophistries which had made rationalism fashionable.

At that time, thanks to indifference on the one side and genuine Christian piety on the other, German Catholics and Protestants lived occasionally side by side in Christian

brotherhood. In districts which had been impoverished by the war, and where neighbors of the two confessions had suffered in common and had even shed their blood side by side in the ranks, it was no unusual thing to find the same building used as a Catholic church at one hour and a Protestant meeting-house at another. To-day we can but wonder at the good sense which then prevailed and pray for a return of conditions which made Catholics and Protestants willing to regard themselves at least as fellow-Christians. I can recall villages in Saxony where old peasants have pointed out to me the church wherein they worshipped in their youth—both confessions under one roof, at different hours. Times verily have changed.* Even so late as 1828, David Strauss, a Jew by blood, a Lutheran by baptism, and otherwise a sceptic, was admitted to compete for a prize offered by the Roman Catholic faculty of Tübingen University. Can you imagine, to-day, a graduate of the Yale Theological School taking a prize at Maynooth for disputing the infallibility of the Pope? At Breslau, the capital of Silesia, where Catholic and Protestant seminaries flourished side by side, it was quite usual for the members of one to have debates with the members of the other. The difference then between Catholic and Protestant was, in Germany at least, no greater, if as great, as the difference that exists to-day between the

* Ziegler (in his excellent history of Germany, *Geistigen und Sozialen Strömungen*, ed. 1899, p. 217) relates, from his own experience, how in Roman Catholic Bavaria the parish priest baptized Protestant children, and signed the certificate as "Catholic and Protestant Pastor," out of sheer good-nature, in order to save the Protestant parents the long journey to the nearest clergyman of their own denomination. This is not an illustration of religious indifference so much as of that natural kindness which remains to-day the peculiar charm of the Bavarian—particularly in the highlands.

Anglican, or Episcopal, Church and the other Protestant bodies.

This does not mean that the Pope of Rome (Clement XIV.) was tolerant. On the contrary, in 1814 he restored the Jesuits, the Inquisition, and, in fact, pretty much every theological abomination that had helped to justify the French Revolution. But in Germany the thunders of the Vatican sounded far away and people were ripe for a national purified Church.

This splendid opportunity was allowed to pass by unutilized. The religious fervor which had been evoked by the Wars of Liberation little by little evaporated as the House of Hohenzollern more and more made it manifest that the Prussian Church of Luther was to the King only one department of the government—a department with duties not very different from that of the police. Frederick William III. was forced to treat his Roman Catholic clergy with considerable tact, but he did not hesitate to issue his orders to the Protestants of his kingdom as to any other of his officials. He found ever a spirit of obedience which was the result of careful education in the school of blind obedience.*

It is scant wonder if to-day Protestant Prussia presents such a picture of immorality and irreligion as can scarcely be matched in any other Protestant country of the world; and this state of things has grown in proportion as the kings of Prussia have developed a taste for adding the rôle of archbishop to their many other state functions.

The religious life which is a conspicuous feature of the whole English-speaking empire should be a warning to the Prussian government. The Church of England suf-

* Compare the authorities quoted by Goyau, *L'Allemagne Religieuse*.

ferred immensely through the very means by which it was hoped to make it the sole religious force of the country; and its renewed vigor may be traced to the bracing competition of other Protestant bodies and the weakening of its relations to the government. In America the Anglican Church has made progress of a most encouraging kind without any government aid whatever.

In Germany, however, from the days of the Great War (1813-1815), we have to note a steady decline in the position of the Protestant Church—a decline in the attendance at Church service, but still more a decline in religious interest. Time was when German peasants held family worship, according to the custom still pretty general in English-speaking families, and notably among the Boers in South Africa. To-day, however, you may wander through hundreds of villages and never hear the sounds that proclaim a family reunion, hymn-singing, or prayer.

In 1829 Frederick William attempted to unite his Protestant Church, which had been divided into "Lutheran" and "Reformed." Orders were issued and the clergymen obeyed. It was as though he had ordered two military divisions to unite and form an army corps. But this union was purely formal, as pretty nearly all moves in the Prussian Protestant Church have been, even to our day.

Religion, like love, does not march to the sound of fife and drum. The religious nature seeks guidance by communion with spiritual forces—by prayer to the great Father of Mercies, the God of everlasting and unchangeable truth. We are all sinners, and we, therefore, all understand the priest who calls us to repentance. The successful evangelists have spent little time in quarrels over theological points, but have expended their energies

in awakening people to a consciousness of their sins and a corresponding desire to mend their ways.

Now this sort of Christianity cannot flourish in a Church whose priests wheel into line and go right about face at the word of an apostolic drill-sergeant. The pastor who is convinced of a great truth can preach it with effect; but what sort of enthusiasm can you expect from one who does not know from day to day what his pulpit orders may be. Such pulpits can be filled only by hypocrites and time-servers. Then, too, Prussian clergymen have been, and are still, educated in a school of scepticism; and a man must be a good actor, indeed, who can preach a Christ crucified from a mind distracted by half a dozen systems of conflicting rationalistic philosophy. The universities of Germany are a living protest against all faith. They teach that knowledge is based upon critical investigation; that nothing is sacred; that we must accept but the evidence of our senses, and that the student in theology must examine the foundations of his belief like a biologist or historian.

Whatever may or may not be the force of this attitude, it has the result of producing a school of pliant theologians, of excellent officials. Those who wonder why Germany produces so few successful Christian preachers have but to look a little into the life of the theologian before he enters the pulpit.

In 1887 the present Emperor William II. (one year before he ascended the throne) rose and thus addressed (in Berlin) a gathering of notable people whose purpose was to evangelize the Protestant Church by drawing to its support the laboring-classes. Said the then Prince William:

“In the presence of the tendencies developed by the party of anarchy and unbelief, I hold that the best defence of the throne

and the altar consists in the conversion of the unbeliever to Christianity and the Church.

“Through this means he will gain respect for legal authority and monarchy.

“For this purpose it is necessary to lay more stress than has been done heretofore upon the idea of Christian socialism.”

That was in 1887. From that time on the Court Chaplain Stoecker threw himself with tremendous spirit into a sort of Salvation Army missionary work among the socialist working-men, holding meetings when to do so required considerable personal courage. The Liberal press, the Catholics, the Jews, and the Socialists denounced him for his quixotic campaign in favor of the proposed alliance of monarchy and socialism; but he made progress, and was in a fair way of organizing a political party based upon the new religious views he advanced. Like Richard Wagner, Stoecker made open war upon the spirit of Semitism in Germany as an anti-Christian element. As the Jews represented then, as now, not only the bulk of the press, but also the financial interests of the country, it became gradually manifest that the crown could not afford to be openly associated with this great evangelical movement.

And so, little by little, poor Stoecker was abandoned to his enemies, deprived of his post as court chaplain, kicked out of court circles, almost hopelessly extinguished. This telegram tells the story:

“BERLIN PALACE, *February 28, 1896.*

“Stoecker is snuffed out, as I predicted years ago. Political pastors—that is ridiculous. Whoever is a Christian is also socialistic. Christian socialism is nonsense, leading only to self-conceit and intolerance, both of them opposed to Christianity. Gentlemen of the cloth should occupy themselves with the souls of the faithful, cultivate charity, but leave politics, for that is none of their business. WILHELM, Emperor Rex.”

To understand this despatch, which was written but a few weeks after an equally ambiguous one to President Kruger of the Transvaal, we must note that a Protestant pastor may agitate in favor of the Prussian monarchy, but the moment his convictions carry him one inch beyond this he lays himself open to the charge of disloyalty.

These two messages, read in connection, are of historical interest to us, who are trying to understand the Germany of Frederick William III. and his successor. Protestant clergymen have complained, as did Stoecker in 1896, that while Socialists, Jews, Catholics, and Radicals found ample expression for their convictions, Protestant clergymen alone were muzzled regarding the welfare of their country. The Hohenzollerns are apt to forget that Luther was a great priest because he was a great patriot; he was greatest in Germany because it was there that he awakened the pride of dormant nationality. The priest who does not feel the patriotic pulsations of his congregation underneath their professions of faith may prove to be an able theologian and rejoice in the smile of princes, but he will not stir the hearts of his people or add one recruit to the army of Christ.

VIII

DEMOCRACY AND SCHOLARSHIP

“Unity of sentiment springs from unity of material interest, and these together produce the strength of nationality (*Nationalkraft*); but what are all our efforts worth without nationality and a guarantee that this nationality shall be permanent?”—Friedrich Lisst, the eminent German economist.

THE poverty Napoleon left behind him in Prussia—a poverty which affected particularly the nobles—produced a democracy of life little to be expected in a state where class pretensions had been very marked. This movement had the King at its head; he counted every penny of his budget and lived in less luxury than the average New York merchant of to-day. Visitors to the Berlin park (Thiergarten) can find an excellent symbol of German thrift in a marble statue of Frederick William III., so faithfully executed that on close inspection one may see the patch upon his shoe.

The scholarship which distinguished Germany in the years immediately following Waterloo was closely related to the new democratic and national spirit. When Boeck gave to the world his great work on the political economy of the Greeks—a book which our students to-day read with delight—he preached to his fellow-Germans lessons drawn from Athenian liberty. When the Brothers Grimm discovered philological treasures, the result warmed the heart of patriots who at last saw the German language

displacing the French as a medium for scholars. Students who read Savigny learned for the first time that Germans, too, were entitled to laws based upon the organic, unwritten constitution of the people, and that the same liberty which distinguished the land of the Magna Carta belonged of right to men whose ancestors had broken the power of imperial Rome. At no time, before or since, has German scholarship lived so intimately with national aspirations.

In these years of poverty and enthusiasm, the German patriot travelled his country from end to end, singing his way over the mountains, sleeping on the straw of a peasant's hut, and often finding himself the guest of some former comrade in arms.* Tramping was fashionable when few could afford a carriage, and no educated German felt that he had done his whole duty unless he had searched out the beauties of his new Fatherland, climbed the castles of the Rhine, floated down the Danube, stood in the cell where Luther translated the Bible, traversed the battle-fields of Leipzig, Lützen, and Jena, inspected the rich collections of Dresden, and had, in short, come into touch with greater Germany. Guide-books were barely commencing to appear; hotels existed only in large towns, or as a part of the posting system; the wars had made travelling for pleasure both costly and dif-

* "As I grew to manhood I wandered for several years throughout the length and breadth of Germany. I know her most famous courts, centres of eommerce and industry; I know the farmer and his parasite, the usurer, and the man who exploits his labor; I know ten universities and the life of their scholars and students; I have lived in many ancient cities, under five kings and three royal dukes; moreover, I have lived under the last Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire; yet were the whole world open to me, I could choose no other country as my fatherland."—Jahn, *Deutsches Volksthum* (1810), p. xix.

In justice to the great Turnvater, let us hasten to add that he had never seen either England or the United States.—P. B.

ficult. Indeed, it was only after 1815 that Germans could claim at least a theoretical right to move freely from one part of their common country to another. To this day Germany is one of the few great countries where foot-tours are still respectable, in spite of very cheap railway fares. In England and America—more's the pity!—this ideal method of studying one's country is practically unknown.

All over Germany to-day, peasants and nobles, rich and poor, enjoy the same simple out-door concerts and festive gatherings. We may reasonably say that there is to-day more genuine democracy in imperial Germany than in New York. We have the forms of democracy, Germany has the spirit.

IX

POETRY, MUSIC, AND PATRIOTISM

“We are not, it seems to me, destined to become distinguished as politicians. But we can do better, if we apply our talents wisely. We Germans may not become the rulers of the world, but we seem intended as ennoblers of the world.”—Richard Wagner, *Works*, vol. x., p. 173.

GERMANY burst into song with the opening of national possibilities. The regiments that marched out to meet Napoleon could not always afford military bands, but they were able to organize glee clubs that served as choirs. Every German learned to sing in those days, and no festive gathering took place without great prominence being given to this choral, or glee-club, feature. It is another sign of the relation existing between German universities and those of America that our students of to-day sing the same songs without often knowing where the music comes from.

German music, German foot-touring, German gymnastic societies—these have all been mighty aids in the unification of Germany, by bringing together people who were politically estranged, teaching them that whether they were of Hamburg or Cologne, Berlin or Vienna, they yet could speak the language of Schiller and Goethe, and might sing together the *Volkslieder* that were inspired by the love of national liberty and unity. The

first singing society of Berlin was founded in 1808, but it was an in-door, private affair which only marked the new trend of fashion. It was in 1824, at Stuttgart, in Württemberg, that the first great "Liederkranz," or singing club, was founded on the same broad, democratic basis which has ever since characterized the many successful German singing societies, not only in the Fatherland but in every country of the world where a German element forms part of the population, notably in the United States. The people of Germany being forbidden to discuss frankly the state of their own country, organized festive gatherings at which the aspirations of the people could find voice in songs of the Fatherland, and in such declamations as a skilful orator could turn to political use without inviting the interference of the police.

In these days Beethoven* flourished, his a spirit so imbued with love for Germany that although he had intended to dedicate his "Eroica" to Napoleon, he trampled it under foot when the man whom he was disposed to honor as a hero proved to be a scourge to his countrymen. "Fidelio," which appeared in the year of Austerlitz (1805), was looked upon as a hymn to liberty—a German protest against tyranny. It was written fifteen years after Mozart's "Magic Flute." Weber placed German opera still higher by producing (1821) "Der Freischütz," a German theme of popular character. He, too, was a man who had travelled his Germany well, and was heart and soul a part of the great national movement. During the Great War he set to music some of Körner's songs of liberty and gave them the popular currency

* Richard Wagner tells us in his memoirs that on hearing of the Prussian disaster at Jena, Beethoven exclaimed, "Wir werden Napoleon doch besiegen!"

they enjoy even now.* And at the same time Schubert (1797–1828) was writing his immortal 600 Volkslieder, the delight of nursery and drawing-room—music for the heart and not merely mathematical vibrations. Schubert's last wish was to be buried by the side of Beethoven. Both of these mighty forces ceased at almost the same time. Schubert died in 1828; Beethoven, 1827; Weber, 1826—all three worthy successors to Mozart, who closed his eyes in 1791, and each a pattern for Richard Wagner, who was thirteen years old when Beethoven died. Verily it was a day of musical might!—an apostolic succession in a hierarchy of national songsters. Think of touching the magical fingers of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, and Richard Wagner—all this in the lifetime of a single man! Think of Mozart in his wig and ruffles; Richard Wagner in his stove-pipe hat and trousers; and recall that Wagner's "Rienzi" was produced but half a century after the "Magic Flute"—that the life of an average man sufficed to see so much of triumph!

German music carried German poetry to every peasant's cabin, and, in their turn, the German poets gave new impulse to musical effort. The poet spoke to the people; the people gave inspiration to the composer; the scholar studied in the market-place as well as in the library. The ideal seemed about to be realized—a harmony among all classes—and this spring-time of a new political era promised a revival of the golden age of Hellas. For this was the age of Goethe†—Goethe to whom all the world

* According to Richard Wagner, the government never forgave Weber for setting these revolutionary lines to music. There is no mention of this in the *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*.

† "Of art encouragement these German courts understood at bottom nothing but what was satisfied by the importation of a French ballet or an Italian opera; and this conception has remained to our day." "God alone knows what would have become of Goethe and



LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN

bowed down as being the most many-sided, the most cosmopolitan, the most philosophic, the most poetic, the most scientific, the most polished man of his age—in short, he whom Napoleon, at Erfurt, complimented by the words, “Voilà un homme!”*

Yet, wonderful to relate, Goethe lived in a little town, the capital of a little state, governed by a little prince—a place so small that every one knew what every one else was having for dinner, and no one could take much of a walk without dripping over into some one else's state. Was this the political environment for a Goethe? Apparently it was; and this was the environment of other great thinkers, whose ideas have been travelling about the globe ever since and are as full of life to-day as when first published in the picayune principalities of dismembered Germany.

Goethe's personality and power so dominated his countrymen over so long a period of time that we never think of the day of his death. He seems still alive—like our Shakespeare. He is almost the only thing which the

Schiller had not Goethe been born with some fortune and had gained the friendship of a little German prince, the Weimar Miracle—*das weimarische Wunder*—and thus have been able to do something for Schiller. But for this their fate would probably have been that of Lessing, Mozart—of so many noble spirits!”—Richard Wagner.

* “Wir haben unser Bücherwesen verkannt, ‘den Wald vor Bäumen nicht gesehen,’ ‘das Pferd gesucht und darauf gesessen.’ Wenn wir ein Mahl auf andere Art laesen? In der Kinderstube statt Feenmärchen Gellert, Hagedorn, Lichtwehr, Lessing, Pfeffer, wenn sie in Fabeln lehren. In der Unterschule Schlözer's Vorbereitung zur Weltgeschichte für Kinder, und Campe eher als Nepos. Weiterhin Goethe vor Ovid und Horaz; Voss früher als Virgil und Theokrit; Engel vor Xenophon, Müller's Schweizergeschichte eher als Cæsar u. andere; Zoleikofer u. a. vor Cicero; Gleim vor Tyrtæus und Anakreon; Schiller vor Sophokles; Iffland vor Terenz; Lichtenberg vor Lucian; Klopstock vor und als Pindar.” — Jahn (1810), *Volksthum*.

German critic has not yet dared to drag down; he is the one great man whose faults all the world may note and yet forget in wonder at what his genius accomplished for German literature. He was a man of no school, of no sect—I had almost said of no country. He despised things that were petty, and of all petty things none was more so than the spirit in which Germans were treated by their monarchs. But he had an equal contempt for government by the mob—for democracy as it was then understood at his fireside. And thus we miss in Goethe the warm glow of enthusiasm for the aspirations of his people. The wars against Napoleon left him as cold as the Prussian disaster of Jena. The student-fires on the Wartburg interested him as little as the Paris revolution of 1830. Had he lived to our day he would have but smiled at the sacrifices of 1848 as infantile kickings against a nurse whose name was Fate.

Heine lived through these years—the lyric poet whose name comes next to Goethe, but a very long way behind it. His verses, which suggest a careful study of Byron, were carried to every German home linked with the sweet music of Schumann and Mendelssohn. He was of the romantic school, and equally of the cynical, modern political, satirical—a new school whenever he chose to change his skin; for he was a moral chameleon. He had, or pretended to have had, one great passion, one mighty love affair; and about this theme he wove verses of exquisite charm, especially to those who believed that he was sincere. For my part, I cannot conceive Heine ever loving any one but his own personal *ego*; it requires huge credulity to think of him as having a conviction on any subject save that he was the most important man of his time—I had almost said the most

important German; but Heine was not a German—he was a Jew.*

Look for a moment at the portrait of him done by Kugler in 1829. Cut off those locks which are now the trade-mark of the pianist, and were then a sign of the literary professions; take off that coat of European cut; place on his head the Oriental fez, and wind about his shoulders the gabardine; then look again at those half-closed, part-honest, part-European eyes; observe that drooping, unmanly, sneering, and wholly ambiguous nose; consider that mouth of his, sensuous, mocking, weak, and cunning; trace the soft lines about his jaw, and you need go no further into his biography. He was a brilliant man, a worthy companion to Ferdinand Lassalle—a man who believed nothing himself, but lived on those who did. Weak women and mushy young men read Heine and wept. Heine meanwhile chuckled. He

* “In the days when Goethe and Schiller were actively in our midst we never heard the name of a versifying Jew. But when the poet had to turn liar in order to live; when, under our conditions, nearly everything was possible excepting a poet in the true sense, then it became the business of a very talented Jewish versifier to cover with captivating ridicule this lie—this fathomless philistinism, this jesuitical hypocrisy of our would-be poets. He laid the lash unmercifully also upon his musical contemporaries for their pretending to be real artists; there was no illusion for him; the demon of (*verneinen*) negation of everything that appeared to him worth denying drove him ceaselessly forward through every illusion of modern self-deception at last to the point at which he was able to deceive himself into the notion that *He* was a poet (*zum Dichter log!*); and his reward was to have his poetically shaped lies (*gedichteten Lügen*) set to music by our composers. He was the conscience of the Jews, as the Jew (*das Judenthum*) is the evil conscience (*Gewissen*) of our modern civilization!”—Richard Wagner, *Das Judenthum in der Music*, p. 56.

These lines about Heine were written in Switzerland in 1869; the first portion of this essay was written in 1850, and published under a *nom de plume* in Leipzig; but his identity was almost immediately discovered.

lived in Paris and looked at Germany through the dust of the boulevards. He mocked at German officialism; he satirized the stupidity of police government; he also sneered at the Poles struggling for their liberty; in short, he was a wit—always a wit, and seldom more than a wit no matter at whose expense so long as his person was not in danger. He posed as a friend of German liberty, but liberal Germans found that his shafts of wit aimed at the Prussian police made but partial amends for the ridicule which he heaped upon Germany in general.

Richard Wagner was a contemporary of Heine, and after the revolution was expelled from Saxony for having taken an active share in political agitation. Let me anticipate by inserting here the opinion of this great German on the Jewish element in German national life, not because it is the eccentric opinion of genius, but because it is held by a large section of Germans to-day, as it was seventy years ago, and because Wagner, so far from seeking to modify his statements, reaffirmed them with vigor.

It was a bold thing to do, for a composer of all others, for at that time, as now, not only was most of the theatrical management in Jewish hands, but most of the directors' batons. The essay naturally raised a storm of abuse. One practical result was the difficulty he experienced in getting his "Meistersinger" accepted in Berlin and Vienna; not only that, but the managements sought to prevent its appearance elsewhere. So says Wagner, who tells us that he has never had any quarrel with the Jew on either political or religious grounds.

Wagner had many Jewish friends, notably Mendelssohn. This is to him purely a matter of historic and philosophic speculation.

"It is a fact," Wagner contends, "that the Jew is

personally repulsive to us. We admire and pity him in the abstract, but individually he is, and has always been, repulsive." This interesting fact Wagner thinks should be examined, and he does so! "The Jew is to-day (1850), as things go in this world, more than emancipated. He rules, and will continue to rule, so long as money remains enthroned as the power before whom all our energies are impotent." Wagner then shows us that the art work of centuries has passed into the control of the Jew by the purchasing power of the money he has secured from Christian debtors, that the national art is but tributary to the Jew, as so much at the pawnbroker.

Wagner says that the musical work of a Jew has to him "something exotic, cold, weird, indifferent, unnatural, and perverted; that it impresses him as would, for instance, a poem of Goethe recited in a Jewish jargon."

"Whatever the claim of the Jew may be as an artist his work must be ever tainted with coldness, indifference to the verge of flippancy or ridiculousness. The era of Jewishness in modern music we regard as the one in which historically there was complete sterility and (*verkommender Stabilität*) a vanishing stability."

Of the Jew on the stage Wagner says:

"We cannot conceive on the stage a Jew representing any antique or modern character, whether hero or lover, without feeling the ridiculous incongruity of such a part."

He then dwells upon the Jew as having no language common with us, that he learns our language as a foreign one; it is not part of his being; he cannot use it for the highest effects of art. Then as to music Wagner says:

"If the Jew fails to reach our ideal in the use of language, how much feebler must he be when it comes to song!

"Song is speech in the loftiest stage of passion; music is the language of passion.

"When the Jew raises his voice, it is at best but a ridiculous simulation of passion, never a genuine, sympathetic, passionate element. When this voice is raised for music, then it becomes simply unbearable.

"Everything which has already impressed us as revolting in his external appearance and speech now appears doubly so when he sings, unless we may be presumed as attracted by the ridiculous nature of the appearance.

"The Jewish nature is too material (*sinnlich*) to have produced creative artists. The eye of the Jew has been occupied with more practical things than those of beauty and spiritual import. I can recall no names of eminent Jewish architects or sculptors of my time."

As to Jewish painters, Wagner surmises that they occupy to art the relative position that Jewish composers do to music.

"The Jew who neither by his outward appearance nor his speech nor his singing is able to exert an influence upon us artistically, nevertheless has succeeded in dominating the public taste in the most widely cultivated art of to-day—music."

The composer goes on to show that the educated Jew cultivates music because it is a costly luxury and helps him in the social world; but as for real music, the educated Jew is incapable of the feelings which alone can produce such a treasure.

Here Wagner takes up his pet idea that the source of power in the poet, the artist, the singer, is the heart of the people, the national life and ideals, the body of folklore, superstitions, and traditions. These are all strange to the Jew; he moves through our world a stranger to its feelings; the common people hate him; the educated ones tolerate him; his patriotism, his national enthusiasm is false; his touch of nature is a sham.

“The Jew has never had an independent art of his own; never led a life that offered material for art.”

The Wagner point of view is identical with this untranslatable proposition of Jahn:

“Der Name Deutsch ist bei allen Unglücksfällen, selbst in den bösen Zeitläuften bis auf den heutigen Tag, trotz aller Wälschsucht, Schmalzgesellschaft und Hambacherei ein Beehrungswort geblieben, um das Ursprüngliche, Ureigene, Urthümliche unsers Volks in Art, Weise, Stamm, Kunst, Wissenschaft Sein und Wesen zu bezeichnen, seine hervorstechendsten Tugenden, ja sein ganzes Leben und Weben.

“Das war Deutsch gesprochen.

“Ein deutscher Mann—deutscher Muth.

“Deutsche Rede und Redlichkeit.

“Deutsches Werk und deutsches Wort.

“Deutscher Sinn—deutsche Sitte.

“Deutscher Händedruck—deutscher Handschlag.

“Deutsche Treue, Tapferkeit und Tugend.

“Deutsche Gründlichkeit und deutscher Fleiss.

“Deutsche Tracht (1608)—Practiquen entgegengestellt.

“Deutsches Herz wird wälschen.

“Auf gut alt Deutsch (1600).

“Deutsches Vertrauen (1628).”*

* Jahn, *Merke zum Deutschen Volksthum*, p. 35.

X

NATIONAL ART

“Kein Augustinisch Alter blühte,
Keine Medicæer's Güte
Lächelte der Deutschen Kunst.
Sie Ward nie gepflegt vom Ruhme;
Sie entfaltete die Blume
Nicht am Strahl der Fürstengunts Fürstengunst.”
—Schiller (1759–1805).

PAINTING, sculpture, and architecture all took a new impulse in this period of national inspiration. Even the husband of Queen Luise had, during his stay in Paris, realized the artistic fulness of the French capital. He returned to Berlin determined to do something towards making it worthy of the new political rank it had assumed since the Peace of 1815. He had also been impressed with the grand churches of France, and determined to build, on the banks of the Spree, a great Gothic cathedral; but Frederick William III. had not the money to complete his intention. Its consummation was left to his great-grandson, the present William II. He did, however, make a beginning by calling upon Rauch to immortalize the heroes of the late war. Blücher, Gneisenau, Scharnhorst, and others were done by this master, who was the founder of the Berlin School of Sculpture. It is mainly due to him that the plastic art of Germany holds so high a place to-day.

Rauch's masterpiece, one of the most beautiful works

of the kind in the world, is the recumbent statue of the dear Queen Luise. This is one of the few monuments in marble wholly worthy of a great, as well as a pure, woman. In all German history, Queen Luise is perhaps the only example of a queen stimulating her people to love of country, while maintaining at court an atmosphere of respectable motherhood. To her shrine, nestling in a grove of evergreens where no sound but the song of birds moves the sacred silence, there come annually thousands of pilgrims from all over Germany. They draw inspiration from it as Americans do from the trees of Mount Vernon or Englishmen from the column of Lord Nelson. Travellers solely in search of the beautiful are also drawn to this statue of the noble German queen. In their eyes it is evidence that the art of Rauch suffers no whit when compared with the masterpieces of Thorwaldsen, Canova—even Michael Angelo. His work marks the successful transition from classicism to realism. Both Rauch and the great German architect Schinkel learned all that Rome had to teach, but in applying this teaching they discarded pedantry and combined the dignity and elegance of classic lines with modern conditions of German life.

In 1817 the Royal Theatre in Berlin was burned down, and Schinkel was called upon to design the present one—a most harmonious, imposing building, and practical withal. It gives delight each time one sees it, and it is dear to the heart of every Berlin citizen. Perhaps the limitations imposed upon the architect helped to insure this result. There was famine throughout the Rhine provinces; the national exchequer was low. The King was peculiarly pressed for money, and Schinkel realized that nothing but the severest economy would be allowed. The result is a simplicity in the style of the

building which is as refreshing as it is charming and refined.

When Sir Christopher Wren designed the Pensioners' Retreat in Chelsea, Charles II. placed him under somewhat similar limitations, and it is, perhaps, owing to this cause that this building compels our admiration far more than many of his more famous conceptions.

In Germany the impulse given to architecture and sculpture by Schinkel and Rauch has continued to our day, and Berlin, from being a city of barracks, bleak avenues, and tawdry palaces, has step by step added to its outward adornment, until to-day only Paris and Munich surpass her in the matter of decorative art.

Before the Wars of Liberation, German rulers patronized art much as we patronize our cooks and upholsterers. Frederick the Great decorated his palaces by importing several coach-loads of French painters and sculptors, who fitted up workshops on the edge of Potsdam, and returned to France when their contract was ended. He and his fellow-monarchs of Würtemberg, Hessen, Hanover, Saxony, and the rest laid out costly parks in imitation of Versailles and spared no expense in producing lofty jets of water, in constructing artificial lakes, labyrinths, and stiff *charmilles*. They tortured beautiful nature into every unnatural shape that caprice could suggest, and half ruined themselves, filling their palaces with paintings, marbles, and curios—vain attempts to rival Louis XIV. All this was done less with the thought of educating the people than from a desire to gratify personal vanity. But the French Revolution gave something of a jar to this venerable idea; and the return of the German volunteers, all of them more or less imbued with what they had seen and heard in the French capital, helped to stir up a disposition on the part of

their governments to give the people a share of that free art education which the Parisians had for so many years enjoyed. Henceforth the royal parks became the play-grounds of the people.*

* "French civilization was produced without the help of the people; German civilization without help from German princes." This is the opinion of Richard Wagner, expressed in 1868 (*Deutsche Kunst und Deutsche Politik*). Wagner is always interesting and suggestive, but his mind was more dramatic than historic or he would not have published so sweeping a statement.—P. B.

XI

THE EARLY YEARS OF TURNVATER JAHN

“Wahrheit bleibt das erste Gesetz für jeden der das Wort nimmt; und Freimüthigkeit das zweite. Ein Worthalter, sey er Redner, sey er Schriftsteller, soll allzeit ein Ritter und Retter der Wahrheit sein—und niemals ein Schildknapp der Lüge.—Jahn, *Merke zum Deutschen Volksthum*, p. viii.

[*Translation*]

“Truth is the first, frankness the second law of greatest importance to the spokesman of the people; he should at all times be a knightly protector of the truth, never the servant of falsehood.”

FRIEDRICH LUDWIG JAHN is more of a factor to-day in the life of the average German than perhaps Goethe or Schiller. You will find his visible trace in every village of the German Empire. “Turnvater Jahn”—or, as we might say, the tourney father—the patron saint of manly exercise, has given his name and inspiration to innumerable social organizations whose principal object is to cultivate gymnastics, singing, and patriotic ideals. Go where you will throughout the world, where two or three Germans forgather there is Jahn in the midst of them. Throughout the United States I have never failed to find his memory and example cultivated by Germans and their descendants; nor is it unreasonable to suppose that it is from Germany that our English and American colleges have adopted gymnastic exercise as a part of education. In all the out-of-the-way parts of the world you will never fail to find Germans organized into societies



FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

for the cultivation of these "Turnvater" virtues. In Cape Town or Cairo, Manila or Hong-Kong, Barbadoes or Brazil, you will find love of music, love of out-door life, and love of country assiduously kept alive; not by the strident voice of the Black Eagle, not by the flags on gun-boats, not by official declamations in Berlin, but by the life and example of a fellow-countryman who, in the midst of his most patriotic endeavors, was sent to prison, and kept in confinement, or under police surveillance, for twenty years.

When Jahn's monument was unveiled in Berlin (in 1872), the King and his court, the officers of the army and the high officials, had little to do with it. Jahn was a man of the people, and his teachings did not always coincide with the monarchical maxim—*Regis voluntas suprema lex*. Most of the monuments in the Prussian capital have been reared by royal command for the purpose of honoring a royal ancestor or one of his military servants. Berlin is rich in monuments to men who lived by the sword. Conspicuous sites were readily offered to such as had worn military uniforms. Tardily and grudgingly, however, did official Germany, in 1872, tolerate a monument to the great "Turnvater," twenty years after his death. Its site was selected far away from fashionable centres.

The visitor from afar is, however, amply repaid for his pilgrimage to Jahn's monument, for it stands not merely for the unity of Germany, but for the fellowship of Germans throughout the wide world. The stones that form the base of the simple bronze have been contributed by the Jahn societies in all quarters of the globe. Here, side by side, are the names of many places in Turkey, India, China, Africa, Australia, the two Americas, and the islands of the Pacific. All the big, round world is here at the feet of this great reformer.

On the 3d of April, 1817, at the close of a series of patriotic addresses held in Berlin, he confessed that he loved his country as well as his king. Here are his words—they may be called his political testament:

“For King and country I can conceive no thought too daring, no preparation too far-reaching, no effort too arduous, no deed too difficult and dangerous, no sacrifice too great. In this principle I shall persist throughout my life as Providence may direct, and for this principle am I ready to die with equal resignation, whether it be by natural means or in the ranks of the defenders of my country, or even by violent death.

“God bless the King, preserve the House of Hohenzollern, protect our country, strengthen German sentiment, purify our national life from Latin influence and the aping of foreign fashions, make Prussia a brilliant example to the German Union, and knit this union together into the new empire. May God grant, graciously and speedily, the one thing needful and pressing—a wise Constitution.”

King Frederick William III. found no fault with Jahn for the compliments he paid to the House of Hohenzollern (and to himself), but when, in the same breath, reference was made to constitutional government in Prussia he deemed it his sacred duty to suppress, speedily and effectively, so pestiferous and eloquent a demagogue.

Let us go back a bit. Let us look at the sort of stuff that entered into the composition of this German and made him pre-eminently a leader—almost a Moses—to a large section of his countrymen.

Jahn's patriotism was not very broad, measured even by the standards of to-day. His life was a passionate struggle for German unity, but in this unity he did not include Roman Catholics or such as spoke another tongue than his. His patriotism was not that of Mazzini, who wanted all men to share with him the privileges for

which he suffered. Jahn could see but a very short distance beyond his native state.

He was born in 1778, during the most beneficent years of the Great Frederick, in the midst of the American War of Independence, and grew up with a prophetic confidence in the capacity of Protestant Prussia to bind to itself the smaller Protestant states, and ultimately to effect the German Empire under Hohenzollern leadership.

Jahn's birthplace was selected by Providence with special reference to his political education. His father and mother gave him the first light of day on the banks of the Elbe, at a little town called Lenz, which is on the borders of Prussia, Mecklenburg, and Hanover. These three countries, which now form provinces of a common nation, were then as separate one from the other as are to-day France and Spain. Jahn tells us that the peasants who crossed the border in order to market their produce went prepared for a free fight; for international questions were apt to take precedence of those strictly mercantile. That section of the Elbe is so uniform in its Germanism that a lesser prophet than Jahn might well have appreciated the monstrous anomaly involved in treating such next-door neighbors as foreigners.

It was here that the idea of German unity sprang naturally into life, at first only with reference to the neighbors that he knew; but as his knowledge of Germany extended it came to embrace all Germans who spoke the mother-tongue, who honored the name of Luther, and who hailed Prussia as the elder brother of the national family.

Jahn, who was born during the reigns of Louis XV. and Frederick the Great, who might have talked with Franklin and Thomas Jefferson, lived to see Napoleon III. on the

throne of France, Queen Victoria on that of England, and constitutional government accepted throughout the world as a safeguard against domestic revolution. Germany has produced few popular leaders. Luther, Robert Blum, and Jahn stand out in bold relief on the list. We know of scarce a single one who could, in Germany, be classed as absolutely a man of the people, in the sense in which we apply such a definition to Cobden and Bright, in England, Franklin and Washington, in America. Scharnhorst, who was mainly instrumental in applying to Prussia the democratic principle of military service; Gneisenau, the brilliant soldier who helped to carry this reform to success; Blücher, Stein—the splendid galaxy of popular heroes who organized the struggle against Napoleon, freed their country, and saved the throne of their weak-minded King—these men, although they belonged to the official, if not aristocratic, class, had this in common with Martin Luther and our Jahn, that they were great travellers, as compared to their fellows. They knew their Germany well—they travelled slowly; they conversed much; they compared notes in regard to local industries, local customs, and local prejudices. Through this broad education, Luther was able to make a Bible for Germans in all sections of Germany; Jahn was able to preach German unity in a language which went straight to the heart of a Mecklenburger no less than that of a Saxon, that could be read with equal interest at the mouth of the Rhine, the Oder, the Vistula, or the Elbe.

Although Jahn lived so near to our time (died 1852), we know of him strangely little. He was by profession a school-master and a writer on the origins of the German language and the customs of his country. Two universities — Kiel and Jena — gave him honorary doctor's degrees on account of his work as a scholar. He lived

in the public eye from the day of his matriculation to the day of his death. He organized in Berlin the model gymnasium, which was soon copied all over the world; he delivered public lectures on German citizenship and ideals. He was a man of restless activity, great physical strength, and personal courage. He had friends in every German hamlet, and he tramped his country from end to end like a passionate pilgrim, preaching the gospel of political regeneration through self-denial, for the sake of a common fatherland.

There is hardly a day in the life of Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone that could not be accounted for by a painstaking inquirer; but with Jahn we are frequently baffled. We seem to be dealing, not with a man of the nineteenth century, but with a Bacon or a Shakespeare, a man in whose life large sections have been left blank.

To account for this, we must again ask you to bear in mind that between the battle of Waterloo and the proclamation of an imperial Constitution, Germany in general, and Prussia in particular, passed through a period of political darkness which can be compared only with the days when women were burned at the stake because they knew a little about herb-tea; when men of science were put upon the rack if they invented a labor-saving machine. We must force our imagination to picture a Germany in which the whole machinery of government—from the Adriatic to the Baltic and from Moscow to the Pyrenees—was but a tool in the hands of a secret police whose duty it was to sniff about the premises of scholars in order to be able to denounce them as demagogues guilty of high-treason.

There have been moments in England, and even in America, when men have suffered for holding opinions contrary to those of the government. But history will

be searched in vain for another instance, within the past hundred years, when public sentiment has been stifled so completely over so long a period of time. It was dangerous to be a Liberal; it was still more dangerous to be in correspondence with one or to be seen in his company. Men ceased to write one to the other; no social gathering could be insured against a spy; the noblest men in the government service were shadowed by this devilish police, and such loyal men as the poet Arndt thanked God that all his papers, private letters, and manuscripts had been lost on a ship at sea. Whoever, in those days, received a letter from Jahn hastened to destroy it, or, if he did not, his family did so at the first convenient opportunity. There are few periods in history more tragically monotonous than this one, in which a great people, whose hearts were bursting with the love of their country, were treated as unfit to use pen and paper on their own account. Some have wondered why it is that English and French literature of this period is so rich in biography, letters, and memoirs, whereas in Germany such material is very scarce. The life of Jahn gives answer.

Jahn was poor in money—wretchedly poor, from the beginning to the end of his life. Yet he had been at several universities and was never at a loss for the means to undertake a long tramp.

He was rough and ready in his manner and habits. I picture him as something of a cross between the illustrious Samuel Johnson and Paul Kruger. He wasted little money upon clothes, laundresses, or innkeepers; slept cheerfully on the floor or in the hay-loft; made his meal off a crust of bread, if need be; received a tip now and again from prosperous travellers, who willingly helped the wayfaring student—in short, much of Jahn's life,

while nominally that of a professional scholar and matriculated student, was virtually that of a proud but penniless tramp.

Brother canoeist, cease your paddling when you reach Lenz, on the Elbe; haul your boat up onto the banks, and spend a happy hour in wandering about the ground tilled by a sturdy peasantry—the cradle of strong Germans, the birthplace of Friedrich Ludwig Jahn.

XII

STUDENT AND FIGHTER

“Deutschland, wenn es einig mit sich, als Deutsches Gemeinwesen, seine ungeheuern niegebrauchten Kräfte entwickelt, kann einst der Begründer des ewigen Friedens in Europa, der Schutzengel der Menschheit sein! Das ruht auf seiner Lage und seinem Volke, und bleibt selbst durch seine neuern Verhältnisse.”—*Volksthum* (1810).

[*Translation*]

“If Germany holds together and develops its enormous untouched resources as a united community, it may become the founder of universal peace in Europe, the protecting angel of humanity. This is indicated by her geographical position, the character of her people, and even by her new conditions (created by the Treaty of Vienna).”

HALLE, on the Saale, offers little attraction to the traveller of to-day; it is, indeed, one of the most unpicturesque of famous German towns. For us its chief interest is in the fact that Jahn did here the bulk of his student work, under almost incredible conditions. The canoeist approaching Halle notices, half-way up the rocky bluff overhanging the city, the entrance of a cave almost inaccessible excepting by water. In 1878, the centenary of Jahn's birth, a committee of patriotic Germans raised sufficient money to clean out this cave, to make the approach a little less dangerous for the inexperienced climber, and to place a bronze inscription, which informs the stranger that this is the famous cave which Jahn inhabited as a student, and which is now almost as legendary as that of the Drachenfels, near Bonn.

We give the word student, in England and America, to a young man of fairly prosperous parents, accustomed to associate with people of social refinement, and we may generally assume that he is spending three or four years under the discipline and guidance of a faculty which holds him responsible from day to day for his work as a scholar and his behavior as a gentleman. English-speaking students can be boisterous at times, especially when celebrating the athletic triumphs of one college over another; they can also drink one another's health more than is strictly required. But, on the whole, we have nothing among our institutions of learning which can assist one much in appreciating the apparently anomalous condition of the student in Germany. To understand this difference, one must have lived in the two countries and have felt the hundreds of little influences which go to make up personal character. Of all these influences, perhaps the most potent is the school-life. The English and American youngster has an ample outlet for the natural love of adventure and physical daring. The average school-boy of my acquaintance could paddle a canoe, was familiar with the shot-gun and fishing-rod, took much of his holidays away in the woods, where he practised the arts of Robinson Crusoe. In general, he could swim, row, shoot, ride, and could take a hand at out-door games like tennis, cricket, foot-ball, or hockey. Such a lad finds no time to be morbid or to brood over sickly literature. His whole day is fairly divided between the play-ground and the school-room, and when the day is over he needs no sleeping potion to make his bed a welcome refuge.

The German lads of the same age, whom I learned to know under relatively favorable conditions, appeared to be regarded by their instructors as subjects for patholog-

ical experiment, the object being to see the extent to which human creatures could be deprived of fresh air, burdened with facts to memorize, and tortured by weary hours of copying things mostly beyond their comprehension. At the age of fourteen I can recall distinctly my feeling that, as between going to Siberia as a political prisoner and going through the successive stages of the Potsdam government school called Gymnasium, I gave somewhat the preference to the Moscovite proposition. To be sure, that was before I had visited Russia, but subsequent travel has not modified the judgment I formed as a child.

Of my German playmates I found that scarce any of them was what we would call a normally developed lad. My German teachers did not regard it as natural that a boy should have his afternoons for boisterous athletic sports and should develop his faculties harmoniously. They did not see the sarcastic savagery in giving the name Gymnasium to an institution where the frequency of spectacles suggested a refuge for the blind almost as much as a clinic for pedagogues. If the racking of a child's brains and the stunting of his natural impulses be gymnastics, then have the German grammar-schools selected well their names. We might extend this word so as to include the cage of the canary or the whirling prison of the squirrel. Each of these animals gets gymnastic exercise, such as it is.

When Jahn became a university student, at the age of eighteen, he entered a community of young men who, after a long period of intellectual and physical repression exceeding anything known among us, suddenly found themselves endowed with a liberty of thought and action equally far from our standards. The transition which the English or American lad experiences in passing from the

preparatory school to freshman year in a university is inconsiderable; in many respects the college freshman has less liberty than the senior in some grammar-schools. With us the life of the student is but a trifling amplification of the school-boy life. The student takes up his rowing and foot-ball and finds sufficient vent for his physical energies in wholesome ways. The German student has the same craving for an outlet to manly desire, but has not, at school, learned how to satisfy this save by proclaiming familiarity with the sword. William II. of Germany has done much to encourage the German youth in the direction of manly out-door sport—rowing, sailing, bicycling, riding, shooting; he is the patron of all wholesome physical exercise; but even this can avail little so long as the government schools virtually make it impossible for the average school-lad to take a reasonable amount of time for play. The result is that fencing is the fashionable pastime of German students, who to-day look down upon rowing and foot-ball as occupations unworthy of prospective warriors.

Jahn detested duelling, for he felt amply able to defend his person by the use of fists or a well-seasoned walking-stick. When he came to Halle it was the custom of certain students to insist upon occupying the whole of a narrow sidewalk, to the exclusion of those who did not choose to challenge this privilege. This mild form of scholastic terrorism had its counterpart at Yale, where we sophomores felt morally responsible for the good behavior of freshmen. We cheerfully undertook to roll in the mud or otherwise suitably chasten the spirit of any freshman so presumptuous as to appear in our presence with a walking-stick or a high hat. We would have deemed the very foundations of American scholarship endangered had we permitted members of the class below

us to perch upon the same fence-rails as ourselves until they had, in our opinion, distinguished themselves by their rowing or some other physical contest. One freshman of my acquaintance, who resented the exercise of sophomore jurisdiction, drew his revolver in the cause of personal liberty; and, under the circumstances, an exception was made in his favor.

When Jahn came to Halle he promptly seized the first opportunity of pushing into the gutter a succession of duelling students who had originally intended that he should make way for them. The various Corps, who were bound together in a common devotion to the "code of honor," were outraged by the presence of this barbarian in their midst, who could thrash any three of them in a free fight, but scoffed at duelling as a childish and immoral institution. These duelling Corps were mostly named after sections of Germany, and perpetuated the political bitterness which the individual members brought with them, whether from Prussia or Bavaria, Hessen or Mecklenburg, Hanover or Saxony. Each Corps glorified its champions of the fencing-floor and encouraged them to go forth and seek quarrel with members of other Corps; each Corps thirsted for the fame of having the greatest number of successful duels to its credit. According to Jahn, such as were indisposed to duelling had their interest quickened in the following manner: The first step was to offer the victim an insult by addressing him as "Dummer Yunger," for which our language has no equivalent save by a very free translation. If this did not produce a challenge, then recourse was had to boxing his ears, and if this left the victim cold, some dirty fluid was thrown over him. If he still appeared disinclined, the champion treated him as a convenient substitute for a spittoon, and if all these graded atten-

tions failed to produce a desire for war, a whip was publicly applied.

Jahn wasted no words in picturing the good side of duelling, and it may be that he has exaggerated the extent to which a human creature can be humiliated before he will resent. It would seem that a man could be hardly worth knocking down who was with so much difficulty got to stand upon his legs. No doubt, however, there are in all schools a few boys with delicate constitutions who shrink from the notion of pain and become easy victims to those who are disposed to bully.

Jahn became the champion of the weak and of a goodly proportion of those who were too poor, or too studious, for success as Corps students. Into his followers he infused his own tremendous courage, and pretty soon found himself able to declare war against the Corps students on tolerably equal footing. He had in his blood the traditions of a free peasantry, for he did not grow up under the shadow of a landed aristocracy. He loved his King with a Tory loyalty worthy of Samuel Johnson, but he cordially despised the small people with big names who, among his fellow-students, professed a superiority for which there was no other evidence than their own opinion.

Jahn never moved without his stout stick and a big, round stone rolled in his handkerchief, which he used as a sand-bag or a slung-shot in emergency. When he anticipated trouble, he also stuffed large wads of paper beneath his coat, notably about the shoulders and in his hat, thus creating a defensive armor.

When Jahn crawled into his cave it was partly with a view to finding there a refuge against his enemies, partly to gratify his love of out-door life, and possibly he was influenced very much by his extreme poverty.

This cave he had rent-free. It is, even to-day, barely large enough for a single hermit, and tradition has it that Jahn had to do a little blasting before he could make it habitable. It is, however, dry and light, and was eminently suited to his purposes. Each day he swam across the river, which is here about as wide as the Thames at Windsor. On the opposite bank he had, for a trifle, secured permission to till a patch of ground, on which he raised vegetables. So, between his work as a gardener, his daily swims, and his tramps to the lecture-room, with their incidental skirmishes, we may assume that Jahn found no difficulty in getting all the physical exercise that was necessary for even so rugged a nature.

