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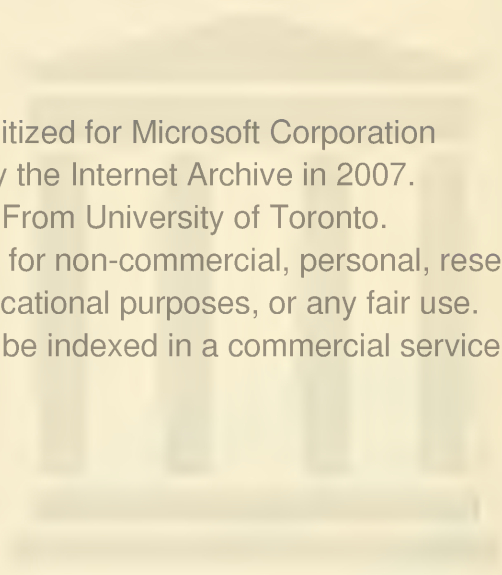
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GABRIELE VON BÜLOW







ADELHEID AND GABRIELE VON HUMBOLDT

From a Painting by Gottlieb Schick. Rome, 1809.



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# GABRIELE VON BÜLOW

DAUGHTER OF WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT

A MEMOIR

COMPILED FROM THE FAMILY PAPERS OF  
WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT AND HIS CHILDREN

1791-1887

TRANSLATED BY CLARA NORDLINGER

WITH PORTRAITS

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1897



TO  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE GRAND DUCHESS OF BADEN  
PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED  
WITH DEEPEST VENERATION AND RESPECT



## PREFACE



THE subject of the accompanying memoir, Gabriele von Bülow, was a member of a noble German family, which became illustrious in the persons of Wilhelm and Alexander von Humboldt, the former of whom was Gabriele's father. It is not to be wondered at that, coming from such a stock, she should have been endowed with talents and cultivation entitling her life to preservation in biographical form. The deep interest which the work occasioned on its appearance in Germany amply justified the anticipations of those friends who were already acquainted with her life and letters. Among these was the present Grand Duchess of Baden, sister of the Emperor Frederick, and we learn from the preface to the German edition that the book was undertaken at the suggestion of her Royal Highness, to whom indeed it is dedicated.

It was at first intended merely to provide a lasting memorial of a charming woman of fine character for her relatives, friends, and descendants. But as Frau von Bülow's high position gave her a wide outlook over contemporary politics, and brought her into close association with noted men of her time, it seemed likely that a narrative of her life might have an interest for a more extended public.

Gabriele's husband, Heinrich von Bülow, held the post of Prussian Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's from 1827 to 1841, and played a prominent part in the conferences held in London for the settlement of Belgian affairs. For this reason, apart from its intrinsic value as a literary portrait of a distinctive personality, the book has a special interest for English readers, and I am glad to commend it to them because its perusal may give pleasure to a wide circle. The translator has closely followed the original, but she has considered it advisable to omit some details of purely domestic character and mere expressions of emotional feeling.

EDWARD B. MALET.

85 EATON SQUARE :  
*November 26, 1896.*

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# GABRIELE VON BÜLOW

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## CHAPTER I

LIFE OF GABRIELE'S PARENTS, 1791-1802

Marriage of Wilhelm von Humboldt—Travels in Spain and France—  
Return to Germany

ON June 29, 1791, Wilhelm von Humboldt was married to Caroline, only daughter of Von Dacheroeden, the President of the Chamber, and his wife the Countess Hopfgarten. The young couple retired to the paternal estate Burg-Oerner, near Mansfeld, and as Humboldt had left office with the title of Councillor of Legation, they devoted themselves exclusively to the enjoyment of their happiness.

On May 16, 1792, their first child, a daughter, was born at Erfurt, and named Caroline after her mother. During the next two years the young couple divided their time between Burg-Oerner, Auleben, another Dacheroeden estate in the Goldene Aue, and Erfurt. In January 1794 they removed to Jena in order to be near Schiller, with whose wife and sister-in-law, Charlotte and Caroline von Lengefeld, Frau von Humboldt had from her girlhood been intimately acquainted. On May 5 a son, Wilhelm, was born there. Almost the whole of the following year was spent with old Frau von Humboldt at Tegel, the home of Wilhelm and Alexander von Humboldt's childhood. This proved Wilhelm's last meeting with his mother, who died on November 14, 1796. On January 19, 1797, a second boy, Theodor, was born, also at Jena. Frau von Humboldt was very ill for some time after his

birth. On her account the family removed to Dresden at the beginning of June ; but the slow fever did not leave her. Her husband, who had come into a considerable fortune at his mother's death, began to think seriously of a longer journey. In the hope that entire change of scene and climate might restore his wife to health, and wishing to take the children with him before the necessities of their education put difficulties in the way of travelling, he decided to leave Dresden at the beginning of August with the whole family for Vienna, where he intended staying some weeks before continuing the journey to Italy. In Vienna, however, his plans were altered, as Napoleon's campaign in northern Italy rendered travelling beyond the Alps impossible at the moment. Rome was therefore abandoned, and in October the Humboldts set out for Paris, where they arrived safely about the middle of November. The peace of Campo Formio had meanwhile been signed between France and Austria, and although the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor had resulted in a renewal of Jacobinism in France, Paris offered more safety now than under the rule of the weak Directory, and there was nothing to prevent Humboldt and his family from settling down peacefully and pleasantly in the French capital. When Alexander von Humboldt came to Paris in May 1798, he found his brother's house a pleasant social centre, and yielding to its fascination, he remained there until his departure at the end of October for Marseilles and Spain.

The Humboldts spent the summer months in the country, near Paris ; the chief attraction of this city for the art-loving couple being the treasures which Napoleon had carried off from Italy, and in the unpacking and arranging of these they took the keenest interest. They remained in France till the end of a second summer, and in September 1799, set out on a journey to Spain.

*Frau von Humboldt to her Father*

Barèges, in the Pyrenees October 1, 1799.

“ We travelled to Bordeaux *via* Orléans, Limoges and Périgueux. We preferred that rather dull and uninteresting

route to the more beautiful one *via* Tours and Angoulême, as those parts of the country are still somewhat unsettled by the recent disturbances. There is a beautiful view of Bordeaux from the opposite side of the river, and formerly it may have been a very pleasant place. Now that its trade has fallen so low there is no life in the town, and had there not been some 120 ships in the roads flying the Prussian flag, the harbour would have been almost deserted. The Bordelais are most hospitable, and delight in honouring strangers. The four days we spent there were a round of dinners, luncheons, and parties of every description. The most curious thing we saw in Bordeaux was a fine English ship with a cargo of about 100 cwts. of clay, which, sailing under the Danish flag, had been captured by the French, and now lay at anchor in the Bordeaux roadstead. Aboard the English ship were about thirty Chinamen, whom we went to see. I cannot tell you what a strange impression it made upon us to find them, though far from the home and friends they might never see again, to all appearances gay and happy. We were able to converse with them, as two of the Chinamen knew a little English, and acted as interpreters. They bore the stamp of their nationality on their faces: receding foreheads, small eyes set far apart, flattened noses, and large mouths with pouting lips. They wear their extraordinarily long straight hair in plaits hanging down their backs. All those we saw had black hair. We induced them to sing us some of their national songs, and two of them favoured us by dancing in paper masks they had manufactured themselves. One represented a monstrous frog's head, the other was something like a turtle. To please us they did some writing with Chinese ink and brushes. The French superintendent told us that they could all read and write, and that during the two months he had been on board there had not been a single case of disagreement among them. They absolutely refused to accept money from us. Humboldt with the greatest difficulty persuaded one of them to accept a Laubthaler.<sup>1</sup> On our way to shore we met him returning in a little boat. For the large dollar he had obtained a small one and some

<sup>1</sup> French dollar.

change. He had spent the change on wine for himself and his companions, and nothing would satisfy him but that Humboldt should take back the small dollar.

“From Bordeaux we travelled *via* Agen, Auch, and Tarbes to Bagnères de Bigorre, a watering place at the foot of the Pyrenees, situated at the entrance of the Campan Valley, so famous for its beauty. There we left the children, and Humboldt and I advanced further into the mountains, where, as carriages cannot penetrate, we had to ride the little hill ponies or mules. For four days I have hardly been out of the saddle, and though I am unaccustomed to this mode of travelling, it suits me perfectly, and I have seen many beautiful and interesting sights. To-day we are resting. To-morrow, weather permitting, we intend climbing the Pic du Midi and returning through the valley of Cauterets to Bagnères. . . .

“The valley from Barèges to Gavarnie is the finest bit of scenery we have yet seen; indeed, travellers who have explored every corner of Switzerland consider it unique in its way. The six leagues of road lead through a valley which alternately widens and narrows until the rocks threaten to meet overhead, while close at hand thunders a rushing mountain torrent, called a *gave* in this part of the country. Almost all the high mountains are covered with luxurious vegetation from the base upwards, and innumerable flocks graze upon the sides of most terrible precipices. But there is a boundary line at which all vegetation ceases. Immense masses of rock rise up perpendicularly on one side, while on the other some violent concussion seems to have decapitated them. Thousands of fragments as large as houses are strewn in wild confusion, and the road winds its tortuous way round, and often under, the rocks. In the depths below, the *gave* forces its way with a mighty roar, leaping wildly from rock to rock. You cannot imagine the wildness and fearful desolation of the scene. It is the picture of creation fallen to ruins.”

Madrid : November 11, 1799.

“I hope that a letter I wrote you from Barèges, in the Pyrenees, on October 1 or 2, reached you safely. After that, as the weather was unfavourable, and the snow made it impossible for us to ascend the Pic du Midi, we went to Caunterets, a watering place in a beautiful romantic spot high up in the Pyrenees, and to the Lac de Goule. As you cannot reach the lake on horseback, my husband walked, and I was carried in a kind of sedan chair by four men taking turns two by two. For three hours the road goes over immense rocks and precipices, but I cannot say that I experienced a moment of fear, so great is the confidence instilled by the skill of the Caunterets porters. They hardly seem to touch the ground with their feet, and though they go barefoot they never stumble.

“From the Lac de Goule we returned to Caunterets in the evening, and the next day rode back to Bagnères, where we rested three days, and then went to Bayonne *via* Pau. . . . We spent the greater part of our mornings on the seashore, which is only half an hour from the town. I have seen the sea before on the way to Stralsund and Rügen, but I must confess that the Baltic is deprived of the greatest beauty and majesty by the entire absence of tide; in that respect it cannot be compared to the glorious spectacle of the ocean. Words fail to express the restless activity, the immensity, and infinity of the sea. I was deeply interested in noting how this sight of the sea impressed each one of our party. Emilie (the nurse), uneducated as she is, and even the children, who are not easily impressed, were equally affected by it. The elder children grew silent and serious, and never took their eyes off the ever-increasing waves. Theodor alone was frightened, and he may be excused on account of his inability to understand their masterful fury. We left our carriage at Bayonne in the care of the Prussian Consul, and hired a ‘coche de colleras,’ drawn by six mules. This is the usual way of travelling in Spain, and although the coaches are not nearly as comfortable as those of German manufacture, and cannot be compared to our excellent Viennese carriage, we have the advantage of saving our own conveyance, and of travelling

at half the expense, since the hired coachmen always reckon upon finding a return fare. Then we gain room for our luggage, for you must have seen a Spanish travelling carriage in order to understand what it can carry. We left on October 14, and travelling *via* St. Jean de Luz, Tolosa, Burgos, Valladolid, Segovia, and St. Ildefonso, reached the Escorial on the 27th. We spent half a day at Burgos, Valladolid, and Segovia, and a whole day at Ildefonso. This slow travelling with mules is very monotonous, for though they are big and strong, and the roads for the most part good and well kept, they rarely trot or go beyond a slow, steady walk. The bad inns are more disagreeable still, although they are scarcely as black as they are painted. In the small villages in which we passed the night, as well as in the big towns mentioned above, we always found beds enough, and we require at least five, the bed linen was so clean that I did not find it necessary to unpack my own, and where there was nothing else to eat we always got fresh eggs, grapes and melons in perfection! The strange Spanish way of cooking the food with oil is so disagreeable and nauseous that, in spite of my general indifference to food, I have not been able to overcome my dislike of it. To please a Spanish palate the oil should be almost rancid. Fortunately we have generally come across people willing to do their best to cook according to our taste. We kept to the very simplest dishes; sometimes Emilie helped, and sometimes we ate the smoked meat we had brought with us. Wherever we found good meat we took a joint with us for the next day's consumption; thus we managed tolerably well, and reached the Escorial in the best of health and spirits. We had originally intended staying only three days, but remained a fortnight, for Humboldt, who could not very well avoid presenting himself to the king<sup>1</sup> and queen (as his brother Alexander had been received by them with such extraordinary kindness and distinction), considered it necessary to remain until after November 4, the king's name-day, a gala day. On the 5th we left, arriving here the same evening. I found such a wealth of lovely pictures at the Escorial that the mornings I spent there hardly sufficed for their inspection.

<sup>1</sup> Charles IV.



I received a special royal permit, without which women are not allowed to enter the monastery where most of the pictures are kept. Several of the monks were so pleased with my assiduity in admiring and making notes on the pictures, that they assured Humboldt they had never seen such a woman before. The brother who acted as our guide parted from us with tears in his eyes.

“There is something very solemn and imposing about the Church of the Escorial. One of the finest parts is the Mausoleum of the Kings, to which you descend by a flight of broad stone steps. The walls on either side are marble. You go straight down into a moderately large round hall, lighted by a very fine chandelier. The walls and floor are also paved with marble. There are niches in the walls in each of which four coffins stand sideways one above the other. The coffins are of marble, with gilt fringes, handles, and shields, on which are graven the names of the kings and queens. There are blank shields still awaiting inscriptions. Only the queens who bore their kings children lie buried here. The others are placed in another vault with the *infantes* and *infantas*. This Pantheon, as it is usually called, is very grand and impressive, and I do not deny that I entered it with a certain feeling of awe.

“About the pictures I made a good many notes, which I shall bring home with me. Incredible treasures are hidden from the eyes of the world in this monastery. Four large and several small Raphaels, a great many Guidos, Titians, and Tintoretos, besides a number of Spanish pictures. You can only learn to understand and prize Spanish art in its own country. In the evening I saw a good deal of society at the Escorial. Our Ambassador, Baron Forell from Dresden, and the Neapolitan Minister and his wife exerted themselves to show us hospitality. On the night of the king's name-day I witnessed the performance of a Spanish comedy. As I do not yet know much Spanish, the play was the least interesting part of it, but the aspect of the crowded house and two rows of boxes in which the women were covered with diamonds, was exceedingly brilliant. The Court never goes to the play, either here or in the country. The disagreeable part of an

ambassador's post in Spain is the necessity of accompanying the Court everywhere, and as their Majesties two or three times a year spend a month here, and divide the rest of the time between the Escorial, St. Ildefonso, and Aranjuez, the migrations are expensive as well as disagreeable. The wives of strangers can never be presented at Court, the ambassadors' wives only twice, at their arrival and again on their departure. There are, therefore, no reception days to attend, in fact the code of etiquette is entirely different from ours. Alexander is well remembered and highly respected in Madrid. We had the satisfaction of finding two letters from him here and, during our stay, received a third brought by a traveller. The last was from Cumana in South America, where he intended staying from two to three months on account of the beautiful climate and the diversity of the vegetation, which was quite new to him. . . .

“We think of remaining here till December 15, and then returning by Cadiz, Valencia, and Barcelona.”

*Frau von Humboldt to her Brother, Ernst von Dacheroeden*

Madrid : November 12, 1799.

“We are living in a middle-class house belonging to an Irish-woman, and have quite comfortable quarters for Madrid. We are fortunate enough to have a fireplace in one of the rooms, a luxury quite unique here, but not at all indispensable should it get colder. Until now, however, it has been too mild for a fire, and it is indeed a new experience to have fruit in abundance and to see the foliage green and fresh in the middle of November. As I cannot get accustomed to Spanish cooking, I let Emilie attend to the kitchen, and here we are in the very centre of Spain living in veritable German fashion. Food and all important necessaries of life are very expensive at Madrid, prices being mostly double or half as high again as in Paris.

“It is not a very big town, about the same size or very little larger than Dresden. There are some broad streets and fine buildings. The streets are clean, but the Spanish costume gives them a monotonous appearance. The natives

wear picturesque, artistically-draped cloaks. The women are generally clad in a so-called 'basquiña,' a black skirt with a short bodice and long sleeves, and they all wear black or white mantillas on their heads. This costume is so universal that no woman in the streets can wear any other when walking; the degree of elegance is only determined by the quality of the material. Coquetry displays itself, however, in the mantilla as in the most fashionable head-dress. Our journey from Bayonne to Madrid was rather tedious, the province of Biscay alone having any pretensions to beauty. Clean, well-built towns and villages abound, and everywhere are traces of wealth, and pleasant, good-tempered people. Castile, though fertile, has a very melancholy appearance. I do not remember ever having seen so fertile a plain looking so desolate. We had become so unaccustomed to the sight of trees in Castile, where they are very rare, that we were charmed with Segovia, which, however, is quaint rather than beautiful. The most remarkable feature of the old town is a magnificent Roman aqueduct traversing the city. It begins a considerable distance outside the town, and is so well preserved as to seem of recent date. It is a fine bold piece of engineering and would have a splendid appearance if the inhabitants of Segovia had not built their huts and houses into the masonry. It is said that the king, who was in Segovia not long ago for a great bull-fight, intends pulling down the houses and restoring the aqueduct to its former magnificence.

"We spent a whole day at St. Ildefonso in order to see the castle (which is, by the way, a miserable erection), the garden that resembles Versailles, the famous looking-glass manufactory, and the collection of antique statues in the lower rooms of the castle. The best known and most beautiful thing in the collection is the group of Castor and Pollux, of which you will have seen the excellent cast by Mengs at Dresden and Cassel. There are nine or ten rooms full of statues, many of them first rate. Among them are the original of the celebrated Faun and a very beautiful Leda. I cannot remember whether there is a cast of the latter in Germany. We spent eleven days at the Escorial, and besides the great pictures, referred to in my letter of yesterday

to my father, we saw the so-called House of the Prince, built by the present king when Prince of Asturia, in which there is a very pretty collection of pictures. The rooms are not large, some of the furniture is gorgeous, but the place lacks the good taste found in small houses of the kind at Paris. The most remarkable thing there is undeniably a centrepiece of lapis lazuli and bronze, in which, with more royal pomp than æsthetic taste, a most valuable collection of cut stones is set. On great occasions it is placed upon the table, but, as you cannot properly appreciate cut stones unless they are held in the hand or against the light, the beauty of the collection is marred for the artist and connoisseur. Of Madrid I have as yet only seen the streets and the beautiful promenade called the Prado. I have also been to several evening parties. . . .”

*Wilhelm von Humboldt to his Father-in-law*

Madrid : November 15, 1799.

“My wife has already told you of my introduction to the king and queen at the Escorial. But she did not give you a detailed description of the so-called ‘hand-kissing,’ which is certainly a most remarkable sight for anyone acquainted only with the etiquette of German Courts. The ceremony is repeated six times a year, on the birthday and name-day of the king, the queen, and the Prince of Asturia. The king sits in a great hall at a table covered with a rich velvet cloth. On the other side of the table sits the queen, the guards and Court attendants are opposite, and to the side behind the king stand the ambassadors and foreigners, of whom I fancy I was the sole representative. The king and queen are covered with diamonds. Everything in a man’s apparel that is usually made of steel or other metal: the buttons, four stars in rows, the buckle on the hat, the clasps of the ribbon of the order worn on the shoulder, the sword belt, the knob of the cane, and all the smaller buckles are of diamonds. The queen wears such a quantity of them on her head that it really is a serious inconvenience to her. The doors are thrown open, and those who wish to present

themselves enter, and with a low obeisance kiss the hands of their Majesties. This time there were only about three hundred people present ; usually there are six hundred or more. After the ceremony the king and queen enter into conversation with the ambassadors and foreigners. They received me very kindly, and conversed with me for some time. They remembered my brother, and seemed much interested in his journey.

“ We are chiefly occupied in seeing the immense number of pictures to be found in the town. The King of Spain possesses marvellous treasures. Those mentioned in the usual books of travel constitute by far the smallest part of the whole. My wife has made careful notes on the subject and treatment of the most remarkable pictures, and I hope that some day on our return you will have the pleasure of reading them. I am devoting myself with even more attention to Spanish literature, which really ought to be studied in the country itself, for books bearing upon the subject are not easily accessible. There are some very learned and enlightened men here, men who are less pretentious and critical than the French savants. Oppression is, however, the rule, there is no liberty, the general public is neither educated nor enlightened. As there is practically no book trade, there is little or no inducement for the Spanish savants to write, and thus they are not known, and can scarcely become so, beyond the confines of Spain. The king devotes a large sum of money to arts and sciences ; some of the universities are richly endowed, Salamanca, for instance, having a yearly income of about 60,000 rthl.<sup>1</sup> a considerable sum for so small a number of professors. But all these institutions seem to be under a cloud. In spite of the vast sums expended there is no improvement ; the universities in particular, as every Spaniard is ready to admit, are bad. Doubtless chemistry and mineralogy will now make some progress, for the king has endowed two new chairs for those branches of science, and has appointed to them excellent professors.

“ As we do not intend making a long stay in Madrid we have not gone much into society, but occasionally we spend an

<sup>1</sup> 9,000*l.*

evening with the Danish Ambassador, Baron von Schubart, brother-in-law to the Count von Schimmelmann, with Mr. Humphreys the American, and Guillemardet the French Ambassador. Among the natives we visit the Princess Castelfranco, the Marquise Santa Cruz, Marquis Granda and Marquis Colonella; the Princess Castelfranco and the Marquise Santa Cruz, however, are Germans, the former a Countess Stolberg, the latter a Countess Wallenstein from Bohemia. Marquis Granda is a banker; he has a fortune of about 15,000,000 livres, but as the laws of primogeniture, which much to the detriment of agriculture tie up so many large landed properties in this country, render the purchase of estates impossible, he is forced to employ his money in commerce. He is Councillor of State, with the title of 'Excellency,' but now, unfortunately, he is not in office—a circumstance to be the more deplored since he is a clever man with great knowledge of finance. Urquijo, the present minister, was, as you may remember, formerly secretary to the Embassy in England; he knew my brother there, and was thus able to assist him here in obtaining the necessary permission for his American journey. He has been particularly attentive to me, and at once asked me to dine with him, a most unusual thing here.

“The recent political changes in France<sup>1</sup> will have surprised you too. They were so absolutely unexpected. At this distance I cannot form an opinion on their causes and probable consequences, but I am very pleased that several men of unmistakable ability, with whom I am personally acquainted, are at the head of affairs, and that the prospect of peace seems to be more assured. At any rate, I have no doubt that we shall now be able to return to Germany by way of France. Perhaps in the summer we shall even be able to travel by Frankfort; if not, we must take the Wesel route, though it would be tiresome, for as in any case we intend coming straight to you, it would take us out of our way. We look forward with great pleasure to our return. We leave Spain in the spring and hope to be

<sup>1</sup> Buonaparte's overthrow of the Directory, and his elevation to the office of First Consul of the Republic.

home by the end of the summer. We shall only stay another three weeks at Madrid, then proceed to the southern provinces, and so to France by way of Barcelona."

Paris: April 22, 1800.

"We have found very nice, comfortable and cheerful rooms, and intend spending the summer months here, in order to see Paris in its new aspect and rest a little after our travels. But we intend leaving here about the time that you will be returning from the country, and shall arrive soon after you at Erfurt, where we hope to spend some time with you. In the spring of 1801 I think of going to Tegel, and living there quietly until the question arises of a new post or employment for me. I should always accept such an offer with pleasure, but do not care to seek anxiously for an appointment. I know that would be as contrary to your principles as it is to mine.

"I find not only the constitution but the entire aspect of France changed. On our return we passed through some of the same provinces as on our way to Spain, and I am thus able to make a fairly accurate comparison. It was a great advantage to be spared the trouble of showing our passports and other precautionary measures. I found the inhabitants of the country indulging in new-born hopes and prospects for the future. The change was particularly marked at Toulouse and Orléans, formerly rendered notorious by the Terrorists. The principal streets of Orléans, desolate and deserted when we were there before, were now as animated as the Paris thoroughfares. I must add, however, that such activity is exceptional, and is due in this case to the sugar refineries, which have shown more energy since the 18th Brumaire. At Paris trade and all pertaining to it is at a standstill; money and credit are lacking. The troubles of the past year have paralysed everything, and until peace is restored no revival of home trade is to be expected, however actively the Government exerts itself in that direction. But the prospect of peace seems to be receding rather than advancing, and the general opinion here is that only a decisive campaign can bring about or prepare the way for peace. Germany is the more to be pitied, as it will only too probably be the theatre

of the new war. It is annoying for me too, as I shall then be prevented from travelling by Mayence and Frankfort, and shall be obliged to choose the inconvenient and disagreeable route by Wesel, Westphalia, and Hanover. My wife has sent you a detailed account of our Spanish journey after leaving Madrid. Although we only stopped a short time in each town, I saw all the most interesting sights, and met the most celebrated men. I was particularly pleased with Catalonia; through its natural advantages, and industrious inhabitants, it is the best cultivated of all the Spanish provinces. According to the reports of travellers in Holland, the Catalonians resemble the Dutch in activity; indeed, the province is often called the Holland of the South."

*Frau von Humboldt to her Aunt Frau von der Goltz*

Paris: May 29, 1800.

"We stayed nearly two months at Madrid, and were very fortunate in enjoying the advantages of the society of a select and agreeable circle of foreign ambassadors. We learnt enough Spanish to be able to converse fluently when we continued our journey. My husband knew Spanish before, and one of the children mastered the language so thoroughly, that he was admired wherever he went. The ease with which children acquire foreign languages is really astonishing. Theodor also can speak pretty well now; but as he practises three languages simultaneously and rarely says a complete sentence in any one of the three, mixing French, German and Spanish together, his conversation is varied and amusing. . . . . We left Madrid at the end of December and went to Cadiz by way of Aranjuez, the king's celebrated country seat, Cordova, and Seville. Our delight in the strange southern vegetation increased as we proceeded on our journey across Spain. We certainly suffered a good deal from the bad state of the roads owing to the rain, but since the beginning of the year we have had no cold weather, and have enjoyed four months of glorious springtime. From Cordova and all along the coast from Cadiz to Barcelona there were palms and cypresses, orange, lemon, and olive trees in profusion. Cadiz is one of the



prettiest and most remarkable places imaginable. The town is situated on an island, and I have never seen anything to compare with the cleanliness of the place. After spending ten happy days there in delightful society, we proceeded to Malaga, on the shores of the Mediterranean, where the climate is heavenly and the sky always blue and cloudless. From Malaga we bent our steps towards Granada, the old capital of the Moorish kings, whose palace is still in existence. The magnificence of the Moorish architecture is unique and can be compared to no other. We were in Granada at a peculiarly favourable time. The orange and lemon trees made a fine show with their golden fruit, while other trees were adorned with their new spring foliage. Only the fruit intended for export is plucked early, the remainder is left upon the trees until it is ripe. Granada is situated upon several hills rising from a fertile plain; the highest of them is crowned by the Alhambra, and the plain in which the town lies is encircled by high snow mountains. I cannot say too much of the beauty of the country, nor of the contrast between verdant fertility on the one hand and sterility and desolation on the other.

“From Granada we went to Murcia one of the richest and most prosperous cities in Spain, from Murcia to Alicante, deservedly famous for its wine, and thence to Valencia, where we stayed some time, as the town possesses many works of art and the country is very interesting; the immense care with which it is cultivated makes it like a garden. Moreover the climate of Valencia is excellent, and it does you good to breathe its fine air. It is never cold, and yet the fresh sea breeze which blows regularly between 10 and 11 in the morning prevents the heat from becoming oppressive. Keeping along the sea-shore from Valencia we traversed Catalonia, one of the richest and best cultivated provinces of Spain. We stayed ten days at Barcelona and then returned to France by Narbonne and Toulouse, arriving at Paris on April 18.”

*Frau von Humboldt to her Father*

Paris: May 29, 1800.

“I feel a double pleasure in writing to you to-day, because I hope that after the news of my confinement, of which Humboldt will have informed you,<sup>1</sup> you will be doubly pleased to receive a few lines in my own handwriting as a proof of my rapid recovery.

“We are longing for news of my brother-in-law, Alexander. The Marquis Granda of Madrid has, however, informed us that several mail boats are missing and have probably been captured. We are therefore less anxious about his long silence. In your last letter to my husband you express some uneasiness as to our lodging here, and the dust in Paris. But on that point you may set your mind at rest; our rooms on the ground floor are separated from the street and boulevard by a courtyard more than thirty paces long. This is generally the case with better-class houses in Paris, and in my opinion it contributes much to their comfort. I assure you that I have never had such a peaceful and quiet room before. My bedroom and the adjoining sitting-room face the garden, with a view of open fields and a lower lying portion of the town. . . .

“Since Napoleon’s return the work in the museums progresses slowly but surely. The Venus from the Capitol, the famous Amazon, Apollo, Laokoon, and several other statues have been put up. Raphael’s most perfect Madonna from the Pitti Palace in Florence has also arrived safely; it is perhaps the most lovely woman’s face ever imagined by any artist. The immense quantity of art treasures which are being amassed here is positively startling. I am by no means satisfied that the French should plunder Italy in this fashion, but as my feelings will not stop them, I gladly avail myself of the chance of seeing such beautiful works of art.”

Another winter was spent at Paris, and the Humboldts’ house was again the meeting-place of all the Germans and well-known foreigners in the French capital. Even in the spring of 1801 the long-planned departure for Germany

<sup>1</sup> Her daughter Adelheid (Adelaide) was born at Paris, May 17, 1800.

did not take place. Almost at the last moment Humboldt turned south again, and hurried back to the Pyrenees to continue the study of the Basque language in its native home. His researches detained him there several weeks. The family meanwhile remained in Paris, and summer had come again before they bade the capital farewell. They reached home in August after a pleasant journey. The following months were spent at Weimar, Erfurt, Burg-Oerner, and Tegel. By the winter they were settled in Berlin, where Gabriele, the fifth child and third daughter, was born on May 28, 1802.

## CHAPTER II

## GABRIELE

Childhood in Rome, 1802-1810

SHORTLY after Gabriele's birth, Humboldt's desire to take office coincided with the king's wish to employ him again in the service of the State. He was appointed Councillor of Legation and Resident at Rome. On September 14, 1802, he and his family set out upon the long-desired journey to Italy. The eldest daughter, Caroline, afterwards described the events of the journey thus:—

“We left Tegel on the morning of September 14, 1802, and drove straight to Potsdam. As we were such a big party we had two carriages, a large closed one and an open chaise. Besides Gabriele's wet nurse we took Friedrich, our Berlin man-servant, and Emilie the nursemaid, who had travelled with us already in Spain and France.

“On our way we stayed about a fortnight at Milan, for, as my father had been accredited to the whole of Italy, he had business there.

“Towards evening on November 25 we arrived at Rome; it had been a lovely mild day, and the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the roofs of churches and palaces. Impressive surroundings herald the presence of this unique city. From La Storta, the last halting place, we were in a state of continual excitement. The loneliness and desolation of the Campagna di Roma make an impression of profoundest melancholy. Many travellers complain that the Campagna is not cultivated, but if it were it would lose its peculiar character.

“With feelings of awe and admiration we crossed the Ponte Molle, a splendid piece of Roman architecture. Slowly and

proudly the Tiber rolls by, even its dirty yellow colour harmonises with Rome, with the melancholy yet magnificent impression the Eternal City must make upon every thoughtful, sensitive mind. There rises the perfect form of proud Soracte, there is the beautiful outline of the Albano range with its little villages, and there behind St. Peter, Monte Mario, with the Villa Mellini and the Villa Madama, relics of past grandeur fallen to decay. The arrival in Rome has been described so often that I need not enter into further details.

“ Nothing in the world can be compared with the entrance into Rome. Close to the gates there is the beautiful church Maria del Popolo; then the view widens, and there are the three converging streets with two churches at the corners. The obelisk in the centre of the square was something quite new to us, and seemed to transport us into another world. Above the gateway is this inscription, ‘ Felici fausto Ingresso.’

“ At the gates my father found a note from his predecessor, Uhden, to say that rooms were prepared for us in the Villa di Malta, where he was waiting to receive us. So we drove down the Strada del Babuino, across the Piazza di Spagna, past San Giuseppe, to the Monte Pincio, where that beautiful villa is situated. Slowly our carriages drove up the steep incline into the great courtyard, and at last drew up at the entrance. We found the rooms very pleasant, with lovely views from every window. Round one side of the house there is a broad terrace with a few steps leading down into the garden. Our rooms overlooked the garden with its shady walks and the beautiful fountain in the middle. On the journey we had all—the girls too—worn boys’ clothes, and for convenience sake we continued doing so until we had settled down. . . .”

When Humboldt came to Rome the *Concordat* had just been signed by Buonaparte and Pius VII., the pope newly elected under Austrian patronage. This had brought about a kind of armistice between France and the Holy See, though France was still a feared and hated enemy. Therefore, as the representative of a Power opposed to France and to revolution, Humboldt was made doubly welcome, and he soon became a favourite at the Papal Court and in Roman society.

His official duties, which were scarcely of a political character, suited him perfectly, and left him leisure in which to study the antiquities, art treasures, and great historical past of the Eternal City. Thus, above all he devoted himself to intellectual pursuits. Interesting people of all nationalities were to be found in Rome, and the house of the Prussian ambassador soon became the centre of the best society in Rome. That was largely due to Frau von Humboldt, whose charm and wit fascinated everyone, while her amiable disposition and her kind heart won her many life-long friends. There were several difficulties to be overcome at first, and the household arrangements, as we shall learn from the letters to her father, often gave her considerable trouble.

*Frau von Humboldt to her Father*

Rome: December 3, 1802.

“We are living in the Villa di Malta; from all our rooms and from the adjoining terrace we have beautiful views of the whole of the town with the outlying villas, and on clear days can even see the sea. At the end of next month we remove to Herr Uhden’s<sup>1</sup> former quarters, as we are too crowded here, and fear that the situation will prove too exposed in colder weather. We have taken Herr Uhden’s house for a year, and shall then either decide to keep it or if necessary look out for another. Rome has not the advantages of a metropolis, and as you cannot easily get ready-made things, furnishing is a difficult matter. Our route from Florence to Rome by Perugia and Terni was beautiful, and the scenery glorious. We stayed a day and a half at Perugia to enjoy the magnificent frescoes by Pietro Perugino, Raphael’s master. We spent a day at Terni to see the waterfall, reputed to be the highest in Europe, but the correctness of that statement is to be doubted. Two days later, on a lovely sunny afternoon, we arrived at Rome. The countless steeples make a splendid impression in the distance, but, considered as a modern town, Rome is disappointing. With the exception of the Corso and a few squares there is

<sup>1</sup> Former Prussian Ambassador in Rome.

nothing to strike the eye ; even the grandest palaces are either hidden in corners or have ugly entrances and other conspicuous faults. The dirty streets are in themselves enough to make Rome displeasing ; it is not the mud caused by the constant traffic of a big town, but filth that has a very different origin. Dust and ashes from the houses and refuse from the kitchen are all thrown into the street. Then the terrible poverty and the numberless beggars are an indescribably wretched sight. There is a perfect famine in the town. The people can no longer procure bread, the first necessary of life. You will understand this when I tell you that our daily supply of bread costs 18 sgr.<sup>1</sup>, and though at table we are only three grown-up people and four children who all eat very little bread, and we only provide for three of the servants, very strict supervision is necessary to manage with that quantity. All other victuals, with very few exceptions, are equally expensive, and after the New Year, when the copper currency will be withdrawn, prices will rise a third higher. I have not yet been much into society ; we have only been to one party at the house of the Imperial Ambassador, who made himself very agreeable when we met in Milan. As yet I have only been to the Colosseum and St. Peter's, but when you have seen those two great monuments of ancient and more modern times you have seen a great deal."

Rome : December 9, 1802.

"We have bought the furniture left by Herr Uhden ; but such things as beds, or rather mattresses, carpets, kitchen utensils, are still wanting and must be provided before January 1. We are getting on pretty well with the language, the beautiful Roman pronunciation makes learning easy."

Rome : January 13, 1803.

"We have arranged to be 'at home' to visitors on Wednesdays and Sundays.<sup>2</sup> The other days are either mail days or devoted to 'conversazioni' at which we must occasionally

<sup>1</sup> About 1s. 9d.

<sup>2</sup> At the beginning of the month the Humboldts had removed to the Palazzo Tomati, Via Gregoriana Trinità di Monte.

put in an appearance. We are installed in the new house, which is scantily furnished. The prices of even the simplest things are incredibly high, and it is surprising how quickly the money goes. It would be impossible to entertain visitors—I mean to dinner—on our income of 7,000 thaler.<sup>1</sup> Nobody expects it here. The richest Romans do not give more than two or three dinner parties a year, some give none at all; neither do the foreign ministers with the exception of the French and Portuguese ambassadors. But what immense salaries they have! I consider visiting at the Portuguese Embassy particularly pleasant. When we are more settled, I shall improve upon my Wednesday and Sunday teas by adding ices and cakes to the refreshments, which will distinguish them from the Roman ‘*conversazioni*.’ Torlonia, a banker and millionaire, who entertains about a hundred people twice a week, does not even offer his guests a glass of water. In the matter of dining I make a difference with my own countrymen, and once a week invite a few artists and others to dinner. Gabriele is growing stronger and looks much better. I have been fortunate in getting a good Italian girl to attend to her. The other children already begin to speak Italian. We only have fires in the evening, it is so warm. The gardens are still green and full of flowers, for the violets and hyacinths bloom all winter.”

Rome : June 17, 1803.

“ . . . We think of leaving Rome on July 1 and spending three or four months in the country. We have chosen L’Ariccia, a place just beyond Albano, and have taken a house there with a lovely garden and most perfect view. The Prince of Mecklenburgh has taken a place at Albano for the summer, and although his proximity will put us to some expense, it will be in many ways agreeable. The Prince is agreeable, well educated, and naturally talented; I think I may say that he has grown very fond of us during his stay in Rome, and I hope he will be no less pleased with us at Albano.

“ The only thing to which I object in Humboldt’s appoint-

<sup>1</sup> 1,000*l*.



ment here, and which might in time render a change desirable, is the immense distance from home and our friends and relations. I have only one other unpleasantness to complain of, namely, the expense of our life here and the constant change of residence with such a numerous family. Present circumstances, in particular this terrible war, will necessarily raise prices, and we should not be able to manage on our income if we were not very economical, and I might say almost indifferent to most of the things generally considered indispensable to the comfort of life.

“Our income has increased, but we are none the richer, for we have nothing to spare. In defiance of Roman customs, we use a hired conveyance instead of keeping our own horses and carriages.”

In the summer the family removed to L’Ariccia, where they went through a time of grief and suffering, never to be forgotten. The Roman climate demanded an awful sacrifice of the poor parents. On August 15, their eldest son Wilhelm died of fever after only a few days’ illness. In a letter dated September 2, Frau von Humboldt gives her father a detailed account of the circumstances of the boy’s illness and death. To add to the mother’s distress, about the same time the second boy, Theodor, was taken seriously ill with typhoid fever, and for some days his life was despaired of. He ultimately recovered, but was for a long time very weak and ill.

*Frau von Humboldt to her Father*

Rome : September 14, 1803.

“Theodor still lives, but since I last wrote, he has had two bad relapses, and the last time the doctor gave up all hope of saving him. You can imagine the condition we are all in, particularly the doctor; for six weeks he has lived only for Theodor’s life, to which, I think, he feels that mine is chained. Oh, God! this time of trial is very hard to bear! Theodor is strictly confined to his bed, but the fever, which we began to fear would lead to a decline, has left him, and though he is so pale and thin as to be unrecognisable, there is light in his eyes, and life in his features once more. We are full of hope.

Caroline has at last thrown off the obstinate attack of quartan fever, and Adelheid is also well again. Gabriele's condition is still unchanged. There is very little to be said of our present frame of mind. You must feel yourself, my dear father, that such a loss as we have suffered, is a loss for life. Such a splendid boy, the delight, the joy and admiration of all who saw him !

“ If the demonstration of sympathy can bring consolation, I confess we have had it in abundance, and I am none the less grateful for it, though it cannot comfort my afflicted heart. Humboldt is very quiet and composed, but his heart is deeply affected. Wilhelm was his favourite child and more of a companion than any of the others. Our health has perhaps only been maintained through the stress of circumstances and the terrible danger threatening Theodor's life. Since he has been pronounced out of danger I feel utterly exhausted. . . .”

In the course of the winter Theodor fell into an obstinate state of intermittent fever ; the doctors feared that these weakening attacks would lead to a decline, and insisted on his leaving Rome and its dangerous climate for some months. In March 1804, Frau von Humboldt therefore decided to take her son to Germany. Her eldest daughter, Caroline, the faithful Dr. Kohlrausch, and a German servant, who was likewise unable to stand the climate, accompanied her. The carriage looked like a hospital on wheels, for Theodor was so ill that he had to travel in his bed. But in a few days the fever left him to return at longer intervals, and in a milder form, so that when Frau von Humboldt arrived at her father's house at Erfurt on April 6 her son was convalescent.

Humboldt's duties detained him in Rome, where he remained alone with Adelheid and Gabriele. The two little girls and their Italian nursemaid were under his personal supervision. “ Mothers' helps,” the modern remedy for modern weakness, did not exist in those happy times before the terrible invention of the Kindergarten governesses under whose guidance our poor children are nowadays methodically taught to play. Anxiety for the bodily welfare of his little daughters induced Humboldt to have a young medical student in the house. He treated their little childish ailments

and was tyrannised over by Adelheid, who either overwhelmed him with favour or treated him with cold disdain. Humboldt's life with his little girls was a very happy one. He understood children better than do most men. It is really touching to see how the busy diplomat and learned scientist attended to the household duties and entered into the minutest details of his little ones' bodily and mental requirements. They were nearly always with him; they played in his room while he was at work; he watched them fall asleep at night, and wake in the morning, and gave his undivided attention to their childish joys and sorrows.

*Wilhelm von Humboldt to his Wife*

May 1804, Rome.

“Gabriele and Adel are always with me and quite well. Adel is a heavenly child, she gives me the greatest pleasure, but she tyrannises over me; to-day I had to dine at two o'clock, and I have to eat ‘broccoli’ almost every day. I have ordered her a little low table, and bought new hats for both of them. Yesterday I had to have a little flat iron specially made for her.

“Just now Adel and Gabriele are laughing so heartily—if only you could hear them! They are charming together, Adel looks after Gabriele, as though she were her child, and insists upon her going a walk every day. First she asks my permission in German, and then she says to Vicenza,<sup>1</sup> ‘Dice così; dovete andare a spasso, ma nel sole no!’ (‘He says so; you are to go for a walk, but not in the sun’).

“Adel is bubbling over with merriment. She always speaks Italian to herself, and German to me, though even with me she often begins in Italian. If you do not speak with the same Roman accent as she does, she says at once: ‘Ma dite bene, dite così!’ (‘but speak properly, speak like this!’)

“She sings the most incredible songs and tells long stories. Gabriele now comes to my room regularly, walking alone; if the door is closed, she knocks, and calls out, ‘Papà, zucchero,’ (‘Papa, sugar’); then I open the door for her, we go to your

<sup>1</sup> The nursemaid.

cupboard together, and she shouts with laughter as soon as she sees the sugar."

Even at this early age Adelheid's sense of orderliness became apparent, and she showed a decided talent for quick and energetic action in practical matters. This inclined her to be tyrannical, and brought about little battles with Gabriele, who had also a will of her own.

*Wilhelm von Humboldt to his Wife*

June 1804.

"I must give you a detailed account of something so sweet that good little Adel did for me this week. She had noticed that one of the seams under the arm of my everyday coat was torn. Without saying a word to me, she went to Vicenza while I was out, showed her the coat, and repeated 'Cucire, cucire, rotto, povero papà' ('Sew, sew, torn, poor papa'), till the maid mended it. When I returned she was wild with joy, clutched my coat and insisted on my noticing the repairs. She is really wonderfully intelligent. For the last fortnight she and Gabriele have not been able to agree, and Adel refuses to stay with her whatever Vicenza may say. Gabriele is very passionate too, and their dolls are a constant apple of discord. I am sorry for this, as it means my seeing less of the little one. I thought it better to give in and allow the children to be away from each other, as then Gabriele is more likely to want her sister's company again. Gabriele is quite well and very merry, but she does not grow or look robust. She is a strange child; now that she walks alone, begins to talk, and shows that she has ideas and a will of her own, it is quite comical to see what independence there is in this droll little person. . . ."

Humboldt spent the summer and autumn months at Marino, a little place near Albano, where the children could revel in the country air. At vintage time Gabriele took wine baths. She remembered in connection with this how she sat on a little stool in the fermenting wine, the high walls of the cask around her, while above her head was the blue Italian sky. Now and then the brown kindly face of a half-naked wine dresser, who was crushing grapes with his feet, would

bend over the edge of the cask, and hand down some of the fruit to the little captive in her strange prison. It was a wonderfully strengthening cure.

*Wilhelm von Humboldt to his Wife*

Marino: 1814.

“Gabriele is indescribably merry here; you can hear her laughing and chattering all over the house. But she does not grow at all. She will really have to marry in Marino, the place has such an excellent effect upon her and her health. . . . Adel sometimes stands on the balcony, which is quite safe, and overlooks the street. From there she holds conversations with the children who assemble below; sometimes she throws them a ‘bajocco,’ but not often, for she loves saving. The other day there was a most amusing scene. She was telling the children a long story of how she was born at Paris—they let that pass without remark—that she had a husband—here they began to laugh—and six children. This created a great commotion down below. Adel was much offended, threw herself down and began to scream. But when she saw that crying was no use, she suddenly jumped up, ran forward again, and gave vent to a volley of bad language. ‘Maledette bestie’ and Heaven knows what awful things she said, continually repeating ‘È vero, è vero, ho sei creature.’ It was most laughable.”

Gabriele was no less lively than her sister, but even in her earliest childhood she exercised a kind of self-control which made her appear less passionate than Adelheid, who would give expression to her joys and sorrows with true southern vehemence. Gabriele on the contrary would conceal what moved her most, and to the end of her life retained a certain bashfulness in speaking of her inmost feelings. This reserve was already noticeable in the tiny child.

*Wilhelm von Humboldt to his Wife*

Marino: September 1804.

“When I go to Rome I always bring back a toy, a doll or some other trifle. I generally give it to Adel, Gabriele always plays with it afterwards, and Adel is usually the first

to meet me and inquire what I have brought. Gabriele was present the last time I unpacked the things for Adel; when she had her hands full, Gabriele crept away to Vicenza, saying 'Papa tutto per Adelaide, a me niente' ('All for Adelheid, nothing for me'), and quietly shrugged her shoulders without a tear. Since then, as you may imagine, she always gets something for herself. I really did not think she noticed. . . .

"I am quite sure that until, now your absence has not actually harmed the children. I can certainly answer for their physical well-being. Who can calculate what such delicate sensitive little creatures lose by being deprived of your sweet presence and loving care? There is no doubt that your return will have a wonderful influence upon them. You will find them more developed in mind, more susceptible in feeling, and they will have more of you and you of them. Adel has grown gentler and quieter, though not a whit less lively. Gabriele is an exceedingly lively independent little creature; she is like a caged lion; if you call her, she will turn ten times round on her heel before coming to you."

On their walks the children frequently met the Pope, who was spending the summer in Castel Grandolfo, and often extended his promenades to Marino. With the imitative instinct of children the little girls would fall upon their knees by the wayside, and the Holy Father noticed Adelheid's grace and charm.

One of the Pope's companions, a man known for his loose principles, presented Adel to the Pope and asked her why she always knelt to him, adding: "Voi non credete al Papa" ("You do not believe in the Pope"). Adel, knowing his tendencies, answered with self-possession: "Io sì, ma voi no" ("I do, but you don't"). This very suitable reply created great amusement among the bystanders.

Naturally the children observed all the outward forms of the Catholic service whenever they chanced to enter a church with their nurse, or the weather forced them to take a walk in St. Peter's itself. Gabriele and Adelheid pressed many an ardent kiss on the already flattened toe of St. Peter, and even in her old age Gabriele remembered her predilection for this act of devotion and her love for the dark immovable figure of

the saint. For a child's awakening mind what a world of impressions that church contains!

Meanwhile Frau von Humboldt, after spending two months with her father, left Germany and reached Paris about the middle of June with Caroline, Theodor, and Dr. Kohlrausch. On July 2, a girl, Luise, was born there. Wilhelm von Humboldt never saw his little daughter, for, though she seemed strong and healthy, she only lived three months, and was laid to rest far away in a strange land at a friend's country seat near Paris. The affection and sympathy of Alexander von Humboldt, her brother-in-law, who was spending some months in Paris, was a great help to Frau von Humboldt in her trouble. When her health was re-established, she returned to her husband at Rome, feeling very sad and sorrowful at heart after the loss she had suffered.

*Frau von Humboldt to her Father*

Rome: February 16, 1805.

"I hope you received my letter from Turin, containing the news of our safe crossing of the Alps. From Turin we travelled no less pleasantly. We reached Milan in twenty-four hours, and stayed there two days to rest, and find a good 'vetturino' who took us to Rome in sixteen days *via* Bologna, Rimini, and the coast of the Adriatic. The only discomfort we suffered was an enforced stay of two days in a bad inn five miles from Parma. The Tajo had suddenly risen and carried off two bridges of boats the night before we arrived, so we had to await their reconstruction. After Milan the weather was beautifully mild, the roads were good nearly all the way, the scenery was lovely both on the sea-coast and near the Apennines, and we were all in the best of health and spirits. On January 29, at two o'clock in the afternoon, we were at Rome. My husband and the two little ones had driven out to meet us, and I leave you to imagine the joy of our meeting. My husband is not changed at all, the children on the contrary have changed greatly, but all to their advantage. Adelheid is at least half a head taller, and has a beautiful girlish figure. She is not really beautiful, but very charming; her large blue eyes and wonderfully expressive face are full of life and intel-

ligence and promise well for her looks in the future. Gabriele is still extraordinarily small; she will be three in May, but is no bigger than a child of eighteen months or two years; however, she is now as chubby and rosy as she used to be thin and frail; her little limbs are as firm as possible and her colouring is fresh and blooming. You can imagine nothing more lovely than her face: large blue eyes and long dark lashes, the sweetest mouth, and a deep dimple in her left cheek. She is perfectly proportioned, though small, and has the prettiest little hands and feet. They have quite forgotten their German. Adelheid still understands a little, but is very angry if you expect her to answer. Gabriele pays no attention to German. I need hardly say that they both speak Italian with the utmost volubility. Theodor only speaks German with difficulty as he learnt to speak French fluently in Paris, so you can imagine what a truly Babel-like confusion of tongues reigns here. If you could only join us at one of our meals, you would always remember it with amusement. Theodor's health was well maintained throughout the journey. He is still thin, but his rapid growth accounts for that, and he has a good healthy colour. God help us all when the summer comes! Caroline is nearly as tall as I am. . . . I have had no news of my brother-in-law Alexander since leaving Paris, and we now expect him here from day to day. To-day is the first masked day of the Carnival; I will not deprive the children of their promised drive in the Corso, after which I have to dine with the Duchess of Cumberland."

The year 1805 was one of the most brilliant and interesting of the Humboldts' sojourn at Rome. Neither before nor after their time has any house in Rome ever been to the same extent the centre and rallying point of all noted representatives of art and science. The presence of Alexander von Humboldt, who came to spend some months with his brother, lent another attraction to the house of the Prussian ambassador. The most prominent men of all nations were anxious to make the acquaintance of the great traveller, and with breathless interest listened to his descriptions of the marvellous natural wonders of that America which he may truly be said to have rediscovered.



*Frau von Humboldt to her Aunt*

Rome : May 30, 1805.

“ The management and control of my large household, as well as the supervision of my children’s education, rest entirely on my shoulders. Until the tutor comes to help me my time will be fully occupied. Caroline and Theodor are both at an age when the actual learning and the constant repetition of what they have mastered are most necessary, and as we live in a foreign country it is naturally difficult to find masters who can give lessons in German. Humboldt is too overworked to attend to the children, and it therefore falls to my share. This will be the case for another three months, but on September 1 we expect the tutor, whom I was fortunate enough to engage in Paris, and I then look forward to obtaining a little more leisure time. I must, however, add that all the children, big and little, give me as much pleasure as trouble. . . .

“ I had a pleasant journey and no accidents on my way from Paris to Rome by the Alps and Mont Cenis, and was indeed glad to be once more with my husband. I did well not to wait any longer for my brother-in-law Alexander. His numerous affairs delayed his departure from Paris so long, that he only arrived here on April 29. Since then we have thoroughly enjoyed his company, and as many of the visitors are now leaving Rome, we have a quieter time before us.

“ We have had an unusual number of visitors this winter. Two ladies in particular occupied a great deal of our time. Madame de Staël, whom we already knew,<sup>1</sup> was one of them ; she is certainly a remarkably clever and, what is less well known to the world, a really good woman. I admire and love her simply for her intense devotion to her father’s memory and her boundless reverence for his name.<sup>2</sup> The other lady

<sup>1</sup> From the first visit to Paris in 1798.

<sup>2</sup> Madame de Staël, daughter of Necker, the French minister of finance, was born in 1766. From the time of her marriage in 1786 until Napoleon banished her from Paris in 1801 and from France in 1806, she played an influential part in French politics. Among other works, she was the author of two romances, *Corinne* and *Delphine*, and of a book on Germany that perhaps first awoke the interest of the French in countries other than their own.

was a Frau von der Recke, née Countess Medem, a cousin and faithful friend, whom I have known and loved since my early youth. Our house was the only social centre available to these ladies, and if you consider that almost every evening has been devoted to society, and every morning to my children and my household duties, you will see what my life has been during the last four months. If the children keep well, we shall remain at the Monte Pincio all the summer, for, except on the Monte Cavallo, there is no better air to be had in Rome; from the middle of September to the middle of November we intend staying at Tivoli. We cannot go to Tivoli in the summer when Humboldt has to go backwards and forwards at least once a week. At the end of September his holidays commence, and we intend to spend them at that lovely spot.

“I could tell you much interesting political news which cannot be written. Italy will probably soon be the scene of great events.”

The year 1806 began promisingly for the Humboldts. On January 7 another son was born.

*Frau von Humboldt to her Aunt*

Rome: 1806.

“Without boasting I think I may say that it would be hard to find a finer family of children. Night and morning I pray God to keep them safe; if He hears my prayer, I shall be happy. Caroline is the picture of health, Theodor has quite recovered and works hard with his new tutor, Adelheid is particularly lively, very clever and well-built, and Gabriele is an angel of gentleness and beauty, the prettiest of all. The little new-born son is big and healthy, he was christened in my sitting-room on my birthday, February 23. Prince Frederick of Saxe-Gotha, Frau von der Recke, Count Wengersky, and the Imperial Ambassador, Count Khevenhüller, were his sponsors. An English bishop passing through Rome performed the ceremony and christened him, Friedrich Constantin Gustav. We were all rejoicing over my speedy recovery and the baby's good health, when alas! two days later, on the 25th, came the news that my brother and my aunt had both passed away. How can I describe my feelings? I was overcome with

anxiety for my aged father, with sympathy for you in your sad loss, and with grief and regret for those who are no more, though I hope and believe that they are happier now than they could be here. Nothing would have prevented me from going to my father, but the condition of my health absolutely forbids my travelling. Absence and separation never weighed upon my mind more heavily than at this season.

“The death of my beloved brother and the birth of our little son have suggested to my husband the idea of proposing to my father the adoption of one of our boys, who might then bear the name Dacheroden as well as Humboldt. Do you approve of the plan? It is not vanity or pride that prompts my husband, but the hope of giving my father pleasure in conferring his own honoured name upon one of our children, as he has been denied the happiness of grandsons in my lamented brother’s family. My husband will endeavour to arrange matters through the ministry in Berlin. An adopted son would be excluded from the entail, which is restricted to male descendants.”

The Humboldts spent the summer at Rome, with occasional short visits to Prince Lucien Buonaparte at Frascati, where he and his charming family lived in quiet retirement in the Villa Ruffinella not far from ancient Tusculum.

In the course of this year, without the least exertion on his part, Humboldt received the title of *ministre plénipotentiaire*, and was nominated *Chargé d’Affaires* at Naples with a substantial rise in salary. Although his aged father-in-law begged for his assistance in the settlement of his complicated affairs, Humboldt could not, after these marks of royal favour, ask for leave of absence at such a critical moment. War was raging in Germany, and for the ‘Romans’ anxious times set in. The war intelligence came comparatively quickly by the daily courier whom Napoleon sent to his brother Joseph in Naples, but for weeks no news of friends or relatives reached the anxious exiles cut off from all communication by letter.

*Frau von Humboldt to her Father's Secretary*

Rome: November 26, 1806.

“Your letter was the first to reach me since the war actually began. Day and night I have thought of my father and wondered what his fate might be in this time of misery and wretchedness. I cannot be sufficiently grateful to Heaven for sparing his health after the first great shock was over. Please do not fail to write to me every eight or ten days if my father is unable to do so himself, and tell me all you know of the people in Erfurt and on the neighbouring estates. How do things look in Burg-Oerner? In Talebra<sup>1</sup> the damage is great; but why complain? in such times as these we must arm ourselves with courage and resignation. How is poor B. (a farmer at Talebra)? Will he recover from his wounds?”

“Our poor brave Germany is in a terrible condition! Who can answer for the events of the morrow! My only endeavour is to face them with the courage born of the consciousness of duties fulfilled, and it is thus I seek to educate my children, with the expectation that they too will live to see great things.

“We are quite of your opinion that the great changes already sustained, or still to be sustained, in Germany may put an end to our stay at Rome. But you and my father will agree that we can do nothing now, and must await the unravelling of this confusion. The only course open to my husband is to remain at the post entrusted to him, and useless as his presence has become, his honour would be compromised were he to desert. For in the stress of present circumstances it is more than ever important to keep your honour pure and stainless. There can naturally be no question of salary now, Humboldt's capital brings in no interest, and our means are therefore greatly reduced; my father's fortune will also suffer, and we do not expect him to assist us. We have to consider the uncertainty as to whether and how long this post will be maintained, and the financial risk of my undertaking a journey now, when I may have to return again later on; all

<sup>1</sup> One of the Dacheroden estates, which had suffered greatly from the enemy.

these considerations force us to await quietly the course of events."

The younger children were but little affected by Prussia's humiliation. The elder ones were filled with horror and indignation by tales of the plundering at Tegel, the destruction of Burg-Oerner, and the danger to which their grandfather had been exposed. Theodor wished for a sword to set upon the Frenchmen, saying, "I am really a German, though I live at Rome," but Adelheid and Gabriele were too young for these distant events to make a lasting impression on them. For them the year 1807 passed in the happy peace of childhood, partly at Rome, partly at Albano. But in the November of that year even their childish hearts were touched by sorrow; on the 12th little Gustav's short life drew to a close; his sweet gentleness had won him the name "il santarello" (little saint), and bitterly the parents grieved as they laid him to rest beside the Pyramid of Cestius.

Some day Humboldt hoped to rest there too with his beloved wife; to end his days at Rome was the greatest wish of his heart, nor would he ever voluntarily have left the Eternal City. There they were both at home in the best sense of the word, free to follow their natural bent, happy in themselves, and imparting happiness to countless fellow-creatures. But after the death of his only son, the old President von Dacheroeden, left without support in his old age, and feeling that his end was approaching (he died in November 1809), implored Humboldt to assist him in putting his affairs in order. Thus Humboldt was obliged to go to Erfurt, intending to return to Rome as soon as possible. How he was prevented from carrying out that intention, how his country called upon Wilhelm von Humboldt, and how he answered the call to duty, are facts indelibly recorded in the history of Prussia, but only in so far as they affected his family life will they find mention here.

Destiny, which had transformed Europe, did not pause at the gates of Rome. On February 2, 1808, the town was occupied by French troops, the Papal forces were disarmed, and the Papal States henceforth treated as a conquered province. Pius VII. was a prisoner in his own capital. In

October Humboldt left Rome. His wife remained behind, but the brothers and sisters were separated: Theodor, who was now eleven years old, accompanied his father to Germany to be educated there. The three girls remained entirely under their mother's influence. People who were not fortunate enough to know her well, rarely if ever judged her correctly. And this is not surprising. A woman who revelled in art, whose knowledge was so extensive and whose judgment so keen as to be highly valued by a man like Goethe, such a woman might well be expected to devote herself entirely to intellectual pursuits. Thus few imagined that she was above all a faithful and devoted mother, and a practical housewife perfectly acquainted with every detail of her household. Yet such was the case, and she even extended her motherly care to the material wants of the young artists who found a real home under her roof. As no one knew her so intimately as her own husband, some of Humboldt's occasional remarks will give a truer and more life-like picture of her than any other description.

(1808) "Again in Germany, where I have now seen so many women, everywhere the feeling is borne in upon me that you are unique, that you alone in all the world combine true independence, perfect love, real greatness, and sweet womanliness."

In Weimar (1810) he again met Caroline von Wolzogen,<sup>1</sup> whom he liked and respected: he compares the two women, and writes as follows:—

"It seems incredible that the difference between you, which I noted when first we met, should still be so evident. You will always be more, far more, than she can even grasp or comprehend. She cannot conceive that with your faithfulness, your devotion to home, your delight in the children,

<sup>1</sup> Caroline von Wolzogen (*née* Von Lengefeld) was born at Rudolstadt February 3, 1763. She married first Privy Councillor Von Beulwitz and second Wilhelm von Wolzogen. She died at Jena January 11, 1845. Her younger sister Charlotte was the wife of the poet Schiller. Frau von Wolzogen was a life-long friend of the Humboldts and a woman of great gifts. Her life of Schiller, published in 1830, takes high rank among the biographies of the poet. (Cf. *Literarischer Nachlass der Frau Caroline von Wolzogen*. Leipzig, 1867. 2 vols.)

their needs and occupations, you have preserved an independent judgment, untrammelled powers of intellect and imagination and wide sympathies. The very possibility of such a combination would seem problematical to her. She is remarkable in her way, but she lacks the noblest qualities of a woman's nature."

Wilhelm von Humboldt was not by any means the only one to hold so high an opinion of his wife. Whoever approached her must have been sensible of her incomparable goodness and nobleness. In whatever circle her name was mentioned it called forth expressions of unbounded love and respect; occasionally her husband reports them to her:—

"The other day I heard Prince G. speaking of you in such a charming and touching way that he really quite won my heart again. He declared you to be the best woman in the world, which you are; he said that no one speaks more beautifully than you do, that you seem to soar above all earthly things, and can none the less enter fully into all things human. In short, the quick apprehension and the keen perception which are his finest qualities, became apparent in his description of the best woman he ever met, and by whom he had been evidently greatly influenced. Goethe sends you his kindest remembrances; he has forwarded you his latest novel, 'Die Wahlverwandtschaften,'<sup>1</sup> by a traveller, and I could see how eagerly he wishes you to read his book. He also talked a good deal of your description of the Spanish pictures. He calls it a treasure, and says that your notes on Raphael's pictures are a masterpiece—and he is right. He maintains that he has never read descriptions which have enabled him to judge the pictures described so successfully. He was best pleased with your notes on the Madonna del Pesce, for he has now become acquainted with the colours employed in this picture and finds that they coincide with his theory. So, my dearest, you see how perfect you are! Do I not always say so, though you will not believe me? Nevertheless it is true. I am both touched and overjoyed to think that you who are perfect should be satisfied with me and content to love me.

<sup>1</sup> *Elective Affinities*, published in 1810.

“I am fully assured that you are German in the noblest sense of the word, that in you the first principle of all that is best and highest in our thoughts and feelings is clearly defined. I can impartially aver that no general formula has ever been more perfectly exemplified in a single example, than German womanliness in you.”

So the children ran no risk of losing their German ways during their long absence abroad, though the German language once dethroned by Italian never regained its hold over them. After her return in 1805 all the mother's attempts to converse with the children in German were vain. Adelheid and Gabriele showed the greatest repugnance to the outlandish sounds, and the latter would creep under the table, like “a savage under a palm tree” the others said, and wait there quietly till more familiar accents fell upon her ear. The servants, all the inmates of the house, and most of the visitors spoke French or Italian, and those languages Frau von Humboldt knew as well as her own. So there was no possibility of reinstating German, and after several irksome attempts on the part of mother and children, it was abandoned and lessons too were learnt in Italian. In November, 1808, Gabriele writes her first letter to her father (of course in Italian) to thank him for a Venetian necklace; the letters are at least an inch high.

Rome: Nov. 19, 1808.

“Dear Papa, I cannot write well yet, but still I want to tell you how much I love you and Theodor, and how much I wish for your return. Thank you for the necklace, with which I shall deck myself out like a lady. Adelheid is learning German, which I do not like at all. We sleep in your room, and in the morning the doctor often brings us sweets. Farewell, dear Papa, love your good Gabriele, and give my love to Theodor.”

Frau von Humboldt's childhood and youth had been much saddened by her mother's early death. The lonely country life, with her pedantic father and matter-of-fact brother, the strict supervision of an unintellectual French governess, restrained and oppressed the girl's bright intellect and lively



temperament. It is a striking proof of the originality and strength of her character, that instead of being weighed down by such influences, she preserved a peculiar freshness and inexhaustible cheerfulness. In later years the remembrance of her own oppressed and joyless youth naturally led her to desire as much freedom and happiness as possible for her children. Adelheid and Gabriele had a sunny childhood, warmed and brightened not only by Italian sunshine, but by the sunshine of a mother's love. They were never confided to the care of a governess, and as the manifold demands upon their mother's time naturally prevented her from being constantly with them, their characters developed freely and independently. All the same, however, they were surrounded by their mother's influence as by the air they breathed. In the year 1809 they began taking lessons from various masters. The plan of their lessons seems extensive for such little girls, but they never found it too much. They threw themselves enthusiastically into their studies, and "the masters are delighted with Gabriele's inexhaustible spirits and Adelheid's attention. Out of lesson time Adelheid often says to Gabriele: 'Adesso facciamo una lezione insieme' ('Now let us do lessons together'), and then she begins to lecture." Their attachment to one another became more manifest, they were never happy apart. In January 1809 their mother writes :

"Gabriele's behaviour is quite touching in her sister's slight illness. She insists on dining with Adelheid, and to-day for the first time I have been able to persuade her to come for a drive with me. We took her with us into the gallery, but she refused to eat without Adelheid, at whose bedside she sits or stands all day long, reading aloud, telling stories or manipulating the burattini (marionettes) which she has cut out herself. Our little Gabriele is really the most loving and affectionate creature in the world. . . . Yesterday Canova<sup>1</sup> came to see me, he stood spellbound before Gabriele, walked round and round her with his great hat and feathers, and assured me he had never yet seen mortal child with such

<sup>1</sup> Canova (1757-1822), the great Italian sculptor, studied at Vienna, Venice, and Rome, and his work won European fame.

arms and such a neck. It was really very funny. He could not understand why Rauch<sup>1</sup> and Thorwaldsen<sup>2</sup> had not tried to model her, and was really quite beside himself."

About this time the two sisters were painted by Gottlieb Schick,<sup>3</sup> a very talented artist, who unfortunately died young. It is a charming picture,<sup>4</sup> one of the chief ornaments of the house at Tegel. Frau von Humboldt describes the portrait thus:—

"It is quite a triumph in grouping. Schick himself considers it the truest, most life-like and characteristic portrait he has ever painted. Gabriele is leaning against her sister. The picture is perfectly true to life; an image of happiness, of innocent contented childhood and lovely unconsciousness. Schick has succeeded wonderfully well in bringing out the characteristic difference between the two bonny faces. The picture is the admiration of all Rome."

Two years later Theodor Körner<sup>5</sup> saw the picture in Vienna and was so enchanted by "this well-spring of gladness," as he called it, that he wrote a sonnet on it.

On April 23, 1809, the family received its last addition in the birth of a son. Two months later he was christened Hermann, in St. Peter's, according to Roman Catholic rites, as there was no Protestant clergyman in Rome at the time.

Frau von Humboldt again spent the summer at Albano, and while there, undertook the girls' education alone. Rauch,

<sup>1</sup> Rauch (1777-1857) was a great German sculptor. The statue of Frederick the Great at Berlin, at the east end of the Linden, opposite the palace of the old Emperor William, and the statues of Queen Louise and Frederick William III. in the mausoleum at Charlottenburg are perhaps his best known works.

<sup>2</sup> Thorwaldsen (1770-1844) was a Danish sculptor who spent nearly the whole of his life at Rome. He belongs to the first rank of modern sculptors. His best known work in England is the statue of Lord Byron in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

<sup>3</sup> Schick (1779-1812), a noted historical, portrait, and landscape painter, was a native of Stuttgart. His best work is to be found in his portraits, among which are those of many members of the Humboldt family.

<sup>4</sup> The frontispiece is a photogravure copy of this picture.

<sup>5</sup> Körner (1791-1813), a native of Dresden, was a famous German poet and patriot. In 1812 he entered the Prussian army as a volunteer, and was mortally wounded fighting the French in Mecklenburgh in 1813. His war songs are admirable.

who had accompanied them to the country, continued to instruct them in drawing.

Rome had meanwhile witnessed vast changes. Pius VII. had been carried off to France a prisoner; the Papal States had ceased to exist as such, and thus Humboldt lost his post as ambassador. Social life had also changed under French rule, and visitors came to Rome in far smaller numbers. Though Frau von Humboldt's position no longer compelled her to keep open house, she took up her old life in the winter, and every evening the spell of the "incomparable Li" attracted a merry crowd of young artists to the Palazzo Tomati. The children were always present at these mirthful meetings, and at an age when other children are leading secluded lives in nursery or schoolroom, the little girls learned to move freely and naturally in society. What wit and humour ran riot among the talented young men, and how they would quarrel over the date and value of some newly discovered work of art! Many valuable antiques came into Frau von Humboldt's possession at this time. In spite of her small income she always managed to spare enough to buy old pieces of sculpture and employ poor artists in restoring them, or to afford such artists pecuniary assistance. There never were happier or more grateful debtors. Both parties did their best, and again and again Frau von Humboldt wishes: "Oh, to be very rich! I'd still wear print dresses, but I should be able to help people." In a letter to her husband on January 3, 1810, she describes one of those artists' parties:—

"Yesterday was Rauch's birthday, so I made a little *jête* for him, and invited only the artists with whom he associates, as well as Ackerblad, Werner,<sup>1</sup> and a few others to spend the evening here. Some cold meat and poultry, bishop<sup>2</sup> to drink, and a birthday cake with candles made up the whole entertainment. Rauch was delighted. In the morning when I congratulated him, I told him you had

<sup>1</sup> Werner, a divine and poet, was born at Königsberg in 1768. He visited Rome, where he renounced Protestantism. Being ordained priest, he became a great preacher. His dramatic works and sermons were published together in 1841 in fourteen vols.

<sup>2</sup> A mixture of wine, oranges, and sugar.

allowed me to pay his debts, that he must tell me what sum would cover them, and that he might consider the old debt owing to us liquidated. I assure you he was moved to tears; he is a good and really grateful fellow, full of feeling, and much attached to us. In the evening we had some music; Caroline sang beautifully, and people were astonished to see and hear Adelheid sing an air with perfect self-confidence and in excellent time."

Rauch proved his gratitude to Frau von Humboldt by a present he gave her on her birthday, February 23.

"Rauch," she writes, "is giving me a life-size statue of Adelheid; she is seated, and represents Psyche holding a butterfly in her little hands. The likeness is striking, and the pose of the head beautiful. The youthfulness and purity of the figure are lovely; it is partly draped, the neck and arms bare. Of course she only sat for the modelling of the head, Rauch found a model for the figure exactly of Adel's age and build. If possible I shall have the statue copied in marble." This was done, and in his old age, whenever Rauch saw his youthful masterpiece at Tegel, he would declare it to be the most charming thing he had ever done.

The constant intercourse with artists, the hours spent in Rauch's and Thorwaldsen's studios, the atmosphere of beauty which surrounded them, early awakened in Gabriele and Adelheid an interest in art, and it was not surprising that before leaving Rome they should ask their mother to show them all the museums and galleries. The time for their departure was now approaching, and although it was uncertain whether Humboldt would remain in the service of the State, both parents considered it their duty to spend some years in their native land, "in order that the girls might not be estranged from all that is German, for we must let Adelheid and Gabriele learn what can only be acquired by living in the country itself."

Before leaving Italy Frau von Humboldt wished to see Naples, whither she went with all four children on March 10, 1810. Rauch, who for the last twelve months had lived altogether with the Humboldts, accompanied them, and the whole party were delighted with the beauty of the scenery. Frau

von Humboldt writes : " You would be surprised to see how the children enjoy it, they are spell-bound. Naples is heavenly ; words fail to express the magnificence and loveliness of its scenery. There is nothing to equal the tints on the mountains on bright sunny days ; yet the solemnity, the boundless grandeur of Rome are wanting. Rome is, and ever will be, the Eternal City. We went to Nola the other day, but the excursion was a failure, we had nothing but misfortunes and vexations. The museum and the Scavi (excavations) were closed, the road was bad, our carriage stuck fast in the mud, and had to be dragged out by oxen. On the way back we broke down altogether, and had to walk about five Roman miles. On such occasions the little girls behave splendidly, they are always merry and indefatigable, and can climb like chamois. Rauch always says you could go round the world with them." They went everywhere and saw all the glorious surroundings of Naples, Salerno, Baiae, Paestum, Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Sorrento ; indeed they even ascended Mount Vesuvius with their mother, who describes the excursion as follows :—

" I had to stay two more days in Naples in order not to miss the ascent of Vesuvius. The weather was unfavourable, but on May 3 we at last set out. About midday we drove to Portici, where we left Hermann with his nurse ; the two little girls and I engaged guides and donkeys and rode up to the Hermitage. Caroline did not go ; M. forbade it, saying the fatigue would be too great, and I am now convinced that she would never have reached the summit. At the Hermitage we refreshed ourselves with excellent 'Lacrima' wine and then rode on over lava to the foot of the mountain. The last stream of lava which came down six months ago has destroyed the road, and the guides say it has never been worse. The ascent is terribly tiring, for the greater part of the way you have no firm foothold, but with intervals for rest we got up and down very well. The little girls ran like mice. Alexander would have been pleased to see them so courageous. Mount Vesuvius and its vast region of awful sterility is wonderfully impressive. The wind was favourable, and drove the clouds of smoke and sulphur down the mountain before us, so

that we had a perfectly glorious view. The sun sank into the sea behind Corcello, and long before sunset a wonderfully deceptive image of the sun was reflected in the waters. The most beautiful country lay stretched at our feet."

On May 9, Frau von Humboldt returned to Rome, well satisfied with her trip. She now began to make preparations for a final departure, though the ever-varying conditions of Humboldt's official position made it impossible to fix a definite time. It seemed possible, even probable, that Humboldt would retire from office, and come to Rome himself to fetch the family. The post was so incredibly slow that it took two months to receive a reply to a letter, and the hot summer weather had set in before Frau von Humboldt received the news of Humboldt's appointment in June to the embassy at Vienna. She now delayed her departure until a more favourable season for travelling.

Meanwhile the little girls had begun to go into society, and the letters of June, 1810, often contain passages like the following:—

"We have been to the Villa Aldobrandini. Adel and Gabriele danced a Roman saltarella and a tarantella to everyone's satisfaction. The day before yesterday they dined with me at the Prince of Saxony's, and behaved charmingly. Werner says nothing would give him greater pleasure than to see them among other children in Berlin; he calls them 'the Romans.' Will they ever go to Berlin? or whither? I feel almost like a Latona whom no island would harbour." And later:—

"We have been to a ball and concert given by the Livonian family in the Villa Aldobrandini. The garden was beautifully decorated, above all by the light of the full moon; its calm radiance flooded my soul with longing thoughts. Afterwards the young people danced. Adelheid and Gabriele are already known to be very good dancers. In Vienna they will learn to waltz still more perfectly. These frivolous little ladies are now longing to travel and can hardly restrain their impatience. Adel is continually asking: 'Ma in somma quando andiamo? Mi secca di non veder le vostre cose andar avanti!' ('Whenever are we going to start? It bores me not to see your affairs progressing.') And Gabriele tells everyone: 'No

andiamo nak Deuschlande.'” The difference in temperament between the two sisters became more marked as time went on without altering in the least their affection for one another. Adelheid, though only ten years old, already busied herself with household matters.

“The little shrimp takes charge of the household; without asking my advice she orders the dinner and supper, and when the servant reports to me I generally find everything so well arranged that I need suggest no alterations. Should I, however, make a change in her menu, she gives Riga (the servant) a questioning look across the table, and when he points to me, she blushes fiery red. I make the girls write a letter every day, it is a good orthographical exercise, and teaches them to express their ideas. Adel always writes me long descriptions of Vienna, of the walks, the scenery, the house, the meeting with you and Theodor, the number of servants, &c.; in a word, she displays a real talent for fiction.

“Gabriele writes nothing but love letters. The ‘caro amante’ goes to the wars, his lady love laments—‘ma bisogna andar alla guerra ingrata’ (‘but he must go to the cruel wars’). She also writes pretty verses.”

Both little girls were fond of writing to their father and brother; their letters were written without help or correction, and Gabriele’s were always well expressed in a neat copper-plate hand.

Not until September 24 did Frau von Humboldt set out for Vienna. Many people in Rome were full of sorrow and regret when the house on Trinità di Monte became empty and desolate. No one lost more than Rauch, whose grief and loneliness knew no bounds when he parted from his friends at Florence, whither he accompanied them on their journey, which was comfortable and comparatively quick. In Venice and Klagenfurth a delay was caused by the necessity of repairing the travelling coach, but on October 21 the long-desired meeting after two years’ separation took place at Vienna. Humboldt had already been there some days, Theodor had arrived a few hours before from Berlin, where he had been at school. At last the family was reunited, and Humboldt was able to make the acquaintance of his youngest son.

## CHAPTER III

## GABRIELE

Residence at Vienna, 1810 to 1814—Journey to Berlin through Switzerland, 1814—Adelheid's marriage, 1815—Confirmation—Journey to Frankfort-on-Maine, 1816.

HUMBOLDT found Vienna in a condition of apathy and depression similar to that of Rome. At the time of his arrival utter exhaustion followed the heroic though futile struggle. Austria was crushed by Napoleon's mighty hand. Further resistance or a fresh war was out of the question, since in October 1809, by Napoleon's express desire, Metternich was appointed minister of foreign affairs. Prussia was equally prostrate, desponding and dispirited. The ambassador's most important task was to watch quietly the state of affairs, and gradually to prepare an amicable understanding between the two oppressed countries. Under such circumstances active interference would have been harmful. Thus Humboldt had plenty of leisure for his own studies, which, as in Rome, were now chiefly directed to languages. The immense difference between the past and present lives of the Humboldts soon made itself felt, but joy at being reunited was compensation for the loss of the delightful social intercourse and the various pleasures they had found at Rome. Modern Vienna with its superficial society had nothing of that sort to offer them. In their home everything recalled their beloved Rome, where they were still wont to dwell in imagination. For a long time the family clung to the Italian language, and it cost Adelheid and Gabriele no small exertion to settle down in their new surroundings. They had to work hard; to so much that was new Greek was added, for as their mother and sister Caroline read the classics with ease and enjoyment, it was taken for granted that the younger girls



should be enabled to do likewise. There still exist exercises, vocabularies, and translations written in the little girls' firm handwriting. They were often taken to the theatre in order that they might become accustomed to the sound of the German tongue and acquainted with the noble and beautiful language. Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell" gave Gabriele a nickname which clung to her for a long time. She was following the play with silent, breathless interest. Adelheid on the contrary was weeping passionate tears of pity for Tell, and of anger against Gessler. Quite beside herself that her sister was not equally excited, she cried: "Sei crudele, sei come il Landvogt" ("You are cruel, you are like the Landvogt"). For a long time that name stuck to Gabriele; she became so accustomed to it that she would often excuse herself with: "Il Landvogt non può adesso,"<sup>1</sup> if too busy to come when called. In later years her pet names were more poetical: for months she was Snowwhite, and even Undine.

The cruel little "Landvogt" stood the change from south to north very well, and the next two years were spent at play and work in undisturbed peace. Theodor Körner, a frequent visitor at the Humboldts', was delighted with the clever, beautiful children, and the perfect ease and grace with which they performed the little comedies and dialogues he wrote for them on various occasions. His first dramatic attempt of the kind was for Adelheid and Gabriele, who charmed him by "the significance with which the graceful children invest the smallest trifle." In June 1812 he wrote to his family: "The Humboldt children acted my little piece: all of them, especially Gabriele, have great talent." The latter tells her father about the performance; she writes in German now, but still uses the Roman characters:—

"On Monday we celebrated your birthday very joyfully. Adel and I acted a little play written by Körner. Adel was the nymph of the Danube, and I the Tiber nymph. The former first sang a little song to the guitar, and then spoke a monologue: next I came from Italy, regretted you were no longer there, and then we both made a wreath for you."

<sup>1</sup> "The Landvogt can't come now."

The manuscript of the duologue still exists, and is not contained in any of the newer editions of Körner's works.<sup>1</sup>

Herr von Hedemann, one of Prince Wilhelm of Prussia's adjutants, was fascinated by Adelheid's grace and beauty even at that early age. He had made Humboldt's acquaintance in 1809 at Königsberg. The latter returned the young man's admiration with real affection, and desired to introduce him to his family. In 1811, Hedemann came to Vienna to make Frau von Humboldt's acquaintance; he saw Adelheid, and entered into correspondence with her in order to afford her opportunities of practising the German language, with the result that he completely lost his heart to the bewitching child. Gabriele also made a great impression upon him, and when writing to thank Frau von Humboldt for a drawing representing Gabriele as the Tiber nymph, he gave a characteristic description of her in the following words: "I cannot tell you what heartfelt pleasure the picture of Gabriele has given me. I have never seen a more beautiful portrait; the artist has caught the child's whole character in the passing moment. The dark, downcast eyes are so modest and devout, the mouth is so childish and roguish, the whole countenance expresses the depth and liveliness of her temperament, and the heavenly peace that is enthroned upon her brow. Rauch was enchanted with the picture. If only Adelheid's portrait had come too!"

The events of the years 1812 and 1813 placed Humboldt in a very difficult position, and it required such a personality as his to solve the problems that presented themselves to him. The history of Prussia bears the impress of his influence. His line of action naturally affected his family. When the king's call "To my people!" resounded, it re-echoed in the hearts of those, who had almost forgotten home under the spell of Italy. During a time of such great anxiety, and of hope, even the children learned to feel as Germans, and came forth from the days of trial wonderfully matured. It could not have been otherwise; their mother followed the course of events with the keenest interest, and with remarkable insight

<sup>1</sup> In the German edition of *Gabriele v. Bülow* Körner's play, which is in verse, is printed in full.

recognised the gravity of the times. Her letters to Humboldt at headquarters, and those written to Prague in the summer of 1813, afford the best proofs that all personal interests sank into oblivion, and that her heart beat only for her country's good.

*Frau von Humboldt to her Husband*

Vienna: June 1813.

“We live very quietly. Flies which only swarm round the light have deserted us. By light I mean news, which is not to be had here now. We often take walks in the evening, or, if we remain at home and are alone, we read or talk. The children evince great depth of feeling and noble sentiments. I think they will live to see a time to be proud of, and though it is sometimes hard, it is a splendid experience to have your heart strung to the highest pitch. . . .

“One thing I may say of myself: my heart is free from all desire for vain earthly pomp and glory. I only wish my sons to consecrate their lives to the rightful cause, and my daughters to marry men of like conviction. For truth and righteousness must conquer in the end! I would give my heart's blood for this victory! Nature has fashioned us women very strangely—such limited strength with such unlimited desires! . . .”

Vienna: July 19, 1813.

“It is unquestionably my duty, particularly in such grave and threatening times, to surrender you to the service of Prussia, at least until your fiftieth year. I make such a sacrifice purely for the general good.

“Should public events necessitate your retiring, believe me, my dear Wilhelm, my only regret would be to know you would be lost to Prussia; to Prussia which has become so inexpressibly dear to me, on account of the true and holy sense of righteousness with which thousands of her subjects have gone to meet their doom, or have sacrificed all that was dearest to them. You know well enough how little it will cost me to give up some of the comforts of life or some outward show, valued more for the sake of those we love than for ourselves. . . .”

Vienna : August 1, 1813.

“I shall be happy anywhere with you, but solely in the interest of what is best, I desire that your thoughts, feelings, and convictions should leave a lasting impression upon the history of your country. A noble man in his right place will soon gather a number of others of like conviction around him, and in this short span of earthly life there is nothing lasting but the influence that imbues others with noble thoughts and desires, which they in their turn will diffuse again. In a few years we shall go to rest, after the tumultuous days of life are over, in the shade of the trees we planted above our children. The future will unravel all this. But it is well to know that an important time will begin for Prussia when this war is at an end.

“We can have no feeling of unity in life, if we do not look upon the present as part of potential history. Alas! the sorrows our heart suffers and anticipates often contradict that view of life, yet every moment proves its truth, proves that irresistible fate is remorselessly crowding our keenest joys and greatest sorrows into the past. So on we go, pressing forward against the rolling stream of life, till sooner or later the hurrying waves close over us, and we sink to the cool depths below. If the efforts of the present generation can restore law and order, liberty and humanity to the coming race, those who now lay down their lives to such high purpose are indeed blessed. Nothing will rob me of the belief that good will triumph, or that the noble sincerity of those who earnestly endeavour to suppress their vanity and selfishness can ever be wasted.”

Such thoughts and opinions were naturally implanted in the children, whose lives also were affected by the distress of their native land. They knew their father to be taking an active part in every weighty council, fighting for his country's good with intellectual weapons, while their brother, though only sixteen years old, was in the field staking his life for liberty, and already bearing honourable wounds. They saw Körner, their faithful friend, follow the call to arms, and his heroic death filled their young hearts with grief and patriotic exultation. As the times grew graver Frau von Humboldt withdrew more and more from the superficial Viennese

society; during the winter of 1814 she devoted herself entirely to her children and a few intimate friends. She eagerly watched the progress of the Peace Congress at Chatillon; her husband kept her regularly informed of its doings. "I say very little about it," she wrote, "but it impresses me strangely to see people here embroidering their gala dresses, while a day of judgment is breaking on the world such as has never dawned before!"

All this time Adelheid and Gabriele worked hard with their German tutor; they read Homer, Ariosto and Tasso in the original, studied the German authors and learnt by heart many scenes from the dramas of Goethe and Schiller. They needed no incentive, and even began to act the plays, for Gabriele developed "extraordinary dramatic talent and wonderful vocal modulation and inflection." Schiller's *Mary Stuart* was one of Gabriele's best parts, while Adelheid acted *Elizabeth* with queenly dignity. Goethe's "*Torquato Tasso*" was another of their favourite plays. Naturally the performances only took place in their own home, but although they led such secluded lives, the beautiful sisters did not fail to attract attention. In February 1814 Frau von Humboldt wrote to her husband:—

"You must not be so surprised at the admiration awakened everywhere by little Gabriele. Adelheid is certainly more striking; she looks more grown up, her carriage is dignified, indeed she has the true *port de reine* and the perfect inborn grace that cannot be taught, but there is an indescribable charm and sweetness about Gabriele, and she too has grown considerably during the last few months. Koreff,<sup>1</sup> for instance, who has nicknamed her *Undine*, stood spell-bound before her, while he only bowed respectfully to Adelheid. Gentz<sup>2</sup> was quite beside himself the other evening at the child's enchanting loveliness."

Humboldt was still detained at the Paris Congress; he had been recalled from the Viennese embassy, and on May 14, 1814, Frau von Humboldt left Vienna, a town she had never

<sup>1</sup> A well-known physician.

<sup>2</sup> A German politician and author, born at Breslau in 1764. He died in 1832.

liked. The probability of the Congress meeting there, and the consequent social duties which neither her means nor her health would have permitted her to undertake, were additional reasons for breaking up the home. They went first to Switzerland for the sake of her health, and to be nearer to Paris should Humboldt or Theodor be able to visit them, after a separation of nearly two years. The house in Vienna was dismantled, and the big travelling carriage once more put in order. It must have resembled a Noah's ark in size, and as at times it represented the sole domicile of the family that name is not wholly inappropriate. The party was still sufficiently numerous, and consisted of Frau von Humboldt, her three daughters, the tutor, a French maid and a manservant, besides little Hermann, who was five years old, and too big to play the part of a baby in arms. Their route lay through Salzburg, Innsbruck, Bregenz, and Zürich, and the beautiful scenery of which they had so long been deprived made an extraordinary impression on the sensitive minds of the children. Gabriele spent her twelfth birthday at Berne; her mother wrote on that day:—

“. . . Every individual must decide the question for himself; in one man's nature there are depths, where in another's there are shallows. But there is something so mysterious in a self-elected departure from life! Death is in itself such a mystery, verily it is linked to life, and, though it destroys existence, is so bound up with life that we can imagine none without death. Alas! there are such sorrows and entanglements in men's lives—let no man judge his fellows! May my daughters ever be ready to render assistance and eager to give pleasure, for that is the royal road from heart to heart. May they learn to honour every grief and seek to understand as far as possible the characters of their fellow-creatures. I would have them stern towards themselves, but lenient to others, and I believe that in Adelheid and Gabriele I shall see my wish fulfilled. To-day is Gabriele's birthday. There is a wealth of love and affection within her heart. In her behalf I would especially invoke the aid of friendly powers, for her disposition is naturally very passionate. I no longer allow her to recite so much. It is

impossible to hear the modulations of her voice without recognising the undercurrent of deep feeling within her. God grant her happiness in love, or I shall fear for Gabriele. Though passionate natures may come forth purified from the labyrinth of sorrows which inscrutable fate has placed so near to Paradise—how many are lost! I feel less anxious for Adelheid.

“ . . . I am expecting Hedemann with real delight. I shall do nothing in the matter (you know to what I refer), for I feel that with such natures things should be left to take their own course. Adelheid was very pleased to hear that Hedemann was coming, childishly pleased in fact, without any afterthought. He is a noble fellow, and if they love one another I shall not grudge her to him. She is affectionate and cheerful and not wanting in deeper feelings.”

Hedemann was prevented from going to Switzerland, and Adelheid was left to enjoy the Paradise of unclouded childhood a little longer.

About the middle of June Theodor was able to visit his mother at Berne, and at the end of July Humboldt, too, spent a few days with his family.

They explored the Bernese Oberland in all directions and then proceeded to Lausanne. A visit was paid to Madame de Staël. Rocca, to whom she was secretly married,<sup>1</sup> August Wilhelm Schlegel,<sup>2</sup> and Sismondi<sup>3</sup> were staying at Coppet<sup>4</sup> at the time. After another period spent at Berne the travellers left Switzerland on September 20 for Heidelberg *via* Schaffhausen and Freiburg. At Heidelberg a party of old friends was assembled, foremost among them Goethe, who had not

<sup>1</sup> Madame de Staël married Rocca, a young French officer, in 1811, but the marriage was not disclosed until after her death in 1817.

<sup>2</sup> A distinguished German scholar, born at Hanover in 1767. He was tutor to the children of Madame de Staël. His lectures on the history of dramatic art, delivered in 1808 at Vienna, did much to influence if not to found the romantic school in poetry and drama. Schlegel's admirable translation of Shakespeare's plays is well known. He died in 1845.

<sup>3</sup> An eminent historian of strong republican principles, born at Geneva in 1773. His most celebrated works are, *The History of the Italian Republics during the Middle Ages*, 1807–18, 16 vols., and a *History of the French* in 31 vols.

<sup>4</sup> Madame de Staël's residence near Geneva.

seen Frau von Humboldt for ten years, and now claimed her society from the moment of her arrival. In the circle which now formed around the travellers were also Schlosser,<sup>1</sup> Paulus,<sup>2</sup> and Voss,<sup>3</sup> and the children must have heard much good and clever talk. At the beginning of October the Humboldts continued their journey to Rudolstadt *via* Frankfort-upon-Maine.

Frau von Humboldt had for many years been sincerely attached to the princess whose guest she now was, and in whose house she again met her old Jena friends, Caroline von Wolzogen, Frau von Schiller, and their mother, Frau von Lengefeld.

A very disagreeable incident occurred during the visit to Rudolstadt: the maid lost her reason and was possessed by the horrible desire to murder little Hermann, who had been confided to her special care. With deep regret Frau von Humboldt recognised the necessity of sending the faithful old servant to an asylum. Henceforth the travellers were deprived of all female attendance on their journey, a great inconvenience at a time when every fresh installation in new quarters for the night resembled a small removal. Frau von Humboldt's delicate health was upset by the shock; she could not bear Hermann's restlessness, so the girls took charge of him, and learned to assist one another. Their mother, who always saw the bright side of things, said: "It is certainly inconvenient, but necessity will teach the children something it is well they should know."

About the middle of October they arrived at Erfurt, whence Auleben,<sup>4</sup> Talebra<sup>4</sup> and Burg-Oerner<sup>4</sup> were visited. Since her father's death Frau von Humboldt had become sole heiress to those estates, where her presence was now necessary to settle various matters of business. On November 2, 1814, Frau von

<sup>1</sup> A German historian (1776-1861). At this time he was professor of history at the Frankfort Gymnasium, but was always closely connected with the University of Heidelberg, where he was appointed to the chair of history in 1817.

<sup>2</sup> Paulus (1761-1851) was one of the first German theologians to insist on the rational interpretation of the Bible; he was professor of philosophy and theology at Heidelberg University.

<sup>3</sup> Professor of philology at Heidelberg University.

<sup>4</sup> Estates.



Humboldt and her family at last reached Berlin, and took up their abode in the new home in "Unter den Linden." She writes: "The joyous spirit pervading all who have stood at their post here is very refreshing. I shall always regret not having witnessed the excitement of 1813 and 1814 in Berlin."

The girls and their mother were constantly invited to small evening parties given by Princess Wilhelm, Princesses Charlotte and Luise. Adelheid and Gabriele sang and recited, attracted attention wherever they went, and were spoilt by everyone; that they remained simple, modest, and innocently happy in spite of their social triumphs, speaks well for the solidity and thoroughness of their education. Their studies were in no way interrupted, and they received religious instruction from Schleiermacher.<sup>1</sup>

Their mother writes:—"In the morning the little girls sternly refuse to see visitors, and sit quietly working in the next room. The pleasure they take in their serious occupations is one of their best characteristics. They are always delighted when we spend an evening alone, or with just one intimate friend like Rauch, for instance, who is quite one of the family. He seems to me even more charming and refined than formerly. It is a beautiful thought that the degree of perfection, improvement, and refinement attainable by man is not limited to age, position, or anything of this world, although such things have naturally a very powerful influence on everything concerning this world."

In March 1815, when the Vienna Congress seemed as far from its goal as ever, Europe was startled by the news of Napoleon's flight, an event which spread consternation and confusion everywhere. Those who were faithful to the cause of liberty, and were able to look ahead, joyfully welcomed it; men's real convictions would now come to light, the insincere and double-tongued would be unmasked, the chaff separated

<sup>1</sup> A distinguished Lutheran theologian and preacher, born at Breslau in 1768. He filled the chair of theology at the Berlin University. His fine translation of Plato gives him a high place among men of letters, and his upright character and great eloquence gave him much influence over his contemporaries. He died in 1834.

from the wheat. There would now be a last decisive struggle. The rapid course of events wrought a great and sudden change in the life of Frau von Humboldt. Prince Wilhelm returned to Berlin to prepare for the campaign, and with him came his young adjutant, Hedemann. Adelheid was delighted at the prospect of seeing the friend of her childhood, with whom she had kept up amicable relations by correspondence. With childish *naïveté* she wondered where and how they would meet, what he would say, whether he would find her much changed, and what he would think of her manner of speaking German. And when he came, he could hardly believe the lovely girl to be the child he had fallen in love with nearly four years ago, and, finding no words for her, he turned to Gabriele and told her over and over again that she was quite unchanged and that he would have known her among a thousand.

"The sisters cried for joy and he was terribly excited," their mother wrote to Humboldt. "Adel threw herself into my arms last night at bedtime, saying: 'Oh! mother dear, how charming he is, why must he go away again so soon?' She was deeply moved, but I am certain that no thought of marriage has yet crossed her mind."

Hedemann's wooing was as hurried and stormy as the times. He spent four days with the Humboldts, and on April 2 proposed and was accepted by Adelheid at Tegel.

Both Adelheid and Hedemann wrote to Humboldt at Vienna, asking his consent to their union.

With a child's quick perception Gabriele observed what was going on, and even before the engagement she pictured to herself the sorrows that the future might bring her sister. Her mother wrote: "Gabriele is in a very excited state of mind. She cried almost all Sunday afternoon before she even knew what was the decision. When I was alone with her and asked what ailed her, she said:—'Oh! mother, the war frightens me; my heart is crushed with sorrow!' I did not understand what she meant, and asked her, why? Then she answered:—'It was only the war that made you so ill before; this time there will be so many new cares. Adelheid and Hedemann love one another, I see that clearly enough, and if we should lose him—oh, mother! I should lose Adel and you

too!' I was deeply moved by the child's emotion. But God will surely decree otherwise. It would be too terrible if August were to fall in battle! My heart is weighed down by the fearful thought that death loves the happy and joyful. Though I never wished Adel to marry before sixteen, I now think otherwise. This awful war is close upon us, gloomy days are dawning, and now more than ever we poor human beings can only call the fleeting moments of the present our own. These two hearts have found one another; let them grasp their happiness ere the storm and stress of the times snatches it from them. It is true that, though unmarried, they belong to one another, and you know it is not I who would bind them to their troth. But let us do all that human effort can to save for them out of this sea of troubles the courage and the joyousness of life and death. For all his tenderness Hedemann has a firm and steadfast will. He knows that she is his, and their mutual love will help him to bear sorrow. But Adelheid will see the abyss yawning beneath her feet; my care, my love, my courage will avail nothing, for he has come into her life, and every hour of their separation his life is in jeopardy. I therefore implore you to consent to their immediate marriage. It will not really alter their position; he will obey the stern call of duty, she will remain with me. But she will then bear his name; I can take her to him should he be wounded, or can even send her under safe conduct if it be impossible for me to go. And if God should demand his life, then even in her fearful anguish there would still be the remembrance of a moment's perfect bliss, and in the ordinary course of life, after our death, there would be nothing to force her into another marriage. She loves him with all her heart, but will not know the depth of her love till he has gone, and her heart is aching and longing for him. It is touching to see how little she comprehends her new estate; a speedy marriage can well be arranged. I asked Hedemann to speak to Schleiermacher, who can and will confirm her before his departure. Nicolovius and Schleiermacher would see to all necessary details with regard to the banns, &c., &c. All we require is the king's consent and your permission.

“The force of circumstances, the mysterious working of fate which we seem to breathe in with every breath of air, move me beyond even the nearest and dearest personal interests. We do not seem to have hastened Adelheid’s choice, we have simply fallen in with the quick march of the times.”

In view of such representations the father could not refuse his consent. When the children were still little he himself had said: “Adelheid will soon be saying, ‘Io star in casa mi fa un non so che’ (‘I can’t tell you what it is for me to stay at home’), and will marry; then Gabriele is sure to follow, but I am not so sure about Caroline. I do not think it will be easy to find a man who will make her really happy, and I want all our children to be happy. I have been so happy, and ever shall be so long as I keep you, my darling, that I could not bear the thought of a conventional marriage for any of our daughters.”

Convinced in the case of Adelheid of mutual love and of Hedemann’s excellent character, Humboldt’s consent was soon given.

A small suite of rooms was rented in the same building in which Frau von Humboldt’s apartments were situated,<sup>1</sup> and on April 24 the marriage was solemnised, unfortunately without Humboldt’s presence.

*Frau von Humboldt to her Husband*

Berlin, nearly midnight: April 24, 1815.

“Adelheid is married. I parted from her half an hour ago. She was confirmed on Saturday, the 22nd, at two o’clock in the afternoon. Schleiermacher first said a few words in reference to the Holy Communion to be taken on the following day; then he descended from the pulpit, took his place before the altar, in front of which Adelheid sat, addressed her in a few solemn words, and asked her to repeat the Creed. Besides the general congregation, Hedemann’s family and ourselves, there was the Princess Wilhelm. She was deeply moved, and expressed the greatest interest in August and his youthful bride.

“On the 23rd Adel went to Communion, Caroline and I took the Sacrament with her. To-day Schleiermacher

<sup>1</sup> In Berlin, as in most cities on the Continent, people occupy flats.

married them in the same church, though Prince and Princess Wilhelm had expressed a wish that the wedding should take place at the Palace. They were both in church with all the royal children. Prince Radziwill, Princess Luise and her children were also present, in fact everyone was there, and the church was overcrowded. The Prince sent a State carriage to fetch Adelheid and me, and August and his mother. Schleiermacher's address was beautiful, just suitable for the young couple; nothing to disturb their modesty, though all he said was most appropriate. He alluded to August's position, the great war, her extreme youth, and your friendship and confidence in August. We were all carried away by his words, the Prince and Princess and the royal children were indescribably touched. At the Palace all was festivity, and after excellent refreshments (August refused the supper) we had some dancing. At eleven o'clock Princess Luise took off the bride's wreath, and the flowers were divided among the dancers.<sup>1</sup> Adelheid's wedding dress was white, embroidered with silver and trimmed with lovely lace; she looked like a little princess. Once more they drank the young couple's health, and then with trumpets sounding and drums beating, Prince Wilhelm led the bride to the head of the staircase, we entered our carriage and drove home. . . .

"It makes me very sad to think that you cannot see Adelheid now and enjoy her happiness with us. But I must confess that a mother's heart grieves at parting from the child who has been part of her own life, and reared by her love.

"People may deny it a thousand times, and yet all life is a cycle of budding and blossoming, of maturity and decay—there is no joy on earth without an admixture of sorrow. And it is well it should be so, it is the link that binds and draws us closer to Heaven.

"Gabriele has been very sweet lately; there is much going on within her little heart as she sits lost in contemplation of August's love for Adel. I try to keep her by my side, and to distract her from such thoughts; the depth of passionate feeling within this gentle child fills me with anxious forebodings. There is something mysterious in her youthful

<sup>1</sup> A German custom.

features with their reserved introspective expression, and yet she is always cheerful, always full of sympathy for those around her. Adel may be more beautiful, and will probably always have the advantage of a finer figure, but Gabriele is more lovely; there is an indescribable charm in her deep eyes, it is as if love alone could solve the mystery that lies hidden there. She grieves at the separation from Adelheid. It is the first rent in her young life!"

Gabriele had now reached an important crisis in her life. Her childhood ended with Adelheid's marriage, and she seemed to feel this and the separation from her sister very keenly. The newly married couple had only five weeks to spend together; during that time they were so much fêted in society that they occasionally took refuge at Tegel, where they could at least spend some of their time alone. On May 17 Adelheid's fifteenth birthday was celebrated there, and all the world was astonished to see the grace and dignity with which she accepted the homage paid to her. Her behaviour at Court functions and her manner of receiving princely visitors at home were no less surprising.

On May 30 came the hour of parting. Hedemann accompanied his Prince to headquarters at Paris without even having seen his father-in-law. At the end of June Humboldt spent a few days with his family, and then also proceeded to Paris. Outwardly the life of the two sisters was much as it had been before Adelheid's marriage. She occupied her own apartments, but took her meals with her mother, and spent the greater part of the day with Gabriele. And yet all seemed changed. Lessons were abandoned; it would hardly have been becoming for the "Frau Majorin"<sup>1</sup> to sit down to writing and arithmetic, and therefore Gabriele also gave up everything but Greek, music, and religious instruction with Schleiermacher. Adelheid busied herself with her trousseau, and was full of plans for the future, in which Gabriele naturally had no part. But she faithfully shared her sister's griefs and joys, watched anxiously for news from Paris, joyfully greeted every letter, and even accompanied Adelheid on her daily visits to her mother-in-law, though they bored her intensely. In

<sup>1</sup> Title given to the wife of a major.

return Adelheid would now and then chaperone her sister to Tegel, where the two girls gave vent to the exuberant mirth of their fifteen and thirteen years.

Gabriele's warm heart accepted her brother-in-law with a sister's love; she often wrote to him, and her letters show how her happiness was bound up with theirs.

*Gabriele to her Brother-in-law*

Berlin : June 14, 1815.

"I cannot tell you what my feelings were that Tuesday morning when I came up to Adelheid's room, and found her sitting on the black sofa pale as death and all in tears. The rooms seemed so empty, so deserted. Oh! how I pity you both.