We are assured, on the authority of Jahn's intimate friend, Landmann (a clergyman), that Jahn took to Halle with him only from ten to fifteen thalers, which would be thirty to forty-five shillings of English money, the thaler being worth three shillings, or seventy-five cents. At the end of the half-year, or semester, not only was Jahn not in debt, but he was able to send his mother a present of five thalers (fifteen shillings). The casual reader is inclined to suspect that this generosity was made possible only by practices suggesting the heroic lives of Captain Kidd or Claude Duval. But Jahn's German biographers, who were his contemporaries and understood the economic conditions of our hero, find nothing incredible in the story of Jahn's house-keeping. It was the custom then for so-called "Renommierten Studenten" to live partly, if not wholly, at the expense of their juniors, who stood towards them in the relation of the Clients of ancient Rome to a powerful politician, or the fag in an English public school to an older boy. The fagging system is unknown in America,

although the spirit survives in man's natural disposition to initiate a new member, to haze a callow freshman, to resent anything savoring of intrusion upon privilege. At a time when Europe breathed the atmosphere of guilds and trade monopolies, it is not strange that the same spirit should have affected university life. And so it happened that a student found it convenient to invoke the protection of a senior who was in a position to act as his mentor, and possibly as his tutor. We can readily see that under such a system the services of Jahn would command a most enviable market price. Any man who could shove into the gutter the best of the Corps students, and who was known to have engaged six of them at once and come off victorious—such a man could command his own price, especially at so central and prosperous a university as Halle. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that Jahn was able not only to struggle through his student years, but to have pocket-money besides. Nor have we any record of Jahn's paying his debts by means which the public sentiment of his fellows would regard as undignified. He was but eighteen when he went to Halle, and he was there about four years—that is to say, from 1796 to 1800. He was much more mature than his fellows, in spite of his years. The vigorous eloquence which characterized him throughout his life was already well developed, so that he was not long in acquiring ascendancy over his fellow-students, among whom he soon became a hero.

Already he was preaching German unity, and his denunciation of duelling sprang largely from the fact that the duelling Corps perpetuated sectional quarrels.

One day Jahn declared war against the combined armies of the duelling fraternities. He invited them to come out with him into the wooded country well beyond

town limits, on a given day, and there to have a pitched battle in which he would lead his own men; and the battle should not cease until there had been enough damage done to satisfy the most punctilious of the fraternities. But this challenge was deemed too plebeian for serious discussion, so a number of Corps students organized a night attack upon his cave.

The conspirators arrived, found the cave empty, and proceeded to show their contempt for its owner by relieving their feelings upon the floor in a manner both drastic and unsavory. Jahn, meanwhile, had got wind of their projected attack, and had taken a position above the mouth of the cave, along with a convenient store of loose rocks. When the sword-wearing gentry had completed their task of punishing him, as they thought, and were about to emerge as a triumphing chorus, the rumbling descent of a rock fragment and the cheerful promise of many more induced a change in the programme. The song of triumph ceased while they busily occupied themselves with cleaning up the scene of their too previous exultation. In this case it was Ulysses, the many-minded, dominating, by the aid of cyclopean implements, the short-sighted enemies who had foolishly thought to find him napping.

When the scavenging had been done to Jahn's complete satisfaction, and they had suitably apologized and acknowledged their discomfiture, he magnanimously permitted them to retire and wash themselves in the Saale.

From this time on his enemies treated him with outward respect, and his name waxed rapidly not only in Halle, but at other universities, as a champion of German unity and personal liberty.

Jahn is no exception to a rule which may be drawn from the study of biography in general, that the great

man is apt to be irregular. The German government has so completely taken control of all the avenues by which her subjects can acquire education that to-day, as in the days of Jahn, one might almost say no German can be great except in defiance of government. The school system of Germany is intended for the average boy. It is the apotheosis of the commonplace. The lad of special aptitudes must surrender them or declare war against the great levelling machinery which determines the fortunes of all who desire to serve their country. Jahn was pretty generally in disgrace with his academic superiors, for his studies were conducted in his own peculiar way and with scant reference to academic canons. He had, to be sure, warm personal friends at each university, but when it came to official preferment Jahn's name was passed over as that of a man too irregular and radical for any post in the gift of government.

XIII

JAHN POPULARIZES THE MODERN *TURNEN*

“Unheil, Unglück, Smach, Elend, Verderben und Tod über jederman in jeglichem Volk der vom Ausland das Heil und den Heiland erwartet.”—[Jahn (1833), *Koelleda.*]

[*Translation*]

“Bad luck, misfortune, dishonor, disgrace, misery, damnation, destruction, and death to any man in any people who looks abroad for salvation and a savior.”

Such of my readers who note a kinship of intellect between Jahn and Martin Luther, or their imitator, Carlyle, will be interested in the following, which, like many good things of the great Reformer, are not fit to speak aloud in a modern drawing-room:

“Diese muthwille und lügenhafter Vorbehalt des Papstes macht nun zu Rom ein solch Wesen dass niemand davon reden kann. Da ist ein Kaufen, Verkaufen, Wechseln, Tauschen, Rauschen, Lügen, Trügen, Rauben, Stehlen, Prachten, Hurerei, Büberei, auf allerlei Weise Gottesverachtung, dass nicht möglich ist dem Antichrist lästerlicher zu regiren.”—Martin Luther, “Address to the German Nobility.”

THE official date when *Turnen*—the revival of our tourney, or tournament—may be said to have taken a permanent place in the German language was June 19, 1811. Jahn was then one of the least important teachers at a large boys' school in Berlin, an institution started only six years previously with a view to putting into practice the teaching of Pestalozzi. The appointment of Jahn to this post was somewhat of a providential caprice. He had been without employment, frequenting the Berlin Library at about Christmas-time of 1809, and

fell into conversation with a stranger, who proved to be a teacher at this institution, and who belonged to the same part of Prussia as our hero. The school needed just then a resident teacher, or usher—one who would sleep and eat with the boys and, presumably, have pretty much all the disagreeable work to do and the meanest pay. At that moment Jahn's life appeared to have been a failure. He had passed his thirtieth year, and not only had he achieved no position in which his talents commanded salary worth mentioning, but he was not even permitted to put his feet on the lowest rung of a ladder leading to permanent employment. He could secure no recognition from the government, nor could he find admission to the faculty of the new University of Berlin (founded in 1809). Like a tramp who accepts any job rather than starve, Jahn abandoned his dreams of academic or governmental distinction, and entered upon his school work, the duties of which are apt to be largely a personal warfare between the man authorized to flog and the boys qualified to make the life of a tutor one of nightly, if not daily, torment.

The authorities who hired Jahn's services as a tutor little dreamed that within a few months his name would completely overshadow that of the so-called Pestalozzi Institution, which employed him. Jahn did not invent *Turnen*—or, as we might say, Tournament—any more than did Edison invent acoustics, or Franklin invent electricity, or Watt invent steam, or Bismarck invent German unity. There had been some cultivation of gymnastics in different parts of Germany, but Jahn was the first to awaken general interest in bodily exercise as a part of school education. He did this in his characteristic manner, by the same physical fascination that had made him a leader at Halle. It was the right time

for such talk and for such exercises as he encouraged. Napoleon was then the virtual ruler of all Europe; he had incorporated one-half of Prussia completely, and the other half he permitted to enjoy quasi-independence, on conditions of his own. The Prussian King appeared to have reconciled himself to pass the remainder of his life as a dummy ruler by the grace of Napoleon. Prussian aristocratic society cultivated the notion that opposition to the great Corsican was unwise, and thus little by little the Prussian police came to regard the enemy of Napoleon the enemy of Prussia.

But the youth of Germany cultivated other ideals. They were fired with enthusiasm by the story of Spanish resistance to the French army in Spain; by the heroic deeds of a handful of peasants under Hofer, in Tyrol. They cared little for diplomacy, treaties, or statecraft, but plotted the liberation of their country.*

Jahn guided this spirit and preached the duty of every citizen to prepare himself for war. He did not have to

* "Jemehr die Zeit wogt, je bewegter sind die Gemüther. Nur ein grosser Anlass entwickelt diese allgemeine Rege. Wie ein Gewitter nach schwülen Tagen urplötzlich heraufzieht und donnert und wettet, so ist die Gewalt des Zeitgeistes. Die höchste Begeisterung der Gemüther zeigt immer von edler Sinnesart. Sie bleibt der nie versiegende göttliche Quell im Menschen. Sie geht immer auf das Höchste, beide diesseits und jenseits—auf kampfwürdige Güter." —Jahn (1814), *Runenblätter*, p. 130.

[*Translation*]

"The more disturbed the time, the more agitated does public sentiment become. This universal excitement has a profound cause. Like a storm coming up suddenly, storming and thundering after a stifling day—such is the power of public sentiment, the spirit of the time. The highest enthusiasm is always evidence of noble passions. This is the never-failing Divine spring in the human heart. This it is which strives ever for the noblest objects, here and hereafter—for things worth fighting for."

say against Napoleon; so great was his detestation of that man that the name never crossed his lips. He preached a holy war, to be fought by men of clean lives and high purpose. Personally a non-smoker, and opposed to strong drink, no monk led a life more ascetic and yet more joyous. He was an earnest Christian. His adoring disciple was Carl Sand, the assassin of Kotzebue.

It was not long before he gathered about him a nucleus of lads with whom he undertook tramps on holidays, in the course of which he invented many athletic diversions in order to interest his youngsters in their work. Skirmishing was a great feature of his out-door tournament. His games simulated warfare, where each party was practised in the art of surprising an enemy, judging distances in the open, climbing trees, vaulting across streams. The authorities of Prussia forbade the use of any military implement for fear of displeasing Napoleon, but so long as the exercises were of a general and peaceful character they were tolerated.

The German *Turnen*, as approved by the authorities of Germany, was far removed from what we generally understand by athletics, or exercises for which men go into training in order ultimately to compete in matches. German gymnastic exercises are limited for the most part to what we would call calisthenics or setting-up drill at Woolwich or West Point — exercises calculated for the average rather than to produce a few champions. Our athletics are for the few; Jahn's *Turnen* was intended for every school-boy and student.

Between the time when Jahn formally opened his famous Turnplatz, or gymnastic ground, on the outskirts of Berlin, in 1811, and the outbreak of war, in 1813, he may be said to have conducted a species of patriotic intelligence bureau, drawing together information from

all parts of the country and working it over for the benefit of the great cause he had at heart.

When the devil was sick the devil a saint would be was illustrated in the life of the Prussian King. He tolerated, and his leading advisers cordially encouraged, Jahn while his work conduced to the preservation of the Prussian monarchy. But the moment Napoleon was overthrown, Jahn was locked up as a dangerous demagogue.

In the winter of 1810–1811 Jahn founded a society called the Deutsche Bund, or German Union, an organization of patriots whose purpose was simple and praiseworthy—merely that of preparing the public mind for a possible war with Napoleon, exchanging information, encouraging healthy out-door exercises. Unity was held to be an object dear to the heart of all Germans, but there was no suggestion of abolishing the monarchy in favor of a republic. “The object of the Deutsche Bund”—I quote from a paper obviously inspired by Jahn—“is the preservation of the German people in its nationality and independence. A reawakening of the German spirit and of all slumbering forces, preservation of our national spirit (*Volksthum*), protection against domestic degeneration as well as foreign aggression and insidious fashions, and co-operation towards the unity of our distracted and disunited people.”

This paragraph in the constitution of the Bund would seem to be hazy and loyal enough to suit any one in Germany, and yet even here the mild reference to stirring up national life sounded revolutionary to the King.

All the official documents relating to the Bund were destroyed in 1819, through fear of the police; the organization itself had but a short life, for, like its precursor, the so-called Tugend Bund, it was denounced as democratic,

and suppressed. Another paragraph of this famous German Bund says that "each member (*Eidgenosse*) must be a born German, of blameless life, and eager to correct his weaknesses. The duties shall be to preserve stainless moral purity, an honorable name, to acquire universal esteem through correct thought and action, to dedicate himself as a fighter in the cause of truth, justice, and country. He shall speak, teach, and act in opposition to all and every *Ausländerei* (foreign influence). He shall awaken *Volksgefühl* (national self-respect), abolish timidity, combat the bugaboo that the people is helpless and the (French) enemy invincible, and, in general, to become German and remain German."

All this confusion of popular morality and defiance of foreign fashion was singularly harmless at that time.

Almost as corollary to the general extension of patriotic gymnastic societies and Deutsche Bund was the so-called *Burschenschaft*, or federation of students throughout Germany, for the great purpose of first destroying Napoleon and then uniting all German states into one. In this *Burschenschaft* it was distinctly stipulated that "each member must combine knowledge and power, must learn something thoroughly, must develop himself, in body and mind, as a German, for his people and his country (*Volk und Vaterland*).

"He shall become expert with sword and fire-arms; and, before being admitted, he must prove that he has never sinned against the German national spirit (*deutsche Volksthümlichkeit*). And he shall never forget that the most holy duty of the German youth and the German scholar is to be a *deutscher Mann* (a genuine German), and on all occasions to work in our private lives for the people and the country "

That was the language of romantic and highly uncritical

youth who indulged in fine prophetic visions which did honor to their devotion to the ideal rather than to their knowledge of political forces. The Austrian German, the Hungarian German, the German in the Baltic provinces of Russia, the bulk of Bavarians—these stood towards the little knot of Berlin patriots somewhat as Germans to-day in Wisconsin, Brazil, or Singapore towards a railway bill in the German Reichstag. As Germans, they wished their German fellows well, but a large proportion of them, had they to choose between a persistence of Napoleonic domination and a German Empire with Frederick William III. on the throne, would not have hesitated to throw in their lot against Prussia. So when Jahn fervently invokes the German spirit, we must think of Germany as *his* Germany—a Germany of Martin Luther; a federation of Protestant interests dominated by Prussia, but not a Germany in the broadest sense—an empire of all who spoke the tongue of Goethe.

XIV

METTERNICH DECLARES *TURNEN* TO BE TREASON

“Verlass Berlin, mit seinem dicken Sande,
Und dünnen Thee, und ueberwitz'gen Leuten,
Die Gott und Welt, und was sie selbst bedeuten,
Begriffen längst mit Hegelschem Verstande.

“Komm mit nach Indien, nach dem Sonnenlande,
Wo Ambrablüten ihren Duft verbreiten,
Die Pilgerscharen nach dem Ganges schreiten,
Andächtig und im weissen Festgewande.

“Dort wo die Palmen wehn, die Wellen blinken,
Am heil'gen Ufer Lotosblumen ragen
Empor zu Indras Burg, der ewig blauen;
Dort will ich gläubig vor dir niedersinken,
Und deine Fuesse drücken, und dir sagen:
Madame! Sie sind die schönste aller Frauen!”

—Heine (1823), *Frederike*.

JAHN'S last public appearance as champion of gymnastic exercise was in Berlin in 1818, on the anniversary of the battle of Leipzig, October 18th—a day of universal rejoicing throughout Europe, from the Irish Sea to the banks of the Neva and from Cadiz to Stockholm. The anniversary of Sedan has now displaced that of the great *Volkerschlacht*, and this is to be regretted, for the battle of 1813 united all Europe and all Germans. That of 1870 had a narrower significance. Jahn always celebrated the 18th of October by speeches, songs, a torch-light procession, and, above all, an exhibition of gym-

nastics. *Turnen* had spread encouragingly throughout Germany since 1811. The pupils of Jahn were the first to join the army of Liberation in 1813, and after the battle of Waterloo they returned to their civil occupations with the firm conviction that the regeneration of their country could take place only through a new public sentiment based upon a better physical development of the individual citizen; upon German unity and an imperial Constitution. The university of Jena, which, through the liberality of the reigning Duke of Weimar, had become the centre of the most progressive German thought, adopted with enthusiasm Jahn's idea of a student federation, and became, consequently, in the eyes of the so-called Holy Alliance a hot-bed of revolution.

In 1818 Jahn had secured the cheerful permission from the Minister of Public Instruction to hold, in Berlin, a series of twenty-one lectures on the theme nearest his heart, *Deutsche Volksthum*. He did not write these lectures out, but spoke from notes, in his usual vigorous and original manner. He had crowded houses from first to last, and what he said found its way to all parts of Germany. The man who speaks from a heart bursting with passion for a noble idea is apt to use language stronger than is found in Blue Books or on the walls of a young ladies' seminary. Jahn called a spade a spade, and once or twice spoke of it as a "——— shovel." Polite society took good care to gather from his splendidly patriotic discourses only those few sensational phrases that could be twisted into the appearance of disloyalty towards the King, and he made many enemies by the bluntness with which he characterized the timidity and stupidity of officials. But the millions who were grateful to him could not protect him against the handful who

regarded him as hostile to the interests of aristocratic Germany.*

Perhaps now that the *Turnen* of Jahn is an integral part of every school, it is of interest to quote the words of Metternich, written in 1818:

"This public nuisance (*Unfug*) stands in immediate relation with the university system. The inventor, the discovery, and the carrying of it into effect are Prussian.

"The *Turnanstalt* (gymnasium) is the actual preparatory school for the *Universitäts Unfug* (university rowdyism, or public disturbance). It is in the gymnasium that the boy grows to be a youth, and at the university he grows to manhood.

"We here give expression to our firm conviction that it becomes the duty of the King to eradicate this evil at its very source. No palliative remedy is any longer of use. The whole institution of gymnastic exercise, in its present form, must be suspended and kept closed under distinct penalties for such as disobey this order.

"As the institution originated in Berlin, and is there to-day; and seeing that the branch institutions are like chapters of the mother-lodge, we must attack the evil at its roots, if our remedy is to be effective. In case off-shoots should perpetuate themselves, this will have to become the subject for further discussion with such German governments as do not yet see clearly the evil they are cultivating."

It requires some imagination to conceive of a Prussian king so poor in spirit as to permit the minister of a foreign court to pass judgment upon his administration after this fashion.

Metternich refers to the gymnastic societies as "branches of the mother-lodge"—a covert attack upon Freemasonry, which in southern Europe was credited

* "Independent and honest, poor and alone, thus must the man who addresses the people step into the arena to do battle before the Almighty judge—his sword, the truth; his helmet, faith; his shield, duty; his refuge, a clear conscience."—*Volksthum*.

with being in league with the liberal movement, and was, therefore, forbidden by the Pope and Austria. This may explain why the husband of Queen Luise kept his membership a secret from the world.

I regret the need of dragging Metternich so much into my narrative, but I must in order to explain the repressive legislation of the Prussian King.

XV

JAHN'S IMPRISONMENT AND DEATH

“Steh zu deinem Volk. Es ist dein angeborener Platz.”—Schiller (1759–1805).

THE anniversary of the battle of Leipzig, October 18th, was the day on which Jahn's Berlin *Turnen* closed for the season. That anniversary, in 1818, closed it for good—at least, for so long as Frederick William III. was alive. In January of 1819 Jahn received a letter: “By order of the government, we beg to inform you that the gymnastic establishments will hereafter, both winter and summer, be placed under our immediate care.” The full meaning of this polite notice did not become apparent until our Turnvater sent his usual announcement to the newspapers informing the public that his exercises would commence on the 31st of March, 1819. This drew an immediate and distinct letter from the government, requesting him to contradict this, and to understand that *Turnen* need not occupy his attention any longer. Jahn appealed, but in vain. The ambition of his life was snuffed out, but the German language was enriched with a new word that flew through Germany and informed the world that the government had proclaimed *Turnsperre* (the closing of gymnastic establishments). Jahn's appeal from a lower to a higher official brought a very sharp rebuke for his impertinence, and the information that the forbidding of gymnastic exercises was “*Nach*

dem allerhöchsten ausdrücklichen Befehle seiner Majestät des Königs" (by distinct, the all highest, and most particular commands of his Majesty the King).

Poor Jahn was like one who receives a blow from his dearest friend. He could understand the jealousy of minor officials, the prejudice of the ignorant; but to receive an order closing all gymnastic exercise throughout Prussia from the King, whom he adored—this was hard, indeed. Jahn was a babe in politics; he knew little of the small and subtle threads which are spun in the closets of courtiers, which move kings on their thrones and trip up those who stand outside of the spinning interest. Jahn never knew how far the spies of Metternich were dictating the policy of his beloved Frederick William. He little dreamed that his advocacy of popular representation could cause him to be regarded as a pestiferous demagogue by the Prussian aristocracy. What Jahn wrote down in patriotic fervor his own fellow-Prussians denounced as heresy and rebellion. Even such notable Liberals as Gneisenau, who had been warm supporters of the Turnvater, cooled off when they found that Jahn advocated a curtailment of aristocratic privilege.

The Prime-Minister Hardenberg had frequently employed Jahn on delicate secret-service work when he needed information regarding Napoleon's military operations; and although the correspondence on this subject has been destroyed, we have enough to justify us in saying that Hardenberg held Jahn high in his esteem, and found him a useful public servant, both before and after the Napoleonic Wars.

But Hardenberg was human—very human, indeed. He was a warm-hearted man, and was apt to distribute his affections in the line of his personal inclinations rather than in those of the Ten Commandments. In his



FRIEDRICH LUDWIG JAHN

family was a Fräulein Haenel, who was nominally companion to his wife, but whose duties were apparently light enough to permit her devoting some of her spare time to Hardenberg himself. This lady had been an intimate friend of Mrs. Jahn—godmother to her first child. So long as Hardenberg's wife was alive Miss Haenel and Mrs. Jahn remained warm friends, and Mrs. Grundy closed her eyes. But when Hardenberg became a widower Miss Haenel deemed it her duty to remain and console him for the loss of his wife. Jahn forbade his wife any further intercourse with her former friend, and, furthermore, expressed his opinion of Hardenberg and his new domestic arrangement in language more distinct than polite. Hardenberg was not a vindictive man, and was personally averse to the reactionary measures of the King, but the frank manner of Jahn made it difficult for him to champion the Turnvater as effectively as he might have wished.

Hardenberg had once asked Jahn why it was that the provinces annexed to Prussia at the close of the Napoleonic Wars showed so little desire to assimilate. Said Jahn: "The Prussian government is like a coarse shirt worn next to the skin. Those that have never worn it before find it irritating at first. Those who have become accustomed to it cannot do without."

Jahn's faith in the beneficence of the Prussian hair-shirt was about to be tested.

On the night of the 13th to the 14th of July, 1819, he was arrested at his house in Berlin and locked up in the fortress of Spandau. The charge was that he was "suspected of secret and highly treasonable conspiracy."*

* In 1898 the little Empress Regent of China cut off the heads of several of her subjects charged with the same offence. It was my fortune to be at that time in the province of Shantung. There was

After three days of Spandau, a name familiar to Americans as the prison from which Carl Schurz managed to liberate his friend Kinkel (in 1850), Jahn was transferred to the fortress of Küstrin,* eastward of Berlin, on the Oder. He was seized by the police as though they had been sent after a desperate burglar or highwayman. There was not the remotest ground for thinking that he would seek to escape; on the contrary, every reason for anticipating that he would welcome nothing so warmly as a public trial. His life was an open book, as he had frequently asserted; he asked only for the common justice provided by the courts of his country.

When the police broke into his home he was watching by the bedside of a dying child. That child, and yet another, died while he was imprisoned at Küstrin.† His

a unanimous burst of indignation throughout the civilized world at the cruel fate which had befallen men whose single crime had been to advocate a rational system of education for Chinese public servants. We of European blood scoffed at Chinese narrowness, and even official Germany ventured to throw stones. Yet less than a century before, the King of Prussia was punishing for high-treason men whose crimes were equally meritorious—punishing them, not by the merciful hand of the swordsman, but breaking the victim's body and spirit by long years of confinement.

* Küstrin, 52 miles eastward of Berlin, the same in which Frederick the Great was imprisoned for not thinking like his father.

† "Jahn's Kind, das sterbend er bei seiner Verhaftung verlassen musste, ist ohne Abschied von ihm gestorben; seine Ehegattin, die ihm in's Elend hieher auf die Festung gefolgt ist, hat vergeblich gekämpft, dem Kummer und Gram über ein unverdientes, hartes Schicksal nicht zu erliegen. Jahn hat ihr die Augen zgedrückt; er hat sie aber nicht zu ihrer Ruhestätte begleiten dürfen. Sein neun-jähriger Sohn, der sich nicht von dem nun schon mehr als fünf Jahre seiner Freiheit beraubten Vater trennen will, kann das Grab der Mutter nicht besuchen, die neben ihrer vorangegangenen Tochter ruht. Seine Grossmutter ist zu bejahrt, als das sie in ihren letzten Tagen noch eine beschwerliche Reise unternehmen und das Ungemach eines nach diesem unfreiwilligen Festungs—Aufenthaltsorte verwiesenen Sohnes theilen könnte, um ihren Enkel zu pflegen, der ihr

wife accompanied him later on to the fortress of Kolberg, on the Baltic, which the government selected for him as his third compulsory residence, and there she died, in 1823. She had been a loving and helpful mate to him, and her death left him desolate, indeed. He sought relief in a *History of the Thirty Years' War*, a work which was near completion when a fire destroyed the labor of five years (August, 1828), with all his various literary notes and correspondence.

The degree of suffering which a prisoner undergoes varies with the character of his jailer, the sanitary condition of his cell, the facilities for out-door exercise, the diet, and his own powers of physical resistance.

I have visited jails where a prolonged residence would have caused me but small injury, assuming that pen, paper, and books had been within reach. Others, again, I recall where three days and nights would have converted me into a physical wreck. Imprisonment, to my mind, is more cruel than flogging or decapitation.

The official record of this strange trial (*Acta Commissionis*, vol. i., folio 20) contains some words of the great Turnvater which deserve a wider audience. One of his biographers says that he was made to wear chains at Küstrin, but I cannot believe that this could have been for long.

“I have rejoiced at the thought of having my whole life made the subject of judicial investigation” [writes Jahn to the judge on October 30th, 1819]. “This investigation promises me one thing at least—the opportunity of so clearing myself that the remainder of my life may be spent in peace. . . .

nicht wie ein Poststück oder wie ein Frachtgut mit einem Frachtbriefe übermacht werden kann, um die Pflege bei ihr in Berlin zu genießen, wenn er sich von seinem Vater trennen müsste.”—Jahn, *Selbstvertheidigung*.

"The long delay before trial has grieved me much. I was arrested July 13th, at a moment when my whole household was struck down by illness. For some previous time I myself had been unwell—broken down through watching at the bedside of my children, who were lying at the point of death. And one of these has already passed away.

"So suddenly was I taken away by the police that I was not given time to get together the needful underwear. Nor were my papers put under seal in my presence; nor do I know at this moment which of my papers have been seized.

"The journey to Spandau* had serious consequences for me. From the neighborhood of the Charlottenburg bridge I was compelled to go afoot because the axle of the wagon broke. I had dressed as for a drive by night, not for a tramp, and therefore became immoderately heated on the march. Nothing had been prepared for my reception in Spandau, and I was placed in a room where even in the dog-days one would have shivered with the cold.

"In the nine days that I was held in Spandau I was not permitted to take any exercise in the open air, and this proved a heavy blow to my health.

"The journey to Küstrin commenced on a particularly hot day, and this increased my malady. In Küstrin, also, no preparation had been made for me. I was taken to this place in spite of the fact that the commandant had received the assurance of the Minister of War and the Minister of Police that in future they would send no more political prisoners because of the overcrowding.

"In Küstrin I was compelled to change my prison five times before a definite place could be assigned to me. The first period was very trying. I was not allowed to get to the fresh air, and was compelled to remain in a tightly closed room in which not a breath of fresh air could get at me.

* This Spandau, which is best known as having been frequently employed as a political prison, is nominally eight miles from Berlin, though to-day, with its 50,000 inhabitants, it is like Yonkers to New York or Richmond to London—virtually a part of the metropolis. It is now a strong artillery depot, where munitions of war are manufactured. Here, too, is stored up the bullion which is intended to defray the first cost of mobilizing the army in event of war.

“My last room in Küstrin was, however, only too well ventilated—exposed to all draughts. The floor was so cold that my feet nearly froze; finally, I managed to get a pair of *Winterschuhen*” [some form of felt “arctics”], “with whose aid, and that of a fire, I managed to keep warm. Otherwise Küstrin was tolerable enough, especially as I was allowed to walk upon the parapet when no one else was there except my sentry. To this I owe it that I am still alive.

“And yet my health is seriously undermined. My digestion is ruined, and I have been able to stave off worse evils only by constant recourse to medicine, on top of my exercises. Headaches plague me constantly—sometimes acutely, sometimes moderately. My memory suffers much; my intellect I feel has become impaired. On this account alone I pray for an early trial, for I fear that I am preparing a serious illness.”

Note that all this has come to pass within three or four months, in the case of one of the most perfect specimens of physical manhood. Compare it with Fritz Reuter, who had, later on, to suffer under this same King.

“But it is my spirit (*mein Gemüth*) which has suffered most through a variety of petty miseries; thus, the lack of writing material, which deprives me of the power to note that which I read or to jot down an idea.

“This is acute suffering to a man of forty-one who is accustomed to scholarly occupation. At last I did manage to get paper and a pencil. But the pages I wrote were immediately afterwards confiscated; and so even this satisfaction I surrendered, as one impossible to enjoy.”

This report of Jahn is doubly valuable, for it is of necessity written with moderation, addressed to the judge who was presumably to try his case, and was admitted into the official record. All this vouches for the truthfulness of the narrative, were such assurance necessary in the case of one so truthful by nature as our Turnvater.

Twenty years before Jahn's arrest he had written in his immortal *Volksthum* (p. 226): "Was there ever such a cowardly, venal, and treacherous rabble as the German journalistic scribblers!" Bismarck has cordially subscribed to this sentiment, and if Jahn walked about Berlin to-day he would find little to modify.

He did not realize, however, when he penned his *Volksthum*, that he was to be a victim of journalistic as well as police persecution.

The government suspected, with good reason, that his arrest would cause considerable stir, and therefore it had recourse to the vilest form of vengeance in order to poison the public mind. As though it was not enough for the police to seize his body and treat it as that of a malefactor, it laid hold of his reputation among the people, and, by means of the press, circulated defamatory statements which the victim could not answer, was not even permitted to see.

On the morning when Jahn was dragged off to Spandau the Police Minister Kamptz (same whose book was burned in effigy by the students on the Wartburg) sent an article to the *Voss* newspaper of Berlin, with the request that it be printed immediately, but that it should seem to be one of its own contributions, not one from official sources. This was the first lie.

This lie was told *auf Befehl*—by order of his Serenity the Prince Prime-Minister Hardenberg. Here is the amplification of the lie, which startled Berlin on the 15th of July, which appeared as an independent piece of news. Any child could tell that a government official had written it; no one else could have expressed himself so clumsily. It stated that Dr. Friedrich Jahn had been arrested and taken away to a fortress because among his papers had been found evidence that he had violated his

sacred word of honor; had abused his position as teacher by inoculating the youth with revolutionary notions; that he had justified assassination of officials; that he had proclaimed the dagger as the ornament for a man; that two daggers had been found at his home!

The German original is so abominably bad and interesting that I append it as a sample of what man can do to degrade a grand medium of intellectual intercourse. Jahn made his sentences about twenty words in length; this sentence has nearly seventy, and is a comparatively short sentence, for a state official.*

Note the insidious manner in which the prime-minister and the chief of police conspire to make the credulous Germans believe that Jahn was an abettor of murder, if not a murderer himself—at a time when the public mind was filled with horror of Carl Sand's attack upon Kotzebue in March.

The object of the government was first to rob him of popular sympathy and then to deal with him at their leisure.

The matter of the daggers was explained without difficulty by the sworn testimony of the police inspector

* "Diese Waffe hatte man schon den Tag nach seiner Einkerkering gegen ihn gebraucht, indem man in die beiden Berliner Zeitungen vom 15. Juli 1819 Nr. 84 unter vermischten Nachrichten folgende Anzeige selzte:

"Nach den in Berlin in Gemässheit der im letzten Zeitungsblatte gedachten Massregeln in Beschlagnahme genommenen Papieren, hat der Dr. Friedrich Ludwig Jahn, nicht allein dem gemessensten Verbot und seinen heiligsten Versicherungen entgegen, auf den Turnplätzen demagogische Politik jeder Art getrieben, sondern auch fortgesetzt versucht, die Jugend gegen die bestehende Regierung einzunehmen und zu revolutionären und anderen gefährlichen Grundsätzen, z. B. der bedingten Rechtmässigkeit des Meuchelmordes der Staatsdiener, der Zierde des Dolehs für jeden Mann — bei ihm fand man deren zwei — zu verführen. Er ist daher gestern verhaftet und zur, strengsten Untersuchung auf eine Festung abgeführt."

who made the arrest. (Eckert, *Acta Speciala*, vol. i., folio 3.)

“Take these two daggers,” said Jahn, handing them to him from his writing-table, “because, in case of future inspections here, they might attract unenviable attention. They have been my companions when I was a soldier employed in carrying despatches, and, being conscious of my innocence, I felt no occasion for getting rid of them.”

We see, then, that Jahn’s daggers were honorable relics of the war, kept as mementos—as our revolutionary ancestors hung their flintlocks over the chimney to recall the days of Bunker Hill.

But the Prussian government did not hasten to share this testimony of the police inspector with the public.

Let us not be unjust to this husband of Queen Luise; let us not measure him by other standards than those of Prussia, nor yet the Prussia of to-day, but of his own time—nay, earlier still.

Frederick the Great thus expressed himself in an order to his judges made in 1748:

“You shall administer impartial justice to all men, without respect of persons—big and small, rich and poor—as you expect to answer for your conduct before the throne of the Most High. Let not the sighs of widows and orphans come upon you.

“Nor shall you pay the slightest attention to any order emanating even from my cabinet if such order is in conflict with the common law or if the flow of justice is thereby interfered with.

“But you shall do your duty according to your conscience,” etc.

So much for the uncle of Frederick William III. Note now the law of the land at the time when Jahn was sent to jail and kept there without a trial. I quote from *Allgemeine Landrecht* (thema ii., titula 20).

Paragraph 381 says that a judge shall hold an inquiry

regarding a prisoner within forty-eight hours, or pay a fine of five thalers for each neglected day.

Paragraph 382 says that the judge shall be dismissed from his post if he neglects this investigation more than a month.

Paragraph 383 says that nothing can excuse such conduct save the most imperative causes.

Paragraph 384 provides a heavy fine to a judge who lengthens the prison term through neglect to give a prompt trial.

Paragraph 385 threatens with the penitentiary a judge who arrests a man and has him tried criminally for the purpose of degrading him in the public eye.

According, therefore, to the public law of his country, Jahn had cause for bringing an action for heavy damages, if not high-treason, against his judge, the King's ministers—even the King himself.

Jahn had six years of prison life—Spandau, Küstrin, and Kolberg*—three of the most uninspiring places that could well be selected for the residence of any but a drill-sergeant. These six years are terrible testimony to the fatal facility with which the Prussian government could set aside the law of the land and treat an innocent man in the manner usually associated with the Bastille or the Bosphorus. All the machinery of the Prussian police, all that personal malice could suggest, the ablest crown lawyers, and even the subtle forces of Metternich were invoked in vain against this one gymnastic teacher, who had not money enough to live in comfort, let alone hire lawyers.

* Kolberg offers little to interest the visitor. No trace of Jahn could I discover on the occasion of my pilgrimage. There was, of course, a monument to the husband of Queen Luise. Many of those who emigrated to America after 1830, in order to escape religious persecution, came from this neighborhood.

After these six years he was nominally liberated, but actually sent out into the world as a sort of "ticket-of-leave" man—one who was in the black-list of the police and was only permitted at large on condition that he take up his residence according to government wishes and behave very carefully. He was not allowed to earn his living by teaching, as before; he was not even allowed to live in the neighborhood of a university or grammar-school; he was forbidden to come near Berlin.

The Prussian government in general, and Hardenberg in particular, were just a trifle embarrassed by having on their hands a political prisoner whom they had treated with brutal severity and against whom, after six years of persecution and perjury, they could prove nothing actionable, but, on the contrary, a long succession of patriotic acts, any one of which would have entitled him to grateful recognition at the hands of a wise monarch.* As the originator of *Turnen*, he ranked with Pestalozzi. During the war against Napoleon he earned the Iron Cross over and over again by his distinguished service; yet even this bauble was withheld from him until (1841) after the death of the King whose throne he had helped to save. The more the government labored to prove him guilty, the more did it render him

* Turnvater Jahn, in his famous *Defence* (1824) (*Selbstvertheidigung*) cites the official records to show that not a single one of the men whom he trained up to be teachers of gymnastics proved unworthy of public or private confidence. Ernst Eiselen was the teacher who kept minute record of all the pupils—their parents' occupation and residences, all the details which an inquisitorial police could possibly care to know about. It was in vain that the government in 1819 sought to prove that these young men had been poisoned politically or in any other way by constant intercourse with the great Turnvater.

According to Eiselen's book, the growth of *Turnen* in Berlin is indicated by the following list of those who attended in these years: 1813, 370; 1814, 450; 1815, 778; 1816, 1037; 1817, 1074; 1818, 815.

illustrious, and so at length, in desperation, Hardenberg concluded it was high time to close a scandalous chapter in Prussian history—to hush it up, if possible. Jahn was offered a pension of 1000 thalers a year, or \$750, as the price of his future good behavior. The sum is small compared with what the British government habitually pays to pension off a turbulent negro in Africa; but in Germany at that time it was deemed large. A few there were who thought the pension so enormous as to look like a bribe.

At any rate, Jahn took up his residence in an obscure Thuringian village called Freiburg—not to be confounded with Freiburgs of Baden or Switzerland. Jahn's little Freiburg is about half-way between Leipzig and Weimar, about as near to the centre of Germany as he could get. From his house he could readily walk over to the battlefield of Auerstädt, near Jena, and be home again the same night. He chose his retreat with the eye of a political strategist, for while he conformed to the order which forbade his residence in a school centre, he was still at a point where the visitors to and from important points of Germany could readily pay him a visit without attracting attention.

But even this little Freiburg was not deemed sufficiently out of harm's way to please the Prussian police, for they conceived that some of the towns of the neighborhood contained school-boys whose minds were likely to be agitated by having their hero within ten or twenty miles. Therefore, in the winter of 1828, Jahn moved over to an even less stimulating village, called Koelleda, about twenty-five miles westward of Freiburg and about seventeen miles northwest of Weimar. Jahn complained of the treatment to which he was subjected, and in consequence he was punished by six weeks' imprisonment

in the fortress of Erfurt. This was in the year 1830, when France had achieved constitutional government, and revolution was in the air throughout Europe, from Warsaw to Sicily.

Jahn spent seven years in the village of Koelleda, returning to Freiburg in 1835, where he spent the remainder of his life. The revolution of 1848 called him to the popular congress at Frankfort, but thirty years had elapsed since the time when he had stirred the blood of Berlin with his discourses on national life. The interval was too great. Jahn died in 1852, only seventy-four years old, a man whose spirit had been broken by thirty years of official persecution. Love of country such as Jahn's cannot be purchased, and the king who destroys such spirits cannot always bring them to life again in the hour of his need.

Almost the last words of this great German were the words which form the key to his life—the language of patriotic prophecy: “The unity of Germany was the dream of my life’s awakening, the glow of dawn over my youth, the bright sunshine in my strength of manhood. It is now the evening star guiding me to eternal rest.”

Another martyr to German liberty—noble spirits, too noble to suspect the depths to which monarchs can sink. Had Jahn gauged the nature of his King, the falseness of his prime-minister, and the influence of Metternich, he would no doubt have returned from the Napoleonic Wars with republicanism in his programme. He would have anticipated the popular crusades of Kossuth and Mazzini; he might have lived a shorter span, but he would have found a still more glorious death and have made the revolution of 1848 a more precious legacy to his people.

XVI

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE (1818) AND THE HOLY ALLIANCE

“Useful and necessary changes in legislation and the administration of states ought only to emanate from the free-will and the intelligent and well-weighed conviction of those whom God has rendered responsible for power.”—1815. Corner-stone of Holy Alliance.

WHEN the allied monarchs separated at Vienna in the month of November, 1815, it was understood that they should meet from time to time to give Europe proof of their benevolent intentions. The festive gathering on the Wartburg (1817) filled these supporters of the Holy Alliance with alarm.* Metternich, seeing an excellent opportunity for a new attack upon German unity, at once set the political police to work tracing an imaginary conspiracy whose supposed aim it was to undermine popular faith in monarchical institutions. He also arranged that the crowned heads of Russia, Prussia, Austria, and England (by proxy) should meet at Aix-la-Chapelle

* “Strange sight, this congress! Destined to unite
All that’s incongruous, all that’s opposite.
I speak not of the sovereigns—they’re alike—
A common coin as ever mint could strike.
But those who sway the puppets, pull the strings,
Have more of motley than their heavy kings.
Jews, authors, generals, charlatans combine,
While Europe wonders at the vast design.
There Metternich, power’s foremost parasite,
Cajoles . . . ”

—Byron (1823).

in the autumn of 1818, there to exchange views in a sociable, secret, and sacred manner. In this meeting of monarchs every appearance of formality was to be carefully avoided; the conference was to be referred to as simply an *entrevue*, a word but remotely suggesting its present significance in journalism.

Frederick William III. did not like *entrevues*. His morbid, retiring nature appeared to no advantage in gatherings where personal charm and fluency of diction count heavily. In previous conferences of this nature he had usually been outvoted, outtalked, and outmanœuvred; nevertheless, he came.

England was represented by Wellington* and Castlereagh,† both of them firm supporters of the Metternich system. But they both needed secrecy, for fear of embarrassing questions in the House of Commons.

Czar Alexander up to this time had been a source of much solicitude to Metternich, for, strangely enough, the youthful enthusiasm and love of popularity of this absolute monarch led him to profess—in Poland as well as in Paris—sentiments of abstract liberalism which sounded revolutionary in Berlin and Vienna. Alexander had talked of constitutions and popular representation with the easy grace of one who personally has nothing to fear.‡ Underlying this outward show of carelessness

* 1831, Wellington (æt. 62) to Lord Salisbury: "All reform is, in my opinion, bad and dangerous; and every reform would end by being radical."—Salisbury Manuscripts.

† Castlereagh, born, 1769; suicide, 1822; foreign secretary for the ten years preceding his death. This is the man whom Byron so scathingly apostrophized for his attitude towards freedom in public life.

‡ On March 27, 1818, Alexander I., in a speech at Warsaw, had referred to constitutional liberty as the best guarantee of social order, and had said he would try to persuade other monarchs to share his liberal views.

was, perhaps, a certain Oriental satisfaction in making mischief among his neighbors. In the year 1818, however, he changed his views suddenly and radically. Metternich's police spies discovered for him an alleged conspiracy among the officers of his household regiments. The proofs of this were apparently convincing, for on his way to Aix-la-Chapelle* those who had previously been shocked by his advocacy of constitutional liberty, a free press, and other engines of revolution were not a little amazed to hear him seriously warn his brother monarchs and their ministers against demagogues who were seducing the people from their orthodox allegiance.

A Bourbon, Louis XVIII., sat on the throne of France. His prime-minister, the Duc de Richelieu, was fully in accord with the Divine right of kings; but Napoleon was alive, the troops of the Allies still occupied portions of French territory, and the French people were not yet reconciled to their new rôle in the affairs of Europe. The Bourbon government represented to the Frenchmen of that particular generation the humiliation of their flag and the restoration of privileges which had provoked the revolution of 1789.

Napoleon II. was alive, being educated in Vienna at the court of his grandfather, the Austrian Emperor. About his frail person there was already a faint halo in the minds of those who yearned for a Napoleonic France once more. The Aiglon myth was already germinating.

The journey of his grandfather, Kaiser Franz, to Aachen was a triumphal procession at the expense of Frederick

* To-day Aix-la-Chapelle is a highly modern manufacturing centre with more than 100,000 inhabitants. There is a shabby imitation temple still standing as a memorial of the ignoble congress of 1818, but from its outward appearance I judge that no one in the place cares much to have it regarded as an object of national pride. The cathedral is, however, well worth a journey.

William III. All the way down the Rhine the Roman Catholic population marked their dislike of Protestant Prussia by hailing with fervor the embodiment of the Holy Roman Empire. At Aachen, on Prussian soil, and while the guest of a Protestant monarch, he was received by the dignitaries of the Romish Church with ostentatious subserviency. Into this cradle of German civilization, where the emperors were crowned, where Charlemagne spent the happiest years of his life, and where his remains to-day are treasured in the cathedral which he built, the Papal Austrian was received as the rightful master, while the King of Prussia was regarded as a heretic spectator—not to say an intruder. Hardenberg, who accompanied his royal master to Aix-la-Chapelle, was besieged by depositions clamoring, in more or less courtly language, for the promised Constitution. The King resented such evidence of public opinion, and gave the petitioners to understand that, while he was prepared to listen to individual appeals, he regarded petitions numerously signed as revolutionary. His political police took the matter in hand, and, of course, the petitions ceased.*

* In a letter to Gneisenau, Benzenberg says (April 12, 1818):

“Zum Preussenthum sind diese Länder nicht zu bekehren. Sie wollen Deutsche bleiben. . . .

“Dass wir Preussen sind ist zufällig. Das sind wir heute, und morgen vielleicht wieder nicht. Aus den Wiener Verhandlungen (1814) geht hervor dass Preussen die Sachsen lieber gehabt hätte wie uns, und wenn seine Vorschläge gehör gefunden hätte, so wäre vielleicht der König von Sachsen, dieser Freund und Verehrer von Napoleon, unser Herr.

“Wenn Preussen 1813 ein Deutschland aufgerichtet hätte, dann wäre es anders.

“Dann war eine grosse gemeinschaftliche Erinnerung die alles umschlingende bildende und haltende Idce, auf der die Krone als Gipfel und Vollendung ruht.

“Die Umstände haben es nicht gewollt, und das Königthum

At this so-called "informal interview" of Aachen, the interests of all Europe, if not of the whole civilized world, were being tampered with by four men, not one of whom was fit to represent an average gathering of shareholders in a limited liability company. The English Prince Regent was not there in person, to be sure, but his spirit was fitly represented. George IV. was a notorious glutton, drunkard, and seducer—such a man as would to-day be hopelessly blackballed at any fairly respectable club. The Austrian Emperor was senile and narrow, clinging childishly to Metternich as cranky old women cling to plausible physicians or lawyers.

Kaiser Franz had but one political idea, borrowed from his father-confessor—that all the mischief in the world came from modern improvement. His Minister Metternich ruled the congress of Aachen through the

schwebt in unentschiedener Mitte zwischen dem Feudalkönigthum und dem Constitutionellen.

"Wo es sich hinneigen wird, das mag schwer zu bestimmen sein. Am Rheine kann es aber nur dadurch Bedeutung erhalten dass die Krone der Gipfel und der Schlussstein der Vervassung ist.

"Uebrigens sind wir der Meinung, dass ein Volk diejenige Vervassung erhaelt die es werth ist."

Gneisenau was a man of broad interest in human affairs, and counted among his acquaintance a very large number of the leading scholars and thinkers of his time. Among them was Benzenberg, the illustrious astronomer and physicist, who died in 1846, near Düsseldorf, on the Rhine.

This man of science twice incurred the displeasure of government—first that of Napoleon when the Rhine provinces were French, and finally that of Frederick William III., by reason of a biographical notice published in 1821. Benzenberg in his day ranked with the very first men of science, and, like Virchow, in our time, he deemed it not unworthy of his calling to take an interest in the affairs of his country.

Such as would apologize for the public acts of Frederick William III. must not forget that men like Benzenberg were not the exception. On the contrary, his voice was the voice of nearly every educated German who had the courage to think aloud.—P. B.

work; but had it been in existence it would have been regarded merely as a bit of Jacobinism—the work of a demagogue.

When Frederick William III. died, in 1840, a large colored portrait of the Prussian monarch appeared, with a list of the notable events that had happened in the world between the day of his birth and the day of his death. There are dozens of little things mentioned, but an eloquent hiatus occurs in what concerns the years 1776, 1783, 1789, and 1812. There is, so far as official Germany is concerned, no evidence that the United States existed during Frederick William III.'s lifetime. The royal record mentions the first lighting of the Berlin streets with gas in 1827, obviously unconscious of the degree to which it was advertising Prussian backwardness, for gas was already on the public streets in London in 1814. But that Benjamin Franklin brought lightning down from heaven and harnessed it to the service of man; that Fulton gave steam navigation to the world; that Eli Whitney created the cotton industry by inventing his famous gin; that Morse had made his electrical experiments in 1835; and that, in 1819, the year of the Carlsbad Congress, an American steamer sailed from Savannah and reached Liverpool in twenty-two days—these facts, which were revolutionizing the world, passed unnoticed before the eyes of men who blasphemously professed to rule their people by light from God Almighty. All of which is to remind the reader that in that day European thought was mainly dictated by the policeman and the other high-priests of monarchy by right divine.*

* "Die Art wie ich Ihnen diesen Brief zusende sichert Ihn vor der Eröffnung auf der Post—darum schloss ich darin mein Herz auf."—Gneisenau to General Clausewitz, Berlin, March 29. 1818.

XVII

PRUSSIAN FREE-TRADE, 1818

"I like a smuggler. He is the only honest thief."—Charles Lamb (1775-1834).

YOUNG men who went afoot from Jena to Berlin, or from Göttingen to Heidelberg, could not travel far without being struck by the absurdities connected with levying revenue. Each of the dozens of little states had its frontiers barred against every other state; even the different provinces or counties of the same state were barred one against the other.* The trader of one town could not take his wares to the next town of the same county without being vexed by a customs examination, by charges, and possibly by a prohibition to proceed further. The highways were not free; toll was levied at various points, according to the nature of the goods transported. Special tolls were levied at bridges and at the gates of cities—in short, such were the charges on a consignment of goods for a few hundred miles that in

* "There were more than sixty different customs schedules and sets of regulations, and as many customs frontiers or barriers, within Prussia itself. Nearly every town was cut off from the surrounding country by a customs cordon; all intercourse between different parts of the country was made difficult by reason of burdensome and irritating conditions. In one province, or even in one section of province, goods might be imported, while in another, or a section of it, that would be forbidden or under heavy taxation. . . . And so it was in the rest of the German states."—Weber, *Zollverein*, p. 2.

most cases these alone might swallow up the whole value of a cart-load. China, in this year, 1903, offers analogy to the German methods of 1816.