"I would give anything if only the war were over. The very idea of you and Adel being once more united is blissful, and I would gladly make any sacrifice to insure Adelheid and you happiness for life. We spent Sunday at Tegel with Wol-farth and Mlle. K. It was very nice, but very sad; for you, dear August, were absent.

"I should never have thought our brave Prussians would have been in Paris so soon; everything has prospered beyond expectation, and it is almost certain now that we shall soon be together again. Oh dear! how delightful! and how happy you and Adelheid, Loën and Albertine will be! I cannot say that it is exactly necessary to remind Adelheid of you, or to tell her to write to you; whenever I go into her room I find her at the writing table, and when we are together every other word is 'August.' She is pretty well and always delighted to get a letter from you. We spend a good deal of our time with your relations."

Berlin : August 5, 1815.

"It is really touching to see how Adelheid restrains her grief, and with what self-control she bears her fate, and the separation from you, but she cannot hide her intense longing, and her features bear traces of her suffering. I often find her crying. And now matters look as if the war will not be over so soon after all. It is terrible that so much blood

must be shed before we can have a long and lasting peace. I cannot say how unhappy I feel at the probability of father being appointed ambassador at Paris; it would really be too terrible to live among the people who have caused us such sorrow and suffering. And yet I could almost wish him to go, if peace would thereby be more quickly restored; it would be the smallest sacrifice we could make!

“We spent yesterday evening with your people at the Ludolffs’; it was very nice, and we had some music. Adelheid sang several songs so well, that Albertine said she would write and tell you to-day how beautifully your wife sings. . . .

“Now farewell, my dear brother, I must close as it is 10 o’clock, and I have a music lesson directly. Do you remember how often I used to come in at breakfast time to tell your wife to go to Mlle. Sebold? What happy days those were!”

Tegel : September 6, 1815.

“I am writing to you in deep solitude, for I have come to spend a few days here under the protection of your ‘Frau Majorin,’ and though the weather is not particularly fine it is very pleasant. Adel does the housekeeping with great dignity, and is considered quite the lady of the house; she writes to you so diligently that I don’t think she has had time to go to the big vineyard more than once. If she is not in the room with us, Rauch says in his mischievous way, ‘I suppose the Frau Majorin is deep in her inkpot again.’ It really is true, she does nothing but write.

“We may now indulge in the hope of soon having you here again; the very thought of seeing you and Adelheid reunited makes me indescribably happy. But when I think that mother and I will have to leave you again so soon to go to Paris, I am very sad. Of course father and mother are anxious to be together again, but it is very hard for me. I hope father will soon be able to return to Berlin; that would be glorious! I assure you that I never liked any place so much as Berlin.

“Your wife has been ailing lately, she had a slight attack of rheumatic fever, but has quite recovered now. I think she has grown since you left; you need not mind, it greatly



improves her figure. I do not see any other change in her, except that her arms are a little thinner; she is really very pretty. A few days ago she wore a cap which made her look as matronly as possible; you would have liked to see her in it. . . .”

When Hedemann returned to Berlin in October he and his wife removed to another house, and then for the first time the sisters were really separated. Adelheid was quite taken up with her own household, and only came home as a visitor; indeed, she was so overjoyed at having her husband back safe and sound, that for the time being she lost sight of every other feeling. Gabriele took up her old occupations by herself, but always carefully inquired as to the doings of the young couple. When she heard they had been sitting for two, three, or four hours on the sofa doing nothing, she turned round and round on her heels, saying, “Why! it’s enough to make you dull and silly. It’s unbearable. I cannot allow so much kissing—Adel will grow quite stupid.”

The winter passed, and on Maundy Thursday, April 11, 1816, Gabriele was confirmed by Schleiermacher in the Dreifaltigkeit<sup>1</sup> Church. She was very young to be confirmed, but the uncertainty of the future made it desirable. Humboldt had been a member of the German Diet since November 1815. Now he was offered the embassy at Paris, and in May Frau von Humboldt left Berlin to join her husband at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and thence travel to Paris with him. The travelling coach appeared on the scene once more, but it had grown far too large. Hermann had been sent to a boarding school, the tutor had become superfluous, and the Hedemanns used their own carriage. They accompanied Frau von Humboldt to the various estates, but separated from her at Burg-Oerner. For years Caroline had been in ill-health and had now been recommended to try the waters at Carlsbad. Here a large circle of Berlin acquaintances was already assembled, and the time passed very pleasantly in the society of Minister von Hardenberg,<sup>2</sup> General Gneisenau, and the beautiful Princesses

<sup>1</sup> Trinity.

<sup>2</sup> A famous Prussian statesman, born in 1750. He played a prominent part in all the great political events of Europe from 1793 to 1820. He died at Genoa in 1822.

of Courland. To celebrate Blücher's arrival Gabriele and several other girls from Berlin were elected to present him with a bouquet, in which the flowers spelt the word 'Belle-Alliance.' The old hero was so enchanted with Gabriele's beauty, that he laughingly referred to a distant relationship between them and threatened to claim his "nièce" and "die Kleene zu entführen, meine Frau ist so, so alleene, da gäb es doch was Niedliches im Hause ; die schwarzen Ogen muss sie aber helle waschen, das ist Tagsbefehl" ("to kidnap the little one, my wife is so lonely ; there'd be something pretty in the house then, but she must wash those dark eyes lighter ; that's the order of the day").

After six weeks of the cure the journey was continued, and on August 6 Frau von Humboldt, Caroline, and Gabriele arrived at Frankfort.

## CHAPTER IV

HEINRICH VON BÜLOW

Life in Frankfort—Engagement to Gabriele, October 30, 1816

Two people were now to meet whom fate had destined for one another. Heinrich von Bülow, a native of Mecklenburgh, had for some time acted as Humboldt's secretary, and in his letters to Berlin Humboldt often praised Bülow's diligence and usefulness. No two persons could have had a more different childhood than Gabriele and Bülow. While all the charms of the south and all the advantages life could offer had been lavished upon the former, the latter had grown up in the cold north among reserved, matter of fact people, unable except in imagination to see beyond the narrow boundaries of his native province. An equally striking contrast was to be found in the two homes. In the Humboldts' house was an atmosphere of art and intellect, a free intercourse between men of all nations and all ranks, infectious gaiety and perfect manners. At the Bülows', on the contrary, there reigned the frigid measured politeness which takes more account of rank and title than of personality and talent, the strict observance of conventionalities, the constraint and lack of personal liberty resulting from court service and social intercourse restricted to friends, acquaintances and countrymen of the same way of thinking. And what a difference in the families themselves! Gabriele's father, living his life in the midst of events of world-wide importance, helping to work out the welfare of a people, was yet full of sympathy for the most trifling things that concerned his children, and ever ready for fun and frolic. Bülow's father was engrossed by the duties of his office as Grand Marshal of the Ducal household, and by the care of his estates. He loved

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his children dearly, but treated them with formality, and was consequently a parent to be honoured and respected, not a friend to be loved and trusted. He was a type of the Mecklenburgh noblemen, whose fine and imposing presence made such an impression on Napoleon that he said to his Marshals: "I can make you into kings, but not into Mecklenburgh nobles." But the greatest contrast between the two homes was to be found in the personality of the mother. The soul of the house, the sun that gave life and happiness to each one in the family circle of the Humboldts, was missing in that of the Bülows. From his earliest childhood Heinrich von Bülow was deprived of a mother's love. The fact of a doubt existing as to the exact date of his birth throws a sad light on his youth. His birthday was never celebrated, no loving heart greeted the day, no loving hand was laid upon his head in blessing or in prayer; he received no presents, and no one cared to note the dawn of a new year in the boy's life. His father was early left a widower, and the eight children, of whom Heinrich was the seventh, clung together, and had learnt to stand alone in their little world, when Bülow gave them a second mother. She meant well and cared for their physical well-being, but her love was given to the four children who were her own, and even to them kindness was expressed by severity. Her step-children paid her all due respect, but she never tried to win their love or confidence, and therefore never received more than esteem and deference.

Bülow has himself jotted down his recollections in short notes; the earliest of these fragmentary and disconnected memories out of a misty past are incorporated here.

#### NOTES

"According to the entry in my father's Bible I was born on September 14, 1791. Until the year 1813 I was under the impression that September 16 was my birthday. It was on that day in the year 1813 that I first stood under fire in the battle of the Göhrde, and when I mentioned this as a good omen in a letter to my father, he was induced to verify the

date, and after looking at the Bible expressed a doubt as to the correctness of the date which I had always understood to be the anniversary of my birth. I have meanwhile continued to celebrate the 16th as several important events in my life have been connected with that day."

*Earliest Recollections of my Childhood*

"1. A drive to Ludwigslust to visit my invalid mother. I recall being in the rooms which she occupied in the castle as lady-in-waiting, but I have absolutely no remembrance of her. Probably she was too ill to notice me.

"2. I can recollect my vaccination; then I remember one afternoon suddenly hearing my sister Sophia, two years younger than myself, begin to scream; she went into convulsions, the whole house was upset, and they gave her castoreum, the smell of which I did not forget for years. I was put to bed in another room, and a few days later I saw a big black box being carried away. They said my sister had been taken to another house. I believed this, and for a long time I used to save something for her at meals, till at last I learnt the truth and forgot my sister. Besides this younger sister who died, there were six boys and girls older than myself:—

"1. Bernhard Joachim, born 1782 † 1824.

"2. Ernestine, born 1783, married Herr von Both, † 1812.

"3. Luise, born 1785 † 1867.

"4. Friedrich, born 1786 † 1827.

"5. Adolph, born 1787 † 1816.

"6. Hellmuth, born 1789 † 1839.

"After my mother's death, her unmarried sister, Jeanette von der Lüche, kept house for my father."

1800.

"3. The arrival of the news of Napoleon's victory at Marengo.—Impression made on me by the general surprise and by the continued discussion on this topic.

"4. What my older brothers and sisters said on the eve of my father's return from Bützow after his marriage to the daughter of Privy Councillor von Oertzen.

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“5. Preparations for the festive reception of the Grand Duchess Helen Paulowna. Her arrival in Schwerin. My eldest sister as lady-in-waiting to the Grand Duchess. My step-mother’s finery and my father, the Grand Marshal’s court suit.”

After this date we have more abundant sources of information. Heinrich and his elder brother Hellmuth were educated together by a tutor who resided in the Schwerin home. The boys had plenty of good masters besides, and no lack of youthful companions. The Grand Marshal’s sons took part in all the games and battles of the ducal pages under their father’s control, and Heinrich von Bülow was soon at the head of the company, making the walls of the old palace ring with the echo of his war-cries and victories. It was not long before he became acquainted with the reality of war. In 1805 Russian troops marched past Schwerin on their way to Hanover from Swedish Pomerania; a year later Blücher’s corps retreated to Lübeck *via* Schwerin, and for the first time the thunder of cannon and the rattle of musketry rang in the boy’s ears, for there was fighting close by at Criwitz. There followed a time of disorder and disturbance, in which Heinrich was determined to take a part. One night he was entrusted with the task of conveying cases of family plate and money from his father’s house to the palace of the Dowager Duchess in whose apartments they were to be secreted. He mixed freely with the French, and saw how they oppressed the people by quartering their soldiers everywhere and levying exorbitant contributions. The ducal family was forced to flee and take refuge at Altona. An inroad of Swedish troops considerably startled the French, and provided fresh excitement for the Mecklenburghers. In 1807 his father was sent as plenipotentiary to French headquarters to request Napoleon to reinstate the Duke. In his absence Heinrich was confirmed in the Schlosskirche,<sup>1</sup> entered the Domschule<sup>2</sup> and was immediately placed in the highest form. Even here he took an exceptional position. His schoolfellows elected him as spokesman to entreat the Duke

<sup>1</sup> Castle Church.

<sup>2</sup> Cathedral School.

to permit the three highest forms of the school to wear the national cockade. Heinrich, who was one of the Duke's pages, was successful in his mission, and a banquet for the scholars given at the palace showed with what favour the request was regarded.

In 1809 Schill's<sup>1</sup> corps appeared in Mecklenburgh, and the Schwerin garrison fled to the Kaninchenwerder,<sup>2</sup> on the lake. Heinrich's love of adventure was reawakened, he paid many a secret visit to the island, and often went off on lonely expeditions in his boat. Hellmuth, the brother with whom he had hitherto shared everything, had already entered Jena University, whither Heinrich followed him a year later. He describes his physical and mental education thus:—

“In 1810 I went to Jena University. I had imagined my fencing to be good, but had to bestir myself to improve. I spoke and wrote French pretty well, but not perfectly, though I always corresponded with my father in that language. At the end of my last year at school I could speak Latin and always kept my diary in Latin. The translation of Homer presented no difficulties to me. My knowledge of mathematics was not very deep. I liked history, geography, and statistics. I understood and spoke a little English. I danced better than I rode, for I had only begun to learn riding two years before I left home.”

Two years later Bülow entered Heidelberg University, and in 1813 went to Geneva. The events of that year called him from his studies; he joined the allied army as a volunteer under General Dörnberg, and was under fire for the first time at the battle of the Göhrde. In the field he proved himself a fine, active soldier, able to bear cheerfully any amount of fatigue. He soon won renown by means of his sharp sword and skilful pen, and became an able adjutant to Colonel von Nostitz, chief of General Tshernitscheff's staff, until he entered Colonel von Benkendorff's service in the same capacity. With him he took part in the battles of Soissons, Fismes, Craon, Laon, Corbeney,

<sup>1</sup> A distinguished Prussian officer, born in 1773. He was severely wounded at the battle of Jena, and afterwards formed and led a free corps. Indignant at Napoleon's influence, he collected troops for the liberation of Germany, and had at first some success, but was defeated and killed at Stralsund in 1809.

<sup>2</sup> Rabbit Island.

Rheims, Berry au Bac, Villeneuve, and Estampes, and was then for a time in command of the Chatillon garrison.

He was ever ready to execute a deed of daring or lead a party of skirmishers, but combined with great personal bravery he already showed signs of the remarkable circumspection and calculation which characterised the future diplomatist.

When peace was restored he left the army, returned first to Schwerin and then to his studies at Heidelberg. His experiences in the war brought him not only decorations and military distinctions; the dangers he had braved not only steeled and strengthened his character, but he had discovered in what direction his talents lay and saw that only in the service of Prussia could he hope for a brilliant career. It was a great and important decision for the young man, and the communication of this resolve to his father was not easy to make.

1815.

“I resign my commission in the Mecklenburg army; change my career, renounce my position in the Mecklenburg Administration of Justice, and enter the Prussian diplomatic service. Napoleon reappears in France. Tschernitscheff, Benkendorff, and Nostitz march through Heidelberg, and offer to take me with them. I refuse. News of the battle of Belle-Alliance. I go to Baden-Baden to see whether the baths will restore the use of my right arm, crippled by rheumatism. I go to Paris *via* Frankfort, and offer my services to Prince Hardenberg. Receive promises. Count Flemming, Minister von Bülow, Humboldt.”

1816.

“I go to Humboldt at Frankfort, am attached to his embassy at Paris, but begin work at once at Frankfort. Flemming is appointed ambassador at Rio Janeiro, so I get his work. Satisfied with my career, happy in my work. Frau von Humboldt and two daughters arrive.”

*Gabriele to her Sister Adelheid.*

Frankfort: August 23, 1816.

“Flemming is very amusing and makes us all laugh; sometimes Herr von Bülow is also very funny. I don't think



there has ever been a merrier embassy than ours, indeed it would be impossible to find a house where more laughing and joking go on; we are often quite tired out in the evening. Bois-de-lande has a great talent for mimicking people. The other day he gave us such an excellent caricature of a Jew that I thought I should have died of laughter. . . .”

Gabriele mentions Bülow's name rarely and incidentally; but he played a greater part in Frau von Humboldt's letters. It did not take her long to discover the love he had so quickly conceived for Gabriele.

*Frau von Humboldt to her Daughter Adelheid.*

Frankfort : August 26, 1816.

“As far as work is concerned Bülow is your father's favourite. He is very intelligent, 24 years of age, tall and broad; he has a regular Mecklenburg face, with small bright blue eyes and a determined, almost obstinate expression. He is strongly Prussian in his political opinions, and is devotedly attached to your father. I am afraid he will soon adore someone else too. If you can guess what I mean, which is not very difficult, and you want to say anything on the subject, do so on a separate sheet of paper. I do not wish my ideas, which your father shares, and relishes more than I do, to be in any way instilled into a mind as yet perfectly unconscious. The day before yesterday, when your father and I were discussing the affair, he said he quite expected Hermann to ask leave to be married next. He is always full of fun and more brilliantly witty than ever.”

Frankfort : September 10, 1816.

“Bülow has an extraordinary power of self-control for so young a man, but sometimes when I glance at him unawares, I can guess his thoughts.”

Frankfort : September 20, 1816.

“I am quite sure that Bülow is making plans for the future, although Gabriele's extreme youth and his uncertain prospects evidently prevent him from speaking. Gabriele is not indifferent, but reserved, far more reserved than you were. There are no tangible objections to the match, but his circumstances are not brilliant. Your father expects him to distinguish him-

self in his profession. As you can imagine, Bülow pays great attention to Caroline and me, but whether she suspects anything I cannot say, as I do not care to discuss the matter."

Bülow had plenty of opportunities for seeing the object of his admiration; their day was arranged as follows:—"We generally have visitors to dinner at three o'clock," the mother wrote. "On fine days I pay calls or go for about an hour's drive in the afternoon. Count Flemming (Humboldt's first *attaché*) and Bülow used always to accompany me, now Bülow comes alone. In the interval between our return and tea time we used to separate—even now his work often forces him to leave us; but when there are no visitors, if he possibly can manage it, he stays. After seven o'clock I always receive, unless we go to the play, which happens very rarely. After supper father stays with us till ten or eleven, according to his work; then I say: 'We must go to bed.' 'Oh! mother, so early,' says Gabriele—and it is generally half past eleven before we do go. Once Bülow said quite naïvely: 'Oh dear, I can't tear myself away.' But his behaviour is exemplary, and when others are present he knows how to keep guard over himself."

A long time might have passed before Bülow found courage to tell Gabriele's parents of his wishes. In Adelheid's case they had certainly shown that they valued the character of the man far more than his position. Bülow was in better pecuniary circumstances than Hedemann had been, but less advanced in his profession, and, fully conscious of that circumstance, he would probably have waited in silence had not unforeseen events brought about an explanation. Humboldt decided to accept the embassy at London instead of Paris, and Bülow feared that a separation would be inevitable.

*Frau von Humboldt to her Daughter Adelheid.*

Frankfort: October 25, 1816.

"The day before yesterday a letter from the Chancellor announced the change in your father's destination; the letter arrived just as we had finished dinner, and as usual we had visitors. After dinner your father told me of his appointment

to England. He also told Bülow, who seemed thoughtful and depressed at the news, and said in a low forlorn voice: 'What will become of me?' When our visitors had left us, and bedtime had come, your father went back to his room, Caroline and Adelheid, who knew nothing of the news, bid me good-night, and only Bülow remained. He seemed lost in thought, and then began to speak in a low voice full of passion, but with the greatest modesty. He first alluded to the change in your father's position (a councillor of legation *en titre* had been in London for years), and the consequent probability of a separation from us. Then in a few simple words, and with touching modesty, he told me of his struggles with his feelings, of his passionate love, of her irresistible charm, and of the hopelessness of his position, if forced to leave us. What I like about him so much is that he thinks nothing of his really fine qualities, and believes he can only acquire true elevation of mind and soul by his intercourse with your father and us all. He begged me to put in a good word for him with your father, and yesterday he spoke to us both together. Had it not been for the change in our plans it would have been long before he betrayed the secret of his heart.

"Your father told him we had nothing against him personally, indeed that we were prejudiced in his favour, but that Gabriele's extreme youth and the uncertainty of his prospects made an engagement undesirable for years to come, and that although we had no objection to his trying to win her love, we must request him not to let her bind herself or be bound by promises, and to continue the most discreet behaviour. Your father said that no value was to be attached to any such promise, but that if time proved the constancy of their love Bülow need fear no opposition from us. That is the present condition of affairs. It would be difficult to describe his state of quiet beatitude; he watches her with an expression of adoration, and now that he knows I am in the secret, and as long as he is alone with us, he certainly takes greater liberties. She notices the strange expression in his eyes, and hers, dark and unfathomable, turn to me and, half startled and half pleased, seem to ask: 'What does it all mean?'—So Princess Wilhelm thinks she will be beautiful?

I do not think so, at least not beautiful in the accepted sense of the word. Her little nose will always be inclined to turn up, but she is very charming. For years I have been haunted by sad forebodings about her, there is something melancholy about her eyes and mouth which seems to me an omen of sorrow. The emotion which now fills her heart lends additional expression to her face, yet I cannot help seeing the deep line of sadness about her mouth, even when she smiles ever so happily."

Frankfort: October 29, 1816.

"Bülow is blissfully happy now that he can indulge in his fondest hopes. His demeanour and bearing since his confession have made him very dear to me. His character is firm and decided, and he possesses qualities that many young men of the period lack. He has real humility and modesty; humility that is truly divine well agrees with a noble bearing and proper pride; without it no man can attain perfection. Your father's character is the best proof of this. Never have I seen a man more modest and humble than he; he is the last to recognise his lofty position, and it is this very unconsciousness that places him on such a high level. To return to Bülow, his nature is different, but noble and lovable. Believe me, men cannot all be measured by one standard; they must have freedom to exercise their powers in this stirring world; each must take his own course; let them but choose an honest way of life, and keep in view the pure and high ideals revealed by faith, and all will be right. With regard to Gabriele, if I can rely on the nobility and worth of his character, I desire nothing but pure and holy love. Where there is love, believe me, there is no fear of the man and woman undervaluing each other. The man provides for the outward circumstances of life; the world has ordered it thus, for it is the eternal law of nature. We women are nearer to the heart of nature, the great mother holds us closer in her loving embrace. She has done more for the happiness of women than men, for we hold the secret of life and its solution in that one feeling of love."

The period of waiting and wondering was not to last much longer for Gabriele; on October 30 Bülow was permitted to declare himself. The mother writes to Berlin:—

“Bülow was prepared to keep his promise to the letter, but it seemed to me to create a false position for both of them, and I myself prompted him to reveal his feelings to her. I do not think I could have done otherwise. They had come to understand each other so perfectly by looks and signs that there was no need of words sealed by vows and kisses. So long as nothing had been said to us, such relations between the two were very sweet. But once Bülow had spoken to us it was not acting rightly towards Gabriele to leave her heart in such bitter-sweet torment. And as a time of separation is threatening them so soon, it seemed all the more necessary that they should come to a clearer, more outspoken understanding. Gabriele loves Bülow with all her heart and soul. The matter is to be kept as secret as possible. She is too young to be married, it would be wrong to disturb the course of her inward development, and there is a certain charm about such a situation. Every age has its rights, and marriage at too early an age is a violation of them. In your case it was different, you were six months older than Gabriele, and August's military position and the expected war were reasons for me to acquiesce in your marriage. Here all such considerations are absent, and I shall not let Gabriele marry just yet.”

Gabriele, who had probably looked upon her sister's early marriage as a promising precedent, had to conform to that decision, and submitted to her parents' wish with childlike obedience.

*Gabriele to her Sister Adelheid.*

Frankfort: November 19, 1816.

“My love and confidence in Bülow seem to increase every moment; at his side I shall be happy all my life, he is so good and true. If I could only tell you how dearly I love him, but you know best yourself that words can never express these feelings.

“I must tell you something which is sure to amuse you and particularly August, who always makes fun of my diminutiveness. Yesterday we were all asked to dine with a certain Privy Councillor W., who, heaven knows why, has taken a

great fancy to us and overwhelms us with attentions. Unfortunately mother had such a badly inflamed eye that the doctor would not hear of her going out, Caroline was also ill, and I had to go alone with father and act the great lady. My self-reliance seemed so strange, I could hardly help laughing, particularly when I thought of August and what he would have said to see the tiny little Gabriele sitting stiffly on the sofa next to the lady of the house. I thought of all his jokes, but I assure you my behaviour was perfectly correct."

In December a great sorrow befell Bülow, he lost a brother whom he loved very dearly, and wishing to see his father he went to Schwerin on January 11, 1817. On the same day Frau von Humboldt and her two daughters left Frankfurt, and for the first time the lovers were parted.

The separation did not last very long; a fortnight later the whole family party was united at Burg-Oerner. Humboldt had asked for leave of absence in order to visit his estates before his departure for abroad. The Hedemanns came from Berlin at the same time as Bülow arrived from Schwerin. The happy days that Gabriele spent at Burg-Oerner with her lover, her parents, and her sister, sped all too rapidly. As soon as Humboldt had finished the necessary business Bülow accompanied the ladies to Berlin. For Gabriele the certainty of his appointment at London, which a short time ago had seemed the apex of her desires, had now lost much of its charm, for it was decided that Humboldt and Bülow should go to England without the family. It would have been wrong to jeopardise Frau von Humboldt's delicate health by a sojourn in the trying English climate, the more so, as Caroline had been advised to try the baths at Ischia as a relief for her terrible neuralgic complaint. So once again they turned towards the beloved South. The Hedemanns decided to join the travellers; Adelheid inherited much of her parent's love of travel, and she had long wished to show her husband the country where she had spent her childhood. About the middle of April they left Berlin. Again Bülow played the part of courier and accompanied the ladies as far as Burg-Oerner.

## CHAPTER V

FROM BETROTHAL TO MARRIAGE, 1816-1821

Journey to Italy—Visit to Ischia—Life at Rome in the winter—Return to Germany, May 1819—Winter of 1819-1820 in Berlin—Humboldt retires, 1820—Dresden—Visit to Carlsbad and Teplitz—Burg-Oerner—Bülow's return from London—The young couple meet at Tegel, September, 1820.

AT Burg-Oerner the days passed all too quickly, and the time soon came when Gabriele was forced to part from her lover for months, perhaps for years. A separation was doubly hard to bear in days when postal communication was slow, and under the most urgent circumstances it would have been impossible to cover the distance in less than five or six weeks.

*Frau von Humboldt to her Husband.*

Schleiz: April 23, 1817.

“. . . You can picture our party to yourself. August and Adel very happy and merry in their own little carriage; Gabriele very sad, but amiable, self-controlled, and affectionate. Caroline constantly suffering, but always bright. In Burg-Oerner poor Caroline was very much upset to see Gabriele and Bülow's grief at parting. She threw her arms round my neck, cried bitterly, and said that if only she were dead or in better health we should all be happier. It made my heart ache for her. I thought it would be well to speak to Gabriele and Bülow separately, to tell them what an impression their sorrow was making on Caroline and to advise them to exercise greater self-control. The result was excellent. I must say that Bülow behaved with the greatest

consideration and self-command. He was deeply moved by Gabriele's intense grief, but she tried to control herself, and at the actual moment of parting was more composed than I had expected."

So Gabriele learned early to hide her own sorrow for the sake of others; during the journey she showed the tenderest thoughtfulness for her invalid sister and delicate mother, and though half a child herself, she grew accustomed to think and care for the welfare of others, a habit she preserved to the very end of her life. In her letters to her *fiancé* Gabriele revealed without reserve the sorrow that the separation caused her.

The day after Frau von Humboldt's departure, Bülow returned to Berlin. Although he had been appointed secretary and councillor to the legation in London, he at once began work in Berlin with Humboldt, who had an immense capacity for work himself, and expected the same of his assistants. Bülow was in great demand socially, and every morning from six to seven he studied politics with Schleiermacher, and history of law and institutes with Savigny, so his time was busily occupied; but he never missed going to church on Sundays, and always found time for writing to his betrothed, though he had often to do so when the night was far advanced.

At the end of July Humboldt, accompanied by Bülow, visited his estates, and went to Silesia to select a piece of land to be granted him as an endowment. He finally decided on Ottmachau near Neisse, an estate which had the combined advantages of excellent soil and a picturesque house in a beautiful situation. Travelling *via* Prague and Carlsbad, where Hardenberg was staying, he went to Frankfort-on-Maine, and remained there several weeks, to Bülow's great joy living in the same house that the whole family had formerly inhabited.

Frau von Humboldt and her daughters were meanwhile journeying further and further south. To cross the Brenner the carriages were put upon sledges, and the journey was continued by Verona to Venice, where they rested for some days. While the others were overjoyed to hear once again their



beloved Italian tongue, Gabriele was wishing herself back beyond the Alps. For was not every day increasing the distance between the lovers? Gabriele was still too young to feel that the happiness of loving and being loved is enough to outweigh the sorrows of separation, and her letters show a depth of feeling almost startling in so young a girl.

It was natural that the constant sight of her sister's happiness should force upon her the question: "Why may not I be happy too?" But no feeling of injustice entered her mind, a proof of her unenvious, loving disposition, and of the childlike confidence with which she submitted to her parents' will.

The enthusiasm and delight with which the others greeted each well-known town on the way to Rome had its effect on Gabriele, and it was pardonable that Bülow should be tormented by a secret fear that the spell of the country in which the greater part of her life had been spent, the charm of the language which she had spoken for so long, would exercise their old enchantment, and that later on she might long for what it would not be in his power to give her. He did not know that her German feelings had been awakened at a moment of great political excitement, nor could he estimate the constancy underlying her love. But Gabriele assured him that his fears were groundless. She declared that everything in Italian manners, customs, and religion was repugnant to her, and that all the beauty of Italy could not change her love for Germany and everything German.

Frau von Humboldt described the arrival at Rome in a letter to her friend Friederike Brun.<sup>1</sup>

Rome: June 18, 1817.

"I have been here since May 31, and you alone of all my friends can sympathise with my feelings as we drove through the Porta del Popolo. The church has been left standing, but the nunnery of the Madonna del Popolo, the vigna and all the little houses have vanished, and there are terraced pleasure grounds in their place. It would be perfect if they had planted groups of pines and cypresses here and there, instead

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Römisches Leben*, by Fr. Brun, a Danish authoress, 1833, vol. ii. p. 320.

of only trees with foliage, chiefly acacias. Pines and cypresses are so characteristic of this country that I quite miss them on our hill opposite the Monte Mario and Villa Mellini. Our coachman drove us up the broad new drive past the Margutta, past the Villa Medici and the great granite basin under the dark trees, and on to the well-remembered old house. Half laughing, half crying, we recognised every house, every window. Rome lay spread at our feet in all its glory. We turned into the Via Felice, our friends the Butis came rushing down the stairs, hardly able to believe that we were really here.

“Even in these few days I have seen a great deal. I have been to nearly all the places that formerly pleased us so much, but I should like to be everywhere at once : it seems as if you wrong the place you put off going to see. What shall I tell you first ? The French have excavated Piazza Trajana down to the old pavimento, they have pulled down several houses, and a railing with chains now surrounds the immense space, to which you descend by a short flight of steps. The museum is a world in itself. The Chiaramonti Museum is connected with the Stanze. Large new rooms have been opened, the stolen art treasures have been returned to their old places, and the originals have taken the place of the plaster casts. A few things are still missing, such as the great Tragic Muse from the large hall, but most of them are there. The Arazzi are in a special room.

“Sala Borgia and the adjoining rooms are full of pictures ; it is so quiet and peaceful there, only six or eight pictures in each room, which makes it all the more enjoyable. I have never seen the Transfiguration so well placed before ; the heavenly Madonna di Foligno, two Assumptions of the Virgin, and two lovely small pictures comprise the Raphael treasures, all of which now follow immediately after the Stanze. A new wing is being added to the museum in the garden of the Vatican, just where the pine-tree stood, and the drawings have been arranged in a separate room. In a word, you live here in an atmosphere of art.”

*Gabriele to Bülow*

Rome : June 3, 1817.

“ We left Florence on the 27th with the two German gentlemen whose acquaintance August had made ; as their coachman worked for the same master as ours, we travelled together and halted at the same places. One of them, a painter, called Wach,<sup>1</sup> has known my mother some time. We spent the night at Siena, and my birthday, the 28th, at a wretched place called San Quirico. In the morning before leaving Siena we went to see the cathedral, which is very beautiful but rather too small ; the town looks bright and cheerful. On our return from the church a great surprise awaited me ; the gentlemen had discovered that it was my birthday, and presented me with a bouquet of flowers and a cake with fifteen candles.<sup>2</sup> I did not like it, though I knew it was kindly meant, but I had to appear pleased and merry, when I felt far more inclined to cry. I thought of you alone at Tegel, thinking of me so far away, and I longed to see you. My birthday always seems to me a melancholy day. We bid farewell to the old year, and do not know what the new one has in store for us or how it will turn out. This last year has brought me joy and happiness, but also sadness and sorrow, which, however, I will patiently bear if in the end I am to be rewarded by the fulfilment of my greatest wishes. The night of the 29th we slept at San Lorenzo in equally poor quarters ; on the 30th we continued our journey, and at midday on the 31st arrived at Rome, where we received a warm and hearty welcome.

“ The first afternoon, to please August, we went to the Capitol ; he would not rest till we had taken him there.

“ Then we went on to the Protestant Cemetery at Monte Testaccio, where two of my brothers are buried. It was a lovely evening, the stars shone brightly and the moon shed its

<sup>1</sup> An historical and portrait painter born at Berlin in 1787. Most of his pictures are in the galleries and churches of Berlin. He had a great reputation as a teacher of his art, and died in 1845.

<sup>2</sup> It is the custom in Germany to light the birthday cake with candles representing the number of years the recipient has completed.

light upon the white tombstones, which stood out in wonderful relief against the dark pines and cypresses. It was a very melancholy scene, and affected me deeply.

“. . . The day before yesterday we went to St. Peter's, which is the finest church in the world, so immense and yet so simple. In the evening we had a good many visitors, mostly Germans I am glad to say, for I have not the slightest inclination for the society of the Italians, whom you may be sure I shall never really care for. Nor shall I ever long to return here, for after all it is with people, and not with scenery, that we live. I cannot help admiring what I know to be beautiful, but I should prefer the north a thousand times, if it were the ugliest country in creation, for with you I should be happy even in a desert.

“Yesterday we went to the Vatican, where there is so much to be seen that five hours did not nearly suffice. We had time for the Raphael Stanze and Loggie, which are more beautiful than anyone can imagine. In the afternoon when I wanted to write to you I had to drive out and pay calls. This morning we saw some fine works of art in Thorwaldsen's studio, and then went to see Canova, whose statues are very graceful, but not to my taste; there always seems something wanting even in his best work. We spent the whole afternoon at the Villa Albani, whence the view is glorious. We have also been to the Colosseum and several of the churches. . . .

“On Thursday, Corpus Christi Day, there was a procession in which the Pope took part. The square in front of St. Peter's looked glorious, but, except for the Pope, who was carried beneath a canopy, the procession, though very gorgeous, did not please me particularly. I dislike the priests and monks, who are so evidently indifferent to the whole ceremony, in fact the entire Roman Catholic ritual is anti-pathetic to me.”

The days in Rome were so fully occupied that Gabriele could only find time for her letters to Bülow in the early morning hours before the others were up. Sight-seeing in the town and long drives in the Campagna filled much of her time; in addition she took singing lessons, and studied Goldsmith's 'History of Rome.' In the evenings she had to be





GABRIELE VON HUMBOLDT.

From a Painting by Schadow. Rome, 1817.

*Digitized by Microsoft®*

present at her mother's receptions, and every moment that could be spared during the day was claimed by the artist Schadow,<sup>1</sup> who was painting her portrait for Bülow. The picture, which was a great success, is at Tegel; her graceful figure is represented life size, clad in a simple dark red gown, and seated in an open hall. Her right hand rests lightly on a marble basin, from which white doves are drinking, the little head with the pretty brown hair is slightly bent, while the eyes have a dreamy, distant expression. "As though she were searching for something which she will only find within herself" was Thorwaldsen's description of the expression so characteristic of Gabriele, and so faithfully rendered by the artist.

They remained at Rome little more than a month, and at the beginning of July Frau von Humboldt and her family, accompanied by several artist friends, proceeded to Naples and thence to Ischia. The greater distance from Bülow, and the fact that the post and therefore her letters were now dependent on wind and waves, made Gabriele very unhappy, but she looked forward with pleasure to a quieter time than had been possible at Rome. She had now become conscious "that two hearts united by love are ever near to one another." The island of Ischia was much frequented by visitors at this time, although the arrangements for their accommodation were still of the most primitive character. The baths were far apart in the various grottos, and each invalid tried to find a house as near as possible to the prescribed spring. Mules were the only means of communication, riding the only form of locomotion, and there was therefore little social intercourse. Frau von Humboldt had rented a beautiful palazzo belonging to a Neapolitan prince, and amid scenery of wondrous beauty the days slipped by in almost conventual seclusion. No newspaper ever reached the island, all news came by letter, so that the arrival and departure of the post were the most important events of the day. Gabriele employed her time in reading the ten volumes of Becker's History.

<sup>1</sup> Wilhelm Schadow (1789-1862) was born at Berlin, and in 1826 became director of the Düsseldorf Academy. He is best in his portraits, many of which are in the galleries of Berlin.

*Gabriele to Bülow*

Lacco, Ischia : July, 1817.

“ I awoke very early this morning, disturbed by the uproar of a great storm which shook the whole house. Full of anxiety I stepped out on to the terrace, the sky was overclouded, the sea running high and not a boat in sight. It made me sad to think that another day would pass without letters, and yet with the wind in that quarter I could not hope the boatman would come. A few hours passed, I grew more and more restless and unhappy. At last I sat down quietly and read some chapters of the Bible, which always helps and strengthens me. A great calm seemed to come over me, I prayed fervently that God might grant my wish, but I determined not to complain or rebel if that was not to be. I rose from my knees and again went to the window. At that very moment the door opened, and in walked the boatman with your two letters. . . . You will be amused to hear so much of this boatman, but as everything we require has to be fetched from Naples, he is the most important member of our household, and quite the centre of interest. Nothing but wine and meat are procurable here, so we have dubbed this island, ‘Lemnos unwirthlichen Rücken.’<sup>1</sup> Yesterday we went to pay Frau von Coller a visit, of course on donkeys, but we managed quite well. The new saddles mother got from Naples are very comfortable. I wish you could see our cavalcade. So long as we are on level roads I am very courageous, and quite at ease, but when the road begins to rise or fall my equestrian accomplishments fail me and I much prefer to walk. The way we went yesterday was easy and beautiful; it lay along the sea shore, while on the other side there were glorious mountains, among which Epomeo, the real centre point of the island, stood out conspicuously. In the evening we generally go down to the shore by a narrow path, where, as Goethe describes, ‘die Myrthe still und hoch der Lorbeer steht.’<sup>2</sup> Below the sea boils and foams between high rocks, and the

<sup>1</sup> “Lemnos’ inhospitable shore.”

<sup>2</sup> “The myrtle thick and high the laurel grows.”



view of the distant Apennines is indescribably beautiful. . . . A few days ago on one of our voyages of discovery we came upon a wood of cactus, aloes, myrtles, and pomegranates with fiery red blossoms ; you might have fancied yourself in India, so strange and wonderful were all these plants and creepers. When the others go indoors late in the evening, I stay out on the terrace alone in the moonlight. I cannot tell you how beautiful it is. A divine stillness reigns over the island ; only a few lights here and there betoken the presence of man ; from afar comes the sound of the sea beating in rhythmic measure upon the crags below, high above the mountains stands the clear pale moon shedding its silvery light upon the white houses, while Vesuvius opposite emits a steady column of flame."

At the end of July the Hedemanns, who had meanwhile been sightseeing in Naples, arrived at Ischia, and on August 19 the whole family left the quiet, pleasant island where Caroline had happily found some alleviation for her sufferings. "Early to-morrow morning we leave here," Gabriele wrote. "I am sorry to go, for I have learned to love the beautiful place dearly, and every change of residence affects me disagreeably. I soon learn to love a place, and find each new parting painful. I ought to be accustomed to it as I have always led this kind of life, but each change saddens me. Then Ischia is so beautiful, the heavenly peace and quiet harmonised so well with my mood, and we are greatly indebted to the springs which have cured Caroline's neuralgia. She is much better. If only she could be quite well !"

In Naples the busy round of social life began again, and Gabriele had to resort to writing at night in order not to miss the mail.

*Gabriele to Bülow*

Naples : August 29, 1817.

"It is late, the others are all asleep, but I must wish you good-night. I am sitting at the open window, and a cool breeze, very refreshing after the heat of the day, is playing round me, the moon is riding high and clear in the starry

heavens, while just below a pillar of fire rises from Mount Vesuvius. The two lights are reflected in the sea, which alone disturbs the deep silence of the night with the rushing sound of its waters. An eruption of Vesuvius is expected to take place shortly. I should very much like to witness it, for it must be a sight of marvellous and awful beauty."

Naples : September 13, 1817.

". . . I must tell you something of our delightful but very fatiguing ascent of Vesuvius. We left here at midday and drove to Portici and Resina, where donkeys awaited us. As usual our party consisted of Ramdohr, Frau von Coller, and Count Ingenheim, with a few other Prussians and Austrians. I cannot tell you how comical such a procession of donkeys looks. It takes an hour and a half to reach the Hermitage, but the road is pretty good nearly all the way ; at first it is shut in between stone walls, as is usually the case here, but later it emerges on to the deserted lava fields, which always make a dreadful impression upon me. These masses of lava seem petrified and lifeless ; it is as though an immense stream had been suddenly arrested in its course. The view becomes gradually more lovely as you ascend, and from the summit it surpasses all expectation. The hermit's house lies on the lower slopes of Monte Somma, with its old crater. It is surrounded by beautiful trees, under whose shade our merry party had luncheon, and when August prepared for the further ascent he soon found companions. As Frau von Ramdohr declared herself ready for the climb, I would not be behind-hand, for I was very anxious to ascend the smoking mountain rumbling in the distance. So we two ladies set out accompanied by all the gentlemen. You can ride for another fifteen minutes, down the hillside and across the little lava-covered valley separating Monte Somma from Vesuvius ; then you dismount and the real climb begins, first over sand and ashes and then over large pointed stones which hurt your feet. If you go slowly and stop to rest occasionally, it is not so very difficult. The guides are very good ; I had two, one by my side and the other just in front of me with a cloth tied round his waist for me to hold on to, and every now and then one

of the gentlemen lent me a helping hand. At sunset after an hour's climb we reached the foot of the cone. The sight that there meets the eye is sufficient reward for all the toil and trouble of the ascent; with a terrible hissing and roaring the mighty tongues of fire shoot out from the crater, throw their lurid light upon the desert all around, and then break into a shower of glowing stones which cover the cone; the light dies, and we are left in deep mysterious darkness till a new rain of fire falls from the large or small crater, if not from both at once. The guides said that if we ascended the highest peak of all we should be able to see the burning lava stream flowing down towards Pompeii. As this ascent is very difficult, opinion was divided, but Frau von Ramdohr led the way, and we followed. This last bit was shorter but far more tiring than the first part of the ascent, particularly as it was now quite dark, and yet the guides would not light our torches for fear they might not last for our return. At length we reached the summit whence we could see the moving stream of lava. We stood so close to the little crater that once a shower of stones fell upon the spot we had only just vacated, but there is no real danger as the guides warn you to move in time. The wonderful spectacle filled me with awe and admiration; I could hardly take my eyes off the crater, and yet I was glad to return to the gentler haunts of man. I consider the descent more fatiguing than the ascent, which I had imagined to be worse. You have to go straight down the steep mountain side through thick layers of hot ashes in which big stones lie buried; if they are dislodged they suddenly shoot after you. Happily the descent was soon safely accomplished, we remounted our donkeys and rejoined the remainder of the party. A short rest, and then without further delay the return journey commenced. We had to go very slowly for night had fallen, and the road was but sparingly illuminated by our torches. We reached Resina very late, and only arrived at Naples at three o'clock next morning. You can imagine how tired I was, but the excursion did me no harm, and I am perfectly well, though my feet constantly remind me of the paths they have trodden. I am delighted to have been up Mt. Vesuvius, and shall not forget the ascent as long as I live."

On September 22nd the travellers were once more in Rome. In those days the raids and attacks of the brigands made the journey from Naples to Rome a risky undertaking, but thanks to the forethought of Cardinal Consalvi,<sup>1</sup> who specially recommended Frau von Humboldt and her party to the notice of the chief military officers, they were in no way harassed or delayed. Though Gabriele was now a few miles nearer home, her *fiancé* was farther away than before, letters were longer than ever on the way; and the sea again separated her from Bülow, who had accompanied Humboldt to London.

At the Palazzo Tomati the old routine of Roman life began afresh; to the Humboldts the return seemed almost like a home-coming, and even Gabriele confessed a preference for the solemn grandeur of the Eternal City over the divine beauty of Naples. Visits to painters and sculptors (Caroline's portrait was to be painted, and Thorwaldsen was busy with a bust of Frau von Humboldt), music lessons, social duties, and art studies occupied every moment of the day, and in order to write her letters Gabriele often denied herself the pleasure of visiting some gallery or studio, a manner of proceeding not altogether approved by her family.

"Though the weather is lovely to-day," she writes, "I prefer to remain indoors so that I may not be deprived of the pleasure of writing to you. My staying at home will, I know, make the others think I take little pleasure or interest in art. I confess that this pains me, for it is not true; on the contrary, although I know nothing about art, I take the greatest pleasure and delight in contemplating beautiful things—people are often misunderstood and have to endure undeserved suffering—but since I know that the true reason of my seeming indifference has quite another origin I try to be patient, and bear their reproaches gently and submissively."

After reading the letters, which faithfully reflect her keen appreciation of all the beautiful sights Rome offered, it would be impossible to accuse Gabriele of lack of interest in art.

"We have lately seen much that is beautiful," she wrote,

<sup>1</sup> Minister of Pius VII., born at Rome in 1757. It was he who concluded the *concordat* with France in 1801. He died in 1824.

“and in that respect I have spent some happy days. On Saturday we went to see the statues at the Vatican illuminated by torchlight; it was a magnificent sight, far finer even than the Capitol. I thought of Goethe’s words, ‘Marmorbilder steh’n und seh’n mich an,’<sup>1</sup> for they do really seem to look at you; it is as if there were a living soul within the marble, a soul to which you could confide your inmost thoughts. When I am thus moved and enchanted by the beauty of art and nature my heart longs for you with redoubled yearning. The other day we went with Frau Herz and Thorwaldsen to see Camuccini’s collection of pictures. He has some very valuable paintings, and I was delighted to see them again; among them are two splendid Garofalos, a Guido Reni, and many other treasures which it would take too long to enumerate; two indescribably beautiful Raphaels are the gems of the collection. We have also been to the Borghese again, but you would have to spend a day in each room in order to see and enjoy properly the heavenly pictures. Among them is a sweet Francia, and Raphael’s Entombment, which I consider the most beautiful picture in the world. There is only one Raphael, after all; no other painter combines such nobility and grandeur with such perfect grace and loveliness, no other can imitate his colouring; he is and ever will be unique. . . .”

The impending separation from her sister Adelheid grieved Gabriele sadly. At the end of November the Hedemanns left Rome, and turned homewards. Adelheid was Gabriele’s favourite sister, the human being she loved best after Bülow and her parents, and separation from her saddened her all the more just at a time when her love and sympathy were most indispensable.

Frau von Humboldt’s letters to Friederike Brun give a vivid and concise picture of the social and artistic life in Rome:—

Rome: October 19, 1817.

“In Rome there is far greater activity than in Naples. The whole Campo Vaccino is one immense excavation. The single column hitherto supposed to have been a remnant of a temple to Jupiter now appears to have always stood alone,

<sup>1</sup> “Marble statues stand and look on me.”

and to have been dedicated to an Emperor—Phocas, I believe. There were steps leading up to it on either side. During the excavations inscriptions relating to the column were found. The three pillars in a row belong to a temple of the Dioscuri. Tablets with old consular inscriptions have also been discovered, and have been found to fill blanks in the old authors about which a book is shortly to be published. The three Jupiter columns embedded in the Capitol are now disinterred to the very base of their lofty pedestal. Some steps lead up probably to the interior of the sanctuary, for all the temples and even the above-mentioned single column stand on high fundamental substructures which had necessarily to be approached by steps. I believe I have already told you of the Chiaramonti Museum, which they are constantly extending and improving. During my absence Thorwaldsen has completed another statue, a beautiful young shepherd in a sitting posture; the figure bears a striking and touching resemblance to my little son Wilhelm. Three days ago I took the children to the Via Appia. We wandered about for hours among the ruins. What a scene of sadness and destruction it is! How often I wished you could have been with us! Some day you will return (rest assured of that) perhaps never to leave again! I shall stay here all the winter and then go to England *via* Berlin, where I want to be for Theodor's wedding."

Rome: December 24, 1817.

"I have to leave here in May; my heart is heavy at the thought. Frau von Wolzogen, the friend of my girlhood, is coming to Rome in May. Frau von Schlegel will be here in March; she intends spending a year with her sons, both excellent artists. Frau Herz from Berlin has been here for the last three months. So I should have a charming circle of friends around me, and alas! I must go. In August 1818 I expect to be in foggy England. I take great pleasure in our constant intercourse with Lund.<sup>1</sup> His faithful friendship is like a firm support in our unstable life. He has finished his picture. It is full of beauty, harmony, and reverence. I see more and more clearly how much of himself every

<sup>1</sup> A Danish painter born 1777, *d.* 1867.

painter puts into his pictures; I mean of his own inner self, and to judge by this picture alone I should say that Lund is an excellent man with a firm, well-ordered mind. You long to be with us, my dear friend, and we also long to have you. I have arranged my life quite to my liking; every day from twelve to three we walk or drive to the ruins, the villas and the vineyards where the views are loveliest; there I quietly employ myself with my own thoughts or with the children; in the evening I generally have a good many visitors. So long as they are good men and good artists, I get on with them all; new and old, Catholics and Protestants. Among the artists there are some who have turned Catholic purely in the spirit of love, and they certainly rank among the best of their profession. Wilhelm Schadow has a wonderful instinct and feeling for colour, his loving spirit breathes from all his pictures, which evince great depth of genuine feeling. Overbeck<sup>1</sup> draws and composes with extraordinary purity and correctness; there is a religious and moral atmosphere about his work. No artist has made more marked progress than Philip Veit,<sup>2</sup> Frau von Schlegel's son. Between his first and second picture there might be three years, and not three months as was actually the case. His brother Johann Veit<sup>3</sup> works with less ease, but the earnestness of his nature is revealed in all he does. The two Veits were Jews, and were converted to Catholicism after becoming Christians. Cornelius<sup>4</sup> is a first-rate draughtsman; his various compositions exhibit greatness and earnestness. Marquis Massimi has commissioned

<sup>1</sup> Overbeck was born at Lübeck in 1789. In 1810 he went to Rome and with Cornelius founded the German pre-Raphaelite school. His pictures, chiefly on religious subjects, are to be found in almost every gallery in Germany.

<sup>2</sup> Philip Veit was born at Berlin in 1793, and died at Maintz in 1877. His mother was a daughter of Mendelssohn, who married as her second husband Friedrich von Schlegel.

<sup>3</sup> Johann Veit was born at Berlin at the close of the eighteenth century, and died at Rome in 1852.

<sup>4</sup> A very celebrated painter, born at Düsseldorf in 1783. He helped the King of Bavaria to revive an interest in art at Munich, and the decorations in the sculpture and picture galleries there are mostly due to him. It was he who advised fresco painting for the decoration of our Houses of Parliament with the well-known unfortunate result. He died at Berlin in 1867.

Cornelius and Overbeck to decorate his villa at Porta San Giovanni. Cornelius is illustrating Dante, Overbeck Tasso. Several of the cartoons are finished; it will be a most interesting piece of work. . . .

“You will soon see Thorwaldsen, for he is seriously contemplating a journey to Copenhagen. I can never say enough of his artistic progress, he has attained the greatest heights. He has just finished another new statue suggested to him by the restoration of the wonderful, hitherto unknown Ægina marbles; the figure represents Hope, in her right hand she holds a pomegranate flower whence the fruit is to germinate, her left hand lifts the graceful drapery of her gown. I cannot tell you how divine a piece of work it is; although both feet are placed upon the pedestal the figure seems to float towards you, beauty and perfect grace in every line and curve of her lovely form. I am sorry to say that I have not yet seen Rauch, he is in Carrara doing a great deal of good work. After Thorwaldsen, Rudolf Schadow, Schaller, and Eberhard rank highest among the artists here.

“A baker on the Piazza Colonna is now exhibiting a Resurrection and a Last Judgment, by Fiesole, from Cardinal Valenti's collection, and it is attracting a great deal of attention. It is a glorious picture! Never have I seen more joyful spirits than those trooping up to Heaven with their guardian angels to lead and guide them.

“Wach, who has lately come to Rome, is a very good though not a Catholic-minded painter. He is painting a remarkably beautiful series of pictures from the life of St. Elizabeth. Palmaroli<sup>1</sup> has restored Sebastiano del Piombo's Scourging of Christ in San Pietro in Montorio most beautifully, and has saved all that was possible of Masaccio's Life of St. Catharine of Alexandria in the Church of San Clemente. But have I told you about the Violin Player in the Sciarra Palace? Sciarra and Barberini have at last divided their belongings. It is a marvellous portrait, said to represent Raphael's best friend. In his left hand he holds his bow, over which the

<sup>1</sup> A successful restorer of old pictures, who died at Rome in 1828. He helped to preserve to posterity Daniele Volterra's ‘Descent from the Cross,’ and Raphael's ‘Sistine Madonna.’



painter has hung a laurel leaf. He wears a cap and cloak, and looks at you over his right shoulder. The portrait is somewhat in the style of the Florentine Fornarina, but you cannot imagine anything more striking than the man's face: in the mouth and dark eyes lie all the pain and all the joy of life and love! The pictures are well hung in the Sciarra Palace, and it is cleaner than the Barberini. In the Borghese also the pictures are well hung. Raphael's Entombment there is one of the finest pictures in the world.

"I am so grateful to you for your kind words about my children's graves. They were snatched early from this life like buds that never blossom, and now their bodies rest peacefully in the earth, while above their heads the seasons are ever changing and all things in nature constantly being renewed.

"I must hasten to answer your most pressing questions. Hirt thinks that the antique vessels and vases discovered near Albano are probably of German origin, as similar shapes are found in Germany. Vases and urns containing amber necklaces, jewellery, small spears, and shields were probably placed by the different families in separate earthen receptacles with lids, somewhat resembling those now used for oil. They were found between Castel Gandolfo and Marino. I ascended Monte Cavo in Pallazuola one perfect day last autumn. Some artists who had been up as often as thirty times did not remember ever having seen the country so lovely. Oh! you are certain to come back some day. Let us both end our days at Rome. I shall try to obtain Visconti's book for you. The latest news is that the rich Count Sommariva of Milan has commissioned Thorwaldsen to execute in marble his Alexander frieze, which hitherto has only existed in plaster. You can imagine how pleased all Thorwaldsen's friends are."

Rome: May 25, 1818.

"Dear friend, words cannot tell how my heart aches at the thought of bidding Rome farewell. Never come back unless it be to stay! As life goes on and the faculty of mental perception widens you grow more and more attached to the unique, incomparable, Eternal City. I readily confess that there are a thousand shortcomings in the outward routine of

daily existence here, but once separate yourself from what is merely fleeting, give up your inner life to the contemplation of what is lasting, wherein past, present and future are comprised and understood, then I say that nowhere on earth can life be more perfect than at Rome. Think of me on July 1 (by then this letter will have reached you), for on that day I bid farewell to Rome as though it were to life !

“The outward manifestations of life, of which art is the most beautiful, prove that we mortals develop within ourselves an ever increasing conception of all that is great and beautiful.

“Thorwaldsen has finished his Mercury ; it is his masterpiece, the finest of all his statues, and bears comparison with any of the antique gods. It is Mercury himself, beautiful as Antinous or Meleager. The fine statue must be seen to be understood. Besides this he has completed a bas-relief for the Crown Prince of Bavaria, who has ordered a frieze 200 feet long : its subject is to be the history of the Christian religion. Thorwaldsen has as yet only done a piece as sample ; it is lovely : the three Marys are approaching the grave of Christ, upon which the angel sits ; he points up to heaven in ecstasy, while they express a deep emotion. The Speranza (Hope), which I described to you, is being executed for me in marble.

“Cornelius has been offered the directorship of the Düsseldorf Academy, his native place, with an annual income of 2,000 fl. He has also been commissioned to decorate three large rooms at Munich, the subjects to be taken from Greek mythology and ancient history. Overbeck's designs for the Villa Massimi are beautiful ; the two brothers Schadow, painter and sculptor, are both doing excellent work. Rauch is now at Naples ; in June he is going to Berlin with some large masterpieces executed in Carrara. Wach, from Berlin, is painting two lovely pictures from the life of St. Elizabeth for the King and Princess Wilhelm. There is a very promising new set of young artists, all about twenty years old, whose names will probably be strange to you, but so well do they deserve to be known that Schadow said to me the other day, ‘If we do not exert ourselves they will beat us !’ Thus, for instance, there

is Schnorr<sup>1</sup> from Leipsic, Ruhl<sup>2</sup> from Cassel, Eggers<sup>3</sup> from Strelitz, Lengerich<sup>4</sup> from Stettin, Fohr<sup>5</sup> from Heidelberg, &c., &c. In short, there is great activity among the artists. You will have heard what a really beautiful *fête* they gave for the Crown Prince of Bavaria.<sup>6</sup> Agricola has joined the Germans and is painting well; L. and C. are really no longer fit to be looked at. One of the characteristics of all work, good or bad, is that it never comes to a standstill, either it steadily deteriorates or continually improves; thus Thorwaldsen's last statue is always his best, and the same with Schadow's pictures. I ought also to have mentioned Vogel<sup>7</sup> among the first-rate painters, especially as regards colour. He comes from the Erz Mountains.<sup>8</sup>

“I was pained and yet glad to hear of Rocca's death. He was in a miserable state of health and had experienced what cannot be survived. It is well for him to have found rest and peace!”

About this time Frau von Humboldt bought many beautiful old pictures; each fresh discovery and purchase created intense excitement among her artist friends, and often led to interesting discussions. The whole family, present and absent, friends and acquaintances, were all deeply interested in the acquisition of a real Giulio Romano, a Luca Signorelli, or a Filippo Lippi. Some remarks made by Frau von Humboldt about one of Raphael's pictures testify to a degree of enthusiasm which is rarely met with nowadays, when more attention is paid to material than to spiritual enjoyment.

<sup>1</sup> Born in 1794, he joined the band of German artists at Rome, and helped in the decoration of the Villa Massimi. He made cartoons for some of the windows in St. Paul's Cathedral. From 1846 to 1871 he was director of the Dresden Gallery. He died at Dresden in 1872.

<sup>2</sup> Ruhl (1794-1887) studied in Italy. He afterwards became director of the Cassel Gallery.

<sup>3</sup> An historical painter of merit, born in 1790. He helped in the decoration of the Vatican and of the Museum at Berlin. He died in 1863.

<sup>4</sup> Born in 1790, died at Berlin in 1865.

<sup>5</sup> Born in 1795, died early in Rome in 1818. He showed much genius.

<sup>6</sup> Afterwards King Louis I.

<sup>7</sup> An historical painter (1788-1868). He went to Italy in 1813, and stayed there till 1820, when he was appointed professor at the Dresden Academy.

<sup>8</sup> A chain of mountains between Saxony and Bohemia.

She says:—"Raphael's Entombment is the most perfect picture that exists; it is the crown of all artistic productions, the flower of Raphael's sacred art. He painted it in the full vigour of his youth, when sorrowing for the death of his parents, and it reveals the intensity of his love and grief. The head of the dead Christ is inimitable—an expression of sweet undying mercy is imprinted on his features. Tears rush into my eyes when I gaze at Mary Magdalene pressing the hand of Christ to her breast in an ecstasy of love, sorrow, and devotion, while Mary, the mother, has fallen on her knees utterly broken by the sight that meets her eyes! I go to the Borghese Palace as often as possible, but I generally leave that picture till the last, or I should never be able to look at anything else. Once and once only, in the days of the Roman Republic, this picture was to be had for ready money—two thousand scudi! I know I should have bought it even at the cost of living on bread and water ever after!"

Frau von Humboldt had, however, the pleasure of procuring an old and excellent copy, parts of which were so beautiful as to be ascribed to Raphael himself. It was probably executed under the eyes of the great master himself. She commissioned her artist friends to copy many of her favourite pictures from the originals, and in later years they all hung in Gabriele's rooms. Till the end of her life she took pleasure in the copies of her beloved Raphaels—the Entombment, the Coronation of the Virgin, the Madonna della Sedia, del Cardellino, Colonna and Conestabile, the Violin Player, and the Vision of Ezekiel. But to return to the year 1818. Gabriele herself represented the New Year in a New Year's Eve charade, and so entered upon it full of fun and frolic. About this time the witty and artistic Crown Prince of Bavaria, afterwards King Ludwig I., joined the ever widening circle of friends, whom Frau von Humboldt's wit and fascination attracted to her salon. "I cannot sleep peacefully," says the young Prince, "unless I have been to Frau von Humboldt, and beheld in her as in a mirror a reflection of all I have seen and enjoyed during the day." He teased Gabriele unmercifully, for in some inexplicable manner he had discovered the secret of her engagement,

apostrophised her as "Fräulein Braut,"<sup>1</sup> and recited "Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,"<sup>2</sup> and other sentimental songs for her benefit. The family strictly preserved the secret of Gabriele's betrothal, but now and then people had their suspicions; neither love nor a cough can be hidden says an old Italian proverb, and Gabriele had to exercise a prolonged self-control, often very hard at the time, but most useful to her in later years.

"I get hot and cold with excitement," she wrote, "when strangers talk of the conference of the monarchs, fixing it first here, then there, at one time or another. For you and me so much—I might say everything—depends on the conference—our journey, our meeting! I often find it very difficult not to betray myself; the other day I nearly did so. A young man who was spending the evening here told me he only wrote to his *fiancée* every six weeks. The idea of such a thing excited me so much that I became quite violent, and told him distinctly what I thought of such behaviour."

*Gabriele to her Brother-in-law*

Rome: March 28, 1818.

"I constantly miss you both. Whenever I am specially moved by the sight of something very beautiful I seem most to need the presence of those I love in order to share my enjoyment with them. As I have lately seen and enjoyed so much that is beautiful, the pain of your absence has been more than ever present to my mind. We have been to hear the Miserere in the Sistine Chapel and we have seen the illumination of the cross and dome of St. Peter as well as the Girandola.<sup>3</sup> All these festivities were favoured by the most perfect weather, and I cannot tell you what a deep and lasting impression they made upon me. The illumination of the dome is after all the grandest and most impressive sight of all, and as you have seen that, you need not so much regret having missed the rest, though of course it is a great

<sup>1</sup> In Germany after betrothal a woman is always called Braut (bride).

<sup>2</sup> Schiller's *Piccolomini*. A line of one of Thekla's love songs.

<sup>3</sup> A display of fireworks.

pleasure to witness it a second time. The illumination of the cross is exceedingly beautiful though on a smaller scale, but the Miserere affected me more deeply than anything else. We did not attend any of the other festivities for fear of the great crowds, but I am delighted to have seen the festival of St. Peter once more ; there is nothing to equal it. I wanted just to send you a line from our beloved Rome : once she was the ruler of the world, now she is the sovereign of all hearts, for anyone with a spark of true feeling having once seen Rome must love her ever more. Some day I am sure we shall all come back again ! I at least must live here for a time with Bülow."

In May, to the great delight of the Humboldts, Rauch returned to Rome, and was once more their constant companion, both at home and on their art expeditions within and without the Eternal City.

The artists celebrated Gabriele's sixteenth birthday with gifts of poems and pictures, but the approaching departure from Rome filled her with sorrow. Her love of the beautiful city had developed into a deep and passionate attachment, and while she was at first always longing to return to her *fiancé* in Germany, she now only wished to have him with her in Italy. "In a few more weeks we bid farewell to Rome," she wrote, "in fact the good-byes have already begun. Although the cause of our leaving makes me inexpressibly happy, I cannot help grieving bitterly at the thought of leaving Rome. You will understand this, and know that I sorrow the more, because our meeting does not follow immediately upon our departure from here. It is so hard to say 'never again' to anything we love or care for, but some day fate will bring me back to Rome and with you."

Such conflicting emotions weighed heavily on Gabriele ; her sweet sympathetic nature understood and respected the sorrow of others, and yet she could not ignore her own strong individuality, which is apparent in all she wrote. She fully understood and sympathised with the sorrow her mother and sister felt at leaving Rome, but the thought of the meeting with the man she loved best in the world naturally tempered Gabriele's feelings of regret.

The sudden death of Philip Fohr, a young artist from Heidelberg who had been a welcome member of the Humboldt's circle, threw an unexpected shadow over July 2, their last day at Rome. He was only twenty-two years of age, but showed a talent so remarkable that his brother artists prophesied for him a brilliant future. A few hours before his death he had brought Frau von Humboldt a pen and ink sketch for a painting he was about to execute for her, the subject being Hagen, the grim hero of the Nibelungen song. Dürer might have been the draughtsman of the knightly figure holding parley from the high river bank with the nymphs of the Danube who prophesy inevitable destruction. Death stands behind the knight, his scythe upraised in warning. There is something curiously fascinating about the sketch, to which additional interest is lent by the fact that it was immediately followed by the violent death of the young artist. Glorifying in the consciousness of his youthful strength he had dared to swim across the Tiber, and must have underestimated the force of the powerful current. The Tiber nymphs drew him down into the depths of the waters he had portrayed so well and faithfully. After a prolonged and arduous search the body was recovered, and buried at Monte Testaccio, in the shadow of the Pyramid of Cestius.

The Humboldts' travelling coach rolled out of the Porta del Popolo across the Ponte Molle and away to the North. Fifteen carriages containing friends and acquaintances accompanied them to La Storta, the first halting-place, whence they continued their journey under the protection of the painter Russcheweigh. Four days' travelling *via* Terni, Spoleto and Foligno brought the travellers to Nocera, an ugly little watering place in the Apennines where Frau von Humboldt and Caroline had been ordered to take the baths. Humboldt's endeavours to be recalled from London had all proved fruitless; it was therefore decided that as he could not meet his family in Germany, they should not continue their journey northwards, and Frau von Humboldt determined to return to Rome in August, there to await the final decision. The suspense was a hard trial for Gabriele, who had just begun to see the realisation of her wishes within measurable distance;

but so long as a meeting with her betrothed was impossible nothing could have been more welcome to her than a return to Rome. This time they travelled by Assisi and Perugia, of which places Gabriele wrote as follows:—

“ . . . Between Foligno and Perugia the plain is exceedingly beautiful. To the left in the distance are the blue mountains, to the right smiling verdant hills with cheerful villas and charming summer-houses; beautiful Assisi, with its majestic church of San Francesco, soon comes into sight. Perugia itself is situated upon a high steep hill, whence you can overlook the whole expanse of luxuriantly fertile country. It is a large place, yet, with the exception of the main thoroughfare, the streets are as narrow and sleepy as in most of the towns in this part of Italy. But Perugia is sanctified by the remembrance of the artists and other great men who lived and worked there. A feeling of awe and reverence fills the traveller who enters its gates, and this gives way to boundless delight and admiration on seeing the works of those men. You can only really learn to know Pietro Perugino here. We stayed three days and always went out at six o'clock in the morning, in order to have time to see everything thoroughly. I shall never forget the happy hours there, and the no less delightful day we spent at Assisi, which is absolutely unique. The church called San Francesco was built in honour of St. Francis, who was born there. I cannot hope to describe it properly and you must forgive me if my words convey no clear conception of the reality. Three churches have been erected one above the other, the whole resting on ancient foundations. No one is allowed to enter the lowest of the three; a dark rumour says that the Saint's bones rest there, but nobody knows when it was last opened. You can imagine nothing more wonderful than the architecture of the second church, with its low wide arches and high painted windows. Words fail to express the mysterious and solemn, I might almost say awful, impression the church makes upon all who enter it. Though the third building has a very different character, being light, high, graceful and cheerful, it also moved me to worship God with feelings of pure and humble gratitude. Cimabue and Giotto decorated the upper church; the former



with illustrations from the Old Testament, the latter with scenes from the life of St. Francis. The walls of the lower church are still more closely covered with paintings, by Giotto, Giotto, Memmi, Taddeo and Giovanni Gaddi, &c. A whole history of art is contained in the building, but the beauty of the pictures is beyond description. We spent eight hours in admiring the wonders of the marvellous edifice. We also stayed at Spoleto, and then went on to Terni and Rome, where we arrived in good time on Thursday, August 6. I was delighted when the well-known hills and the beloved town were in sight once more. Rome is still, and ever will be the capital of the world; no other town has the same character."

Immediately after the return to Rome Frau von Humboldt became seriously ill, and during a long period of anxious nursing her daughters suffered much alarm. Humboldt had at last succeeded in leaving his post in London. After attending the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle, and the German Diet at Frankfort, a place in the ministry was offered to him, and thus the possibility of a prolonged stay in Germany was at last assured. He now desired that his family should rejoin him, but for Frau von Humboldt the journey was impossible. Her indefatigable spirit would again and again overcome her physical weakness; with never failing cheerfulness she sought to comfort those around her when she suffered, but to risk a long laborious journey and a change of climate at such an unfavourable season would have been absolute madness and so another winter was spent at Rome. Frau von Humboldt's delicate health precluded many of the social amusements of the preceding year, but they enjoyed the intercourse of a small circle of intimate friends. Frau von Schlegel, Frau Herz, the beautiful princesses of Courland, Duchess Wilhelmine von Sagan, Princess Pauline von Hohenzollern, and Duchess Jeanne of Acerenza—the two last-named sisters were friends of the Paris and Vienna days—were all at Rome that winter, and were among the daily visitors to the Palazzo Tomati. Now and then, when she felt unequal to the fatigue of long country walks and drives, Frau von Humboldt would entrust her daughters to the care of one or the other of those ladies.

*Gabriele to her Sister Adelheid*

Rome : January 15, 1819.

“ I cannot tell you how glad I am to hear of Rauch’s continued convalescence ; we were very anxious about him for a few days ; please give him my best love.

“ I must congratulate you upon your lovely Christmas ; father’s present was evidently not the least acceptable gift. I do not envy you, indeed I pity you for all the festivities. Our life seems all the quieter by contrast, though we have also had our great festivities. The Romans do not seem to care that they have been celebrating death, not life, and managed to get plenty of fun out of it all. The Queen of Spain died a fortnight ago, and for a week her remains have constituted the entertainment of the town. It may sound bad, but it is a fact. For several days she lay in state at the Palazzo Barberini ; on the Saturday evening they took her to S. Maria Maggiore, and thence on the Sunday afternoon to St. Peter’s, where she was entombed, though she is really to be quietly buried at St. Alessio. The procession was beautiful, and S. Maria Maggiore looked grand and most impressive, all hung with black and decorated with hundreds of candles. There is a dreadful custom which demands that until the Queen is buried all offices be performed in the Palace as though she were still alive. Her meals are cooked and her horses saddled, her court ladies dress as if nothing had happened until the day of the funeral, when they are informed that Her Majesty has no further commands, whereupon the entire household goes into deep mourning. It seems to me a horrible and senseless custom.

“ Ten thousand masses have already been said for the Queen of Spain, and her daughter the Queen of Etruria has ordered two thousand more. Vera says she has been ‘ per forza spedita nell’ Paradiso ’ ( ‘ sent to Paradise by force ’ ).

“ On Sunday the news came that the young reigning Queen of Spain had died of apoplexy on the 26th. What a strange decree of fate !

“ Bülow is still in London. I am sure you will understand why I am often very sad. I cannot be sufficiently grateful

for my naturally cheerful temperament, which helps me to fulfil what I consider my duty towards Bülow, my family, and myself, that is to say to hide my sadness, so that it may not interfere with the happiness of those around me."

Frau von Humboldt's birthday, the last day of the Carnival, was celebrated with great merriment, and Gabriele told her betrothed how she shared in the general merrymaking.

*Gabriele to Bülow*

Rome : February 24, 818

"I should have been so glad to write you at least a few lines yesterday, the day so dear to us all. But it was quite impossible, we were so busy that I could not find one quiet moment. All the morning we had visitors who came to congratulate my mother. She has had lovely presents from all the artists, paintings and drawings which are beautiful in themselves, but gain in value as proofs of their kind thought of her and their genuine affection. Everyone loves and honours our mother, and it will be a great grief for the people here to lose her. It is very pleasant to feel you are loved by your friends; nothing else sets you so completely at ease in your own social circle. Mother will have that satisfaction wherever she goes; she carries the key to it in her own amiable disposition. May God preserve her unto us for many, many years, and grant that her health, which to our delight has slightly improved during the last two days, may soon be perfectly restored.

"As it was the last day of the Carnival we all went to the Corso, where we had great fun with the 'moccoli,' of which I told you last year. It is really very good fun: the idea is that the Carnival is being carried to the grave, but it is a very merry funeral procession. On all sides you hear cries of 'È morto il Carnevale' ('The Carnival is dead') and 'Ammazzato chi non ha moccoli!' ('Death to those that have no lights!'), people try to blow or knock out each other's lights, and those that are extinguished are quickly relighted at your neighbour's candle. If you once join in the game the general merriment carries you away, it is so infectious. When we

returned home we all dressed up ; I looked so different in my Trasteverina<sup>1</sup> costume that I do not think even you would have recognised me. After we had acted our little play, the artists arrived on the scene in the strangest costumes, with all kinds of fun and frolic. Then we had supper and danced. Everyone was in the best of spirits, as merry and jolly as possible ; I too, how could I have been otherwise on such a day. I need not assure you that, in spite or just because of my great happiness, I thought of you and longed for you with all my heart ; but we love each other too dearly to grudge one another pleasure or enjoyment in our long separation, or to doubt each other's faith and love at all times. I shall strive to deserve your confidence and ask God to help me. We will live in loving harmony helping one another to bear our sorrows and enjoy our blessings. Grief and joy are inseparable from life, but to me it seems that happiness is the outcome of their union. How empty life would be if fear of pain precluded pleasure.

“The sky is quite grey again to-day and the rain has never ceased ; in spite of it, or perhaps on account of it, the trees are already beginning to bud. Some of the weeping willows on the Trinità are already lightly covered with green. It seems an ill omen to me that those trees should be the first to put forth leaves. Very shortly now the second anniversary of our separation will be here, and I do not see that we are any nearer to the fulfilment of our wishes. Can anyone blame me for being sometimes very sad ? I was quite touched by your comparing yourself to a hieroglyphic. I grant that in London you are alone and unknown, but to me, thank God, you are neither unintelligible nor incomprehensible. I can easily understand that you may seem so to yourself, just as I confess to not understanding myself ; very few people really know themselves, but whether that is for their own happiness or the reverse I cannot say. It depends on circumstances ; it is certainly sad in the case of a human being who has gone

<sup>1</sup> The costume of the inhabitants of a part of Rome situated on the north side of the Tiber. They belong to the poorer classes, and declare themselves the real descendants of the ancient Romans. They are very much in evidence at Carnival time.

through life without finding a fellow creature to love, but those who love need not regret it, for in the being they love they will learn to know themselves.”

Since Wilhelm von Humboldt's recall from London in 1818 to attend the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle, Bülow had remained at the Embassy as chargé d'affaires, and in that responsible position soon gave proof of his brilliant diplomatic talents. But the more keenly his work was appreciated the more remote became his chance of being relieved at his post. The nomination of a new Prussian ambassador was delayed again and again, till at last the longing to see his betrothed grew so intense that Bülow informed Gabriele of his intention to ask for a long leave of absence, and to set heaven and earth in motion in order to bring about a meeting.

*Bülow to Gabriele*

London : December 4, 1818.

“ If, as I now firmly hope and trust, the new ambassador really arrives here in February, I do not see any reason why my daring castles in the air should not be realised. My reputation may be made here, but I hate the place ; I am in the densest of fogs, while you are all beneath bright blue skies. An Englishman is a good example of the force of habit in human beings. At eleven o'clock this morning it was still pitch dark, and yet my English master assured me upon entering my room that it was ‘ a very fine day.’ For once this creature of habit annoyed me, and I gave vent to my bitter feelings. I asked him for a fashionable word to describe this kind of weather in the same way as I make umbrelliferous stand for a rainy day. There is no way of protecting yourself against the fog, except by shutting out all daylight. When I go out I have to take the servant with a lantern, it is impossible to see a hand's breadth before you. So long as they call a foggy day fine I'll never return to this island except on business. There is an everlasting whirlwind raging in my rooms, I am now having every nook and cranny stopped up, but it is no good whatever, my thermometer registers just 7° more on my chairback than in front of me on the table. It

is a good thing that with so much discomfort I am overwhelmed with work. When the winter days are over and the spring comes, the hour for the decision and execution of my plans will have struck. What would I not give if your mother would approve of my wishes; if she thinks that, provided I can obtain leave of absence from London, I might come straight to Rome and stay there with you till you return, I shall consider the matter as good as settled. I am sure that if she writes to your father he will have no objection; in fact, I believe he would do all in his power to procure me the happiness which words of mine cannot express, and upon which the gladness of our future depends even more than I can tell you now. I will take heart and suggest it to your father myself; you, dearest Gabriele, must intercede for me with your mother, and implore her to grant my desires. If ever it is to succeed the whole thing must emanate from her; I have boundless confidence in her powers, if only I knew what she will say to my beautiful plans. She loves Italy so well that she will understand my wish to see the land so inexpressibly dear to all of you. I share in all your joys and pleasures, it is but natural I should wish to be acquainted with their source. When I reach this stage in my reasoning, I see nothing but Italy and art before me. Do not cease to beg your mother more and more earnestly. She knows the feelings that prompt our request. How my heart will beat when I open the letter bearing your reply! . . .”

Gabriele's answer to the plans which quickened her pulses, and the realisation of which would have been perfect happiness, was very different from what Bülow expected. With touching self-denial she tells him that for the sake of his future career he must remain at his post.

*Gabriele to Bülow*

Rome: January 16, 1819.

“ . . . The very feeling that makes me so ardently desire the realisation of your beautiful plans bids me think well and clearly of the possible consequences for you. It is now and, by God's will, ever shall be my greatest desire to do good to all

and evil to none, as far as in me lies. How much greater, then, must be my longing to help you—you who possess all my heart, you to whom I owe all my present and future happiness! It would be terrible to me to think that your love for me had done you harm, and had driven you to leave an advantageous position in order to follow a course of action that would not be for your good. All that you have gained by your term of service in London might be lost by a journey to Rome. I implore you to consider well before demanding a recall from foggy England, and permission to join us here in sunny Italy. Oh dear! what disagreeable things have to be done! My reasons for answering your letter thus are so serious and my mind is so tranquil, although my heart is sorely troubled, that I feel sure I am doing right. I should not really love you if I could not speak to you so openly and candidly. I know that my love and the pleasure of seeing me again would compensate you for much that you might lose; I am more than happy to think it is so, and therefore more than ever anxious to consider the future when a still greater happiness awaits us, to which we must sacrifice all the sweetest joys of the present. I know too well how much easier this is to talk about than to do, but God will not forsake us! . . . .”

This letter from his betrothed and the no less energetic protests of his father-in-law induced Bülow to remain in London. He welcomed the news of Frau von Humboldt's speedy return to Germany with redoubled eagerness. Though the lovers were not yet to meet, Berlin was at least much less difficult to reach, and the possibility of a journey to, or of removal from the English to the Prussian capital not so very remote.

On May 2 Frau von Humboldt left Rome, whither she was to return no more. Gabriele's letters to her *fiancé* testify to the marked improvement and development of her character; they begin to show greater susceptibility to outward impressions and more perfect harmony in the emotional side of her nature; the intense longing for the future is blended with a fuller enjoyment of the present. Everyone must concur with her mother's opinion that

“Gabriele’s progress and development are the best fruits of our journey. The love and longing for Bülow and the fulfilment of her duty towards us now go beautifully hand in hand.”

*Gabriele to Bülow*

Florence: May 10, 1819.

“It is real happiness to sit down and write to you again after so many days interval. On the 2nd we really left our beloved Rome. My letters of last year expressed all that I can say in words of what I felt at the parting. I have learned to love Rome and our life there more instead of less, but the longing to see you has increased in the same proportion! We are travelling in two carriages with Frau Herz, Professor Becker, Brandis, and a manservant. In my mother’s delicate state of health it is a real comfort to have Frau Herz with us, she is so good and attentive. Our friends and acquaintances again accompanied us as far as the first posting station; the parting there was very, very sad. We went to Civita Castellana the first day, the second day to Terni, and then to F’oligno, a place I dislike, though I don’t know why. On the fifth day we were at Assisi, the sixth at Perugia. It was an immense pleasure to go over the whole beautiful route again, for I always like seeing a place for the second time; that is why I went to the Terni waterfall once more. I was still more delighted with my second visit to Assisi and the glorious San Francesco church. Unfortunately it was so dark that we could hardly see the pictures in the lower church, but the gloom did not spoil the general impression, on the contrary, the lower church was more solemn and mysterious than ever, and the upper one can never lose the cheerful character it owes to the bold, lofty, I might almost say bewitching architecture. Oh! if only you could see it!

“At Assisi and Perugia we saw a great many pictures, some of which we had not seen on our first visit. I was glad of it, you can never see and get to know enough beautiful pictures, though at the moment their very beauty may entice you to see too many at once. This is unavoidable when travel-



ling, but afterwards you can always arrange them in your memory.

“From Perugia we went to Cortona; it is not on the direct route, but we went out of our way to see Luca Signorelli’s lovely pictures in the Cathedral. After Perugia the scenery was new to me; as far as the Florentine frontier the road leads along the shores of the Lake of Trasimeno, and the views are truly magnificent. Cortona is beautifully situated and is a very bright and pleasant town. We spent the night of the eighth day at an awful inn at Levano, but it was the last but one (yesterday we dined at Incisa) and therefore bearable. We arrived here last night; we have rented a very nice house with lovely views of the Arno, which flows under our windows, and of the bridges and beautiful hills beyond.

“ . . . We have again been diligently sight seeing. This morning we were at Santa Maria Novella where there are glorious frescoes by Ghirlandajo, Lippi, Simone Memmi, Taddeo Gaddi, and others. It is really incredible how much those men painted, the quantity in itself is something to marvel at, not to speak of the quality. It does me good to see such masterpieces. In the afternoon we saw the Madonna<sup>1</sup> of all the Madonnas I have yet seen; she was painted by Raphael and belongs to the Archduke, and none of us had ever seen the picture before. You cannot often see two such pictures as this and the Tempi Madonna within two days. In pictures Florence is even richer than Rome, which is saying a good deal. We spend hours in the Pitti gallery, delighted to see all those glorious pictures once more. I do not know how it is, but I now seem to take much greater pleasure and interest in works of art than when we were here before on our way to Rome. It may be that you have to accustom yourself to everything, even to what is beautiful, or it may be that I am in a different frame of mind; I cannot say, but I feel the change and am heartily glad of it. . . .

“ . . . Yesterday afternoon we went a lovely drive to Fiesole, a monastery on a hill whence there is a glorious view of the delightful surroundings of Florence. There is beauty

<sup>1</sup> The Madonna del Granduca.

and charm about the scene, but the grandeur, the deep solemnity of Rome are lacking even in the pure outline of the hills, however beautiful they may be. If you do not wish to walk up to the monastery of San Francesco you can drive on a kind of sledge or dray drawn by oxen, a strange looking but useful vehicle. The drive to San Domenico is beautiful; there is a fine picture by Fra Angelico da Fiesole there, one of the largest pieces of work I have ever seen by this painter, of whom I am particularly fond. His figures are all so pure and earnest, and his pictures seem to shine with a clear calm light. . .”

After a stay of three weeks at Florence the Humboldts continued their journey to Milan, where they only halted for a short rest. On June 14 the travellers crossed the Simplon, rested again at Berne, and then went on to Frankfort-on-Maine *via* Stuttgart. Humboldt had accepted the post of Home Secretary in the preceding February, but had been detained at Frankfort to settle some territorial disputes; Hardenberg had cunningly contrived this empty pretext in order to keep him out of Berlin until the end of July.

Humboldt, the Hedemanns, and Theodor with his wife Mathilde, a Fräulein von Heincken whom he had married in 1818, all hurried to Heidelberg to meet the travellers. Frau von Humboldt's health necessitated a cure in Ems, so the happy family reunion in Frankfort was of short duration, a reunion in which Gabriele alone missed the one person necessary to complete her happiness. The Hedemanns, Theodor and his beautiful young wife, Caroline and Gabriele accompanied the invalid mother. From time to time Humboldt visited his wife and children at Ems, where the ladies of the family remained with their mother even after Hedemann and Theodor had been recalled to their military duties. So Gabriele was once more in undisturbed possession of her beloved Adelheid, who was able to comfort her in the seemingly endless separation from Bülow.

Gabriele's position became much easier now, her mother allowed her to tell her brother and sister-in-law of her engagement, and she could at least indulge without restraint in making plans for the future.

On July 20 Humboldt went to Berlin; his wife remained at Ems till the completion of her cure at the end of August. The monotony of the little watering place was broken by an occasional visit to the Steins at Nassau or an excursion to Coblenz, while the presence of several royalties in Ems gave rise to more social pleasures than Gabriele was inclined for. The mother often spoke of her as "our indefatigable nurse. She is a comfort to us all, so affectionate, helpful and obliging; the first to get up, the last to go to bed. She waits on everyone, and quietly sits down to write to her *fiancé* in every available spare moment."

Before leaving that beautiful part of Germany an expedition to the Rhine was planned and successfully executed. The visit to Cologne was rendered particularly enjoyable by a meeting with Stein, Lund, and Thorwaldsen. The two artists had left Rome soon after the Humboldts and were now on their way home. Thorwaldsen's journey was a triumphal progress through the land. After a short stay at Frankfort, the whole family proceeded *via* Hanau, Fulda, Eisenach, Erfurt, Weimar, and Leipsic direct to Tegel, where they arrived on September 17. The long distance and sandy roads did not deter those who wished to greet the newly returned travellers, so that the visit to Tegel, intended for a rest after so much travelling, was very gay and animated. On October 2 the Humboldts removed to Berlin to a house at the corner of the Behrenstrasse and the Charlottenstrasse, which had the great advantage of being close to the Hedemanns' house. Gabriele was particularly grateful for this arrangement and for the privilege of having a room to herself where she could be undisturbed when writing to Bülow late at night, for there was no opportunity for correspondence in the daytime. There were always visitors in the evening, often at dinner too, but sometimes Adelheid would take Gabriele to the play, where she witnessed the performance of the great classic masterpieces with unbounded delight. Tasso, Egmont, and Wallenstein suited her enthusiastic temperament, which took equal delight in music. Now and then the two sisters fled from the round of gaieties to spend a few quiet days at Tegel, where Adelheid took her mother's place as lady of the manor. The quiet and solitude of country

life pleased Gabriele far better than the gay social life of the city.

This first northern winter began early and severely for the travellers so long accustomed to the sunny south. Gabriele inherited her father's inborn dislike to the sight of snow and ice.

*Gabriele to Bülow*

Berlin : November 11, 1819.

“ . . . There is no denying that winter has set in, and it is with a strange feeling that I greet the first snowfall, that has just begun. I never liked it, and I see that our long absence from the north has made no change in my feelings, or in the melancholy mood which always comes over me at the sight of the snow. I shall try, however, to overcome my dislike, and bear the winter cheerfully ; so please, dear Heinrich, do not be afraid of a wife brought up in the south. It would be sad indeed if the only result of seeing what is beautiful on God's earth gave us a distaste for more barren lands. There is happiness in the recollection which awakens within us not sadness and empty longing, but gratitude for the joy of having enriched and ennobled our souls with what is beautiful.”

Three times the anniversary of their engagement had now returned, and still there seemed no definite prospect of Bülow's recall from London. The appointment of a new Prussian ambassador was delayed from week to week. Now and again Gabriele's excitement was raised to the highest pitch by rumours which only proved false and left her with hope deferred and longing unappeased. While she was thus consumed with impatience at the slowness of public affairs, an important and unexpected change suddenly took place in her own home : Humboldt was dismissed ! He himself had always stood above the things of this world, and true to the perfect nobility of his character, preserved the same cheerful repose and self-command at all times ; it was thus he raised his family above all paltry feelings of bitterness at such an event, and it is in the same spirit that Gabriele writes her New Year's letter to Bülow.

*Gabriele to Bülow*

Berlin : December 31, 1819.

“The third year since our separation is drawing to a close, a new year is dawning, and my heart must hope on in spite of the remembrance of other times when hopes as sweet had filled my breast and were doomed to sad disappointment.

“The year has ended and begun strangely enough. I little thought when I commenced this letter yesterday with what news I should close it. When I went downstairs to my parents, they told me father had just received his congé. This will be more of a surprise to you than to me, for you were unprepared, while I knew that after all that had happened lately, and after Beyme’s dismissal, things could not go on much longer. But we had not expected the crisis so soon, and yet, knowing it had to come sooner or later, we all rejoice that it has happened at such an opportune moment, and are quite happy and contented, for in our home life we gain far more than we lose. For the sake of the country, we must all grieve to think that evil counsels should have prevailed, and good ones have been disregarded. Beyme had also been dismissed, but he has some share in the administration of his department, while father has been dismissed from all service including the privy council.<sup>1</sup> They are both to have an annual pension of six thousand thaler, which father intends refusing; in such cases it is a good thing to have private means. You must not grieve about father’s loss of office; none of us do, and for him personally all his friends and well-wishers must rejoice.”

*Bülow to Gabriele*

London : January 18, 1820.

“Your father’s dismissal neither astonished nor grieved me. It was to be expected, for although you did not let out any state secrets, my letters must have shown you that I can guess correctly and draw my own conclusions. The times are

<sup>1</sup> Humboldt held liberal ideas disapproved by his colleagues, while he in his turn objected to the retrograde policy of Hardenberg.

growing grave indeed; the regulations are more severe, and the danger all the greater in consequence. Acquiescence or silence is required. Unless you are forced by your position to give expression to your opinion, it is best to obey in silence, looking neither to right nor left. That the work may do credit to the master is all you should permit yourself to hope. Here in this land of opinions the man who holds to his convictions is honoured above all others, he who values his independence above all whims and affectations is now and will ever be considered happiest. I cannot judge whether your father's fate will have evil consequences for me in my career. I should regret this, because it would entail a still further delay in our marriage, my dear Gabriele, but it would not affect me in any other way. I follow the course indicated by my duty and my conscience, and care neither for Pontius nor for Pilate. I should be delighted to hear that Herr von C.'s appointment was definite. I suppose that we shall meet at Burg-Oerner? I have always thought it would be so. If only the time were not so distant! If possible, I shall be happier to lead the ex-minister's rather than the favoured counsellor's daughter to the altar; for in that respect I had some disagreeable scruples. Tell your father all or tell him nothing, he knows me as you all do, and between us there is no need of words."

Now that Humboldt was no longer constantly occupied by public business, he was able to devote more time to his family, and in her letters Gabriele expresses the general satisfaction all felt in the happy, intimate home life.

*Gabriele to Bülow*

Berlin: January 4, 1820.

". . . . The ex-ministerial family, including myself, is in perfect health. Father is more lovable than ever and happy to be able to employ his long desired leisure at his own free will. At last he can put his books in order, and is only idle when he spends a little more time with us at meals, and in the evening when he keeps us constantly laughing at his witty sayings. We have really gained by the change, though we quite understand that such, as you may imagine, is

not the general opinion. It has created quite a sensation, and the affair is said to be the sole topic of conversation. People amuse themselves by planning our departure within the next three days, and one lady even called to take leave of us. I am delighted to be able to contradict these rumours, for we mean to stay here, and keep this house next winter too."

In March Bülow's future was at last decided.

*Gabriele to Bülow*

Berlin: March 4, 1820.

"Before this letter reaches you, I hope that you will have heard that your lot is cast not in Cassel or the Brazils, but in Berlin, and that your appointment in the Foreign Office is assured by a Cabinet order of February 24. I only heard the news in the night between the 1st and 2nd, really in the night. Father had been spending the evening with Princess Louise, and having returned home later than usual, he found me asleep when he came to my door to tell me the news he had heard from Ancillon.<sup>1</sup> I was deeply grateful to him for coming to tell me at once. I know no details yet, and hardly care to ask. If only I have you I shall be happy and contented; if we can live together in Berlin near my parents my greatest wish will be fulfilled, and I look forward to the future joyfully."

But it was too soon to count upon an immediate meeting; there were further delays in filling the ambassador's place in London, and Bülow still bore the burden of the work.

About the middle of May, Gabriele and Caroline went to Dresden with their mother, while Wilhelm von Humboldt and the Hedemanns removed to Tegel. Frau von Humboldt's health still left much to be desired, and she wished to consult her medical adviser Weigel as to the watering-place she should visit. While at Dresden the Humboldts saw a great deal of the ambassador Count Bombelles, whose wife, Ida Brun, had been Caroline's friend in the days of their

<sup>1</sup> A German statesman (1767-1837). The family was originally French, and migrated to Prussia after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. In 1832 he became Minister of Foreign Affairs at Berlin.

childhood at Rome. Frau von Humboldt writes that "Gabriele's beauty and charm have taken Dresden society by storm." In June they went to Carlsbad for a month, then for three weeks to Teplitz, and after another short stay at Dresden proceeded to Burg-Oerner, where they arrived on August 1, and were joined by Humboldt about the middle of the month.

At the same time Herr von Maltzahn, the new Prussian ambassador, arrived in London. Bülow remained there a little longer in order to initiate his successor into his various duties, but on September 5 his longed-for departure from England took place. The Humboldts set out from Burg-Oerner, and at Tegel on September 16, Bülow's birthday, the lovers met again after a separation of three and a half years.

Days of unclouded happiness now dawned for Gabriele. Bülow often came to see her at Tegel; in October the family settled in Berlin for the winter, and the lovers met every day. Bülow found his betrothed developed to her great advantage both in mind and body. In every girl's life the years from fourteen to eighteen are marked by great changes, and in Gabriele's case many favourable circumstances had combined to make that period remarkable. Her love had suffered no change, but she had become more humble and unselfish, more considerate towards others, more severe towards herself, ever ready to sympathise with the joys and sorrows of those around her; happy in herself, joy and love seemed to radiate from her wherever she went.



## CHAPTER VI

## THE FIRST YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE, 1821-1828

Marriage—Life in Berlin—Bülow is appointed ambassador in London, February 1827—Gabriele's arrival in London, May 1828.

AFTER Bülow had received his appointment at the Foreign Office, there was nothing to prevent his settling at Berlin, and on January 10, 1821, Schleiermacher married the young couple.

Gabriele had already suffered too many partings to care to be separated from her parents and brothers and sisters at the happiest moment of her life, so she and Bülow remained at Berlin. Every day she interchanged visits with her parents and sister ; for the present, household cares were spared the young people, as they had no cook and dined with the Humboldts. But there were social duties to perform, to pay calls, to give occasional evening parties, and now and then a state function to attend at court. In March Bülow took his young wife to Mecklenburgh to introduce her to his family. Such visits invariably present some difficulties to a young bride, but Gabriele's tact soon won all hearts, another proof of the irresistible charm by which her childlike goodness and gentle cheerfulness attracted everyone.

In the following letter she gives an account of her experiences at Schwerin, and mentions a peculiarity which is important for the perfect understanding of her character, namely, the far greater facility with which she expressed her feelings in writing than in speaking, a well-known characteristic of very reserved natures. It seemed as if a spell sometimes lay upon her in verbal intercourse with even the nearest and dearest, and she suffered much from such incapacity to give free expression

to her emotions in words. In that she differed most strikingly from Adelheid, at whose bidding not only words but tears and laughter readily came. If under the stress of some special emotion Gabriele's inner nature was revealed to those around her, her deeply religious sentiments, her triumphant faith and wonderful depth of feeling became manifest, feelings that even old age could not dull or blunt.

*Gabriele to her Sister Adelheid*

Schwerin: March, 1821.

"I begin to like being here better now. Where there's a will there's a way, and I certainly have the will, for I consider it my duty towards Heinrich, who knows well enough how much nicer it is in Berlin, and yet would naturally like me to be happy here, and does all he can to make my stay pleasant. The family is really very nice; I love the old father with all my heart, and he deserves such love; the mother is more agreeable than I had expected, not at all like her letters, but sensible and natural. She is not long and thin, but of middle height, stout, and rather good-looking, and not cold, but on the contrary warm in her manner. I no longer find it difficult to talk to the girls, who imagined me to be a very learned person and were afraid of me at first. Frau Meerheimb improves on acquaintance, that is to say she becomes more amusing, but not more affectionate; however, that may come in time; her sarcastic remarks about her own countrymen amuse me very much. Charlotte, the second daughter, is a very good girl, to whom I try to be specially kind as she seems rather neglected by the family. Friederike is very pretty and accomplished for her age. In the morning my mother-in-law generally pays me a visit, and I must pay her a short call in return; then I stay in my room till dinner-time. The house is well situated, it overlooks the market place, is comfortable and roomy, and has peculiar old furniture, which has never been altered since my father-in-law's marriage forty years ago. I like this clinging to old things and old customs; when everything is kept in perfect repair it lends the house a certain beauty and dignity. The silver washing basins in all the rooms would

quite win mother's heart, but the 'Pirol' or 'Widiwidiwale'<sup>1</sup> has nowhere been forgotten.

"On Saturday evening there was a large party here in my honour. I could just imagine myself in the place of a princess receiving at Court, and did not envy her good fortune. I grew quite faint with the endless introductions and the constant repetition of the same refrain: the bad state of the roads, and my regret at not being here in a better season, &c., &c. I congratulated myself on my suggestion of card games, which released me from all this small talk; my sister-in-law and a few other ladies and gentlemen did not join in the game, but they managed to introduce other topics of conversation, and as I did my very best, we got on pretty well. If I were to meet those good people again I should never recognise them, for in spite of doing the duties of a princess, I have not acquired a royal memory, which is a natural gift. I only asked Heinrich which are relatives, and those I try to impress upon my memory; the others really cannot expect it of me. The ladies all resemble one another in their mourning, and I maintain that the gentlemen always look exactly alike—no compliment to any of them. People still wear mourning for the old Elector; I am quite tired of it.

"There can surely be nothing more stupid than these card parties; they say that in these small towns people are too well aware of their intellectual poverty to attempt anything else; I think if that is the case they should give up social intercourse and stay at home. Hardly is the company assembled than the host or hostess goes round mysteriously dealing out the cards. I feel so inclined to laugh, but I am glad not to be able to play, for although the conversation is not particularly entertaining, you are at least at liberty to move about the room while the unfortunates sit glued to their stupid tables.

"To-night I shall have the delight of seeing them all again. They say that Duke Adolph, the son of the Grand Duke, is giving this party entirely in my honour. I might become quite conceited, for the Hereditary Grand Duchess did me

<sup>1</sup> Golden thrush, the family crest.

the same honour at Ludwigslust; but it does not affect me in the least. I must tell you about that party, for I know it amuses you to hear how your little sister behaves as a great lady. The Hereditary Grand Duchess received me most kindly, but the first half hour was very trying although I was well placed between her and the Princess Marie, who is very amiable; every word that fell around that solemn tea-table was indescribably stiff and formal. I think the Duchess felt this herself, and to put a little more life into the proceedings asked me to sing and recite; it was an awkward moment, for I naturally found it difficult to refuse. Some other members of the party then sang and played in another larger room. I again sat next to the Hereditary Grand Duchess, but this time alone, which was much more agreeable; in fact, it was very nice indeed, she is so good and kind."

Except for a few short visits to Tegel the summer was spent at Berlin, and in the autumn the young couple removed for the fourth time within twelve months. The simplicity of the furniture in those days made such removals much easier than now, when they are contemplated with dread and undertaken as seldom as possible. That the Bülows made few pretensions to outward comfort may have lain more in the modesty of their personal requirements than in the spirit of the times. A single sofa was the only piece of upholstered furniture in Gabriele's house! Their fifth abode at the corner of the Charlottenstrasse and the Dorotheenstrasse was the first to prove really suitable, and here the young couple were comfortably settled for the next six years. Here, too, their happiness was perfected by the birth of a daughter, Gabriele, on January 7, 1822. The child's life cost its mother dear, her health suffered terribly, and in spite of Frau von Humboldt's devoted nursing it was months before she recovered. She bore her sufferings with angelic patience, always anxious to comfort and console those around her. The agony of hours of martyrdom only wrung from her lips the cry of "Mother, Mother, how I pity you!"

In her state of health Gabriele was particularly affected by the parting from Adelheid, but as Hedemann had been removed to Herrnsstadt the separation was inevitable.

At the end of May Gabriele had recovered sufficiently to be able to remove to Tegel with her child. Bülow's duties only permitted short visits to the country, and the Humboldts were absent on their other estates, so Gabriele spent a long, lonely summer, in which all the joys of motherhood seemed to dawn upon her and bring her if possible even nearer to her own mother.

In the autumn Adelheid visited Gabriele, and at Christmas the whole family was assembled round the Bülows' Christmas-tree, in which the first grandchild of Wilhelm and Caroline von Humboldt took a vast delight. The winter passed happily and quietly at Berlin, and an equally peaceful summer followed at Tegel.

Tegel was originally a small shooting-box in the possession of the Great Elector; it came into the Humboldt family through the von Holwedés, and was bequeathed to the elder of the Humboldt brothers by his mother, whose first husband was a Holwede. The convenient situation near Berlin and the charming surroundings determined Wilhelm von Humboldt to make of it a home to his liking, and in 1821 he commenced the necessary structural alterations. Schinkel<sup>1</sup> succeeded wonderfully well in combining Humboldt's plans with the already existing building; the old house with its bow windows was left intact, but on the other side, overlooking the garden, there arose an ideal house in the Greek style. The tower on the old building was preserved, and the new house had three corner turrets to correspond, adorned with copies of the relief on the Athenian Tower of the Winds. The simplicity of the façade was only broken by four niches containing statues, two and two above one another on each side. Four of Humboldt's favourite antiques copied in marble were chosen to fill the niches; on the left the Velletri Pallas Athene and the Gabiae Diana, on the right the Amazon from the Vatican and the Faun by Praxiteles. The beauty of the building, which has no other decoration, lies in the

<sup>1</sup> A famous architect, born in 1781. He designed many of the more important buildings of Berlin, notably the Schlossbrücke, the old Museum, the Schauspielhaus, and some of the palaces at Potsdam. He was equally successful as a painter, and designed the frescoes in the vestibule of the old Museum. He died at Berlin in 1841.

perfect harmony and proportion of every line. It belonged to Humboldt's character to avoid all ostentatious pomp, but the interior even more than the exterior of the house conveyed an impression of cheerfulness and brightness. He surrounded himself with all the works of art collected in the course of long years, and the imperishable beauty of antique masterpieces, originals or good copies, served to brighten the evening of his life. It is not often that a home bears in so great a degree the impress of its master's personality; the noble rooms seem to breathe forth even now something of Wilhelm von Humboldt's cheerful and harmonious nature.

During her summer sojourns at Tegel Gabriele watched the progress of the innovations and alterations, and dearly as she had always loved the place, it might now be said to have been built into her heart. To her, later generations owe their gratitude for the preservation of an elder-tree which she defended with outspread arms and all her eloquence when Schinkel threatened to destroy it because it disturbed his new façade. To the present day it stands beneath the windows, and every May exhales sweet odour, like a great spring posy, while in its shade not only Gabriele, but her children and children's children have spent many a happy hour.

On October 16, 1823, another daughter, Adelheid, was born, and in the following summer Bülow took his wife and children to see his father at Schwerin. Later in the same year Gabriele went to Ottmachau with her parents and children, paid Adelheid a visit at Herrnsstadt, and returned with her to Tegel, where she kept house for her father while her mother took the waters at Marienbad.

In the autumn Bülow was appointed Chamberlain, and, besides fulfilling his numerous official duties, had to attend at Court. That entailed a gay winter for Gabriele. The summer of 1825 saw all the family united first at Tegel, and later at Burg-Oerner, where Adelheid's merry presence made the days pass even more quickly and pleasantly.

On February 27, 1826, a third daughter, Caroline, was born at Berlin.

In the absence of Count Bernstorff and Ancillon the king

entrusted the political department of the ministry to Bülow's management, and in that responsible position his extraordinary ability attracted general attention and received signs of marked approval in the highest quarters. Later in the year he made use of his leave of absence to travel, entirely for his own instruction, in Silesia, Posen, East and West Prussia, Pomerania, Mecklenburgh, Copenhagen, and the various Duchies. During the journey he was overtaken by the news of his father's death.