There was nothing strange about the system; it was one that had been sanctioned by immemorial usage in France and Spain, to say nothing of England. The American colonies practised it up to 1789. To-day the United States and Canada are barred from each other by customs restrictions; so are Austria and Germany. The Germany of 1815 looked on the map like a patch-work quilt, and represented so many and such very small territories that the most indifferent of travellers could not fail to be struck by the absurdity of each little patch having a separate customs barrier against every other little patch.* Imagine New England with a custom-house cordon around each county, and complicate this by fancying that several of the counties own land, or whole villages, lying in the counties of their neighbors, and that, in order to reach their fellow-citizens, they must pay exorbitant customs charges. We have never had this experience in America, save to a very small extent, after the adoption of the Constitution in 1789, when several States were granted public land in the unsettled territory beyond the Alleghanies. Let us suppose that at that time Rhode Island had been given political control of Minnesota, and that, in order to reach it, her people had had to pay customs dues at all intervening states. Such a régime would have made us all free-traders.

The word free-trade then meant to Germans little more than the abolition of customs barriers within Ger-

* "All that has been asserted subsequent to the founding of the Zollverein, regarding the intentions of the Prussian cabinet to establish a customs union for all Germany, is pure fiction."—Nebenius.

many itself. There was no German flag on the high seas, and commerce meant, to the average German, little more than that the Rhinelander should be allowed to exchange his wine for the Prussian's wheat, or that the Bavarian should be allowed to sell his lumber and his beer in exchange for the textile goods of Saxony. In the discussions regarding a national customs union scarcely any practical knowledge was brought to bear upon this burning subject; there was but little effort made to protect infant or native industries or to create new branches of manufacture. The King's ministers merely recognized the vices of the system for raising revenue and advised its abolition.*

The principle of the modern "trust" was applied to the collection of the customs revenue—nothing more. To-day, as we recognize the enormous service it has rendered to the cause of national German unity, we would gladly discover a far-reaching political plan in the minds of those who first advocated it, but in vain.† It is but an illustration of what history so constantly teaches—that governments, like individuals, when acting under the influence of enlightened self-interest, often achieve ulterior results of a surprisingly generous nature.

Prussia emerged from the Napoleonic Wars with considerable glory but empty pockets. She had an excellent

* "Die deutschen Staaten, foederativ zu einem Zweck, politisch zu einem Staate verbunden, führten unter sich, und zwar jeder Einzelne gegen Alle and wieder Alle gegen jeden Einzelnen, einen höchst unvolksthümlichen Handelskrieg, der weit schlimmer war, als ein innerer krieg der Waffen nur je hätte sein können."—Weber, p. 8.

† "Up to 1827 there was no hope of being able to win Prussia over to the idea of a general German customs union (*Zollverein*)."—Nebenius, quoted by Ægidi, *Aus der Vorzeit d. J. Zollverein's*, p. 129.

army, and, what was more important, a civil service based upon promotion according to merit. This drew to the service of Frederick William III. officials of talent, the kind that is comparatively indifferent to salary, but is ambitious for a field in which to develop.

The territory of Prussia lay spattered all over the map of northern Europe, from the neighborhood of Tilsit, on the Russian border, to the mouth of the Rhine, below Cologne—near 1000 miles as the crow flies. There was no way of reaching all parts of her disjunct territory without passing through that of her neighbors and suffering humiliation at successive frontiers.

The Congress of Vienna had grudgingly granted to Prussia a mere minimum of square miles and population. Hers was not a rounded territory in the centre of Germany, with a homogeneous Protestant people to work with. On the contrary, the allies of Frederick William selected for him the land which they thought would cause him the most embarrassment. He did not receive Hanover or Saxony or Hessen or any such easily governed people. Far from it. He was given provinces that were strongly Roman Catholic, that had been cheerful members of the Rhine Confederation for near a whole generation, and had adopted the Code Napoléon. This population, added to the vast wilderness of Roman Catholic Poles along the Russian frontier, introduced the Protestant Hohenzollern dynasty to administrative difficulties which are chronic to-day (1903).

The Prussia of 1815 hardly knew what she was nor where she was; but her officials set to work promptly to take an inventory of the new assets. We may be quite sure that if the Prussian King had conceived the *Zollverein* customs law as a political force destined to arouse public sentiment, he would never have encouraged it.

The fact that he did so is sufficient evidence that practical fiscal considerations alone prevailed.*

While the Rhine Confederation had formed part of the French territory, it had enjoyed freedom of trade with all parts of the Napoleonic Empire—the largest measure of free-trade then known in any part of the civilized world, with the possible exception of the United States. The Frenchman of Cologne could trade to the Mediterranean with less vexations than a German from Frankfurt to Stuttgart. Napoleon had reared a generation of Europeans on a plane of commercial activity higher than anything they could discover for themselves by travelling about in Germany. When, in 1814, the Rhine provinces passed to Prussia the people lost the “protection” of Napoleon’s empire; they lost the right to trade with their neighbors of France, yet they gained no protection from Prussia, were not even allowed to trade with their fellow-subjects in other parts of the new monarchy. So soon as Napoleon was safely caged at St. Helena, France, Russia, and Austria promptly fell back upon their home markets, closed their frontiers to their neighbors, and managed to repair the wastes of war after a fashion. But with Prussia there was no home base to fall back upon; she, along with the rest of the small states of Germany, had such an anomalous set of frontiers

* “Der preussische Bevollmächtigte, Graf Bernstorff, anfangs etwas zurückhaltend, erklärte bald heraus, dass seine Regierung das durch das Gesetz vom 26. Mai 1818 eingeführte Zollsystem für so wesentlich mit ihrer Steuer, und Finanz, Verfassung verbunden erachte, dass sie unter keiner Bedingung auf allgemeine Maassregeln eingehen werde, welche damit in Widerspruche ständen. Ebenso wenig war zu erwarten, dass Oesterreich irgendwie von seinem zum grossen Theil auf Prohibitionen beruhenden Zollsysteme abgehen werde, und Bayern, das erst kurz vorher ein dem preussischen analoges neues Zollsystem eingeführt hatte, schien ebenso wenig geneigt, dasselbe wieder aufzugeben.”—Weber, p. 13.

and systems of raising revenue that smuggling became one of the leading industries and honest traders clamored for relief.

The war was followed by two years of famine along the Rhine. People at Bonn and Cologne starved while those of East Prussia could find no market for a full harvest. The whole country was lacking in capital for industrial purposes; co-operation on a large scale was unknown. For centuries the princes of Germany had reared their people in helplessness, and it was but natural that in a time of great national distress such a system should revenge itself. The various German governments had encouraged passive obedience and discouraged social or political intercourse; and as commerce can thrive only through free intercourse, Germany, in 1816, presented the picture of a great people, highly educated, full of romantic attachment to their mountains and valleys, their traditions and their princely families, yet helpless in the practical matters of political and commercial organization.*

This was England's opportunity, for when Waterloo was over she found herself with warehouses full of goods that required marketing, and she had an abundance of ships ready to carry them to every port in the world. At once the markets of Europe became filled with English wares; there was no effective opposition, either through

* "Nation können wir sehr gut entbehren, und alle seine wälschen Missgezüchte mit dazu. Im gemeinen Leben ist es ein Schimpfwort. Die Leute reden von Nationszeug, wie von Lederzeug, und Rackerzeug und nennen so Zigeuner, Schacherjuden und auf den Schub gebrachtes Gesindel. Wissenschaftlich sagt Nation gar nichts. Bei den Schriftstellern ist es ein Scheinwort von schwankendem Begriff. Nach Kant sind wir ein Volk, nach Seume nur eine Nation, nach Herder sind wir noch keine geworden und nach Mannert haben wir bereits aufgehört, eine zu senn."—Jahn, *Volksthum*, p. 10.

revenue laws or in the energy of local manufacturers. English merchants sought to get rid of their surplus with scant reference to profits, and the result was that the German manufacturers were pretty generally brought to the verge of bankruptcy. This English invasion of the European markets after Waterloo has its counterpart to-day when American manufacturers find themselves weighted with a large stock of goods which the home market cannot consume, and which, therefore, they ship abroad even at a loss to themselves. They reason that in any case it keeps their factories open, it advertises their goods abroad, and indirectly leads to orders in the future.

Already, in 1816, petitions reached the various German governments on the subject of the harm done to industry by the state of the customs; and many were disposed to abolish them altogether rather than continue under the system as it then was. An attempt was made to organize German manufacturers into a political body for reforming the customs, and a few did come together in Leipzig in 1817, but they accomplished little. One mill after the other stopped; factories shut down; people were thrown out of employment—this was the chronicle all over the country, and there was no prospect of improvement save through smuggling or emigration.

It was, therefore, at the eleventh hour and from great necessity that Prussia, in 1818 (May 26th), published her famous law for the collection of revenue. It was not a perfect instrument, and its provisions raised bitter complaint; but it was far ahead of anything of its kind so far attempted in Europe. It deserves to rank with the emancipation of the serfs or universal military service.

The main feature of this measure was the principle laid down that henceforth commerce should be free, at

least between the several Prussian states. That seems little now, but at that time (1818) it was enormous. This one measure, in Prussia alone, abolished sixty separate customs schedules and placed in their stead a single one, comparatively simple and equitable. The policy of monopoly and privileges was abandoned, the government retaining but two monopolies—salt and playing-cards. All domestic tolls and exactions were abolished; these had been in the nature of the taxes collected throughout China to-day on goods in transit.

As to foreign nations, Prussia proclaimed a policy of strict reciprocity for future treaties of commerce, and the duties she proposed upon goods from abroad—about 10 per cent.—seem, in contrast to what she levies to-day, as very light, indeed. Her law of 1818 was one of “tariff for revenue only.” If it furnished any protection, it was not intended by the men who framed it. We would regard such a law to-day in the United States as virtual free-trade with all the world.

As though to emphasize her indifference to the principle of protectionism, Prussia collected her revenue, not according to the value of the goods imported, but according to bulk, or in some cases according to measurement or the number of pieces—in opposition to the French and English system then prevailing, the so-called *ad valorem*.

There was reason for this at that time in Prussia. Look at the map. Prussia had an enormously scattered frontier, and her immediate object was to discourage smuggling—first, by making the duties light, and, secondly, by making their collection easy and rapid, particularly for the large number of teamsters carrying goods in transit. It takes a man of highly specialized education to appraise the value of articles from abroad, and there were not enough of such men to be had at that time,

or they were too costly for Prussian pockets. On the other hand, any average workman could take a stick and measure the cubic contents of cotton bales, or weigh a box of hardware, or count the number of cattle passing his barrier. In modern times this primitive way has been abolished, but the *ad valorem* system has not proved a change very much for the better. It encourages fraud, owing to the uncertainty regarding values. The import trade of the United States is to-day a school of corruption for officials no less than for merchants.

Of course, the Prussian law pressed hard upon those who found that on a load of pig-iron or stone they had to pay duty as high as upon a case of machinery or jewelry. But no customs system is perfect, and the Prussian officials could with reason contend that there was less absurdity in theirs than in any other of that day. The little states did an immense amount of protesting, but the answer was always the same—if they did not like it, they were at liberty to come into the arrangement and profit by these duties to the extent of their population.*

Protests were made to the so-called Federal Council (*Bundesrath*) at Frankfort, but Metternich, who represented all that there was of initiative in that body, had not the capacity to see in the Prussian law anything but a mere piece of machinery. He certainly would have interfered had he anticipated that this little machine was destined to rally to its enthusiastic support all the revo-

* Professor Walter Lotz, of the Munich University, in a lecture delivered February 5, 1895, said that it was the refusal of Austria to unite with the neighboring states in a German customs union which brought about her isolation industrially, and ultimately her expulsion from the North German Confederation in 1866.—“Die wirthschaftliche Entstehungsgeschichte des heutigen Deutschen Reiches.” MSS.

lutionary and educated forces of Germany. In 1848, when thrones were tottering all over Europe and ministers ran to hide themselves; when every institution in Germany seemed in danger, this *Zollverein* commanded popular support. It even rose in public esteem by the power it had shown to give Germans a living emblem of national unity.

In 1819 there appeared before the Federal Council a delegation representing the trade of the most important centres of manufacture, protesting against the law of Prussia and praying the Council for a general act covering the whole of Germany. That is to say, they demanded for all of the German states what Prussia had done for herself alone. The spokesman was Dr. Friedrich Lisst, of Tübingen.

The Federal Council not only rejected the requests of this deputation (seventy in all), but regarded the deputation as a party of agitators who, under the guise of seeking trade facilities, were presumably organizing revolutionary forces against established governments. This view was shared by Metternich, and was of enormous importance at that time to Prussia, for it left her a free hand to exert pressure upon one after another of her neighbors. Had the Federal Council taken this matter up herself, in the interest of all Germany, Prussia would have been compelled to surrender her pretensions and acquiesce in any arrangement which Austria might have seen fit to impose.

The little states, however, had a cordial distrust of Prussia; they were jealous of her power; they dreaded the loss of their petty sovereignty, and this feeling of the princes was shared somewhat by the people at large, in whose eyes the House of Hohenzollern was a power hostile to popular representation.

But force of circumstances proved too strong for the little states, and one by one they came to an understanding with the cabinet of Berlin; and one by one they discovered that if Prussia was rough she was also just, and that in her hands they were much better off financially than under their old system. Prussia took pains to conciliate her weaker neighbors, so far as it was possible to do so, and in all cases they were well paid for any imaginary impairment of sovereign prestige.

The story of commercial treaties and tariff intrigues is not stimulating to those of us who are idealists. Suffice it to say that on January 1, 1834, there was finally proclaimed a customs union embracing 23,000,000 souls at the heart of the German-speaking people—Protestant as well as Catholic, Prussian and Bavarian—all having at least one object in common: free commercial intercourse among themselves and the protection of their interests abroad.

It was practically a commercially united Germany, and to that extent it became a source of great annoyance to Austria and Russia, and by no means a thing for jubilation in the eyes of France. Metternich, whose whole policy had consisted in antagonizing the different states of Germany, now found that the very means which he had adopted for this purpose had resulted in a union dangerous to his supremacy. Prussia had originally laid down the rule that she, and she alone, should have the government of this *Zollverein*, though she permitted the other members to give their advice. It was, however, to be strictly a Prussian arrangement, which all could join if they chose—or suffer the consequences. This view had to be abandoned ultimately to secure the adhesion of Bavaria and some others who would not listen to any proposition involving subordination to Prussia. The

Zollverein that went into effect January 1, 1834, was, therefore, a feeble rough-draught of the empire of to-day—a congress of sovereign states, under the headship of Prussia, to be sure, yet having representation each according to population. Prussia tendered the services of her consuls abroad to all the members of the union, and thus, a full twelve years before Richard Cobden succeeded in persuading his countrymen (1846) to abandon “protectionism,” Germany gave free-trade to a community of states educated in the school of monopoly, privilege, and prohibitive taxes.

XVIII

THE FIRST GERMAN EMPEROR—EARLY YEARS

“God reveals himself now in this or that great scholar, priest, or king—be it to heathens, to Jews, or to Christians.

“Hammurabi was one of these. Others were Moses, Abraham, Homer, Charles the Great, Luther, Shakespeare, Goethe, Kant, and the Emperor William the Great. . . . How often used my grandfather expressly to emphasize that he was only an instrument in the hands of the Lord!”—Letter of William II. (1903).

WILLIAM THE VENERABLE, William the Victorious, William the Great—there are no titles suggested by piety and popular pride which have not been attached to the name of Germany's first Emperor, who died in 1888, at the age of ninety-one. When the news flashed through Germany men and women burst into tears in the public avenues, the people went into mourning as for a near and beloved kinsman, children spoke in hushed tones; it was felt that without his guiding hand the future of Germany was in danger.

The German mourned in his great Kaiser not merely a prudent monarch—a simple and dignified gentleman, whom it was a pleasure to greet with deference—but one who represented forty years of military and political success.*

* “To accomplish a great and good work, we need not merely good intentions, but the power. And where, outside of Prussia, can we find the power needful to reawaken Germany.”—Paul Pfizer (1801–1867).

The young men who marched under him to the war against Austria in 1866 and into Paris in 1871 knew but one Germany—the Germany of success. One must have lived in the midst of the German people during those two great wars to appreciate the enthusiasm which carried German arms victoriously to Königgrätz and Sedan. Every German family had a member in the ranks, and in every hamlet men, women, and children worked for a soldier in the field.

The enthusiasm of England during the Boer war (1899), and that of ourselves during the war with Spain (1898), are not for a moment to be compared with the holy fire that burned during the great war which produced unity and empire in Germany. No wonder, then, that in the later years of the Emperor's life Germans made pilgrimages from every corner of the world merely to say that they had seen their hero. They came to Berlin and stood in the Unter den Linden, under the statue of Frederick the Great, and waited until the Emperor should show himself at the window of his study. No day passed but that thousands stood expectant to see his venerable features—students, mechanics, tourists, school-boys, market-women; every class of society rubbed elbows with equanimity for the purpose of doing honor to the one man about whom there was apparently no difference of opinion.

But the life of this great ruler covered three generations. It was the third generation that called him great.

In 1848, forty years before his death, when he was already fifty-one years of age, this same German people stoned his palace, threatened him with violence, and compelled him to steal away, in disguise, to London.*

* Ernst von Bunsen, the son of the late Prussian Minister to London, has often spoken to me of this episode—that the then Prince William arrived at Carlton House Terrace unannounced, and took

But a man at fifty-one is not to be moulded lightly. The William of 1888 was substantially the William of 1848. Personal experience of mob violence had but strengthened his confidence in military organization as a means of securing respect for the law and permanency to his dynasty. From 1848 to 1888 there was no change in William I., but a vast change in his people. Germans who had stoned him while he was preparing reforms in the army hailed him as a popular idol when that army achieved victory. It was public opinion—not he—that changed. The past was forgotten, and William the persecutor of patriots became William the protector of constitutional liberty.

In 1807, at ten years of age, this prince first put on military uniform, as officer in the Prussian army. For more than eighty years he marked his preference for the soldier side of his profession by wearing no other dress than that of his army. That year (1807) was a year of national degradation—the year of Tilsit, when his mother, the lovely Queen Luise, was compelled by her husband (Frederick William III.) to go as a suppliant before Napoleon and beg for what the Prussian army had lost at Jena. Queen Luise failed to draw from the conqueror more than a few compliments on her personal appearance, and soon after (1810) died of a broken heart.

In such times boys mature rapidly, and William, who had been brought up at his mother's knee to honor strong men, and, above all, to beware of those whose resolution evaporated in perpetual discussion, saw the outbreak of up his residence there during his enforced absence from Berlin, during which time he visited many of the sights of London. The German Embassy to-day is also at Carlton House Terrace, a few doors removed from where it was in 1848. The old legation is now marked No. 4; the occupant is a German. Near to it is the American Embassy (1903).

the War of Liberation (1813) with more interest than that of a mere spectator. He was sixteen years old when the battle of Leipzig was fought, and when he entered Paris in 1814 it was with the feelings of a man burning to avenge the insults offered to his mother seven years before. Boys of sixteen were not uncommon in the ranks of both armies during the American civil war, and a year of service made them seem more mature than those at home five years their senior. Nelson and Farragut, at the age of sixteen, bore responsibilities which to-day are reserved for graduates of naval colleges. The sense of responsibility is awakened by active life, not by reading about activity.

Again in 1815, after Waterloo, William entered Paris—no small record to have accompanied the armies in two successive campaigns against the great Napoleon, and to have twice entered his capital at the head of victorious troops, and all this before he was nineteen years of age. Little did he realize that he was yet destined, thirty-five years hence, to see another French Empire; and fifty-five years hence to drive another Napoleon from the throne, to march a third time into Paris at the head of another victorious army, and to receive at Versailles a crown which symbolized United Germany and constitutional liberty.

The reign of Victoria was longer than the reign of any monarch of modern times, but we must add to the reigning years of William I. many preceding ones, commencing virtually with 1818, when he was intrusted with important military affairs. Thus for the seventy years between 1818 and 1888 William I. was an important, if not dominant, factor in the development of his country. He saw the beginnings of steam transportation by sea and land and the mighty revolution in public thought

which followed in its wake. The Prussia of his early manhood was in many respects a type of mediæval Europe. Serfdom had been nominally abolished in 1807, but the German peasant had scarcely more share in public affairs than the American negro of 1860. The Germany of that day was a patchwork of some forty principalities, varying from such states as Prussia and Bavaria down to statelettes so small that it was hard to set up a rifle range without danger to the inhabitants over the border.

The husband of Queen Luise (Frederick William III.) did not die until 1840, but in the twenty-five years of his reign following upon the year of Waterloo he was the innocent means of helping his country to a notable step in the direction of a united fatherland; for while he detested everything that savored of popular initiative or interference, he yet had the husbandman's desire to make his estate valuable, and was disposed to tolerate legislation that promised increase of revenue without any material sacrifice of royal prerogative. He tolerated universal education, not because it made people think for themselves, but because he needed educated officials, and carefully looked to it that the education imparted met his views. For more than a century Prussia had fostered universal education as a means of raising the material welfare of the taxpayers, and thus indirectly strengthening the power of the crown.

The years between 1818 and the revolution (1848) were years in which William I. was constantly employed in the routine of his soldier profession. He was zealous for every measure that promised to make the army more efficient, and resolutely opposed to any proposition savoring of popular representation. Thirty years of uninterrupted soldier life—I had almost said barrack life—

could not fail to leave a deep impression upon any man, however indifferent he may have originally been to the profession of arms. But to such a nature as that of William I. these thirty years not merely made him a master of military detail, but estranged him from the ideas which we associate with higher human development. In the many years which he lived we fail to find the trace of any interest for things other than those belonging to his craft. We do not find him seeking out and encouraging the painters, the musicians, the poets, the scientific men, the scholars of his day. To him the glory of Prussia was the Potsdam parade. He could understand the importance of rearing monuments in Berlin to the glory of his generals, but when it came to honor similarly a Lessing, a Beethoven, a Schiller,* a Jahn, or a Stein, he ultimately gave his consent, but could not understand why loyal people took so much interest in the matter.

If he ever honored a scholar or an artist, we may be pretty sure that it was because of some service to the House of Hohenzollern.

William I., as kings go, was a good man—industrious, punctual, of clear, steady purpose, conscious of his limitations, and loyal to the men whom he selected to act as his aids in government. His personal habits were simple, his manner dignified; to me he was the embodiment of the soldier. He believed that a Prussian officer could not only do everything, but that no civilian could be entirely trusted.

After Bismarck had achieved the highest earthly honors

* The late George v. Bunsen, when member of the German Parliament, told me that the Emperor William I. had refused to be present at the unveiling of a monument to Schiller in Berlin—for reasons already indicated.

as the blacksmith of German unity, his King and Emperor said to him, in earnest: "You have yet to be adequately rewarded for the great things you have done; you are about to receive the crown to your honors—you shall become a Prussian General."

From 1818 on William I. was constantly working with royal military commissions for improving different branches of the service. He was perpetually fretting that his royal father was not energetic enough, that reforms came too slowly, that promotion was not rapid enough, because his father did not like to retire his superannuated generals.

The Prussian army, which had been reorganized in the spirit of Scharnhorst in 1807, was essentially a nation in arms—a symbol of United Germany. But little by little the King, and the aristocracy generally, came to look with suspicion upon the popular features of this service, and aimed at bringing it as near as possible to a standing force, independent of popular sentiment. Officers were selected more and more from the aristocracy; the *Landwehr*, or "Volunteer" portion, was more and more neglected, and in 1819 was practically abandoned by an order which forbade the separate organization of this popular branch.* The "liberal-minded" soldiers of the days of Liberation little by little withdrew from posts of influence, and the army passed effectually into the hands of unimportant men who felt with William I. that an army should be the policeman of monarchy.

* Schön, the eminent patriot and governor of East Prussia, spoke of this in his famous pamphlet, "Woher and Wohin?" which was suppressed by the police in 1840 (*Memoirs*, vol. iii., p. 233). "The best fruit of this period (1807–1815), and the most glorious manifestation of the awakened public sentiment, was the Prussian *Landwehr*, not created by military or civil officials, but proceeding out of the midst of the people and perfected by the force of public opinion."

This was the idea of Frederick William III., of his son, who succeeded him in 1840 (Frederick William IV.), of his second son, William I. In these three reigns we find, in 1806, Frederick William III. driven from his throne by Napoleon, Frederick William IV. compelled to send away his Berlin garrison at the orders of the citizens of 1848, and, finally, William I. compelled to seek refuge in England.

Frederick William IV. (who succeeded in 1840) was, if possible, less of a soldier than his royal father. His very appearance was that of a happy, jovial, fat tradesman who had achieved unexpected prosperity. He was otherwise, however, a man of some brilliancy, much interested in the fine arts, fond of society, a liberal patron of letters, full of romantic dreams—a man who would have been adored by his people had he come to the throne a century or so earlier.

He wished his people to be happy, and kept promising them things which he wished them to receive as royal favors, but which they claimed as their right. His ideal was to be regarded as a benevolent despot, doing only right, thinking only of the happiness of his people, and, in return, receiving at their hands grateful homage and loyalty. This genial and pompous paradox led straight to the revolution of 1848.

William I., with his simple soldier mind and total absence of political imagination, had no sympathy whatever with his elder brother's fancies. In 1844 he was sent to England on a visit, but he did not learn the language, nor have we any evidence that he carried home any sympathy for the institutions of a country which should have been well able to afford him valuable hints regarding constitutional government. The only country which interested him was that of the Czar, at whose

court he felt thoroughly at home. He visited St. Petersburg on the accession of Nicholas, in 1826, and again in 1829, 1832, 1834, and 1835. He was in sympathy with Russian methods, and looked up to the Russian police as the pattern of what was needed in Prussia. He cultivated the friendship of Russia throughout his life, and on his dying bed adjured his grandson, William II., to maintain this feeling as the policy of his House.

In 1830 Russia had a firm ally in William I. for the purpose of suppressing the Polish uprising. Indeed, in those years William I. showed a strange credulity regarding alleged plots—even in Prussia. He grew to distrust his own people and to believe that Europe was on the verge of political upheaval. In 1829 he was married to a princess, better known in later years as the Empress Augusta. She was of a romantic, poetic nature—he just the opposite. It was not a love affair. He was a soldier; he was ordered to marry, and he did.*

The one woman William I. had loved was the Polish Princess Radziwill, who was seventeen when he was twenty-three, and who for five years gave him the exquisite happiness of communion with the spirit of love. Marriage with such a woman would have produced the

* It was to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of this loveless wedding that Carl Wilhelm, in 1854, composed the music of "Die Wacht am Rhein," the song which first achieved fame on the outbreak of the War of 1870. The composer was granted a pension of 1000 thalers (\$750) in 1871, but he only lived to enjoy it two years. The poet, Max Schneckenburger, lies buried near the sources of the Danube. He was a commercial traveller whose patriotic breast bubbled with indignation at Louis Philippe, in 1840, when talk of making the Rhine once more the frontier of France became fashionable on the boulevards. The canoeist who paddles down the Danube from Donaueschingen will pause for a moment at the monument to Schneckenburger which the people of the Black Forest have reared to their patriotic fellow-countrymen.

most fortunate effect on his future; but not so thought his father, who had only dynastic considerations in view, and who, in 1826, wrote a formal letter to the son, ordering him to crush this love in his soldier breast and marry in conformity with the exigencies of statecraft. The dutiful soldier obeyed, and the girl he loved died shortly afterwards (1833).

Prince William sought relief for his feelings in renewed activity, and always in the direction of perfecting the army.

In 1835 he fitted up his home on the Unter den Linden in its present tasteful and dignified form, immediately opposite Rauch's splendid monument to Frederick the Great. Here he spent more than half a century, and here he died in 1888. His work-table is preserved exactly as he left it—at the window looking out on the broad street, on the ground floor.

Shortly after his death I was permitted to visit every part of this interesting palace. Of it all, however, the most interesting was a little bare room in which was a soldier's cot. On this William I. slept to the very end. In this little bedroom was no sign of a loving woman's touch. The only attempt at ornament that I can recall consisted of a series of singularly stiff fashion-plates showing the various uniforms of the Prussian army. This bedroom was to me the epitome of a lonely life—a life of duty, of self-denial, of a man without love in his life. As I stood by his bed I recalled Philip II.'s little monastic cell in the Escorial; for Philip also led a lonely, loveless life.

XIX

JULIE KRÜDENER AND THE CZAR

“Resplendent sight! Behold the coxcomb Czar,
The autocrat of waltzes and of war!
As eager for a plaudit or a realm,
And just as fit for flirting as the helm;
A Calmuck beauty with a Cossack wit. . . .”

“With no objection to true liberty,
Except that it would make the nations free.”

—Byron (1823), “Age of Bronze.”

THE domain of religious life is a dangerous one for us to invade, because the same word used in Germany and in America or England does not convey the same idea at all times. For instance, the eminent historian and philosopher Zeller uses, in his *Life of Strauss*, the word “pietist” as we would use the word “Christian.” What we are familiar with as a “religious revival” in our Methodist and Congregational Churches—exercises which have influenced university towns no less than “camp-meetings of negroes” in the South—all such things are treated by educated Germans as manifestations of an unbalanced or feeble mind.

In my boyhood it was deemed unmanly among Germans to recognize the Almighty as a living force in our life; religion was deemed the last refuge of peasants and hysterical maids. One of the badges of a radical or republican was to despise priests and the God of Christian theology.

Much of this feeling may be traced to unwholesome relations of Church and State and the suspicion of the people that their monarchs used the priestly machinery in order to popularize the notion of passive obedience to divine monarchy.

Frederick William III. was a professor of religion; his son Frederick William IV. was never so happy as when acting as the curator of his people, discussing hymn-books, creeds, and catechisms with his obedient bishops.

We have no ground for wonder that the people of Prussia, who heard of God mainly as a sleeping-partner of the Holy Alliance, should approach Him with more of suspicion than reverence.*

Perhaps the most pious of monarchs was the Czar Alexander, and his piety was, perhaps, the most potent in giving pietism its evil sound.

A remarkable lady of the Baltic provinces named Krüdener exercised great influence at one time over this emotional monarch. She led a life of what the Churches are apt to call "good works"—that is to say, she minded pretty much everybody's business but her own; she went as missionary to lost souls, and had apparently immense success in arousing penitence and fervid professions of love for the teachings of our Saviour; but this was when she had passed the age for love of a more personal nature.

In Eynard's heavy, two-volume life of Krüdener (published in 1849) the Czar is represented as pacing the floor of the Heilbronn Palace with feverish impatience crying aloud for Madame de Krüdener. This was in 1815, when

* "It is safe to say that nine-tenths of all that mankind believes, or thinks it believes, is destitute of any solid basis of fact."—T. J. Hudson, *A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life*, p. 26.

he was thirty-seven and she fifty. But she was handsome and attractive, or Alexander would have drawn his consolation from another fountain. At the moment of his cry entered Prince Wolkonsky, with the message that Madame de Krüdener was below demanding admittance.

She entered, and, to quote the Czar's own words, "She came at once into my presence, and, as though she had read into my soul, she spoke to me words strong and soothing, which immediately stilled the troubles which had been besieging me for so long."

A few lines from this curious biography will suffice to illustrate the spirit of Alexander and the temper of the "romantic" and morbid society of the time. It will explain better than anything else the relief with which German scholars and Liberals acclaimed, in 1835, David Strauss's *Life of Jesus*.

"With her first words Madame de Krüdener snatched from the Emperor the veil which concealed from him his sinful state; she censured strongly the irregularities of his past life" [this must have taken some time], "she censured his wicked frivolity and the vanity which intruded itself into all his plans for improvement of self. But all this she did with that kindly insinuation, that gentleness, and that power which was peculiar to her. Growing by degrees more enthusiastic, and noting the Emperor's rapt attention and his amazement that she should treat his conversion to God as a sham, 'No, sire,' exclaimed she, 'you have never yet approached the Divine Man (*l'Homme Dieu*) as a criminal pleading for mercy. You have not yet received pardon from Him who alone on earth has the power to remit sin. You are still in the bondage of sin; you have not yet humbled yourself before Jesus; you have never yet cried from the bottom of your heart, like the poor publican, "Oh, God! have mercy upon me, wretched sinner!" And that is why you are without peace. Listen to the voice of a woman who also has been a great sinner, but who has found pardon for her sins at the feet of the cross of

Christ.' At these words Alexander wept freely (*versait d'abondantes larmes*) and concealed his face in his hands." [So she said.]

"Suddenly Madame de Krüdener recalls that she is addressing these harsh words to the ruler of all the Russias. She stops and seeks to excuse herself for her violence and the frankness of her language. Alexander reassures her: 'No, madame; go on. Your words are music to my soul!'

"Three hours passed in this interview.

"When she expressed regret at having used language that might have wounded his feelings, he interrupted her with: 'Have no fear; your whole discourse is justified in my heart. You have made me discover things which I had never before suspected. I thank God; and I want to have many such talks with you. I beg that you will not separate from me.'"

No American or Englishman familiar with the history of religious movements among our people would be surprised at this interview, one which to the schooled German is inexplicable save on the hypothesis of intellectual weakness.

Few people of that time would believe that Alexander's fondness for the society of this lady sprang from mere thirst for the gospel. Her biographer tells us, however, that:

"In order to make Alexander submit to the sway of truth, which he loved but did not obey; in order to curb that proud head before God, that head that had never before been bowed, Madame de Krüdener had but one secret—her profound faith; she had but one charm—her burning charity or love for her fellow-man. Her Christian heroism seemed to arraign Alexander for cowardice. . . . He felt in that delicate woman the virile courage of a true soldier of Jesus Christ."

And so when Alexander, in the early summer of 1815, arrived at Heidelberg, while Napoleon was hurrying to meet Wellington and Blücher at Waterloo, when the

fate of Europe was hanging on the energy with which the allied armies organized for this new campaign, our soft and sensuous Muscovite wrote to Julie Krüdener, his high-priest of pietism:

“You will find me lodged in a little house outside of the town. I chose it because I found in the garden my banner—a cross.”

On the 9th of June, only a few days before Waterloo, she also took a convenient lodgment in Heidelberg, where, she informs us, the Czar came to spend every second evening with her. “*Sa visite se prolongeait jusqu’à deux heures du matin,*” we are told; and as no reference is made to a chaperon, we may conclude that Heidelberg did not suffer for want of something to discuss when news of Napoleon was wanting. “It was Alexander who indicated the chapters regarding which he desired light.”

Julie Krüdener followed Alexander to Paris after the victory at Waterloo, took rooms near to his, and was in sympathetic communion with him early and late. It was she who is mainly responsible for the odor of sanctity which has since then hung about the Holy Alliance. That was not its official name, but those words appear at the end of the document, and we must credit the Krüdener with having directed the spirit of Alexander towards regarding his monarchical conspiracy as a crown trust for the protection of divine thrones from popular, or earthly, assault. The Krüdener helped him to confuse himself with divine purpose—to regard his measures for the government of Europe much as Philip II. of Spain looked upon the Holy Office of Inquisitor.

She is described as a woman of most charming expression, with bright, animated, blue eyes, wavy, ash-colored hair, and very mobile features. Her figure was

well developed and beautifully proportioned; very graceful in her movements, and with a manner thoroughly individual and distinguished. But her greatest charm was her nimble and winning spirit.

Can we not picture this beautiful creature, dressed in the diaphanous robes of the Directory, floating in upon some sinful man about the time when Parisian society had plenty such; taking them in pity by the hand and opening to them visions of earthly—if not heavenly—love, enough to make any reasonable sinner subscribe to any scheme upon which she, too, was engaged? Julie could not live without loving and being loved. She had married a man much older than herself, and had found it more agreeable to live away from him. She had—so she said—a mission in the world, and her mission was one of love for sinners. Some of these sinners took a long time to convert, and even in a society like the Paris at the opening of Napoleon's rule, her love affairs attracted considerable notice, notably her life with the singer Garat. It was while occupied with the salvation of this vocalist that she heard of her husband's death, and promptly went into conspicuous mourning by retiring to Lyons, where she wrote her famous love-story, *Valérie*, the material of which is drawn mainly from her own experiences.

The book went through several editions, was well noticed by the press, by her friends, by the great reading public. Only one man would not recognize her genius, her charm, but that man was Napoleon.

In 1804 she suddenly disappeared from Paris, the scene of her great triumphs—the one spot where she had appeared to rule the social and literary world. This was a mystery at the time to all but a very few. She herself gave out the bulletin that she hated Napoleon because

he had executed the Duc d'Enghien. Be that as it may, one day she sent her novel to the First Consul, who rather liked a good novel, provided it was not of the "romantic" kind or made up of letters. This was unfortunate for Julie, whose book combined both these abominations. He did not look at the title-page, but threw it aside with a sharp request to his librarian not to give him such rubbish again. This seemed cruel, for the Krüdener* had met Napoleon in his earlier days at the houses of Barras and Tallien, and she had proclaimed the fact. When he became the ruler of France—attaching, naturally, great social value to literary acknowledgment from such a source, and fearing lest some accident had happened to her precious *Valérie*—she had a second copy handsomely bound and sent it to the Tuileries, with a personal note, in which she described herself as a "stranger" who had selected France as the *patrie* of her affections.

This time Napoleon learned who had written the book; but, unfortunately for feminine literature, it recalled to his mind a woman whom he particularly disliked by reason of the very charms which subsequently endeared her to Alexander. He called her a crazy *coquette*, and recommended her to write her next book in Russian or German, so that Frenchmen might be spared. Julie could have scratched Napoleon's eyes out when she heard this brutal opinion. Most mortals would have been satisfied with these two attempts, but Julie was not like other mortals. She got out another edition, and once more brought her work to the attention of the great man, on the strength of some changes she had made. He threw the book into the fire and accompanied

* Compare an excellent essay on Krüdener, by Professor Fournier, in his *Historische Studien und Skizzen*. Prague, 1885.

the movement with a malediction on female writers in general. When authors meet in festive gathering there is never wanting some speaker who praises Napoleon for having executed a publisher. But when it is a feast of authoresses, even this deed does not rehabilitate him.

One gentle word from Napoleon's lips would have made Julie Krüdener pray for him—and with him. But now she left France with the rage of a slighted Juno in her breast. Henceforth Napoleon never entered into her thoughts save as the enemy of humanity—the great murderer.

“La devotion est le dernier de nos amours,” wrote Saint-Evremont, who knew women both in London and Paris, and knew the court of Charles II. no less than that of Louis XIV. According to this philosopher, ladies of fashion, and particularly those whose lives have been enriched by a more than conventional cultivation of the affections, not infrequently throw themselves into religious work with noble fervor. The explanation is, in the opinion of our Frenchman, that the lady merely transfers her love from one object to another—from a lower to a higher, let us say. It is a need of her nature that she give forth devotion—adoration—she cannot live without doing so. The love she brings to the foot of the cross is the love of woman for man—a yearning that occupies her mind and spirit; it is but the clamor of passions that are but half stilled, the embers of a flame which radiates a gentle glow along her pathway towards peaceful old age. Julie Krüdener is no riddle to the psychologist who has given attention to the biography of notable women.

A great transformation appeared in her about the time of the battle of Jena. She suddenly flashed upon the German horizon as a full-blown evangelist; had access

for a time to Queen Luise of Prussia; held revival meetings, and moved from one court to another, as the high-priest of purity and pietism, calling sinners to repentance, revealing to them the fountain of divine love.

Was this the result of a sudden conversion—a hasty “catching of religion,” as we say colloquially? Perhaps so.

One of her biographers (Lacroix) relates that at a time when she was in love with the free-thinking academician Suard, she (a Greek Church communicant) was at the same time on loving terms with a Roman Catholic Sister of Mercy near Paris, and with her she spent “weeks at a time in good works and prayer.” To Suard she wrote once: “I never fail to follow my ‘Sister’ to the holy exercises; I kneel at the altar and I pray: ‘Almighty and merciful God, who hast given me my “Sister” and my Lover, I love and adore Thee!’”

This was in her youth—some time before her marriage. Indeed, there is reason for thinking that her marriage with old Krüdener was provoked by the loss of this same Suard, for whom she had thanked God so warmly and with such refreshing frankness. With time this love of God and man blended still further. Sainte-Beuve makes reference to a letter in which Julie Krüdener is pictured as bursting forth into prayer while in the passionate embraces of a lover (“*dans les moments les plus décisifs*”). Is it, then, strange that her language to the Almighty was the language of one delirious with the delights of sexual emotion, that our Saviour was to her the “Man God” (*l’Homme Dieu*). We find throughout her interesting correspondence language like this (addressed to a masculine intimate): “How can I speak the tenderness of my heart, describe the flow of my tears, or the thrill through my whole body at the thought of

being thus loved—I, poor worm in the dust! Not long ago I was saying to God: 'What can I say to you, my Love? Would that I could proclaim it throughout the earth and the heavens, how hotly I love you!'

Is this madness? I leave it to the reader. If that be madness, the nation is not rich enough to build asylums for all who deserve admittance under this interesting category. Julie died in 1824, at the age of fifty-five, if we accept the birthday selected by herself. Her critics say she was five years older, but either version leaves her a young woman. The Czar Alexander made a pious pilgrimage to her tomb and shed tears there upon the grave of the one who had been at his side in a memorable period of his life, who had modified profoundly his view towards monarchy, who had infused some of her own courage into his flabby nature, and who had made religion something to him infinitely more entertaining than standing by the hour in a damp and dingy cathedral listening to the droning of long-haired, deep-lunged "popes" of the Orthodox Church.

On German life the Krüdener exercised considerable influence by still further encouraging the so-called "Romanticism" of a time when people were weary with the things they saw about them.

But it was at court that her influence spread most widely. What she taught the Czar was most welcome in Berlin. She made sovereigns feel that while it was their duty to serve God by governing according to his law, it was still more important that the people should be taught obedience to the commands of divinely anointed rulers; to regard rebellion as sacrilege. When we bear in mind that Julie Krüdener worked upon minds so plastic, so dreamy, so romantic, so unmanly, and so orthodox as that of Alexander I., and through him upon

a Frederick William III., and still further upon a Frederick William IV., the reader needs not wonder at the violent reaction which soon made itself felt. The people were bound to distrust a Protestantism whose priests were merely policemen in theological dress.

Julie Krüdener was preparing Germany for the critical vengeance of David Strauss.

XX

THEOLOGY—PATRIOTISM—ASSASSINATION

“The governments of Germany are at this moment (1819) entangled in a hopeless contest with all that is good and noble and energetic.”—Professor v. Görres.

ON the 23d of March, 1819, Carl Sand, a theological student of Jena, killed a German dramatist named Kotzebue. This murder evoked in Germany such a storm of mixed denunciation and praise as to suggest rather confused moral notions regarding assassination as a political weapon.

Kotzebue was, ostensibly, a polished courtier and man of letters, whose dramatic writings are still appreciated. But his pen in general was directed against what the German students held dearest—the unification of Germany. He was, moreover, credited with being in the pay of the Russian police for the purpose of advocating the principles of the Holy Alliance and invoking ridicule upon whatever was national in Germany. Kotzebue's importance, both as Russian spy and political pamphleteer, was much exaggerated by reason of the mystery surrounding all government action in that day of newspaper censorship. For our purposes it is only important to note that the wrath of academic Germany was seeking a victim. The most convenient, just then, happened to be Kotzebue.

Carl Sand had brooded over the fate of Germany until



AUGUST FRIEDRICH FERDINAND VON KOTZEBUE

he reached the conclusion that no means existed for fighting tyranny save an act of violence that should stir up the people. This young theological student had a mother distinguished for nobility of character and unaffected piety. She had brought up her son in her own image. He was an embodiment of religious and moral devotion, developed to such a degree that almost every act of his life was preceded by a period of prayerful self-examination and a partaking of the sacrament. His father had been a Prussian official; and thus, from the day of his birth to that of his execution, in 1820, Sand was favorably circumstanced to reflect the most approved ethical standards of Germany.*

A little study of Sand the theologian will make us see that his view of partnership with the Almighty differed but slightly from that entertained by Julie Krüdener, Czar Alexander, Frederick William IV., and other eminent supporters of the Holy Alliance.

Let us glance at some of his own words. In a letter to his father, dated April, 1814, when he was nineteen years old, he says:

“DEAREST FATHER,—Are you willing that I attend the university? Can you afford it? These are both important questions; but should your answer be in the negative, it would not deter me from leading the life of one dedicated to my God and humanity, as one who has been in communion with divine truth. I am resolved to raise myself to the position of an evangelist and a teacher of godly truth. My spirit is so permeated with this calling that nothing earthly can draw me aside.”

* When preparing to take the Holy Communion he wrote to his mother: “DEAREST MOTHER (*werthgeschätzteste Mutter*),—From your love hangs my life; in your heart is my love; immeasurable gratitude for this wells up with my tears. In the spirit I hear already the sound of a happy moment. From my innermost depths I crave your blessing and forgiveness.”—*Life of Sand*. Anon. Ed. Altenburg, 1821, p. 5.

On April 22, 1815, about the time that Julie Krüdener was weaving her winsome web of holy fervor about Alexander, this student of theology wrote from the University of Tübingen:

“MY DEAREST PARENTS,—Germany was never, perhaps, in so much danger as at this moment, when the French hordes are still loyal to their idol” [Napoleon], “and when a conspiracy of the basest kind reaches throughout half of Europe. Then, to arms, young Germany! show your courage in opposition to this foolish man. Now is the time when the noblest should rush to the front; from here also the brave North Germans” [students] “are hurrying to enroll themselves; the Württemberg Parliament” [of which Tübingen was the university] “presses for universal service. On all hands are offers to volunteer and die for the common country. I also feel it my duty to go to the front and to die, if necessary, while helping to achieve victory over this demon” [Wüterich] “in the cause of duty, for the sake of my country, for all those who are dear to me, for liberty.”*

Sand was the kind of Christian who not only preached against the sinner, but cheerfully went forth to slay him. His feelings in regard to Napoleon he did not disguise.

* “Ruhte auf dem Volk Frankreichs der Fluch des Königsmordes, so übernahmen die drei Monarchien des Ostens die Schuld eines Volksmordes, nur dass dort die Nation mit dem Fanatismus des heiligsten Rechts weiterstürmte, während die Kabinette ihre verhängnisvolle Eroberungslust nur dürftig mit dem Vorwand der Besorgnis vor jakobinischen Umtrieben verhüllten. Und endlich, es war vor allem Russland, das sich vergrösserte u. seine Krallen ein gut Stück weiter in den Westen hineinschlug; es verstand seinen Vorteil wohl: jene beiden Mächte, die nichts mehr als Russlands wachsende Macht hätten fürchten sollen (zum Teil nur mitgingen, weil sie dieselbe fürchteten) verband sie sich durch die gemeinsame Blutschuld an Polen, kettete es auf so lange an sich, fals die Glieder des zerrissenen Volkskörpers noch zucken würden. Russland mit seiner Autokratie seiner inneren Oede, seiner umso grösseren Pleonexie wurde der unnatürliche Vorkämpfer des alten Europas.”—Droysen (1808–1884), *Vorlesungen*.

Had he known of the relations which Frederick William III. maintained with him as late as the spring of 1813, he might have spoken of him in similar words—who knows but he might have turned his dagger in the direction of Berlin.

On January 23, 1816, he wrote to his mother:

“That which has impressed me most in the teachings of the Book, to which I have only recently dedicated myself in real earnest, is this—the proposition that Christianity is founded in strength. And what splendid passages are there about Christian love in the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians! I beg you will look it up. Indeed, we must admit that such glorious words give us a feeling of new birth, and that we poor humans would never have stumbled upon such teachings of revelation all by ourselves.”*

The chapter referred to here is the one commencing, “Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal,” etc. The last verse is: “And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three. But the greatest of these is charity”—(love).

* “Er soll sich keine schönere Zukunft, als die eines Missionars in Indien geträumt haben, wozu er sich vorbereiten wollte. Aus allen Erzählungen von dem Universitätsleben dieses Menschen zu Erlangen geht hervor, dass religiöser Mysticismus verschmolzen mit verkehrten Ausichten von teutscher Nationalität ihn auf's höchste überspannt haben.”—Hohnhorst, *Vollständige Uebersicht der gegen Karl Ludwig Sand, etc.*

[*Translation*]

“His dream was to become a missionary in India, for which object he wished to be trained. From what we learn of him as a student at Erlangen, it appears that he was abnormally wrought up by reason of devotional exercises blended with perverse notions of German nationality.”

Or, in other words, he was too religious and too patriotic to suit the prevailing fashion.—P. B.

Julie Krüdener and Sand were both preaching from the same texts, but with vastly different senses and to vastly different congregations.

On February 17th he continues:

“At nine of the evening we went to ——’s room, where we had chocolate and beer, in order to celebrate the day and hour of the death of the great Dr. M. Luther” (*sic*) [February 18, 1546], “between two and three in the morning. We wished his memory to give us new strength. We sang sacred songs, and also worldly ones. We read aloud the account of Luther’s death by Professor Jonas, in his report to the Prince; and finally, at the hour of his death, we sang ‘Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott’” [a strong castle is our God], “gave three rousing cheers to Luther, and went home at about three o’clock.”

This medley of hymns and jollification, beer and death-scene literature, may seem comical to us. On the continent of Europe the sacred and profane blend more gracefully than in our Puritan circles.