Bülow's appointment as Prussian ambassador to England at a moment when the change of ministry threatened important political changes, was the most striking proof of the absolute confidence placed in his diplomatic ability by those in power. Canning, who had been foreign secretary since 1822, had just reached the height of his ambition, and had become prime minister in the place of Lord Liverpool. It was his advent to power that betokened an entire change in English politics. Most of the ministers, notably Wellington and Peel, the leaders of the Tory party, retired from the cabinet, which was practically dissolved. Canning, formerly a Tory himself, was now looked upon as a renegade by his old supporters, and accused of Roman Catholic tendencies because he took the part of Ireland; his convictions, however, never allowed him to join the Whigs, with whom no other bond than the hatred of a common enemy, the Tories, united him. With wonderful dexterity he overcame all the difficulties of the situation, and during his short term of office completed the task upon which he had long been engaged, the liberation of Greece from its miserable state of bondage, and the protection of that country by a treaty between Russia, France, and England. Although Prussia was not directly concerned in the matter, the new ambassador's position was sufficiently difficult between the excited political parties on one side, and the weak and vacillating George IV. on the other. The king hesitated between the Whigs and Tories, but immediately after Canning's early death, in August 1827, sent for Wellington to form a Tory ministry.

In February 1827 Bülow was appointed ambassador in London. He received an annual income of 25,000 thaler, 5,000 thaler for house rent, and 5,000 thaler towards his

installation. And so after all the 'isle of fogs' was to be his destination.

There is no position in which so much depends upon the personality of the wife as in the case of an ambassador, and it was no small matter for so young a woman as Gabriele von Bülow to be suddenly transplanted from her simple household to an important post with its manifold and exacting duties. The idea of playing a prominent part in a strange country, with whose language she was unfamiliar, troubled her greatly, and her letters to Adelheid were most desponding.

*Gabriele to her Sister Adelheid*

Berlin : February 12, 1827.

"My letter contains unexpected news, news which it is hard to tell, for I know that it will grieve you as much as it does me. In consequence of Hatzfeld's death and the changes resulting therefrom, it is all but settled that Bülow is to go to London as Prussian ambassador. That is the cause of all my sorrow. You know how I have always trembled at the idea of an embassy, how such a life is opposed to my tastes and natural inclinations ; you know too that personally I have never desired anything more brilliant than our present position, and should indeed be content in far smaller circumstances if only they harmonised with Bülow's wishes ; but nothing less than a field of action proportionate to his untiring energy will satisfy them. It seems to me that an ambassador's duties are only desirable in exceptional cases, but that may be my ignorance. In many respects, however, I am pleased, for it is a great step in advance for us ; a little too great for my taste. I gratefully acknowledge the distinction conferred upon Bülow, but that feeling does not lessen my sorrow, or alter my conviction that it is not a suitable position for me. Then there is the separation from all of you to whom I am more attached than you can know or I can tell. My father and Bülow assure me that in respect to society and social duties no place could be pleasanter and easier to live in than London, but what a change from the present happy state of perfect peace and quiet !

"Please tell no one else of the great change impending. The



haste with which the affair has been arranged has prevented the spreading of the news, and I do not look forward to the general proclamation of the fact. The children are well. It is strange to think how unconscious they are of the change that will so greatly influence their future.

“You can imagine how anxious I am about other things as well as my own private sorrows ; above all, my absolute ignorance of the English language troubles me sorely.”

For the present Gabriele's new dignity brought her nothing but a separation from her husband, who went to England alone in April in order to take and furnish a house for the family.

*Bülow to his Wife*

London : April 18, 1827.

“I arrived here about six o'clock yesterday evening. As you know, Uncle Alexander accompanied me on my journey from Paris. We reached Calais at seven o'clock on the morning of Easter Monday, and at midday went on board the steamer 'le Duc de Bordeaux.' It was raining when we left France and also on our arrival at Dover, but the rest of the passage was splendid, and I was again lucky enough to be spared sea-sickness. We landed at Dover soon after four, and were most politely received by the harbour and customs officials. My belongings were immediately taken on shore and sent to the hotel without further examination. All preparations had been made for my reception. The chief inspector of the custom-house and the overseer called to excuse themselves for not having been present when I landed ; they had waited several hours at the quay, and had only gone away on seeing the French steamer approach without hoisting a flag in my honour. I took this for an empty compliment, but when we left yesterday morning the cannons on the fortifications thundered out a salute in my honour. When I got into the carriage there was a non-commissioned officer of artillery standing at attention by the door, and another behind him carrying the British flag. These marks of respect cost something. A round of firing followed my departure, so there is really no telling how much I cost them in gunpowder.

My trunks were placed in a light luggage cart with two horses, which drove off before us ; we followed in a carriage with four horses, and in this order made our entry into the Metropolis. . . . In order to observe the proprieties I have taken Herr von Maltzahn's house, 10 Hereford Street, Oxford Street. It is rather large, much too large for me alone, so there will be plenty of room for you and the children. If you should not come till next spring, I shall probably move. I could not well have taken my official documents to an hotel ; such a proceeding would not have been well received at Berlin and might have brought me into discredit here. Once you have been ambassador there are many things you can risk without fear of comment, things it is best to avoid at a first appearance. I ought to begin in a very modest way so as to save something towards the expenses of installation, but that is more difficult than I had imagined, an ambassador has so many more obligations than a chargé d'affaires. The furnishing, &c. will cost 18,000 thaler, and I shall have to live far more extravagantly than formerly. I am keeping the housekeeper and two of Maltzahn's menservants. My Frederick will exchange his boots and livery for shoes and silk stockings, which will transform him into a valet. I intend re-engaging the old coachman, but I must have a chef as soon as the 'batterie de cuisine' arrives from Paris, and I am doubtful whether we can manage with only one maid. In Paris there were great difficulties about the crest which I wished to have on the plate and china ; they insisted on making an eagle out of our Bülow bird. Uncle Alexander came to my assistance, and kindly found me a namesake in the Jardin des Plantes ; the bird was faithfully copied, and makes a most successful coat of arms. . . ."

London : May 11, 1827.

". . . I am thankful for my excellent health ; this life would be enough to kill most men. I had expected plenty of hard work, but I had not thought it would be as bad as this. Last night I was writing till three o'clock, and this morning I began work again at seven. Besides this, I have such numbers of invitations to dinner and evening parties that I do not know what to do with them all.

“I laughed heartily over your battle with the ‘Excellency,’ for I went through the same thing myself, although I had to submit even on the journey. Herr von N. assured me the title was customary for all royal and imperial ambassadors; in Paris ‘His Excellency’ played an important part, and here it is worse than ever. If I absolutely forbade the title, people might think it disrespectful to my sovereign, so I yield with Christian fortitude.”

The more she heard of the life in London, the more frightened and discouraged Gabriele grew; but meanwhile did all in her power to prepare herself for her new duties and responsibilities. In May she accompanied her parents to Tegel.

*Gabriele to her Husband*

1827.

“Stein scolded me severely the other day for not looking forward to London with greater pleasure. He says I do not know what advantages and benefits I shall derive from our sojourn there. Of course he is right, but he cannot know that I am not equal to the task. All that Uncle Alexander tells me of your journey and life in London sounds so strange, and it confirms me in my conviction that London and I do not suit one another, which worries me sadly. How am I to acquire the necessary qualifications? The more I try the more I am persuaded that I lack all the qualities necessary for social success. For myself this would not matter, but I am so sorry for you. I shall leave all to your wisdom, but as long as you have me you will have to reckon with my indecision and my lack of circumspection, but I dare say you have already found that out. You will be patient with me, and as we love each other all will be possible! I am always deeply touched by your tender care. I do all I can to learn and to improve my mind. Mother and I daily exchange French notes, which are often very laughable, but nevertheless good practice. Montagne praises my progress in English, and says the lessons give him pleasure, which I can hardly believe; he must have a curious notion of enjoyment. We are all working hard at English, the dictionaries are hardly ever off

the table; father is most energetic and amusing when he hunts up the words. No one could be kinder or more sympathetic than my parents. The children have also learnt a few words, and always give their small contributions to the conversation. The greater the danger the greater grows the courage to meet it. Necessity is a wonderful master both in jest and earnest, and I comfort myself with the thought that what is inevitable is generally possible. You must continue to love me, dear heart, and I shall try to make amends for what is lacking by faithful fervent love, and that I trust will compensate you for all else. The more clearly I see my own defects the firmer is my determination to give my children all I lack, and in that respect I am glad of the advantages that your new position offers.

“ . . . The 26th of June will be a red-letter day for me, you will see from the enclosed that it is the date on which I wrote you my first English letter. How I should have laughed at anyone who would have predicted that at the beginning of the year. Mother’s letter will also surprise you, but we do not mean to leave you in peace till you have answered us in English ! ”

In July 1827, while her parents were at Gastein, Gabriele set out with her three little girls on the first journey she had ever taken alone. In four days she travelled safely to the Hedemanns at Herrnsstadt. Adelheid and her husband were childless, and had the more love and affection to lavish upon the little nieces, who had every reason to regard them as second parents. During their visit all three children caught the whooping-cough, and, alarmed by the news, Bülow, who had gone to Mecklenburgh to attend to matters relating to his father’s estate, hurried to Herrnsstadt, where he surprised his wife by suddenly appearing on September 4. After a short stay he took his wife and children back to Tegel, whither the Hedemanns followed them, to join in the round of gaieties that now set in. Alexander von Humboldt introduced a new and wide circle of friends and acquaintances; not a day passed without visitors; there were guests, expected and unexpected, for dinner or for supper, and all were made welcome. The King, and the Princess Liegnitz, the Crown

Prince and Princess, Prince and Princess Karl, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland and all the royal Princes came to see Humboldt at his country house, which even before its completion roused their interest and admiration by its charm and beauty.

About the middle of October Bülow took his wife and two elder children to Mecklenburgh, where he busied himself with the division and arrangement of his father's estates, while Gabriele was in constant attendance at the court in Ludwigs-lust. The Düssin estate fell to Bulow's share. In three weeks the family returned to Berlin, and a month later Bülow went back to London.

*Gabriele to her Husband*

Berlin: January 1, 1828.

"This is the first time that I write the date of the new year; I am glad to have at last reached the first day of the year which is to see us once more united, and already I seem to feel nearer to you. As I look back upon the year that is past, I feel what cause we have to be thankful and confident. You know that in your love I am as happy as it is possible for mortal to be, therefore the greatest boon we can crave is the continuance of our present happiness, to which I add a prayer for our speedy reunion, and the increase of our felicity in the gift of a son and heir."

In consequence of her husband's absence Gabriele was obliged to go to court alone this winter, and occasionally to take decisive steps on her own responsibility, a circumstance which strengthened her judgment and favourably developed the independence of her character.

*Gabriele to her Husband*

Berlin: January 1828.

"Father and all of us had a very busy day yesterday. At half-past ten in the morning we drove to Uncle Alexander's lecture, and did not return till after half-past one. At four o'clock father gave an address at the Academy, where there was a public meeting to celebrate Frederick's II.'s anniversary. There were only gentlemen in the audience, all the princes

and people of the best society, whom Uncle Alexander had amused himself by collecting for the occasion. At dinner he was most diverting. I can never tear myself away when he is in a talkative mood, and he always seems to teach you something new. On February 1 there is to be a lecture at the Art Union.”

Berlin: February 1, 1828.

“. . . Uncle Alexander's lecture was again most interesting and Herr Saphir's joke only applied to the first half. He had said in the 'Courier': 'The hall could not take in all the audience, and the ladies in the audience could not take in the lecture.' As far as my own small self is concerned he was not altogether in the wrong, for, though I rarely absolutely fail to comprehend the sense, remembering and understanding are two different matters. Each of these addresses is more beautiful than the last; such perfect clearness and noble views must elevate the heart and soul of every listener. His delivery is less embarrassed and much improved; he no longer reads from his notes as, to my great chagrin, he did at first.

“We use the same staircase as Royalty; when we meet either before or after the lecture we always stop to hold a little 'parlata.'”<sup>1</sup>

Thus the winter passed quickly, further enlivened by a long visit from Adelheid. The rapidly approaching departure to England gave rise to endless decisions and arrangements in regard to household matters. Gabriele learnt to act promptly upon her own responsibility, and proudly reported her managerial edicts to her husband:—

“. . . It is really a very thorough schooling for my undecided and dependent character, and I often hardly recognise myself in my skilful orders and directions. Although I do none of the actual packing myself, there is much to be considered, ordered, and arranged, and I have been very busy of late. Notwithstanding, people say (that is August and Adelheid, other people don't tell me) that I look younger than ever and not at all venerable. I tell you this because I know you will be glad of such a proof of my good health, and because for your sake I want to look presentable as long as possible. We have been much in the society of

<sup>1</sup> Conversation.

princes this week. On Monday we dined with the Crown Prince, but the leave-taking was premature, for we met again on Thursday at the Cumberlands', who gave a large dinner in honour of the Grand Duchess. The royal family was there, and the King invited us all to a theatrical evening at the Palace. He was very agreeable, and spoke to me several times. The Crown Princess was kind and more charming than ever : I am quite in love with her. Yesterday I paid the Princess Wilhelm my farewell visit, and before going to the Palace this evening I am due at the Grand Duchess's. I have at last finished my farewell calls, but you can imagine that my head is in a whirl."

The departure from Berlin took place on March 31. Gabriele was accompanied by her parents, in whom the old love of travel was once more awakened. They determined to take their daughter to London, so as to become acquainted with her new surroundings. It was quite an imposing cavalcade that set out from Berlin. Wilhelm von Humboldt and his wife, Caroline, Gabriele with her three children, two men-servants and the maid easily filled two carriages. Travelling *via* Frankfort, Paris was reached on April 15, and they used their time well during a fortnight spent in the French capital. Humboldt was soon engulfed in a social whirl, which seemed to agree with him quite as well as the self-elected retirement of the last few years. His wife only shared in his engagements as far as her health permitted, and devoted the rest of her time to art, and to memories of former visits to the town she loved so well. Gabriele was in great request, and was very busy purchasing her plate, procuring her dresses, and searching for that necessary evil, a French maid. At last the stay in Paris came to an end ; on May 18 Bülow met his family at Calais, and conducted them to London.

Gabriele was at once occupied by her new duties. Before she had been twenty-four hours in her new house, No. 10 Cumberland Place, visitors claimed her attention, and strangers came to dine and spend the evening with the Prussian ambassadress ; but she was all the time longing to be at the bedside of her little daughter, who was suffering from the effects of the long journey.

## CHAPTER VII

## THE BÜLOWS IN LONDON, 1828-1833

Description of the journey—Life in London—Departure of the Humboldts—Illness and death of Gabriele's mother

IN a letter to her sister Adelheid, Gabriele describes the crossing from France and her new surroundings in London :—

“ . . . Our stay in Paris and the necessity of devoting my attention to the French language put out of my head the little English I knew before. I shall never forget my state of despair that night on the boat. As I was too ill to attend to the children myself, I sorely needed the help of the stewardess, but I could neither understand her nor make myself understood by her. It was a strange night; a thousand thoughts passed through my mind, while my body lay inert and powerless; it was as if I were living a double life of inward activity and outward stupor; it is extraordinary what utter exhaustion an attack of sea-sickness causes. You know that if my children are in need of anything, especially if they are ill, I am not usually slow to help them, and yet on board ship I was absolutely unable to render them any assistance. I heard their cries and lamentations but could not move an inch, even to raise Linchen, who was lying in my arms. After a few hours of this misery I fell asleep, and awoke with a delightful sensation of well-being and repose, so that when I looked round the cabin I could hardly resist laughing aloud. Imagine a room about the size of one of our turret chambers at Tegel, but only a third of its height, furnished with rows of pulled-out cupboard shelves in which the beds are made one above the other all round the walls. I was lying on one of the lower shelves, Lella was above me, and opposite us there were some strange ladies looking one



more miserable than the other as they peeped out of their berths. Mother and Caroline lay on the benches which were set by the windows and round the walls; our maids were stretched on the floor. The whole place resembled a battle-field with huge basins instead of arms beside the fallen warriors. Our various positions and the condition of our clothes was more than extraordinary, mine especially. At nine o'clock, after making ourselves as tidy as we could, we went on deck, where it was really beautiful. You can imagine nothing grander and more impressive than the Thames and the entrance to the port of London.

“ . . . I must tell you something of our curious parties. One of the prettiest fêtes was given by the Duke of Clarence,<sup>1</sup> in honour of the battle of Waterloo, on the 18th. It was a luncheon party held on board several ships connected in such a manner as to enable you to pass from one to the other as you would from room to room. The tables were laid below, and from the cabin (which was much larger than the scene of our sufferings on the ‘Lord Melville’), where we sat with the royal family and the ambassadors and their wives, we had a good view of the two long beautifully decorated tables and the picturesque medley of ladies and gentlemen seated on either side of them. The Duke of Clarence spoke well, but I was unpleasantly struck by the absence of Blucher’s name in his toast to Wellington. The Duchess of Clarence wins all hearts by her goodness and amiability. Her kind-heartedness is more than mere royal politeness, and in that she resembles our own Crown Princess, whom she loves very dearly, and of whom she often speaks with tears in her eyes. This in itself would suffice to gain my affections. I think that the letter of introduction which I brought her from the Crown Princess induces her to be specially kind to me, and I am glad of it. She has already sent us several invitations. The day after the naval luncheon we dined there earlier than usual, and after dinner the whole party drove to Astley’s theatre, a kind of circus on

<sup>1</sup> Brother of George IV. and heir to the throne since January 25, 1827, when the Duke of York died; he had married in 1818 Adelaide, Princess of Meiningen.

a very large scale, where the battle of Navarino and other martial scenes were represented with great pomp and skill. From Astley's we returned to the Admiralty for supper. The large rout on the 20th was much less enjoyable, the crowd and heat were perfectly suffocating. You cannot imagine such an evening party until you have seen it, and it amused me merely as a curiosity. There was such a terrible crowd that the men had to put their hats on in despair, and I found it quite difficult to keep hold of Bülow's arm. After vainly searching for the Duchess in several rooms, we gave up trying to present ourselves to our hostess. We found the Duke in a little room where they were washing up the china, and after resting there a few moments we beat a retreat at about one o'clock; to judge by the string of carriages driving up to the Admiralty even at that hour, half the visitors could not have yet arrived. I kept thinking of the saying, 'You cannot walk for people.' You cannot imagine anything more curious than these parties; whole families parade the rooms arm in arm, and I am always particularly amused to see husbands and wives in this position standing stock still on one spot a whole evening. My chief enjoyment consists in looking at the numberless pretty and often really beautiful women you see here. At the masked ball—fancy dress ball they say here—I was more than ever struck by their beauty. The costumes and jewels were magnificent. The ladies were all expected to appear in fancy dress, and very few failed to do so; indeed they had all donned something more or less fantastic, which is not difficult here, for at ordinary parties some of the women are so extraordinarily dressed that you might think they were going to a masquerade. At this ball many of the ladies had simply added to their usual dresses a long veil, and as the trouble of procuring a real costume would have been impossible for me at present, I followed the same fashion. It amused me to think that the veil I wore as Princess Talmont should reappear at a London ball, though I had to spend quite a large sum of money on a scrap of silver trimming. Some other time I'll tell you how fearfully expensive everything is, it is too striking a factor to be overlooked. . . .

“I think the others told you about our three great field days—I mean dinner parties; they were awful, but fortunately I have a talent for hiding my nervousness. I often laugh now when I remember how frightened I used to be about speaking French. I wish I were equally advanced in English!”

Calls, theatres, receptions, dinners, soirées, balls, excursions to country houses and visits to museums and galleries with her parents followed the first days in London, so that to glance at a page of Gabriele's diary crowded with a hundred names of people and of places almost produces a feeling of dizziness. The season was at its height, and besides the ordinary visitors to the embassy, there were many who came solely on account of Wilhelm von Humboldt's presence there. The esteem in which he was held found vent in an extraordinary outburst of popular enthusiasm, and from the King downwards, all exerted themselves to do honour to the distinguished visitor. Gabriele herself achieved a brilliant success in London society. People were accustomed to find the ladies of the diplomatic corps extremely pretentious, and were much astonished to see the young ambassadress, the daughter of such a famous and celebrated man, take her place in a quiet unassuming manner. She was not made to shine in the great world; as her mother writes in one of her letters, “her calm, deep, and reserved nature is too good for the world.” Yet though she was neither witty nor brilliant in conversation, though she had no desire to shine in society, and never strained for effect, her simplicity everywhere won her the favour that others artfully and enviously sought in vain. All hearts were conquered by the charming manners and graceful dignity of the young ambassadress, whose blue eyes, though often shyly bent upon the ground, were full of ready sympathy. Before half the season was over, everybody recognised the charms of the young Baroness Bülow.

Gabriele never acknowledged the terrible sacrifice it was for her to renounce the care of her children, to whom she had hitherto devoted all her time. Adelheid, however, who had an insurmountable objection to all “foreign folk,” was bitter

in her denunciations of the ambassadress who could pitilessly confide her children to the care of a stranger whose language they could not even understand.

On July 18 the Humboldts left London for Paris, and thence proceeded to Gastein to take the waters. Gabriele accompanied her parents to the boat, and refused to leave them until the signal for departure had been given. It seemed as though she could not tear herself away from her mother's embrace, as though both felt that this was the last farewell. They never met again.

It was now that Gabriele first realised her solitude in a foreign country, and by the constant interchange of letters with her parents sought to replace their daily intercourse.

#### *Gabriele to her Mother*

London: July 20, 1828.

“I have been sitting here a long while pen in hand, and yet I cannot make up my mind to write to you; two days ago you were with me still, now the sea already separates us. It seems a dream, a sad and sorrowful dream. When I awoke yesterday morning with a heavy heart, it seemed for a moment as though bad dreams had frightened me; but alas! all too soon the sad reality overwhelmed me again, and I began this day with tears as I had ended the last. It will be best to say nothing of my feelings on returning to the deserted house and entering the room where your loving welcome had always awaited me, and where now all was dumb and silent as the grave. I hurried to the children, and was deeply moved to find them sleeping so peacefully and ignorant of all they had lost! They seem but to increase the pain of our parting, dearest mother; by my deep devotion to them I can measure your love for me, and know what you suffer by this separation from me and from them. To know you can no longer share in my happiness in the children is to feel that this happiness is no longer unalloyed, but mixed with deepest regret. I long to know how you all are, and particularly how you fared on the boat, where I left you with such a heavy heart. It is a comfort to have accompanied you so far,

though there all the surroundings could but increase the bitterness of the parting, and to leave you in such a state of agitation made me doubly unhappy. Although I was sadly in need of rest I hardly liked to go to bed ; how much I would have given to obtain the same repose for you, dear mother, for you who exposed yourself to such fatigue and discomfort for my sake ! Oh ! my dear parents, if only I could express my heartfelt gratitude for all your loving kindness in accompanying me to England. You have not only facilitated my *début* here, but your presence has given me a lasting pleasure in the many sad and glad reminiscences which will henceforth accompany me in my daily life."

*Wilhelm von Humboldt to his Daughter Gabriele.*

Calais : July 19, 1828.

"We arrived here safely, but your mother and Caroline are much more fatigued than after the first crossing. This is quite natural, for we were then with you, my dearest children, from whom we have now parted. The passage was more tiring for those who were seasick, for from ten to four the wind was high though not unfavourable. It was a fine day, quite cloudless after about ten o'clock, when we had some slight showers. As long as we were in the river it was all right, and everyone kept well, but once in the open sea there was much more movement than when you were with us. Several times the spray dashed over the deck, and most of the ladies began to be ill. Your mother and Caroline hardly left the cabin after yesterday evening. This morning at eight they came into the saloon to drink the coffee you had given us, and your mother went up on deck for a short time. We arrived here at a quarter to six, so you see how many hours we were on the way. Lord Salisbury and his wife were also on board. To-morrow morning we intend leaving Calais for Montreuil."

*Frau von Humboldt to her Daughter Gabriele*

Paris: July 23, 1828.

“I cannot say how glad I am that we took you to London; in the midst of my regret and sorrow at parting with you, I still have the comfort of knowing all the circumstances of your social and home life! Tell me everything in your letters, so that I can always picture you and the children to myself. Where do you write? Upstairs or downstairs? How have you arranged my room? I pity you for your new visitors; such old fogeys are bearable for half an hour, but for eight or ten days, *c'est très dur!* These are the unavoidable pleasures of your new position, and we did not fare any better.

“As soon as we arrived yesterday Papa Ampère<sup>1</sup> put in an appearance, and in a moment your father and he had established themselves in the sitting-room and plunged into a discussion on the grammar of the languages of the South Sea Islands. Half the things were still in the *ferrier*,<sup>2</sup> and the postillion was standing aghast at the sound of strange South Sea Island names, when I put a stop to this state of things by reminding your father that the postillion was waiting; Ampère and he looked as if I had recalled them from another world, and the former suddenly remembered that we had only just arrived at Paris. . . .”

Strasburg: August 4, 1828.

“We arrived here from Nancy at eight last night, a considerable day's work for our heavy carriage. To-day we are resting; we have spent several hours in the Cathedral, and have been to see H., whose good, honest, faithful character is quite unchanged. He was childishly pleased to see me, and asked much after you. If I could only get three times 400*l.* for him, like so many an undeserving painter pockets in London, he would be provided for for life. It is touching to see a man of such real talent fighting a life-long battle with paltry, miser-

<sup>1</sup> The famous natural philosopher, then professor of experimental physics at the Collège de France, Paris. He was born at Lyons in 1775, and died at Marseilles in 1836.

<sup>2</sup> Receptacle for luggage on a travelling carriage.

able daily wants, and yet in him you will find peace, kindness, and true charity, the inextinguishable life and light within him seem to owe their origin to other than earthly sources. An artist, a true artist, seems to me to resemble a mighty tree, whose topmost branches wave high in the breeze, and not only derive sustenance and strength from the roots deep down in the earth, but once having thriven and attained their lofty place seek nourishment in realms unknown to coarser natures. Thus the artist has his firm foothold on the earth, and imbues his poetry, painting, or music with the realism the world demands—that is the body of his work of art: the soul, which breathes in his handiwork, is derived from the far off realms of imagination. What would life be without imagination and poetry? But forgive this digression. I know not what suggested the subject, perhaps it was H. In the Cathedral the same thought took possession of me. That is true architecture, and in that architecture there is poetry.

“But I must conclude. The importance which the C’s attach to dress is really ridiculous. She almost cried when I told her that owing to the late arrival of the packing case you had been obliged to order a dress from Mlle. M., and the news that it was embroidered in gold and not in silver was like a nail in her coffin. ‘*Mais la première fois que S. M. aura vu Mad. de Bülow, comment ! il aura fallu qu’il la voye avec une robe brodée en or. C’est affreux ; que peut-il avoir pensé d’habiller une aussi jeune et jolie femme en or ?*’ I pacified her and said the King had survived it, but she would not be appeased.”

*Gabriele to her Mother*

London : August 22, 1828.

“Only the desire to please Bülow will enable me to get accustomed to the life here. It will always be antipathetic to my innermost nature, but it has already gained in pleasantness and outward attractions. I am quite used to the new division of the day, and seem, indeed, to have known no other ; I often wonder how the long morning has passed so quickly. I am still very busy studying French, but as soon as

N. returns from the country I shall set to work seriously with my English. The housekeeper was much impressed by my English list of the linen, and on that occasion confided to me that the concierge had told her I spoke English very well. I think he must have heard me speak in his dreams, or else the fact of my being able to say a few words without Caroline's help had this marvellous effect upon his mind. We have abandoned the plan of sending for our own piano, and intend hiring one here, next week I hope. I am longing for an instrument; my passion for singing has already driven me to go through all my music without accompaniment. The old songs bring tears to my eyes as I think of old times, and I seem to be in Rome rather than in London. . . .”

*Frau von Humboldt to her Daughter Gabriele*

Gastein : September 5, 1828.

“It is terribly misty again to-day; here and there a few mountain tops show their faint outline, but the valley is dark and melancholy this year—as Caroline says, ‘quite suicidal.’ And then the cold, with rooms to the north and a temperature of no more than 12° or 13° within and without. Your father however is perfectly happy because there is not a single soul here whom he knows; when a day is at an end he says he would like to begin it again, and so on *ad libitum*. Besides this, we are threatened with the annoyance of having to move on the 8th because the Archduke Rainer, his wife and children, are coming here for one night, and require twenty-one rooms. Everything will be topsy turvy, and how we are to stow all our baggage in the two little attics they have put at our disposal I can't say. To-day we have had our nineteenth bath, so we shall probably get away on the 13th. I can hardly expect another letter from you here, and whatever happens I shall be absolutely without news for at least three weeks. We shall reach Berlin between the 25th and 30th, and there I hope to find a letter from you. We should like to avoid the meeting of the Natural History Society, which will bring crowds of people to Berlin in the latter half of September, for as long as we have no cook at Tegel it will be most uncomfortable



there. I dread returning to Tegel! The last time I saw you there was the morning you left for Ludwigslust. Linchen kept pointing to the door of the turret room, calling 'Mama;' you had gone out by that door, and she thought you would come back to her that way. Oh, Gabriele! how often and how long I shall look towards that door—oh, God! how long?

"I am glad to hear your love of singing has reawakened, and that you mean to get a piano. You have a beautiful voice, full of feeling. Mlle. Sonntag would be a really great singer if, besides her naturally fluent voice and her artistic training, she possessed a tenth part of your capacity for feeling music. Could you not take lessons for a few months out of the season, just to get into the way of singing again? There is another reason why I think this desirable. It may be that you have never considered the matter, but you have all your life been accustomed to associate with people chiefly occupied with art and science. It was in Italy, the land of beauty, that your mind first awakened to consciousness, and there developed. All the pictures and impressions of your childhood were refreshed and deepened by our return to the South. Your life in Berlin was in that respect far richer and more varied than can ever be the case in London. For glorious, nay unique, as are the works of art to be seen in London, you will rarely have an opportunity of enjoying them; the nature of your position, your youth, the formality of English life, the manner in which those treasures are dispersed about the town, will prevent you from seeing them often. And an occasional inspection of works of art is very different from living with them day by day. Ere long you would feel the emptiness, the inward aridity which is the inevitable result of occupying yourself solely with the people and things of this world. That is why I think you will find comfort in singing; it will be the tie by which your heart will seek to bind what is transient and earthly to all that is imperishable and everlasting. You need such comfort all the more now that you are deprived of the solace of divine service. But make inquiries, my dear child. I feel sure you will find one among the German clergymen who will be able to propound the Gospel to his congregation in the true spirit. I know your

conjugal and maternal happiness is complete, but my heart would be more at rest did I but know you provided for in respect of religion, and more in touch with the true graces and riches of life.

“It makes me quite sad to think that you are entirely deprived of your father’s animated conversation. It is not always possible to understand the subject under discussion, if it be a special branch of science, but he never fails to touch upon some general topic which gives his listeners food for thought; few men exercise such a beneficial influence on others.

“Alexander’s letter is full of fun about his arrangements for the meeting of the Natural History Society; he has made preparations for six hundred people. He has received and answered more than sixty letters from scientists asking him to find them beds free from ‘bugs,’ and says that is a nice proof of the reputation Berlin enjoys abroad. He also alludes very sympathetically to your separation from me, and says that he misses your children: ‘les enfants sont doués d’un singulier pouvoir de la nature de rajeunir ceux qui les voient.’ That is very true! What may my little darlings be doing now? Kiss them all three for me, and give them a fond embrace from Caroline, who is really angelic in her goodness. She does her best to cheer and comfort me, as you desired her. But in the midst of a joke we catch each other’s eye, and are both nearer tears than laughter. That does not matter: tears are often a relief. For a few days I was too downcast and heartbroken to weep. And yet there is a certain pleasure in the indulgence of such grief.

“The Archduke is really coming! To-morrow we are to move, and I must close this letter to-day, as there will hardly be room to turn round in our little attic. Well: ‘cette journée passera, dit Ravaille,’ and so say I. I shall be quite satisfied if we leave on the 13th, but oh! the journey! It pours incessantly, and the mist rolls up the valley like great sacks of wool. I am glad you intend learning English; it is an absolute necessity to speak the language of the country you happen to inhabit. You must get the works of Moore and Byron, in which you will find true poetry. The other

day I found a sweet little song by Moore, which I will send you another time. I believe I should try to learn Chinese if I lived in China."

The social turmoil did not last long after the Humboldts' departure; the season was at an end, and London was deserted by society. The Bülow's also sought rest and recreation at the seaside.

*Gabriele to her Sister Caroline*

Broadstairs, near Ramsgate: September 15, 1828.

"We have carried out our plans after all, and here we are in the midst of perfect peace and quiet. We have no other company than the sea, which is so new and attractive to me that it is my excuse for not having written sooner. Joking apart, I can really sit for hours watching the waves, and can with difficulty tear myself away from the shore. It is so pleasant to sit dreaming there, thinking long, long thoughts which are often very sad ones when I remember that this same wide sea separates me from all of you, and yet I feel nearer to you here than in the close and crowded London rooms. Here my thoughts are free and unbounded as the view; we are alone, and everything combines to make our stay delightful. Since we have been married Bülow and I have never enjoyed such undisturbed rest and solitude; even at Tegel we could never be as much alone as we are here, and as I hope we shall continue to be till the end of our holiday. We have not yet made any acquaintances, and avoid the possibility of doing so. Bülow receives his newspaper from London. Count Dönhoff keeps him informed of all passing events, so what more can he want?"

"Broadstairs is only a small place, but at midday the promenades on the cliffs and the beach are quite lively. It is not so much the fashionable crowd as the world of children that disports itself on the shore, and we certainly count among the latter. This is our favourite walk, especially of an evening; if the tide is low you can round one rocky promontory after the other, and reach secluded coves surrounded by high cliffs and washed wonderfully clean and smooth by the sea.

To my taste such coves are far more elegant than the grandest drawing-rooms in town. I would far rather listen to the sound of the sea here than to many a conversation there, and am always sorry to leave the sheltered bays, which would be perfect if only you could set up house and home in them. Were you to do so you would soon have a rather boisterous visitor in the shape of the incoming tide.

“The children are perfectly happy, and assure me they never want to return to London; at low tide they hunt for shells, a pleasure they much prefer to walking or driving with us. The English language is now beginning to assert itself mightily, the elder children even want to speak English with us. I always speak to them in German, and Linchen understands, though she answers in English. ‘I am very fond of you’ is her latest saying. The children dine at two o’clock, as they did in London; we lunch with them, and then go for long walks or drives. I proposed dining at two o’clock in the good old Tegel fashion, but Bülow has not yet been able to make up his mind to such an infringement of English customs, and I grant that there is much in favour of the late dinner hour. We rise much earlier than in town, and at seven o’clock in the evening the children are generally so sleepy that they themselves ask for bed; we also go to bed earlier than in London, though not before eleven o’clock. We are always astonished to see how quickly the evening has passed with pleasant books and talk. The house is small, but as pretty and smart as a jewel box. We found everything prepared for us by the servants whom we had sent on before, and I fully approved of all they had done. We have no garden, but as ours is the last house on the sea wall, a few steps take us out of sight of the houses into secluded lanes. The country lacks trees, and is too bare to be beautiful, but the sea makes amends for everything. The grandeur of the view along the top of the steep cliffs would console me for the absence of all other attractions in the landscape.”

*Gabriele to her Mother*

Broadstairs : September 25, 1828.

“ This beautiful free country life invigorates and animates my whole nature, but I only think of and long for you all the more. You know me so well that you will understand without my trying to express in my imperfect way what I mean, when I say that I need some intellectual interest, and the allusion in your last letter to this deficiency in my London life shows me that you understand my innermost feelings. That is why this separation has so many more privations for me than for you ; I lose so much in every respect. The desire you express that I should take up singing again coincides with my own inclination to do so, and I shall certainly follow your wishes in the matter. It is my earnest intention to try and develope all the resources of my mind. My English lessons are to begin as soon as we return to London ; Bülow and I are already preparing for them. We divide our time between useful and agreeable indoor occupations and long walks and drives. Bülow himself is happy for once to be rid of all the London worry and bustle, while for me this quiet life alone with him has unutterable charms. I cannot tell you how happy he makes me ; the one object of his life is to give me pleasure, and his greatest happiness is to succeed in the endeavour. I can only thank him by seeking to fulfil his wishes, and by not merely tolerating our life in London, but by trying to find pleasure in it, and I should like you, my dearest mother, to be convinced that this is the case. Of course I am happier here than in town ; it is such a charming place, and the sea is day and night an irresistible attraction. At full moon I could hardly tear myself away from the balcony. Day by day we grow more familiar with the waves, their murmuring seems to become articulate and to speak of what is nearest and dearest to our hearts. I am often reminded of Mary Stuart's words : ‘ Und diese Wellen die nach Mittag jagen, sie suchen Frankreichs fernen Ocean.’<sup>1</sup> How my heart beat when the other day I saw the coast of France from Ramsgate.

<sup>1</sup> ‘ These waves, chasing to the south, seek the distant shores of France.’

“I think that life at the seaside must have a beneficial influence on the character; the sight of the ocean, that wondrous image of eternity, must surely make one's whole nature more susceptible to all pure and noble impressions. I wish I had the gift of expressing my feelings in words. I cannot thank you enough for your letters to me, they are so characteristic of yourself. Adelheid is enthusiastic in her description of your poem on the ‘Velletri Pallas Athene.’ Why did you not send it to me also? Please do so, and inclose the verses you wrote on the Gastein waterfall. . . .

“Bülow cannot be absent from London any longer, so we shall probably leave here on the 9th or 10th. We are just like father at Gastein, and often wish that the days could begin again when they are over, they are so delightful and so much too short. I must tell you something of the rustic *fête* which has been occupying our attention since two o'clock this afternoon. Early this morning a large flag was hoisted in front of our house in honour of Bülow, ‘the highest subscriber,’ but not being able to procure a single eagle they contented themselves with a double one. To return thanks for this mark of honour Bülow treated the prize winners to champagne. As a proof of their satisfaction the sailors serenaded us with music and cheering, for which I graciously bowed my thanks from the balcony. They repeated their ovations at the close of the *fête*, and we now beg to be complimented on the honours conferred upon us here. I have given Bülow your name for father, ‘bon prince.’ He does all he can to promote the physical and moral welfare of Broadstairs. He has even subscribed to the building of a new chapel, but he could not prevail upon the people simply to enter his name as ‘a visitor.’ ”

The Bülows returned to London refreshed and strengthened by their long visit to the seaside. November and December passed comparatively quietly; occasional visits to delightful country houses made a pleasant variation in the routine of town life. Gabriele continued to correspond frequently with her mother, whose letters never fully revealed to her daughter the gravity of her condition, which the Gastein waters had been unable to relieve, and though traces of suffering and a

consciousness of the approaching end were noticeable in everything she wrote, Frau von Humboldt continued to take a lively interest in the most trivial events, and Gabriele did not fail to report every detail of her public and private life.

*Gabriele to her Mother*

London: October 22, 1828.

“ Since I last wrote a fortnight has passed, which, though quiet from a social point of view, has been on that account very pleasant. A great event has, however, taken place. I have for the first time seen one of Shakespeare’s plays, the ‘Merchant of Venice,’ in English. In the morning I read the play over in German and in English; in the evening I took my English copy to the theatre so as to follow the performance. I enjoyed myself immensely, and consider it to be just as important an event in my life as little Adelheid’s first English picture-book is in hers. We often go to the play now. Of course it is very interesting to see Shakespeare’s plays acted in the original, but my pleasure is somewhat marred by the style of acting, which is extremely disagreeable and exaggerated in tone and gesture. To my ears the language always sounds unmusical. The actresses have such harsh voices, and scream so loud that I should sometimes like to shut my ears. I am sure that going to the theatre is excellent practice for learning the language. You should see how hard I work in the morning when we intend going to the play, and if Schadow used to be ‘tutto fresco’ in Rome, I am certainly ‘tutto Shakespeare’ here. We always arrange to share our box with some other couple of the corps diplomatique; it is too expensive to go alone, and pay two or three guineas.

“ Our little girls have been to another party given by the Polignac children, and their dreams of wearing satin and tulle dresses were realised to their great delight. Bülow’s audience with the little Queen<sup>1</sup> has taken place. She was surrounded by her court in solemn state. Bülow was in full dress, and

<sup>1</sup> Donna Maria da Gloria, who at seven years of age became Queen of Portugal, in succession to her grandfather, John VI.

drove in our state carriage, which I now saw for the first time. I was amused at the ridiculous bag-wigs the servants wear on these occasions. To-morrow I am to present myself alone. I dread the ordeal and wish it were well over, but 'onward, proud eagle' is, as usual, my motto.

"(Later.) I can now add a description of my audience. Palmella<sup>1</sup> and his wife received me, and introduced the Marquis B., who announced me to the Queen. She was standing in another room surrounded by three ladies-in-waiting. She wore a black merino dress with the ribbon of some order. Her fair hair was plaited and curled on her forehead. Her features are very marked and rather large, her head seems a little too big for her body, and her figure, too developed for her age and height, gives her a somewhat square appearance. All her answers were 'oui' and 'non,' but I could see by her expression that she followed my conversation with the bystanders most attentively. I did not forget to repeat 'Votre et Sa Majesté' several times. Palmella says she does not understand German. At a sign from the Marquis the little Queen bowed, and I departed, glad to have got through that duty. The children were deeply interested in this visit, and wanted me to describe every stitch of her clothing."

*Frau von Humboldt to her Daughter Gabriele.*

Tegel: October 16, 1828.

"Wednesday is the happy day on which your letters arrive, dear Gabriele; fortune has favoured me twice since we have been here. Every thought of you is joined with a heartfelt prayer for God's blessing. You will be back in London now; we thought of your journey; it was very stormy and we were all alone at Tegel. Oh! how near and yet how far you are from us! To-day is your little Adel's birthday; you must know that I am thinking of you both lovingly and tenderly as usual. You will have great difficulty in keeping up German

<sup>1</sup> A distinguished Portuguese statesman to whom the Queen owed her establishment on the throne of her ancestors. He represented his country at the Congress of Vienna, and later in London. He died in 1850.



with the children, once they have begun to speak English among themselves; I advise you to be firm and insist on their always talking German to you and to Bülow as well as to the members of your household, such as Dönhoff, &c. Even supposing one of the girls should eventually settle in England, it would be an immense advantage for her to know German. And if in a few years time you are recalled from England, then, by persevering now, you will save precious time later on when they will probably have much to learn besides languages. I can speak from experience, for I know how much time and trouble it cost you and Adelheid to learn German in Vienna when you had entirely forgotten it in Rome during my eight months' absence. . . .

"I do not approve of your sending such young children to parties, and whether it be fashionable or not I should not allow them to go before they are at least ten years old. I consider it physically and morally harmful. It stimulates their vanity, and makes them old and *blasé* before their time. . . .

"Alexander is as delightful as ever: he dined here on the 13th. and stayed till after breakfast on the 14th; on the 15th he went to Paretz. To-day we are expecting Rauch and Agnes;<sup>1</sup> I am glad, for they will enliven our quiet evenings. You cannot imagine what a deadly silence reigns in the house. Since last night the storm has risen again. I have only been to the lake once; I imagined how those waves could carry me down the Havel into the Elbe, and so across the sea to you. Here and in Berlin I am constantly finding trifles that recall you to my memory. In a work basket the other day I found a strip of rolled-up paper; it was one of your notes about some little household matter, and my eyes filled with tears when I opened it. If the weather remains so stormy we shall soon remove to town, particularly if the exhibition closes on the 31st.

"M. is exhibiting a beautiful portrait of Hirt and a horrible composition called 'Faith, Hope, and Charity.' All you can say is that it must be his faith, his hope, his charity. Dieffenbach's medicine, which I have been taking for three

<sup>1</sup> Rauch's daughter.

days, has already done me good; unless I am under his constant supervision I fear my condition will become serious. All the rooms were painted during our absence, and we found the house in a state of perfect cleanliness, the woodwork shining like a looking-glass. 'Und Marmorbilder steh'n und seh'n mich an; was hat man dir, du armes Kind, gethan?'<sup>1</sup> What have they done to me? Unkind fate has transformed my whole life, and it will be long before I grow accustomed to this sense of desolation. No, do not say you suffer more than I do by our separation. An eternal law underlies all creation. The stream of love flows on and is revived in each new generation. Thus God ordained it; love is divine and is lent to mortals on their way through life; some day it will lead us back to Him, the holy fount of all pure love. As the years roll on, you will gain a more profound knowledge of life and of your own heart. 'Man goes from darkness unto light, from pain to joy, from death to life.' "

*Gabriele to her Mother*

Priority: November 12, 1828.

"You will be surprised at the above address, but I am sure you will be as pleased as I am that I have found time to write to you from here. Lord and Lady Aberdeen invited us to spend a few days with them; we were here for dinner yesterday, and leave in time to dine at home to-morrow, a sufficiently long visit to pay complete strangers. I always try to make the best of these things, and achieve a good deal by making up my mind to enjoy myself. The people are very pleasant, or at least interesting. We have an English couple, Lord and Lady Clarendon, several Englishmen who for the most part speak French, and the Lievens. She is always extremely polite to me, and I enjoy listening to her conversation with other people, for she is certainly exceedingly clever. Yesterday the Duke of Wellington and Mrs. Arbuthnot were here too, but they left this morning. Wellington seems in

<sup>1</sup> "And marble statues stand and look me on,  
What's this, poor child, to thee they've done?"

far better health than last summer ; his manner, too, pleased me better, he was more like what I had imagined him to be. He asked after father several times. It was most amusing to see what pains Princess Lieven took to make herself agreeable to the Duke ; the veil of politeness which social etiquette draws over the most conflicting opinions would be too sad, if not looked upon from the comic side ; unfortunately I do not always succeed in seeing things in that light. Lady Aberdeen is a very pleasant and interesting looking woman ; unfortunately she is suffering from such a bad sore throat that she is hardly able to speak, and therefore could not appear until lunch time. Lord Aberdeen drove into town as usual this morning, so the party here was left to its own devices. It is just this feeling of perfect liberty and freedom that is so agreeable in English country houses. There are several writing-tables in the large sitting-rooms, plenty of books to read, and engravings, &c. to study, and no one is surprised if you choose to occupy yourself alone. After breakfast this morning I read till Princess Lieven came down, and we went for a long walk from eleven till two with her and her husband and several other gentlemen. The weather was so lovely that we could hardly make up our minds to go indoors, and even sat outside for some time. There is an immense difference between London and country air. Our drive from town was quite interesting on that account ; we left home at half-past four in such a dense fog that we could hardly see the nearest outrider ; the further one was quite indistinguishable. The further we went the lighter it grew, and during the last few miles of our drive the sky was quite clear and the moon was shining brightly.

“ The other day we went to see father’s portrait by Lawrence. The head is as finished as his work ever is, and the upper parts, forehead, eyes, and nose, are very good, but the lower half of the face is of too rosy a colour, and resembles Lawrence himself more than father, a peculiarity I have noticed in many of his portraits. Moreover the head is fixed upon the shoulders of a much bigger man than father, in whom Bülow thinks he recognises Lord Liverpool. At any rate he maintains that he has seen a portrait of the latter in just such

a brown coat, and thinks this was to have been a copy which was countermanded after his lordship's dismissal from office. How amusing if the two 'defunct' ministers were now lodged one upon the other. Unfortunately Lawrence was not at home or I should have asked him to show Bülow the first sketch."

London : November 14, 1828.

"We left the Priory about 11 o'clock yesterday morning. I was delighted to be at home again, where I found all the children well, and a budget of letters from you. I should have been perfectly happy had they not brought me such sad news of your health, and I wept bitter tears over your letter and the description of your sufferings. Poor dear mother, need I tell you how I pity you, or how your troubles trouble me ?

"My one comfort is to know that you are in the hands of a competent doctor in whom you have full confidence, but it saddens me terribly to think that my absence increases your mental suffering, when all the while I am longing to be with you. Bülow is writing to you himself. The children are so grieved to hear that their dear grandmother is ill again. When Lella<sup>1</sup> knows I have letters from home she leaves me no peace till I have read them to her. They had so much to tell me of their party, and especially of the conjuror and his tricks. I am not quite of your opinion in respect to the parties and dances ; it seems to me that if the children are allowed to go to them now, these pleasures will be of less importance to them later on. I think that the same rule holds good in this as in eating and drinking, for I am sure the more you forbid it, the greedier the children become. The only thing I do disapprove of is that children should dance with grown-up people, and at the Polignacs' last party this was not the case."

*Frau von Humboldt to her Daughter Gabriele*

Berlin : November 24, 1828.

"I fear that I shall not be able to write more than a few lines to-day, but I would rather write a little than cause you anxiety.

<sup>1</sup> The eldest daughter Gabriele.

I am feeling a little better now, and am full of hope that the improvement will be steadily maintained. During the last three nights I have had some rest, and five or six hours' sleep have refreshed and strengthened my shattered nerves. I am quite touched to see how this slight improvement has delighted Caroline and comforted Humboldt. Dieffenbach was so pleased to see more favourable symptoms, that he took my hand, saying, 'If I succeed in curing you I shall be indescribably happy.' What have I done to deserve such sympathy and love?

"So the dear children ask after their poor sick grandmother. The sight of one of their bonny faces would do me more good than any tonic. Your father has just repeated one of the Talmud verses to me: 'The sound of flute and cymbal is only sweet to him who knows not the prattle of children.' I wept bitterly, and the tears did me good. I have been so faint, so weak, that life and reality floated before me like visions in a dream, but your sweet image was ever among the shadowy forms, and to you my heart went out in love and longing."

Berlin: November 26, 1828.

"Besides the unpleasantness of being ill, it is so tiresome to be exclusively occupied with one's self all day long. D. is an excellent doctor, but you have no idea what tasks he sets his patients; next day he remembers each one of those endless little duties, inquires into them all, and will not let you off one of them. Add to this the partial superintendence of the household, the accounts, a few social engagements, my daily drives, and the increased correspondence (the only tie between us), and you will understand how much too short the days are. Every day I tell D. to be quick and make me well, as I have no time to be ill. Then he laughs and says I am better already; so I am a little, but the approach of old age brings many disagreeables. There are so many personal duties to attend to, I am quite tired of being always absorbed in myself. But I must answer your letter. *En passant*, the visits to country houses must be very amusing on account of the people and their peculiar habits; a certain amount of variety exists no doubt under the outward appearance of similarity, yet in the

most diverse individuals the difference is but slight, and I suppose we cannot expect it to be otherwise. Now that we are having such perfect weather I often ask myself whether you are also enjoying such deep blue, cloudless skies; the sight of the clear heavens seems gently to draw every thought and feeling away into the unknown distance, and though I sometimes feel very sad, I am at peace with all the world.

“The English vegetation is really very beautiful, and I am glad you had such a fine day at the Priory. Humboldt is having his uniform and orders painted by one of Wach’s pupils. Did I write to you from Paris how intensely amused Gérard<sup>1</sup> was at the idea of another man being hidden under your father’s picture? He assured us that he had never heard of such a thing before. Just such a rosy red Englishman as Sir Thomas Lawrence made out of your father is in Berlin at present, studying German. He often comes to see us. Will you not some day call on Mrs. Fry? There is a strong movement here in favour of improving the prisons. I shall never forget Mrs. Fry’s noble face, the bright intelligent light in her eyes, and the perfect repose expressed in every feature! If you should see her, say that I wished to be remembered to her.

“I may be mistaken in my opinion respecting children’s parties, but they seem to me a dangerous experiment for girls who are to be educated for something higher than a mere round of social gaiety. You can hardly compare this with forbidding them to eat certain things, for there the very prohibition directs the child’s greediness to a sensual enjoyment. I should not forbid parties, I should simply prefer the children to know nothing about them. On such occasions comparison with other girls develops their sense of vanity and love of dress, and transforms the unimportant into the important, whereby the beautiful world of childish innocence seems to me to be seriously endangered.

“I dread Christmas. If only I could see the children for one moment, even in a dream. But there come neither dreams nor realities, and my heart beats fearfully as I gaze into the

<sup>1</sup> A French historical and portrait painter, born at Rome, where his father was French ambassador in 1770. He is greatest in his portraits, and painted most of the members of the Napoleon family. He died at Paris in 1837.

endless future. There must be an end to everything, even to hopeless longing. Love alone is of divine origin, and so endures for ever."

*Wilhelm von Humboldt to his Daughter Gabriele*

Berlin: November 30, 1828.