On March 5th he wrote:

“I regretted not having been invited to the drinking-party (*Commers*). But on the evening appeared —— and —— under my window and took me along. I wore my *altdeutsche Kleidung*”*

* This “deutsche Tracht,” or German dress, was conceived by Jahn and imitated by others who sought to mark their patriotism by outward appearances. Such pictures as survive tell us of a singularly uncomfortable and ungraceful garment, the sort of thing that could have been invented nowhere but in Berlin, or Pekin. It was so ugly and useless as to make its wearers painfully conspicuous in all but their own gatherings. There was a time when Americans regarded the “slouch” hat as a badge of patriotism; to-day North Germans turn the ends of their mustaches straight up to their eyes, in token of their loyalty.

“So zeichnete er sich auch in Tübingen durch eine ganz sonderbare Kleidung aus. Auf einem ganz kurzen schwarzen Rocke trug er an den Armen weisse Litzen, dazu einen grossen geschuppten Halskragen u.s.w. Weil er aber zu sehr desswegen ausgelacht wurde, legte er sie bald wieder ab.”—Hohnhorst, p. 100.

[dress of patriotic early German cut] “and accompanied them to the feast with a grateful and happy spirit. My patriotic dress was universally praised; it awakened German sentiment in many a German spirit. We grew very merry and separated after midnight.”

He opens his diary for 1817, the year of the Wartburg festivities, with the words:

“Loving Father, who hast placed me as Thy child in freedom on this earth, grant that I may not grow careless in my watch over myself and that I do not shamefully neglect the study of myself.”

On September 17, 1817, he wrote of Jahn, in a letter:*

“The pious spirit of Jahn” [*das fromme Gemüth*] “has had a mighty influence on me. May it be my lot to thus, through perpetual fighting, understand liberty as he does, and thus become a really free man.”

Such a vague sentence as this was sufficient to make the Prussian political police believe that Jahn was an advocate of murder.

On August 17th he wrote:

“To-morrow I have a duel with ——. O God! thou knowest what good friends we are, excepting only a small suspicion that he seems incapable of giving me the whole of his love, and that at times he appears cold to me. . . . O Lord! Draw not Thy sustaining hand away from me. Thy will be done. May we fight with courage, both of us, in order that we show each other

* “So ahnete ich in und durch Preussen eine zeitgemässe Verjüngung des alten ehrwürdigen Deutschen Reichs, und in dem Reiche ein Grossvolk, das zur Unsterblichkeit in der Weltgeschichte, menschlich die hehre Bahn wandeln würde.”—Jahn, *Volksthum* (1810), p. xiv.

[*Translation*]

“Thus I pictured a timely rejuvenation of the venerable German Empire through Prussia; and in this empire a mighty people that would march forward, immortal in history.”

that we are both free men, neither of us a slave to the other; to show that above us is only one Judge—Thou, O Lord. Thy will be done, and praised be Thy name! Shouldst Thou call me before Thy judgment-seat, I know that I have incurred everlasting condemnation. But, O Lord, I have no merit of my own. I look solely to Jesus, and I beg Thy fatherly mercy, because He, Thy son, has suffered also for me. Lord, whatever befall, hallowed be Thy name. Amen.”

This was not the talk of a madman; it was but the normal expression of a generation which shed tears over the sorrows of Werther and which knelt with the Krüdener. We must not judge Sand by the emotional standards of the United States or England at that time. The so-called “Romanticism”—or what we might better call Neuroticism—never went so deeply into the English-speaking life as among our kinspeople of Germany, for obvious reasons.

After his first sermon Sand confides to the Almighty in his diary (August 17th) that it was moderately successful. “Only once or twice was I compelled to glance at my manuscript.”

From an immense amount of autobiography I quote but enough to serve as illustration. I have met plenty of English-speaking men among whom Carl Sand would have appeared a type of the young man who ultimately goes as a missionary to China or joins the Salvation Army. There is scarcely a class at any American college that cannot produce specimens of this nature. Had Carl Sand come to America in 1818 he would have proved another Wesley or Moody; his courage and piety and intellectual force would have placed him in the first rank of emotional revivalists. His favorite books were the Bible and Thomas à Kempis. From these ethical arsenals he selected, as his favorite weapon, a maxim which,

translated, amounts to this: "When a man has recognized the truth so that he can say, in the presence of God, 'This is true,' then it does, indeed, become true, and he may act upon it."*

Carl Sand searched for the truth alongside his fellows at the German universities, but he differed from them by preparing himself to make his truth a living thing—not merely a rhetorical phrase.

"I have waited the proper time" [he wrote], "in tears and sorrowful anxiety, for the appearance of one who excels me and will absolve me from the task. I am not formed to commit murder. Who will release me from my agony and suffer me to pursue the peaceful career I have chosen? None show themselves, in spite of all my prayers; every one has as much right as myself to wait for another. Delay renders our situation more dangerous and contemptible. Who shall save us from disgrace if Kotzebue departs from German soil unpunished, to enjoy, in Russia, his ill-acquired treasures? Who shall help to deliver us from this unhappy situation, if no one steps forward?"

Carl Sand is not the first assassin who has whet his knife on the Bible.

The poet Schiller, in whom love of Germany dominated as strongly as did his passion for the beautiful, wrote his "William Tell" as a tribute to liberty and a veiled warning to the modern Gessler, Napoleon. German students quoted Schiller passionately in defence of assassination as a last resource of outraged patriotism.

But to talk murder is an easier and cheaper pastime than committing it; and so, although the bulk of German

* "When only eleven years old, and on a visit to some neighboring playfellows, he was engaged in romping with his young friends, when suddenly they heard the cries of a child that had fallen into the pond. Carl Sand hurried to the spot, and, without a thought of the danger, or even of his best suit of clothes, threw himself into the water and saved the child."—*Life of Sand*. Anon. Altenburg, 1821, p. 5.

students sang savagely of bloodshed, and around their beer-tables, in frothy oratory, cordially justified the killing of tyrants, there were very few who took their words seriously. Even the police treated them as poetical absurdities.

Carl Sand, however, resolved to serve his country at the sacrifice, if need be, of his life. He did it with open eyes, well equipped with a knowledge of the circumstances which could justify his act; with motives free from self-seeking; without even the incentive of personal injury, for he had no acquaintance with Kotzebue. His Bible taught him that the duty of a Christian is to lay down his life for the truth, and for this truth he searched, in the light of his academic training, his prayers to God, and converse with patriotic and enlightened Germans. Like most of his fraternity, he had shouldered a musket in the Wars of Liberation. He saw in the government merely the brute force of standing army and police.* Against such administration, pleading, reasoning, education—all intellectual weapons appeared wasted. But one means remained—to meet force by force.

And thus did sarcastic destiny launch as a terror among the military monarchs of the Holy Alliance, not a mob of sansculottes nor an army of desperate soldiers, but a pale, Christian scholar, as strongly imbued with a sense of right-doing as was Martin Luther when he took up arms against Papal abuses.

Kotzebue was living at Mannheim when Carl Sand

* "Mit den Geheimnissen ist gerade nichts zu machen. Was nicht klar und deutlich und öffentlich in den Zeitungen steht, das übt keine Wirkung in der Gesellschaft.

"Nur dadurch ist etwas auszurichten—dass man sich mit der Gesellschaft fortbildet und die Gesellschaft mit sich.

"Auch ist mit dem murmuriren nichts zu machen."—Benzenberg to Gneisenau, April 13, 1818.

was admitted to his presence. Here is Sand's deposition (published in 1820, at Tübingen) as to what passed between him and his victim:

“. . . I stepped forward six paces into the room, and greeted Kotzebue, who came forward to meet me. . . . The most dreadful part of it was that I had to act a falsehood—to say that I had desired to stop and visit him on my journey through Mannheim; and after several commonplace remarks I said, 'Ich ruhme mich' [I have the honor, or, I flatter myself], words which must have been understood by Kotzebue in the wrong sense; and as I spoke I drew my dagger, and, continuing my remarks, said: 'Your acquaintance is not an honor to me; take that, you traitor to your country,' and with the last word I struck him to the floor.

"As I turned, after the fall of Kotzebue, I noticed a little child that had sprung into the room during the act, from the door left of the entrance. Its cry had given me the impulse to atone for what I had done by thrusting the dagger into my own body. The stab was in my left breast and penetrated a few inches; then I pulled the dagger out, and the immediate result was loss of blood. As I went out and down the stairs the loss of blood and the pain increased perceptibly."

Kaiser Franz and Alexander I. regarded this murder as evidence of a vast conspiracy to upset government—to murder all rulers—and this view was evidently shared by a large section of aristocratic and official Europe, to judge by the memoirs written at that time (notably Countess Bernstorff's). Frederick William III., also, was glad of another excuse to curtail academic liberty; and at once he ordered all Prussian students to leave Jena.

English official and aristocratic society was inclined to take a somewhat hysterical view of the political situation, influenced largely by Wellington and Metternich. In the *Life of Lord Sidmouth*, who was Home Secretary from 1812 to 1822, we find many side-lights on the forces which held the Holy Alliance together.

On January 28, 1817, the Prince Regent's carriage was shot at while driving home from Parliament; and on February 19th he made a secret report to a committee of the Lords and Commons (cf. pp. 156, *et seq.*) that "a traitorous conspiracy had no doubt been formed for the purpose of overthrowing the established government and effecting a general plunder."

On the 24th of the same month Sidmouth, in moving the second reading of a bill for suspending the *habeas corpus*—or, in other words, of introducing Prussian police methods into England—said that "such was the nature of the evidence that it left no doubt in the minds of the committee that a traitorous conspiracy had been formed in the metropolis for the purpose of overthrowing, by means of a general insurrection, the established government and of effecting a general plunder and division of property."

His letters bristle with dread of revolutionary plots. In 1819 (August 16th), while, therefore, the Carlsbad Conference was in session, he wrote to his daughter anent the Manchester meeting, at which the soldiers had killed six participants, and trusts "this will prove a salutary lesson to modern reformers"; as though British reformers would be discouraged by half a dozen killed, more or less.

"It is essential," wrote Lord Ellenborough (son of the first peer of that name) to Sidmouth, September 19, 1819, "that some law should pass to prevent the drilling, either secretly or publicly, except under the King's authority."

Sidmouth was delighted with the result of the repressive legislation with which his name is identified. He wrote in 1820:

"The accounts from the country are improving—that is, the loyal are becoming more confident and the radicals less so.

"The press is the *fons et origo mali*. Its licentiousness and

the facility of circulating libels are, I trust, materially checked.”—III., p. 307.

The first Lord Ellenborough, who was a friend of Sidmouth, a man after his own heart, is noted also mainly for legislation of a mediæval character, for having largely increased the number of offences punishable by death.

Indeed, much of the correspondence at this period between British Tories might have been dictated by Metternich.

Sidmouth wrote to Lord Bathurst on October 14, 1819:

“At Manchester and in its neighborhood nearly all the lower classes are corrupted and all the middling and higher intimidated.

“The press is at present a most malignant and formidable enemy to the Constitution to which it owed its freedom.”—II., p. 283.

The trial of Carl Sand was conducted, on the part of the crown, with particular reference to the incrimination of others, but not a single confederate was discovered.

So far from relieving their minds, this failure on the part of the prosecution merely confirmed Metternich in the belief that the conspirators were deep and dangerous men, and the time was come for a comprehensive inquisitorial police raid throughout Germany.

In this same year a student of Jena, a clergyman, and a young apothecary met in Giessen. Together they determined to emulate Carl Sand's heroism, and the honor was claimed by the apothecary, who happened to be of the same town as the chosen victim, a high official of Wiesbaden. On the 1st of July the attempt was made, but in this case the victim survived his wound, and the young Brutus put an end to himself during his confinement by swallowing broken glass.

It is worth noting that Richard Wagner, in his ref-

erences to Carl Sand, nowhere deprecates the deed, though for obvious reasons it would have been dangerous to have praised it.

After referring to the regeneration of the German stage under the influence of Goethe and Schiller and the inspiration of the Wars of Liberation, Wagner tells how the influence of Kotzebue acted upon it:

“Though the Czar could not make a ballet-dancer of a minister of state, he managed to convert a German writer of farces into a Russian councillor.

“August von Kotzebue was the first to bring trouble to the spirits of Schiller and Goethe at the very hearthstones of their tremendous work, in the little, insignificant Weimar.

“He was a strange creature, not without talent—a frivolous, conceited thing with a bad heart that was angered by the fame of the immortals.”

Wagner accuses Kotzebue of having sought always to suggest the obscene while avoiding what could conflict with the Censor.

“Kotzebue wrote his reports as councillor to Petersburg, telling how nicely things were going in Germany; and he was happy in the notion.” [Referring to the taste he was encouraging for shallow and immoral drama.]

“On the 23d of March, 1819, there came to him in his room a youth in the dress of an early German (*altdeutschen*), and stabbed the councillor until he was completely dead. It was an unheard-of, marvellous, and awe-inspiring deed.

“Instinct was its cause.

“The Russian Czar acted from his instinct when he permitted this councillor to write him flippant reports.

“No less a matter of instinct was it with Sand, who knew no other means of meeting the political work of Kotzebue than of charging him with corrupting the German youth, of betraying the German people.

“The judges were at their wits' end. Surely there must be here some vast conspiracy. This murder of the councillor must

be but the prelude of a general attack upon all crowned heads—upon the very life of the state.

“Nothing could be extracted from the youthful murderer but that he gloried in his action, and would be happy to do it again; that he was grateful to God for having illuminated him and for allowing him to go quietly and confident of salvation to his expiatory death.

“And in this belief he remained, without a single moment of doubt, during his fourteen months’ confinement, suffering from festering wounds, stretched out in misery upon his bed of torture.

“It was first a witty Jew (Boerne) who made merry over this act of Sand. Heine also, if I am not mistaken, became humorous over the matter.

“What the nation thought is not clear.

“But this much is certain—the spiritual heirs of Kotzebue have secured the German stage.”

After the murder of Kotzebue more than a year passed before the medical authorities pronounced Sand strong enough to be executed. For more than a year this young man dragged out his life, tortured by ill-health and still more by the legal pitfalls prepared for him in hope that he might betray his friends.*

At last, on the 20th of May, 1820, he was led to the scaffold, which had been erected at the gates of Mannheim. Crowds of sympathizers, notably students, came to do him such honor as lay in their power. The executioner, axe in hand, begged his forgiveness and promised to carry out any parting instructions, confessing himself

* “Die Hinrichtung gieng mit der grössten Ordnung und unter dem tiefsten Stillschweigen der Zuschauer vor sich, nur im Augenblicke des Kopfabschlagens hörte man manchen Ausruf des Mitleidens. Sand hat nichts zu dem Publikum gesprochen. Nur kurz vor seiner Hinrichtung sprach er für sich mit hörbarer Stimme folgende Worte:

“Gott giebt mir in meinem Tode viel Freudigkeit; es ist vollbracht; ich sterbe in der Gnade meines Gottes.”—[Hohnhorst, *Vollständige Uebersicht der gegen Karl Ludwig Sand*. Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1820, p. 183, zweite Abtheilung.]

wholly in sympathy with the deed of the young patriot and imploring him to believe that he was about to cut off his head from no other motive than duty. After the execution he gave the chair in which Carl Sand had sat to a fellow-patriot in Heidelberg, who treasured it as a sacred relic. With the timber of the scaffold the headsman built himself a little summer-house near Heidelberg, just where the Neckar joins the Rhine. For many years afterwards students met here, ostensibly as guests of the patriotic headsman, for the purpose of holding secret sessions in the so-called Sand scaffold.

It is difficult for many of us to conceive of a Carl Sand, for we cannot well picture to ourselves the conditions under which he had to live. We have had assassins; but Guiteau, who murdered Garfield, was a disappointed office-seeker, and abundantly shown to have been mentally deranged. Wilkes Booth killed Abraham Lincoln at the close of a great civil war; and even he came of a family in which there were traces of insanity. The man who fired a musket point-blank at President Jackson was a crazy nonentity. Czolgosz, who killed President McKinley, is the first in the line of American political murderers for whom the plea of insanity cannot be urged. There are points in which the crime of Czolgosz resembles that of Carl Sand.

Among the several attacks upon the life of Queen Victoria none excited any sympathy; all were the acts of unimportant individuals.

A notable professor of that day was the theologian De Wette, a man universally admired not merely for the breadth of his scholarship, but for the purity of his character. He had known Carl Sand, and, from a natural feeling of humanity at such a time, he wrote to the heartbroken mother a letter of condolence. While

expressing horror for the crime, he dwelt upon the act of her son as having sprung at least from pure motives—loyalty to a misguided notion of the truth.*

This eminent professor was promptly dismissed from his chair at the University of Berlin. He emigrated to Switzerland, and there closed his life in peace—an example to German manhood and a warning that to tell the truth is almost as dangerous as to act upon it.

There is a school of military strategists who look upon war as decided by the occupation of strategical positions. These sons of Mars march and countermarch their men until they have secured what, in the military text-books, amounts to an overwhelming advantage. Then, in theory, they call upon the adversary to retire, and he, as an equally well-trained soldier, is presumed to yield to superior strategy. But every now and then the mere strategist runs up against an enemy who doesn't know when he is beaten, who fights against all strategical principles, and who sometimes scandalizes the war-college scientist by upsetting the well-planned combinations of a professorial general staff. In the political atmosphere of Germany there grew up a very noisy and very learned school of intellectual strategists—the mass of professorial politicians, who argued, who preached, who printed, who even petitioned on the subject of political liberty. They denounced tyranny in general; they even talked of dying in the sacred cause of their country; but that they should ever go beyond the discussion of death never entered the minds of these strategical firebrands. The stuff that made Mazzini and Kossuth does not grow about the high-schools of Germany. Carl

* This fact is ignored in Treitschke, *Prussian History*.—P. B.

Sand would have been a brilliant leader had he been born in Buda-Pesth or Genoa. On the banks of the Saale he was a mere murderer, for he alone found the courage to do what the mere strategists only talked about.

XXI

CARLSBAD DECREES, 1819

“Sie reiten gut, sie schlagen gut,
Sie haben ausgeschlafen.
Der Kaiser hält ein strenges Gericht,
Er will die Mörder bestrafen.

“Die Mörder, die gemeuchelt einst
Die teure, wundersame,
Goldlockige Jungfrau Germania;
Sonne, du klagende Flamme.
—Heine (1844), “Aus Deutschland.”

THERE is little in this beautiful Bohemian health resort to suggest the diplomatic duplicity that was inaugurated here on the 22d of July, 1819. In the height of the Carlsbad season one prince more or less makes little difference—even the jingling post-horses of so mighty a minister as the virtual ruler of the Holy Alliance. Metternich stepped from his coach at the sign of the White Lion, one side of which overhangs the rushing Tepel River, while the other faces the little market-place, worn smooth by the procession of yellow-faced visitors who cure their livers by sipping the warm spring-water from the mugs they carry in their hands. Carlsbad, to-day, draws suffering people every year to its healing waters—not only from Europe, but very largely from America. Rich and poor; crowned heads and bagmen; Polish and Galician Jews, in curls and gabardines; Russian grand-dukes; jaded business men from Chicago and

Kansas City—all jostle one another about the fountains of health, as though to preach the wholesome democratic doctrine that, in the eyes of Carlsbad, at least, the worship of Hygeia makes the whole world kin.

To-day the list of strangers forms a newspaper of international interest, a portentous volume with about 100,000 names in one season alone. In 1819 this list was not deemed worth printing, so few were the visitors; although Carlsbad was as important then as it is to-day, so far as waters and sanitary administration are concerned. But before railways Carlsbad was as far from Berlin, in point of time, as it is to-day from New York; and, aside from mere time, the journey to-day from New York to Carlsbad is made with infinitely less discomfort and expense than when Herr Geheimrath Goethe posted from his little Thuringian Athens to the Bohemian Hygeia.

The *Carlsbad List of 1819*, which the mayor placed at my disposal during a recent visit, contains the names of four doctors only; to-day there are over three hundred. The total number of guests was 2017 in that year. The first one arrived April 19th, the last one September 19th. The name "Prinz Metternich" appears on July 23d at the Weisse Löwe—this was ten days after the arrest of Turnvater Jahn, in Berlin. "Wilhelm Lascelles, Edelmann, aus London, wohnte zu den 7 Kurfürsten auf dem Markte." (July 30th.) The list includes but a handful of English in this year. "Herr David Parish" [Consul of the United States of America (August 19th)], "wohnte zur Melone auf der Wiese." This is the only American registered in that year. To-day one hears the United States talked at every turn.

"Herr J. Wolfgang von Goethe, Grossherzoglich Sächsische Geheimrath und Staats Minister aus Weimar, zu

den 3 Mohren" [dwells at the sign of the Three Moors] "auf dem Markte." (August 29th.) "Herr Ernst von Bismarck, Königliche Preusse Hauptmann aus Schönhausen" [no doubt a kinsman of the Iron Chancellor], "wohnt zum Goldenen Kranz auf der Wiese." (May 21st.)

His Serene Highness Field-Marshal Blücher and his son, also Lieutenant-Colonel von Nostiz, his adjutant, and Büske, his medical attendant, "wohnen zur Weisen Löwe." (June 1st.) Old Blücher hated Metternich so cordially that they could not possibly have remained in peace under the same roof. I conclude, therefore, that the hero of Waterloo returned to Berlin before the 22d of July. The splendid old fighter died in September of this year, seventy-seven years of age.

Twelve days after Blücher arrived the Austrian Schwarzenberg, who had commanded the Allies against Napoleon at the battle of Leipzig. Blücher did the bulk of the hard fighting in that great battle, but officially it was Schwarzenberg who reaped the glory. We can see the two veterans exchanging many a good story over their warm Sprudel, and jointly damning most cordially the diplomatic meddling that spoiled so much of their work. Schwarzenberg survived Blücher only one year. In Carlsbad he had rooms at the Goldene Harfe.

These addresses look as though they were so many hotels; but in Carlsbad each house has a name, as yachts and locomotives have with us.

Metternich prepared his conference with the utmost secrecy, for his object was a quasi *coup d'état*, a violation of the Act of Federation under which the thirty-nine German states had united at the close of the Napoleonic Wars. Under this instrument (which was framed mainly

in order to guarantee the sovereignty of the smaller principalities) the universities and domestic police matters were regarded as belonging to the individual states. It may be roughly illustrated by the home rule prevailing in Scotland as against the British crown, the "sovereignty" of our individual States over against the Federal government in Washington.

This federal compact of 1815 (which ended in 1866), commended itself to Germans at large much as the United States Constitution did to the several States when it was adopted in 1789. It was felt in Germany, as in America, that some compromise was necessary between the sovereignty of individual states and the practical need of a common army and navy and a common representation as against foreign countries. In Germany, as in America, the principle was jealously maintained that the states reserved to themselves all rights that were not specifically surrendered to the general government.

To be sure, the German Bund, or federal government, had so far done little to justify its existence. There was no national army or navy, no national sources of revenue, no single system of customs, no common currency or postal service, not even a flag. In such matters which concern the welfare of the German laboring-man, farmer, and manufacturer Metternich took no interest; it was his business to strengthen the House of Habsburg, not to lay the foundations of a rival German Empire. In secrecy he hurried from Carlsbad to the neighboring Bohemian summer resort of Teplitz, where Frederick William III. was wont to refresh himself, and here, on the 29th of July, 1819, he regaled that timorous and suspicious monarch with such a picture of anarchist agitation as made him ready to sign anything for the sake of police protection. Hardenberg was commanded to

sign a secret treaty between Austria and Prussia, a treaty which practically surrendered to Austria the right to be the political policeman of Europe in general and Germany in particular. The King kept Hardenberg in office because he was a useful figure-head, an eminently tactful negotiator, one who had the reputation of being a liberal, while at the same time ready to serve his master in measures the reverse of popular.* Hardenberg was in his heart quite as liberal politically as his predecessor, Baron Stein; the main difference was that Stein resigned rather than surrender his convictions. And yet Frederick William never leaned much upon Hardenberg; he shrank from this minister's liberality in political matters. His preference was for men of the military, bureaucratic, or police stamp—men who humored his fears and suspicions rather than those who told him to trust his people.

The murder of Kotzebue in March (1819) had been the signal for a revision of the Prussian police with a view to scenting out constructive treason, spying in private affairs, violating postal correspondence, and haling before special tribunals all those suspected of desiring a reform. (Edict of May 4, 1819.)

At the head of this section of the government was placed a man named Kamptz, who earned the rank of privy councillor by rushing to his work with a zeal which brought him the gratitude of his sovereign and the detestation of Germany. He has the honor of having inaugurated in Berlin a secret power which was only subsequently matched by the famous Third Section of the Russian police. His powers may be compared with

* "Mit der Verfassung ist es nicht einem einzigen im Ministerio Ernst. . . . So wie die Regierung jetzt verfärt, mit Zögern, Hinhalten, Täuschen-wird Sie sicherlich die Missbilligung Aller sich zu ziehen." —Gneisenau to Clausewitz, September 29, 1817.

those of the Spanish Inquisition at the most flourishing period of that holy institution. The King granted, under the influence of hysterical alarm, powers to a policeman which eclipsed those of any officer in his service, not excepting even the veteran generals of the wars against Napoleon. He deemed no person, no character so pure but that the poison of liberalism might taint it.*

The leading organ of national sentiment on the Rhine, *The Mercury*, edited by Görres, was promptly suppressed and its editor forced to take refuge on what was then French soil, in Strassburg. Görres was subsequently called as professor of history to Munich, and lost none of his popularity from the fact of his having suffered persecution at the hands of Prussia.

The man who was so monarchical that he would not allow his soldiers to sing Schiller's "Ein freies Leben," etc., Turnvater Jahn,† was carried off to a dungeon. The author of Germany's great song, "Was ist das deutsche Vaterland?" Professor Ernst Moritz Arndt, who was, in 1819, professor of history at the University at Bonn, had his house invaded, his papers seized, and himself for twenty years placed under police surveillance. The

* "Strange that I should seem to you an opponent of liberal measures, seeing that the Secret Police here . . . have succeeded in having me regarded as a Jacobin. . . .—Gneisenau letter to Gibsone, Berlin, January 23, 1818.

† "Schiller's Jugendverirrung mit den 'Räubern' hat unsäglichen Schaden gestiftet und dem Hang zu geheimer Selbsthülfe Vorschub geleistet, und der Gewaltthat aus guter Meinung. Darum hat der Verfasser als Fahnenführer in der Lützower Schaar niemals gelitten: 'Ein freies Leben' zu singen, und 'Frisch auf, Kameraden,' was man nur aus Wallensteins Lager trompeten darf. Damit war sein verewigter Freund und Waffengefährte, Theodor Körner, völlig einverstanden, der darum alten Weisen eines bessern Liedes Grund unterlegte, wodurch der Zobten einer vaterländischen Sängerrunde Hort und Nord geworden."—Jahn, *Merke zum Deutschen Volksthum*, p. 273.

list of eminent, respectable, and most loyally monarchical Germans who were in this year seized, sent to prison, or exiled would include names of which any healthy society would be proud, although they are now forgotten. America is grateful that among these was the distinguished publicist, Francis Lieber, twice imprisoned (1819 and 1824), and who, in 1827, took refuge in the United States, ranked high as a scholar, and is still gratefully remembered by students of *Civil Liberty and Self-government*.

A list of the notable Germans who were tormented by the Prussian police at this time would lead the reader to suppose that the husband of Queen Luise aimed at purging his country of all such as did any independent thinking.

Metternich called together his conference of fellow-conspirators in a low-ceilinged, fairly large room overlooking the Tepel, which tumbles noisily through Carlsbad to the Elbe, and thus past Hamburg to the great sea. The kindly *Burgomeister* of Carlsbad called my attention to the massive walls through which the windows gave none too much light—the sun was ashamed to come into such a room—the desk at which Metternich and his fellow-conspirators signed this paper; the chairs they occupied—these my mentor pointed to in sadness; he, too, was ashamed of this stain on the history of his city. But what he could do he did to help the world forget the place where Metternich meditated the murder of German liberty. There is no tablet or notice outside of the house; the guide-books make no reference to it; Austrians of to-day are willing to forget the unworthy rôle their rulers played in 1819.

Metternich held twenty-three conferences at Carlsbad between August 6th and the last day of that month. Only the small German kingdoms were invited, and two or three particularly “loyal” principalities, like Nassau,

Mecklenburg, Baden. It was a caucus at which nine states discussed a law which they meant to impose upon the remaining thirty.

Of course, such courts as had shown lukewarmness in the prosecution of Liberals were carefully excluded—were even gently reminded that if they made any resistance to the wishes of the larger states they might lose their independence and be incorporated with some of their neighbors.

Metternich had overcome what he presumed would be the chief difficulty when he secured the assent of the Prussian King to his preliminary stipulations. This document was obviously written by Metternich himself, and Hardenberg had little more to do than sign it in his King's name. He has been frequently criticised for this, but, like many another office-holder of modern times, he has sought to excuse his act by reflecting that if he were dismissed from office he would no longer be in a position to do his country any good, whereas by committing this one political crime he preserved the goodwill of his chief, and thus placed himself advantageously for doing possible good on some future occasion. This is a species of casuistry I have heard frequently among otherwise admirable politicians in Washington; and Hardenberg had many noble qualities.

The Carlsbad decrees had three main objects in view. First, the different states of Germany were to agree that they would not grant any popular representation; and that those states that had been so foolish as to have granted something constitutional should be induced by proper pressure to withdraw their promises.*

* "Moreover, there have been made, in Prussia, a series of promises at the hands of a brave, chivalrous, pious, and loyal King. It would



FRANCIS LIEBER

The second feature was the suppression of liberal newspapers. The press was regarded, and with some truth, as the arch-enemy of the Holy Alliance; and Metternich insisted that not only should obnoxious editors be dismissed from their posts, but that they should not be allowed again to connect themselves with a newspaper for at least five years. The third subject affected education—not merely the universities, but the schools as well. It was determined that any teacher who gave utterance to sentiments offensive to the nine gentlemen gathered about Metternich, in the little room at the sign of the White Lion, overlooking the Tepel, should be dismissed from their posts. More than that, they should not be allowed to find occupation at any other school or university.

These were matters that had already received the assent of Frederick William III., and, therefore, with Austria and Prussia united in its support, there was little fear of any serious opposition from other German states.

On September 16th the German Federal Diet, or Congress, heard for the first time the text of what had been secretly determined at Carlsbad. The law that

be the grossest contradiction to attempt to evade these by means of sophisms.

“In 1815 the King promised his people solemnly and publicly a representative form of government. The prime-minister (Hardenberg) repeated this in all his answers to different deputations. . . .”

This is extracted from a letter of Stein to the future minister Eichhorn, who was then a Prussian official. We must forgive Stein the conventional phrases with which he characterizes the Prussian King; his letter was one intended for royal ears, and courtly falsehoods were not taken seriously at that time, were deemed on a par with the “Yours faithfully” at the end of a present-day note. The letter is dated January 2, 1818. (Cf. *Pertz: Stein*, p. 358, vol. ii., part ii.)

was laid before them was altogether the most revolutionary and important measure that had ever been presented to that body—or, for that matter, that had ever been submitted to any German state.*

Four days only were allowed for its consideration. On the 20th of September the matter was put to vote, and, of course, carried unanimously. The four days allowed were not even sufficient for the delegates to communicate with their respective courts; for there was no railway then.

This was another great triumph in the life of Metternich. He had, without surrendering anything himself, compelled every state in Germany to surrender the vital elements of national sovereignty.

No wonder that when his work was accomplished he hailed Kaiser Franz as virtual Emperor of all Germany.

This, then, was the first great act of that German Federal Congress of Frankfort which the people of Germany had been asked to glorify as the protector of German interests. Is it strange that the public mind was disturbed; that the most loyal felt that they had been betrayed by their natural leaders; that Germany was a politically helpless, if not rotten, organism, and that patriotism had become an empty phrase?

This *coup d'état* of Metternich, inaugurated at Teplitz, consummated at Carlsbad, and put into force at Frankfort, was based upon fraud from beginning to end. The revolutionary forces that were credited with a disposition to upset legitimate monarchy did not exist; they were simply proclaimed as a means of frightening such wobbly

* "The resolutions of the Diet of Frankfort may be said to form the first overt act of an era which must terminate either in the most unqualified despotism or in a revolution in Germany."—John Black, preface to *Germany and the Revolution*, by Görres. London, 1820.

monarchs as Frederick William III. The little states submitted to these monstrous propositions through fear, for Austria and Prussia together took by the throat whoever seemed preparing opposition, and said, "You come into this arrangement with a smile on your face or we will crush you."

There is nothing new about this form of unanimity.

XXII

PRUSSIA WELCOMES THE CARLSBAD DECREES

“Only in a representative government can the sovereign be sure that he has selected ministers who are fitted to perform their duties.”

—H. T. v. Schön.

THE husband of Queen Luise made public, on the anniversary of the glorious battle of Leipzig (October 18, 1819), the news of his participation in the Treaty of Carlsbad. So important was the extirpation of liberty regarded by the two monarchs of Austria and Prussia that they insisted upon personally attending to the thorough execution of the Carlsbad decrees; the German Diet, or Bundestag, at Frankfort had been invoked merely to attach the outward form of legality to an otherwise arbitrary, barbarous, and revolutionary edict.

In Berlin a press law was issued placing all books, even those issued by the Royal Academy, under censorship, although the Carlsbad decrees specifically exempted books of respectable size. The edict affected Prussia profoundly, for Frederick William was thoroughly convinced of its wisdom, and gave to the minutest details of its execution a personal attention illustrating the fear which animated him. Metternich pretended that Austria also was a hot-bed of revolution, thanks to the Prussian universities. He ordered his police to make a vigorous demonstration for the benefit of the Prussian monarch, but it was a sickly affair. In that vast priest-

ridden and intellectually molluscos empire it was practically impossible to conceive of any ideas, least of all republican ones. With the best intentions the police could discover no demagogue, no liberal newspapers, not even a suspicious character, but something had to be done to preserve Frederick William III. in his panic-stricken condition; so a raid was made upon a handful of Swiss tutors and governesses. It was reported that though they could be charged with no offence against the laws, yet among their letters had been found sentiments which the political inquisitor might at a pinch regard with suspicion. So a selected number of these innocent wage-earners were escorted to the frontier and another Austrian window closed to the light of the sun.

For thirty years this poisonous vapor of police censorship hung over the fair fields of German intellectual development. Throughout the world Germany became the byword for political incapacity, if not civic meanness. The good things she was doing in the line of strictly commercial legislation did not strike the popular imagination, but wherever her hand was seen it looked like the fist of a policeman.

The universities were the first to suffer and the loudest to resent the unjust aspersions upon their loyalty. In language more or less guarded the professors voiced their indignation, and it found a warm echo throughout educated Germany. Professor Dahlmann, a German professor in the then Danish University of Kiel, stood forth as the champion of outraged citizenship, and charged Frederick William III. with revolutionary intent; for, as he learnedly argued, "the innovator is sometimes he who tries to introduce anew that which has been long since discarded." We shall later on meet with this same Professor Dahlmann, dismissed from his

professorship, wandering into exile — another victim of truth-telling.

On November 26, 1819, the members of the Jena *Burschenschaft* formally and sorrowfully dissolved that glorious student organization whose festival on the Wartburg had given offence to the Holy Alliance, but infinite comfort to the rest of Germany. As they separated they sang the song of Binzer:

“Das Band ist zerschmitten,
War Schwarz, Weiss und Gold.
Nun Gott hat es gelitten
Wer weiss was er gewollt?”

The same night, as might have been anticipated, a number of the most vigorous of the *Burschenschaft* formed a secret society to carry on the spirit of the one which had been officially expunged. The new *Burschenschaft* was, as might have been anticipated, more radical and more violent than the original, although at best no more formidable. There was much talking and singing and celebrating as of yore, but by this time the serious men who had fought in the Napoleonic Wars had left their *alma mater*, and their places were taken by the normal undergraduate, who was inclined to think more of his local college affairs than the remoter needs of a patch-quilt nation. The *Burschenschaft* never regained that fine, earnest, representative character which it bore with splendid dignity down to the day of its dissolution; but even afterwards German universities felt so strongly its past influence that never again did undergraduate life revive the licentiousness and brutality which was but too common under the old régime.

Now that the King of Prussia had effectually placed under police control the press and the universities, he



FRIEDRICH CHRISTOPH DAHLMANN

next turned his attention to that institution which, under God's providence, had done most to save his throne when Napoleon had threatened to reduce him to the rank of a Marquis de Brandenburg (1806). The Prussian people had sprung to arms as a volunteer army—a popular militia, in which commoners and aristocrats, rich and poor, fought side by side, not merely for national existence, but for German liberty and union. The great Scharnhorst was dead, but the traditions of the War of Liberation were splendidly maintained by the Minister of War, Boyen, and the chief of the general staff, Grolman. Both of these men had been leading spirits in the national uprising. But they loved their country too much, and so they took their dismissal when the King attempted to lay his deadening hand upon the popular militia, or *Landwehr*. There is nothing in England or America exactly analogous to the German *Landwehr* of 1813, but for our purposes it is enough that men like Gneisenau, Clausewitz, Blücher, Scharnhorst, and Boyen, all loyal monarchists and experienced soldiers, recognized it as an institution which, with all possible military shortcomings, was of the greatest benefit in bridging over the gulf between citizens and professional soldiers. It was a grand nursery for the regular army in time of war, and meanwhile it kept alive among the people military tradition and practice with warlike weapons.

But to the suspicious King a popular army was not compatible with government on the plan of the Holy Alliance. It was obvious that a nation possessing a large popular force of soldiers could not be governed wholly against its will, and therefore the *Landwehr* appeared in the eyes of Frederick William a stumbling-block in the path of absolutism. He commenced by

ordering Boyen to take steps for bringing *Landwehr* regiments into closer touch with those of the line. The measure seemed innocent enough, and had the King been able to convince Boyen, or any one else, that he was honestly seeking the efficiency of his militia and not its ultimate suppression, no one would have helped him more cordially than his patriotic and indefatigable Minister of War. But Boyen knew his monarch well, and knew that the time had come when he would have either to become a mere servant, like Hardenberg, or quit the service.

Grolman resigned for practically the same reasons. He had raised the general staff, which had been hitherto only a subordinate part of the war minister's office, to a strong, independent part of the army, giving it the character which is now the aim as well as the despair of other nations. It was to Grolman's department that Prussia owed the excellent system of macadamized roads that was soon to spread over the country. Grolman it was who inaugurated the thorough trigonometric survey of the country and made the *Generalstabskarte* a byword for accuracy and neatness.

When Boyen and Grolman retired from public service it seemed as if the notice had been served throughout Germany that henceforth there was to be a complete break with the spirit of "Liberation"—a return to the dead absolutism, not of Frederick the Great, but rather of a Louis XIV., minus *la gloire*.

I had almost forgotten the one triumph of the year—a triumph in which an impartial observer could find pleasure as well as amusement.

The prince of a little statelette called Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, ruling over some 30,000 subjects—was devoured by the one ambition of building himself a court

theatre. He had not the requisite money, and in his distress was induced to listen to overtures which culminated in his joining the Prussian customs system — the first convert to Maassen's noble idea.

The 25th of October, 1819, is this important date—only a few days after the publication of the Carlsbad edict. This little prince received 15,000 thalers as a lump sum from Prussia, as a species of present to make up to him for his lost sovereignty; and thus was laid the foundation of the great German *Zollverein* and—the court theatre of Schwarzburg - Sondershausen. Verily God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.

The Carlsbad edicts poisoned German life for a generation, and were then washed away in the blood of the year 1848.

The 15,000 thalers given in the same year to the little prince with the difficult name and a microscopic census started a commercial federation which has gathered life with every year of its endurance and which stands to-day as the firmest pillar in the German imperial Constitution.

XXIII

HARD TIMES FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE

“Damals, als der Teufel war
Noch ein kleiner Junge,
Mussten blind gehorchen wir
Nach Commandozunge.
Doch es ändert sich die Zeit
Und mit ihr Soldaten;
Commandirt man: ‘Schießt aufs Volk!’
Da . . . wird blind geladen.”

—Anon.

THE Spanish army celebrated the first day of 1820 by refusing to embark for America, where various republics had sprung into existence under the inspiration of Bolivar. The Spanish King,* of course, claimed help of the Holy Alliance, much to the annoyance of the four monarchs invoked. But fortunately for America, and perhaps for himself as well, Ferdinand III. could induce no one to undertake the job of suppressing a revolution which extended from the Antarctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico. The Holy Alliance was very sorry for Spain.

* Ferdinand VII. of Spain (not to be confused with his namesake and kinsman of Naples) was born 1784; died 1833. Napoleon compelled him to abdicate in 1808, and he did not return to his throne until peace, in 1814, when he promptly restored the Inquisition and otherwise complied with the party of absolutism and Papal intolerance. The revolution of 1820 compelled him to restore the liberal Constitution of 1812, but the French intervention of 1823 under Louis XVIII. again gave him absolute power. It was at him that the Monroe Doctrine was aimed.

It was particularly mortifying to its members that immediately after proclaiming their intention to suppress revolution everywhere they should have to stand by with folded hands and see the empire of the "Most Catholic King" turned upside down by republicanism.*

The German, whose police forbade him to participate in the political life of his own country, now followed with eager interest the fortunes of patriotic heroes in the Andes and on the Orinoco. The result of the Carlsbad decrees had produced a strange change in German public opinion. The people felt that the great sacrifices they had made in the wars against Napoleon had only strengthened despotic government. German Liberals commenced now to fraternize with French Liberals, to dream of international resistance as an offset to international tyranny; the army became unpopular, and even the generals who had been national heroes immediately after Waterloo commenced to excite the suspicion that they, too, might be tools for the suppression of liberty. Students who dared not discuss a Constitution for their own fatherland recited glowing verses in praise of Brutus or Cromwell. Robert Blum was to win his first literary laurels (and a scolding from the Censor at the same time) by eulogizing Simon Bolivar.

Thus by one touch of nature the distant Andes were brought neighbors to the mountains of the Rhine; and half-civilized Indians on the Upper Amazon bore their

* Byron (1823) paid his compliments to the Holy Alliance in these lines:

"The Blest Alliance, which says three are all!
An earthly trinity, which wears the shape
Of heaven, as man is mimicked by the ape.
A pious unity, in purpose one—
To melt three fools to one Napoleon."

share even then in the moulding of political institutions on the Elbe and the Danube.

Greece, also in this memorable 1820 (December), started a small insurrection in the mountains of Albania, and the Holy Alliance was now compelled by their compact to protect his Mohammedan Majesty of Turkey against Christian subjects in rebellion. This was an awkward situation for Alexander of Russia, because the Turk was regarded by the Russian peasant as an hereditary enemy; and it was difficult for the plain people of Europe to appreciate why fellow-Christians in Greece should submit to the rule of a Sultan whose guiding political principle was the extermination of unbelievers. Of course, this insurrection had not been anticipated when the Holy Alliance was formed.

The Greek people had felt confident that they would receive the support at least of Alexander, who was the head of the Greek Church. Russian agents had been busy throughout Greece; and on the 7th of March, at Jassy, on the Roumanian frontier, Alexander Ypsilanti, a man known to be well received at the Russian court, had proclaimed Greek liberty and promised the help of the Czar.

If ever the civilized world was unanimous on any subject, it was in its sympathy for the Greeks in this famous struggle. Byron and Thomas Moore voiced the sentiments of the English-speaking race; Lafayette, "the hero of two worlds," the friend of Washington, the champion of liberty, thundered in the French Chambers against the Holy Alliance; the German people, poor as they were, passed the contribution-box from house to house, and gave substantial aid to the liberty they could but dream of at home. On Easter Day the Greek patriarch had been murdered in Constantinople and

hung up at the church door by the Mussulman mob; his body was afterwards dragged through the streets and thrown into the Bosphorus. At the same time many archbishops of the Greek Church were murdered, and, by command of the Sultan, about twenty members of the Greek community were executed. Greece was then farther from Berlin in point of time than South Africa is from London to-day, and there was considerable scope for the imagination in treating of events in the Ægean Sea. We may be sure that all Turkish atrocities were carefully chronicled and that no particular emphasis was laid on the retaliatory acts of Christians. At any rate, the German mind, already well prepared by familiarity with Homer and Xenophon, now peopled the Peloponnesus with their heroic descendants, who, under the inspiration of liberty, were battling against overwhelming forces of bloody-minded Moslems. What American school-boy but has felt his blood jump quicker in reciting "Marco Bozzaris"; what fine emphasis we laid upon:

"Strike till the last armed foe expires;
Strike for your altars and your fires—
God and your native land."

And if the echoes of that struggle could reverberate so mightily among the villages of New England in our generation, need we be surprised if among a cultivated but police - ridden nation they should have evoked emotions akin to frenzy.

Tame as are the Russian *mujiks*, it was all that the Czar could do to keep order on his frontiers. The corpse of the massacred Greek Patriarch, as by a miracle, was washed against the bows of a Russian ship, whose pious crew bore it to Odessa, where it was laid to rest

amid much funeral pomp. The people saw the hand of God in this wonderful rescue, and attributed divine force to the shrine of this martyr. Greek refugees were everywhere made cordially welcome, and the Russian troops on the banks of the Pruth cheered enthusiastically for the Greek cause when a Turkish patrol on the opposite bank gave them the incentive.

The patriotic Ypsilanti had been forced to fly for his life when the Turks overran Roumania; he took refuge in the empire of Kaiser Franz, who promptly locked him up in a dungeon, where he remained for many years, much to the delight of the Sultan.

The traveller in Austria to-day, who breathes on all sides the atmosphere of constitutional government, and even a superabundance of parliamentary liberty, can with difficulty believe that within the memory of men now living that checkered empire was best known as the political dungeon of Europe.

In this same 1820 Italy also caught the revolutionary fever, and a secret society called the Carbonari compelled King Ferdinand to swear fidelity to a Constitution.* This oath was broken as soon as the Neapolitan monarch was beyond the range of his liberal cabinet; but the episode convinced the Holy Alliance that conspiracy was not only throughout Germany, but had crossed the Alps and was manifesting itself even in the Papal peninsula. Metternich was now very busy. He flew from one holy monarch to another, with the spirit of Peter the Hermit, spreading the dread of revolution. For tottering thrones he offered his one remedy—more police, more suppression. The Austrian army entered

* This Ferdinand (born 1751; died 1825) is the one at whose court the beautiful Emma Hamilton enslaved the affections of Lord Nelson. Mahan's *Life of Lord Nelson* treats this episode.—P. B.

Italy and restored quiet for the moment, but not before the Italian people, from Mount Etna to the Lake of Como, had given evidence that the organization of the Carbonari meant more than the humiliation of a little King at Naples; that their ultimate object was to throw off the yoke of Austria, to rally round the flag of a free and united Italy.

XXIV

FRITZ REUTER

“The German youth (*Jüngling*) who, on returning from the Wars of Liberation, laid aside his soldier tunic and put on the dress of a German rather than the fashionable coat of the Frenchman, was looked upon (by the German princes) as a demagogue Jacobin who spent his time at the universities in plotting the wholesale murder of crowned heads.”

“And this (German) youth (*Jüngling*)—the ideal pictured by Schiller—it was, who, when his princes had lost everything—throne, country, honor—gave back to the people liberty, to the princes their lost thrones (*verwirkt*).

“And what reward did this ‘youth’ receive?

“In all history there is no record of blacker ingratitude than the treachery of German princes towards the public sentiment of their people; and many a deed of self-sacrifice shall have to be performed by them in order to expiate this treason.

“We are hoping for this expiation; and for this reason let us have a clear notion of the facts.”—Richard Wagner, *Deutsche Kunst und deutsch Politik*, p. 16, ed. 1868.

THE name of Fritz Reuter is to a German what Robert Burns is to us. Both of these poets were of the people, lived with the people, and wrote in the tongue of the people. It would be hard to stumble upon a mining-camp in the Rocky Mountains, a sheep ranch in Australia, or a clipper in the China Seas where the genius of the plough-boy poet has not helped to sweeten the lives of those who can read his happy messages to mankind.

And almost the same can we say for Fritz Reuter. I have found his verses and stories in the huts of German emigrants at the headwaters of the Mississippi, on the

veldt of South Africa, wherever Germans carry with them the love of liberty, the love of home, and the love of their generous language. After the Bible of Luther, there is, perhaps, no book so dear to hard-working Germans as that of Fritz Reuter, and we speak with all respect for Goethe and Schiller.

Whoever is able to read the two poets with equal facility is liable at times to think of the Scotchman and the Mecklenburger as one man with two languages.

This German poet was, by Frederick William III., condemned to death on the charge of high-treason, a sentence which this monarch, out of his merciful heart, changed to thirty years of prison. Prussia is to-day dotted with pompous monuments proclaiming the mercy and moderation of this King; and the stranger, therefore, wonders what horrible crimes could be charged against a man burdened with such a sentence.

Fritz Reuter was born in 1810, when Mecklenburg was virtually a frontier province of Napoleon's empire; and though he died when only sixty-four years of age (1874), his life was long enough for him to see Germany united under a liberal Constitution.

He was merely a student at the University of Jena when the Prussian police arrested him, a healthy, normal, patriotic, and enthusiastic youngster, who, like all healthy youngsters of his day, dreamed and schemed for a united fatherland. For this crime alone he was, at the age of twenty-two, dragged away from the world he loved—the world of forests and lakes and singing birds and laughing fellow-creatures, in order to be locked into a damp, cold, dark, and unwholesome prison cell. He was not even allowed what we usually grant to our murderers and house-breakers—the comfort of books and writing materials. Month after month passed by;

it was three long, horrible years before he was even allowed to know his fate.

His father, who for forty years was the honored *Burgomeister* of the little Mecklenburg town of Stavenhagen—a man who splendidly embodied the rugged, rustic virtues of his people—did his best for the lad through his personal influence. All appeals were in vain. Three times did the Mecklenburg government apply to Prussia for his extradition as a matter of right, and three times it was refused.* We search in vain for material which can serve as reasonable justification for the treatment of this gifted writer. We cannot dismiss the case by saying that he lived in remote times, when savagery sat on the bench of justice. Reuter is a man of our times. The venerable William I. of Germany was forty-three years old when Reuter had already served six years in prison. The day of Reuter was the day of German leadership in science, philosophy, and the humanities. Throughout the world nations were working for a higher standard of human existence. It was the age of Cobden and Bright in England, of Emerson and Daniel Webster in America, of Guizot and Lamartine

* Fritz Reuter to his father, dated in prison: "That I may give you all information possible that may help you in making a last effort on my behalf" [*i. e.*, pleading with the Berlin officials], "I shall jot down all the material in my possession as well as I can. The Mecklenburgers are condemned to two years in prison, but in Prussia it is otherwise. Immediately after our deportation to Silberberg [Jail] B. asked his lawyer what the verdict might be, and received for answer: Two of the students from Greisswald would be probably condemned to death; himself would be condemned to thirty years; the others respectively to twenty-five and fifteen; those of Jena are probably looked upon as still more involved, and, therefore, I conclude that I shall share their fate, though for that matter I am probably less guilty—certainly not more so—than the rest of the Mecklenburgers."—Ebert, *Fritz Reuter, sein Leben und seine Werke*, ed. Güstrow, 1874.

in France, of Humboldt and Goethe in Germany. The trade in African slaves had been abolished through the awakening of the public conscience throughout the civilized world. Indeed, if we were disposed to measure the relative regard for human life and happiness now as compared with the days when Reuter was condemned to death, it is likely that we might suffer by comparison—at least, in the opinion of a philanthropist.

We must seek the cause of Fritz Reuter's imprisonment solely in the morbid fancy of Frederick William III., in his fanatic dread of innovation or liberty. As the Spanish Philip II., in the name of religion, permitted heretics to be roasted, so Frederick William III. held it to be part of his pious purpose in life to destroy as vermin those who showed a disposition to think for themselves regarding the welfare of their country.

The crime of Fritz Reuter lay in his being a German student at a time when the universities were keeping alive the last feeble glimmer of German sentiment for a united country. To want a united fatherland was regarded as a crime by the Prussian monarch, and to belong to student organizations in which German unity was talked was to place one's self in the ranks of the disloyal, the men of revolutionary ideas, traitors, etc. That Fritz Reuter died at the early age of sixty-four was largely, if not wholly, owing to the disastrous effect upon his gastric nerves produced by the bad diet, the absence of fresh air and exercise, the brutal indifference to the commonest creature comforts shown by his jailers during these seven years of confinement.

"Like master like man" was never more fully illustrated than in the resemblance of Kamptz, the police minister of Prussia, to his royal master—the same Kamptz who helped to break the body and spirit of Jahn.

A warm friend of Reuter's father was also a friend of the police minister, and, therefore, this friend wrote to Berlin, setting forth the facts that the youngster had now been three years in jail without having yet had a trial, that his life had been blameless, that he had done nothing that could bring him within the pale of the law, that he was the only son of an eminently respectable *Burgomeister*, and the father begged for a speedy trial, and that at least the lad might serve his sentence in Mecklenburg rather than in Prussia. To this the Minister Kamptz answered, with smiling lips and falsehood in his heart, a letter of moral reflections and heartless superficiality. Like his master, he believed in a horrible conspiracy which it was his duty to suppress.

“For many years I have known the true state of things. I would gladly renounce the glory of having known exactly what was about to happen. A bad seed that is not watched brings forth bad fruit.”

The reader can picture the comfort this letter brought to the father in Mecklenburg, who had spared no efforts to give his beloved and brilliant child the best education which schools and universities could provide. And this letter from the minister was written after the lad had already endured three years of torture in various Prussian dungeons.

Kamptz, like his royal master, was firmly convinced that Fritz Reuter, along with the rest of the German university students, was in a plot to murder the King and his ministers, overturn the government, and reproduce the scenes of the French Revolution. There was just as much foundation for this opinion as for supposing that every American who criticised President McKinley's administration was a party to his assassination by Czolgosz.

Most of Reuter's companions in prison lost their health completely, and if the poet survived it was not merely thanks to a robust constitution, but to a mind which could find occupation in a close study of human nature. At Magdeburg the chief of the prison was a count of ancient lineage, who found amusement in offering insults to his political prisoners and in encouraging the keepers to follow his example. One student, who applied for the use of Brockhaus's encyclopædia and an atlas of the old Roman Empire, had his request refused on the ground that Brockhaus contained "revolutionary" articles, and that the maps might assist him in escaping.*

* "Endlich, am zweiten Tag nach dem Osterfeste, wurde Magdeburg erreicht. Die Zelle, welche dem Gefangenen hier im Inquisitoriums — gefängnisse angewiesen wurde, sah seinem Arrestlokale in der Hausvoigtei sehr ähnlich und war im ganzen Hause dadurch bekannt, dass weder Sonne noch Mond in dieselbe schienen. Das kleine, 1½ Fuss hohe und ebenso breite Fenster war dicht unter der Decke nach Norden angebracht und auf beiden Seiten mit 'Scheuklappen' versehen. In der zwölf Fuss langen und sechs Fuss breiten Behausung fand sich kein Ofen, man hatte Luftheizung eingerichtet, und nun strömte die warme Luft von Oben durch eine Oeffnung in der Wand und ebenso die kalte von Unten ein, 'so dat wi ümme kolle Fäut un en recht warmen Kopp hadden, wat för de Gesundheit sihr taudränglich sin sall.'

"Die Behandlung entsprach den Lokalitäten, welche man den 'Hochverräthern' zum Aufenthaltsort bestimmt hatte. 'Unselige Mensch! wo kümmt Du hir her.' hatten ihm seine schon vor ihm auf diese Festung gebrachten Freunde bei der ersten Begegnung zugerufen, und das Bild, welches sie selbst ihm darboten, musste ihn allerdings von vornherein mit trüben Ahnungen erfüllen, die sich leider nur zu sehr bestätigen sollten. Was war aus so manchem einst lebensluftigen und lebenskräftigen Jünglinge geworden? Bleich, abgezehrt, körperlich und geistig gebrochen, war er 'de utbrennte Kahl, de Asch von sinen vörigen Lewen.' Der erste Commandant der Festung, Graf v. H., ein Spielcamarad Friedrich Wilhelms III., hielt es für seine Pflicht, die 'Demagogen' zu chicaniren, wo und wie er nur konnte, und sein staendiger Aergen war, dass über die jungen Leute keine Beschwerden eingingen, er hatte sonst ihnen schon zeigen wollen, 'wie man mit Hochverräthern umgehen muss.'" — Ebert, *Fritz Reuter*, p. 161.

A careful comparison of George Kennan's conscientious study of the Siberian exile system with the treatment to which Reuter was subjected during seven years makes the hand of the Russian Czar seem a light one. And from conversation with Russians who have been imprisoned for political crimes, I am inclined to congratulate them that they suffered under Alexander of Russia rather than Frederick William of Prussia.

Reuter would probably have died in the Magdeburg dungeon but for a happy quarrel between the prison doctor and the noble commandant, who accused the doctor of being too merciful towards the political prisoners, of permitting them to be in a hospital when they might have been in their cells.

The prison doctor regarded this as a reflection upon his professional character, and therefore demanded an inquiry into the sanitary condition of the prison.

The report announced:

"The political prisoners are devoid of the three most important conditions of life—fresh air, light, and warmth. Moreover, the drinking-water, which is drawn from the river [Elbe] is unfit for use."

The poet in later years commented with grim humor on the fact that this prison, which for three years had been the home of well-educated and well-bred young men whose crimes had not been proven, and who, like himself, were merely awaiting trial—that such a prison should have been regularly visited by a succession of high Prussian officials, who found nothing there to excite censure. To paraphrase the poet's words in his famous book:

"It never occurred to any of them that if we were condemned to thirty years, we might have to spend thirty years there.

"For four years not one of us was admitted to a Christian

service or a minister of the gospel. . . . One of us got tuberculosis, another (*Rückendarre*) vertigo, inflamed liver and eyes; another went mad."

In the Berlin prison he had to sleep on the cold stones, which meant, practically, no sleep at all, but constant suffering.

Some of his biographers, no doubt with a view to pleasing the government, speak of these seven horrible years as a species of intellectual training without which Fritz Reuter might never have become so great a poet. To such biographers I venture to offer the suggestion that they themselves become candidates for immortality by cultivating a diet of indigestible stuff, a bed of dampness, a narrow cell, from which light and warmth are excluded; and, on top of this, an atmosphere of jail-fever and brutal wardens. I should like to watch the result of this experiment upon the average mind. As Reuter observed in his narrative of life in jail: "People wonder that we turn democrats. We were not so the day we were sent to jail, but we *were* by the time we came out."

The canoeist who glides under the frowning battlements of Magdeburg Fortress shivers at the thought of being detained there for even a single night. He hurries away gratefully down the Elbe, the same route taken by the many Germans who, while Reuter was in jail, fled to America for the sake of religious liberty.

Fortunately for German literature, the cheerless life of Frederick William III. at last came to an end, and his successor, Frederick William IV., declared a general amnesty (1840).

But Reuter was not informed of this. The Prussian officials had overlooked him, possibly because he had been handed over to Mecklenburg, to serve his thirty years in the fortress of Dömitz, on the Elbe. He was

set at liberty, however, on the personal responsibility of the Grand-Duke.

As he pathetically records: "I went into the prison a ruddy, healthy youngster; I came out a pale piece of stone."

He was now thirty years old, with no academic degree, no profession, no career, no prospects, no health. For the mere sake of existence, and with the hope of building up his shattered constitution, he worked for ten years as farmer's assistant, or overseer, on a great Mecklenburg estate. This brought him to his fortieth year—a man with as hopeless a prospect of success as on the day of his release from prison. He was unknown, without friends and without money. He married a governess as poor as himself, but whose golden heart made him rich in new hopes and fresh courage.

She induced him to break with his farmer life, for which he had no aptitude, and to move to Treptow, not far from the birthplace of Queen Luise, and about eighty-five miles north of Berlin, where he commenced life anew, giving lessons in private families at two groschens (about 5 cents) an hour.

She now encouraged him to his first book—a collection of short stories destined to spread his name throughout the German-speaking world with a rapidity comparable only to that with which *Plain Tales from the Hills* carried that of Rudyard Kipling or *Tom Sawyer* carried that of Mark Twain.

But he could find no publisher—great books rarely do until after their authors are independent of both critics and publishers. Henry George once told me how he carried the manuscript of *Progress and Poverty* to New York publishers in vain. Captain Mahan suffered a treatment almost as strange. No wonder, then, that a

friendless and impecunious tutor, with a bundle of stories written in Mecklenburg dialect, should have been treated with scant consideration by the fraternity which pretends to determine what is good literature.

This dialect of Fritz Reuter, or Platt-deutsche, is well understood in the country between the Elbe and the Baltic and along the shores of the North Sea. A South African Boer would find it fairly easy reading, although he might not be able to understand a page of so-called High German—much less the South German stories of Ganghofer or Thoma. An Englishman with a rudimentary notion of Chaucer and Anglo-Saxon would quickly find pleasure in the rollicking pages of this Platt-deutsche poet. Indeed, to one about to learn German, I am disposed to offer this suggestion: study the pages of Fritz Reuter, and graduate thence into the High German.

The wife of the poet has left us a touching picture of the little Reuter household converting itself into a publishing and book-selling concern with an outfit scarcely more adequate than that which Robinson Crusoe brought to his memorable island.

“Fritz Reuter decided to publish on his own account. A friend lent him two hundred thalers (\$150), for the cost of printing; and now commenced the work of type-setting in the little town of New Brandenburg.*

“And when (in November, 1853) the first edition of twelve hundred copies arrived in Treptow, what a tremendous change in the home of the tutor! The school-room became the publishing-house, and the hand which had formerly corrected exercises now made out invoices. There were many applications for ‘returnable’ copies, in answer to the circular of the amateur publisher.”

* New Brandenburg is about ten miles from Treptow, in Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

There were anxious moments for the loyal wife when she looked about her little rooms at the stack of books for which, as yet, no requests had come. Worse still, the "returnables," the *Krebse* (crabs), the copies which ignorant and short-sighted booksellers were sending back—these made an ominous accumulation. What should she do to conceal them from the eyes of malicious neighbors. She built a hiding-place behind the kitchen, where the "crabs" should be buried for all time.

At last the packing and shipping away were completed—at least those that were ordered. Then the question arose as to what should be done with the remainder. The poet breezily met the practical proposition of his wife by a fine prophetic prophecy: "We'll wait a while and then send out the rest by way of a second edition."

The grim joke of the poet required no practical application. A short period of painful suspense was followed by a rapid succession of orders, and within six weeks a genuine second edition from the author's own presses had to be issued. The Mecklenburg University town of Rostock, where Reuter had studied a year before attending Jena, gave him an order for three hundred copies at once.

The poet was now in his forty-fourth year. The past twenty years of his life had been years of want, suffering, torture. The next twenty years—he died in 1874—were years of plenty, years in which Germans throughout the world appeared disposed to compensate him for the gross treatment he had endured at the hands of the Prussian King. His books were bought, read, and taken to heart. His love of liberty, his contempt for shams, his hatred of injustice, his generous feeling for the struggling—these feelings breathe in every line of Fritz

Reuter—none the less because we laugh at the quaint forms of his philosophy.

But money and fame could not restore to him the nervous forces which years of prison suffering had destroyed. The applause of his friends could not restore the digestion without which life is a questionable gift. His declining years were embittered by the physical effects of his imprisonment, and he tried in vain the remedies suggested by medical men.

Had Fritz Reuter died in jail, his name would have been as little missed as that of the great majority of his fellow-martyrs. As though by a miracle, his life was spared—just enough of it to produce the few pages which have arrested the attention of mankind and helped the cause of civil liberty.

So long as the Church justifies the spirit that sent John Huss to the stake and rejoices in the massacre of St. Bartholomew's night; so long as there are German scholars and politicians who would efface from their history the glorious achievements of German patriots—so long does it behoove us to honor the men who with their life-blood watered the seed of German liberty and unity. From this point of view Fritz Reuter did not suffer in vain.

XXV

THE HUSBAND OF QUEEN LUISE WANTS TO MARRY AGAIN

“Mein liebes Kind! und wirst du auch
Recht sorgsam gepflegt in der Fremde?
Versteht deine Frau die Haushaltung,
Und flickt sie dir Strümpfe und Hemde?”

“Der Fisch ist gut, lieb Mütterlein,
Doch muss man ihn schweigend verzehren;
Man kriegt so leicht eine Grät’ in den Hals,
Du darfst mich jetzt nicht stören.”

—Heine, “Aus Deutschland.”

KING FREDERICK WILLIAM III. had, in common with Napoleon, a disposition towards dyspepsia and a complete incapacity to profit by the love of a woman. The parallel does not go much beyond this, for in general it would be hard to find two mortals more different in essentials.

The King of Prussia buried Queen Luise in 1810. He professed to mourn for her as for an irreparable loss, and to-day, throughout Germany, the legend is current that his affection for his wife was something chivalrous, if not holy. The historian finds scant material with which to support this view. While Luise lived her court was attractive to the strong men of the day—the Blüchers, Steins, Gneisenaus. After her death such men kept aloof and made way for creatures of the barrack-room and the bureau—commonplace courtiers who think for their master because they think as they think he wishes them to think.

When the King of Prussia was in Paris, after the expulsion of Napoleon from France, he there fell in with a young Irish lady of the large family of Dillons.

The father of Countess Dillon had been brought up in France, had married a French Creole from the West Indies, a lady whom Gneisenau described as related to the Empress Josephine. In a letter to a friend (quoted by Pertz, vol. v., p. 245) he writes:

“Mademoiselle Dillon is a person of medium height, medium weight (*‘mittlerer Dicke’*), a very white skin, pale face, large—very large, unnaturally large—blue eyes, a straight nose looking boldly out into the world (*‘keck in die Welt hinein stechende Nase’*), well-shaped mouth, fair hair, good social breeding, agreeable, unaffected manners.”

She must have been an agreeable person, indeed, to have called forth such praise from Gneisenau, who hated everything French quite as cordially as Dr. Johnson. We may safely assume that she was a worthy representative of a family famed then, as now, for its beauty. At any rate, the lady promptly cured the Prussian King of any scruples he professed to entertain regarding the memory of his late wife. He commenced, with his wonted caution, to take the advice of others, in order to have a plausible excuse for deciding either way. He had done this so often in times past that it seemed natural to call a conference of ministers for the purpose of deciding whether he was or was not in love.

There is a letter extant from Gneisenau to his warm friend the eminent General Clausewitz. It is dated September 29, 1817, and was obviously not sent through the public post, for it speaks very frankly of the King's unpopularity by reason of his having failed to grant the Constitution promised in 1815.

“Under these circumstances,” writes he, “the marriage of the King with Countess Dillon will produce a doubly bad effect.”

The King did not marry her, but that Gneisenau should have made this statement shows how far the King had gone in the matter. The letter tells us that every effort was being made to break off this match, and that even Princess Luise had acted with much courage (“*hat sich dabei recht standhaft benommen*”). This seems to refer to the Luise born in 1808, his daughter, who could then have been but ten years of age, yet old enough to know that a French Roman Catholic was hardly the proper substitute for such a mother as hers had been. This Princess subsequently married Prince Frederick of Holland.

Countess Dillon could not have been much flattered when she discovered that her royal lover was making her the subject of pretty general discussion in Berlin, and that she was being appraised much as might be an outlay for a new farm building or a change in soldiers' uniforms.

Schön, the illustrious Governor of West Prussia, who, along with Gneisenau and others, was called upon by his King for an opinion in this childish matter, gives in his memoirs (vol. iii., p. 60) a picture of the circuitous manner in which William III. made his *quasi* love affairs a matter of tea-table discussion. One afternoon, in 1817, Prince Radziwill invited him to take tea with his wife, who was a Prussian princess, the daughter of Prince Ferdinand.

This Prince Radziwill had composed music for Goethe's “Faust,” and was a man of talent who did much during those years to relieve the barrack-room atmosphere prevailing in Berlin society.

Incidentally, it may be worth noting that it was his daughter who, about this time, gave to Prince William, the future first German Emperor, his first glimpse of pure love. She was a charming, gifted woman, who died of a broken heart at the age of thirty. Frederick William III. ordered his son to trample on this flower, and the son obeyed, like any other well-drilled Prussian soldier. Prussian regiments cannot stop for way-side flowers.

When Schön presented himself at the Radziwill palace, he was immediately shown to a remote room, where the Princess soon afterwards joined him. In the language of Schön, "she said she had a message for me from the King." This message was, of course, that the King wished to marry Countess Dillon, whose father was, at that moment, French Minister in Dresden. She quoted the King as saying that said young lady "would live separate from the royal family—for the King alone."

If Countess Dillon, by any happy accident, heard of this brutal proviso, we may be quite sure that she relieved her royal lover's mind very promptly of any doubts he may have had regarding her. His proposition was that she should have nothing but the social rank of a mistress, with none of the liberty usually associated with that euphemistic title.

Nominally, it was to be a morganatic marriage, which is symbolized (if not solemnized) by extending the left hand instead of the right as a pledge of future loyalty. The wife, under such a marriage, has no claim upon her husband for his name or his estates; she cannot even claim the right to enter his family circle. Her position is merely that of a concubine, whose children are recognized as legitimate. It is a relation which has

flourished exclusively in the atmosphere of royalty, and can, of course, have no place under our institutions.

The Princess Radziwill said: "To be sure she is Catholic, but that will have no influence upon the King."

Schön naturally inquired why the Prime - Minister Hardenberg should not have been burdened with this delicate responsibility, to which the Princess answered that Hardenberg's private life was rather free, and he would be inclined, in such a matter, to agree with the King, who, consequently, sought the advice of men more serious in matters of the affections. In parentheses, we may note that Hardenberg had never been twitted with being a Joseph.

It is hard to guess why the match was broken off; certainly it was not by the advice of his ministers alone. Gneisenau wrote: "The Dillon is said to love the King passionately; she has a large fortune, estimated at 500,000 thalers" (\$300,000). Gneisenau was, perhaps, too easily satisfied in financial matters. His early life had been a struggle for food and clothing; he has left us a record of the time when he spent the day in bed to save not merely fuel, but the wear and tear of his uniform. To him \$300,000 would be a fortune, indeed; but on this subject he and his King may have held different opinions. Who knows what would have been the outcome of this love affair had it been \$300,000 a year! We have at least enough evidence before us for the surmise that the extensive inquiries instituted by his Majesty were somewhat in the nature of searching for a decent pretext for breaking off the match.

Had Countess Dillon been able to read Gneisenau's letter, she would have seen that her functions in the palace were to have been compatible with other sen-

timents than pure affection. On this subject Gneisenau writes confidentially:

“The King is suffering from abdominal disturbances (*Unterleibesbeschwerden*) and from the development of a deplorable hypochondria.

“He believed that he could not get on any longer without affectionate female intercourse (*hertzlichen weiblichen Umganges*). He had already made other attempts for a similar connection, but they had not succeeded. At length he learned of the feelings of Countess Dillon and could no longer resist.

“When I first suspected the existence of this passion last year (1816), I regarded it as a mere amorous intrigue (*Liebelie*), and I did not imagine the serious consequences that might result.”

Here is the pleasant test to which the husband of Queen Luise submitted this lady in order to determine whether she loved him. I quote Schön (vol. v., p. 75):

“She had made an impression on him. But he (the King) was uncertain in regard to her feelings. To settle this, he took occasion, at a large party, to scold her for having sung before so many people. This hurt her so much that she burst into tears, even before so many. This convinced the King of her love. And, accordingly, an intimacy grew up and the King made up his mind to marry her morganatically.”

Schön's report to the King was made June 24, 1817. In addition to Schön and Gneisenau, the husband of Queen Luise consulted also the reigning Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. All three agreed in opposing the match.

From the letter of Gneisenau it appears that those who knew this King best found no difficulty in assuming that he, too, was in the habit of taking the medical advice of Dr. Cupid, and that the Countess Dillon was not the first whose consolation he had sought since the death of the saintly Queen Luise.

Nor was she the last.

In 1824 the Countess Bernsdorff notes in her memoirs that there was great indignation in Berlin at the King proposing to marry another Catholic—a Countess Harrach, whom he subsequently raised to the rank of Princess of Liegnitz and Countess of Hohenzollern. This lady, like Countess Dillon, was a foreigner by birth. Countess Harrach was of tough fibre, for she died in Homburg in 1873, having survived her husband thirty-three years.

She was much envied by those who know little of court life. These few lines in the autobiography of Countess Bernsdorff are worth recalling, in order that we may appreciate the narrow escape of Countess Dillon in 1817:

“Strange it was that the secret” [of the proposed marriage] “was so jealously guarded. I can only explain it on the ground that the King regarded it as a private matter and of no concern to the outside public.”

Why, then, was the Dillon wedding treated as a public concern?

“The moment it was known that she (Harrach) was to become the morganatic wife of the King, she ceased to receive attentions from young men, to such an extent that she came to be in want of a partner at dances. Finally, the King had to make it etiquette that she should be asked to dance just as any other princess.”

There was great consternation at court when this marriage was first made known, in November, 1824; but at so dull a court as that of Frederick William III. consternations were produced by phenomena which elsewhere would have caused no disturbance. The long interview between the King and his children, behind closed doors; the excitement apparent among the dif-

ferent members of the royal family; the eyes of the Crown-Prince red with weeping—all this had been noticed by the courtiers, but no one guessed the reason. This Crown-Prince became subsequently Frederick William IV. He wept frequently.

These memoirs were not published until 1899; and, therefore, Countess Dillon was presumably ignorant of how her rival was treated at the Prussian court. On this subject the Bernsdorff diary says:

“As to her relations with her royal husband, I was long in complete ignorance, and so was the rest of the court. He was so fearful of appearing affectionate towards his bride that his manner towards her in public savored of scandalous coldness. He never turned his eyes in her direction when in public, let alone addressed a word to her.”

This female Boswell tells us that on a journey to the provinces, to which the morganatic lady was commanded to go, the King had to be quartered in one house and his left-handed wife in the other. The good people of the village, thinking to earn the gratitude of their monarch, had gone to the trouble and expense of making a hole in the wall which separated the two buildings, in order that the royal lover might reach the object of his alleged affections unobserved.

“But,” quoth the Bernsdorff, “the King was very angry, and scolded furiously (*schalt ohne Ende*).”

Why the poor girl did not run away or drown herself it is hard to imagine. Her Slav ancestry—for she came from Bohemia—may be the explanation.

“But that was not the worst that he did to mortify the poor young girl” [continues the Bernsdorff]. “We were all very sorry for her, for, after all, she had no one but her husband to whom she could go for comfort. He made her life very hard for her by

seeking every opportunity of forcing her back into the position of a private person. Through this treatment her social rank became very ambiguous and her position most painful. She became more and more shut off from society and felt more and more the pangs of isolation. At meals she was seated at a very inferior stage. When the court went to church she was compelled to attend also, but the horses which were placed at her disposal were so selected that she always arrived late and was compelled to take an inferior seat. At all functions she was subjected to corresponding treatment."

This is not the gossip of irresponsible travellers, but the language of a lady whose husband was Minister of Foreign Affairs, and who was herself a member of the inner court circle. She records the cruel treatment under which a fellow-woman languished as a thing which was revolting to every one who saw it; and apparently it was a matter of common observation. It was in Charlottenburg that the King marriedmorganatically this unfortunate lady. In Charlottenburg is the mausoleum containing Rauch's recumbent statue of Queen Luise. There is room for yet another sufferer in that mausoleum—the Countess Harrach, the King's last wife. When the lives of these two women come to be written, those who read will wonder when they pass the lofty monuments reared to Frederick William III.

XXVI

GERMANY'S DEBT TO KOSSUTH AND HUNGARY

"The only reasonable arrangement that I can conceive is a great democratic federation based on popular representation (*demokratischer Staatenbund*), which shall unite us with our Eastern neighbors of Magyar, Slav, and Roumanian blood; reconstruct middle Europe, with Vienna as its capital. This plan is chimerical, for it involves uniting Germany and Austria."—Julius Fröbel (1805–1893), *Briefe*, p. 7.

FROM the day when Napoleon was driven out of Europe, in 1815, until that on which the different thrones of the Holy Alliance upset their royal occupants, the one power which more than any other pressed upon the liberal impulses of continental Europe in general and Germany in particular was the House of Habsburg, whose mouthpiece was Metternich.

Wherever a policeman dragged a German thinker to jail, behind him stood Metternich. He seemed to hold the pen for every enemy of liberty; to give the orders to every partner in the Holy Alliance.

Yet when the bugle-call of the revolution sounded on the banks of the Danube, down crumbled the walls of Habsburg and Metternich; the Austrian Emperor and his court circle had to hide themselves from the people while army after army of imperial regulars were driven into rout by hasty levies of Hungarian peasants inspired by Louis Kossuth.

In the autumn of 1848 Vienna was in the hands of the

people, and the German patriot Robert Blum took his stand on the barricades erected to oppose the advance of the imperial army, to invest it. At the same time the Hungarian Army of Liberty, poor as it was and heavily handicapped by the other enemies about it, gallantly marched to the call of the distressed Liberals of Vienna. The move was not successful. As we all know, the Hungarians were far too weak then to cope with the well-disciplined and well-provisioned forces of the Austrian commander; they were forced to retire. Vienna was taken, Robert Blum was shot as a traitor, and the routine of police administration recommenced while Liberty went to hide and conspire in dark corners.

But that march of Kossuth was not made in vain. It served to alarm imperial Austria and correspondingly to encourage the hopes of Germany. It showed the world that the House of Habsburg could not go far from home with her armies so long as there was on her flank a nation smarting under injustice—united in a resolution to achieve independence, and, moreover, one in whom the contempt for death made each fighter a hero.

The history of Hungary is a history of heroism. To-day the canoeist down the Danube must be blind, indeed, if he does not at every step feel the personal magnetism of a brave, a hospitable, an impulsive, and, alas! an all-too-credulous people. This history of Austria is a sad chronicle of injustice towards the Magyar, who has been for centuries the bulwark of Christianity against the armies of Islam. Over and over again has Austria owed her salvation to the flashing blades of her Hungarian hussars; but, so far from appreciating her debt to this border buffer-state, she has systematically intrigued to curtail the local institutions which are the basis of her strength. The Austrian policy has been to Germanize

Hungary as the Czar is seeking to Russify Poland and Finland.

Kossuth was born in 1802, and he lived to celebrate his ninetieth birthday—an exile in the land of Mazzini, yet encircled by hosts of his compatriots, who crowded to do him honor. Of Kossuth might have been fitly applied the words used in connection with Washington: "First in peace, first in war, first in the hearts of his countrymen." There are few other cases on record of a man raised to the highest office in the gift of a free people at the age of forty-six, continuing to hold the respect and affection of his own people and of the world up to the day of his death; and through it all to shine the brighter for every ray of light turned upon the details of his eventful life.

In 1849 he was the chief of the Hungarian state, placed at the head of the government by the free choice of the people. Governor was his title, but he was virtually the first President of the Hungarian Republic, clothed with all the powers which President Lincoln possessed during the anxious years of the American civil war.

In the early part of that year the Hungarian army, which owed its vitality to Kossuth's brilliant example and fiery addresses throughout the country, had routed in succession the different armies of the Austrian Emperor. This enemy had been more than Austria, for the armies of Servia, Roumania, and Croatia had been hounded on against the Magyar from the different edges of her territory, and even the Germans of Transylvania had thrown in their lot against the nation gallantly struggling for her liberty. There were moments when honest Magyars were disposed to despair, for it was, indeed, a desperate situation—40,000 militia called upon to take the field against an aggregate of regulars amounting to

more than 200,000, and these already within their borders or about to cross them.

Then it was that Kossuth developed a force which only Hungarian institutions could have given him. He flew from one town to the other, from one village to the next, preaching a holy war for national independence. His words were read from the pulpit, from the steps of every post-office. He preached to a united people; his words went to Protestants as well as Catholics, to nobles as well as peasants. He spoke the language of his people. Rich and poor understood him as no one had been understood since Martin Luther tramped his Germany waging war on Papal abuses.

The marvellous progress of Kossuth throughout Hungary marks the great difference between his country and the disunited Germany of the same time. There were few Germans who knew their people well, few who had the sympathies of all classes. The bulk of the Liberals were men of the universities—men of thought rather than of action. The only great popular figure in the Germany which worked for the revolution of 1848 was Robert Blum, the son of a Cologne cooper; but he was far from uniting his people. The scholars and aristocrats despised him for being a plebeian without an academic degree; the Red Republicans of the French school found him too conservative; the great body of working-men admired him, but had no organization.

Kossuth freed his country from the public enemy, then proclaimed the dethronement of Franz Joseph, and declared Hungary free and independent. This achievement is no mean one when we reflect that from his youth upward every step of Kossuth was taken hand in hand with the constitutional representatives of the people. His only powers were those of the sound political jurist

reinforced by the eloquence of one confident in himself and his cause.

What was his cause? It was not far different from that which made the thirteen American colonies declare war against England in 1776. In both it was the disposition of the crown to ignore written or implied obligations, to treat the weaker country as a conquered province rather than as a free and self-governing community.

Hungary had, in common with the American colonies, a well-developed and jealously guarded system of local government in which the representative of the people had something to say which the central government was compelled to listen to. In this respect Hungary was immensely beyond Germany. This alone explains how it was possible for Kossuth to organize a fighting force as though by magic. The machinery for calling the people together was already there, and also a healthy public sentiment alive to national prerogatives. In Germany, on the other hand, there was but little of what we call popular government. There were few popular bodies accustomed to the forms of public deliberation. There were scarcely any popular men who would have known how to call a meeting to order, how to pass resolutions. The revolution of 1848 found Germany without political organization save a few secret political clubs based upon French example. Police tyranny had brooded over the whole of that highly educated nation so effectively that the average German of voting age knew less of parliamentary procedure than an average American school-boy.

Kossuth worked with a people who understood their relation to the crown quite as well as did those of Massachusetts Bay and Virginia in 1776. This explains

how it happened that while many Hungarian uprisings failed, the people never lost sight of their object.

In 1849 Russia came to the assistance of the discomfited army of Franz Joseph and invaded Hungary with 200,000 men. That was too much—even for Kossuth. His troops had to capitulate. Austrian prisons once more filled with Hungarian patriots. He himself escaped to Turkey, and was finally carried away from the Sultan's dominions by a United States man-of-war. But from year to year Kossuth remained a living force among his people. In England and in the United States he raised money by his lectures and by his pen, and this money he turned over to the national cause. He raised troops to fight against Austria by the side of Napoleon III. in 1859. That fickle emperor promised him that Hungarian liberty should be the reward for Hungarian assistance, but when he had achieved his own end, which was the acquisition of Savoy, he abandoned Kossuth and Hungary with no more pangs than when he left Maximilian to his fate in Mexico.

Those who are in the habit of studying political as well as military strategy have no difficulty in seeing the hand of Kossuth playing an important part in the decisions of the Austrian cabinet at this moment. Franz Joseph made haste to patch up a peace with Italy and France in 1859, lest another enemy march upon him from the direction of Buda-Pesth.

In 1866 we saw Austria knocked out by the first heavy blow administered by Prussia. And why? Because then, as in 1859, the magic of Kossuth was over the Hungarian people, and the court of Vienna had to face the alternative of a swift reconciliation with the armies of William I. or another campaign in which Prussia would be reinforced by the Magyar nation.



FRANZ JOSEPH I.

It took two humiliating wars with foreign enemies to convince the Habsburg government that their weakness in the field would be chronic for so long as their borders were occupied by a powerful nation determined not to forget their rights. Franz Joseph had not been acknowledged King of Hungary, and until he was thus crowned and had taken the oath to support the Hungarian Constitution he was, in the minds of the Magyar, a mere usurper.

Nearly twenty years did young Franz Joseph hope against hope that he could hold his country together by unconstitutional means. Finally, in 1867, he had to yield—to make his peace with the Hungarian people, to confess that he had offended against the national compact, that he would sin no more, that he would be crowned, according to usage, as a constitutional monarch over a free and self-governing people.

Here, then, was the triumph of Kossuth. He it was whose singleness of purpose, whose courage, whose prophetic voice had inspired his people to unite for this object, and now the whole world looked on with surprise at the Habsburg monarch who had often before proclaimed his contempt of Hungarian demands, entering into a compact, not as between master and servant, but as between allies.

Kossuth's work was done, though Hungary did not become a republic and the Habsburg family is not dethroned. Hungarian Right is acknowledged in Vienna, and the name of Kossuth has become a part of liberty along with that of Washington and those sacred few whose love of country has not been tainted by self-seeking.

When but a lad his ruling trait was hatred of injustice. His father caught him one day in the company of some

bad boys and ordered him not to play with them. The lad obeyed, and stood off some distance watching the play in which he would not share. His father, appearing once more on the scene, suspected him, unjustly, of disobedience, and administered some hasty chastisement, which so incensed our youthful warrior that he left the scene and vowed he would never return until adequate atonement had been made for the indignity to which he had been subjected. His mother came to him in vain. She promised him forgiveness if he would beg his father's pardon. But young Lajos hotly protested his innocence, and would not entertain any proposition save that he should be rehabilitated by his father. "I would rather starve than beg pardon for a crime I have not committed." Nothing would do but that the father had to come and make his peace with the lad. This quality of Kossuth was conspicuous throughout his life.

Like so many men who have been conspicuous leaders of great popular movements, he was born in a position which enabled him to appreciate the position of the working-classes, and at the same time to share in the powers conferred by birth, privilege, and wealth. His father was of noble ancestry, but poor. He had not means to bring up his son according to his station or to maintain him in leisure. Thus, although the family of Kossuth was Protestant, young Louis was sent to a school managed by Catholic priests, and afterwards studied law and became an attorney and species of legal administrator for great estates. In this manner he had ample opportunity to exercise his talents as a man of business and as a speaker at the bar. He moved about so much among the people in the settlement of disputes between landlord and tenant that he gained much experience that was of value to him when the time came for

uniting peasant and noble in the great struggle against the common enemy.

Kossuth has left us this picture of his father :

“My father was passionate, easily excited, but painfully honest and conscientious. In his heart was hot love for civic independence, which kneels only before God, which may be knocked down, but never crushed. The desire to become rich was no part of his nature. He (as a lawyer) loved justice, and could not bear to accept pay for doing what he deemed his duty. From him I learned to hate bribery—even to accept a present from a friend. He was deeply religious, but by no means fanatic or intolerant.”

His mother was the daughter of a post-office official, not of noble family. It was from her, no doubt, that the son learned to temper the impetuosity of his father by the exercise of a self-control which inclines us to compare Kossuth with Washington. Father and son were at one, however, in the fine indifference to money-making—a quality which would have ruined them had their lot been cast in New York instead of the romantic reaches of the upper Theiss. Before our hero was thirty years of age the great cholera year (1830) threw the country into a wild state of superstition and anarchy, for the simple peasants got it into their heads that the nobility and the rich had produced the pest by poisoning the wells.*

* Writing of this cholera year in Hungary, Franz Pulszky, the friend of Kossuth, relates: “Travelling was forbidden; no freight wagons could move; if an official letter arrived it was taken with a pair of tongs by the peasants who stood guard before the government office, and thus was it presented to the official. Here it was perforated, pierced with holes, then fumigated. . . . In Buda-Pesth the bridge was cut off, so as to prevent communication between the two banks of the river. The students, who could not get to the university and back to their homes, banded themselves together,

Armed mobs went about plundering the estates, and one such laid siege to the town in which Louis was living with his family. The people knew not what to do; they were inclined to purchase their safety by making common cause with the marauders and turning against the rich of the place. At the critical moment young Kossuth called the people together, and so influenced them by his eloquence that they allowed him to lead them against the mob, which they easily drove into flight. After that he organized hospitals and restored order by inspiring confidence in the disposition of the government to alleviate the distress.

Shortly after this Kossuth was playing at cards, and wagered not only what was his, but some moneys he had just been collecting for the estate which he was managing. It was a small affair and was restored at once. But such was the shock which he received from the thought that he might have played with money which he could not replace that he then and there vowed never again to touch a card. And he kept his word.

In parentheses, let us add that not to wager in Hungary made a man seem almost as eccentric as to drink water in Germany.

The year 1832, thanks to the influence of the French revolution (1830), marks a new era in Hungarian parliamentary life. Up to that time the Hungarian Diet had enjoyed the character now associated with a meeting of railway directors—a friendly sort of a discussion. There was no press, no telegraph, no reporting of debates; the members were left pretty much to them-

stormed the watch, disarmed the soldiers, and opened the bridge; but next day more troops turned out; they fired on the people and killed one innocent tradesman."—*Memoirs*, ed. 1880, Presburg, vol. i., p. 53.

selves, and the constituencies had not learned to follow from day to day every word said by their delegate. But with the Parliament of 1832 came a change. There came a general desire to know what the delegates were saying and doing. Besides the delegates, each county sent to the Parliament at Presburg a young man to act as reporter for the benefit of his particular county. These positions were eagerly sought for by young lawyers fitting themselves for public positions, and at that time the candidates were men of high character for patriotism and intelligence. These young men formed a species of patriotic committee, which came together after the sessions and discussed the political situation and the general tenor of their reports. Little by little these several county reporters came to have more influence than the members of Congress themselves, because of the influence exerted throughout the country by their well-worded journals.

Kossuth quickly made his influence felt among this band of patriots, who may be called the fathers of political journalism in Hungary. But he soon saw an opening for an improvement. Instead of some fifty different reports going to as many counties, he was selected to edit a single political journal intended for the whole country and containing not only an abridgment of the parliamentary debates, but general political news and discussion.

The Vienna government, of course, disapproved of anything savoring of popular initiative, but did not at the moment see anything formidable in the undertaking. Of course, printing was out of the question; the law forbade any such thing. So Kossuth had recourse to the methods that were employed in the days of Horace and Cicero. He employed a large staff of clerks and

had his manuscripts copied by hand, and in this form distributed through the mail to each county.*

The government finally woke up to the fact that Kossuth was organizing public opinion by a hand-written newspaper, whose subscription amounted to but a few dozen. They tried to break up his enterprise by the bribe of a government post. This he declined. Then they forbade the postmasters to allow his letters to go through the mail. This also proved of scant avail, for he found means to avoid the postmasters. His work went on prospering.

Meanwhile the fame of his journal spread so rapidly that he could no longer satisfy the demand by mere copyists. He saw an opening to a lucrative employment, one that would allow him to send money to his parents. So he arranged to have his paper printed from stone by the lithograph process.

This was intended to evade the law forbidding printing, but the government, nevertheless, ordered his lithograph-press destroyed, and for the moment the activity of Kossuth as an editor came to an end.

In 1836 Kossuth published a paper in Buda-Pesth, but in 1837 he was arrested without warning and taken

* Pulszky relates that in his youth the paper mainly read at his father's house was the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, as being the only foreign paper which was permitted to come into Austria without censor interference.

"This gave it a monopoly, which Cotta had purchased of Metternich by promising that he would print scarcely anything about Austria, and that little should be only from official sources." No Austrian papers were allowed to discuss national affairs, and, therefore, the youth of Hungary read with avidity the news from abroad printed in the Augsburg paper—particularly the debates in the parliaments of France and England, the struggles in Greece and Spain, the outside sounds of the great popular movement that was soon to affect Hungary itself.—*Meine Zeit, mein Leben*, vol. i., p. 123.

to the fortress across the Danube. For a whole month he lay here in a black, damp hole, utterly unfit for any living creature, much less a man of blood and nerve. Here he was forbidden to see his lawyer, was not even allowed the use of writing material—not even a book.

It has not been my fortune to lie for a month in such a situation, but merely from conversation with men of education who have been imprisoned, I can appreciate these words of Kossuth:

“Many a time did I have to call upon all the strength of my spirit in order to control the flights of my fancy during the long, dull, idle hours of my dungeon life. It is now clear to me how prisoners of inferior nerve force lose their reason in jail. My only remedy against the eccentricities of my fancy was to concentrate my mind upon practical questions. I pondered upon the state of my country, upon the imperfections of our institutions. I drew conclusions from my own experience and studies. I posed all manner of questions and worked out solutions. This persistent pondering became of immense value to me in later years. During my imprisonment I was perpetually plagued by the fear that I should be left behind in the world's movement. But I was mistaken; I did not lag behind. In the solitude of my confinement I learned through my pondering things which are ordinarily taught by actual life.”

After a month of dungeon he was tried and condemned to three years of further imprisonment—a cruel blow to him, to his family, and to his country. His father died while he was in jail, and a public subscription was made in order to mitigate the lot of his family. A cry of indignation went up from all corners of the Magyar world, and the government was besieged with petitions for his release.

But Metternich was deaf to all such appeals. How could he maintain his baneful ascendancy in Germany if in his own dominions he showed himself open to humane

considerations? Those of us who have followed the careers of Fritz Reuter and the many other patriotic German scholars who were thrown into dungeons for an indefinite term of years on charges of the most hazy character need not be surprised if Metternich treated with a smile the proposition to turn loose a Hungarian who had had the audacity actually to print and circulate a newspaper preaching the liberties of the people. But, fortunately for those in jail at that moment, there were war clouds on the horizon, and Metternich needed money and recruits for the Austrian army. He made his demands, but the Hungarian delegates answered that not a recruit and not a gulden should he have so long as Kossuth was deprived of his liberty. Metternich threatened and intrigued, but the Hungarians stood firm; and thus it came about that, on the 29th of April, 1840, a royal rescript was read in both houses of the Hungarian Parliament granting pardon to political prisoners. Kossuth was set free, and immediately thereafter Metternich received his vote of money and recruits.

How different would have been German history in those days had the Prussian people shown a tithe of the same stubborn love of liberty! Not that this should be construed into a comparison unfavorable to the manly qualities of the individual German, for wherever the German has been organized in a fight of his own choosing he has abundantly vindicated his right to measure himself with the best.

A glance at the map will illustrate better than any words the strategical advantages which Kossuth possessed for his political and military fight of '48. Hungary is a well-rounded territory, like France and Spain. It is as large as the German-speaking Austria, and, if we eliminate the Polish section, about as large as Prussia.

But Prussia is, geographically, badly disposed, and, in 1848 at least, was made up of geographical fragments by no means harmonious in language, religion, or even speech. There was no centre of ideas in Prussia any more than in Germany at large. Robert Blum could reach but a small section of his fellow-Germans; the press of the country was well watched, and, besides, the Metternich censor was the barrier reared by several dozen of petty political frontiers behind each of which national prejudices lay intrenched. These barriers did not exist to the same degree for Kossuth.* The Magyar language was unknown to the government at Vienna, save through interpreters, and so thoroughly did the people understand one another that the work of a spy became very costly and dangerous. The Metternich police were on the heels of all patriots, but they were generally a day late and were usually baffled in their search after legal evidence. Where a whole nation is guilty of high-treason it becomes difficult to make a selection that shall not prove embarrassing to the jailer no less than the hangman; and in the case of a nation so indifferent to danger as that of Hungary Metternich found his task no light one.

Kossuth had as his ally what was wholly wanting in Germany—a staff of local officials thoroughly devoted to

* Pulszky (in his *Autobiography*, vol. i., p. 123) says that it was not until his twentieth year that he kept his diary and made his memoranda in his native Hungarian; he had hitherto, like the rest of his friends, used German as the language of the educated Magyar. He also tells us that the book concern at Kaschau “which supplied all northern Hungary with literature kept no Hungarian books.” This marks emphatically the great loss which the German language sustained through the political madness of Metternich. When I paddled the Hungarian Danube in 1891, I could scarce find the German language talked, save among Jews and those of the educated classes who had acquired it late in life.

the national cause, although nominally dependent upon the Vienna ministers for their confirmation. Through this extensive and inexpensive agency public meetings were possible and secret correspondence as well.

Another glance at the map and you will note that Kossuth at Buda-Pesth was nearly at the centre of his Magyar nation—that a message sent out from there would reach all parts of his constituents at about the same time. These messengers had no hostile frontiers to cross; their road lay always in the midst of a peasantry to whom the mere name of Kossuth was gospel. Up the Danube to Vienna or down to the Iron Gates there were no vexatious customs barriers or policemen calling for a passport, as was then the case among twenty-odd states of a Germany that was not much larger. Hungary had many enemies, but they were fortunately, for the most part, upon her frontiers. Those who spoke the Magyar tongue were mainly at the centre, and were infinitely more at one in national matters than any one of the dozens of states in Germany proper.

Glance again at the map of Hungary and you will note round about that kingdom national fragments seeking to assert a national life of their own—Croats, Servians, Germans, Roumanians. These were powerful at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and through these Austria set armies in the field to co-operate with her own in the subjugation of the Magyar, but the fighter at the centre has always a strong advantage over those on the outskirts, and one after the other, in the year 1848, the levies of Kossuth turned with fury upon these separate columns and gave them such a thorough thrashing that it became thereafter fashionable to become Magyar.

The most superficial reader of the history of this period must have been struck by the strange coincidence of

revolution breaking out almost simultaneously in nearly every state of Europe. The example of the Paris populace had, of course, its effect, but it by no means furnished the sufficient cause why on both sides of the Alps—on the Danube and on the Elbe—throughout Europe, if not in the United States also, the people should, as if by one accord, have arisen to demand privileges which were apparently undreamed of a few months before.

This matter is too far-reaching to go into here. Suffice it to call attention to the fact that the year 1815 marked a new departure in the history of the world; it was the breaking-up of a vast empire and a readjustment of the relations of people to their monarchs after a standard decidedly lower than what had prevailed before Napoleon retired to his rock in the South Atlantic. That year then marked the start of a public opinion fairly common to every educated white man throughout the continent of Europe, whether he formed part of a political club or whether he merely lived aside from the highway of political travel. This public sentiment held its own, and even strengthened, under a police government which covered Europe almost as extensively and as effectually as had formerly the administration of the great Napoleon. Thus we have another agency exerting an influence pretty constant at all points, and to that extent uniting still more a public sentiment that had no mouth-piece and no other cause for existence than a common resentment of injustice.

Fifteen years after Waterloo we have the Paris revolution of 1830, the great cholera, the Polish insurrection, and the universal praises of liberty dedicated to Simon Bolivar, of the Andes republics, and Marco Bozzaris, in the Hellenic Peninsula. No one of these events was overwhelming, but all gained added importance from

happening in a time when the thrones of Europe bore heavily on the hearts of men who envied the liberty of others.

The year 1830, therefore, became another point of departure, a base-line from which public sentiment once more set forth with renewed confidence.

Europe had no newspapers worth mentioning; railways were just being talked about, as we now talk of air-ships and submarine boats. Officials hated the notion of railway transportation, because it threatened to encourage democracy. There were no telegraphs; and even steam-boating was far behind what it was in England or the United States. Roughly speaking, one might say that the Europe of 1830 was hardly as much civilized or as easy to live and travel in as the Rome of the days of Cæsar and Virgil. There was no common language then, any more than now, though educated Hungarians all spoke Latin. The Italian could not read German, the Frenchman could not read the papers of Spain; there was no political co-operation between the peoples of the different countries, in the sense of modern times, when congresses are held by the dozen in nearly every city of the world to discuss every imaginable subject, from Christian Science to international law. At the time that Kossuth was ripening for his great work Hungary lay as remote from Paris or Berlin as nowadays from South Africa or Australia; and yet, in spite of this, the Magyar heart was beating with the same ideals as those of the men whose language he ignored. Without knowing it, he was fighting the battles of all liberal Europe.