"You must not be angry with me, dear child, for not having written to you since our sad leave-taking in London. I have little time to spare for letter writing, and consider the correspondence between you and your mother as also between you and me. I take the greatest interest in all you tell us of yourself and the children, and am often with you in thought. Your health seems to be pretty good now, and the children (even Linchen) give you no cause for anxiety. Give the little one my special love, she is good and clever, and always showed a particular liking for me. The two older ones will by now be able to speak better English than any of us. There is no denying that your living in London is a great advantage for the children's education, and as you continue speaking German with them there is no fear of their forgetting their mother tongue. You and your sister Adelheid are examples of German women who have lost none of your native characteristics by a foreign education, and there is an undeniable advantage in such a residence abroad at an age when the impressions produced and the knowledge gained will be of life-long duration. If only we were not thus forced to do without you here. Your mother's health, as you know, is not satisfactory; her condition varies, but is difficult to judge or describe.

"To-day she is so much better that I really hope this time the marked improvement will be lasting. She has had a good night, and is more cheerful and hopeful about her recovery. I fear her last letter contained too much of the melancholy despondency from which she has suffered during the past few weeks. The malady is undoubtedly extremely trying, but if it can be kept in check so as not to increase in violence there is really no danger; indeed I think she is already on the road to recovery."

The year 1829 was to bring bitter grief to Gabriele and

her family. Frau von Humboldt's illness became more and more serious. In January she herself thought the end had come: "Es ist ein Mensch fertig,"<sup>1</sup> were her own words. But once more a slight improvement took place, and always anxious to comfort her absent daughter, she forced her weak hand to take up the pen again.

*Frau von Humboldt to her Daughter Gabriele*

1829.

"The first words I write again shall be for you, my dear child. I am getting better very slowly, but at least I am getting better, and though the pain has been and is still intense, I know that His sustaining grace and mercy are a thousand times greater. Even in the greatest agony my soul was filled with peace, the peace God grants us in token of His everlasting compassion. I am transplanted into an enchanted world of love and innocence as I lie for hours gazing at the pictures of you and Adelheid as children, at Caroline's lovely girlish portrait, and the sweet features of Mathilde.<sup>2</sup> At such times love alone is left, all else deserts us; a love which, purified from all earthly stain, becomes eternal. What can I tell you of your father? His life is given up to nursing me. The thoughtful care of Caroline, August, and Hermann surrounds me night and day. It was indeed fortunate that Adelheid came just when I was so ill. I have much to be grateful for."

Berlin: February 23, 1829.

"I cannot resist writing to you to-day, my dear Gabriele, even though it be only a few lines. Adelheid has just given me your letter of the 13th. A thousand thanks for all your good and loving wishes. I know not whether God will grant my prayers, yet I continue humbly to pray for my recovery. If this is not His will, I am prepared to face the thought of having to spend the small remainder of my life in this state of sickness and weakness. Oh, my dear Gabriele, how much lies in the simple words, 'God's will be done.' There is one thought that often comforts me when I am sorely depressed; it is this: how terrible it would have been had I been so ill

<sup>1</sup> Another life is ended.

Her daughter-in-law.



last year ; I should not have been able to accompany you, I should not have seen your London home, I should have been forced to remain behind, and see you and the children depart. It is such thoughts as these that fill my heart with gratitude, and I grow calmer and more composed as I thank God for having granted me that respite.

“ It is a great comfort to know that you and the children are well. Give Bülow my love, and say I shall soon write. I have seen your brother-in-law Hellmuth. He takes the greatest interest in your children, and his vanity seemed not a little flattered when he heard their names had already been mentioned in the papers.”

Berlin : February 24, 1829.

“ Your sisters will tell you of the many loving gifts I received yesterday. Mme. Paalzow’s present touched me more than any other ; it is a pretty little box for your letters—your letters which are my only consolation in this terrible separation. Oh ! Gabriele, will my weak life outlast it ?

“ R. chose the flowers you ordered for the 23rd very carefully, so that they might be without perfume, and yet beautiful. I can no longer bear the strong scent of flowers, although I love them so dearly. A thousand thanks for the sweet love token. How often I said to myself yesterday, ‘ Now she is speaking of you to her little ones, now she is praying for you to Him who dispenses all good.’

“ I must close already. I cannot write much though it is less tiring in bed. I have just received a letter from Princess Louise from Posen ; she takes the greatest interest in my health, and sends you a hearty greeting.”

The recovery for which all her family had longed, the signs of which had been greeted with such rejoicing by all who knew and loved her, proved delusive. It was but a last flickering of the light before its final extinction. On March 26, 1829, Frau von Humboldt fell asleep for evermore.

Her daughter Caroline carefully recorded the events of her mother’s last moments.

“ At half past eight on the morning of the 26th, the pain ceased, and when Dieffenbach saw that the last sad moment was approaching, he sent for us all, and we found her lying

quietly with closed eyes. Hearing us weep, she said in a beseeching tone, 'Oh! do not cry, I implore you not to cry; why are you crying?' Then suddenly she said, 'Farewell, farewell all—it is all over. Oh, God, spare me the last convulsions!—Give me something sweet—very sweet—it is all so bitter!'

"Adelheid gave her some raspberry jelly, which she was still able to swallow. Then she asked, 'Where is Alexander?' 'At Potsdam,' father answered, and she replied, 'It is well, he should be at his post—peace be with him!'

"Then, 'Je perds la vie; prends-moi, Seigneur, je me meurs.' At the last her dim eyes rested longingly on Gabriele's picture, then she turned her head towards Raphael's Coronation of the Virgin, and very peacefully passed away!"

Who would attempt to measure the loss of such a mother? Gabriele's grief was not tempered by the peace which had surrounded her mother's death-bed, she was not there to receive a last blessing, and could not even share the grief of her father and brothers and sisters. She knew nothing of her irreparable loss when they were already laying the beloved mother to rest, for her father's letter containing the sad news did not reach her till April 6.

*Wilhelm von Humboldt to his Daughter Gabriele*

Berlin: March 27, 1829.

"During the last few weeks my letters to you, my dear Gabriele, have made my heart bleed. They could not warn you of the danger threatening your beloved mother nor prepare you for the sorrow in store for you. Her sufferings are at an end. Her love for us all, present and absent, was contained in her simple words 'Farewell! Do not weep! Be calm!' It was half-past eight in the morning when she fell sweetly asleep in pious submission to God's will, in divine peace, with an unclouded mind and, thank God for it, without pain. No convulsions marred her features, and even to-day she only looks as though she were fast asleep. A few days ago she asked to have her bed carried into the sitting-room ;

there she lay looking towards the wall where the portraits of you and your sisters and Mathilde hang. Those pictures, yours especially, gave her the greatest pleasure; she often called them a 'world of innocence.' Indeed, you must not imagine that your mother's sick bed was entirely sad and dreary. I impress this upon you because you, who are so far away and can only in imagination picture to yourself the sad events, cannot perhaps understand how such a strong, bright, loving nature as your mother's made the most of every moment of alleviation, and strove to mitigate the worst pain. She was really never tortured by acute pain, but suffered from great uneasiness, from sleepless nights, and the want of exercise and fresh air. Whenever she felt a little better, and this was the case two days before her death, she was as cheerful and full of fun as of old, and would occupy herself with the most trivial household details. It is a great comfort to think that she was able to write to you herself so lately. It is the last thing left to us in her handwriting, my dear daughter. The love she cherished for you and your little ones knew nothing of the unsatisfied restless longing which brings more pain than gladness. She saw all things in their true light and accepted the decrees of fate with beautiful resignation. Death brought no shadow of fear or anxiety, though life was very dear to her. She willingly accepted the help of her physician, refused nothing, and always took fresh courage at the slightest sign of improvement even after she knew her illness to be incurable. It was very fortunate that Dieffenbach, who attended her when Dr. Rust fell ill, was in every respect sympathetic to her. She really liked him, and his very entrance into the room seemed to do her good. He spent all the last nights by her bedside, for she always sent us away early, saying we must have sleep. She was anxious to spare us the sight of her suffering, and sometimes her nerves were so irritated that she could not bear the presence of more than one person, and would have no one but the nurse with her. She once told Adelheid that she wished to be buried at Tegel near the large oak and dark firs at the end of the vineyard, saying in her affectionate way, 'You can see the house from there.' So she evidently desires her mortal remains to be near us. I shall have

a vault built and a monument erected on the spot, but until they are ready she shall lie in Tegel churchyard in a simple wooden vault. I went to choose the spot to-day. I have asked Schleiermacher to conduct the funeral ; it would have pleased her and will comfort us.

“Dear Gabriele, I am very lonely now ; the love and affection of my children can be my only consolation. May God help you in your trouble. He will give you peace and joy and comfort after the bitterness of pain is past. Do not let your sorrow depress you too much, dear child. Your mother, who surely knows of all our doings here on earth, and who is perhaps nearer to us now than in this helpless finite life, would not wish us to give way to grief. ‘Do not weep, be calm,’ she said so often in her last moments. My dear child, it cannot be otherwise in this life. The parents must go first, one after the other. Think of your beloved mother, mourn for her, not with wild passionate grief, but with a calm sorrow, so that your heart may be drawn towards the eternal future which awaits us all. Let her memory be woven in among the joys of your husband’s devotion and the love of your little children. Write to me sometimes, very often if you like, for I love you dearly and my thoughts dwell so gladly on you and yours. Until now we seem to have had speech with one another through your mother ; that language is now for ever silent, and you must write to me more frequently.”

*Gabriele to her Father*

London : April 8, 1829.

“Though I longed to write to you yesterday I was physically too exhausted to do so. To-day I feel better, much better. Do not fear for me, dear father. I am well, and God’s mercy is with me, and gives me comfort in the depths of woe. The first moment was too terrible. Bülow had gone to the city on business, and I knew that there were letters awaiting him among which there would be some for me. After the last sad report from Caroline I felt sure there would be news of the greatest importance, though Adelheid’s words at the end of that letter were so much more cheerful that I had not given up all hope. We are

always ready to abandon ourselves to hope, the ever welcome companion of our lives.

“When Bülow returned at five o'clock and sent me no letters, such deadly fear overcame me that I could not resist hurrying up to his room. I met him on his way down to me, and the look in his face told me all. He reminded me gently and lovingly of the need for composure on my part, otherwise he could not show me your letters. When he began to read them, all the convulsive anguish was lifted from my heart, I could weep again, and pray to God for resignation and moderation in my grief out of consideration for the young life bound up with mine. Yes, dear father, as I pray, your consoling words convince me that our mother cannot wish us to be weighed down by sorrow, that she is nearer to us now than when in this world. As I look up to the heavens above I seem to see her dear eyes looking down at me, telling me that she is praying for me there. And yet inconsolable grief and yearning overcome me at the thought that I could not see those dear eyes before they were closed for ever, that I could not be with her at the last, and it is so hard to be separated from you and my dear sisters at this crisis. Words cannot express all I feel for you in your loss, dear father, at the thought of your sorrow my lamentations are silenced, and I turn to the Almighty and pray that He will give you strength and comfort. I know that your desolate life can henceforth only be brightened by your children's love, and this makes our separation all the harder to bear, for I know that the presence of myself and of my children would help to cheer and console you. How dearly she loved the children; I feel that my love for them should be redoubled to make amends for what they have lost; they are my only comfort, and yet I grieve to think how little conception they can have of the meaning of death. Yes, indeed, my mother's letters will be a consolation and a sacred relic now that she has gone (the last was written on March 17); I would send them to you if I were not sure that it would grieve you to rob me of this slight comfort. It is infinitesimal compared to the joy of sharing her last moments on earth which was vouchsafed to you and denied to me. Thank you a thousand times

for trying to give me a brighter impression of her illness than I should have imagined for myself. I am also deeply grateful to know where she is to be laid to rest; even to be able to follow her there in thought is some alleviation of my pain, and brings a heavenly peace and consolation to my troubled spirit. Again and again have I read all you and Adelheid tell me of her beautiful, peaceful end, for which I thank God. I seem to hear her gentle voice in the last 'Farewell all.'

"Bülow is writing to you himself; let me commend the children to your loving care. I desire nothing more ardently than a more frequent interchange of letters with you, my dearest father; in granting me this wish and in speaking to me of her who has gone before, you will make me unspeakably happy. Farewell for to-day."

Caroline von Humboldt was not destined, as she had so often desired, to sleep the last long sleep in Roman earth beside her children in the shadow of the Pyramid of Cestius. Home had triumphed in the end, and it was in obedience to her last wishes that they laid her to rest in Tegel's sandy soil. The monument placed there by Wilhelm von Humboldt in memory of himself and his wife is a fitting and harmonious conclusion to so noble a life.

There could be nothing simpler and yet more solemn than that peaceful spot in the park at Tegel. Though there are neither pines nor cypresses to overshadow the silent grave, the gloomy firs surrounding her last resting place are hardly less beautiful, as, softly rustling, they rear their tall dark heads to the pale northern sky. A plain iron railing encloses the mound from which rises a white marble pedestal bearing an inscription. Upon a slender granite column with Ionian capital stands the lovely figure of Hope. Ten years earlier Frau von Humboldt had commissioned Thorwaldsen to execute this statue, and it was completed in time for her monument.

Tieck's<sup>1</sup> copy was afterwards substituted for the original, as Humboldt did not care to expose Thorwaldsen's fine work

<sup>1</sup> Christian Friedrich Tieck (1776-1851), the sculptor, was a brother of Ludwig Tieck, the author and one of the founders of the romantic school.

to the action of the weather, and placed it in the house with the other works of art.

Although the wife and mother was no longer one of the family circle, her memory and their mutual affliction bound the brothers and sisters with a stronger bond of affection, and brought about a closer intercourse with the lonely father. However difficult Humboldt found it in later years to accomplish any writing, he managed to maintain the correspondence he now began with Gabriele as long as their separation lasted. Many of the faded pages with their fine and sometimes trembling characters, pages which were read and treasured like a sacred relic, are still extant; they show how the shining light of memory brightened the evening of his life like the last rays of the setting sun.

*Gabriele to her Sister Caroline*

London : May 29, 1829.

“ . . . I never miss my daily walk, and generally go to Kensington Gardens, which are beautiful just now. The tears rise involuntarily as I look at the bushes where I plucked the first green on mother’s birthday.

“ The children spent a most enjoyable day with the friends they invited yesterday. Under different circumstances it would have been a still more important day, as they would have been present at the children’s ball given by the King in honour of the little Queen.<sup>1</sup> I welcomed this opportunity of letting the children feel they could not go to so grand a party so soon after their grandmother’s death; it helped me to direct their attention to graver thoughts. Instead of going to the ball they spent an afternoon alone with the Princess Victoria, who played with them, and presented each of her visitors with her portrait. The portraits are to be framed, and will henceforth hang in their bedrooms. Gabriele was particularly elated to find herself taller than the little Princess, who is ten years old, and not at all small for her age. I find the little girl taller and much prettier than last year; she is really a beautiful child with pleasant and natural manners.

<sup>1</sup> Donna Maria da Gloria of Portugal.

“Poor Bülow is always going to dinners and parties; he may not absent himself, for they are as much a part of his duty as the writing of dispatches. The season is in full swing again, but my perfect solitude in all this turmoil is a blessing for which I am devoutly thankful.

“In such a loss as ours it is verily not the first shock of pain which is hardest to bear. You must also feel that as life goes on in the usual way and everything relapses into the old routine, and your own solitude is more perceptible—I can only speak of the solitude of the soul—you must feel the terrible blank all around you in the rooms where you watched over her till the end and bade her farewell, rooms where everything reminds you of the dear departed. I am not utterly deprived of that melancholy pleasure; even here sweet memories of her surround me, but I cannot share them with you, and every day the pain of separation grows more intense. Now I begin to feel all the deprivations consequent on life in a foreign land. Hearts that understand one another are drawn all the nearer by sorrow, but at such times it is impossible for strangers to enter into our feelings.”

*Wilhelm von Humboldt to his Daughter Gabriele*

Tegel: July 13, 1829.

“Since this afternoon I have been all alone with little Wilhelm: Adelheid, Caroline, and Mathilde have gone to Potsdam till the day after to-morrow to see the ‘Caroussel,’ of which they will have told you. At first they all refused to go, then August persuaded Adelheid, and seeing that Caroline and Mathilde were half inclined to join them. I prevailed, on them to do so. We have not had such a grand spectacle since the year 1750, and are not likely to have the chance of seeing another. To-morrow is the great day, or rather I should say to-day, for it is after midnight. It has been a glorious evening; I was out of doors till nearly ten o’clock. A heavy black thundercloud hung over the lake, and from time to time there were flashes of lightning. The rest of the sky was hardly clouded, sometimes the moon was hidden, sometimes it shone perfectly bright and clear. I looked



towards Tegel. The silent village lay in the shadow of the thundercloud, and was illuminated from time to time by vivid flashes of lightning. It will be a great comfort to have your dear mother's resting place nearer to us. I cannot go to the churchyard as by moonlight, and in the day time the villagers can watch me.

"It is very good of you and Bülow to ask me to come to London when I return from Gastein. Heaven knows how happy I should be to see you, but I feel it is impossible for me to go to such a large town. I could not be there without seeing old acquaintances, and the very idea of society is terrible. Perhaps some day you will go to Broadstairs again, or to some other seaside place where I can visit you without going to London. I should dearly like to be with you and Bülow in your own home, and I should be delighted to see the children again, but I feel that I shall become more and more attached to Tegel. It is difficult to express in words how I feel bound to the spot where that, which can never again change its place, will rest for ever.

"The first stones for your mother's monument came to-day by water. I hope it will be finished by the beginning of November."

Gastein: August 27, 1829.

"I am answering your letter, which is already four weeks old, in the room your dear mother occupied here two years running. Rust's passion for furnishing has quite spoiled the Berlin house, so that always excepting Tegel I know no place which has sweeter memories for me than Gastein. I am sure you have the same feeling in your London house. It is as if the power of memory had become intensified by the solitude in which we lived and still live together here. Sometimes I am completely overcome by feelings which, though sad, are so sweet that I could cherish them for ever. Few terms are so misused and misapplied as enjoyment and happiness. There is much that human beings would not seek, and much they would not flee, if they followed their own inclinations instead of deluding themselves with the generally conceived ideas and formulas of pleasure.

'I have been here since the 16th, and shall probably stay

till the 7th. I feel very well, but as I felt equally well before leaving Tegel I cannot judge how much I owe to the baths, though I confess that they always have an agreeable effect on me. I walk twice a day, about three hours in all, sometimes more, and always in the same direction. Thus I can follow my own thoughts more freely, and every tree, every mountain grows dearer each time I see it. I always cared more for old things than new, and preferred memories of the past to speculations about the future, and now this tendency has increased tenfold. When I am not out I am busy indoors, as I have suitable work to do, and books which I enjoy reading again and again. Sometimes it is impossible to go out. The clouds collect on the mountain sides, settle in the valley, and then it rains from morning till night. I could see plenty of people if I wished. On one side of me there is the minister of war, on the other Geheimrath<sup>1</sup> Graefe, and downstairs Rühle and his wife and daughter. They dine together and see a good deal of one another. I do what mere politeness compels me, though I really like the Rühles very much.

“I feel sure that you ought to spend a few weeks in the country this autumn, for although you are spared some of the inconveniences of town life by the position of your house, yet the undisturbed enjoyment of pure country air is a very different thing. I thank you with all my heart for what you and Bülow say about my coming to see you, but the more I think of going to England the more difficulties and objections arise in my mind. I cannot tell you how I dislike the idea of London and society in general, and yet were I in England I could not avoid either without being thought impolite or perhaps affected, which is worse. I should very much like to go to Munich to see the pictures I am so fond of, but I shall not do so as I know too many people there, and cannot overcome my aversion to society. And even if I were to come to England, only Caroline (who would naturally accompany me) and I should have the pleasure of seeing you, though Adelheid and Mathilde are just as anxious to do so. It would be far better if you and Bülow could bring the children to Tegel. You need not be afraid of sea-sickness on their account; it

<sup>1</sup> Privy Councillor.

does not always attack children, sometimes it only lasts one day, and it has no bad effects once they are on land again. The journey *via* Hamburg is easy and inexpensive. I should send the big travelling coach which we took to Paris to meet you there ; it has been well repaired, and would bring you all here safely. Compared to the expense of a holiday in England this journey would even be a saving. You have only to conquer your dread of sea-sickness. You can seriously tell Bülow from me that I think a stay of six or eight weeks at Berlin, at least once in every two years, is most advantageous not to say necessary in his position. Forgive all these details, but it seems to me to be such a delightful plan ; it would be so good for the children to revive their half-forgotten memories of Germany. There are plenty of empty rooms awaiting you, and if you come to Tegel we should all be united around your mother's grave, for by then I hope she will be buried here. They will have written to you from Tegel that work has already been commenced on the site of the monument.

“ You will now have received a copy of your mother's will. I was convinced that you would recognise her love for you all in her dispositions ; but even with the greatest affection you cannot always forestall your children's wishes, and I am therefore doubly glad to hear that you and Bülow really prefer to inherit capital rather than land. It is certainly more useful to you in the present condition of your affairs, and it is a matter of chance whether in the end you will not be better off than the heirs to the estates. I know that you are not of a calculating nature, or very particular in the matter, and I only mention it because your mother really sought to do absolute justice. During the last few months of her life the drawing up of this will was her constant and favourite occupation ; sometimes even an idea struck her at night. I gave her no advice ; indeed, I did nothing but literally set down her wishes in a clear and intelligible form. A woman's mind, and your mother's in particular, is so sensitive. A slight objection might have hampered her free judgment of the matter under consideration. She always gratefully accepted my suggestions, but they interfered with

the spontaneous working of her own thoughts and feelings. To my mind the more united husband and wife are, the more they should help one another to preserve and stimulate their individual characters, for herein lies the secret of perfect happiness in married life, such happiness as your mother and I enjoyed from the day of our wedding to the day of her death. A lawyer would not approve of the form of this long and complicated will, but to judge it correctly you must know the spirit of love in which it was conceived, which sought to provide for everyone, and to forestall every eventuality.

“I have opened this letter again, as Bülow’s communication of the 17th has just arrived. How can I express my joy at the good news, dear Gabriele. By God’s grace, all has gone well, better than I had dared to hope. Thank the Countess Münster in my name for her great kindness, I knew and liked her long ago, when I was in England alone. How much you must have thought of your mother lately. Your little baby girl is the first in the family circle who will only know her by hearsay. I shall be delighted to be my little grandchild’s godfather, and only regret being so far away from you all!”

Tegel: October 13, 1829.

“I must tell you at once how happy I am to think that you and Bülow are seriously considering the plan of coming to Tegel, and that we may hope to see you here next summer. It would be a far happier meeting here than in England, where we none of us really feel at home. You will then see for yourself what a different place Tegel occupies in our affections since your dear mother has been laid to rest there. You, who are just entering on life, cannot feel as I do, for it seems to me as though invisible bonds bind me to this spot for evermore. Here at least, though often sad, I am always contented; here alone do I find some relief for the longing which everywhere else is unsatisfied. The monument is sure to be completed this year, and before the middle of November we hope to remove the coffin from the churchyard. I go and watch the building every day; it is making satisfactory progress, and I expect to see the stone bench finished this week. Last Friday was a perfect day; I went my usual evening walk

down by the meadow, whence you can see the village across the brook; the sky was cloudless, the full moon shining gloriously. I felt impelled to go down to the new monument just to see how the moon would shine upon her grave. I cannot tell you how beautiful it was, as I sat for a time on the new bench. The house seen through the trees and the dark firs all around look very well already, but it will be much more beautiful when the new plantation is completed. I think I told you that Thorwaldsen's statue 'Hope' left Rome several months ago. According to Bunsen's letter it is lovely.

"Your baby's christening, which is conspicuously noticed in all the papers, must have been very magnificent.<sup>1</sup> I like the little one's names, and am specially fond of Therese; shall you shorten it to Röschen? I was glad that you chose Esterhazy to represent me; no one in London could have pleased me better. I have always been fond of him, perhaps because he immediately became attached to me. He has remained perfectly simple and natural, and does not try to appear different from what he really is, characteristics which I particularly admire in him. I am happy and thankful to hear that you are so well, and hope you may continue so."

Tegel: December 26, 1829.

"We are surrounded by snow and ice, but I go to your mother's grave every day, although the snow lies so thick upon it that the mound is indistinguishable. I will not let anyone touch it, for there is a melancholy consolation in this blending of our bodies with great nature when the breath of life has fled. I feel very well in spite of the severe weather, and am quite contented to remain at Tegel. This large room where I am surrounded by all my belongings is exceedingly comfortable and cosy. The view is glorious in winter too, for the sun and stars are shining so brightly. Have you noticed how beautiful Venus is at present? she is in the zenith of her glory. How your mother would enjoy watching the heavens now! This thought strikes me so often, but I receive no response to it. I was deeply touched by your

<sup>1</sup> The godmothers were the Duchess of Clarence and the Duchess of Cumberland, afterwards Queens of England and Hanover.

question: 'Shall we ever grow accustomed to the everlasting silence?' Your sisters will have told you of Wach's beautiful drawing; it is a speaking likeness of your mother. The forehead, the eyes, especially the right one, and the lower part of the face around the mouth and chin, are particularly good. The nose is perhaps the least successful part of the portrait, but it is really difficult to find fault anywhere. Even when the head is covered anyone would recognise your mother in the rest of the figure and the characteristic way in which her shawl falls over one shoulder in three long folds. No one but Wach could have made such an excellent drawing of her; he has exactly caught her spiritual expression as well as the perfect resemblance in form and feature. There are few better draughtsmen; he understood and loved your mother dearly, and she always liked him. Her image must have been deeply graven on his mind, or he could never have succeeded in drawing this speaking likeness entirely from memory. Of course he had old portraits to study, but they were not of much use. I am convinced that the resemblance would have been less perfect if your mother had sat for it herself. He must then have been influenced by the momentary impression of her personality. Now, the portrait is entirely free from any such influence, though her characteristic individuality is preserved. He has been perfectly successful too in regard to her age; the head has all the traits of middle life, the freshness of youth has gone, and still there is not a trace of old age. As this drawing is so eminently successful I think of having it reproduced. At present Wach is making a copy for me to keep while the original goes to be lithographed. I have decided on a lithographic print to begin with; we shall see how that turns out. I feel much inclined to have the drawing engraved in London later on. It would be too sad if the remembrance of her face were to die out with the present generation, for she was very beautiful. Her expression was wonderfully spiritual, and yet characteristic of her wide human sympathies. A good and faithful engraving would exercise a beneficial influence on all who see it long after the original of the portrait is forgotten, and her character would be revealed to all feeling and intelligent people.

“On Christmas Eve we were constantly reminded of last year; she had not been at all well, but roused herself and joined in an animated conversation. This year I spent the evening with Caroline and the Hedemanns. I am already looking forward to seeing you; let me know soon what month you intend coming. I shall have to go to Ottmachau and probably to Gastein, and want to fit in my plans with yours. I can arrange to be at Ottmachau early in the summer and at Gastein late in the autumn, but I should like to settle all this about the middle of February. Should you still be uncertain about your actual coming—which God forbid—I suppose you will know when you are likely to be able to travel.”

The winter of 1829–1830 passed quietly and happily for Gabriele and her four little daughters. The season began earlier than usual and promised to be particularly gay. The Duchesses of Clarence and Cumberland had both conceived a great affection for Gabriele, who in return became much attached to them and saw them often. There was an almost daily interchange of messages and notes. The two princesses vied with one another in offering Frau von Bülow their boxes at the theatre, and in doing all that lay in their power to give the young ambadress pleasure. The charming and unaffected character of the amiable Duchess of Cumberland, sister to Luise, Queen of Prussia, was expressed in all she said and wrote.

*The Duchess of Cumberland to Gabriele*

St. James's Palace: Tuesday morning.

“I do not doubt that your husband with his accustomed punctuality will have delivered my message, and asked you to excuse my not answering your note as I was out so late yesterday. I was very sorry not to see you and deeply regret the cause. I take the opportunity of this tardy reply to inquire after you to-day by letter, and hope to hear that you are already feeling better.

“Rothschild would be pleased if he knew that, as a punishment for stealing the Bülows from him, I had lost half the

couple. Had not the Prince of Orange been dining here I should certainly have renounced my prerogative, and asked you to give us your company some other day.

“I was overtired by my drive to Kew, which would have agreed with me better had I husbanded my strength more carefully. I look forward to hearing better news of your poor pretty little feet to-morrow, when I hope to see you at Kensington.”

*The Duchess of Cumberland to Heinrich von Bülow*

Kew.

“Although the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you here I delivered the message from my brother, the Grand Duke, verbally, I will do his commission conscientiously and copy his words in writing:

“‘Be sure to give Bülow my best remembrances, and tell him how highly I esteem his character, and that I shall never forget his excellent behaviour.’

“Your wife, to whom I send my best love, will permit me to add to this my brother’s message to her. He continues as follows:

“‘Tell her that at Tegel I often thought of her, and that I approached the beautiful monument in memory of her mother with feelings of deepest admiration and sorrow. I found her father contented in his solitude, as calm and serene as I had expected!’

“I feel sure these words will give her pleasure, and have therefore transcribed them verbatim, as they were intended for her.”

The chief bond of union between Gabriele and the Duchess of Clarence was the keen interest she took in Gabriele’s little girls. The Duchess adored children though she had none of her own.<sup>1</sup> She watched the growth and development of the little Bülows with real affection; she even paid careful attention to the play bills in order to choose suitable evenings on which to offer her box at the theatre to Gabriele’s small daughters.

<sup>1</sup> Her daughter died at a very early age.



*The Duchess of Clarence to Gabriele*

Bushey : January 25, 1830.

“ I am so glad, my dear Frau von Bülow, that you and the children enjoyed ‘ Paul Peg.’ I am sending you tickets for the new opera on Thursday. It gives me great pleasure to know that I can occasionally provide some agreeable hours in the theatre for you and your husband and children. I assure you I would rather know you were enjoying those amusements than go to them myself, so I trust you will allow me to continue sending you my theatre pass from time to time, and I hope you understand the silent greeting which never fails to accompany it.

“ I should very much like to go to the children’s ball with you. Had I been in town I should certainly have asked for an invitation. I enjoy seeing happy children ; their innocent pleasures are so pure and natural ; it is refreshing to watch them, and it would be well to follow their example, one too much neglected in the great world. Even the Bible bids us be like little children. ‘ Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.’ How deep is the significance of those words, and how little they are considered ! How rarely you meet a really simple man or woman in our great world : they would be hard to find even with Diogenes’s lantern.

“ Kindest greetings to Herr von Bülow from the Duke and myself ; my love to you and the dear children, especially my little godchild.

“ Yours sincerely and faithfully,

“ ADELAIDE.”

*Gabriele to her Sister*

London : February 1830.

“ Unfortunately we are already in the rush of the season. The day before yesterday was the Duchess of Conizzarro’s soirée ; yesterday we had a dinner at home, and a soirée at the Esterhazys’ ; and to-morrow there is another at the Lievens’ after the Münster’s children’s ball. One of these days I shall be obliged to accept old Lady Salisbury’s invitation, and all this

is only a foretaste of the real season, when they say we are to have eight drawing-rooms and four state balls. It is really ruinous. I have to attend most of the functions, and can't always look as if I lived in the cellar. My Parisian dress with silver trimming is happily still quite fresh, and looks very elegant, for it has kept perfectly clean in spite of the London blacks. The Berlin yellow gown is absolutely useless, but my old red velvet will still do good service. You do not know how disagreeable and uninteresting I find all these questions of dress. I must tell you that we have gradually dropped all intercourse with the X's. Father's saying that it is better to be rude in the beginning, as you will be forced to it in the end, is worth remembering in these cases. These good people have a rage for dinners and parties; at all seasons of the year they drag you away from your quiet evenings at home. What for? To assemble round the écarté tables—which bores me fearfully as I do not know one card from the other. Life is too short to submit to such ennui, so our intercourse is restricted to one visit a year; she calls when she returns to town, whereupon I pay her a visit, and that is all, though we are quite friendly whenever we meet.

“Bülow has been spending two days at Claremont with Prince Leopold. He has been busier than ever lately (almost every day a conference, which lasts from two till nine or ten o'clock at night). The other day I kept dinner waiting for him till half-past nine. It is a consolation that these exertions are not in vain, for it seems peace will be maintained. . . .

“I never want Bülow to change to another embassy, least of all on my account; in no other town are you left to your own devices for months together, and nowhere else would it be possible to pass unnoticed through the social vortex as I am contented to do here. I know well that I should never satisfy the demands of a society in which the conversation is not restricted to a simple ‘How do you do?’ The long dinners are bad enough in this respect; you have to talk; listening, which I much prefer, won't always suffice, and as the muse of eloquence did not appear at my cradle, it is a bad business. However, it would all be worse in another town. Imagine the disagreeableness of going to court every Sunday, as they do at

Paris! No, no, give me London for an ambassadress, and as Bülow also is happy here, I desire nothing but to remain in our present position, so long as nothing is offered us at home. I also gratefully acknowledge the advantage of having so little to do with my servants. If ever you want a rest from household cares, you must come to me; you cannot imagine a more peaceable condition of things. To begin with, perfect silence reigns between me and all the English servants except the nurses. The housekeeper is simply my mouthpiece. Now and then I have very pleasant surprises in consequence; the other day, for instance, I met the kitchenmaid upstairs, and although she has been in the house a year or more, I had never set eyes upon her before. I only wish she had not been so frightened of me, for she was so pretty that I should have liked to have a longer look at her, but as she is not supposed ever to appear in the upper regions she fled like a startled fawn. I wish that she could send up some of her lovely complexion for me from her nether world.

“I have got rid of some of the old ‘furies;’ Anne has left after owning that she was too old for the work. A kind of giantess with a regular mania for cleaning has come in her place—Sera: in English her name sounds like the Italian word for evening, you would never recognise our Sarah in it! To tell the truth the nurses require more attention than the ambassadress, who prefers to wait upon herself just as she did when only ‘Frau Geheimrätthin.’<sup>1</sup> I wish you had seen me darning stockings on the sly last Sunday. I thought I would set to work myself because the housemaids are not as particular as I like, but my heart beat anxiously for fear of discovery; the maids would have lost all respect for me had they found me out, and would set me down as a heathen into the bargain, as needlework is not allowed on Sundays. It really annoys the servants so much that it is better to abstain from all manual occupation. As I am on the subject of servants, and you take an interest in my household affairs, I must tell you of our musical *chef*, who is so elegant that no one would guess his profession. I believe he must have been a dancing

<sup>1</sup> Wife of a Privy Councillor.

master, or at least a ballet dancer, for he solemnly presents the *menu* every morning with an irreproachable bow in the third position. Besides playing the flute and the piano, he cooks splendidly, that is to say when he takes the trouble to cook for us himself ; but he is really a dandy, not a cook, and we never go out of the house without meeting him walking, riding, or driving in the most fashionable attire. For the present, however, we are obliged to keep him in our employ.<sup>1</sup> I am sure we shall agree about many of the English customs when we come to talk them over together ; on the whole I like them. . . .”

*Wilhelm von Humboldt to his Daughter Gabriele*

Tegel : March 30, 1830.

“We are enjoying lovely spring weather, and I have just returned from your mother’s grave. My days are full of sad memories. August and your sisters were here on the 26th ; we are busy laying out the garden which is to surround the monument. I hope you will like it. In spite of its solemn character there is something light, cheerful, and bright about the tomb due to the pure quality and the colour of the stonework, as well as to the high polish of the granite, which seems to catch and reflect every ray of light. We want the garden to harmonise with all this ; there will be a large, smooth lawn, richly bordered with flowers, sloping up to the monument and stretching away towards the house. We shall require a few dark firs in the background as a foil to the monument, otherwise we shall only plant groups of shrubs and single trees. I would not have anything dark or gloomy about her resting-place, her life was so bright and cheerful, her death so serene and peaceful. There are two approaches to the monument from the park and three from the avenue of limes, besides the old road by the vineyard, which is very sandy in the summer time. The lithographic drawing is finished, and the printing has been

<sup>1</sup> This unappreciated genius became an opera singer in time, and a few years later the Bülowes were much surprised to recognise him in a successful rôle on the stage, whence he gave them a special bow, no less solemn than his daily obeisance on presenting the bill of fare.

commenced. I have not yet seen an impression, but the drawing on the stone was beautiful. Redern shall certainly bring you two copies, but I have only ordered a few to be printed. With our imperfect method of printing they do not usually succeed well, and I only wish to give them to people who will really value them because they knew and loved your mother.

“ I understand perfectly that Bülow cannot yet be certain whether and when he will be able to leave London, but I am longing to see you both and the children. I have decided to go away in June or July, so as to be here again about August 1, but as I have not yet had an answer from Gastein about my lodgings, I am not sure whether the plan will after all be feasible. There is no chance of my obtaining my usual good rooms at that time of the year, but as I wrote that I should be satisfied with any kind of habitable quarters, I do not doubt that they will be able to find me something. You do not mention my offer of sending the carriage to meet you at Hamburg. Tell me whether you prefer your mother’s Offenbach chaise or the large English carriage. If only your coming were settled ! Words cannot tell how I long to see you ! I hope I shall be able to give you your birthday present here, dear child.”

*Gabriele to her Sister Adelheid*

Bushey : April 5, 1830.

“ . . . I should have written more if I could keep my eyes from wandering to the window and the lovely view. My room looks out on the broad, green lawn encircled by trees clothed in their fresh spring-like green ; not far off there is a peaceful looking little farm, and above all is the clear blue sky. I can hear the birds sweetly twittering, and feel inclined to give myself up to dreams and pleasant fancies although I really want to write to you. I shall not have much more time for my letter ; it is nearly twelve o’clock and the Duchess, who is very punctual, will be calling me for our morning walk. The Duke is no less particular in this respect than our King ; everything in the house has to be done to the minute. This morning Bülow’s watch was slow, and I had to hurry to get down by half-past nine, the hour at which we all assemble for breakfast.

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“Later : As you see, I was interrupted here the day before yesterday and since then I have not had a spare moment for writing. The Duke, the Duchess, Bülow and I were out for a long walk from twelve till two ; we first went into the pleasure grounds and then to the kitchen gardens, hot-houses, &c. I always like seeing that part of a garden, but particularly here in England, where they do everything so thoroughly, and so sensibly combine use and beauty. After this tour of inspection, which I should have gladly extended simply to witness the pleasure the Duke and Duchess take in it all, we went to the Lodge.

“After luncheon we all four drove to Kew to call on the Cumberlands, with whom Bülow and I were to have dined that day. The weather was glorious, the drive (yes, my dear, to drive in ducal fashion with four excellent horses, elegant postillions, and outriders in red jackets, is not to be despised) along the Thames was delightful, and Richmond looked beautiful in the green of early spring. At five o'clock we were back at Bushey, and the Duchess took me up to her sitting-room, where she thought we should have time for an hour's sewing. It was quite a lesson for me. I admired some embroidery in coloured wools which she was just finishing for a dress for Princess Victoria, and she at once offered to show me how it was done. Not only did she do so, but insisted on presenting me with the remains of her work, wools, &c., so that I shall be able to delight the children with the prospect of frocks like Princess Victoria's. It is a big piece of work, but I shall really do it if only in remembrance of the Duchess. If only she were not a Duchess ! I often say this to myself when I am so happy in her company, which I should then be able to enjoy so much more. And yet it is delightful that in her high position she is what she is. She gains nothing by her rank, it is her rank that gains by her ; in short, to repeat an unclassical quotation from the 'Zauberflöte' which I have already used before in reference to her : ' he is more than a prince, he is a man ! ' If I were a princess nothing would please me more than that people should say this of me. She is really and truly good, and so perfectly natural that she is free from all the usual caprices of people in her station.

“After my sewing lesson it was so late that my evening toilette had to be performed just as hurriedly as on the first evening, when the Duchess kept us in her room a long time after our arrival. . . .

“We left Bushey directly after breakfast on Tuesday morning on account of Bülow’s mail day. I should like to have stayed till luncheon-time as they wished us to do, for then we should have had time for another walk or drive, and nothing in this beautiful country is more enjoyable. England is really beautiful, and the surroundings of London are certainly unique; the country is like one great lovely garden, the very picture of prosperity. There is something practical and yet pretty about the smallest homestead which would please you particularly; every scrap of space is so sensibly utilised. To me the whole country has a festive appearance as if something special were just about to happen, and I like that feeling. The lightning speed at which the vehicles pass one another on the road gives you the same impression. It is a real pleasure to look at the stage coaches with their splendid horses, &c. Everything about them strikes one as useful and yet ornamental, even if you understand nothing of the matter, and to judge by the appearance of the travellers they seem more on pleasure than on business bent. In spite of the beautiful drive and glorious weather I was delighted to see my dear Cumberland Place again on Tuesday, for I had been a little anxious about the children, especially as this was my first separation from sweet little ‘Miss Baby.’ I have been through a great deal of trouble and anxiety since last I wrote to you, my dear Adelheid. . . .

“In our lives, and especially with regard to our children, I suppose there can be no joys without cares, but love seems to increase in proportion to the cares, and surely the more love, the more happiness in life.

“So you think the children are studying too much? Well, since the weather has been so fine they have been going out twice a day, and have consequently missed several lessons, and I do not regret it. The day before yesterday, in celebration of Easter Sunday, we had twenty-one dolls to lunch; most of them wore new clothes made partly or entirely by the

children themselves. We have these visitors every Sunday, although they are not always quite so numerous.

“Unfortunately I cannot yet tell you anything certain about our journey. Bülow does not know how things will be arranged. Meanwhile the time is rapidly approaching and I am still entirely in the dark. Bülow and I, however, hope for the best. . . .”

Friday April 16.

“The King is said to be seriously ill, and the drawing-room has been postponed a fortnight.”

*Wilhelm von Humboldt to his Daughter Gabriele*

Tegel: May 19, 1830.

“Your last letter made me very happy, for I felt almost certain that we should soon have the pleasure of seeing you, Bülow, and the children. A later one which Caroline received on her birthday put the matter in a far more doubtful light. But I am not yet giving up all hope. I should of course be very sorry if the King were to succumb to his illness, but I still look forward to his ultimate recovery. Even if the worst fears are confirmed, and his illness really proves to be dropsy, it may last for many years, and he may still enjoy long periods of good health. I therefore advise you to start as soon as there are signs of maintained improvement.

“I am determined to leave on June 1, so that I can be back on August 3 or 4. Caroline will be the only member of the family at home, and at the end of July she will write to Naumburg to tell me what you have decided, so that I may arrange my return accordingly. If you should come later in the year—we won’t think of the possibility of your staying away altogether, it would be too sad, and the cause too deplorable—I might meanwhile undertake some excursions from Naumburg. But try and come early in the summer, so that we may enjoy having you here as long as possible. We shall be delighted to fall in with any arrangement you may like to make in the house. I am glad you intend bringing two nurses for the children, as that will ensure your own rest and comfort.

“I am so pleased that you are satisfied with your mother’s



likeness. The resemblance certainly grows upon you the longer you look into the drawing, but that is the case with all portraits bearing a true and faithful likeness to the original. The plantation round the grave is finished, but it will naturally look bare and scanty for the first two or three years. I hope that you will think it has been well and thoughtfully planned. The grave looks very green, set in grassy borders and surrounded by lilies, roses, violets, and forget-me-nots. The first return to Tegel will be very sad for you, my dear child, but, as you say yourself so truly, sorrow must be always with us, and to my mind the pain is less acute when soothed by constant memories of the past, and we are nearest to all that remains of her. That is what I have felt ever since her death. This solitude so near to her has been such a blessing to me that I even look back with pleasure to the perfect silence of winter. I feel that this life has elevated all my thoughts and feelings."

Knowing as she did her father's hopes and wishes, it was doubly hard for Gabriele to see all likelihood of the journey gradually vanishing. At the end of May Prince Leopold finally abdicated the throne of Greece; the King's state of health became worse, and though he rallied again everyone was prepared for the end. The probability of impending changes made it impossible for Bülow to ask for leave of absence, and Gabriele saw all her plans destroyed by the political affairs which had already caused her so many bitter disappointments.

*Gabriele to her Sister Caroline*

London: June 4, 1830.

"Letter-writing will still be our only means of intercourse, for all hope of meeting this summer is at an end. The King's condition is getting worse every day, the difficulty of breathing increases, and has become so serious that he may die at any moment. Bülow cannot possibly leave London at such a critical time, so all that is left to us is to hope for next year, a poor comfort now! . . .

"Many thanks for the flowers from the grave of our dear

mother. Always think of me there! I have an intense longing to see that hallowed spot.

“London is comparatively quiet now. We have again been spending a few days at Bushey with the Duchess of Clarence, and the day before yesterday I much enjoyed an excursion to Hatfield, the Marquis of Salisbury’s beautiful country place. He gave a delightful *fête*, a collation at five o’clock followed by an excellent amateur dramatic entertainment. There is nothing I like better than a drive into the country, which is as lovely as anything of the kind can be, while the country seats themselves make me envious. Hatfield is one of the largest and most beautiful estates in England; the avenue leading up to the house through miles of park is most impressive, and calculated to raise the highest expectations, all of which are fulfilled by the ancient house. The banqueting hall carries you back to the days of chivalry, and a modern party looks strange enough in such mediæval surroundings. Hatfield is full of historical interest. Queen Elizabeth was held captive here by Queen Mary, and in the park they still point out an oak under which she is said to have been sitting when she heard the news of her liberation and elevation to the throne. The performance lasted till after midnight; we wanted to slip away directly after, but Lord Salisbury would not rest till we consented to stay for supper. It was nearly two o’clock when we left, but we were at home at half-past three, for we simply flew across the twenty English miles. I should not have minded driving more slowly and getting home later, the drive on such a perfect night was delightful. It was really a pleasure to see the dawn once more, and when we reached home I should have preferred a walk in the park to going to bed. It is sad to think how much we lose by a town life and late hours, which rob us entirely of summer pleasures. This time, however, I had to hurry to bed to get a few hours’ rest, although it was too late for the seven hours’ sleep necessary to my comfort, as at ten o’clock on Thursday morning I had to be ready to drive to the Countess Münster’s, with whom I was going to St. Paul’s. For continental ideas this is not a very early hour, but in London it is about equal to sunrise. A very beautiful service takes place once a year at St. Paul’s.

The children from the various London charity schools, about 5,000 all told, assemble there for divine service. Tiers of seats are erected under the dome, and there the children sit ranged according to their schools. The sight of these 5,000 little ones and the sound of their united voices, although not very harmonious, is very touching. There was such a crowd in the city that it took us more than an hour and a half to get to the Cathedral, and I did not get home until four o'clock. In the evening I had to dine with Lady Gower, and go to a party at our opposite neighbour's. The season is crawling along painfully, no one cares to give large entertainments, but there is no lack of little dinners and early evening parties. Prince Frederick of Prussia has not chosen a very good time for his visit; he arrived here on Monday, and dined with us and a very small party on Tuesday evening. There were only Prince Salm and two Prussian officers to meet him. Afterwards Prince Frederick went to the Italian opera with us. Yesterday we met him at another party of the same kind, given by the Esterhazys. He is staying at Kew, which he finds very dull just now. On Monday the King's death was expected from hour to hour; his condition is most distressing; for the last ten days he has been unable to lie down, for if he does the attacks of suffocation become unbearable. . . ."

On June 26 George IV. died and was succeeded by the Duke of Clarence—William IV. The new Queen's friendship for Gabriele remained the same as when she was only a Duchess, and the following letter, which she wrote to her immediately after her accession, is given here as a testimony to the affection that existed between the two women.

*The Queen of England to Gabriele*

Bushey: June 28, 1830.

"I hasten to thank you very sincerely for your kind words, and the sympathy you and your husband show us in our great bereavement and the change in our position. Although outward circumstances have changed I shall ever remain the same towards you. The King desires me to assure you and Herr von Bülow of his unaltered feelings, and I request you to

express the same to your husband on my behalf. I cannot yet accustom myself to the long-expected event, and it will be some time before I am familiar with its reality. But nothing can ever change my affection for you; I hope you will believe this and permit me to add a heartfelt blessing for my little godchild."

*Gabriele to her Sister Adelheid*

London: July 1, 1830.

"I wanted to thank you by the last mail for your delightful letter, but I could not do so, though I longed to tell you how bitterly disappointed I am at the total destruction of my hopes of meeting you. What is the use of complaining? It will neither alleviate our pain nor lessen the distance between us. We always said that the realisation of our plans seemed too good to be true, did we not? And it seems strange now that neither of us felt that this journey would come to pass.

"I have often talked of this to Bülow, so do not fancy I mention it now like people who are wont to recount a dream after it has come true. The long-expected event has also come to pass, as you will have heard before this letter reaches you. The poor King died on Saturday, after terrible and protracted suffering, but in the end his death was somewhat sudden. We spent Monday with the present King and the Duchess at Prince Leopold's at Claremont; he gave a small luncheon party in honour of Prince Frederick, the Cumberlands, Bülow, and myself being the only guests. On Friday we were to have gone to Bushey; we had not been exactly invited, as the Duchess could not do that under the present circumstances, but she said if we felt inclined for a drive we were to come about luncheon time. We had quite intended doing so, but in the end the bad news from Court prevented us. Now the Duchess is Queen, which is unfortunate for me, since outward formalities will make it impossible for her to be the same to me in the future as she has been in the past. No one is more convinced than I am that her heart will remain unchanged; her immediate reply to my letter in such kind and gracious terms is a welcome proof of that.

What a fortunate country this is to have such a Queen: may she be happy in her exalted position! She will be a saving angel for all the family. Already on Sunday she brought about a reconciliation between the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex, and it is solely due to her that the former is outwardly on friendly terms with the Duke of Clarence.

“It seems sad to think how entirely the late King is already forgotten. On the day of his death I could hardly believe my ears when I heard the usual street music (a kind of burattini<sup>1</sup>) outside, and saw all things going their usual way: I had expected a Sunday-like stillness to reign, for on the Sabbath not a sound is heard abroad. The theatres were only closed on the day he died, since Monday they have been open as usual; several dinner parties have taken place, and will continue to do so even before the funeral, which will probably be on the 12th. We have, nevertheless, postponed our entertainment, which should have been on the 3rd, for a fortnight, when Prince Frederick will be able to go out again. Yes, indeed, my dear, he has been and is still an ‘impiccio’<sup>2</sup> for us. But had our journey been at all possible, I should have rebelled against his preventing it by coming to London in the official character of a Prussian prince. When it is really a question of duty I am silent and patiently submit, but it would have been too maddening to abandon our plans for the sake of court ceremonial. He is really a very agreeable man, nice-looking, talkative, and kindhearted; but his greatest wish seems to be to enjoy himself thoroughly, and to do that he has come to London at a most unsuitable moment. He could not possibly show himself at balls and large parties, so he has had nothing but a series of slow dinners, and we have to follow everywhere in his train. After the big dinner at our house on Wednesday, we were to have met and dined together four nights running, but the Saturday and Sunday parties did not come off. The excursion to Claremont was charming; it is one of the finest country seats I have ever seen, but quite unlike the others in style. The park is more uncultivated and like a forest, the hilly ground gives it an appearance of variety; in short it is delightful. The memory of the

<sup>1</sup> Marionettes.

<sup>2</sup> Hindrance.

Princess Charlotte lends a melancholy interest and a special charm to the place.

“No one knows which country seat the new King will choose. The undisturbed peace as regards Court ceremonies, &c., in which we have hitherto lived, is at an end I fear. It is a great pity, for the pleasure of seeing the Queen will be small compensation; on such occasions she can be nothing more than ‘the Queen’ to me. It is said that there will be a Drawing-room soon after the funeral. I have already had a great deal of trouble in procuring the necessary mourning for myself and the children; even poor baby has to wear a black sash out of doors.

“The children look so well and bonny that they do the London climate credit. But, nevertheless, the absence of a country home is sad for them, more perhaps in a moral than a physical sense. In a town the awakening of religious feelings and the whole moral training of a child’s nature is more difficult. I regret having had to give up our journey all the more because of the children’s loss.

“The moral education is after all the most important; if only I myself possessed greater strength wherewith to attain the end towards which I strive! How true and beautiful are the words of the Princess in Tasso! I share your feelings of gratitude towards our mother, and yet how painful is the consciousness that I can only be to my children a semblance of what she was to us. All that is best in me I owe to my mother, and it is the most precious inheritance I in turn can bequeath to those dearest to me.

“So I am not to become too English? Do not fear: inwardly I shall never change, though outwardly I am obliged to do as others do. If you were to be here a single week you would recognise the impossibility of independent action.