But to come back to Kossuth. The year in which he was set free from his three years of unjust imprisonment he was called upon to edit a Buda-Pesth newspaper,

the owner of which was one who stood in close and disreputable relations with the Vienna government. This is another instance of the capriciousness of the censor. Maybe the government were indifferent, conscious that they could send him to jail any moment; or possibly they hoped that in time he might be bought over to the government side. At any rate, our hero, then thirty-eight years old, quickly made the fortune of the proprietor; for his sheet, which had but 600 subscribers, almost immediately jumped up to 5000, which, under the then conditions, was immense—one might almost say that it included every reader in the country.

But the drowsy censor soon woke up, for the Vienna government had slowly realized that practically the whole of Hungary was being swayed in its political views by this one man, the little lawyer whom they had thought to have snuffed out by sending to jail.

He was compelled to leave the paper; the proprietor was a heavy sufferer by this, but the government made it good to him in other ways. As for Kossuth, he was at once inundated by so general an appeal for a continuation that he undertook to found a paper of his own; and in order to get the necessary permission, he travelled up the Danube and sought an audience of Metternich, who received him with strange and ominous sweetness.

This man, who passed for the greatest of statesmen in his day, and who at that time may be said to have dictated the foreign and domestic policy of every monarch in the Holy Alliance—this majestic Metternich found himself impotent against Kossuth. He had so far dealt with men whom he could either crush or conciliate. His way was to approach men with a bribe in one hand and a *lettre de cachet* in the other; his victim could choose between them. Kossuth had served his term in the

Metternich bastille; he was now offered the bribe. But one was no more to him than the other. The honeyed words of the brilliant diplomat could no more affect him than could the spite of political generals modify the matchless magnanimity of Washington. To the proposition that he sell his pen into the service of the government of Vienna, Kossuth made answer well worth recording, for it cost him his hoped-for paper:

“I shall regard it as my duty, as a citizen, to consult my conscience in regard to each act of the government, and whenever we are at one my whole strength shall be at the service of my country for the furtherance of her well-meant projects carried out in the spirit of the Constitution. This is so obviously the duty of every citizen that it is unnecessary to give any pledges on the subject.

“Therefore, let me tell you distinctly and openly that for doing my duty after the manner of any other honest citizen I neither demand a reward nor can I accept any. Furthermore, no money in the world could induce me to understand my duty as a citizen in any other way.”

We need not be surprised that, after such a declaration, Metternich not only forbade him to edit a newspaper, but had him watched with particular interest.

We now almost forget Kossuth until we find him once more the mouth-piece of his people in the National Parliament of 1847 formulating clean-cut demands—the redress of grievances, the redeeming of royal pledges, charging the Austrian sovereign much as Patrick Henry characterized George III. in the Virginia House of Burgesses. (1765.)

And thus we come around once more to 1848 and find in Hungary a body of popular representatives in close touch with their common country, well versed in parliamentary forms, familiar with the public law—all look-

ing to Kossuth as a brilliant orator, a man of honesty, of courage, of wide legal knowledge, of infinite resource in times of political perplexity, of admirable common-sense and moderation—a man who could talk to fishermen and bargees, peasants and proprietors, with equal force—who knew how to limit himself to the points on which all were agreed and to avoid the details about which differences might easily arise. He was a Benjamin Franklin in common-sense and persuasiveness, an Alexander Hamilton in legal soundness, a Jefferson in fiery maintenance of popular rights—above all, a George Washington in the sincerity of his patriotism, the simplicity of his faith, the absence of self-seeking. He would have been a great man anywhere, but in Hungary he was particularly great because of the period in which he was allowed to unfold his talents. He was great, not like Napoleon, by crushing those who stood in his way, but by stimulating those about him. Had he not lived, the times and the people would still have brought forth heroes in Hungary; for Kossuth was the hero among heroes.

XXVII

ITALY ALSO STRUGGLES FOR LIBERTY AND UNITY

“Blood calls for blood, and the dagger of the conspirator is never so terrible as when sharpened upon the tombstone of a martyr.”

—Letter of Mazzini (1831) to Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, who abdicated in 1849 and died in the same year, after earning the hatred of the people and the contempt of his peers.

THREE years after the birth of Kossuth, near Tokay, there came upon this world another of those rare spirits which from time to time seem sent by Heaven to remind us that our duty comprehends more than the mere care for ourselves. Mazzini was born at Genoa, in 1805, a date easily remembered—the year of Austerlitz, the closing year in the life of Schiller—the man who preached liberty in “Wilhelm Tell.”

Mazzini, like Kossuth, was the son of well-educated and estimable parents able to give their child a good education. The father of Mazzini was an eminent physician, a lecturer on anatomy at the University of Genoa. Those of my readers who know that beautiful city will not fail to have noted the glory of its surroundings—the snow-clad peaks of the distant Alps, the glorious reach of blue Mediterranean which washes up against the rocks that fringe the city gates, the majestic manner in which the stately houses of this favored town rise terrace upon terrace from the harbor clear up to



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the lofty heights beyond, thus affording to all an occasional view of one of the grandest scenes of beauty ever combined for the refreshment of mortal. And to all this Mazzini added a precocious talent for history, which soon made every stone of his native city eloquent with the stories of Genoese enterprise—the doings of great warriors, navigators, painters, scientists, and statesmen. In Genoa he learned to love a people capable of great things, and in Genoa he marvelled that a people so great in the past should in his time be apparently reduced to the level of political slaves under half a dozen petty princes. Like Kossuth, Mazzini developed much of his philosophy behind the walls of a political dungeon.

He had joined the Carbonari, who aimed at uniting all liberal sentiment throughout Europe for a great but rather hazy cosmopolitan revolution. Through a spy he was betrayed, but fortunately no incriminating documents were found upon him. It was crime enough then that he should, by the government, be recognized as a young man whose activities were not positively on the side of the existing government.

The Governor of Genoa, to whom Mazzini's father hastened in order to inquire the reason for the arrest, made this oracular answer:

“Mazzini is a young man of talent, very fond of solitary walks by night. He is habitually silent on the subject of his meditations. The government is not fond of young men of talent the subject of whose meditations is unknown to them.”

This was in 1830, shortly after the French revolution of that year, the same year when Kossuth first assumed national proportions among his Magyars for the coolness and courage and generosity which he displayed at the time of the great cholera epidemic.

Mazzini was sent to the fortress jail at Savona, near Genoa, for six months; he owed this remarkably short sentence to a happy accident which had prevented the police from discovering the material for his condemnation to death—which was abundant enough even then. From his earliest childhood Mazzini was noted, by all who are competent to speak on the subject, for a profound religious faith unmingled with dogmatic fanaticism; for a love of truth, which made him an enemy to every form of sham; and, above all, for a tenderness towards fellow-creatures in distress which made it impossible for him to enjoy anything of his own so long as he was with those who appeared to be in greater need.

In the marching of the armies of liberty in 1848 he took off his cape to throw round the shoulders of a fellow-soldier; as an exile in London he pawned all he had in order to help feed and clothe three other refugees. As a child he would burst into tears if his parents did not immediately respond to the appeal of every beggar—in short, the extent to which Mazzini carried his altruism proved him a rebel against the law of survival as preached by Mr. Darwin.

Like Kossuth, he was a pronounced and uncompromising republican, in this respect vastly ahead of the majority of Germans of his time, among whom the respect for monarchy was so deep that even such radicals as Robert Blum, Jahn, Arndt, and David Strauss could not conceive of a Germany united under any other head than one of the then reigning houses.

In the solitude of his cell at Savona, the Italian patriot searched his heart and formulated the scheme of his life. He determined to cut adrift from the Carbonari, to shun the ways of secrecy as much as possible. For the future he dedicated his life to the public organiza-

tion of his fellow-Italians in the cause of a united country governed by men of the people's choice.*

Italy was then divided into six petty states, to say nothing of the Pope, who also professed temporal power of a very drastic nature.

Mazzini had to deal with an inflammable people, whose ancestors had been citizens of great republics and who had scant cause for loyalty to any reigning house. Like the Hungarians, they knew of monarchs little save perfidy and brutality. The Germans, on the other hand, had—in Prussia at least—a monarchy which not merely had become part of a history largely creditable, but also identified with a fairly honest, efficient, and progressive development of national interests. While, therefore, the Liberals of Germany were eager to extend popular rights and limit certain royal prerogatives, there were but few who hated royalty so honestly as did Mazzini and Kossuth. All were fighting for human rights, but they fought like generals on a battle-field so wide and so unknown that their forces could not efficiently co-operate. Had Kossuth and Mazzini and Robert Blum known one another during the few years preceding 1848; had they spoken the same language; had they agreed upon a plan of campaign; had they organized their forces in such a manner that they could keep in constant touch one with the other, it is not unreasonable to think that the year 1848 would have seen not merely Hungary an independent nation, but Italy united and free and the imperial German Constitution anticipated by twenty years. To-day, as we look back over the secret history of that time and

* "Das Streben nach Einheit ist das schöne Weihgeschenk der Menschheit, ein Gott, ein Vaterland, ein Haus, eine Liebe. Und das Einheitsverlangen ist das erste Sichselbstbewusstwerden eines beginnenden Volks."—Jahn, *Volksthum*, p. 91.

note the strange lack of co-operation, our wonder is not that these men did so little, but that they accomplished anything.

Mazzini was frankly ideal in his aims, far more so than Kossuth or Blum, who worked for immediate results. The Italian did not pretend that his ideals could be realized in his lifetime; he had in him the stuff of the missionary apostle; he was satisfied to sow the seed and let others reap. Kossuth was the trained lawyer, who stood ever upon legal and constitutional precedent, who argued his case before a jury of the people, and who, when his case was won, could count upon his nation to sustain the judgment of the court. Mazzini talked to the educated, the young, the enthusiastic, the inexperienced. He did not know the working-classes of his own people until, an exile in London, he sought to ameliorate the lot of the organ-grinders by holding night-schools for their benefit, to talk to them about Italian history, to teach them their rights as citizens of a new and united Italy. There was nothing new that Kossuth could teach a Hungarian peasant so far as the history of his splendid patrimony was concerned; those skin-clad shepherds and hardy ploughmen knew enough to make the air split with their frenzied *Elyen!* whenever appeal was made to national spirit. In Italy, however, were a densely ignorant peasantry, who knew only their little patch of badly governed land cursed with a prince and a tax-collector.

After his six months of jail Mazzini was banished. He went to France, and here became a national hero through the influence exerted by the great society which he founded, called Young Italy. He published a paper preaching unity and liberty, and in a very few months

found that the number of his followers included thousands throughout the Peninsula.

Charles Albert, who ascended the throne of Piedmont and Sardinia in 1831, did not raise Mazzini's respect for monarchy.* He ever regarded this father of the illustrious Victor Emanuel to be one who professed popular sympathies so long as he could thereby induce the people to spill their blood for his throne, but who secretly sold out the popular cause he professed, in order to strengthen himself with his neighbors of France and Austria. Monarchy is to-day comparatively popular throughout Europe, thanks to a collection of fairly respectable and industrious sovereigns and to a constitutional system which makes most of them seem highly picturesque and not very expensive ornaments of the state palace. But in 1830 no such reflection could have been made.

Mazzini was cosmopolitan, in so far as he regarded all the countries of Europe as merely different branches of one great family; but at the same time he believed that the basis of liberal progress was to work each among his own people for the purpose of making his own nation united and free. He held that when Europe should consist of self-governing nations free from the poison of diplomatic intrigue and dynastic ambition, the peoples throughout the world would recognize their common interests and unite for a higher commercial and industrial union.

Charles Albert was very bitter against Young Italy, and threatened all manner of punishment to those who should in any way abet Mazzini and his fellow-reformers,

* "How easy is it for a sovereign to do that which shall not only immortalize his name, but attract the blessings of millions!"—Washington to Lafayette, June 18, 1788.

who were spreading poisonous anti-king doctrine through the little printing-press which they had established at Marseilles. Not only were members of Young Italy threatened, but even those who failed to denounce members of the society were threatened, with fine, and imprisonment for two years. The informer was promised secrecy and half the fine; but, in spite of these dishonorable baits, Young Italy flourished and monarchical unrest grew.

Charles Albert finally grew discouraged by the failure of his efforts to suppress Mazzini, so he appealed (in 1831) to Louis Philippe in Paris—himself raised to the throne by the revolution of 1830. This *roi bourgeois*, feeling now less need of popular sympathy than of earning a good word from the Holy Alliance, did as his fellow-king asked him. The French police chased Mazzini about for two years from one hiding-place to another, until at last his refuge was discovered. He was on the point of being seized when a friend, who resembled him in appearance, gave himself up in his stead, while Mazzini himself walked out through the assembled policemen and ultimately made his way into Switzerland.

While one of Mazzini's warmest friends (Ruffini) was in prison for alleged high-treason the government sought to make him confess and at the same time incriminate others. Ruffini steadfastly refused. Finally, the police of Charles Albert forged the name of Mazzini to a document purporting to be a denunciation of fellow-conspirators; and still Ruffini refused to betray his promise; but that same night he committed suicide in his cell.

Mazzini's notion of the royal tribe in general was that

“The fatherland of kings was their own family, their own dynasty and race. Their aim was their own aggrandizement at the expense of others. Their whole doctrine might have been

summed up in one proposition: the weakening of the mass for the furtherance and security of their own individual interests. Their treaties were merely compromises with necessity; their every peace was merely a truce; their balance of power an attempt to avert possible attacks, and inspired by a constant sense of hostility and distrust."*

We must judge Mazzini by the times in which he lived, and not examine too closely the statements which were sometimes generalizations from his own sad experience. Suffice it for us here to appreciate the purity of Mazzini's motives, the freedom of self-seeking, which was a conspicuous feature of Kossuth, of Robert Blum, and many other reformers who in their time were almost universally branded as anarchists, bandits, and enemies of their country. It is not so long ago that so pure a man as our Henry George was denounced by a large section of the respectable press of the United States as a man dangerous to society. To be sure, Mazzini was, and meant to be, dangerous to society as symbolized by the Holy Alliance of emperors, kings, and minor monarchs ruling by so-called divine right. His organization of Young Italy was intended to fight this combination; the people were to be united in one great European fraternity pledged to protect their fellows in distress. This was the dream of Mazzini; for this he lived and fought and was imprisoned and spent the bulk of his life in miserable exile. He was a delicate creature from his birth, and that he lived even to the brief span of sixty-seven years is tribute to his immense force of will. His dreams were not all realized, but he achieved for his country what Kossuth did for Hungary, what Robert Blum did for Germany—he educated public

* Cf. *Joseph Mazzini, a Memoir*, by Venturi. London, 1877.

opinion; he roused the public conscience; he made patriotism respectable; he caused monarchs to tread warily upon the rights of the people; he organized the mighty cry of united Italy which, in successive fights between 1830 and 1870, carried the national flag nearer and nearer to the goal he pointed out from his dungeon on the Adriatic, where he lay confined because he was a man of talents, and because he did not share his thoughts with the police.

The pitiable failure of much that was attempted in 1848 may be traced to neglect of Mazzini's far-seeing warnings. In 1834 he had organized a new society called Young Europe. The time was ripe for such an alliance, or, rather, a fraternization of the elements seeking relief from oppression. Russia had beaten down the Polish insurrection of 1830 by the help of Prussia; Hungary was under police rule. Germany was on a level with Italy—all Europe lay gagged and bound at the feet of the Holy Alliance. Even so courtly minded a chronicler as Sybel writes (*Begründung*, p. 89) that the year 1832 marked a crisis in German public sentiment; that so bitter was the feeling among all classes against the King that republicanism commenced to find advocates among such as a few years before had been most devoted monarchists. In that year the Diet (Bundestag), which is better recalled as the Metternich Convention, passed a series of general laws of an unconstitutional nature—against wearing the national colors, against singing popular songs, against discussing the laws. It also provided that the police of Metternich should have more extended facilities for prying into private affairs. (Sybel, p. 85.)

This had the natural consequence of calling forth some form of popular protest; and as all nations were suffering a common complaint, nothing was more natural



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than that they should all discuss a common remedy. In this year there met at the Hambach Castle, on the upper Rhine (near Neustadt), a cosmopolitan gathering symbolizing the first fraternization of French and Germans since the days of the French Republic. The police had no warning, and for that matter no breach of the peace was attempted. It was nothing but a broad gathering together of European patriots from many different states—refugees from Poland formed a conspicuous feature. There was much singing and speechifying and waving of many flags; and here was a symbol of the Young Europe which Mazzini founded in 1834. It had something of the Wartburg spirit, but instead of being merely German and royalist, it now appeared as European and republican. The Wartburg students had sung hymns and praised the virtue of princes; at the Hambach there was a more practical tone. The Holy Alliance claimed the right to rule all Europe; Europe, in turn, claimed the right to protest.

Mazzini speaking of Young Europe, wrote:

“I knew that such an organization embraced too vast a sphere to allow of any immediate practical results, and that much time and many severe lessons were required in order to teach the peoples the necessity of a true European fraternity; but I endeavored to spread the idea of such a moral alliance among the peoples, knowing that the good seed once sown was certain to bear fruit in time.”

Had the American colonies failed to unite in 1776, had the Constitution of 1789 failed to make one nation of us after our seven years' war with England, no doubt the people of our day would look back upon Washington and Alexander Hamilton as dreamers and conspirators, much as the well-dressed mob of fashionables speak of

Mazzini, who is now tumbled onto the political ash-heap along with Kossuth, Blum, and the other noble spirits who have enriched the history of humanity—the world's noble failures.

Some day, when Europe shall have recovered from its madness of militarism and distrust, there will arise a mighty nation—the United States of Europe—and then will be reared a monument to Mazzini eclipsing that of the Germania on the Rhine, and on its base will be chiselled the lines which made good people call him a madman in 1834.

In that year the Holy Alliance grew so frightened by what had been done to bring the people of Europe together that they once more united in a secret conference of ministers (at Vienna), and pledged themselves, not merely to suppress political activity yet more, but even to nullify constitutions which had been already solemnly granted.

Indeed, even in the pages of Sybel and Treitschke the reader is compelled to note that the monarchs of Europe are, as it were, turning at a big press with long capstan-bars. Under this press is the body of a clumsy mass called Europe. This mass keeps wriggling to one side and the other, and every now and then calling out in pain. Then the capstan-bars revolve and the press is screwed down a few inches more. Each year the screwing process is renewed—in parliamentary language it is called holding a conference of monarchs. Between 1817 and 1847 so many of these conferences were held that the wriggling under the press was getting faint; Europe was almost dead.

In January of 1837 Mazzini, driven from Switzerland, found a refuge in London. So did Kossuth after the storms of 1849; so did many other notable reformers.

But England was too busy with her own domestic problems to waste much time over refugees who spoke Polish, Hungarian, Italian—every tongue but that of Shakespeare. Mazzini, like Kossuth, found sympathy among the working-people, but the aristocracy and the conservative government were more interested in the preservation of their own privileges than in any philanthropic scheme for the benefit of far-away enthusiasts, who seemed in a chronic state of ferment and impecuniosity.

In March of 1848 the people of Italy were in arms, driving the Austrian army before them to the passes of the Alps. These followers of Mazzini knew nothing of Kossuth or Robert Blum; yet they fought for the cause of free Europe by occupying the armies of the Austrian Emperor far from the Elbe and the Danube. The men fighting on the barricades of Berlin little thought that their cause was being powerfully reinforced by Genoese and Milanese working-men who had never heard of the Spree or the Havel.

XXVIII

DAVID STRAUSS AND HIS *LIFE OF JESUS*

“Hu! wie das krabbelt, kneipt und kriecht!
Pfui! wie's infernalisch riecht!
Geh, Grete, mach' die Fenster zu:
Sie kommen—die Jesuiten!” . . .

—Gustav vom See.

AT the time of Madame Krüdener's death there was studying in Germany a delicate, deep-eyed, sweetly gentle nature—young David Strauss, fitting himself for the career of the orthodox Protestant clergyman. He was born (1808) in the neighborhood of Stuttgart, a classic soil of German song, literature, and liberty. His father was a small tradesman, who was himself more fond of reading his Latin and Greek classics than attending to the customers who frequented his shop. He, consequently, did not become rich. The father inclined to dogmatic theology and “pietism”; the mother was religious from more tender and human motives. In later years father and son could not live together in comfort, for their theology clashed. The son asked for reasons; the father answered by texts and—losing his temper.

Like Mazzini, Strauss was of slight and delicate constitution, could not take his share in the rough-and-tumble of school-life. He was, as it were, predestined to the life of a scholar by the marvellous development

of his memory and the capacity for long and consecutive reasoning, to say nothing of the fluency and persuasiveness of his language.

In the year of revolution, 1830, he passed his theological examinations with high credit, and at once commenced to build up warm popularity among the people near Stuttgart, in whose midst he commenced work as a preacher of the gospel.

In 1831 he went to Berlin in order to pursue some special studies in theology. Here he became acquainted with the eloquent and patriotic Schleiermacher, who happened to be lecturing on the life of our Saviour.* But these lectures, so far from giving peace of mind, disturbed him so violently that he could not rest until he had examined the whole field critically for himself.

After six months of Berlin, in which time he may have been said to have spied out the camp of the enemy — to have thoroughly explored the weakness of Schleiermacher and the orthodox theology dominating the minds about Frederick William III. — he returned into his own beloved Würtemberg, as assistant professor at the University of Tübingen (Repetent).

* Professor Zeller, the eminent historian, says (in his *Life of Strauss*) that Strauss came to Berlin in 1830 in order to study under Schleiermacher and Hegel, but particularly Hegel. One day, while calling on Schleiermacher, he learned that Hegel had been carried away by the cholera of that dreadful year. Strauss could not repress the fatal ejaculation: "And to think that it was just to hear *him* that I came to Berlin!" Schleiermacher never forgave this. Had this exclamation not dropped from the lips of Strauss, maybe the *Life of Jesus* would have been unwritten, or so conceived as to have given less offence to simple minds. Schleiermacher had been a profound influence in Strauss's life during his student days in Tübingen, but after this the two men stood for opposite trains of thought.

But the *Life of Jesus* was ever in his thoughts; he was slowly maturing the campaign in which he was to assail and take by storm the citadel of modern Protestant intolerance. He proposed to make war, not against religion, but upon the pretensions of dogmatists who thought they were establishing scientific truth when they merely obscured spiritual revelation by a clumsy embroidery of spurious proof.

It was against this embroidery of dogmatism that Strauss took up arms. In the fall of 1833 he gave up his university lectures in order to devote all his energies to the great work. Professor Zeller, who knew Strauss well, has assured us that within a year from the time that he blocked out his work, he had completed 1400 printed pages. A stupendous task, indeed!

Since the day when Martin Luther defied the Roman Pope by nailing his theses on the church door of Wittenberg no theological or philosophical work had created in Germany so profound and wide a sensation as this *Life of Jesus* written by a frail wisp of a professor, who wrote as a scholar for scholars, without any notion that his arguments could interest a larger audience than the theological faculties of a few universities.

The book appeared in 1835, and went rapidly into new editions. It was translated into French and English, and immediately dragged its shy and scholarly author into the arena of pamphlet warfare.

The first important result of his work was an order dismissing him from his post at the Tübingen University. In 1839 the University of Zurich offered him a professorship; but such was the storm of disapproval stirred up by the people, who regarded him as a

horned devil, that he was hastily pensioned and never allowed to fill the chair to which he had been so effusively called.*

Renan's *Life of Christ* did not appear until 1863; and though at the time I was but a child at school in Paris, the storm of indignation it raised among orthodox people made me feel that its author must be one of the wickedest of men. Renan was not born until 1823, and was, therefore, the junior of Strauss by fifteen years; but both men reached their conclusions through practically the same means—each revolted at the hollow formalism which the theologians were setting up instead of the true Christ.

In 1845 he was, along with many of the Catholics of Germany, scandalized by a revival of Papal intolerance and superstition, as manifested by the exposure at Treves of an alleged coat of our Saviour. "I was," he wrote (in his *Recollections of My Youth*), "Christian after the fashion of a professor of theology at Halle or Tübingen. An inward voice told me: 'Thou art no longer Catholic; thy robe is a lie; cast it off.'"

As a side-light on the spirit of the times, viewed by honest and earnest thinkers, the following belongs here,

* Julius Fröbel, in his entertaining memoirs, recalls the year 1839, when David Strauss came to Zurich. It was to the orthodox as though a medical chair was to be filled by a physiologist who scoffed at medicine.

"On the morning of September 6, 1839, armed bands entered the town and demanded the resignation of Strauss. They were led by their pastor, Bernard Hirzel, of a somewhat excitable nature (*exaltirt*), but otherwise an agreeable and clever young man, who had taught Sanscrit at the University of Zurich. When the pastor gave the order: 'In the name of God, fire!' there fell, mortally wounded, a personally well-known and esteemed physician and botanist who had no relations with the radical party."—P. 91,

extracted from a letter of Renan dated 1845 (September 6th), and addressed to his 'Director':

"I sometimes regret that I was not born in a land where the bonds of orthodoxy are less tightly drawn than in Catholic countries. For, at whatever cost, I am resolved to be a Christian; but I cannot be an orthodox Christian. . . . Will not some one found among us a rational and critical Christianity? . . . May I live to see this Christianity assuming a form capable of fully satisfying all the requirements of our age! May I myself co-operate in the great work!"

Renan lived to see Papal infallibility accepted throughout the Roman Catholic world—even in America. He lived to see such men as Hyacinthe excommunicated; yet at his death, in 1892, he could fairly say that he left France on a higher plane of spiritual thought than when he prayed in 1845. He lived to see universal education freed from priestly control and to note a more respectful attitude towards the Christian religion in general.

To the Abbé Cognat he wrote as follows in 1845 (January 25th):

"I have studied Germany, and it seemed to me that I have been entering some holy place. All that I have lighted upon in the course of the study has been pure, elevating, moral, and touching.

"Oh, my soul! Yes, it is a real treasure, and the continuation of Jesus Christ. Their moral qualities excite my liveliest admiration. How strong and gentle they are! I believe that it is in this direction that we must look for the advent of Christ. . . . France seems to me every day more devoid of any part in the great work of renovating the life of humanity. A dry, anti-critical, barren, and petty orthodoxy, . . ." etc.

All of which, with but the change of a word or two, might have been put into the mouth of an honest German



DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS



Christian of the same time, and the compliment turned in favor of France.

The great work of Strauss, published ten years before this letter was posted, was intended primarily for German scholars; yet it was at once accepted as a political gospel, owing to its appearance at a time when the public mind treated with suspicion everything that found favor at court; and just then the various courts sustaining the Holy Alliance cultivated piety as the handmaiden of absolute monarchy. So Strauss found himself not only hated by officials, courtiers, and pious peasants, but the apostle of liberty to those who dreamed of a Germany without kings and priests.

In the revolution of 1848 his pure academic spirit would not for a moment permit him to ape the vulgar methods of the demagogue in pandering to the craze of the moment for universal suffrage and death to monarchy. He was not elected to the great national congress at Frankfort in 1848, owing to the hue-and-cry raised against him by those who denounced him as an antichrist. He could easily have combated this prejudice had he chosen to show himself and win popular favor by the ordinary stump-speech methods. For the local assembly he was returned with enthusiasm, but here he failed to give satisfaction, because of the unbending truthfulness of his nature, which resisted all effort made to coax him into the service of politicians. He had a strong aversion to mobs and to anything looking like anarchy. He deliberately gave it as his opinion (1848)* that the best thing for the people was a federation of all the German states under Prussian leadership—a conclusion which did

* A revolution can only be the work of passions. Hence religion, morals, intellect, science, and experience are all obstacles in its way."
—Görres, *Life*, p. 205.

honor to his magnanimity, for he was a Würtemberger and had no reason to love a Prussia whose King was the arch-pietist of his times and would cheerfully have sentenced Strauss to prison. His moderation was fatal to his popularity at this time; and when he went so far as to offer an apology for the Austrian government, which had shot Robert Blum in November of 1848, he was soon made to feel that he was not made for a revolutionary politician. He had entered the arena reluctantly; he left it with pleasure. It does not concern us here to analyze the *Life of Jesus* or to register our opinion of its merits from the stand-point of an English-speaking, church-going public. Suffice it for us to note that it was the work, not of a demagogue or one with a grudge, but was written by a professor of theology with the highest character for learning and purity of life.

No one who had the privilege of looking at David Strauss could fail to be impressed by the sincerity, breadth, kindness, and humor which emanated from his every feature. He had not the lower jaw of the Bismarck (and the bull-dog), but he had the mouth and the nose which go with moral courage—features we associate with the many frail-bodied martyrs whose bodies have been twisted to death by the Inquisitors while their spirits smiled at the efforts of the tormentor. The lofty and well-shaped head of Strauss, the strong, well-shaped ears, and the large, penetrating eyes suggest the great soldier-scholar Field-marshal Moltke, who also was essentially of a modest, retiring nature—a scholar, a man of moral courage, a pitiless strategist and logician, a soldier who loathed the brutality, bloodshed, and plundering of his profession.

Like Lassalle and Mazzini, Strauss did not live long. He died in 1874, only sixty-eight years of age. Like

Mazzini, those who knew him best honored him most. To the day of his death he remained consistent in his devotion to principles which had drawn down upon him the persecution of government and the odium of the same sort of simple people who burned John Huss. But though a failure from the worldly point of view, he lived long enough to see the ideas he represented fight their way onward and upward; he lived to see the unity of Germany; he lived to see theology broadened to such an extent that in our time a man may cultivate science and history and yet be not ashamed of calling himself a Christian.

III.—17

XXIX

AMERICAN INFLUENCE

“As yet that light (of liberty) has dawned on the middling classes only of the men in Europe. The kings and the rabble, of equal ignorance, have not yet received its beams, but it continues to spread, and while printing is preserved it can no more recede than the sun return on his course. A first attempt to recover the right of self-government may fail, so may a second, a third, etc. But as a younger and more instructed race comes on, the sentiment becomes more and more intuitive, and a fourth, a fifth, or some subsequent one of the ever-renewed attempts will ultimately succeed. . . . To attain all this, however, rivers of blood must yet flow and years of desolation pass over; yet the object is worth rivers of blood and years of desolation.”
—Jefferson to John Adams. September 4, 1823.

THE same year that gave Mazzini life in Genoa (1805) gave also to the world the man who first proclaimed with authority that a republican form of government was suited even to Europe. I refer, of course, to the illustrious author of *Democracy in America*—Alexis de Tocqueville. His work appeared in Paris in 1835, the same year that Strauss's *Life of Jesus* shook the religious world. Tocqueville's work discussed a problem which was agitating every community from Warsaw to Sicily, and it discussed this problem not merely with all of Strauss's charm of diction and scholarship, but it did more—it gave to Europe the first picture of successful democratic society carried on by men of European blood and tradition untrammelled by old-world limitations.

This great book is to-day one of the few which has improved with years. It has been translated into every language, and though the author lived but fifty-four years, he yet saw seventeen editions in his own language alone. In England it was at once placed in the first rank; we can only measure the warmth of its reception by recalling that accorded in our time to Bryce's *American Commonwealth*.

Tocqueville celebrated the completion of his *Democracy* by marrying an English lady (Miss Mottley), who to his dying day (1859) flooded his spirit with the serenity which springs only from intercourse with a sympathetic wife.

The work of Strauss was great of its kind; but it was, after all, mainly Protestant Germany which hailed the author as a champion of political liberty—a protester against oppression, a modern Luther. But Tocqueville stood far above creeds and parties, or even nations. He spoke the language of humanity; he dealt with universal truths, and these he presented with rare literary elegance and authority.

His birthplace was Paris, but much of his early bringing-up and academic training was at Metz (where his father was prefect after the Restoration). Here, in 1822, he carried off the highest prize in rhetoric, at the age of seventeen.

On the occasion of my last visit to that ancient and interesting town there was little outwardly to link it with the intellectual development of France. Some 40,000 German troops garrisoned the place; a ring of German forts darkened the horizon; the people talked sullenly (in French), and a statue was being unveiled—not to the author of *Démocratie en Amérique*, but to a Prussian general who had won victories in the war of

1870. On that occasion I heard a German emperor say to the citizens of Metz: "German you are and German you shall remain, so help me God and my good sword!" That speech was made by the grandson of William I., a quarter of a century after the incorporation of Alsace-Lorraine by the German Empire. Some day this soldier-statue will be taken down and melted over again and in its stead will stand Tocqueville, a man who has done more for the glory of Metz than all the soldiers who have wetted that blood-stained soil.

Had Tocqueville written his book to-day it would still have been a great book, among scholars at least; but those who have read thus far can understand why it was particularly powerful at that particular moment (1835).

When the revolution of 1830 drove Charles X., the last of the Bourbons, from the French throne, Tocqueville, through his talent and great family influence, was at a point of his judicial career which promised him the highest rewards in the gift of the government. He saw no good reason for taking part in a revolution whose purpose was to substitute one king for another, and as a choice between evils he sided with the government of Charles X. Of course, therefore, when Louis Philippe came to the throne our young aspirant for governmental preferment saw a good opportunity for resigning. He did so, and within six months embarked for the United States, nominally to report upon the prison system, but really to study our social and political life.

But for this revolution he might never have made this trip; for such a voyage at that time meant an interruption in one's usual avocations too serious to be undertaken in any ordinary holiday. But the moment was propitious and the man was there.

Besides his college and judicial training, he had made

what then counted as a great journey—through Europe as far as Sicily; and it was in noting the miseries of the Italian people that he was (according to his intimate friend Beaumont) led to study national prosperity as affected by forms of government.

The human problem had been discussed in a *dilettante* manner by men of the type of Rousseau, who made a rose-colored picture of primitive man and contrasted him with the degenerate specimens they were pleased to note among those of their own time. A whole school of romantic and very flabby thinkers wrote in a manner to make people discontented with the prevailing state of society, but unfortunately they wrote only from second-hand knowledge, and their words carried little weight outside of the salon and the nursery. In Germany this evil was still more conspicuous.

Jahn* and his fellow-enthusiasts dwelt interminably upon the virtues of what they pictured as the *Ur Mensch* or the *Ur Germanen*, the original early ancestors of their race. These writers had never seen such a creature; they had not even any reliable information about him. It never occurred to the Germans of this time to study society as scientifically as they did beetles or Greek roots. They discoursed learnedly about the Constitutions of Greece and Rome, but none of them perceived the obvious advantage to be gained by studying at first hand a community of several million republicans of kindred race and religion, to say nothing of the aborigines with red skins and tomahawks.

* "Ueberall, wo der Mensch in ungehinderter Umschau umherblickt erscheint er sich selbst in der Dinge Mitte. Auch berühmte völker der Vorzeit haben ihre Erscheinung unter den Umvölkern so aufgefasst und bei der unvollkommenen Erdkunde sich in der Mitte der sonneerleuchteten Edscheibe gedacht."—Jahn, *Volksthum*, p. 14.

We have seen this same German quality in more recent times — a frenzied enthusiasm for the South African Boer, a wholesale denunciation of British rule; yet all the while no German men of science finding it worth their while to go thither and study them at first hand.

Germany produces Schopenhauers by the score; but twenty Schopenhauers are not worth one Tocqueville.

The United States of 1831 was of little more interest to the governments of Europe than the Boer Republics of 1880. We had, to be sure, made ourselves offensive to the Holy Alliance. The so-called Monroe Doctrine* had been enunciated (1823), but Metternich and his royal clients were much occupied with affairs in Europe, and were not disposed to undertake an expedition to the Spanish main in the cause of so uncertain a quantity as the Spanish monarchy. The congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1818, and that of Verona, in 1824, had platonically given immense sympathy to the Spanish government; but with England on the side of the United

* Thomas Jefferson, writing to President Madison anent the so-called Monroe Doctrine, October 24, 1823, said:

“The question presented by the letters you have sent me is the most momentous which has ever been offered to my contemplation since that of Independence. That made us a nation; this sets our compass and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time opening on us. . . . Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle in cisatlantic affairs.

“America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and peculiarly her own.

“. . . Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm; and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship; and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more side by side in the same cause.”

States, the Holy Alliance concluded that they had better move cautiously.*

At such a time it was but natural for a man of philosophic mind to ask himself the question, why it was that all Europe was exhibiting unmistakable signs of dissatisfaction with the government of the day; how far was their dissatisfaction justified; what remedies had been suggested; what reasons were there for adopting any of those proposed.

As we have amply seen, the government of Metternich put a flat veto upon any and every proposition other than that of hushing-up popular complaint. Inquiries he never made. In his mind the only place for a thinker was in jail.

Tocqueville reached New York in 1831 (May 10th), and set about his work in a thorough and methodical manner. He was writing as a Frenchman for Frenchmen, and for this purpose he drew up a series of questions interesting to his fellow-countrymen at that time, and the answers to these questions made up the great book which he wrote between 1832 and 1835.

* "But the most decisive blow to all despotic interference with the new States is that which it has received in the President's (Monroe) message at the opening of Congress. It was looked for here with extraordinary interest at this juncture, and I have heard that the British packet which left New York the beginning of this month (December), was instructed to wait for it and bring it over with all speed. It is certain that this vessel first brought it, having arrived at Falmouth on the 24th instant. On its publicity in London, which followed as soon afterwards as possible, the credit of all the Spanish American securities immediately rose, and the question of the final and complete safety of the new States from all European coercion is now considered as at rest."—Letter of Richard Rush, United States Minister in London, to John Quincy Adams, December 27, 1823, published by Worthington Ford, *American Historical Review*, October, 1902, p. 49.

His friend and biographer Beaumont, who accompanied him on this journey, wrote that when the book appeared

“Some declared Tocqueville to be a democrat; others said that he was an aristocrat. He was neither. Born in the ranks of the aristocracy, but with a love for liberty, Tocqueville had found modern society in the hands of the democracy; and, considering this to be an established fact which it was no longer possible to question, he thought that to the absolute equality thus produced it was essential to add liberty; for, without liberty, equality has no check to its impulses, no counterpoise to its oppressions. And he judged this union so necessary that he saw no aim in the present time more important to pursue, and to it he therefore devoted his whole life.”

It is noteworthy that while many leading men in France, Hungary, and Italy spoke frankly for a republic, in Germany there should have been comparatively small support for such a form of government. Men like Jahn, Simon, Dahlmann, Schön—even the working-man Blum—limited their liberalism to hereditary monarchy, with a Constitution. In Germany, as in England, the dread of another “Reign of Terror” was always kept before the eyes of the order-loving burgher. On the other hand, Tocqueville, whose contemporaries could have told him of 1793, seriously, scientifically, and convincingly argued for the republic as a guarantee of national stability.

And, indeed, it was as a prophet that he wrote to his friend Kergolay from the Hudson River (June 20), 1831. He had been commenting with evident surprise upon the discovery that Americans were not merely democratic in form, but were genuinely satisfied with their government; he could discover no trace of a desire to establish aristocratic forms. He adds:

“It is impossible to deny that the country presents, on the whole, an admirable aspect. I frankly own that it convinces

me of the superiority of a free government over every other. . . . The lower classes are undeniably higher in the moral scale than with us; every man has a consciousness of his independent position and of his personal dignity which, without adding to suavity of manners, leads him to respect himself and others."

Had these words to an intimate friend been written by some renegade Tom Paine—some soured patriot leaving his country for his country's good, we should not have deemed them worth quoting. Tocqueville was, however, not only of commanding social and legal position, but a man of means besides, an independent character of the very first importance in his own country.

Many such little remarks made by letter to an intimate reveal the man better than more elaborate opinions in his published volumes. Thus he notes in America an extraordinary respect for law and order, a strange absence of policemen. He thinks that in Europe the same results might be achieved by somewhat the same methods.

"You will scarcely credit the order kept by this people from the feeling that they themselves are the only safeguard against themselves."—P. 312, ed. 1861.

This was penned when Metternich was describing Europe as a hotbed of conspiracy and revolution; when the husband of Queen Luise was giving his consent to measures which made Germany a political graveyard. And yet already there were in America so many German refugees that in some quarters fears had been expressed lest the German language overwhelm the English. During those years the German government did nothing to help those of German speech beyond the seas, save to swell their numbers.

Tocqueville's year in the United States carried him to every section of the inhabited portion. New York

had already more than 200,000 inhabitants; Detroit, which he visited on his way to the wildest West he could then attain (Saginaw), had already 2000; but wherever he travelled he marvelled at the high standard of life and morals and education. "We find Shakespeare and Milton in a log-hut," as Beaumont exclaims with amazement, referring to a trip through the forests of Tennessee.

Tocqueville was, like Strauss, of a delicate physical organism. No doubt this American trip, with its almost continuous out-door exposure, did much to harden him and give him the vitality he needed. At times, however, he was put to severe tests. To quote a moment from the diary of his companion and friend Beaumont:

"December 31, 1831. Left Wheeling, ten miles from Pittsburg, by the steamer. The Ohio is covered with loose ice, its banks with snow . . . towards midnight an alarm! We have struck on a rock; our vessel has split; she is sinking every moment. Awful sensation!—two hundred passengers on board and only two long-boats, each capable of holding ten or twelve people. The water mounts higher and higher. Admirable coolness of the American women. There are fifty, and not one scream in the face of advancing death. Tocqueville and I cast one glance upon the Ohio, which is more than a mile in breadth, and carries down large masses of loose ice. We squeeze each other's hands as a parting token. . . ."

The narrative tells of overcoming many difficulties by patience and fortitude, of having plenty of minor vexations, but never losing sight of the great purpose for which they undertook this long, costly, and dangerous trip. And this purpose was, indeed, a worthy one when we reflect upon what America was in 1831—a subject not to be discussed in the European press, a pestiferous example of republicanism which must, according to royalists, soon end in civil war and anarchy.

When Tocqueville landed in New York the generation that had welcomed Lafayette on his first visit had mostly passed away, but a new generation was there, and a worthy one.

In the White House sat General Andrew Jackson, who had defeated a British army at New Orleans in 1815, who had conducted successful campaigns against the Indians, and who was destined (1832) to suppress the so-called Nullification movement in South Carolina by marching United States troops to the scene of disturbance. It is true that Jackson turned out the office-holders who were not of his party to make room for such as were; but there must have been some virtue in this apparently brutal measure or it would not have been adopted so cordially by his Presidential successors (of both parties) even to our day.

Monroe died in that year (1831), but his name lived in the doctrine which is to-day drawing America into dangerous relations with Europe.

There were names then conspicuous which are still household words, in spite of the many notables who have crowded the pages of our history. Clay and Webster were in the Senate; Calhoun was then Vice-President, the same gifted statesman who, in 1829, had caused South Carolina to publish the "doctrine" that an individual State had a right to nullify national laws which were in conflict with State pretensions. Tocqueville found himself in a political atmosphere which, whatever might have been its personal acrimony at times of election, was one which developed high forensic talent and strong personal character. The great questions which, in 1861, found a cruel solution on the battle-field were even then discussed by leading politicians; and Tocqueville had ample opportunity of seeing, seventy

years ago, the germinating of all the plagues which to-day are seemingly converting a republic into an oligarchy, if not a plutocracy.

In the world of letters and science we had done still more to reward the exploration of an unprejudiced traveller. Motley graduated at Harvard in 1831. Bryant had already been two years editor-in-chief of the *Evening Post* of New York, a paper which he was destined to illuminate for half a century. He had already (1816), when less than twenty years of age, published "Thanatopsis," and this alone would have made him a notable figure in any literary gathering of that day. Longfellow was then twenty-four years old, a professor at Bowdoin; Lowell was at school. George Bancroft was at work upon his monumental *American History*, the first volume of which was to appear in 1834.

The brilliant and short-lived Edgar Allan Poe was in that year dismissed from the West Point Corps of Cadets; his "Raven" was not to be known for yet fourteen years, though he had already (in 1827) published his "Tamerlane." Hawthorne was one year older than Tocqueville, but no one suspected that this strange creature would produce *The Scarlet Letter*, any more than that this inquisitive French tourist would reveal America to Americans as no American had ever done.

Cooper had already published his two best works, *The Spy* (1821), and *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826)—works which to-day enjoy unabated popularity, notably in Germany. Prescott was then thirty-six years old, working patiently, in spite of his blindness, at his *Ferdinand and Isabella*, which delighted the world soon thereafter (1838). Washington Irving was still abroad, but his *Knickerbocker* had appeared already (1809), and also his *Conquest of Granada* (1829).

Emerson, two years senior to Tocqueville, was filling the pulpit of a Unitarian church in Boston; Oliver Wendell Holmes, then twenty-two years of age, was fitting himself to be a physiologist; Whittier was editing a magazine in Hartford—each on the threshold of fame.

The social and political atmosphere that produced such men was well worthy of study—notably in England. Dickens, who visited America ten years later (1842), found nothing save material for sneers, and the tone of Dickens was that of most of those who described England's most illustrious offshoot. Cobden formed, it is true, a brilliant exception; but the rule remains the same.

Since James Bryce published his *American Commonwealth*, English public men have come to appreciate that the whole English-speaking world is, after all, but one family, and that, for better or for worse, we must study one another impartially, if not lovingly, and organize our forces, not for mutual extermination, but for support against a common enemy.

In the world of material invention Tocqueville had vastly more to marvel at, for America had already given to the world Franklin, Fulton, and Eli Whitney, who invented the machine which revolutionized the cotton industry. Elias Howe was on the eve of inventing the first sewing-machine (1845). Goodyear had vulcanized india-rubber (1830). The air was thick with inventions of all kinds. In material advancement America was well beyond Germany—at least in the field of railway and steam-ship development and many labor-saving mechanical devices.

Tocqueville remained true to the convictions he formed in America. His was a nature incapable of harboring narrow or selfish purposes. He was the very opposite

of Bismarck, who was a bunch of hatreds, who hated the English, hated Gladstone, hated the Poles, hated the French, hated Socialists. His memoirs are a chronicle of personal "subjective" emotions.

Tocqueville knew no such feeling. He did not hate kings, he did not hate aristocrats, or the institution of monarchy. He had no ill-will towards Germany. He travelled England as he did America, and as in America, so in England, he seemed on all sides to find objects of interest and also good-will.

The England which he visited in the year after his return from the United States was, indeed, interesting to a man of Tocqueville's mental bent. It was the day of Bright and Cobden, the heyday of Macaulay and Walter Scott, when the oppressive measures fostered by Wellington and Sidmouth had been discredited and a new era of commercial and political freedom was dawning.* The abolition of slavery and of tariffs and of all feudal abominations was in the air. The Reform Bill had passed (1832), and England by that one parliamentary victory gave to the world another signal example of her power to achieve without bloodshed the most sweeping popular triumphs, while at the same time preserving her prestige abroad and the stability of her venerable Constitution at home.

In France, too, great men were active—more boldly

* "Up to 1825 it had been a high crime and misdemeanor for an artisan to transfer his person and knowledge from England to a foreign country. The export of machinery was forbidden."—Sidney Buxton, *Finance and Politics*, p. 20. The same author tells us that British trade fell, between 1814 and 1822, from £97,000,000 to £77,000,000 sterling; every eleventh man was a pauper; the whole amount voted for national education in 1832 was only £20,000 sterling (\$100,000). In 1886 it was £4,750,000 sterling. Verily the Reform Bill came none too soon.—P. B.

political than in Germany, more closely in touch with the man of the street.

It was the day of Victor Hugo, whose "Ruy Blas" appeared in 1838; of Guizot, whose writings caused him the loss of his professorship in 1822, and whose great *History of Civilization* had already appeared before the revolution of 1830. Thiers had completed his *History of the French Revolution*. Littré was already a notable figure. Béranger was in his prime, just passed fifty; Alfred de Musset was travelling in Italy with George Sand.

It was an age of extraordinary intellectual activity in France, England, and the United States, no less than in Germany.

Here are Tocqueville's first impressions—always the most interesting—of London, written to his friend Beaumont (August 14, 1833):

"It would be difficult to describe my impressions since I set foot in this huge metropolis. I feel in perpetual confusion and deeply conscious of my insignificance.

"We were of some consequence in America. We are not much in Paris. But one must take minus quantities to calculate what I am here.

"There are two reasons for this, first, the enormous size of the town" [London had then nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants], "which is beyond all that Paris can give an idea of, and the number of remarkable men to be found in it; secondly, the position occupied by the aristocracy, of which I had no previous conception . . . I find nothing like America. . . . I wander all over London like a midge over a haystack."

Tocqueville, for his time, was, indeed, a great traveller, for, besides the American trip, two trips to England, and his earlier visit to Sicily, he made two extended journeys in the newly acquired colonies of northern Africa, and also made a special historic trip to Germany,

for which purpose he set to work and mastered the language—at least sufficient to make use of German records.

By nature he was the ideal aristocrat—too proud to pander to the social sentiment of his time, too honest to pretend that democracy was dangerous, too patriotic to join any party opposed to the popular cause. He was an aristocratic democrat. He believed in the government by the people, because he believed that under such a government the best—the aristocrats—would come to the front. After the publication of *Démocratie* he took an ever-increasing interest in politics, and from 1839 to 1848 he represented a constituency in the Chamber of Deputies. He foresaw the revolution of 1848 and foretold it in memorable words. In a speech made in the Chamber on January 27, 1848 (twenty-six days before the blow fell), he used this prophetic language:

“It is supposed that there is no danger because there is no collision. It is said that because there is no disturbance on the surface of society revolution is far off.*

“Gentlemen, allow me to tell you that you deceive yourselves. Without doubt the disorder does not break out in overt acts, but it has sunk deeply into the hearts of the people.