“. . . . Once you have grown accustomed to living in a house several storeys high; the comforts and conveniences of all the interior arrangements of an English household are incalculable, and it would indeed be ungrateful of me not to defend the advantages I so thoroughly enjoy. I really do not know why you are so severe on English ways of living, nor why you think it better to introduce German rather than

to follow English manners and customs. You would only stand in your own light, for a high degree of comfort is the result of all existing arrangements regarding the house and servants. When you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do—that is the great secret of how to be happy in the country in which you are obliged to live. So I adapt myself to the customs of the country, and feel at home in a strange land without fear of becoming a stranger to my native country, much less of growing proud or haughty. I hope my German servants of the future will have nothing to complain of in that respect. Neither here nor there should I consider it beneath my dignity to say a kind word to my kitchenmaid—*à propos* of whom all this discussion has arisen—but I have no opportunity of doing so, as she is not allowed to appear in the upper regions of the house. If she did, it would amount to the same thing as your kitchenmaid establishing herself in one of your sitting-rooms; the staircase in an English house is equivalent to a living room, as you are so constantly on your way up or down.

“It is, moreover, easy enough to be popular with the servants here; they are so accustomed to being treated like machines, that the least indication of your not considering them as such is received with gratitude and pleasure. The other day I had quite a touching scene with the upper housemaid, who had given me notice through Francis, because she had a housekeeper’s situation in view. Before leaving she took the opportunity of telling me she hoped I should not consider her ungrateful, and then thanked me for my letter to her new mistress, and the good character I had given her. I only replied that I was sorry to lose her, but glad of the good place on her account. This remark so touched the poor thing, who is a perfect giantess in strength and stature, that she began to cry, and communicated her emotion to the entire household. I really miss the good creature, for little as I saw of her, I knew she was attached to me. After my confinement she used to ask me every morning when she came to tidy the room, how I was getting on, and though she had one of the most disagreeable voices I ever heard, there was something so sympathetic in the tone of the question

that it always pleased me afresh. They are all much distressed at my small appetite, and Francis made me laugh heartily the other day at her description of the cook's despair when I sent word I should not come down to dinner. For days he had been saving a hare specially for me, and now I should miss it after all. We laugh about these things, but after all every proof of kindness towards us gives us pleasure, even if it can only find expression in roasting and boiling.

“I never cease to regret that my parents and Caroline carried away such a disagreeable impression of my household; at that time confusion reigned where now there is nothing but order, and as that is by no means my own achievement I can safely praise it. Please do not imagine, though, that I think there is any merit in not being personally concerned in the success. Although I consider the present arrangement extremely convenient, I am quite aware that it is really a woman's mission to manage her house, and that the performance of this duty lends a certain something to her outward appearance which it would be a pity to lose. I have such pleasant memories of my housekeeping in the Dorotheenstrasse that I hope my daughters may some day carry with them the remembrance of similar experiences when in higher positions, should such be their lot. I try hard not to let any superfluous ideas of grandeur enter their little heads, and explain to them that they would not wear silk dresses at Berlin or in any town with more sensible fashions than London. Only fancy! I have had to have a little silk dress made for baby simply on account of her nurse, who would certainly have had a fit if her wish for ‘a proper drawing-room dress’ for the little one had not been granted. When strangers ask to see her she now appears in this gala dress; for myself I have forbidden it, she never comes to me, though, in anything but a white frock. It was with the greatest difficulty that I persuaded the nurse to let her wear coloured gingham in the nursery. She really asked for this silk garment as a proof of my satisfaction with her, and as I am perfectly satisfied, I had to give in. . .”



London : July 27, 1830.

“ . . . If anything could make up for the frustration of all our summer plans it would be our presence here at such an interesting time. I should really have been very sorry to have been away. I scarcely know where to begin telling you of all the beautiful and interesting sights I have seen. I think the funeral service at Windsor made the deepest impression upon me; it was very touching and moved me deeply. I have to thank the Countess Münster for having been able to witness the ceremony. Through her connections at Court she procured an admission for herself and for me to the places which for want of space had been reserved only for the gentlemen of the diplomatic corps. The King's and Queen's closet in the choir of the chapel had been put at their disposal, and though you could not very well see the procession from there, there was an excellent view of the ceremony at the open grave. You can imagine nothing more magnificent or more impressive. I am sending you an English newspaper with a picture, and a better description than I can give you. I think it will also interest father. I thought of him so much, and I am sure he will be glad to hear that I was present. The time of waiting before the commencement was perhaps even more solemn than the service itself: the sight of the open vault beneath the dark canopy, and the chapel draped in black, looking cold and gloomy in spite of countless tapers and candles—the dim torchlight gleaming through the great Gothic windows as the procession marched past outside—the deep silence broken only by distant cannon shots, and the strains of the Dead March growing louder as the procession came nearer—all this was singularly exciting and awe-inspiring. One moment was, I thought, positively painful, as such sharp contrasts always must be: the band outside was playing ‘God save the King’ quite audibly as the King left the chapel, while within, Sir George Naylor, King-at-Arms, was breaking his staff over the coffin, and reading out the titles the late King had borne. Then when the grave had been filled up, only the royal crowns were visible, for, seen from above, the coffin seemed to have been let down so far

that very little showed above the surface of the earth, the Princes and their retinues all filed slowly past; that too was a very striking scene.

“The easiest and most simple thing to do was to drive back to London the same night, and we were at home again at half-past two. What a contrast between this day's drive to Windsor and that one not five months ago when we went to dine with the King!

“Since the late King was laid to rest in his silent tomb yesterday fortnight, his successor has done wonders. His activity and energy are really marvellous. Each day is filled with business, audiences, reviews, luncheons, dinners, &c. ; on Monday he even went to a ball, which in my humble opinion he would have done better to avoid. The days of the King of Württemberg's visit were particularly lively. The above-mentioned ball was given in his honour by the Duke of Wellington. But I must begin describing this day from the morning onwards. At eleven o'clock everyone assembled at the Duke's, where the King and Queen were expected to lunch after the review in Hyde Park. They had already lunched there on the 21st, when I saw the Queen for the first time as Queen, and was greeted by her with unaltered friendliness and kindness. According to etiquette, Lady Aberdeen was to have presented me, but before she had time to do so, the Queen had given me her hand. The King also shook hands at once. But I am wandering away from my Monday, and it was no black Monday, I assure you! The Court came and left late, so that no one got away before half-past two. I drove the Countess Münster home, after we had stuck fast a long time in the row of carriages, which could not move backwards or forwards. So I only got home towards four o'clock, when all hands that could hold a needle had to set to work to manufacture me a court train which had to be ready at half-past five, when I drove off again to St. James's Palace, where the entire diplomatic corps was to dine with the King at seven o'clock. We had, however, obtained permission to be present before dinner at the Chapter of the Knights of the Garter, convened for the purpose of investing the King of Württemberg with the insignia of the order. That

was too interesting a ceremony to be missed. The Countess Münster had confided our troubles about our trains to the Queen; neither of us possessed such an appendage as we had been commanded to appear without them at the dinner, and had only been informed at the Duke's that a train would be obligatory for anyone assisting at the ceremony of the investiture. The Queen cleverly advised us to have light trains quickly made of crêpe, and to take them off before dinner, as she herself intended doing. Well, punctually at half-past five I was ready, dressed in veil and train, and delighted to be able to attend the ceremony. As a picture, the Chapter of the order of the Garter is a beautiful counterpart to the prorogation of Parliament. Both of these spectacles transported us to ancient times and made a great and solemn impression on the mind. How I should have liked a painter, especially our friend Wach, to see those glorious costumes! The gentlemen really looked most picturesque and seemed ready posed for their portraits. The Duke of Sussex, who is certainly no beauty, would have made a splendid picture. The King of Würtemberg looked terribly modern in his stiff uniform. How I wish the children could have seen the Queen's entrance. All the princesses (even little Victoria) and their ladies-in-waiting followed in her train; they wore deep mourning, long court trains, and veils reaching to the ground. The Queen, and then the King took their places on the throne, followed by the King of Würtemberg as soon as he had been invested with the order of the Garter. The princesses stood on the left of the throne, and next to their ladies-in-waiting came the Countess Münster and myself; the enterprising diplomatic ladies they call us, for we are present on all occasions. At the House of Lords we were also close to the King; he sat on the throne with the royal insignia, crown, sword, and sceptre, and was surrounded by the highest dignitaries of the realm. The House of Commons was summoned, the Speaker gave an account of the year's business, and the King gave his consent to several bills with the old formula, 'le Roi le veut,' which sounds so strange compared with English. Then Parliament was prorogued. . . .

“The veil suits the Queen’s beautiful fair hair and white neck perfectly; indeed, I have never seen her more becomingly dressed than on Monday, when I was pleased to see how well she played her royal part. She has learned it so quickly and without losing any of her own individual amiability and characteristic courtesy. The King has no less amiable and winning manners, and is very original in his behaviour. Towards the end of the dinner he proposed the health of the new knight, and made a long speech, standing up in his place, while by his orders all the guests remained seated. The night before at the Duke of Wellington’s dinner he made an even longer and more extraordinary speech. This may be an unusual performance for a king, and it may even be censurable, but on the whole I think it is delightful to see him enter upon the royal estate with a certain pleasurable freshness; he wears his dignity with a ‘*con amore*’ air, but without forgetting that he is the ruler of a free nation; indeed it is by the great value he attaches to that fact that he wins my heart. He is already exceedingly popular.

“After the dinner, from nine till eleven—you see I am not yet at the end of my Monday—the Queen received a great number of people, and then we all proceeded to the Duke of Wellington’s ball. Brilliant as this ball was, we did not stay very long; the day’s pleasures had been somewhat tiring, and we were all greatly fatigued. The fearful heat was in itself enough to exhaust anyone; it makes these big dinners a perfect torture. Last Wednesday we had to go through the ordeal with their Majesties at the Duke of Sussex’s; on Friday at the Esterhazys’ in honour of Prince Frederick; on Tuesday last we gave an immense dinner ourselves; the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Duke of Sussex, Prince Leopold, and of course Prince Frederick, were present in celebration of our king’s birthday. What great events have come to pass in France, and what may not yet happen there and consequently in other countries. What do you say to all this? Does it not seem incredible that such things should take place in France, that a French king should have learnt so little from the past as to be able to act thus. Let us hope that others may heed the warning. It is sad to think that one man,

a mere cipher as Polignac<sup>1</sup> is, should be able to contrive such mischief."

In August, Gabriele writes from Brighton, where the Bülow's, "sixteen of them," were spending their two months' holiday.

*Gabriele to her Sister Caroline*

Brighton : September 30, 1830.

"You will not only understand, but I am sure you will be glad to learn that while we are here I have made it a rule to enjoy as much fresh air as possible, and although our correspondence has suffered in consequence, I feel certain you will not grudge me the healthy enjoyment. It has sometimes been rather hard work to combine the claims of London society, with the open air life of a watering-place like Brighton. For a whole week we spent every afternoon and evening at the Pavilion with their majesties. We have now returned to our former free and unconstrained intercourse. Princess Carolath took up some of my morning hours, and her presence was made the occasion of several *fêtes*. Her eldest daughter's birthday was celebrated by a dinner which the Queen gave for the two Carolaths and our children; that is to say, the children dined while we lunched with their Majesties, and you can fancy that Gabriele is not a little proud to have sat next to the Queen and opposite the King at dinner. After the meal we were all present at an entertainment given by the equestrian performers and rope-dancers belonging to Astley's circus in the Royal Riding School. The performance was really as beautiful and gorgeous as anything of the kind could be. The week before, I took the little girls to Her Majesty one morning; she had asked to see her little god-child again, and she gave all the children charming presents. It was very kind of the King's sisters, the Princess Augusta and the Landgravine, to give our children presents too, on little Carolath's birthday. I cannot sufficiently praise the kindness and amiability of those princesses. I like the Landgravine very much, she is so good and sensible, so pleasant

<sup>1</sup> It is a well-known fact that Polignac signed the famous "three ordinances" of July 25, 1830, which were the cause of the July revolution.

and amiable ; when you have spent an hour with her you seem to have known her all your life. The children seem destined to receive pretty gifts here. The other day, while we were in a shop, and I was occupied with my own purchases, the Queen and the Duchess of Gloucester suddenly entered ; the latter, who had never seen the children before, immediately presented them with charming workboxes. You can imagine that, with all this, they like Brighton exceedingly ; they also ride for two hours a day, and are quite inconsolable at the idea of leaving.

“ You will again say that royalty is much more ‘ human ’ and sociable in England than in Germany. That is just why I consider this country such an excellent school for our continental princes. Yet I prefer to have no pupils here, for we have to endure the social commotion their presence causes.

“ Give my best love to father ; we congratulate ourselves almost more than we do him upon the order of the Black Eagle. It might be desirable under present circumstances that this mark of honour should be followed by more ; that is to say, I could wish it for the cause and all concerned therein, not for him personally. The tailor-revolution at Berlin did not cause us a moment’s anxiety, although the papers here gave very exaggerated accounts of what actually took place. I suppose we must be prepared for anything and everything ; matters look serious enough. Events in the Netherlands are particularly disquieting. . . .”

*Wilhelm von Humboldt to his Daughter Gabriele*

Tegel : October 2, 1830.

“ Your stay at Brighton in such good rooms must have been very pleasant, though you would doubtless have preferred greater solitude. But you must remember that the presence of the Court and of society is most advantageous for Bülow in his diplomatic capacity, and that no other place offers the same happy combination of a town and country residence. I am living in hopes of seeing you and Bülow and the children here next summer. Though the times are certainly disturbed

and threatening, I hope the storm will pass over. Much depends upon the Netherlands. A war would be more than repugnant to me, it would break up our happy family life. If our wishes are fulfilled, you will also find Mathilde and her two children here next year. Is it not a real joy that she should have a daughter? I am, on the whole, more in favour of daughters; one cannot have too many of them. I do not care whether my name be handed down to posterity, and there is no particular charm in seeing myself represented by a son. In a daughter we are sure to find happiness, we can sympathise with her and feel ourselves understood in return. I cannot tell you how absolutely you and your sisters confirm me in this opinion. Few fathers are as lucky as I am, but then I owe these blessings to your dear mother. You have each of you something of her sweet nature in your characters, though she again was unlike any of you. And yet I often feel that you and she are entirely one. I often think over these questions and try to trace the fine threads by which these beautiful qualities are invisibly transmitted from one to the other. Few men are so fortunate to their lives' end as I shall have been, for I am rich in the memory of your mother, in the love of my children, whose image is graven in my heart, and in the consciousness of having truly enjoyed those blessings, which alone ensure real happiness in life. Since the days of my early youth I have always felt that nothing in this world can compare with the joy of loving those nearest and dearest to you, and that there is nothing to compare with the search for kindred souls.

“I was pleased with your news of Esterhazy; be sure to remember me to him. He is certainly above the ordinary run of men. The King's death grieved me as deeply as it did him. There may be much to be said against the King, but there was something about his manner which was and ever will be inimitable.

“During the last three weeks I have been more than ever lost in the memories of the past; I can think of nothing but your mother and our happy life together. Caroline may have told you that she is putting in order the correspondence

between your mother and me ; as far as possible she arranges the letters according to their dates, and then gives me each packet to look over. I began to read a few, and now I can hardly tear myself away from them. Many are missing, but it is wonderful that so many should have been preserved. I still possess the first letter she wrote to me in the summer of 1788, before we had ever met. No one who has not read them would believe how beautiful those early letters are, what a treasure of noble thoughts they contain, what a rich mind they reveal, and what depths of love they express. An extraordinary elevation of mind and feelings, combined with perfect simplicity and naturalness in all things worldly—that was characteristic of her divine nature. There was nothing unusual about her outward life ; all that was best and most rare was hidden deep within her soul. I deeply regret that I did not re-read these letters during her lifetime when we could have discussed them together. We never see enough of those we love. Your mother and I always lived together so peacefully and happily, often in perfect solitude ; we knew and understood one another so well, and yet I am now overcome with the bitterest regret when I think that we might have been together more frequently, that I might have enjoyed more of her companionship. The letters awaken in me a still greater longing for our reunion ; those that have been so close together as to be almost one, must meet again, of this I feel certain. She speaks of this so beautifully in one of the letters written before we were married. She says that in thinking of themselves and their fate men are often troubled by doubts and misgivings, but ‘ upon the lofty heights of feeling he who seeks will meet with truth, and the enshrouding mists will then be torn asunder.’ That is true in itself, and even more so in respect to her. With her everything came from the heart, because she threw her whole self into all she did. It will perhaps seem strange to you that I should have accepted a public appointment when I am quite out of touch with external affairs. When we meet I shall explain to you and Bülow how it came about. My new work will not distract my thoughts. The Privy Councillorship is a small appointment, which I



am competent to undertake, as my present frame of mind does not prevent me from doing useful work. I shall continue to spend the winter at Tegel near her grave, and shall not go into society. Many people say that I shall be forced to do so when I am in the Privy Council, but I do not think so. It is not often that anything happens to a man which he has not already inwardly contemplated. No man could be further from worldly ambition than I am now. The order of the Black Eagle gave me pleasure, firstly, because your mother always wished me to have it, and secondly just because it put an end to ambition, inasmuch as I have herewith attained all that is possible. The wish still to play a part in the world or to accomplish much is far from my thoughts. I shall gladly leave that to others. I was never ambitious in that direction, and simply made use of the opportunities as they offered themselves. Come what may I shall not desert my solitude, perhaps not even Tegel, nor shall I consent to see people, except singly or on business.

“I am sending you my criticism of Goethe’s ‘*Italienische Reise*’<sup>1</sup> in a separate parcel. I have spoken much of Rome, in memory of your mother. I wrote the article at Gastein.”

*Gabriele to her Father*

Priory: October 19, 1830.

“I am so pleased about your new honour, and am also glad to hear you have re-entered the Privy Council. You write about those events as only you can write. I can, of course, understand your not wishing to take up a busy public life again, and I do not desire it for you personally, though I should deem it an excellent thing for the country, especially in these momentous times. I welcome the business of the Privy Council for your own sake, and also for my sisters’, because you will now more frequently have occasion to go to Berlin. The Duchess of Cumberland begged me to assure you of the interest and pleasure she took in the bestowal of the order, as well as of her continued sincere and grateful

<sup>1</sup> Goethe’s *Italienische Reise* was published in 1816-17.

remembrance of you. I ought to have told you this long ago. On all sides I have been charged to congratulate you, especially by Esterhazy, Münster, and not the least by our two Counts, though, of course, as good Prussians they are dissatisfied with these half measures. We have heard nothing from Uncle Alexander since the first news of his arrival at Paris; I hope he will not return to Berlin without paying us a visit. You must be very lonely at Tegel now that my sisters are all away. I wish them as beautiful weather at Burg-Oerner as we are enjoying here. It is really perfect, especially in the country. The roses on the wall are again in blossom, just as profuse and beautiful as they were two years ago when I remember writing about them to my mother! At Brighton we were also favoured by the weather; our stay there was altogether most pleasant and has done us all good. The benefit of the sea baths is beginning to show itself in the children. I hope to find them all well when I return to London to-morrow. I always feel the separation from them, when we go to stay at country houses, so keenly that I mean to avoid these visits as much as possible this winter. But we could not well have refused the Aberdeens' invitation."

*Gabriele to her Father*

London: December 31, 1830.

"How can I thank you for the beautiful present you sent me by Herr Wagner, or tell you what great though melancholy pleasure it has given me. It is just such a thoughtful and touching souvenir as my dear mother herself might have chosen; does not that best describe to you what I felt on receiving it? How clearly the beautifully cut cameo recalls the statue<sup>1</sup> to my mind. My mother and I saw it together the first time, and now the copy means so much more to me than the original did then. I felt all this before when you sent me the drawing of the monument last year, though that gave me only a faint idea of the statue itself."

<sup>1</sup> Thorwaldsen's statue of 'Hope.

January 1, 1831.

“I have still to thank you for the article, for your introduction to the correspondence,<sup>1</sup> and now for the letters themselves. I have read the former and many of the latter with the greatest interest and enjoyment. In reading the letters I have again experienced the feeling awakened in me by anything really beautiful in words or pictures; it is a feeling I hardly know how to describe, as of inward awakening, as though the soul were entering into higher, yet familiar realms in which, if only we were gifted with the power of expression, we could produce something as perfect. I feel the same with beautiful works of art and good books, and although we soon discover how deceptive and vain the sensation is, it is welcome as the guarantee of the higher and nobler qualities dwelling within our soul! Alas! that they should slumber there so long!

“The correspondence affected me particularly as it contains so many allusions to my mother and to your home life, &c. I was deeply touched by all that referred to my little brother Wilhelm’s death; you say it robbed you of all feeling of security in this life, and yet gave you a new and perfect certainty in the life to come. After the death of some beloved being ‘we seem to feel at home in two worlds.’ How true and beautiful is all you and Schiller say of my mother. I shall read these letters over and over again.”

*Wilhelm von Humboldt to his Daughter Gabriele*

Tegel: January 24, 1831.

“I am glad to hear that the little girls are making such good progress with their lessons. I think you are perfectly right to insist that their lessons, so far as they treat of general subjects, shall be given by a German in the German language. Adelheid has asked me about elementary text books for them and I shall at once make careful inquiries.

“We spent a quiet ten days here directly after the New Year. Caroline and Adelheid were here all the time, August

<sup>1</sup> Between Wilhelm von Humboldt and Schiller.

joined us whenever his duties permitted. Adelheid loves the peace and quietude of Tegel, she even discovers charms in the night watchman's proclamations ; he certainly has a peculiar talent for recitative. Yesterday I had to attend the chapter of the order, and to-morrow the Privy Council meets, so I drove back from town last night and return to-morrow morning. I cannot say how I enjoyed the quiet hour before bedtime last night. You will understand this and sympathise with me as your sisters do, though they would like to keep me in Berlin. My heart does not feel at home anywhere but here, and nowhere else can I indulge so freely in the memory of the past. Frau von Wolzogen's 'Life of Schiller,' has reawakened all the old longing for the time that can return no more. We will send you the book ; it is exquisitely written. No woman of any nationality has ever produced anything more beautiful, and a man could not have done it at all. Every detail of it possesses a true womanly charm. In your mother's letters I clearly recognise again what beautiful and hitherto unknown qualities of womanhood were revealed in her and in Frau von Wolzogen. Your mother was incomparably greater than her friend, she had a loftier mind, a greater depth of feeling, and a simpler, less ostentatious nature. She had a purer and more beautiful soul, and was imbued with the strength which inspires trust and confidence. And yet they resembled one another in many respects. Your mother was much indebted to Frau von Wolzogen, whose faithful, devoted, and sympathetic friendship sustained and cheered her in her youth and had a refining and beneficial influence upon her character. And it is this woman who has written the 'Life of Schiller.' Your mother and I are often mentioned in the second part, and I ought to be more than satisfied with her description of me. Almost all the people mentioned in the book, even the nearest friends, have been fully described, all but your mother. That delicate reserve pleased me very much ; she was too dear to her, the remembrance of her was too sacred to be publicly described and analysed.

"You write of the roses at the Priory in October ; here they were in full bloom by your mother's grave till the

beginning of December, and the forget-me-nots lasted nearly as long. Now the grave is quite covered with snow; I went to see it to-day in beautiful weather. The statue of Hope is half-cut out of the block of marble, and I think the column will look very well with the statue upon it. It will all be finished by the time you come in the summer.

“I am so glad that you are pleased with the bracelet. The cameo is really very well cut. Bunsen took a great deal of trouble to execute my commission well. I was greatly pleased with all you said about my correspondence with Schiller. It gave me great pleasure to arrange the letters and write about Schiller and Goethe. It is quite true that there is something in the soul of every man or woman of pure and fine feeling which is closely allied to the true and beautiful, something that seems called into life by contact with analogous sentiments in art or literature. To appeal to this feeling in good and noble men is a special delight of the successful author.

“I have been very busy this month. First I had to speak at the meeting for the Society of Fine Arts, then I had work in connection with the Privy Council, after that lectures to deliver at the Academy and an address to prepare for the public meeting.”

In London this was a particularly gay winter; there was a round of festivities even before the commencement of the season, which was a very brilliant one. The new Court entertained right royally, and besides the birthday festivities of their Royal Highnesses, purposely deferred till the season, there were eight Drawing-rooms, which involved a display of eight full court dresses in the pitiless daylight.

*Gabriele to her Sister*

London: April 25, 1831.

“. . . We are entering upon the fourth year of our separation, and yet there is no certain prospect of our meeting. The months pass by and the uncertainty remains the same. Now Poland is the great stumbling-block; everything else seems likely to settle down. However satisfactory the com-

plexion of affairs may be, it is by no means favourable to our own wishes.

“Parliament is not to meet until June. . . . The Drawing-rooms amuse me in spite of the fatigue, but they quite cut up the day.

“Since last writing to you I have had the pleasure of seeing the Queen several times during her stay in town. She wrote to me from Windsor to fix a day for my visit, and after I had spent two hours with her she asked me to come again as soon as possible. She told me that she was generally at home after four o'clock, and that I must come and bring the children. So I went on Sunday, but only with the three eldest. Poor little Linchen has long desired this pleasure, which she missed in Brighton because when the others went she was ill. She began at once by saying to the Queen, of course in English: ‘Please, Queen, I have come to see you, because I was ill in Brighton and couldn't!’ and then she went on telling her all sorts of things. The Queen has a real talent for entertaining children; it makes me quite sad to watch her. First she let them run about wherever they liked, and then she took us into her bedroom, and showed us all sorts of pretty things, and the King came in just as she was holding Linchen up in her arms. Then we returned to the sitting-room, where we settled down comfortably, and the King actually began discussing politics with me. He said he thought his ‘petite visite’ to the Houses of Parliament would prove useful if it had not already done some good, and I quite agreed with him, not because I wished to flatter him, but because he had really acted very wisely in the matter. It seemed so funny to me to talk politics, and I must have amused the Queen, but if the Princess Lieven<sup>1</sup> could have seen and heard me I think she would have scratched my eyes out. She may be satisfied that I am clever enough to avoid mentioning this to her or anyone else. I hate nothing more than boasting, and know well enough how small are my claims to distinction in this particular direction. You know what value to attach to the little incident. The King must have taken me for Bülow, with whom he has

<sup>1</sup> Wife of the Russian Ambassador.



GABRIELE VON BÜLOW.

From a Sketch by August Grahl. London, 1831.

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frequent and serious political discussions. He, however, would not have been able to tell the King, as I did, that I wished we also had a constitution; that was certainly not flattery either, and pleased him very much. It is a good thing this letter does not go through the post or I might get into trouble as a political agitator; don't betray me. On the Continent they are sure to say a revolution has broken out here after what happened at the illuminations the other night, but in reality it is the last thing we have to fear. You see how infectious politics are, my dear, so let us return to the Queen who never talks politics, and to the Drawing-rooms, of which you want to hear more. They all resemble the first one; but the Queen has drawn my attention to another trouble: the ladies struggle with their trains, but she has to do battle with their feathers (each lady wears from fifteen to twenty upon her head), which get into her face when the feathery heads approach too closely to curtsy and kiss her hand. Others, again, stand so far off that the Queen is obliged to draw to her those ladies whom etiquette requires that she should embrace. The ceremonial differs according to the rank of the lady; there is first the ceremonious embrace or the ordinary kissing hands, which degenerates into an involuntary handshake when the ladies forget to kiss the royal hand. Many of them are so confused that they try to break through the line of princesses and ladies, or attempt to back into the fireplace; sometimes it is really difficult to help laughing, though it is very rude of us, when we are so well off in our appointed places. Yesterday the Queen almost upset my gravity by remarking that my curtsy to her was most successful. Unfortunately (from where we stand) we cannot see the King or watch his struggles with the ladies; they must be very comical. The ball the other night was a magnificent and truly regal affair. The forest of feathers was there as usual, and to my mind it resembles a field of snow. We diplomatic ladies wore no feathers, as in answer to our question the Queen had said they were not necessary out of compliment to her. She does not approve of them, and wore none herself, so that her splendid tiara showed off all the better."

The season lasted all through the summer, and culminated in September with the Coronation.

*Gabriele to her Sister Adelheid*

London: August 1831.

“. . . Yesterday we dined at Richmond with the Princess Lieven. Country air does not distract her from politics. Her husband, Bülow, and the Count Motuzewitz, a Pole, but not one of those Poles for whom my heart beats so warmly, came straight from the conference boiling hot, so the discussions were lively enough. I felt myself very much *de trop*, but that happens so often, and I know so well that I'm not fit for much else, that I really do not mind the sensation. I always prefer listening to others rather than talking myself, though I do sometimes long to put in a word of my own, especially against such un-Polish Poles as this Motuzewitz, and I really admire Bülow in what he calls his 'nuances.' I do not often accept invitations to Richmond; their parties are always too political for me, and I know that by staying away I am more likely to remain in the princess's good graces than by going. The view from the terrace is lovely; there is something peaceful and cheerful, I might almost say frank and open, about the landscape, which yesterday seemed sadly in contrast with the company.

“But I have wandered far from the subject of the luncheon parties of which I wanted to tell you; they are delightful, and to my taste the most pleasant form of entertainment, provided the weather is fine. The country houses and parks are beautiful in themselves, and well adapted for such *fêtes* which rarely begin before four o'clock. They are splendidly arranged on a magnificent scale. At six or seven the *déjeuner dinatoire* takes place; it is generally followed by a display of fireworks for the non-dancers, while those who like can stay and dance till midnight or later, as the entertainment winds up with a regular ball. I often feel inclined to dance, but if I once began there would be no end to it. I could not expect Bülow to stay so late on my account, nor should I, as *mère de famille*, feel justified in my own eyes if I were to go to bed and get up later than is absolutely necessary.

“At Lady Londonderry’s the fireworks, which were let off from three large boats lying in the middle of the Thames, and the illuminations in the garden were really fairy-like. The ceremony at the opening of London Bridge was also most peculiar and gorgeous. I do indeed see much that is interesting, and therein I fully recognise the advantages of our position. I only wish I could give a more lively picture of the various sights and scenes. I thought I had written to you about Don Pedro, but remember now that I mentioned him in my letter to Mathilde, and as I told Caroline all about the wonderful concert, I will not repeat the description of those two memorable events. I think Paganini’s playing was even more impressive by reason of his strange audience. In spite of the unequalled beauty of his style and execution there is something more painful than pleasing in his playing. It seemed to me to express such irony, as if he, in the depths of woe, were scoffing—that is hardly the right expression but I can find no better—at the high and mighty of the world and their earthly griefs and joys.

“I like Don Pedro <sup>1</sup> very much ; he does not grieve over his fallen greatness, and seems to think himself much happier in his present liberty. He is wonderfully lively and talkative. They say he only learnt to speak French fluently from his present wife, who was not so ready to learn Portuguese as the first one was. I have not seen her, but she is said to be particularly pretty and amiable.”

London : September 15, 1831.

“. . . I have told you very little about the Coronation, because I feel incapable of giving an adequate description of the ceremony, and I again recognise how undeserved are the compliments you pay me on my writing. I am equally in the dark as to your admiration of my French *esprit*. I do not even lay claim to German ‘Geist,’ much less to any other, but I should like to know what you mean.

“The wretched illustration in the newspaper I am sending

<sup>1</sup> The father of Donna Maria da Gloria, in whose favour he had withdrawn his claims to the throne of Portugal. He had been Emperor of Brazil from 1822 to 1831, but had abdicated on account of the revolution of April 7.

you will give you some idea of the glorious sight. Westminster Abbey is my greatest delight even on ordinary occasions. I am marking our stand and the lady supposed to represent me. You will see from this how excellent our places were, and that we had a capital view of the whole ceremony. My interest naturally centered in the Queen, and I was very happy to see her so generally admired and appearing to such advantage. Though she is in reality not too good-looking, she appeared so that day undeniably, for the beauty lay in something beyond mere outward loveliness. It was the beauty of her soul that seemed to shine out from and impress itself upon her whole person. Her bearing was full of dignity, repose, and characteristic grace; she seemed deeply moved, and it was clear that her heartfelt devotion raised her above all outward surroundings. When I saw her on the Tuesday before the Coronation, she spoke to me of this quite simply and naturally, saying she had often noticed it in herself before, and that she hoped it would again be so, particularly during the Communion service. But here I am still writing to you of the Queen, when it is just on her account that I must leave off. I am going to take all the children to see her, as she desired me to do when we dined at the Palace two days ago.

“ . . . To-day's news of the taking of Warsaw somewhat clears the horizon: I quite see that it is to Prussia's advantage to settle this Polish business, but my heart bleeds for Poland, and I grudge Russia the triumph! If only they had not brought us the cholera! The thought of it never leaves me.

“ Bülow had to attend the conference<sup>1</sup> as usual yesterday (his birthday); they are working harder than ever, for, if it is to be accomplished at all, the treaty between the Dutch and

<sup>1</sup> Representatives of Austria, Prussia, France, Russia, and England met at London to confer about the settlement of Belgium. In the generally disturbed state of Europe in 1830, that country had revolted from Holland. Lord Palmerston supported Belgium's action, considering that her independence would act as a check on France. On June 4, 1831, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg had been elected King of the Belgians, and on November 15 the London conference drew up twenty-four articles to which, with some trouble, the King of Holland was persuaded to subscribe. The matter, as will be seen, by no means ended there. After a while the conferences were re-opened, and the affair was only definitely settled by the signing of the protocol of April 19, 1839.

the Belgians will have to be signed by October 10. Severe measures will have to be taken with the latter if they will not be content with the terms they have got, and high time too. I have long been sorry for poor Leopold."

Politics again wrecked all the Bülow's hopes in regard to spending their holiday in Germany. The election of Leopold of Saxe-Coburg to the throne of Belgium occupied the minds of all, but for Bülow it meant redoubled work and exertion. The conferences became exceedingly lengthy, and Gabriele felt anxious for her husband's health. She writes on October 15:—

"This week we have had several interesting, but for Bülow terribly tiring, days. The other day the conference lasted from eight in the evening till four the next morning, and to-day he only came home at a quarter to six. The treaty will be signed to-day, no small matter for these gentlemen; yet they, especially Bülow, quite expect that, in spite of all the time, work, and trouble expended, the treaty will make the Belgians cry out no less than the Dutch. Poor Wessenburg nearly died of these conferences; he is still seriously ill, and Bülow is quite exhausted."

Meanwhile the cholera had set out upon its devastating march through Europe, and neither the sea nor all the quarantine regulations and other preventive measures protected England from the pestilence. It was not openly acknowledged in London till February 1832, but had been long silently claiming its victims.

For months the absence of all news from abroad had rendered the excitement and anxiety almost unbearable. Fortunately none of Gabriele's relatives on either side of the Channel fell ill, and Christmas was celebrated with troubled but thankful hearts. At that time of the year Gabriele displayed all the charm and kindness of her nature; she would invite all the young Germans at the embassy, or any others staying in London whom she knew to be homeless and friendless, to join her family circle on Christmas Eve. Under the Christmas-tree each would find that he had been remembered by some thoughtful mark of her attention, some joke or witty allusion which took the form of small gifts.

During the first months of the new year 1832 Gabriele went out very little, but the correspondence with her home people grew the more lively in consequence, and occasionally she was made happy by a letter written by her father himself. In her peculiarly sympathetic way her receptive mind accepted his ideas, which always soared far above the common, and while fancying that she was only following their thread, her own marked individuality was self-evident in her replies. Her father's delight in her was expressed in every word he wrote; with each letter he gave her more of his confidence, opened his heart to her more freely, and led her more fully to understand the noble, high, and lasting influence of such a woman as her mother. Humboldt's letters at this time are largely filled with references to his departed wife and to his own failing health.

On April 10, 1832, the birth of a fifth daughter once more destroyed Gabriele's hopes of a son and heir. She was never allowed to feel the disappointment she had caused; indeed, all her life she was surrounded with love and affection, and it was only the little sisters who cried indignantly, "Again a girl!" "Only a girl!"

Gabriele described the christening, which was celebrated in great state.

". . . The christening of our baby took place last Saturday; the ceremony did not meet with my approval, but there is no use crying over spilt milk, particularly as I shall have hardly time to-day to give you a description of it.

"As a remembrance of the interesting sittings of the conference, Bülow invited his fellow-delegates to stand sponsors to our little one. The desire was natural enough, but I wish it had never occurred to him. I have a real antipathy to Talleyrand<sup>1</sup> as my child's godfather, though I know people no longer attach any special significance to the office. Talleyrand is a repugnant creature, who re-awakens my surprise and disgust each time I see him. Wessenburg and the Countess Ompteda<sup>2</sup> would have been asked in any case, conference or no conference; he was one of those whose presence I should have de-

<sup>1</sup> The French Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

<sup>2</sup> Wife of the Hanoverian Ambassador.

sired at the little German ceremony I had pictured to myself. The Princess Lieven represented Russia in her husband's place, so counting the Duchess of Dino there were three ladies and three gentlemen; Lord Palmerston was the third. I personally look upon my father and Hermann as baby's real godfathers, and it was in their name too that I said 'yes.' Please tell them so. We kept to the name Constance because of the unbroken sequence of daughters; she is called Dorothea after the Princess Lieven; Dino and Hermine are her other names. The gentlemen were also satisfied with the name Constance, and well they might be, as its meaning is most suitable in regard to the durability of the result of their labours. . . ."

In spite of her significant name, Constance was "baby" till her seventh year, and her predecessor, despoiled of the title, had to submit to be called the "old baby;" it was quite a long time before her sisters could make up their minds to say Therese.

In June Gabriele and her baby spent a few days at Windsor, and she much enjoyed the intercourse with the Queen and the freedom from the restraints of town etiquette. The summer and autumn were spent in London without any change; Bülow was still detained by Belgian affairs, and once more the visit to Germany was postponed. Thanks to her baby, Gabriele enjoyed a long period of peace and tranquillity. The governess was sent away for a holiday, and she devoted herself entirely to her little girls.

*Gabriele to her Sisters*

London: 1832.

"I am enjoying the children's holidays, and every day I feel more inclined to give up the governess. Miss M. can hardly be said to be in the way, but a governess is always more or less a go-between, in itself a bad thing for the children. And yet, however pleasant it may be without her in this delightfully quiet time, it would be impossible in the season, particularly as we live on different floors of the house.

“ I am present at their lessons whenever I can manage it, but now we go out into the country together every day between one and six ; the weather is glorious, and the children have a new excursion to suggest every morning. No one should say that London is unhealthy for children. I have never seen more healthy and beautiful children than here, and they are all so hardy. The cause of their excellent health is practically due to the care and attention they receive, and money so spent is surely well invested. It would be a very good thing if the example was followed abroad, of course in accordance with the circumstances of the parents. Wherever we may live, I always intend to keep sufficient servants for the children ; it is of the greatest importance for their health and their future. If I could explain all this to you by word of mouth, I am sure you would agree with me. Rest assured that I am not becoming too English in these matters. You can remain true to yourself, and yet learn to accept all that is best in your surroundings.”

The long-desired meeting at Tegel did not take place until the autumn of 1833.

*Wilhelm von Humboldt to his Daughter Gabriele (dictated)*

Tegel: January 14, 1833.

“ This year must witness our reunion ; you must be sure to carry out your plan of starting early in the spring, as soon as the steamers begin to run. I think you might be with us in April, a delightful arrangement, as we should gain two months before my horrid journey to a bath cure. While I am away you can pay your Mecklenburg visits, and then come back to us for six weeks before your return. You will be rather short of room here, but we shall try to make you as comfortable as possible. I am counting on seeing Bülow too, but please keep to the resolution that your own departure shall be quite independent of the possibility of his coming. You will find Tegel looking beautiful, and it will do you good to be near your mother’s grave. I know it now at every time of the day, and every season of the year ; it has grown to be part of my existence. I am as happy as it is possible to



be after such a bereavement. The helplessness and dependence are disagreeable, but in many ways old age is pleasant; I mean that period of life when we have no further desire to take an active share in the doings of the world, and are content to 'think of our descent'—a beautiful expression I came across the other day. We separate ourselves from the world and yet cling with unwavering faithfulness and affection to all we have loved and love. The beauty of old age is that it transforms the past into the present. In your mother's letters I have an inexhaustible treasure. As unfortunately we were so often separated, I can live almost the whole of our married life over again in these letters, in which I also find my children mentioned at all ages and stages. The letters contain many facts of merely ephemeral interest; your mother was so modest and natural that she never sought to express striking or far-fetched ideas, and often merely stated the facts without any commentary of her own. And yet there is an indescribable charm even in those apparently insignificant lines. The very heading of her letters touches me, and often I cannot get further than her 'dearest Wilhelm'—words which can never again be repeated. So you see, my dear child, that even though depressed at times, I enjoy a pleasant if secluded life here. Adelheid and her husband often share the peacefulness of my quiet retreat, and if you could be here to-day, alone with Adelheid and me, you too would feel the benefit of the perfect tranquillity.

"Several weeks have elapsed since I last went to Berlin, and as the Privy Council has not yet been convened this winter, there has been nothing to prevent my staying quietly here. I do not hear much of what is going on in the world. Bülow's activity and success are evidently being generally discussed; I have to-day read a letter from Fraü von Wolzogen to Caroline, in which she mentions his name. . . .

"I really do not know whether I should consider a change in your position a misfortune. It is certainly more convenient for an ambassador to remain at his post for several consecutive years, but a change is useful for his training. It is not well to take root too firmly beyond the confines of your native land. The direct consequence of a change

would probably be your spending the interval with us. That would make us all very happy, and though I fully acknowledge the benefit accruing to the children from a residence abroad, I think that a year spent in Germany would have a decidedly salutary influence, particularly upon the two elder girls. It has always been my opinion that much less depends upon a man's lot and circumstances than upon his ability to assimilate the public and private conditions of his life in the right manner.

“Did I ever tell you about our night watchman? You may look forward to a great pleasure in hearing him; such a talent for recitative is quite unique nowadays. He knows how to impress the fact upon your mind that it has really struck ten.”

*In Humboldt's own handwriting*

Tegel: May 20, 1833.

“Tegel has hardly ever been so beautiful or so rich in flowers as this year. Every morning when I get up and look out on the mass of green I regret not to have you and the children here yet. I shall miss you most on your birthday, but I acknowledge that you have done well not to come now, and I am delighted to see from what you write to Adelheid that you think of spending the winter with us. We should then be really able to enjoy your long-expected visit in peace, especially if you could manage to go to Mecklenburgh while we are at Gastein. We should then spend quite three and a half months together; in the winter I could go to Berlin more frequently than hitherto, nor would you disdain a few days' visit here in snow and ice, I know. Six months in Germany would be very good for the children, though I do not fear that living in London will really estrange them from German ways. You and Adelheid knew no German for years, and yet where should I now find women in whom every true German thought and feeling is more purely and beautifully expressed than in you, my daughters? Your mother conferred this blessing upon you, and you have in turn bequeathed it to your daughters, my dear Gabriele.

“I know what melancholy pleasure her grave will give you. I should never have thought that the dearly beloved dead could chain the living so closely to a place which, properly speaking, only contains their mortal remains. Of course we are everywhere surrounded by the spirit of her who in life was inseparably one with us, and yet it is so human that we should cling to the spot where we saw her vanish from our sight. The separation from her grave would be enough to prevent my planning any more long journeys. Your sisters read me all your letters; they give me the greatest pleasure, especially when you write about the children. How I am looking forward to seeing them! With all my heart I wish you a happy birthday. If we accept life in the right frame of mind, it is always fruitful even when full of pain, and I think that just and beautiful conception of life is peculiarly yours.

“We are sure to return from Norderney<sup>1</sup> at the end of August. It would be delightful if we could arrange to meet there, for as we are strangers in the place, we should be quite undisturbed, and what is more, we should see each other so much sooner.”

*Gabriele to her Sister Adelheid*

London : May 10, 1833.

“After the Drawing-room yesterday I was really too tired to write, so tired in fact that I lay down on my sofa after dinner and slept till half-past nine, when I had to dress for Talleyrand’s ball. My head is still quite muddled by the tiring day and the fearful heat. Pity me a little, especially next week, when every day is full of engagements, and we have to survive no less than four dinners. There is a State ball on your birthday. The dinner mania is in honour of the Duke of Orleans. I am therefore very angry with him, otherwise I must confess to liking his manner and his looks very much. On Monday we dined with him at Talleyrand’s. The day before and after I made use of my liberty to take the children a long drive, for the summer weather, which has

<sup>1</sup> One of the East Frisian Islands, a watering-place much frequented in summer by Germans.

come all at once, makes social duties still more irksome. I really reproached myself when I was walking last Sunday morning in the Duchess of Cumberland's garden at Kew (as she is still at Hastings I have permission to go there whenever I like), enjoying the charm of the place in its attractive spring dress and moved, as I always am, by the glorious works of God in nature; I imagined the poor Duchess's feelings when she returns to find everything in her garden fresh and blooming, and knows that her beloved child can see little or nothing of all this beauty. His eyes are getting worse and worse. All my bonny children were about me in the full enjoyment of perfect health and spirits, and yet I was conscious of feeling dissatisfied on their account because they cannot enjoy more of the country at this lovely season of the year. But when I feel inclined to grumble I am vividly impressed by all God's goodness towards me and mine, and humbly and gratefully pray to Him for support. Things look very unpromising in the world just now, and here in particular. The instability of the ministry will delay the solution of the Belgian question, and, dearest Adelheid—summer is here! Certainly it is not everyone who is vexed at this state of affairs. The other day I was nearly frantic when the Marchioness of Salisbury assured me she did not in the least care whether the sun were shining or not; it was of far greater importance whether the parliamentary sun was shining on the Whigs or the Tories, she said! And that woman owns a splendid country house near London! In such cases of unappreciated riches or rather gifts of God, I often think of the beautiful passage in Schiller's 'Don Carlos:'

“ ‘Does the sweet melody slumbering in the instrument's strings belong to the buyer who watches o'er it with deaf ear? He has bought the right to break it into fragments, but not the art to wake the silvery notes, and to be touched by the song's sweet charm.’ ”

Windsor Castle: July 21, 1833.

“I will at least begin a letter to you here, not only because it sounds so well, as we used to say, do you remember?—but

because it always makes me feel more at home in a place to write a word of greeting to someone I love. To the horror of the English and royal housemaids, I have moved the toilette table, which stood right in front of the window shutting out the lovely view, and in its place I have put a writing table against one of the walls of the window recess, quite in the German fashion. Now my bow window is quite irresistible, and I must write, though the view often tempts my eyes to wander from the paper, and makes me inclined to think and dream even more than to write. And yet there is hardly time to indulge in either, and I have wasted too many precious moments already, for I am now continuing on Tuesday, the 23rd. The day before yesterday I had to stop and dress for dinner, and yesterday I had not a moment to myself, for, just fancy! I had the pleasure of seeing the children here. They had long been promised a visit to Windsor, but nothing would have come of it had not the Queen put in a good word for them with the King, and then made arrangements for them to be here while their Majesties were in London conscientiously inspecting the pictures at Somerset House. The children did not hesitate to accept the invitation. They left home at seven o'clock, changed horses half way, and at ten o'clock, when we left the breakfast room with their Royal Highnesses, and Bülow looked in to our rooms, he found the young ladies and Miss Morton already comfortably installed at a second breakfast which had been prepared for them. They only saw the Queen for a moment, and as soon as she and the King had driven off to London, we and the children, Miss M., Lady Wellesley, the Queen's lady-in-waiting, and several gentlemen of the household began the inspection of the castle under the leadership of Sir Watson Waller, to whom the King had confided his gold pass-key. First we went to the King's study, where our guide, who is an old friend of the Royal family, pointed out the spot where poor George IV. died in an arm-chair supported in his arms. It is sad to consider how short a time he lived to enjoy all the pomp and grandeur with which he adorned the castle, and this feeling impresses you the more, the more you recognise that in spite of the great, almost perfect beauty of the whole, it wears the unmistakable stamp of being

designed for ephemeral enjoyment. I know this sentence is very incomprehensible, and I will try to explain my meaning, though I do not quite know how. I mean that in these great rooms there is a lack of real works of art—works of art that are not merely fugitive, but contain something of the past, the present, and the future, and therefore bring solace to the troubled mind and heart.

“But I am wandering from my subject, and moreover what I have just written down so confusedly sounds like censure, when I really wanted to express nothing but praise and admiration of all we saw. The castle is unique in its combination of magnificence and comfort; it is as bright and cheerful as it is gorgeous, and just as habitable and homely as it is suitable for the most magnificent entertainments. Each room is fitted up with every imaginable comfort, but of that I shall tell you when we meet, as I now want to describe the kitchens, which they called us to see while they were still making preparations for the various dinners, and before the legs of mutton, of which I counted about twenty (it was mutton day the head cook informed us), were released from purgatory. The meat looked too funny hanging from the specially constructed revolving apparatus, and eternally turning round and round before the fire. (*Continued later in London.*) . . . From the kitchen we returned to the upper regions, after inspecting the bakery and confectionery departments, the store room for fruit, &c., and above all the silver—or rather gold—room, where our eyes were dazzled by the riches and magnificence. For the sake of the children, we then passed through the daily living-rooms and proceeded to St. George’s Hall, where Nelson’s bust stands upon that part of the mast of the ‘Victory’ which was pierced by the shot that killed him.

“In the so-called Waterloo Room I should have liked to show the children their grandfather’s portrait, but it was not there, and I was glad to hear that it was in the hands of a painter, who will at last extricate him from the famous brown coat. Bülow drew a plan of this room, and the arrangement of the pictures, which I shall bring with me. He is writing such an exact and charming account of the days we spent at

Windsor, that I, who always do these things so badly, am quite afraid to try, and, to be quite honest, I think it will be much simpler some day to let you see what he has written. We ascended the Round Tower, and on the way passed the rooms we occupied last year, much to the children's amusement, who had often asked to see the Devil's Tower where our angel of a baby was lodged. The interior of the Round Tower has been completed, and is divided up into most charming and quaintly shaped rooms. Every window has a different view of the castle, which with the chapel and many side buildings is really a town in itself, or a wide outlook over the beautiful surroundings of Windsor. Unfortunately it was not fine enough for us to step out on to the Tower platform. It was the only thing we had to complain of, as in other respects the rainy morning only served to heighten our enjoyment of the glorious afternoon. While we were at lunch, and the children were dining in another room with Miss Morton, it cleared up, so that at three o'clock we were all able to go for a drive. Lady Wellesley, Bülow and I, accompanied by several gentlemen on horseback, went a lovely drive through the park. Her Majesty's lectrice kindly offered to drive to Virginia Water with the children and their governess, so the little ladies had that treat too, which was more than I had expected. After their outing they walked round the terrace, refreshed themselves with tea, and towards seven o'clock drove off home again. Bülow and I still had time for a short walk before dressing for dinner at eight o'clock, when their Majesties returned.

“Except on the first evening of our stay, I was lucky enough to be able to talk undisturbed with the Queen, who sat in the music-room next to the usual drawing-room, in honour of a violoneellist from Meiningen who was staying at Windsor. We never seem to exhaust our subjects of conversation, though of course it would not be the thing for me to converse uninterruptedly with her, when, for instance, the King, Princess Augusta, and others are all sitting round the table with us, as they did the first evening. Although the King is good, amiable, and easy to talk to, I came to the end of my resources after sitting next to him at dinner and luncheon four days running.

We also breakfasted with their Majesties, and on Sunday at eleven o'clock we drove to church, and the service lasted more than two hours and a half, rather too long for me, I must confess, though the music was beautiful. From the Royal pew there is very little to be seen of the church, in which I should otherwise not object to spending even longer than we did. Between church and luncheon time the Queen took me to see her sitting-rooms, which are all that anyone could desire. She has a beautiful large room leading into a smaller one, which is the cosiest and most charming little place you can imagine. It is a turret chamber with glorious views from both windows, most comfortably furnished, and full of family pictures and souvenirs. The statue of her little baby sleeping her last sleep (it died when only a few months old) touched me more than anything else. . . .

“On Wednesday the Queen formally gave me leave to depart, and presented me with a very pretty bracelet set with turquoises ; the gift, but more especially her manner of giving it, touched and pleased me immensely. I have not yet really said ‘Good-bye,’ as I am to go to her once more with all the children on Friday.”



## CHAPTER VIII

## GABRIELE'S VISIT TO GERMANY, 1833-1835

Stormy crossing—Visit to Düssin—Berlin and Tegel—Life with her father—Bülow's visit to Berlin—Illness and death of Wilhelm von Humboldt, 1835—Division of the property

At the end of August the long planned journey at last took place. Bülow perforce remained behind as the conference had once more resumed its negotiations, and he could not leave London. So Gabriele and the children embarked upon their journey alone, and were at once brought face to face with danger; although the King had placed his own steamer at her disposal, which was a great convenience, the crossing was most disagreeable, as a terrible storm was raging in the North Sea.