“Look at what is passing in the breasts of the working-classes; who are, as yet, tranquil. . . . Do you not observe that their passions from being political have become social?

“Do you not see that opinions and ideas are pervading them which are not merely looking to the overthrow of a law, a ministry,

* Paul de Rémusat, referring to the surprise occasioned in government circles by the revolution of 1848 (in France), says: “Le mouvement socialiste, très réel, mais très obscur, n’était guère apparent, en dehors du monde des sociétés secrètes et des révolutionnaires de profession.

“Bien peu de députés, peut-être peu de ministres, avaient lu les ouvrages de Fourier, de Saint-Simon, de Considérant. . . .”—*Life of Thiers*, p. 95, ed. 1889.

or even a dynasty, but society itself—to shake the very foundations on which it now rests? . . . Do you not hear their perpetual cry? Do you not hear them incessantly assert that all those above them are incapable and unworthy to rule; that the present distribution of wealth in the world is unjust; that property rests on no equitable basis? And do you not believe that when such opinions take root, when they spread till they have become almost general, when they penetrate deeply into the masses, they must sooner or later lead to the most formidable revolutions?

“Such, gentlemen, is my deep conviction. I believe that at the present moment we are slumbering on a volcano—of this I am thoroughly convinced. . . .”

And Tocqueville was right. The volcano spouted on February 23, 1848, and the spouting reached all round Europe and was greeted with joy by Kossuth, Mazzini, and Blum.

Had the husband of Queen Luise studied Tocqueville's *Démocratie* half as attentively as he did the portentous platitudes of Metternich, what a blessing might he have been to his country. And had his gifted son Frederick William IV. called a man like Tocqueville into his councils, instead of the typical Prussian official, who thinks that the sum of efficiency is to do exactly what has been done by a predecessor in office, how blessed would his name be to-day!

XXX

GERMANS COMMENCE TO EMIGRATE

“Sich amerikanisiren
Heisst ganz sich verlieren;
Als Teutscher sich treu geblieben
Heisst Ehre und Bildung lieben;
Doch lieber indianisch,
Als teutsch-amerikanisch.”

—Karl Heinzen (1858), *Eindrücke aus der Fremde*.

THE Reformation was barely two hundred years old when English Protestants migrated to Massachusetts in order to escape persecution at the hands of fellow-Protestants. When the students of Germany united in celebrating the third century of Luther's great work, the husband of Queen Luise was doing the same by signing an edict which was to drive thousands of his subjects to America in order to escape another Protestant persecution.

As we have already seen in another chapter, the Wartburg students of 1817 demanded unity and liberty. Frederick William III., also demanded unity, but of a different kind. He felt that it was a reproach to Protestantism that the Church of Luther and Calvin should be separated by divergent views on matters of dogma; and he, therefore, with characteristic disregard of popular feeling, ordered them to unite. It was much as though he had ordered the Presbyterians and Baptists of the United States to unite. Most people agree that unity is a good thing, but in theological matters more tact is required than for ordering two regiments to unite on

the parade-ground. The idea was good, but it was not carried out with the consent of those most immediately concerned; it was, therefore, looked upon as an attack upon religious liberty.

In 1822 strict rules were drawn up that defined what should and should not be taught and practised in this new "United" Church, and these so-called *Agenda* were rigidly enforced in the year 1830, at the very moment when the public mind was already more than sufficiently disturbed by royal menaces.

To us the distinction between the Orthodox Lutheran and the Reformed Church does not seem to be very great; yet in South Africa the Boers are as sharply divided on that subject as in England are the Anglicans and the Nonconformists. At any rate, low as was the general respect for theology in the literary centres of Germany, there was yet enough of the old Lutheran spirit to undertake a new protest against this violence offered to the sacred rights of conscience. The same Breslau which later (1845) was the centre of the movement against Romanism, now, in consequence of this compulsory edict of unification, became the centre of a nonconforming community headed by Professor Scheibel, who gathered together several hundred families, applied for permission to worship God according to the old manner, and when this was refused left the country.

The movement spread to Erfurt, Magdeburg, and into Bismarck's province of Pomerania. In 1836 the Reverend Dr. Grabau was dismissed, and in the year following imprisoned for conducting services contrary to the King's formula. There were at that time already twenty pastors in jail; and the more persecution the more popular became the movement. Laymen were fined or imprisoned, or both, for permitting their children to be

baptized by others than the "Unified" pastors of the crown. They were sent to jail if they refused to pay their taxes for the newly authorized form of worship. It was about the same sort of thing that drove the first Pilgrim Fathers to America, which undermined the influence of divine monarchy, and which sent Charles I. to the scaffold. In Germany, as in England, political liberty was inextricably wound up with religious liberty; and those who were persecuted out of Prussia instinctively turned their eyes to the far-away wilderness of the New World, where, whatever the hardships of life might be, they would be permitted to worship their own God.

Emigration to America was no new thing; but it had for many years been interrupted. As I have pointed out in a previous volume, there is good reason to think that the large majority of German mercenaries who were paid by George III. during the American war (1776-1783) remained in the United States as citizens. So strong was the German element shortly after that war that it was a concern of the Pennsylvania legislature lest the English language be killed by that of the "Fatherland."*

The year 1830 may, however, be roughly given as the point of departure for the systematic movement of German emigration to the United States, and it is interesting to note that this emigration had a distinctly high moral character.

Steam-ships had already crossed the Atlantic, but sailing-vessels were still commonly employed in the

* Roscher, in his *Political Economy* (1878), writes: "Much might be gained if the German emigrants to the United States would concentrate themselves in one State, and thus make it a German State.

"For many reasons Wisconsin is best adapted to that purpose."

packet service. In America the wilderness commenced soon after passing the Alleghanies, and the emigrant to Wisconsin performed a feat almost as perilous as that of the Boers who trekked away from the Cape to the Vaal River in 1836.

While Grabau was in jail, a captain in the Prussian Guards, named Von Rohr, had been holding services at his house in Magdeburg, contrary to the new edict. He was promptly dismissed from the army. He afterwards assisted Grabau to escape from prison, and both concealed themselves in Pomerania, on the Baltic, until they could learn definitely what was to be the fate of their Church.

The King was now appealed to for permission to carry on worship according to their conscience, and this is the answer they received: "The Lutheran Church is within the 'United' Church; and outside of it the King will tolerate no Lutheran Church in this land."

Jews and Romanists enjoyed full liberty of worship, but not so a Protestant sect.

Then they asked permission to emigrate, and received the answer that they could not do so unless they proved to the satisfaction of the government that they had a pastor. This was similar to the old English provision granting permits only to emigrants who were orthodox.

Meanwhile poor Pastor Grabau had been caught and imprisoned a second time; though finally—perhaps in order to get rid of so troublesome a subject—they granted him permission to emigrate and take his flock with him.

Magdeburg was the centre of this movement—Magdeburg, on the beautiful Elbe, which is here a mighty stream and afforded a cheap and safe connection with the great port of Hamburg. Magdeburg will never be forgotten, for it calls up the most horrible siege and carnival of pillage ever credited to Christian soldiery during the

Thirty Years' War. It seems to bear even to-day the marks of this treatment, intensified, no doubt, by the seven years' occupation at the hands of Napoleon's army. It was for Magdeburg that the beautiful and liberty-loving Queen Luise pleaded when she took that ambiguous rose from the hands of the conqueror at Tilsit. To us Americans Magdeburg has further significance as the cradle of Germany's most lofty emigration movement.

The first consignment arrived in Milwaukee in 1839, pioneered by Captain von Rohr, the Miles Standish to these German puritans. Some had stopped in the western end of New York and some at intermediate points; but Wisconsin drew the bulk of them, and to our day that State remains the best sample of German social life on the American continent. The first consignment amounted to 1000, who crossed in five American sailing-vessels; for in that day we had not yet smothered our sea-going sailors by laws called protective. Religious persecution continued down to the eve of the revolution of 1848. Milwaukee continued to draw the best of those who started—no doubt because of the letters sent home by those gone before.*

From 1848 on the emigrants continued coming, but from political reasons rather than religious. The great wave of emigration traceable to strictly economic reasons did not set in until immediately after the Franco-German War.

It will be noticed that from the outset the government took no interest in these emigrants save to put obstacles

* "The conviction has grown strong in me during the making of this book that the Germans in America were intended for something higher than merely to be the tools of the Yankees—fertilizers for the world."—Preface to Franz Löher's *Zustände der Deutschen in Amerika*, Cincinnati, 1847.

in their path and to inspire them with hatred of the Prussian administration.

When, in later years, however, their ruler discovered that Germany beyond seas had grown to a mighty influence, then different ideas commenced to crop up; it commenced to be discussed whether the German influence in America might not in some way be turned to profit for Germany in Europe. It was early mooted that those who emigrated to America should bunch together in some one State and have their own schools, their own language, and their own university. But the individual Germans who came, and who still come, are interested mainly in earning enough money to support themselves and their families, and therefore they select their homes with reference to their material interests alone. German officials, then as now, thundered against those who permitted themselves to be absorbed by the Yankees; but no one was to blame for this save a government that gave them no guidance or assistance at the very time that they needed it most.

The best German work which pretends to make a first-hand study of the Germans in America is by Franz Löher, who, in 1847, published his valuable *History and Conditions of the Germans in America*. He explains the failure of the German as an emigrant by recounting the fate of a society formed for promoting an exodus in 1834; they went in two ships, and carried with them apparently everything but common-sense. They even had with them a big bell for the *Rathhaus* they proposed to build. They also had plans for an observatory, and a monster telescope. The bell and the telescope were soon abandoned in a log-house; and so was the whole project. In the next year Congress was applied to for a large tract on which Germans might form an independent community. This petition

was ignored, and then a committee sought to steer their fellow-Germans to some one State; but that also failed for want of unity. A strong effort was made in 1836 to Germanize Pennsylvania; that failed for the same reason.

Bunsen, the intimate friend of Frederick William IV., wrote, in 1842, to the Prussian Minister in Washington, recommending the purchase of California by Prussia. Here is the answer of the minister (Baron Rönne):

“The time has come when we ought to take a grand and independent attitude. For this we must be united, and we must possess a fleet and colonies.*

“Your idea of purchasing California is excellent.”

To-day Germany has her fleet—she has also more than 2,000,000 square miles of colonies; yet in all those colonies she has not as many Germans as land in New York in any single week.

Germany suffered then, as she does now, from too much taking of “grand attitudes.” Nations do not become happy through such means. The happiness of the individual is the only safe standard for the nation’s grandeur.

Since the Franco-German War alone about 3,000,000 Germans have left their country to better themselves. Since the year 1820 more than 5,000,000 have come to the United States alone—more than the total population of Prussia after the treaty of Tilsit. It is fair to say that to-day we have 25,000,000 of Germans

* “Seefahrt, Seehandel und Seewehr machen ein Volk erst Weltreif und Weltmündig. Ein Volk das an Meer reicht, und doch von der Wasserscheu befallen, ohne Seewehr fortknickert, wird an allen möglichen Landkrankheiten erschlaffen. Hat es ein Küste, und doch keine Seewehr; so gleicht es einer Pute, die Entkühlein ausgebrütet.”—Jahn, *Runenblätter*, p. 54.

descended from this emigration; and yet, marvellous to relate, there is not a State in the Union—hardly a county—where the German language has displaced the English; there is not a legislature where German is spoken; there is not a single university under German control; there is not even a political effort towards the accomplishment of any one of these objects.*

It is, above all, the official of Berlin who is ever finding fault with the lack of patriotism of his countrymen in America. It never occurs to him to seek the causes for this in Germany itself—in the narrowness of the bureaucratic administration, in the absence of liberty. The little German official cannot understand the burst of enthusiasm which caused Julius Fröbel, another martyr of police rule, when he first travelled in the New World, to pen these words:

“All my first impressions of America produced upon me a refreshing effect. And, indeed, what could be more healthful than a positive life—one in which there are more important things to be accomplished than to conduct impotent criticism; then criticise the criticism; and so on through a bill of fare that fills me with indescribable disgust.

“Think of the joy of receiving for the first time mental food that has not been already digested by another!”—*Aus Amerika*. Leipzig, 1857.

Official Germany has learned little since 1830. She has embarked upon a policy of subsidized and unprofitable colonies, and persistently finds fault with those of her

* “Anders würde sich aber unzweifelhaft die Entwicklung machen und auch das Fortziehen oder Deutschwerden der Englischen schneller vor sich gehen, wenn einerseits die einmal ansässigen Deutschen ihr Kräftiges Volksthum mit deutschen Kirchen, Lehranstalten und Gerichten erhielten, und andererseits an wenigstens Einem deutschen Staate einen Anhalt und belebenden Mittelpunkt fänden.”—Löher, p. 503.

people who insist upon selecting their colonies for themselves. The divine right of kings is still the guiding principle of the Hohenzollerns, and the people are not yet reconciled to this principle as a substitute for the Golden Rule of the Bible or the American Declaration of Independence. This helps to explain why throughout the nineteenth century America has played so important a part in the life of the German people, yet, so far as official documents are concerned, does not seem to have had any more existence than a tribe of Indians at the head-waters of the Amazon.*

* Some interesting material on this subject has been published by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin: "How Wisconsin Came by Its Large German Element," by Everest; "How Germans Become Americans," by Bruncken; "Geographical Origin of German Immigration to Wisconsin," by Levi.

XXXI

PRUSSIA TAKES AN INTEREST IN ROBERT BLUM

“Der Tischler wär’ der rechte Mann
Der jetzo unserer Zeit
Von ihrer Krankheit helfen kann,
Von der Zerrissenheit.
Er machet nur sein Leim zurecht,
Und thut seine Schuldigkeit:
Und dieser Leim, der das vermöcht’,
Der heisset Einigkeit.”

—Ferdinand Lang (*Hofschauspieler*),
Fünzig Jahre eines Künstlerlebens, München, 1877.

OUR hero tramped many weary weeks and months from one town to another seeking employment as a brass-worker, but receiving at the hands of every master-mechanic who employed him the discouraging testimony that he had missed his vocation, that he was not fitted for day-labor, that his past years of apprenticeship were practically wasted. Once more he was innocently the victim of a government nominally paternal, practically his enemy. Had his lot been cast but a few years later, he would have profited by an excellent and inexpensive school system. But, thanks to an arbitrary readjustment of European frontiers carried out by a handful of kings and courtiers at Vienna, this German of cyclopædic mind and essentially literary proclivities reached his twentieth year in a state of intellectual starvation. America at that time was giving to her citizens in general a better education than any within the reach of Robert

Blum. In 1827, however, came a turning-point in his life; for the first time he was afforded an opportunity to develop his mental powers. A certain fellow-countryman named Schmitz was introducing a very powerful oil-lamp, destined, as he thought, to revolutionize the lighting of streets and public buildings. Poor Schmitz could not foresee that he was introducing this brilliant novelty on the eve of a still more brilliant one (for Germany) — namely, coal-gas. Robert Blum joyfully accepted employment under this man, and commenced travelling the country on a large scale, superintending the installation of Schmitz's lamps. It was not the most glorious work, but as a change from manual labor in a brass-fitter's shop it was what a hand before the mast would regard as an invitation to share the captain's cabin. He visited the principal towns between Cologne and Munich, keeping a careful diary of what he saw in such historic centres as Maintz, where the German political inquisition had its headquarters; Frankfort, where he was destined to stir a national parliament by his oratory; Stuttgart and Heidelberg, where in a few years he was fated to be hailed as the savior of his country. In Munich he spent five months superintending the installation of lamps in King Ludwig's palace. These five months he regarded as the most useful of his life; for now, for the first time, he came in contact with German ideals; talked with the young men of the university, which had been moved to Munich in 1826 and had then 750 students. He had access to libraries, and refreshed his spirit by the sight of the glorious specimens of architecture, painting, and sculpture which this enlightened monarch was bringing together for the glory of his capital and the encouragement of national sentiment. Little Munich had then but about 60,000 inhabitants—

another illustration of how few it takes to give importance to a city whose citizens have high ends in view. To-day Munich has half a million population and many thousands of students. Her relative position remains the same as the head of German art.

In the next year, 1828, our hero was ordered to Berlin in connection with Schmitz's lamps, and here he remained nearly two years (until August of 1830), passionately absorbed in acquiring the best substitute he could for an education. So far we have no trace of his taking any particular interest in politics. He was, however, preparing himself in the best possible manner, after the manner of Martin Luther and Jahn, by travelling among the people whom he was subsequently destined to lead. In the long stage journey from Munich to Berlin he could not fail to observe the enormous services of the customs union in binding together Prussia and her neighbors, and he stopped in Wittemberg to see Luther's cell. Nominally he belonged to the Church of his father and mother, but practically he worshipped God with scant reference to the dogmas or the symbols invented by man.

Berlin at the time of Blum's first visit contained 200,000 inhabitants, and was eminent intellectually, but not as an art centre. The Carlsbad decrees subjecting universities to the control of the police had been enforced in Prussia until 1829, when, as though for Blum's special benefit, the University of Berlin opened its lectures to the public, and, of course, no one profited more by this liberality than our young lamp-fitter.* He had settled

* "Thatsächlich erfolgte nachher für die wirklichen ordentlichen Professoren der Universität (Berlin) die Gewährung der Censurfreiheit, wenn sie Bücher und Schriften über Gegenstände derjenigen Facultät, bei welcher sie angestellt wären, unter Vorsetzung ihres Namens und ihres Charakters zum Druck beförderten—(Schuckmann an Sack,

down happily to his work in the Prussian capital, earning the splendid salary of 5 thalers (\$3) a month, in addition to his expenses. But this was too good to last! Prussia, in the form of a policeman, took notice for the first time of his existence by ordering him to throw up his post in the lamp-lighting business to tramp to the city of Prenzlau, about 100 miles northeastward of Berlin, and there to report himself for three years' service in the army. This Prussia, which had given him no education when he most needed it, which had not relieved his hunger when famine stalked in the streets of Cologne, which gave him no protection when he was handed over into the slavery of so-called apprenticeship—this Prussia, which to him, as to his mother, had manifested itself in no other shape than as a harsh policeman, now, at the moment when he was beginning to hope that he would ultimately succeed in one career, however humble, suddenly claimed his services in the army. Germany's military system of universal service is a magnificent tribute to the docility, the intelligence, and the patriotism of the German people. But as Robert Blum tramped from Berlin to Prenzlau in the stormy March of 1830, we may forgive him if the abstract grandeur of the Prussian army should have appeared to him of less consequence than his means of supporting a mother and sister in Cologne, to say nothing of establishing himself. His career as a Prussian warrior was just long enough to cause his employer Schmitz to break completely with him, to confiscate the wages due him, and to repudiate obligations which had become irksome, now that his oil-lamps were contending with gas. The Prussian government laid a hard hand upon Robert Blum,

Geh. Staats-Archiv).”—Reinhold Steig, *Heinrich von Kleist's Berliner Kämpfe*, ed. Berlin und Stuttgart, 1901, p. 294.

for it cut off his livelihood without the compensation of at least a military training with board and lodging.

Prussia could have spared him much bitterness had she examined him first; for, after completing his 100-mile tramp to Prenzlau, he was there pronounced unfit for service by reason of short-sightedness, and he tramped back to Berlin in May of that revolutionary year, once more a beggar among strangers. It was with the utmost difficulty that Schmitz was finally prevailed upon to send just the bare amount necessary to satisfy Blum's landlord in Berlin. Hereupon Robert left the Prussian capital on foot (on the 9th of August, 1830), and in thirteen days was again in his native city, poorer in purse, but richer in experience, than when he had last passed its gates. France was ringing with revolution; Charles X. had been tumbled off the throne and the "citizen king" Louis Philippe substituted. Freedom of the press and parliamentary liberty had been once more asserted, and Germans gazed over the Rhine with a sickly sense of people who, as conquerors of France, had given liberty to the conquered, while they themselves had once more bowed their necks meekly under the yoke.

But his time had not come.

The July revolution was as a thing of another world. For the present he was busy with a struggle for existence, and at length breathed happily when, in October of 1830, he secured the strange post of general-utility servant and call-boy at the Cologne theatre, with wages amounting to 10 thalers (\$7.50) a month, with an extra \$1.50 (tip) at Christmas. He was now a rich man. He promptly settled on his mother 4 thalers (or nearly \$3) a month, which sum he increased in the course of the next few years to \$4.50 a month. There was no selfishness in Blum; he gave generously of what he had, and through-

out his life the welfare of his mother was his most precious interest.

The Cologne theatre opened another world to Blum. Its library of dramatic works gave his leisure abundant stimulus, and he commenced, like Benjamin Franklin, to contribute anonymously to the press. His articles attracted notice, and little by little caused the director of the theatre as well as the public to regard him as a promising young man.

XXXII

ROBERT BLUM AS A POLITICAL LEADER

“Deutschland braucht noch viele Seife
Dass es sei gewaschen reiner.
Und es braucht zu seiner Reife
Noch viel Kerls wie unser einer!”

—Popular song, 1848.

At the close of 1830 died Bolivar, the gallant liberator of South America, after a short but brilliant life of struggle against Spain. At once Blum seized the opportunity of inditing a fiery poem in praise of liberty in general and Bolivar in particular. This drew upon him the attention of a sympathetic public—and also the police censor. So strictly was it forbidden to preach liberty at home that patriotic pens indulged in every subtlety by which they might refer to any remote activity of a popular nature in order to contrast it with the tame submissiveness of the people in Germany. The influence of the censor is indicated by Heine in his “Deutschland,” written in 1844:

“Die Mutter aber fing wieder an
Zu fragen sehr vergnüglich
Nach tausend Dingen, mitunter sogar
Nach Dingen die sehr anzüglich!

“Mein liebes Kind, wie denkst du jetzt?
Treibst du noch immer aus Neigung
Die Politik? Zu welcher Partei
Gehörst du mit Ueberzeugung?

“Die Apfelsienen, lieb Mütterlein
Sind gut, und mit wahren Vergnügen
Verschlucke ich den süßen Saft
Und ich lasse die Schalen liegen!”

The Polish* revolution gave his pen another welcome theme, so much so that the censor formed the habit of stopping everything in Blum's handwriting. One day our Robert copied out a familiar hymn and sent it in with a new head-line. It was returned, as forbidden by the censor. This experiment he repeated twice again—each time a different title and each time the same result.

In 1831 he gave the first firm grasp to the banner of German liberty and unity by the publication of a poem in which occur these revolutionary lines:

“Deutsche, nützt die hehren Stunden!
Wenn sie einmal hingeschwunden,
Sind sie ewig uns vorbei;
Lasst das grosse völkerringen
Etwas, wenigstens, *uns* bringen;
Werdet *Eins!* Dann sind wir—*Frei!*”

Thus sang Robert Blum in his stirring “Germania,” demanding unity and liberty of the German princes; and it was a song whose echoes reverberated in the secret gatherings of German patriots and made his name known far beyond his native town.

His position as general-utility man in the Cologne theatre had been of great educational value, for he had made much use of the library, but Providence meant that he should enjoy still greater advantages. In June,

* “Mein Vaterland lebt nur in der Geschichte
Und seine Freiheit nur in dem Gedichte,
Ein Pole werd' ich nur zum Spott genannt,
Denn nur der Freie hat ein Vaterland.”

—Karl Heinzen, “Der Pole.”

1831, his director, through financial troubles, had to close the theatre; Blum was dismissed and managed to secure a clerkship at 6 thalers (\$4.50) a month. He was then twenty-four years old. Meanwhile the theatre director had migrated to Leipzig, secured a lease of the municipal theatre, and soon offered Blum 15 thalers a month to be secretary, cashier, and general manager, with a prospect of soon earning more. So, in July, 1832, Blum moved to Leipzig for good.

In Blum's contract he appeared to accept enough work to keep him busy for thirty-six out of the twenty-four hours. It says:

"You will attend to all the writing connected with the office of the theatre, whether that means writing of letters or copying or accounts or copying out plays. Besides, you will have charge of the box-office and all other details connected with the management."

Leipzig was then a walled town with 40,000 inhabitants, who were expected to be housed by ten o'clock, after which hour the gates were closed. The municipal city guards knit stockings while on duty at their posts, and the people delighted in this symbol of a peaceful and thrifty nation.

There had been a little Leipzig revolution (in 1830)—a few school-boys had smashed a few windows. Advanced thinkers toasted Louis Philippe and the Constitution which the Saxon King in Dresden had graciously proclaimed on September 4, 1831.

The Saxons of 1831 hated Prussia cordially; they grudged her the slice of their kingdom ceded in 1814, and still more did they fear the effect of Prussian free-trade and the growing power of the customs union (*Zollverein*). Leipzig, as the metropolis of manufacturing Saxony,

was very conservative in her protectionism, and foresaw ruin if the wares of Munich, Berlin, or Breslau were allowed to enter their city untaxed. Saxon statesmen then feared a German customs union, much as American manufacturers of to-day profess alarm at a commercial union with Canada.

Leipzig* retains to-day the reputation she enjoyed then of being the centre of the publishing business, of having one of the three most important universities, of being in many respects the literary as well as the geographical centre of the German-speaking world. Her university dates from 1409, whereas those of Munich, Bonn, and Berlin were not planted until the nineteenth century. Richard Wagner was then a student at the university, and was already giving promise of the great rôle he was to play as the champion of Germanism in art as well as political life. It is not likely that Wagner and Blum should have been much together socially, for Blum was a simple, unaffected man of the people, while Wagner was largely absorbed by the contemplation of himself, and talked revolution of the kind that was popular among the beaux in the reign of Louis XV. No doubt each was well known to the other by sight, for Wagner was a child of the theatre, and both men did much for a common cause; but we cannot discover from contemporary biography any evidence that the two men worked together as practical politicians, though each suffered for the

* "Teutona die Hauptstadt von ganz Deutschland, hätte liegen müssen an der Elbe, in einer Schöngezeichneten Gegend, ungefähr auf dem halben Wege von Genf nach Memel; von Triest und Fiume nach Kopenhagen; von Dünkirchen nach Sendomir. Wie Wiedervereinigung noch einmahl möglich? ist—itzt—schwer zu sehen. Allvater mag's walten! ein Volk, das Hermann und Luther hervorgebracht, . . . darf niemahls verzweifeln. . . . Sein Sinnbild bleibe: 'Ueber sechs Strömen die aufgehende Sonne.'"—Jahn, 1810.

share he took in the events of 1848. Wagner had to fly for his life; Blum was shot.

The theatre at Leipzig was then, as now, a most important element in the life of the people. We of English tongue have not yet come to regard the stage as much more than an occasional pastime after a day of business worry. Our Puritan blood protests against theatrical performances. We should be scandalized at a proposition to rank them with the Church and the School as elements of national education. In the New England of my school-days it was questioned whether one could attend a theatre and still remain a member of a Church. Such as were looked up to as prominent pillars of respectability—clergymen, teachers, deacons, Sunday-school assistants, family lawyers, and physicians, heads of business houses—these did not show themselves at the play—so they said. Many were suspected of indulging themselves in the forbidden fruit when visiting the metropolis, but they did not advertise the fact among the neighbors at home. Of course, exception was made in favor of a notable actor or actress playing something Shakesperean or something known to have a quasi-moral tendency, like "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But in the discussion of the stage the dominating factor was whether the actor—and, *a fortiori*, the actress—was a Christian, or, at least, one of approved family life.

We must bear this in mind if we are to understand the position that Blum occupied in Leipzig.

In Germany, then as now, the theatre is maintained largely out of the public purse—sometimes, as in Leipzig, as a municipal institution; sometimes, as in Berlin or Munich, by the sovereign. The first families of each German town subscribe to their seats at the theatre, much as we pay for our pews in

church. The one is as much a matter of course as the other.

The German actors—at least, those connected with the court and subsidized theatres—are, as a rule, on a fixed annual salary, and have something of the standing of a government official. When they are injured or forced to retire they receive an honorable discharge and a pension out of the public purse.

The result of this is that the career of an actor in Germany is in many respects more respectable than with us, where many notable women on the stage owe their position to the fact that they have been freely advertised in connection with some social scandal. In Germany no such person could get an engagement at a first-class theatre.

In a country with several dozen minor courts, each vying with the other to furnish the best theatre, it is not strange that dramatic life should have become part of the popular education and should have been guarded jealously against degradation.

The great German poets have been almost always workers for the stage, and the discussion of dramatic works forms a large share of German conversation, not only among the educated, but with servants and laborers. The masterpieces of Goethe, of Schiller, of Shakespeare may be enjoyed by every German school-boy or mechanic for about 12½ cents.

Then, too, in Germany, the position of stage-manager, or director, is on a par with a minister of education. He is independent of the box-office earnings, and can afford to try new plays even though they may not prove an instantaneous success. His audience is already engaged, and the state funds are backing him. Thus it happens that a German play-going audience is treated to a con-

stant succession of elevating, entertaining, and at the same time educating, plays; and thus it happened that Robert Blum was in Leipzig welcomed, not merely as a fearless champion of liberalism by other Liberals, but by the public at large, who were educated to look upon their theatre as part of their municipal constitution.

In Leipzig, Blum entered upon a happy life: his social position improved; he met some of the leading spirits of the day; was constantly called upon to write for the papers and to review works like those of Mignet, Guizot, or Thiers in a manner to interest Liberals and yet not alarm the censor.

By 1835 his financial position was so good that he took his first holiday (to the Saxon Switzerland), and boasted of affording cigars costing 40 Pfennigs for twenty-five (twenty-five for 10 cents!).

In 1836 (at the age of twenty-nine) he became a Mason, but his zeal cooled off rapidly on discovering that aristocratic distinctions prevailed in the lodges—as must have been the case in order to have included Alexander I. and the husband of Queen Luise.*

In 1837 political no less than academic Germany was startled by the dismissal from Göttingen of seven professors, who were thrown out upon the highway like servants suspected of a theft. They were men of the highest scholarship and personal integrity, and their crime lay in having ventured to unite in protesting against a royal edict which ordered them to violate the

* Th. Schön says, in his *Memoirs* (vol. iii., p. 167), that the husband of Queen Luise became a Freemason in Paris "about fourteen days after Easter, 1814, in a lodge of which the Emperor Alexander of Russia was grand-master"; but the Prussian King kept the matter a secret.

oath they had taken to the Hanoverian Constitution granted by William IV. of England in 1833.

Those who know American history will not be surprised that such a protest was evoked when they are reminded that in this year (1837) there ascended the throne of Hanover one of the fifteen children of George III. of England—Ernst August, by name. On the death of William IV. Victoria had succeeded to the English throne, but was, by Salic law, excluded from that of Hanover; and thus it happened that there came to rule over this people a man who, though born on the banks of the Thames, at once set about ruling after the fashion prevailing on the Neva.

He suspended the Constitution which his predecessor had granted (in 1833), and demanded of his professors that they should break their first oath and swear a new one.

Under most circumstances indignant Germans gather at a beer-table and talk very violently and clinch their fists and pound the table and threaten secession, revolution, and murder; and afterwards pay for their beer and go home to bed. But this time there was a man at Göttingen who had the spirit as well as the blood of Vikings in him, a German Tocqueville—the eminent jurist Dahlmann.* He drew up a protest. Among those who felt and acted with him were the two brothers Grimm and the eminent historian Gervinus. In this protest was voiced the feeling of academic Germany.

Dahlmann's great work, *Die Politik*,† was finished in

* "There is a Germany because there is a German people, which fraternizes more and more from day to day. Germany exists before the Act of Union (of 1814) is officially proclaimed; and woe to him who would tear asunder what the most sacred feeling has united!"—Dahlmann, address at Kiel in honor of Waterloo, held before the students, July 7, 1815, when Kiel was Danish.

† *Die Politik auf den Grund und das Maass der gegebenen Zustände*

1835, the same year that Tocqueville issued the first two volumes of his *Démocratie* from the press of Paris. Each of these men was a jurist, a politician, and a Liberal, yet monarchists at bottom. Note the cautious title of the German as compared with the startling boldness of the Frenchman. Dahlmann and Tocqueville were working under the same impulse, each spurred on by the events which followed the revolution of 1830—the popular unrest and clamor for a Constitution.

Tocqueville's book confirmed the popular belief in a free government from first-hand observation in America. Dahlmann studied his Germany first hand as a political organism and drew from this study the conclusion that the great middle class was to be the depository of political power, not only because it was highly educated, but because it was rapidly becoming the most wealthy. Consequently this class would sooner or later demand the rights that were now a monopoly of the aristocracy, the crown, and the priesthood. In many respects the work of Dahlmann is the German corollary of Tocqueville's—much more conservative, much more guardedly expressed, yet the most liberal expression that could have been expected at that moment in responsible academic circles.

Tocqueville was honored by a seat among the Academicians in 1841; Dahlmann was rewarded by being kicked out of his professorship as summarily as was Stein from his post of prime-minister in 1807.

All over Germany it was felt that these academic victims were champions of the people, and subscriptions were opened for them. But the King of Hanover, by the aid of Metternich, invoked the power of the Federal Diet, not only to sustain his unconstitutional acts, but

zurückgeführt—an epoch-making work. It receives praise even from Treitschke.

to make it difficult for these seven proscribed scholars to earn their living at any German seat of learning.

This was again one of Robert Blum's opportunities—the opportunity for this self-taught mechanic to organize a shelter for distressed professors. Professor Dahlmann had ventured to remind his King that:

“The value of their instruction as professors rested not merely upon their scientific attainments, but equally upon their personal character.

“The moment that their students should perceive that they attached little importance to their oath, from that moment the value of their activity is impaired. And what would your Majesty (of Hanover) think of our oaths of loyalty when uttered by such as had but recently violated their solemn promises!”

Already, on December 9, 1837, had Leipzig collected near 1000 thalers (\$750); and Blum made his first public address as spokesman to welcome Dahlmann to Leipzig—an act almost as dangerous as welcoming regicides in Connecticut during the reign of Charles II. In the next year, on the birthday of the Saxon King, Blum made public reference to royal generosity in offering asylum to persecuted professors, and this so angered the son of George III. that the Saxon government had to call Blum's attention to the fact that his words were of a “dangerously inflammatory nature,” in that they reflected upon the acts of a monarch by divine right.

In 1840 Blum, now thirty-three years old, married Eugenia (“Jenny”) Günther, who is described as well educated, well read, well bred, of active mind, full of interest for the things which interested her husband—a deep nature.

This was a love match. Blum shared his political secrets with her, and to the day of his death found in her a great stimulus. Shortly before their marriage, when

they had reason to fear police arrest, she had, in a letter, suggested both going to America.

“No, dear Jenny, we shall not go to America—at least, not so long as there is a glimmer of hope that we may still do something here for liberty and the betterment of our country. The mere working for liberty is fascinating to me—the mere hope of a remote realization; it is well worth a long watching.”

From now on Blum travelled much throughout Germany, holding secret conferences with leading Liberals, working for a good understanding between the people in the press and the members of legislatures—seeking, in short, to organize the liberal movement into a working machine.

In spite of the Saxon Constitution of 1831, the government undertook a persistent policy of suppressing every manifestation of liberalism. Blum met this by organizing, in Leipzig (1840), a splendid national demonstration for the four hundredth anniversary of printing, June 24th—a great liberal jubilee.

In the same year he founded a Society of Authors (*Literaten Verein*) (of which he was from 1841 on its president), which united publishers and scholars for the purpose of resisting officialism. He also founded a Schiller Verein (1840), as another means of political agitation. He also (1840) issued *Verfassung's Freund*, or “Friend of the Constitution,” a species of political *vade-mecum* intended as a political text-book for those about to become free citizens. In the preface he said:

“In this work we do not contemplate merely the highly educated, or rather over-educated, class of citizens, but rather the great mass of thinking people. The feeling of our unity as a great nation of Germans is more alive than ever. God be praised that such is the case, for our unity is our strength and our

happiness. . . . According to our deepest conviction, we can find but one thing that can lead us in Germany to unity and harmony—that is, the building up of a free German constitutional system. . . .”

The first two numbers of this work passed the censor, but the third, written by Blum, was suppressed. So the name was changed, and in 1843 appeared the *Taschenbuch Vorwärts*, which was not suppressed until 1847.*

After 1842 editors in Saxony were forbidden to say anything about foreign affairs. They could merely copy literally from the official bulletins, as in Poland to-day. In September of 1843 Blum was arrested for an article reflecting upon the government and sent to jail. Hereupon the whole staff of theatre employés stormed the government on behalf of their daily wages. It was urged that the dramatic fame of Leipzig would suffer by his absence. Tailors, hair-dressers, stage-carpenters, all united in pleading for Blum; and so his punishment was reduced from two months to four weeks in prison and 20 thalers fine. From prison he wrote to his sister (November 23, 1844):

“I have work in plenty, also plenty of social entertainment, and my friends visit me in crowds. They bring me food and wine, and we eat, chat, and laugh together. My wife comes each evening from five to eight. . . . The whole business is childishly stupid and does me more good than harm.”

* Robert Blum's *Vorwärts Volkstaschenbuch* (“Forwards, Popular Pocket-Book”) is before me, a neatly printed little volume, the last one issued by him (1847). Each number contained about ninety pages, 12mo, convenient for slipping into the pocket. The type is good, so is the paper. The articles are all calculated to stimulate political interest, love of liberty, respect for the German patriots who endangered their lives for the popular cause. No wonder the work was suppressed by the police of that day.—P. B.

This is a good illustration of how Metternich might be obeyed in letter yet not in spirit. What vast difference between this Saxon treatment and that of the poet Fritz Reuter in the prisons of Prussia!

During his imprisonment Blum was not merely allowed to go abroad for business purposes; he even presided at a big Schiller festival.

It was in 1844 that Bishop Arnoldi, in Trier, exposed the alleged coat of Jesus, and many Catholics in Germany were so scandalized that they renounced Rome and sought to organize a National Church on the Anglican plan, in Breslau (on the 2d of February, 1845). This "Deutsch Katholisch" community counted 1200 members within a month. The priest who was called to take charge of it (Father Ronge) was promptly excommunicated, and thenceforward found himself a national leader.

Ten days after the Breslau meeting a "Deutsch Katholisch" community was founded in Leipzig, and Blum, the Romanist by birth, but whose children he brought up as Protestants, made the inaugural address. Heart and soul he now worked for separation from Rome and the abolition of celibacy and confessional, though it was the political side of this German Catholic movement which roused his interest. He recognized another ally of unity and liberty in citizens who had the courage to shake at the chain which linked them to a ruler on the other side of the Alps.

The mere diary of Robert Blum, bald as it is here, cannot fail to make the reader feel a national current which is carrying us along steadily, and at times very swiftly, in the direction of popular demands, royal refusal, barricades, and bloodshed. The very uncertainty in the government—harsh at one moment, strangely

gentle at another—argued failure to comprehend or control the situation.

The people—even of this idyllic little Saxony—were becoming, for Germans, marvellously restless, and only an opportunity was needed for its vigorous manifestation. This opportunity was offered by the then Crown-Prince, who was at that moment credited with secret sympathies for the Pope of Rome and the Metternich policy of Vienna. It makes little difference here whether the people were right or wrong. They wanted an opportunity to show their dislike of Popery and police methods, and their Crown-Prince came to their midst when passions were high. His mission, moreover, was a military one—to inspect the troops.

He was received with marked coldness by the town militia, who were in sympathy with the citizens. Soldiers who darn stockings when on sentry duty do not make revolution on frivolous pretexts; and, therefore, the unpopular Crown-Prince had, to our mind, ample warning that he would find trouble in Leipzig—and he did. While at dinner on this memorable twelfth day of August (1845), the outsiders amused themselves with shouts which the courtiers said were cheers, but which the others knew to be cat-calls and other sounds of disapproval. Before that day closed the troops and the people had come into conflict; the city hospitals were crowded with the wounded, and seven citizens had been killed.

It was a baby revolution, and the city was in an uproar. The Crown-Prince had to be smuggled back to Dresden, and Robert Blum, the alleged anarchist, was found to be the only one capable of holding the mob in check and of restoring order.

On the day following (August 13th) Blum made the great speech of his life—a plea to his fellow-citizens not

to depart from law and order; at the same time it was a call to the government to redress grievances and to grant the people representation.

Under the spell of his eloquence, and still more the dread of mob violence, the government promised profusely; the people went back to their work, and the citizen warriors resumed their knitting at the gates of the town. Thus the officials in Dresden secured time in which to strengthen themselves, and, of course, when they once more felt secure against bodily harm, they nullified every liberal promise, justified the massacre, and ordered the people to be quiet.

Ferdinand Freilgrath (August 24, 1845), in Meyenberg, on Lake Zurich, celebrated the massacre of Leipzig and that of St. Bartholomew at the same time:

“Ich bin die Nacht—die Bartholomeu’s Nacht.

Mein Fuss ist blutig und mein Haupt verschleiert.

Es hat in Deutschland eine Fürstenmacht

Zwölf Tage heuer mich zu früh gefeiert.”

The Leipzig August massacres raised Robert Blum to national popularity; he received addresses from all parts of Germany praising his courage, his patriotism, and, above all, his moderation. In a letter (to Johann Jacoby, November 3, 1845), he wrote:

“What is the effect of the August episode? Good—and bad—according to the point of view. The reactionary tyranny is at this moment frightful, and there is no country in which so many attempts are made at suppressing popular feelings; but just on that account there is an awakening in the mind of the peace-at-any-price citizen (the *Spiessbürger*); he recognizes that he has been bitterly deceived. . . . It is something monstrous in our country that the Leipzig massacre should have completely destroyed that simple faith in the government which had always been in the habit of saying on every occasion: ‘We are sure

that the King and his ministers would be only too glad to do thus and thus, but they cannot."

On the 14th of May, 1846, the Chamber of Saxony not only rejected a Leipzig petition which protested against the massacre, but justified the acts of the soldiers. This caused Blum (May 24th) to organize a banquet for the Liberals of that Chamber, at which he read a poem on Germany, which was far from winning him an invitation to court:

"Wie heisst das Land, an Eichen reich—
Doch ach! an Freiheit!

"Doch ziemt's dem Mann nicht dass er
Klagt. Ihm ziemt Erhebung, Muth.
Der Hutten sprach: 'Ich hab's gewagt!
So wagt, und es wird gut.
Eilt für die Freiheit, Hand in Hand
Zur Geisterschlacht herbei;
Dann wieder wird das Vaterland
Auch stark und licht und Frei.'"

These are the closing lines:

"Wir wollen treu und Männlich weben
Ein unzertrennlich Bruderband.
Es soll in Kraft und Freiheit leben
Das eine deutsche Vaterland."

These were days when the great Leipzig house of Brockhaus was forbidden to publish Magyar matter, because there was no censor able to read Hungarian. The police offered (April 22, 1847) premiums (20 to 100 thalers) for informers against publishers of subversive literature. Blum, in 1847, was forbidden to take his seat as alderman (*Stadtrath*), on the principle that all office-holders should be agreeable to the government.

The Czar Nicholas had compelled Saxony to expel all Polish refugees; but they found a safe hiding-place in the house of Blum, who did much for their cause. Many a load of muskets went to them under guise of pianos. In short, wherever the fight for liberty was on, there, too, was Blum's active and helping hand—whether for Poles, Hungarians, or his fellow-Germans.

In 1847 (May 1st), he severed his connection with the theatre in a long, frank, business-like letter to the director, and on July 1, 1847, Leipzig added one more to her brilliant list of publishers—Robert Blum & Co.

His first work was an account of the case against Henry Simon, already referred to (*Annehmen oder ablehnen*). He next announced a ponderous work—*A Popular Encyclopædia of Political Science*, edited by himself.

This great work was, as its name suggests, a monumental cyclopædia intended to gather together the fullest information in convenient form—discussed from a liberal point of view, and yet treated in a scholarly manner so as to evade the censor—a difficult task, indeed. Such a work was sure to awaken the jealous opposition not only of the government, but also of the university professors, who resented nothing so much as the presumptuousness of a layman who ventured to have an opinion without having taken a learned degree. Robert Blum stood almost alone in liberal Germany as a statesman, orator, and writer who not only had no academic degree, but had not even the average school education.

We must leave Robert Blum at this point, for we have reached the eve of the revolutionary movement of 1848.

Let us now resume the thread of our narrative at another point.*

* For the leading facts in the life of Blum I have followed the biography, *Robert Blum*. By his son, Hans Blum. Leipzig, 1878, vol. 1, 12mo, 590 pp. Dedicated to his cousin, Christian Wahl, in Chicago.

The author admits that he is undertaking a work for which he is ill equipped, in the sense that he is discussing political tendencies with which he is "not at all wholly sympathetic" (*keineswegs vollkommen sympathisch*).

Why, we ask, did he undertake it? Why not have given this material to one who was in sympathy with the aims of Robert Blum? There were plenty to be found—even in 1878.

The answer is partly made in the closing words of the volume. There Hans Blum tells us that one day (May 23, 1870), "nach einer Sitzung des Reichstag's in der mich die Herrn Socialisten beschimpft hatten—because by my vote the criminal code (*Strafgesetzbuch*) had come into existence, Count Bismarck, then *Bundeskanzler*, invited me into his study. He stretched forth his hand and said, 'Let us make an alliance at this hour, which I regard as one fraught with blessing for Germany.' Ich stutzte (I was startled). 'An alliance,' continued he, with subtle smile (*feinem Lächeln*), 'not for the benefit of either one of us, or of any living man, but of the dead.

"You recognize what I mean?

"Should ever again the Herren Socialisten' (*Messieurs les Socialistes*) 'entertain the idea of degrading your father by claiming him as one of themselves, then you are at liberty to make use of my power, in the press, to keep that picture clean.

"Your father was very advanced' (*sehr liberal*). 'Even to-day he would be regarded as very "liberal." But he was also (*gut national*) a good patriot—that is, supporter of the government."

Thus we see, as in 1864 with Lassalle, for the sake of weakening the Socialists, the strongest single party in the state, Bismarck claimed Blum as his fellow-partisan—and the son capitulated to Bismarck.

XXXIII

FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. AND RELIGION

"I know that I hold my crown from God alone and that I have the right to say 'Woe to him who attacks it. . . .'"—Frederick William IV. to his nobles (1840).

THIS was the eldest son of Queen Luise—the man who succeeded her husband, Frederick William III., in 1840. He resembled his father in his belief that the salvation of a people comes only from on high, and that "on high" meant the level of his throne. He was a brilliant speaker, as compared with a father who never opened his mouth save for a sentence which he rarely finished. Frederick William IV. was a particularly dangerous man for the throne of the Hohenzollerns, for he felt immense interest in art, in letters, in philosophical discussion.* He cultivated the society of eminent thinkers—or, at least, such as he deemed eminent—and his misfortune was that during his years all eminent thinkers thought the contrary of what he did in matters of government. Yet such was his volubility and such the hazy nature of his reasoning that he generally managed to give the impression of one who agreed perfectly with those in whose company he happened to be. He was full of liberal promises; his heart was bursting for the good of

* "To-day is the birthday of Prince William, and the royal family all meet at the Pfauen Insel" [an island in the Havel River, which here spreads out like an Adirondack lake], "where Tieck will read the 'Orestcia.'"—Letter from Bunsen, dated Sans Souci, 1844.

his loyal subjects; he supported enthusiastically every measure calculated to make the people more religious.

When he ascended the throne it was amid universal patriotic acclamation. That was in 1840. In 1848 he was compelled by these same gentle subjects to bow to the mob and nullify pretty much every measure dear to his royal heart. This sudden change in such a short period of time was the effect of many causes which appear elsewhere; but of them all perhaps the most comprehensive is the fact that he came to the throne at the wrong time—he was an anachronism; he should have appeared a century earlier. As it was, he was not only out of joint with the times, but too old (born in 1795) and too impractical to modify his policy.*

He lived in the haze of the Middle Ages—not the real Middle Ages of real men and live issues, but in a flabby, theatrical, sentimental notion of what the Middle Ages ought to have been. His world was one of cathedrals and gorgeous stained glass, of noble and clerical pageantry, of gallant, steel-clad knights, of castles containing crusaders and lovely maidens in distress. His people were the gaudy peasantry of light opera, who are ever wreathed in smiles and who sing in grateful chorus whenever their prince shows himself. He had all the romantic love of Germany which the youthful students had carried with them in the long campaigns against Napoleon; he, too, came home from the wars fired with ideals for a new fatherland; and when he mounted the

* "Dass er allein in seinen Händen
Den Reichthum alles Rechtes hält,
Um an die Völker auszuspenden
So viel, so wenig ihm gefällt."

—Ludwig Uhland.



FREDERICK WILLIAM IV.

throne no one more earnestly than he prayed for the light with which to guide his people aright.

But the Germany of 1840 was in no mood for romantic rulers; by this time there had been the revolution of 1830 in France, and there had been already far too much of Holy Alliance. The people felt cheated out of a Constitution, and no philanthropic sentiments counted for much unless linked with a constitutional pledge.

The people were crying for their rights, and William IV. gave them—cathedrals, hymn-books, phrases. He would have no Constitutions in his states, but he refused with so much fine language that he quite persuaded himself that his people really did not care much for such things.

He hated the very notion of a state organized on modern principles. So warmly did his heart beat for the good of mankind that he wished everything under him to depend upon his will alone—his goodness and loving kindness. The whole machinery of the civil service seemed to him cold and lifeless compared to the personal initiative of a true sovereign governing by right divine.

As he once wrote to Bunsen* (Minister to London):

“You all have good motives in your advice to me, and you are good in the execution of orders; but there are things that are

* Compare *A Memoir of Baron Bunsen*, by his widow. London, 1868, 11 vols. A valuable biography, carefully expurgated, however, for family reasons. Bunsen was of a gentle nature, not a fighting man. He was twenty-two years old when the volunteers of 1813 marched against Napoleon, but throughout those and the succeeding turbulent years his interests remained rather academic and diplomatic than those of a strenuous reformer. He grew up with an almost idolatrous admiration for Frederick William IV. as Crown-Prince, and never seems to have penetrated the true character of the man until the collapse of the monarchy in 1848 and the rejection of the imperial crown.

revealed only to one who is a king—things which as Crown-Prince were withheld from me, and which I have only learned by being king.”

In 1837, the year in which the famous seven professors of Göttingen were expelled because they protested against the unconstitutional act of the King of Hanover, the husband of Queen Luise sent to prison the Roman archbishop on the Rhine because he refused to countenance mixed marriages unless the Protestant agreed to bring up the children in the Roman faith. In 1839 the Poles at the other end of Prussia were equally excited by having their archbishop sent to jail for a similar offence. In each case the Prussian monarch was treating his Catholic clergy exactly like those of his own Lutheran Church; but the Protestant Church was, and ever had been, a state affair, while the Catholics resented any such postulate. The Poles made a national question of it as well as a religious one; and the whole of the Rhine country was in an uproar over what the Vatican proclaimed to be persecution.

When Frederick William IV. ascended the throne (1840) he promptly released these archbishops, and at the same time showed the Romanists in other ways that he was more interested in their happiness than in that of his Protestants.

Indeed, this King dreamed of a mediæval Church revived; he vaguely believed that fair words would induce the Pope to meet him half-way, or that Protestants would in some mysterious manner become once more mediæval and Catholic and picturesque.

His æsthetic senses were shocked by the bleakness of Protestant meeting-houses, the dulness of the service, the absence of color and stimulating decoration. One of his first acts was to identify himself cordially with the

restoration of the glorious Cologne Cathedral—a good deed if it could have been kept separate from politics. The King himself pretended that he aimed merely to honor German art; but liberal Germany accused him of strengthening the enemy to human enlightenment; the Protestant clergy saw in this a leaning towards the Roman Church; the Catholics themselves regarded it as a triumph of the Pope and a harbinger of ultimately regaining their old ascendancy in Europe.

Thus the gentle monarch sowed nothing but hatred by his well-meant measures. Neither Poles nor Rhinelanders forgave Prussia for imprisoning their archbishops; Catholic Germany saw in the generosity of the King nothing but a yielding to pressure; his own Protestants were, if possible, more dissatisfied still, for their King was doing for Catholics what no Hohenzollern had ever done for his loyal subjects and fellow-communicants.

The happy days when Protestant and Catholic sang from the same hymn-book were now about at an end. We already hear the advance rumbling of the great "Culturkampf." Romish indifference, which Protestants had mistaken for tolerance, had gone its full length, and the reaction was now about to set in. It was, indeed, high time. In South Germany there had been forming societies opposed to priestly celibacy; the movement for a national German Catholic Church had assumed alarming proportions; and in the Rhine alone the Roman archbishop reported that some 5000 of his priests were of a school that pretended to reconcile religion with science. While, therefore, all educated Germany appeared to be rapidly reaching a common form of worship—when the twenty-six Protestant sects should unite with the great body of purified Catholics in forming a grand German Church of Christ—a little thing happened which burst

this bubble of a dream and proved once more that faith is mightier than philosophy, and that all the professors in the world cannot influence the man who approaches a subject on his knees.

In 1844 the Roman Catholic Bishop of Treves, in Prussia, hung up a garment which he proclaimed to be the identical one worn by our Saviour; and he furthermore invited the faithful to show their loyalty by making a pilgrimage to his church and earning absolution.

Have you, my reader, ever visited Lourdes in this year of enlightenment? If so, you will have no reason to be surprised that thousands flocked from all parts of Germany and the rest of Europe to see this alleged miracle.

Before I went to Lourdes I, too, marvelled at the tales related. I still do, but I cannot question the great fact that to-day the belief in miracles is one of the mightiest forces in the world. You do not need to go to Lourdes even; you may note it throughout the mountains of Bavaria and Austria, throughout the valley of the Catholic Danube; Russia is full of it; and there are plenty of Lourdes in Japan. Lourdes happens to be the most conspicuous—the one which has been most skilfully advertised.

Professors of all creeds proved over and over again that there was no such garment as the one exposed at Treves; but they might as well have proved that there was no Pope at Rome.

XXXIV

FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. AND SCHÖN

“Es war einmal ein kleiner Prinz,
Dem war es angeboren,
Und Hof und Hauptstadt und Provinz
Gebrauchte nichts als Ohren.
Er sprach bei Tag, er sprach bei Nacht,
Die Länge und die Breite,
Er sprach, noch eh' er aufgewacht,
Demosthenes der Zweite.
Deklamiren
Und Parliren
Ei! was spricht der Prinz so schön!”

—R. C. Prutz.

It is unfortunate for us who have no dynastic ambitions to gratify, that several eminent German historians feel compelled to write of their ruling line of sovereigns after the manner of salaried officials rather than independent students in an open field. From our point of view, flattery is poor service to a master—least of all to a master who needs, above all things, the truth. The House of Hohenzollern has produced an exceptionally long and strong line of useful, if not illustrious, monarchs; and if in that line some have been better than others, we cannot honestly praise the one unless we enjoy equal liberty to speak our opinion of the other. The Prussian government, however, has given special facilities to certain of her historians, under the implied promise that they will publish only matter that can be read with some complacency in court circles. Hence it is that the youth

of Germany to-day grows up in the atmosphere of an officially prepared literature which teaches him that all his monarchs have been heroes, that Germany's greatness has come from above, and that the share of the people in building up the nation has been insignificant.

Let us bear this in mind as we glance a moment more at this royal paradox, the eldest son of Queen Luise, the elder brother of the first German Emperor, the man who ascended the throne in 1840 as Frederick William IV.

We have already touched upon his relations to the national religion. What has been said there prepares us for his attitude towards the state in general.

On April 22, 1847, this monarch opened a quasi-parliament (*Stände*) made up of selections from the three estates of the kingdom—a body that may be roughly described as a council, for it had no legislative powers worth mentioning, and was dignified by the title of parliament in order to make the people think they were getting a portion of the Constitution which had been promised in 1815.

Whatever it was, it was the highest expression of popular representation known at that time in Prussia, and the King addressed it with these words:

“One portion of the press is demanding of me revolution in Church and State; but of you they are demanding acts of ingratitude, of unlawfulness—ay, of disobedience. Many, and respectable, men seek salvation in an alteration of the relations between prince and people; they demand a relation of contract (*Conventionelles verhältniss*) stamped and sealed under oath. . . .

“MY NOBLE LORDS AND FAITHFUL ESTATES,—“I am constrained to make this solemn declaration, that no power on earth shall ever persuade me to alter the natural relation between prince and people into one of contract and Constitution; and that I shall never permit a sheet of written paper to intrude itself between God in heaven and this people—like a second Providence—to

govern us by paragraphs and be a substitute for the old-time holy loyalty."

Within a year from this stout declaration of divine capacities this same king saw all his bombast blown to bits by a popular earthquake in his immediate proximity, and on March 21, 1848, he signed a Constitution which closed with these words (which I quote here, for obvious reasons, although the events connected herewith belong in the next volume):

"There shall be a true, legal Constitution introduced everywhere, with responsible ministers, in all the German states. There shall be public trials conducted orally, and before juries. People of all denominations shall enjoy equal political rights. Only a truly liberal and popular administration will be able to achieve this, and at the same time to establish and maintain our internal unity."

Does this not take the breath away?

And who was it that secured this revolution in public sentiment? We have already seen many of them.

When this King ascended the throne the Governor of East and West Prussia was the famous Privy Councillor Schön. He was one of that strong body of loyal monarchists who love their monarch so deeply, so honestly, that they will lay down their lives in his service—nay more, they will lay their honor in his hands, incur dismissal from office for the sake of the truth. Stein was such a man; Schön was of the same mould. He had done the state immense service during the Wars of Liberation, and the husband of Queen Luise could not well do without him, though he disliked those who spoke the truth bluntly. He sent him, therefore, to be governor at the farthest point from the capital. Königsberg was then as far in time from Berlin as New York is now from

Southampton. Schön relates that as late as 1841, under favorable conditions in October, he required six days for this journey of only 300 miles.

This is the same Schön who was called in for his opinion by Queen Luise's husband, as to whether Miss Dillon should become his legal concubine (1817).

Schön will also be gratefully recalled as the first to introduce good roads to Prussia. At Dantzic he had earlier information regarding the successful macadamizing of highways than in Berlin, through ships from England. He applied to the Berlin officials for permission to macadamize a short stretch by way of experiment, but the request was refused. Then he appealed directly to the King, who granted him a small sum, with which he prepared a short strip of road. This proved so successful that it was, after several years, decided to macadamize the whole road from Berlin to Dantzic (*Memoirs of Schön*, vol. iii., p. 70).

This man was a cautious Prussian official, who measured his words carefully, and, therefore, we may take his statement as being significant when he, in 1816, notes that "the ministry" [of Prussia] "was made up of men who did not command the respect even of society. The Minister of the Interior had been an opponent of the popular uprising during the war against Napoleon."

In his *Memoirs* he referred (vol. iii., p. 81) to the Prussian official as more of a slave than the West Indian negro, as a white man submitting blindly to the caprice of a superior.

In another place he expressed regret (vol. iii., p. 63) that the great historian Niebuhr was not allowed to teach English constitutional history to Frederick William IV. in his youth. The court opposed Niebuhr as being too little of a courtier, and therefore a commonplace

intellectual lackey (Ancillon) was chosen for this important post, to the great regret of the patriotic party in Germany.*

It throws a strong side-light upon the state of the country and the strength of the bureaucratic power behind the throne that in the year following the accession (of Frederick William IV.) his chief of police (Rochow), who acted at the same time as Minister of the Interior, should have had the impudence to call to account one of such exalted patriotism and station as Schön. The alleged cause was a little pamphlet which Schön had printed privately and sent only to some intimates—therefore, not a public document subject to police censorship. This leaflet was called, "Woher und Wohin?" ("Whence and Whither?")

To quote Schön:

"The King" [Frederick William IV.] "inquired before his coronation, 'What former promises do you Prussian representatives'" [Stände] "'wish confirmed?' The representatives answered: 'Only the fulfilment of that which was promised us in 1815. We desire a general representative Parliament that shall be in a position to give its opinion when called upon.'" [This was a modest conception of Parliament.] "'Thus the highest administrative officials may be prevented from lording it over

* 1830. Even Von Sybel says of the officials at that time (*Die Begründung*, etc., vol. i., p. 89):

"A not altogether necessary dictatorial manner of speaking (*Befehlshaberton*) was deemed indispensable for the maintenance of law and order; and the political police, spurred on by the alarmed state of those in the highest places, distinguished itself by a *hofmeisterisch*, subservient, suspicious, and petty activity which gave no chance of repose to the chronic popular dissatisfaction."

We may trust Von Sybel for having expressed the situation in the mildest possible manner—in the manner least likely to have offended a royal reader of his great work. It explains why Prussia has been so slow in making her administration popular in the conquered provinces of Poland, France, and Denmark.—P, B,

the representatives of the whole people'" [Estates] "'as they now do over provincial assemblies.'

"This is the answer which the representatives" [*Stände*] "gave to their King's question. No other answer could they have given, for accursed would they have been had they spoken false and choked the voice of conscience in the presence of their King's throne and God Almighty.

"And who gave this answer? Not tramps; not empty-headed youths; not momentarily excited spirits eager for novelty. This proposition was made by men of property; men of judgment and mature experience; men with gray heads—they were men who had more to lose than the monarch had reason for fear, in case their propositions should lead to anarchy or even to want of loyalty.

"The monarch can, at any time, and no matter what political storms may rage, count upon the aid of fellow-monarchs; but when a mad burst of passion breaks out among the people, the chief victims are those that are nearest to the people and have property. These are plundered before assistance from abroad can reach them."

This is the tone of that famous document, loyal at every breath. The result of this conflict was that Schön was forced to resign, and Rochow retained—Rochow, whom so careful a writer as Ziegler calls a "Rowdy." (P. 299.)

When we place side by side the treatment of Schön and the language of his monarch protesting against a Constitution, we have a fair illustration of the cancer which was eating away the vitality of the Prussian state, and which nothing but the short, sharp revolution could cure.

The theory of Frederick William IV.—and, indeed, of all monarchs who pretend to rule by right divine—is that he selects the best officials, and that these have permanency of tenure, and, moreover, have the right to address their monarch, to advise him, to speak to him frankly

as sons to a father. Under this ideal arrangement the monarchist finds comfort.*

This same Rochow, the King's most intimate minister and servant, on a previous occasion had called Schön sharply to account for verses written in his praise by others, over whom he (Schön) had, naturally, no control. The bitterness of the King's ministers against every manifestation of liberalism was such that Schön was regarded as a dangerous man merely because Liberals spoke well of him.

When he came to Berlin at the so-called *Huldigung* (the act of allegiance) (1841), his Berlin admirers organized a serenade for him, as a tribute for what he had done during the Wars of Liberation. But Rochow got wind of the movement, and had a police cordon drawn about Schön's house to prevent anything of the kind.

In his *Memoirs* Schön tells us (vol. iii., p. 152) that in 1840 Rochow confiscated and suppressed a large sheet that had been published in honor of the late King (husband of Queen Luise)—his picture and the most important documents of his reign; among others the political will of Stein. "This, in the eyes of the police minister, was a 'revolutionary document,' and therefore suppressed."

The crime of Schön, in the eyes of his King, was to warn him of his danger when his court in Berlin were encouraging him to measures which ended in revolution. We may imagine what Schön, who loved his country, had to put up with when he had to beg the King to protect his (Schön's) private correspondence from being tampered with in Berlin.

* "The best administration is a poor substitute for constitutional liberty."—Dahlmann, vol. i., p. 401.

On January 8th Schön wrote to his King:

“Only one most respectful prayer (*Allerunterthänigste Bitte*) do I make to your Royal Majesty, that you will graciously prevent the Minister of the Interior (Rochow) from making newspaper attacks against the representatives of the people.”

This refers to the members of the Königsberg Diet, who had petitioned their King for the promised Constitution.

Another letter to the King, dated February 12, 1841, gives also a side-light on the Prussian administration of the day:

“Every loyal subject will bless your Royal Majesty for the new edict against letter-opening. We get here so many complaints on that subject (in East and West Prussia) that letter-writing is almost suspended; that letters are sent secretly, and so fastened with seals that they cannot be opened without destroying the whole letter.”

It is in this letter that Schön begs to be relieved from his burdensome post of governor of these provinces.

When Frederick William IV. succeeded his father he came to Königsberg to be crowned, and took this occasion (September 11, 1840) to state his views, and his words were immediately afterwards written down by Schön himself, and are quoted in his *Memoirs* (vol. iii., p. 172).

“The King stepped into the midst of the deputies and said: ‘The Landtag (local parliament of East Prussia) has not spoken a single word for which it had not complete justification. . . . The King, my never-to-be-forgotten father, gave to his people the law of May 22, 1815, in the glorious year, as an acknowledgment and recompense for their devotion and rare loyalty. . . .

““This measure was dear to his heart. In the years 1816, 1817, and 1818 this measure was elaborated for the purpose of having it come into effect in 1819.

““Then came the discouraging manifestations. Other countries showed that what should have produced popular happiness

and unity sowed only discord; that, instead of blessing and progress, the result was suspicion and divisions.

“The King began to raise questions (*wurde Bedenklich*), and so did not enact the law.

“Therefore, I declare myself opposed to every written Constitution.

“This sort of thing destroys the natural relation between prince and people. The bond of confidence and love is relaxed, and a conflict is evoked in which the monarch must defend the rights of the crown against the invasion of, at least, the bad ones among the people.

“I do wish a Constitution based upon “Estates” (*eine Ständische Verfassung*) that shall be capable of development according to the progress and needs of the times,” etc.

Of this remarkable, illogical, incoherent, and dangerous speech there is yet more, but I have quoted enough to explain the wide dissatisfaction which from now on grew to be chronic throughout Prussia, and which threw into the party of opposition practically every educated man who was not directly dependent upon the crown for his daily bread.

A strong light upon the situation is cast by Schön’s record of the great allegiance ceremony in Berlin, the *Huldigung*:

“From all the provinces, excepting Prussia and Posen, there gathered the delegates to the *Huldigung*, or acknowledgment of the King’s title. A few—very few—approached me to learn about the Königsberg (*Landtag*) Congress.” [Referring to the congress which had gathered for the inauguration of the King, on which occasion he had sworn to maintain their Constitution.] “Among the great majority of the Berlin gathering was no trace of interest in public life. There was little of the enthusiasm that characterized the congress in East Prussia. It was rather depressing than exhilarating. The nobles were invited up-stairs into a room of the palace, and the representatives of the other classes (citizens and peasants) stood out-doors, down below on the street. This shows that this meeting had no idea of the dignity attaching to a delegate.”—Th. v. Schön, vol. iii., p. 142.

It was with Rochow in his mind, and his weak and yet positive master, Frederick William IV., that the eminent patriot Carl Heinzen wrote these lines on the eve of leaving his country, an exile (1844):

“Farewell, happy Prussia, with your secret trials, with your hellish administration of law and your direct and indirect *lèse-majestés*, with your press censorship and police! Farewell, Prussia, with your unromantic bureaucracy and your ‘romantic despotism.’” [A hit at Frederick William IV.] “Fare you well, with your secrecies, your tricks of despotism, your hypocrisy, your thinly veneered scoundrelism without end! Farewell, mein deutsches Vaterland,” etc.—Arthur Frey, *Life of Carl Heinzen*, p. 243, in the *Vorwärts* of 1847, edited by Robert Blum. This is the last volume of the series commenced in 1843.*

* Carl Heinzen was born near Düsseldorf, 1809; died at Boston (United States), 1880. His works, in five volumes, appeared there 1868–1872. He was dismissed from Bonn University for a revolutionary student speech, and published a work on the Prussian administration, which was forbidden by a royal edict of August 15, 1844, before the book had been put into print. The book reached Cologne, November 11, 1844; on the 12th the book-shops were searched for copies, and on the 13th the author was summoned to stand his trial on the 14th. He fled to Belgium, because he could not secure from the government a promise that he should retain his liberty until he was pronounced guilty, nor could he secure an open trial. Heinzen fled to the United States in 1848, but returned on news of the February revolution. He joined the Baden movement, and had again to seek refuge in America. In 1850 he edited the *Louisville Pioneer*, took it to New York, and finally to Boston (1859).

XXXV

SOCIALISM AND LASSALLE

“How rich is Britain! Not, indeed, with mines,
Or peace or plenty, corn or oil or wines;
No land of Canaan, full of milk and honey,
Nor (save in paper shekels) ready money.
But let us not to own the truth refuse—
Was ever Christian land so rich in Jews? . . .
Not without Abraham’s seed can Russia march;
’Tis gold, not steel, that rears the conqueror’s arch.”
—Byron (1823), “Age of Bronze.”

AFTER refreshing our spirits by contact with such patriots as Blum, Kossuth, and Mazzini, let us for a moment note Ferdinand Lassalle, by way of contrast. He was born in 1825, and in 1848 was condemned to six months in prison for stirring up the people of Germany against the existing order of things. His father was a Jew silk dealer of Breslau, in Prussian Silesia, and Ferdinand was sent to a commercial school in order that he might fit himself for the trade of his father. But the young man would have none of the shop; he turned towards philosophy, history, and literature; went to the university, and by the time he was twenty-one made his name resound throughout Germany as a brilliant orator and fearless champion of the toiling masses against the tyranny of caste and royal privilege.

The first writing of Lassalle which has been preserved is a challenge issued to a fellow-pupil in relation to some school-girl of Breslau. In 1864, a worn-out, embittered

man, when barely forty years of age, he died in a duel provoked by a similar motive.

When the German revolution opened in 1848 he had achieved the triumph of leadership over a large section of the German laboring people; and from that time on he did much to neutralize the wholesome teachings of Robert Blum, who loved his country, and, therefore, could not flatter the people. Lassalle was born in comfortable circumstances, and throughout life lived in luxury. He never knew the suffering of honest, hard-working manhood, like Robert Blum; he was never a starving exile, like Kossuth or Mazzini; his short prison life was fraught with no physical discomfort; it was but a splendid and inexpensive advertisement for a would-be political martyr.

Lassalle frittered away the splendid forces given him by the social democracy. They thought he was one of them; that he suffered with them; that he would do as he said—shed his last drop of blood in the cause of the people. They could not penetrate his disguise.* They did not see that he was a Jew, not merely in his faith, which never amounted to much, but in his blood, in his traditions, in his love of Oriental finery and display, in his capacity for deception, in his contempt for the simple, gullible Teuton. There was much of the Benjamin Disraeli in Lassalle—both were conspicuously fond of ornate waistcoats and aristocratic society. This German Socialist was born under the name of Lassal, but after his first visit to Paris, in 1845 (at the age of twenty), he decided that

* "Denn in seinem wesen lag durchaus nichts Jüdisches!"—Weissheimer, p. 314. "Ich erblickte in Ihm den Typus der bedeutenden Menschen unserer Zukunft, welche ich die Germanisch-Jüdische nennen muss."—Letter of Richard Wagner to Frau Wille, dated Starnberg, September 9, 1864, referring to his single meeting with Lassalle.

Lassalle looked more French, more distinguished; and so from that time on the new form was adopted.

This visit to Paris* was made for the purpose of becoming acquainted with another Jew, whose wit and fluent verse still exercise a profound influence over the political thought of young Germans. Heine had practically turned his back in contempt on the land of his birth, and from the boulevards honored his country mainly by sending forth scathing satire after the manner of Byron—verses which ridiculed the homely, patient German and irritated the officials. Lassalle and Heine struck up a strong mutual-admiration affinity. Both were masters of language; both despised the stupidity of the government; both had a cynical contempt for the docile people; both preached the emancipation of the human mind and body, but neither was of the stuff that made Kossuth fight the mob in the valley of the Theiss or that made Mazzini shoulder a musket in the Lombard struggle of 1848.

Lassalle was something of a modern journalist, politician, demagogue, and opportunist.†

* "Paris.

Einge die Welt in Trümmer und du bleibst übrig allein nur,
Fänd' ich vereinigt in dir alle Geschichte der Welt."

—Karl Heinzen, *Gedichte*, "Eindrücke aus der Fremde."

† "Wohl aber zu keiner Zeit hat der Deutsche weniger gewusst, als jetzt, nach der grossen Pariser Hundswuche, das Eine, was Noth thut. Vor lauter Empfindseeligkeit überfliesset sein fremdbrüderliches Herz; er pfeift, er singt, er spielt in den Misstonen aller Nachbarvölker; er schwatzt, redet und schreibt, wie die Sachwalter seiner Erbfeinde; er glaubt das Grüne vom Himmel, das Blaue von der Erde, was die Eingelogensten der Wälschen, Walen, Wenden, und Irren ihm weiss machen. Wahrlich, offener Krieg, ja selbst der einheimische innerliche, wäre besser als dieservehmartige Fehde, in deren unsichtbare Fäden uns das ränkelespinnende Ausland immer tiefer verstrickt. Und das Federvieh der Zeitungsschreiber und Zeitschriftler nährt sich von Belgiens Balgerei und Gallischer Galle." —Jahn, *Volksthum*.

In the Reichstag of 1878, when Bismarck deemed it necessary to clear himself from the charge of having had leanings towards social democracy, he said, in the course of a speech:

“You may rest assured that never in my whole life have I had any business relations with a *Socialdemokrat*, nor any such with me; for I don't regard Lassalle as a *Social Democrat*.

“His was a far more respectable nature (*vornehme Natur*) than his successors. That was a notable man; that was a man with whom one could talk. . . .”

Bismarck here wished, first of all, to insult Bebel, Liebknecht, and the leaders of the Socialists in the Reichstag of 1878; and, more than that, he wished to damage the cause they represented by giving it as his opinion that the man they worshipped as an apostle of human liberty was a mere sham, like the average politician who cultivates a popular doctrine for so long as it serves his purposes, and no further. And this time Bismarck was not very far out of the way.

It was a strange fortune which brought the revolution of 1848 to coincide with Lassalle's most brilliant moment as a popular orator — when, too, his oratory at the bar reached the people out-of-doors as the protest of a down-trodden people against monarchical tyranny.

In Paris his mobile, Oriental mind had not failed to appreciate the trend of popular thought, and when he returned to Germany his oratory and writing reflected socialistic ideas current on the banks of the Seine. These, from his eloquent lips, had the force of revelation. The year before he went to see Heine in Paris he had met a lady of title and fortune, the Countess Hatzfeld, who was in quarrel with her husband, and who fell deeply in love with young Lassalle. She was forty and he nineteen,

but this attachment persisted until his death, in 1864, though not to the exclusion of other love affairs—on his side. They lived together and travelled together, and for nine years he conducted a remarkable trial, which resulted in the humiliation of Count Hatzfeld and the restoration to the Countess of a large fortune. Lassalle was fond of referring to a speech he made in connection therewith in 1848 as the greatest triumph of his life. His friends dilate upon this long trial as evidence of his chivalry, his disinterestedness, his lofty ideals of duty. Without calling his motives into question, we may bear in mind that Lassalle was by instinct a snob in the best sense of the word; that the lady bore one of the most illustrious names in the *Almanac de Gotha*; that she was not merely a beautiful and interesting woman, but repaid his legal services by a present of 100,000 thalers, a sum which, according to the standards of the day, meant a fortune to any barrister.*

By a curious perversion of public thought, his defence before the tribunal of justice was so cleverly manipulated by his Semitic friends in the liberal press that it appeared to be the struggle of a poor, down-trodden child of the

* Weissheimer, in his *Erlebnisse*, etc. (p. 298), describing a merry dinner at the house of his father and mother in Osthofen, near Worms, July 3, 1864, said he had difficulty in persuading his parents to receive his friend Lassalle, who was regarded as the incarnation of the devil by a majority of respectable Germans of that day.

“At a moment when there was a pause in the conversation, my mother plucked up courage to ask Lassalle: ‘Now that we are here in such a cosey (*gemütlich*) condition, let me ask you, Mr. Lassalle, what is it really that you want?’

“Lassalle for a moment hesitated, then clasped my mother in his arms, gave her a sounding kiss full on the mouth, and exclaimed, ‘Oh, you delicious woman!’ which put an end to all further questioning under that head. This sudden and unexpected repartee, of course, made all break out into great mirth.”

people against the oppression of aristocracy. Lassalle found that he was able to appear, not as the hired lawyer of a wealthy client, striving, like any other client, for disputed property, but as the generous tribune of outraged humanity.

Lassalle had friends in the press; so had Heine—each helped the other.

Had Lassalle survived his duel in 1864, it is not likely that he would have died of modesty, to judge by his record of what happened in the late summer of 1848, when the court pronounced him not guilty of some act in connection with the Hatzfeld trial:

“Nothing can give you an idea of the electrical impression I produced” [at the trial]. “The whole city” [Cologne], “the population of the whole province, floated on the waves of enthusiasm!

“The people had gazed on the features of A Man!

“The people had understood me!

“But not merely the populace; all classes—the shopkeepers, *bourgeoisie*—were intoxicated with delight.

“When we arrived in Düsseldorf the population deafened me by their acclamation. They outspanned my horses and themselves dragged the carriage in which I sat with the Countess” (Hatzfeld).

The twenty-three-year-old son of a Jew silk trader sitting by the side of a Countess Hatzfeld was, indeed, a spectacle to make the Germans of that day marvel!

“. . . This day procured for me in the Rhine provinces the fame of an incomparable orator, of a man with endless energy; and the newspapers carried this fame throughout the kingdom. All praised me as a man capable of fighting, single-handed, against the whole world.

“From that day on the Democratic party along the Rhine regarded me as one of their chiefs!”

The marvellous success which Lassalle achieved in 1848 must be attributed to his brilliant gifts as a debater and orator, but also largely to a feverish state of the public mind, which seized with avidity upon every well-expressed phrase which formulated a demand for popular liberty.

In this same year 1848, on August 29th, Freiligrath, the fiery poet of the revolution, was arrested for a magnificent outburst, which is even to-day on the lips of every German whose blood can jump in the cause of his country.

This poem needs no print to give it currency in Germany—every school-boy knows “Die Todten an die Lebenden.”

“Die Kugel mitten in der Brust, die stirne breit gespalten;
So habt Ihr uns auf blutigem Brett hoch in die Luft gehalten!
Hoch in die Luft mit wildem Schreidass unsre Schmerzgeberde
Dem, der zu tödten uns befahl, ein Fluch auf ewig werde!
Dass er Sie sehe Tag und Nacht, im Wachen und im Traume—
Im öffnen seines Bibelbuch's wie im Champagnerschaume!
Dass wie ein Brandmal sie sich tief in seine Seele brenne:
Dass nirgendwo und nimmermehr er vor ihr fliehen könne!
Dass jeder qualverzogene Mund, dass jeder rothe Wunde
Ihr schrecke noch, ihn ängste noch in seiner letzten Stunde!
Dass jedes schluchzen um uns her dem sterbenden noch schalle,
Dass jede todte Faust sich noch nach seinem Haupte balle—
Mög' er das Haupt nun auf ein Bett, wie andre Leute pflegen,
Mög' er es auf ein Blutgeruest zum letzten Atmen legen!

“So war's! Die Kugel in der Brust, die Stirne breit gespalten,
So habt ihr uns auf schwankem Brett auf zum Altan gehalten!
'Herunter!' und er kam gewankt—gewankt an unser Bette;
'Hut Ab!'—er zog—er neigte sich! (so sank zur Marionette
Der erst ein Komödiant war!)—bleich stand er und beklommen!
Das Heer indess verliess die Stadt, die sterbend wir genommen!
Dann 'Jesus meine Zuversicht!' wie ihr's im Buch könnt lesen;
Ein 'Eisen meine Zuversicht!' wär' pässlicher gewesen!”

This most fiery and most popular poet of Young Germany (1810–1876) spent the fifteen years prior to 1840 in a counting-house. Then, however, his political fervor carried him away, and he threw himself wholly into the liberal movement. The government sought to arrest him, but he escaped to England, and supported himself there partly by his pen and partly by working for a German shipping-house in London. The revolution of 1848 opened the way for his return to Düsseldorf (he arrived in May), and in July once more he fired the popular mind by the verses just quoted—an apostrophe to the Berlin citizens by the spirits of those who were shot down by the soldiers in March of that year. He was arrested, and appeared for trial on October 3d, surrounded by officers of the municipal guard. The jury pronounced him “not guilty!” And yet poor Fritz Reuter, only some ten years before, spent many years in jail for merely being a Liberal—and noble Jahn!

Lassalle protested against the imprisonment of Freiligrath, and addressed a succession of crowded meetings, in which he denounced the government, and called upon the people to defend their liberties by force of arms if need be. For these he also was arrested, and, after six months of detention while awaiting trial, was released in May, 1849.

The speech which Lassalle made in his defence—which he really did not make, but which he gave to the press as one about to be made—circulated far and wide, and served to heighten him still more in the eyes of the people, who were longing for a leader.

“It is true” [said he to the bench of judges] “that I and my party believe in the social reform as the highest expression of our convictions; we believe in the *socialistic republic*. But this is not the moment for the realization of our reforms; that belongs

to the future. The working-man of to-day demands nothing further than to help protect you in your liberties, your rights, your laws. He demands nothing further than that he should be allowed to add one more to his services on your behalf, to carve one more name on the column of his noble deeds, that he may at the Day of Judgment be able to step up before you and say: 'As I preserved your liberties with my blood in March, 1848, so have I defended them with my blood in November.'"

This is all very woolly, dramatic, declamatory, ambiguous, and misleading. What is a socialistic republic? What can it have meant to a moneyed Jew leagued with a woman of title? By what right could this man, who had never known a day's hard work, presume to voice the feelings of the German proletariat? Only a first-class actor could have played successfully this farce of tragic import to the poor, humbugged people who gave their money and time to his cause.*

After this great speech he was acquitted on one charge, but on another was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, which was, however, nominal punishment, for during those six months he was permitted to pursue his ordinary avocations, and even allowed to go to court as the lawyer of Countess Hatzfeld whenever he found it necessary.

The year of his death, 1864, was a year of great depression in his mind. He had met Bismarck, and done that statesman a service, for he subsequently threw the weight of his influence on the side of the government in the quarrel which ended by Prussia absorbing Danish territory. This sacrifice of humanity for the sake of

* "So, in holden Hindernissen,
Wind' ich mich mit Lust und Leid,
Während andere kämpfen müssen
In dem grossen Kampf der Zeit."
—Heine, "Neuer Frühling," prologue.

a governmental smile may have been the indirect cause of his rapid loss of influence among the working-classes. Kossuth never made his peace with the Habsburg monarch who had shot down his fellow-Magyars; Mazzini would never surrender his republicanism, though offered a portfolio in the cabinet of the Savoy King Charles Albert; Robert Blum bared his honest breast to the bullets of the Austrian soldiery. But Lassalle closed a life of demagoguery and sham by earning the praise of Bismarck. Few Germans have resisted Bismarck when he deemed them worth capture. The Iron Chancellor saw through Lassalle; the vanity and selfishness of the Jew was not proof against the subtle flattery of this bluff and gruff Teuton, who was a greater actor than even Metternich.

Bismarck needed demagogues of the Lassalle type. Here is a sample of the methods by which Lassalle preached to his simple Germans and made them believe that he could elevate them:

“You Germans are curious people” [said he in the course of a long speech in 1863]. “With English and French working-people we discuss the means of improving our condition. But with you we have first to convince you that you are in distress. So long as you have a remnant of sausage or a glass of beer you notice nothing amiss. The fault lies in your damned frugality. You ask, then, is not thrift a virtue? Certainly from the standpoint of your Christian moralist. That sort of contentment is the virtue of the Hindoo priest and the Christian monk; but from the standpoint of the historian and the political economist there is a higher virtue”—etc., etc., *ad nauseam*.

Conceive the vacuity of an audience of Germans so completely hypnotized by this Jew that they could listen to him by the hour while he insulted their religion and the virtue of thrift, which is to-day one of the glories of the fatherland.

No wonder, then, that in the year of his tragic end (1864) we find him lamenting that his great organization was breaking to pieces for want of funds—let us say for want of confidence in those whom he had originally induced to enroll themselves under his leadership. He writes bitterly of the failure in his leadership; clamors even for money. We have plenty of letters all confirming this great shadow over his ambitious path. To his party manager he wrote:

“I am tired to death; and strong as is my constitution, I feel it tottering to the very marrow-bone. I am so wrought up that I can no longer sleep. I toss on my pillow until five in the morning, and leave my bed with headache, thoroughly worn out. I am overworked—worn out to a most frightful extent by the horrible disillusion, the violent, smothered anger which I feel on account of the indifference of the working-classes. All this is too much for me. I am acting the part of a fraud, and am consumed by rage, that I cannot show outwardly, neither can I choke it down; I have to stand up and pretend the opposite from what I feel,” etc., etc.

Had Lassalle not been killed in a duel, this letter alone would have justified us in thinking he was meditating suicide as the easiest refuge from the false position into which his fatal oratory and power to dupe the masses had brought him.

When Kossuth laid him down to his last rest, after ninety years of honorable labor, the world went into mourning. When Mazzini died, his nation followed respectfully to the grave of a martyr. When Robert Blum fell, every cottage in Germany knew that it had lost a friend.

When Lassalle was shot, Bismarck spoke well of him.

XXXVI

HEINRICH SIMON

“Liberty is a beautiful thing—is necessary, in order that the individual, as well as the nation, may attain its object.

“But whoever thinks that liberty will afford a state of ease, a greater share of pleasure, or a smaller share of burden and labor, such a man will find himself much mistaken.

“Liberty demands strong arms and hearts well steeled, and these are not to be had without labor and sorrow.”—Johann Stueve to his electors (1848).

THIS is the short story of a great Jew—a representative Prussian jurist, who had the courage to speak the truth to the King, and who, therefore, died in exile.

His grandfather was a merchant in Breslau, of Jewish ancestry, and universally respected for his public spirit and honesty. Two of his sons were killed, and the bulk of his fortune swept away, in the Wars of Liberation (1813–1815) against Napoleon; but he never despaired of his country nor remitted his endeavors in the cause of liberty.

Heinrich Simon was born in Breslau in 1805, of parents who loved each other dearly. When but eight years old (in 1813) the Breslau volunteers marched out to the glorious War of Liberation, and he was taken to see the soldiers in camp. He felt the enthusiasm which pervaded all classes when the Prussian King and the Russian Emperor came to Breslau prior to starting for the seat of war. There was nothing else then to occupy the mind of an active child save the noble ideas associated with

the liberation of the fatherland and the establishment of a free, constitutional, united Germany. The year of Simon's birth was the same as that of Mazzini, of Genoa, was that in which Schiller died and Napoleon triumphed at Austerlitz. Young Heinrich attended the regular schools of his day, acquitted himself creditably, was distinguished for his moral courage and love of justice, in due course attended the university, and then studied law.

At the age of twenty - two (1827) we find him in Brandenburg, actively fitting himself for a position on the bench, in company with a number of congenial young barristers. He mentions that the young lawyers of that time and place were given social precedence over army officers. To-day the reverse is the case. *Nota bene*—Lassalle, another child of Breslau, was then two years old.

In this year he fought a duel and shot his opponent, with the result that he was locked up in a fortress. Later in life he challenged a man who had insulted him, but the matter was settled by an apology. This is mentioned here to mark the fact that while Heinrich Simon was pre-eminently a scholar, and in principle opposed to duelling, yet, in view of the social prejudices on the subject, he regarded it as the *ultima ratio* of a man whose honor was involved; and, furthermore, he insisted that no one could judge of that honor save the individual immediately concerned. It is interesting to note that he was a German who accepted full personal responsibility for anything he uttered.

He was condemned to imprisonment in a fortress for life; but at the end of a year and a half was pardoned. The cause of this unexpected happiness was the marriage of William I., the Prince of Prussia, to Augusta. Twenty

years later (1849) that Prince was destined to win his first military laurels by marching an army against the German Liberals, who were gathered for a last desperate stand in Baden. Among them was Heinrich Simon. The future Emperor of Germany must subsequently have marvelled at the blunder of those who had advised the release of this embryo reformer.

He did much thinking and diary-writing while in the fortress of Glogau. It was there that he heard of Russia's crushing the Polish effort at independence (1831). He marks the event with passionate emphasis:

"At last the sword, which has been swaying over the head of the bravest and noblest nation on earth for these ten months past, has fallen. In vain did Poland clasp the altar of Liberty—in vain did she call upon God and man to note the justice of her cause. . . . She was struck down on the steps of the altar," etc., etc.

Here now, for the first time, we get a glimpse of that freedom of thought, that logical grasp of political problems, which was destined to make Heinrich Simon a valuable spokesman of the new Germany.

"The expression *Königlich gesinnt*" [monarchically minded] "does not altogether please me," he writes in his diary (June, 1831). "The so-called Royalists trouble themselves very little about their King, but all the more about themselves. The King is to them but a means to an end."*

It was a bold thing to write such lines in the Prussia of 1831.

On another page he observes that the blind support of monarchy by divine right is more fraught with danger to a dynasty than the agitation of demagogues; and

* Jacobi, *Leben Simon*, p. 66 et seq.



BARON VON HUMBOLDT

further on: "An independent and resolute judiciary is the noblest of all human institutions.* Without it our possessions would be at the mercy of the violent; the weak would be at the mercy of the strong . . . consequently, the position of judge is the first in the state."

Some years later (1845) Heinrich Simon had occasion to apply the maxim he here laid down by resigning his position as judge in Breslau, because he was by government hampered in the independence which of right belonged to such a position.

The esteem in which Simon was held by his superiors may be gauged by the fact that (1836) when he was but thirty years old the Minister of Justice asked him for an opinion regarding reforms in procedure. Simon's answer was characteristically clear. He pointed out that in the province of Neu vor Pommern (Pomerania) there had been no improvement in the administration of justice in the past two hundred years.

In 1841 the Minister for Education called him to Berlin to work out a scheme for the improvement of national education; but Simon's advice was rejected as savoring of revolution. He advocated gymnastic exercise in the schools as a means to qualify young men to serve more effectively as soldiers when called to the colors. He urged this on the ground that with a better-trained youth military service might be reduced from three years to only a single year, thus saving considerable money to the Exchequer; but the government detected some occult relation between gymnastics and democratic mob rule. As for shortening the military service, the aristocratic element about the court wished, not a national army, but one which, from long years of routine, might be regarded as a machine in the hands of the crown. Simon's advice was, therefore, rejected, notably that portion

which advocated an appeal to public sentiment. Eichhorn, the King's minister, was rather scandalized by the proposition. It might work in England, he said, but would never do for a state like Prussia.

The new King, Frederick William IV. (elder brother of the first German Emperor), ascended the throne in 1840, and did more to hasten the revolution in Prussia than any number of agitators.

His father, Frederick William III., had promised a Constitution in 1815, and his government had renewed the promise in 1820. Both promises were subsequently repudiated, or, at least, consigned to oblivion, but the people of Prussia in general, and those of Breslau in particular, persisted in remembering them. When Frederick William III. died, after a reign of forty-three years, they celebrated the accession of his son by promptly reminding him of the highly inconvenient engagements made by his royal father.

A petition in this sense was submitted to the Provincial Diet, with the request that it be forwarded to the King. This the Diet refused to do, but the King heard of it and expressed his indignation at such impudence, emphasizing his royal displeasure by announcing that in his forthcoming journey through that province he should avoid the city of Breslau.*

The reign of Frederick William III. had been allowed to close in peace, because of the personal respect which all classes had acquired for the husband of their beloved Queen Luise; but in the twenty-five years that had elapsed between the battle of Waterloo and the accession of Frederick William IV., Europe had brought forward

* "Nach Staatenbeben und Volkersturmen tritt häufig eine trügerische Ruhe und Stille ein, als Vorzeichen künftigen Unwetters."
—Jahn, *Merke zum Deutschen Volksthum*, p. x.

a new stamp of men—men who had fought for liberty, who had made and unmade kingdoms, and were no longer disposed to accept the caprice of a divine ruler in lieu of constitutional law. The absolutism which Prussia tolerated in the person of a venerable Frederick William III. became offensive when asserted by his successor. Murmurs commenced to be heard in every part of Germany, and when the petition of the Breslau citizens was rejected with a royal scolding, Simon echoed the feeling of a very large public by writing from Berlin (May, 1842): "What! We should not be allowed to tell our King that he is in the wrong!"

Germany then, as now, had a very large number of royal officials whose habit of obedience to a superior official had effectually limited their capacity of looking at any political question from an independent point of view. Whatever the King might choose to order, this large class of influential citizens was generally on the side of blind obedience.*

In 1844, when he was thirty-nine years of age, his native city made Heinrich Simon a judge, but in the following year he resigned in consequence of a royal decree which threatened the independence of the bench. He wrote a vigorous pamphlet condemning the decree, and sent a copy of it to the King, with his reasons for resigning. He had already uttered the ominous words,

* "That which we in Germany borrow from the Frenchman under the name of *politique* is, when rightly understood, the knowledge of all that is good for our country. Such knowledge is good for the citizen and never dangerous to the government. Times have changed, to be sure. The French Revolution has made the tour of the world, according to Mirabeau's prophecy. No longer can any people, after Chinese and Japanese pattern, shut themselves off from the world intercourse and play the monk within their own national monastic boundaries. The events of one hemisphere are felt upon the other."—Jahn, *Runenblätter*, p. 128,

“Only a people that knows its rights can defend them.” He now laid down the highly novel and subversive doctrine that the object of good government was the welfare of the people, and that the decree which he attacked was calculated to impair the value of justice in Prussia.

This pamphlet stirred the intelligent section of the population in all parts of the country, and Berlin was besieged by petitions begging the King to withdraw his decree. At that time much of the landed aristocracy made common cause with the citizens of the towns in defending themselves against the encroachments of the crown.

In his pamphlet, Heinrich Simon argued that

“A crown official who is compelled, under a highly developed bureaucracy, to sway like a reed in the hands of his momentary superiors will be helpless in times of danger, when independence of character, rather than servile obedience, is necessary. Such a man, when elevated to a high position, will, through his lack of character, be a poor support to your Majesty.”

The King’s displeasure was made known by a curt note dated Potsdam, June 17, 1846.

“By order of the Most High, I return to your well-born the two papers submitted to his Royal Majesty on the 6th. inst., along with the accompanying written document.

“(Signed) MÜLLER.”

We shall soon perceive that Frederick William IV. was making history. On February 3, 1847, he issued an edict for the calling of an alleged parliament, which roused great popular indignation, as it was in the nature of a refusal to grant the promised Constitution. Simon sat down, and in seven days finished a book, *Annehmen oder Ablehnen* (“Accept or Reject”), in which he showed

why the proposed Landtag, or sham parliament, should be opposed. This "Vereinigte Landtag" was to be convened April 11; therefore great haste was necessary. In order to escape the newspaper censor, the book had to exceed twenty sheets (*Bogen*). Simon used enormous print—only seventeen lines to a page—and printed along with it, by way of padding, the royal edict of February 3d.

Only 6000 copies were published, and the price was put down to 10 silbergroshens (about 20 cents). Immediately afterwards the publisher lamented that he had not issued 25,000 instead, so great was the demand for them.

The manuscript was carried to Leipzig, because the Saxon censor was deemed more liberal than the Prussian; but Simon had to have several long talks with Professor Marbach (the censor of books) before he finally secured the *imprimatur*; and this was the first book from the press of Robert Blum & Co.

Simon sent a copy to the "Prinz von Preussen" (subsequently Emperor William I.), with a humble letter stating that his unique desire was to tell the truth. No notice was taken of either letter or volume by the Prince of Prussia; but his brother the King gave it prompt attention. The author was accused of high-treason, and the trial was still pending when the revolution of 1848 occurred, and the King had other and more pressing affairs to attend to.

In the preface of this book, Heinrich Simon struck the key-note of his life: "Mit dem Gesetze für Recht und Freiheit," or, as we might say, "For Law and Liberty."

"So be it. *Wohlan!* We are at a crisis in Prussia—nay, German history. Let the King show confidence in his people. Let him break once for all with the idea that any one person

has rights of an exclusive nature as against the right of 15,000,000. Let him break with the idea embodied in the oath of allegiance, 'The crown is the gift of God to me; woe unto him who seeks to question it.'

"I say, on the contrary, it is the voice of the people that is the voice of God. The people has already questioned the infallibility of this crown by innumerable petitions. I abjure you to listen to this voice. Cast from you the idea of 'absolute monarchy'—the idea that you are responsible to God alone for your actions. Instead of that, we implore you to place yourself voluntarily in sympathy with the development of Prussia, at the head of Germany.

"Liberty is rooted in the German nature more deeply than it was in the England of 1640 or the France of 1789. May God, therefore, purge from the King the notion that one person alone is sufficient; that promises and phrases are enough for the welfare of a generous people, even though from the mouth of the most excellent of men.

"Germany expects every Prussian to do his duty."*

Can we wonder if the then "Prince William" regretted ever having allowed Heinrich Simon to leave the fortress of Glogau?

As though the Almighty had intended to increase the political bitterness of the moment, there occurred in Silesia, in 1847, a great famine, accompanied by an epidemic of typhus. The government of Prussia refused to allow Simon to write on this theme, because such information serves the purpose of exciting the people. He, therefore, issued a pamphlet in Saxony (Leipzig) based wholly on official figures. He showed that in the principality of Pless, with a population of 69,259, there died in 1846, 2399; there died in 1847, 6877—an increase

* "Vollkraft, Biederkeit, Gradheit, Abscheu der Winkelzüge, Rechtlichkeit und das ernste Gutmeinen, waren seit einem Paar Jahrtausenden die Kleinode unsers Volksthum, und wir werden sie auch gewiss durch alle Weltstürme bis auf die späteste Nachwelt vererben."—Jahn, *Volksthum*, p. 18.

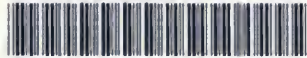
of 4478 over the previous year; and that there died of hunger alone about 10 per cent.*

We must now take leave of Edward Simon, in order not to anticipate the events of 1848. In this year we picture him as a man in the best years of his useful life—at the age of forty. A man such as we see to-day in London and New York as director in enterprises requiring imagination as well as business experience, courage no less than knowledge. Simon was of the Montefiore type—a broad, benevolent, and alert countenance; his hair was brushed back carelessly from a forehead of intellect and strength; well-set eyes—at a generous distance apart, under heavy eyebrows; well-shaped, strong ears; a mouth indicating firmness linked with a sense of humor; full lips; a well-shaped and prominent nose of Semitic declination; well-rounded chin; well-poised neck—in short, studying him in the portrait left us by Winterwerl (1848), we have before us the man whom his fellow-men delight to honor, whatever may be their creed, their nation, or their speech. It is in the contemplation of such noble Jews as Simon that we become optimists regarding the future of the world, although, maybe, not within the next century or so.

* The title of this book was, *Die Oberschlesische Hungerpest. Mit amtlichen Zahlen. Eine Frage an die Preussische Regierung.*"

THE END

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