The high sea running on August 31 rendered embarkation unadvisable, so the whole party returned to town again from Woolwich, and, after the touching farewell, a delay of forty-eight hours was a somewhat tragi-comic incident.

*Gabriele to her Husband*

Hamburg: Thursday, September 5, 1833.

(Half-past eight in the evening.)

“Here I am, safe and sound with all the children, although we did not arrive till between six and seven o'clock this evening. Until Tuesday evening all went well; the Monday afternoon was delightful, so that if the parting from you had not made my heart so heavy I should have felt quite happy. We were all well, and, with the exception of meal times, remained on deck till five o'clock, when all the children began to be ill together, and I shortly followed their example, so that we had

hard work to get to bed. Baby was only seasick for a short time; she soon became quite well and good, which was a comfort as the sailors handed her from one to the other, for we had to abandon her to their care. That night and all Tuesday were unpleasant enough as we were all very ill, but still I was quite happy, for 'very well indeed' was the invariable answer to my question, 'How are we getting on?' We were going seven and a half miles per hour, and they said we might certainly expect to be in the Elbe between six and seven on Wednesday morning. During the night, however, another storm arose, and continued all day with such violence that we could make but little headway. When Heligoland came in sight the captain declared he would not risk being in the open sea another night, so after taking a pilot on board from one of the little islands (it cannot have been far from Norderney) they decided to enter the mouth of the Weser, and lie there at anchor till morning. This was certainly a good and wise decision; indeed I cannot praise the captain's behaviour sufficiently. I could not have believed that a vessel could lie at anchor so quietly as we did last night. The children crept out of their beds again at last, I had left mine early to go on deck, and see how things looked there; they seemed bad enough, the sea as black as ink and raging furiously. We made a very good supper of mutton broth, on which we had been living entirely, and drank brandy and soda by advice of the steward, who was really a splendid fellow, and looked after us like a nurse. When the children had all fallen asleep again, I asked for an interview with the captain. How you would have laughed to see us both studying the chart, for I wanted to know our exact position. We decided, or rather I declared, that I was not afraid of sea-sickness on account of the children (they had all been as well and merry as little fishes that evening), and he assured me that by daylight there would be no danger in rounding the point to Cuxhaven. At five o'clock next morning, after a quiet night, which did us all good, we started once more; the storm had subsided and we got round very well. After nine o'clock the children would remain in bed no longer, so we spent

the whole day on deck enjoying the trip up the Elbe immensely, especially the last few hours before reaching Hamburg. We landed soon after six and were met by one of the postal officials who was expecting me. The carriage was disembarked immediately, and I and the four children got into it; nurse, baby, &c., followed in a hired vehicle, and we drove straight to the Hôtel de Russie, where B. had taken rooms for us. He came to see me directly after our arrival; they had been very anxious about us on account of the great delay. No stranger could have been received more politely or kindly than I was.

“I was delighted to see my native land again, and yet without you I seem to feel strange here. I was quite moved when Therese, who was at first so delighted to have her meals with me and the big ones, began to feel ill and cried: ‘I want to go home, take me home.’ Oh, my dear home! How does it look now, and what are you doing? I feel that my true home is with you, wherever it be. Good-night and God bless you.”

Ludwigslust; September 8, 1833.

“I found your family here quite well, and have been received by everyone with the greatest kindness. If only you were with us we should be perfectly happy and contented; this was the first thing we all said at meeting, and still continue to repeat. But however much your relations would have liked to see you again, none can be so sad at heart about your absence as I am. I actually managed to leave Hamburg soon after eleven on Friday morning. I did not get to bed till two o'clock in the morning, and soon after six the children called me, nor could I myself have slept longer. We dressed; I had a good deal of packing to do before breakfast, then I wrote to you and sent for Buclmer, who was quite surprised to find me ready so early, although I had waited till nine o'clock before disturbing him. He changed my money, paid the hotel bill, and, in short, performed all sorts of services for me with the greatest kindness. Meanwhile Herr X. came to pay me a visit; he declared that his own carriage had been waiting for me at the landing-stage since Monday, and in return seemed inclined to force me to give him the honour of my company

at a concert arranged specially for me. The good man offered me I do not know how many thousand dollars, in short, bothered me with such officious politeness that I was glad when he went and Jenisch took his place. Hähnlein also came to see us; he and Buchner escorted us to the carriage, which looked very smart with its six horses, and attracted quite a crowd of people. The manservant was of course enthroned on the box, the children's maids on the back seat. The nurse herself wished to take this place, and as the weather was warm and fine it seemed desirable not to overcrowd the carriage. But with this arrangement I had to take the restless baby on my lap; she hardly slept half an hour all day, and the drive to Boitzenburg lasted nine hours and a half. In these civilised times no one has any idea of the state of the roads between Hamburg and Berlin; as far as I am concerned you may tell Herr von Bloome that his King is a barbarian. The children called him a 'tyrant' and a 'Hottentot' over and over again; they could not believe such a condition of things possible, and I must confess that even I found it difficult to remember when I had travelled on such high roads. I must have forgotten them during my five years' residence in England. It struck seven before we reached Lauenburg, the last posting station before Boitzenburg, and I began to repent having left Hamburg that day, for although the children kept up splendidly, I was afraid the continued shaking would prove too much for them and they would be over-tired. They each had some soup before leaving Hamburg, half way we ate the sandwiches with which we were provided (they were sadly lacking in English daintiness), and later on we refreshed ourselves with some pears I bought. Anxiety on account of the little ones prevented me from feeling my own fatigue, but at Lauenburg I let nurse come into the carriage, as my arms could no longer hold baby. Half a mile beyond Lauenburg we got on to a good turnpike road, and I greeted your native land with redoubled joy. We rolled along merrily now, and an hour later we arrived at Boitzenburg in perfect darkness. When we drove up to the Kleppers' house in the market-place, they all came rushing out with lights, and I at once recognised Hel-

muth's <sup>1</sup> voice. This was a great pleasure, and I felt rewarded for having left Hamburg in such a hurry. Helmuth had been waiting for us here since Tuesday, the 3rd, and, like everyone else expecting us, he had become very anxious about our non-appearance. A few hours before our arrival at Boitzenburg news of our safe landing had reached them, and Helmuth abandoned his idea of going to Hamburg to see what had become of us. He could not sufficiently express his surprise and delight at seeing the children appear out of their wraps, as merry and lively after their tiring journey as if they had just returned from a pleasure trip, and I must say that on this occasion as well as on the whole journey I was really pleased with them. I left Lella and Alla the choice between bed and a visit to their Aunt Sell, but they did not hesitate a moment, and said 'yes' to the latter proposal. I made the necessary arrangement as to rooms, &c., while Helmuth went to announce us to your aunt, and then under the guidance of his servant and a lantern we proceeded to her residence, which is four houses distant from our lodgings. It was nine o'clock, and such a late visit must be a remarkable event in the annals of Boitzenburg. Papa Sell was already in his dressing-gown, and still had it on the next morning, so we did not set eyes on him at all, but the mother and daughter received us most kindly, and I have never before seen the children make friends with utter strangers so quickly. This is partly accounted for by your cousin's excellent English and charming manners; I myself do not remember ever feeling more entirely at my ease with anyone I knew so little. Frau Sell could hardly get in a word, for Helmuth asked a great many questions, I answered them, her daughter took the liveliest interest in all I said, and the children chattered. I assure you we were all very amiable, and I am certain that those little rooms have not often held a more animated party. At ten o'clock I hurried away on account of the children, who at last got to bed, though not before Miss Lella, who must have been dead tired, had persuaded Mary to put her hair in curl-papers, as she wished to appear to the greatest advantage next morning; at least I

<sup>1</sup> Bülow's brother.

can think of no other reason. After seven o'clock this morning they would be kept in bed no longer, so we had plenty of time for dressing and tidying the rooms. Breakfast in the bedroom was an unheard of novelty for the children, and for 'Sterndeuter.'<sup>1</sup> Punctually at nine we were ready to present ourselves to Aunt Sell, who seems really delighted with our little daughters; all the children, but particularly the younger ones, are much admired for their good looks. Buchner's first words were that they would create a sensation. At half-past nine we were in the carriage again; Helmuth took the lead in his own conveyance, and our destination was—? Düssin!<sup>2</sup> This little detour from Vellahn (the first halt after Boitzenburg) was Helmuth's idea, and I must say he arranged everything splendidly. Soon after eleven we were at Vellahn, where there is an excellent inn—father spent the night there on his return from England; a carriage and four awaited us, we took Gabriele and Adelheid with us, and drove to Düssin first, retracing our way a little on the high road, and then taking a very good field track. I was pleased to see your domains; the land looks promising and the farm buildings are solid and in good condition, but with our English ideas the house and outbuildings would seem strange to live in. I am telling you what I think quite candidly, because I know you will not be offended, and that you want to hear the truth. I must confess that I had imagined the house, and particularly the exterior, to be more inviting. I have nothing to say against the interior, the old German furniture in your father's sitting-room, the bedroom and the large room downstairs, is most picturesque. I was touched to hear that downstairs nothing has been altered, or rather everything was carefully replaced after the fire, so that the large room is still exactly as it was in your father's lifetime. The other rooms look very desolate, and I could not help agreeing with Helmuth that it would have been better if the house had been burned down too. So long as no one lives there, it does not much matter. Unfortunately the weather had changed during our inspection

<sup>1</sup> A nickname given to the English nurse Mary.

<sup>2</sup> Estate inherited by Bülow from his father.

of the house; rain was falling heavily, and we had to look at the garden from under our umbrellas, but were nevertheless very much pleased with it. Indeed I do not want to say anything against the place, but in its present condition you would object to living in it even more than I should. The children enjoyed it all immensely, and though they afterwards confessed to me that they thought it rather a queer place, they concealed their opinion at the time. The whole visit did not occupy more than an hour, as the bad weather drove us away earlier than we had intended. It seemed to me that as mistress of the estate I could not very well inspect the place and steal away again without some acknowledgment, so as I only had gold in my purse, I put a single louis d'or into the hand of the schoolmaster's wife who showed us round, and gave the gamekeeper a double one. You may scold me, but forgive me and be comforted when I tell you that the little business transaction was most effective, for though of course I managed it secretly, news of it has already reached Meerheimb, who took care to let me hear of it through his wife. People spread the report that some very grand visitor had been scattering gold at Düssin.

“At Vellahn we had a so-called luncheon which was as good as a dinner, and at half past one we continued our journey. We arrived here about half-past five in lovely sunshine. Your sister with her husband and daughters received us at the garden gate. .

“I am continuing this letter just before dinner on the 9th. Duke Gustav visited me to-day, then I paid some calls, at three o'clock we dined, and at four the post goes, so I must finish this letter at once. The carriage stood the severe test of the journey from Hamburg to Boitzenburg very well, and I am satisfied with it on the whole, though the cushions might be softer. It certainly looks very well, and amused all Ludwigslust on our arrival. Louise says she has never seen such a house or such packages!”

Gabriele's meeting with her father was once again postponed. A detachment of soldiers was quartered at Tegel, so she remained at Berlin, and had to content herself with the written welcome sent to meet her at Spandau.

*Wilhelm von Humboldt to his Daughter Gabriele*

Tegel : the evening of September 14, 1833.

“Welcome a thousand times, my dearest Gabriele! I have known Spandau for over sixty years, but I have never before known what it is to envy the place. Caroline and I are deeply distressed not to be able to see you to-morrow. But the day after, early on Monday morning, we shall come to breakfast, and spend a few hours with you. I cannot bear to wait any longer! What joy, but oh! what a meeting! A thousand kisses for the children. Adelheid is right, you had much better remain at Berlin till the martial storm has blown over.”

*Gabriele to her Husband*

Berlin : September 15, 1833.

“I must tell you of our safe arrival to-night. I am too delighted and excited to sleep, and a talk with you will do me good. Oh! a talk! if that were possible how happy I should be! But just imagine, I have been in Berlin since half past one, and have not yet seen either Caroline or my father! In consequence of the delay in the imperial manœuvres the soldiers to be quartered at Tegel have only just arrived. I received this news before I left Ludwigslust, and at the same time father informed me that I should find his Berlin lodging prepared for my reception. He himself would not be there to receive me, only Adelheid. At Freisach a few lines from her awaited me. We reached Charlottenburg surprisingly early; the children were in a great state of excitement to see the Brandenburg Gate,<sup>1</sup> and were delighted when it appeared. At the corner of the Friedrichstrasse I told the postillion to commence blowing his horn, and Adelheid, who was expecting us, soon heard the signal. She received me at her door, or rather on the steps, and how we all got out of the carriage I do not know, for my feet almost refused to

<sup>1</sup> It forms the entrance to the town from the Thiergarten, and is situated at the west end of the Linden. It was erected in 1789-93 in imitation of the Propylæa at Athens, and is surmounted by a quadriga in copper, the work of the sculptor Schadow.



carry me. You know that my emotions always affect my extremities. There is the watchman calling midnight, and I must break off to congratulate you on your birthday. Father is coming early to-morrow ; he will be here at half-past eight at the latest, and will spend a few hours with us. He must return to Tegel in time to dine with his guests, who are staying till Tuesday, so that I cannot go to him till that afternoon. As this delay was quite unavoidable, it will now be best for me to do as father says, and 'let the storm blow over.' Our meeting here will be less solemn, but none the less affecting, I think. I am deeply moved by all Adelheid tells me of my father. At Spandau the gardener met me with the enclosed touching words of welcome, written as you see with his own hand.

"I am very comfortably installed here ; the fine pictures give the rooms a festive air, but I cannot tell you how the sight of them moves me, and how every piece of furniture awakens a thousand memories in my mind. I am sitting at the big table around which we used all to congregate. I feel as though my dear mother were actually looking at me from her place on the sofa, and it seems if I shall awake to see her really there, instead of finding her only in my dreams. It is so late, I am sure you would send me to bed. Good-night. I have not slept under this roof since the night before our departure to Carlsbad in 1816. Between then and now lies all my true life, and I must tell you again how happy you have made it."

Berlin : Monday, September 16, 1833.

"Father, Caroline, and Mathilde have just returned to Tegel, where the latter came into collision with the soldiers yesterday. Father arrived here soon after eight o'clock. The carriage drove into the court just as I was swallowing my last cup of coffee. Adelheid did not think it could be he, but I heard the coachman's whistle, and rushed out to see. Alas ! I need not have hurried for father's sake. After Caroline and Mathilde had alighted, it took him a terribly long time to get up and descend the steps, although there were two people to help him. I could hardly control my feelings on seeing

him so altered; he is quite bent with age, and his continuous trembling makes me anxious. In spirit he has not changed at all; he is just as affectionate, cheerful, and amusing as ever. I shall write you more fully from Tegel."

Tegel: Thursday, September 19, 1833.

"At last, at last, I can tell you that I have safely reached the end of my long journey, that I am really here. This one word comprises all. Need I tell you how sorely I miss you in all the joy and sorrow of my return to Tegel? that I think longingly and lovingly of you in all I do? I still seem to be in a dream from which I must awaken to find my dear mother. When I realise my actual presence here the full meaning of our loss comes upon me with renewed force, and yet in spite of the emptiness, the dreariness of the rooms through her absence, constant recollections of her meet me at every turn and comfort me more than I can say.

"Adelheid was with us, Caroline was at the open door, and my father stood on the threshold of his room when we arrived here about half-past five on Monday afternoon. It was indescribably painful to see him thus; the trembling had increased with the agitation of seeing me here again, and his voice sounded weak and toneless, which is another of the marked changes that strike me. He wanted to take me to the monument at once, and there was nothing I wished for more. It was more than sad thus to walk to the grave of my beloved mother by the side of my father—he is so sadly altered and has all the outward infirmities of old age.

"The monument is perfectly beautiful and worthy of its purpose; I confess that it greatly surpassed my expectations. The slender column stands out against the background of dark firs, indeed there is something almost cheerful about the character of the whole monument, which is peculiarly pleasing. The site could not have been better chosen; from it the eye takes in all the beauties of Tegel, the wooded hill, the lake and the house surrounded by fine trees.

"The view of the house from the monument and *vice versâ* is most beautiful and touching. I am so glad to have this room; from my window I can just see the white figure of Hope

floating in the air; the trees hide the supporting column. The glorious weather only served to heighten the solemnity of this first visit to her grave.

“We are very comfortably settled, the children quickly win all hearts, and are already quite at home, enchanted with Tegel and delighted with the freedom of country life. Their friendship with Mathilde’s little girl does not progress very rapidly. The little ones cannot talk to her any more than the English nurses can converse with Liese, a regular Silesian child of nature. The little one laughs at her incomprehensible cousins; yesterday she said: ‘Silly things! when they ought to say ‘Gute Nacht’ they say ‘Good night!’”

Tegel: Saturday, September 21, 1833.

“I am gradually becoming more accustomed to the sight of my father’s weakness. His face is very little changed, and I am more and more convinced that mentally he is quite his old self, though he lives a more secluded life. His characteristic amiability is absolutely unchanged, perhaps it has even increased, his perfect goodness and kindness could not be surpassed, he is often as merry and witty as of old, laughs heartily, and is always happiest when we are quite alone. He takes a great delight in the children, and is never tired of talking to them.”

Gabriele found that on account of her daughters’ education it would not be possible to spend the whole winter at Tegel, as she had intended. Until December, however, they all stayed in the country, and the pleasant intimacy between grandfather and grandchildren grew apace. “We can’t do without a papa,” they said. “Grandpapa must be our papa now.” They entirely took possession of him; he had to listen to their stories and poems, or watch their games and dances. At first all conversation with the younger ones was carried on in English, till they shyly ventured upon the confession: “Ich verstehe du—du verstehst ich.” The expounder of the Kawi language, the scientific investigator of the diverse construction of all human languages eagerly studied his little grandchildren, and took the deepest interest in watching one language gain a victory over the other. Humboldt troubled

himself very little about the news of the day, and never read a newspaper, "because," he said, "you are sure to hear what is important, and can spare yourself the rest." Gabriele, however, who came straight from an atmosphere of politics, felt herself quite cut off from the world, and was doubly glad to welcome her Uncle Alexander, who would often come from Berlin, and talk in his characteristic brilliant manner about political events, surmises, and possibilities. "Uncle Alexander is full of splendid stories and delightfully amusing," she says again and again in her letters.

*Wilhelm von Humboldt to his Son-in-law.*

Tegel: November 14, 1833.

"I should long ago have answered your welcome letter of last September, if I did not feel that we were in close and constant communication through Gabriele's letters. I cannot tell you what happiness the presence of your wife and children gives me, nor can I sufficiently thank you for that happiness. Gabriele is quite unchanged, and has remained remarkably young looking, everyone thinks. She is very cheerful, and since death made the great gap in our family circle it has never been so happy or complete. The children excite everyone's admiration. Each has her own charming individuality in looks and manners, and they are brought up in an exemplary manner. Their mother certainly has a particular talent for managing them. Your presence is all that is wanting to complete our happiness. It is terrible that these Belgian affairs cannot be settled, but I hope they will soon terminate satisfactorily, and that you will then have time to come to us. Parliament will certainly be a new hindrance, but I fancy you will be able to fit in your journey before the important debates commence or after they are over. I can hardly imagine that you will be forced to let your wife return alone. She will have told you of her intention to remove to town next month. Happy as I should be to keep her here, I see that there would be many drawbacks to her remaining at Tegel all the winter. I only regret the impossibility of accommodating her under my own roof at Berlin as I do here. She will have told you how we have room only for Caroline

besides my little bed and sitting room. It is a good thing that she has found quarters on another floor of the same house, though at the cost of great inconvenience. I shall go to town regularly once a week. Linchen has learnt German wonderfully quickly and quite of her own free will; she is particularly fond of me. The large room upstairs makes an excellent playroom for the children, who dance there every evening."

After his wife's death Humboldt had exchanged his apartment in the Franzosischestrasse for smaller rooms in the same house. Out of consideration for Humboldt, Hedemann had been removed by the king to Berlin, and given the command of the second Garde-Uhlan regiment. Caroline generally spent the winter months with the Hedemanns, who lived under the same roof as their father, but had separate apartments and kept house independently. By a fortunate chance Gabriele also found lodgings in that house, and though they were by no means roomy, and the children and servants accustomed to English comforts scarcely approved, Gabriele did not hesitate a moment to deny herself little luxuries in order to be nearer to her family. She naturally felt the small discomforts too, but tried to overcome them and to submit willingly and cheerfully both to those changes and to her sisters' ways, which, though always affectionate, were somewhat tyrannical. Gabriele's intercourse with Queen Adelaide was maintained by constant correspondence, in which the Queen of England expressed her lively interest in Gabriele's new life.

*Queen Adelaide to Gabriele*

The Pavilion, Brighton: November 9, 1833.

"I was much pleased to receive your letter this morning, and hasten to thank you for it at once, so that you may see how glad I was to have direct news of you. I often think of you and your little girls, and rejoice in your reunion with your family in your native land, but at the same time I feel how painful the long separation from your husband must be. When your longing for him grows too intense, be comforted with the thought that there is no perfect happiness in this

world. Herr von Bülow has told me repeatedly how sorely he misses you and the children; on several occasions I have noticed that his thoughts are with the absent, and I rejoice at that on your account. I have not seen him lately, and therefore can give you no news of him. I hardly expected he would really send the bonbons I gave him at Windsor for the children to Berlin, but I am greatly flattered to hear that they were so pleased with them.

“I can quite understand what mixed feelings of joy and sorrow must have assailed you on returning to the house where you would no longer find your mother, and where there were so many unexpected changes. But I am equally certain that the sacrifice of leaving your husband will be lightened by the consoling thought that your presence gives your father so much joy.

“Now that the winter is rapidly approaching I hope with all my heart that you and the children will keep well. I was much interested in the details of your nursery arrangements; you know how dearly I love children and what an interest I take in everything concerning them. I am particularly fond of your little daughters, and am therefore always delighted to have news of them. I am anxiously expecting Linchen’s promised German letter, and send her as well as all her sisters an affectionate kiss. I found it very hard to leave Windsor on October 26. I had to leave so much I love behind me, the beautiful country, my bright, cheerful rooms full of the busts and pictures I especially value, and above all the graves so sacred to me. To be near them does me good, as it does you; to one who has lost so much even the remains which we only preserve in our memory are a precious possession which we would unwillingly forego. At first the weather here was warm, close, and unseasonable. Now it is very cold, and the sudden change has given us all colds and coughs. During the fine weather I had two delightful and most enjoyable sea trips.

“The Duchess of Gloucester has been with us since Thursday; I am glad to say she is better than I had expected. The Duke is also here till the 16th, but I am delighted that my sister-in-law will remain with us all the winter as she did last

year. Princess Augusta is very well ; they both wish to be remembered to you, as does the King, to whom I delivered your message. He is very glad to have been able to facilitate your sea journey, and wishes me to tell you that he is only awaiting a word from you in order to send a ship to meet you and bring you back. We all miss you very much. Farewell, dearest Frau von Bülow ; once more accept my heartiest thanks for your letter, and the assurance of the unalterable, faithful friendship with which I ever remain,

“ Your very sincere and devoted friend,

“ ADELAIDE.”

In December Gabriele removed to Berlin, where the household cares, the direct communication with the servants, and the daily conferences with the cook gave her more trouble than all the dinners of a London season together. There were friendly calls and state visits to pay, nor was she spared social duties. Gabriele's presence in Berlin was duly notified at Court ; invitations were the result, and she generally appeared at the entertainments under the escort of her Uncle Alexander. The absence of the “ middle-aged ” element to which she considered she now belonged made the parties rather dull. “ There are,” she writes, “ only ‘ des guirlandes de fleurs ’ and ‘ de gros bonnets,’ that is to say only the dancers and the necessary mammas are invited, so I have to sit on the sofa and tell the Princesses all about England, which is rather trying, ‘ par ordre de Moufti.’ In unguarded moments when the Princesses are dancing I try to slip away unnoticed, but they always send for me again. People watch your movements here, exactly as they might in a small town, and my one fear is that they should think I am trying to get more than my due. If it was not too silly at my time of life, I should very much like to begin dancing again ; nearly all the married ladies, even the ‘ Excellencies,’ dance. Everyone is very polite and kind still, although the newness of my presence has worn off, but ‘ chacun a sa chacune ; ’ so it often happens that I feel lonely and deserted in society. Real social pleasure is not to be found here, there is a lack of good form and *savoir faire* and the people are heavy,

and obstinate in their allegiance to certain ideas. You should hear Uncle hold forth on the subject ; he is delightfully witty, though rather sarcastic."

The family circle received a welcome addition in the person of Hermann von Humboldt, who came to settle at Berlin. On Christmas Eve the whole family met at Gabriele's house, for it was evident already that she was the centre of them all, attracting everyone by a gentle but irresistible charm. She was the only mother among them all, and extended her considerate loving care to each member of the family.

The Christmas holidays were spent at Tegel, whither Humboldt had returned as soon as the Christmas presents were distributed by Gabriele. Although he came to town twice a week, there was an almost daily interchange of notes between the father and daughters.

*Wilhelm von Humboldt to his Daughter Caroline*

Tegel : December 25, 1833.

"I got here in very fine weather and before eleven o'clock last night. To set your mind at rest about to-morrow's journey, I may say that the roads are still fairly good. This morning the sun was shining brightly, so I went for a walk. Tegel seemed new to me in daylight, I am so accustomed to seeing it by night, and I must say the evening light suits my eyes and my thoughts best. I am looking forward very much to to-morrow's visitors ; thank you all once more for the merry evening."

Tegel : February 14, 1834.

"Such lovely weather received me here, dear Caroline, that I spent the evening not only quietly, but pleasantly. As you are kind enough to see about my presents for Linchen, I return to the subject once more. You must talk over with her mother what the large present shall be, and spend the same amount as for her sister Gabriele. Then you must choose seven smaller gifts, but they must be nice too, so as to give the dear child pleasure. As the eight presents are to represent the number of her years, it would be



nice if each were to increase in size. This is rather a difficult problem, but I think you will be able to solve it successfully. I am very well and enjoy the country without the aid of flowers, leaves, and fine weather, with which other people only complicate the simple enjoyment of life. . . .

“I have not received any newspapers lately. I do not care much for their contents, but I like to use them as blotting-paper and for packing, so kindly send me a parcel of them from time to time when convenient. Give my best love to everyone, and tell the Hedemanns I hope to see them here during my eclipse. I emerge into light again at Berlin on Wednesday.”

Tegel : March 24, 1834.

“I arrived here by moonlight, in the joyful expectation of soon seeing you all settled at Tegel. It is delightful to know that the whole summer, which I date from your coming, will be spent in such pleasant company. I am sending back the carriage, so that it may be at Gabriele’s disposal, for her journey out here. Please send me a packet of aniseed cakes for the children, a grandfather without cake would be no fun for them. I am looking forward to seeing the children here again, they will find their rooms ready and well aired.

“I enjoyed my Sunday with X. very much. He is a sensible and well-read man, besides it is never dull to be alone with a man of that kind. Even the most insignificant person may be an inexhaustible mine of interest, if only you take the trouble to get out of him what is amusing. Yesterday and to-day the weather has been changeable and rainy. To-day it is really unpleasant, yesterday towards sunset the air was very mild, and the effects of light lovely. I see that I am growing like Rachel, who always puts something of the barometer in her letters. We have had no visitors, but an immense herd of pigs, evidently destined to be eaten at Berlin, rested here on the way, and made an indescribable noise.”

As the spring of 1834 approached, the possibility of a meeting between Gabriele and her husband and the extraordinary difficulties of his official position were constantly under discussion.

*Gabriele to her Husband.*

Berlin, February 8, 1834.

“ Sometimes I feel that this prolonged absence from you is not right, although I am equally convinced that it was really my duty to see my father again. Yes, the Duke of Cumberland’s description of the great change in my father is quite correct. As I realise the extent of the change, and recognise the sorrow looming for us in the future, I cannot but be grateful to you for not insisting on my speedy return. And yet the thought of the long separation from you is unbearable, but I fear it is inevitable, for how am I to have the pleasure of seeing you unless I return to London ?

“ The present condition of things is not in your favour, and those who desire your welfare cannot advise you to come to Berlin, unless it were ‘ to give battle ’ as your friend B. says. Nothing venture, nothing win, so possibly you might gain something by appearing here in person. You would be obliged to exercise great self-control, for you have no idea how unenlightened the people are, nor how prejudiced in the opinions they consider right. There is a feeling against you in the highest quarters, which is not concealed from me or my father ! They say the Crown Prince is antagonistic to you because it is thought you were the chief agent in helping Leopold to his crown ? Forgive the note of interrogation, but I must confess to being unable to withstand cross-questioning in this matter ; the whole Hollando-Belgian question is an unsolved mystery to me, though I am well aware what an important and unhappy part it has played in our lives. I suppose King Leopold’s friendly letter to you is also partly to blame. It is quite opposed to my feelings to see you forced to ask a favour at this moment. Your petition would probably be supported by A. . . , but merely for the sake of boasting. Do not entertain the idea. I need hardly tell you how improper the proceeding would be.

“ An accident prevented father from speaking to X. about your affairs last Thursday. As the coachman and father’s manservant (it was a hired conveyance, not father’s private

carriage) were on the way to fetch father from his brother's, they had the misfortune to knock down and run over a little girl about twelve years old, the daughter of a poor woodcutter. Fortunately, considering the danger, it ended comparatively well, for the child's arm was only broken by the accident. Thank God, father was not present. He at once drove to the girl's home, ascended three flights of stairs and spent over an hour in her room, in order to ascertain the extent of her injuries and to place her under the care of his own doctor. The patient is going on well, but father is terribly upset by the excitement and exertion. I cannot bear to tell you how he got down those ladder-like steps—he said nothing about it to us; we only heard what happened from the manservant.

“So I am the only one who has spoken to X. He again assures me that your coming would not be advisable. Father entirely agrees with me in counselling you to remain perfectly quiet. You can imagine how painful it is to me to be obliged to tell you this!

“You must not be the one to break the ice now. If such a proceeding could bring you any honour I should be the first to advise it, whatever might be the consequences for us. Your present task is, however, so unpopular that you would most assuredly be misunderstood if you were to renounce it now, and your enemies would avail themselves of this opportunity to injure you. It would be set down to cowardice on your part, it would be looked upon as a retreat from the battle-field, or people would consider it a proof of your not having acted in the interest of Prussia. This step is therefore out of the question at present, and nothing would be more proper than that I should return to you, if it were not for your very justifiable hesitation on account of the expense. Of course I shall willingly agree to whatever you think right, and reconcile myself to anything and everything you decide, but for the sake of the children we must not do what would otherwise be the easiest and most natural. I mean that on their account we cannot all continue living in London unless your financial position be improved. Until now we have done our best for their education, but every year we ought to do more for each child. We must not shun expense in that direction, and yet

other retrenchments are more easily discussed than effected. With the present arrangement of the household, with the obligations of such a position as yours, and in our sphere of life, I hardly know where we can effect any saving.

“The Hedemanns think I should spend another winter here, but these apartments were let from April 1 even before I entered them. I shall make another diplomatic attempt to secure them, but I do not expect it to be successful, and after all the loss would not be so great, for if you were to come next winter I should not know where to put you here.

“I intend removing to Tegel as soon as possible, I see so very little of father now. He is very anxious for me to go there soon, though it may be that he will have to leave earlier than usual this year himself, as he is to try the baths at Pyrmont. If I wish to avoid the London season, which would be desirable on account of dress expenses, I ought not to leave here before July 1. Some arrangement must meanwhile be made for the children’s lessons; even if we leave in June the intervening time ought not to be wasted again like last autumn.

“I shall either have to come into town on certain fixed days, or engage masters to come out to Tegel, which will be expensive, but feasible I think. The children are being very well taught at present, indeed they have almost too many lessons. I often bitterly lament that I have so little talent for teaching. I am deeply conscious of the defect, but I have no greater wish at heart than to give my children the best education possible. They are making satisfactory progress; when they speak German, they always say ‘Mutter’ which has a special charm for me.”

As Bülow’s official position has been repeatedly referred to, it will be well to give in this place a letter from Wilhelm von Humboldt. It is a model of the temperate judgment, diplomatic subtlety, and perfect uprightness that characterised his own official career. He is far from desirous of meddling, and leaves his son-in-law absolute freedom of action while giving him the soundest advice.

*Wilhelm von Humboldt to his Son-in-law*

Berlin : February 19, 1834.

“I know what the individual with whom Gabriele and I have separately conferred intends writing to you, and unfortunately I must entirely agree with him. Still I believe you may like to hear a short statement of my private opinion on the present condition of your affairs.

“Your misfortune, if I may call it so, lies in the fact of your being obliged to exert yourself in an unpopular cause, a cause which is in great disfavour with certain influential persons here. People forget what is possible, what impossible; they overlook the primary and all-important consideration of peace which at first superseded the cause itself, and what is more, they judge the whole case in a spirit of passionate party feeling. Add to this the dissatisfaction with the country in which you are now resident, and, as a last personal consideration, the constant misunderstandings with X. and even L. If you were to come here now, you would naturally try to persuade people that you could not have acted otherwise, and that you have even gained certain advantages; besides this, your financial affairs would be discussed and you would endeavour to effect an improvement in them. You will succeed in all this, I think, but not at present, and not by a stay of only a few weeks' duration. Your appearance must, above all, seem free from those motives. People must see you only discuss those matters incidentally, and you, by your behaviour and personality, will dispel the prejudices of influential people. Now, nothing can be effected in a hurry, by premeditated conferences, or even by written memorials on the subject. You might not meet with open opposition, but, what is worse, your affairs would not receive just and impartial investigation. So long as these matters have come to no definite settlement they will continue to excite more violent partisanship.

“The money question labours under equal, or rather under special difficulties just now. Heavy expenses in the past, and the fear of a smaller revenue from the customs duties have impressed the necessity of economy upon the King's mind,

and he seems particularly inclined to put his economies into practice in the foreign department. I can therefore hardly imagine that you would now obtain an indemnity for increased expenses during the congress, or the payment of your full salary in gold, however just and reasonable those demands may be. A material increase in salary seems to me highly improbable under all circumstances. Even if you were here you could not open that question without risking your position. I do not think that you would care to abandon your present post in view of the limited possibility of obtaining an equally desirable appointment. Should you really wish to risk matters so far, I should advise you calmly and clearly to state to the King in writing how utterly untenable your present position is, and to ask him either to improve it or to appoint you to some other post. I should, however, consider it advisable to await a more favourable moment before even taking that step, and in your place I should not pursue that course of action unless I saw myself forced to touch my capital. The best thing for you to do is to conform to present circumstances as well as possible, and quietly to bide your time. Even your bitterest enemy must acknowledge your discernment, your judgment and activity. Such qualities as those always make their way, and though circumstances are against you just now, you will triumph in the end, so that all but blindly prejudiced minds will admit that you were in the right from the beginning. Once the Netherland business is concluded or, as seems likely now, has been allowed to fall into oblivion, and the passionate interest now roused has had time to cool down, I should be in favour of your taking a long leave of absence, and spending at least two months at Berlin.

“I am far from desirous of saying anything about your actual duties or your manner of discharging them. There is only one point I cannot leave unnoticed, as it is so important at present. My dear Bülow, always bear in mind what impression the despatches you write are calculated to produce here. The whole duty of an Ambassador is not restricted to his action abroad; much depends upon the representations he makes at home and the regard he pays to the personalities at court.

“I should be delighted if it suited you to leave Gabriele with me a little longer. You might prefer this plan on account of your own leave of absence, and of your household arrangements. You need not be concerned about her lease in town running out. The children’s education can be carried on by means of regular visits to town, or a sufficient number of masters coming to Tegel. I have horses enough, and they cannot be better employed than in fetching and carrying wisdom for the children. After all I have said, I need hardly add that I should not be surprised if you were suddenly to appear, in spite of our adverse opinions. We can each judge our own affairs best; I should consider your coming risky, but sometimes such a venture does lead to victory. In any case it is well for you to know our straightforward opinion, which is based upon the ordinary course of events here.”

So Bülow remained at his post, and was even appointed by Metternich to vote for Austria at the conference. As he did not definitely abandon hope of leave of absence to visit Germany, there was no further question of Gabriele’s return to London. In April she removed to Tegel, where she spent the whole summer with her father.

*Gabriele to her Husband.*

Tegel: May 28, 1834.

“I cannot let the anniversary<sup>1</sup> pass without thanking you with all my heart for the loving forethought which has done so much to make it a happy one for me.

“To my great regret the weather was too cold for us to breakfast out of doors, but except for a few showers the day was fine and sunny. At ten o’clock I received my presents, but before that we had an unexpected treat. A wandering Bohemian showed us a very neatly and cleverly constructed model of the Joachimsthaler mines with moveable figures which greatly amused the children. It was really a kind of portent (they get gold from these mines) of the golden presents awaiting me. How you surprised me, dearest. I hardly

<sup>1</sup> Her birthday.

know how to thank you, though the magnificence of your gifts almost frightened me. I really expected nothing more than a trifle at most. Adelheid had very cleverly managed to conceal the arrival of the box, so I had remained quite ignorant and was entirely surprised by your presents.

“The jewellery could not be more beautiful, it is so simple, so solid and yet so elegant; it is immensely admired by everyone. Just picture to yourself my pleasure and delight when on entering the room where my presents had been laid out, I discovered Adelheid (my sister, the ‘Frau Generalin’), and found that the picture Wach has been painting is to be a present to me from my father. It is a life size three-quarter length portrait.<sup>2</sup> I am indescribably happy to possess it. There were other presents from my father besides this.

“We were out all the afternoon, and the children took me to the summer-house, which I found decorated with my initials beautifully made of roses, jasmine, and forget-me-nots. This was really Gabriele and Adelheid’s present to me, for I had forbidden fancy work, which takes so much time they might employ better. The gardener had surpassed himself in lovely wreaths and bouquets, but the beautiful old elder-tree, which looks like a huge bouquet, was the best of all—I really cannot tell you how glorious the show of blossoms all about the house is just now.

“We had expected Uncle Alexander for dinner, but he could not come, as you will see from the note which I enclose to amuse you and to prove that he is as kind as ever. He is never tired of giving others pleasure. This is one of the most charming traits of his character. He often comes to Tegel, is always cheerful and amusing, and never forgets to bring something for the children ‘

*Alexander von Humboldt to his Niece Gabriele.*

Tegel: May 28, 1834.

“It is characteristic of this joyless life that it is sure to provide some means of preventing the realisation of a pleasure to which you have looked forward. Unfortunately I cannot offer

<sup>1</sup> Wife of a General.

<sup>2</sup> Now at Tegel.



you my good wishes in person. Yesterday morning I received a command to dine with the King at Charlottenburg to-day, and so early an invitation would admit of no refusal. I had greatly looked forward to spending the day in your pleasant, good-tempered family circle, which so exactly resembles you, my dear.

“The box contains three bottles of my small store of real Parisian perfumes; ‘eau Athénienne’ and ‘huile antique’ for the hair, the third for your ‘fazzoletto.’<sup>1</sup> According to the grand principle on which royal birthdays are celebrated by gifts and charities to the children, you will find the scent garnished with sweetmeats. Under these you will discover a packet of dice, for I have been struck with the clever idea that the young ladies might gamble for their sweets. In return I demand a week’s amnesty in respect to the ‘sugar boxes,’ which I have only just ordered from Hossauer. I hope to see you before my departure to Sanssouci and Paretz. Unfortunately I am doubly plagued at present! The greenish-yellowish chemical lady (my faithful Jane!) is already enthroned at Potsdam; to-day she advances towards the capital, and expects to find introductions to all the hotel keepers awaiting her at the city gates. A comet of ill-omen for 1834!

“I was deeply moved by the news of Lafayette’s death. He was a kindly old man, with whom I spent fifteen to eighteen years of my life. (Moreover, he was one of the few whom they feared.)”

In July Gabriele and her two eldest daughters accompanied the Hedemanns to Burg-Oerner, where they spent ten days. On entering the beloved rooms for the first time after an absence of nine years, all the memories of her deceased mother were newly awakened in Gabriele’s heart. Humboldt remained at Tegel with his younger grandchildren. There, on September 13, Gabriele and her husband at last met again, after more than twelve months’ separation.

Bülow found Humboldt’s condition so sadly altered that he at once perceived it would be impossible to separate father and daughter; he therefore took furnished lodgings for him-

<sup>1</sup> Italian word = handkerchief.

self and his family in "Unter den Linden."<sup>1</sup> They removed thither at the end of November, and Humboldt was once more left alone at Tegel.

*Wilhelm von Humboldt to his Daughter Gabriele*

Tegel: November 25, 1834.

"I cannot tell you how touched and delighted I was with your letter. I wish I were with you, and could express my feelings by word of mouth. I am very glad to know that you would have preferred to stay here. Circumstances, however, would not permit that, and I value the happiness of keeping you and the children for so long a time too highly to complain about the separation. Besides, it need not last so long this time, as you have only to give your landlord a month's notice. I shall also try to come to town very often, and you must not fear my feeling lonely. Of course, I greatly prefer to be with you, but when that cannot be, I do not shun solitude; indeed, I like it. After my evening meal, I do nothing but sit still and think, and dream. While working or reading, we are practically living with others, and it is a good thing to be alone with oneself sometimes.

"The simultaneous changes in the ministry in London and Paris are very strange. To my thinking, the worst of it is, that in both cases the change is more the result of dissatisfaction with the foregoing state of things than of the settled conviction that a suitable government has been found. I do not see that Bülow's presence in London can be necessary before the opening of Parliament, so I hope they will not press him to return. The time is short enough in any case, and it would be a good thing for both of you if you could avoid going to any more large parties. I suppose the Emperor left to-day, and there will be a calm after the storm. My letters to your sisters will have informed you that I am well. The uncertain weather, neither autumnal nor wintry, is very disagreeable, nevertheless I went my usual walk to-day. Yesterday and the day before it was too slippery for me. I am looking forward to seeing Hedemann here to-morrow. He could not

<sup>1</sup> The principal street of Berlin.

have chosen a better time as far as the larder is concerned ; two pheasants and a hare out of to-day's bag, which also furnished me with two large fieldfares ! I hope to see Bülow soon, and you must see what you can arrange about the children."

Bülow's leave permitted him to spend two more months at Berlin. In February 1835 he returned to his post alone. It was in reference to this parting that Humboldt wrote one of his last letters to Gabriele. He was happily spared the pain of separation from his beloved daughter.

*Wilhelm von Humboldt to his Daughter Gabriele*

Tegel : February 3, 1835.

"The parting from Bülow pained me deeply, not only because I love him dearly and like to have him here, but because in his departure I foresaw my separation from you and the children. Oh ! the months fly so fast, they must come to an end soon, while it is uncertain whether we shall ever meet here again in the future. It has been a happy time, and, as you wisely say, we will enjoy the time that is left with gratitude to Providence, instead of saddening it with sorrowing and complaints. Time brings so much that is unexpected : it may yet shorten the period of our separation.

"The King's amiability is pleasing in itself, and is also a good sign for the future. Never has the shortness of the month of February been so welcome as this year. In very little more than three weeks I shall have you and the children here again. I know you would rather come at once, but your reasons for postponing the removal are in every way judicious. My plan of coming to Berlin has been much upset, not only by what Nicolovius has written in Rust's name, and by Caroline's letter, but by something else. I was taking my walk upstairs on account of the weather, when I was suddenly confronted by my image in the looking-glass, in which I rarely see my own face nowadays. It struck me as laughable and ridiculous to parade this crooked walk and strange face before fifty or sixty people without any adequate reason. I must consider what is to be done. In

any case I expect to see you once more in Berlin before the anniversary of your mother's birthday."

During the winter Wilhelm von Humboldt's physical strength had greatly decreased, and those who saw him now could not shut out the impression that the clear and powerful mind was soon to leave its feeble mortal shell. Impelled by this conviction, Gabriele took her children to Tegel at the end of February. Hardly a month elapsed before Humboldt's manservant fell ill. The attack of scarlet fever was too violent to admit of moving the patient, so Gabriele and her children were obliged to take flight and seek refuge at Berlin, where the Hedemanns and Caroline had but close quarters to offer. Weak as he was and sorely in need of his faithful servant's attention, Humboldt would and could not leave Tegel, so his son Hermann went to keep him company. Gabriele passed days in the most painful suspense, partly from fear of infection for the children, and partly from the longing to be of assistance to her father now that he really needed her. All other considerations were, however, lost sight of in the event which now took place. Wilhelm von Humboldt was attacked by a severe feverish cold, which he caught on March 26, the anniversary of his wife's death, when he had paid his usual visit to her grave. His children hurried to him at the first sign of danger; Gabriele would no longer be restrained by fear of infection, and she, too, went to Tegel on March 31. He at once expressed what the change in his features revealed to her loving eyes, namely, that he would never recover from this illness. "It is well," he added, "I shall then be with your dear mother."

Anxious days and nights followed. The latter were particularly trying for Gabriele, who was forbidden to sleep in the house where the scarlet fever patient still lay ill, and therefore slept at the mill, some two hundred paces from the house. She spent the nights anxiously listening and waiting, and ready at any moment to be called to her dying father's bedside.

Wilhelm von Humboldt's end, his calm, serene expectation of death, were in perfect harmony with his life. Caroline and Hedemann wrote a short record of his last days, to

which Gabriele's diary also contains allusions. On April 2, we are told :—

“ . . . He seemed half asleep when he said these words this morning: ‘ I do not believe that everything ends with this life. If we are ever to meet, I shall surely find her at once, and greet her from you all.’ When he awoke, he asked for the drawing of our mother that hung on the wall to be given him; he looked at it fixedly and said repeatedly, ‘ A good face, a very good face.’ He often said to us, ‘ You are so kind to me, you do so much, I could not be better cared for. . . . Alexander believes that even after death we shall learn nothing more of the eternal laws of nature, but I believe that the spirit triumphs, and can never be destroyed.’ (In answer to the question, ‘ And remain conscious of this life?’): ‘ Yes, indeed, I believe that true love joins us together, and reunites us, and that then we can never more be separated’ . . .

“ After 2 o'clock he seemed better and quieter and fell fast asleep; at intervals he appeared to be in a half-waking state, and constantly talked to himself in French, English, and Italian, but always connectedly.

“ About 7 o'clock, as I sat at the window writing, he began to talk quite distinctly, and we understood these words: ‘ There must be something to follow—something to come still—to be disclosed—to be . . .’ We drew near the bed; he awakened fully, and called: ‘ Children.’ Then he began to talk to us quite consciously and to bid his brother and each of us farewell. He said to us: ‘ Think of me cheerfully, not sadly. Keep the casts clean,<sup>1</sup> that is the chief thing.’

“ To Adelheid: ‘ My dear child, don't do too much reckoning, leave that to M. Bauer. I have amused you all my life and shall do so till my death.’

“ To Gabriele: ‘ Give my love to Bülow and the children. It is well that we had not to part from one another.’

“ To me: ‘ You dear, good Caroline!’

“ To Hermann: ‘ When you marry talk to your wife of me; you will marry soon, and it is well that you should do so.

<sup>1</sup> Reference to the reproductions of famous pieces of sculpture with which Humboldt had adorned Tegel.

Tell Theodor I feel no hatred towards him, he is unhappy enough without as it is. Remember me to Rust, Rauch, Tieck, Princess Louise, and the Crown Princess. You can truly say that I died calmly. But I am not dying yet, I can still see even Venus' hair.'” (They had carried him into his big study where the Venus of Milo stood.)

On April 3 he was able to see the Crown Prince and Prince Wilhelm, after that his illness reached a crisis. The burning fever exhausted the last remnants of his strength. Ice cold baths and bleeding could do nothing against such a malady. Again and again his mind grew clear and threw off the delirium caused by the fever. His love for his wife, which had stood foremost in life, triumphed even in death. On the day of his death, the 8th, he said to Gabriele: “All is calm, clear, and serene within me; I have nothing to complain of.” Surrounded by his daughters, whom he had summoned for the last farewell, he once more asked for their mother's picture. They held it towards him. “He looked at it a little while, pressed a kiss upon it with his finger, and said to her more than to us: ‘Good-bye! Now hang her up again!’ These were his last words, his eyes closed, not to be opened again even in death. Gabriele sat by his bedside.”

A few hours later the others were hastily summoned, the end was approaching. As the last rays of the setting sun fell into the room, Humboldt's noble spirit returned to its Maker.

On Palm Sunday they laid him in his grave. Gabriele wrote to her husband on the same day: “Sunday, the 12th. This too is ended—he is lying in the cold earth now, resting beside our beloved mother. That we can outlive such moments as these! ah! dearest, that is what I marvel at. It was all very solemn and beautiful. I will tell you about everything in my next, to-day I lack the strength to write. Two hard weeks lie behind me, and yet we now long for them to return as we would yearn for a great joy—he was still with us then. Now comes life without him. God help us! . . . .”

So the old home was closed for ever, and the young generation stepped into the front rank. It is easy to understand

that Gabriele suddenly felt herself to have become much older. The task which now confronted her was not an easy one. The settlement of testamentary bequests\* often causes differences of opinion between those nearest and dearest to one another. There is a way of executing the last will and testament of the departed which goes beyond the mere literal fulfilment of his wishes, and often conforms far more closely to his desires. Gabriele was very sensitive in respect to all questions of filial reverence, and for its sake she would never have hesitated to make material sacrifices. Indeed this was one of the really great and noble traits of her character, and made it all the more difficult for her to sympathise with any other conception or view of such matters. A less unselfish, less gentle and affectionate nature, however clever, would hardly have been able to cope with the difficulties of her position.

Gabriele had to mediate and adjust matters and keep the peace among the widely differing characters of her brothers and sisters. Caroline had become more and more eccentric as time passed; Adelheid's temper was quick and excitable; Hedemann's character was noble but sensitive, and he would either storm passionately or, what was worse, retire into lofty, dumb, and tragic despair; Hermann was not gifted with much insight, and was therefore always ready to consider himself injured; and last of all there was Theodor, whose behaviour was inexcusable and could only be partly accounted for by mental derangement. Thanks to Gabriele the sting of many a sharp word was softened in earnestness or jest, many a little rift was closed ere it widened to a chasm, and finally everything was settled to the general satisfaction of all concerned.

The estates were now divided as follows:—

From his father Theodor received Ottmachau-Mitterwitz (the choice had been given him between this estate and Gabriele's share of the capital, and he decided on the former), and Hermann took Ottmachau-Friedrichseck. Frau von Humboldt had divided her estates so that Auleben belonged to Theodor, Hadmersleben to Hermann, Burg-Oerner and Siersleben to Caroline and Adelheid together. Humboldt had settled the entail of Tegel, his favourite residence, in such a

manner as always to insure it as a home for one of his daughters. Adelheid was the first to come into possession, Hedemann was to follow, then Gabriele, Bülow, Hermann and his male descendants, and failing such or in case of their previous demise, Theodor and his son Wilhelm. The last paragraph of the will runs thus:—

“When the last person mentioned in the previous paragraph shall have succeeded to the estate, or should it happen that none of the devisees entitled to succeed in the suggested order shall be living, in other words, when none of the persons whom I have specifically or conditionally appointed shall survive, in that case the person at the time being in the enjoyment of the estate shall become the absolute and lawful owner of the property and its appurtenances, subject however to the payment therefore of the sum of 20,000 Rth<sup>1</sup> in the Prussian currency. . . .

“I leave it to the conscience of such owner when the time arrives to make the said transfer, as he has absolute power to do this when and as he pleases.”

Who would then have guessed that Gabriele would be the last survivor? Gabriele who thought least of herself in her constant anxiety to see her brothers and sisters contented and satisfied.

If Gabriele had her own diplomacy to practise in the family circle, she did not forget her husband, whose official position had become exceedingly difficult. London was in a state of great excitement. The Peel-Wellington ministry had fallen on April 8, 1835, and against his own will the King saw himself forced to summon a Whig cabinet with Lord Melbourne as Prime Minister. Palmerston was again made minister of foreign affairs. Bülow, who, to checkmate Ancillon's charge of having too close an understanding with Palmerston, had put himself on a good footing with the Tories, found himself in an awkward position when the Whigs took the helm. He would, however, have been quite equal to the difficulties if he could have reckoned upon substantial support at Berlin. He knew himself to be surrounded by a net of intrigues, and believed that the only chance of escape lay in asking for dismis-

<sup>1</sup> 3 Th. - 1 Rthl.



sal from office. Gabriele was already considering a return to England (her father's death had put an end to all reasons for remaining in Germany), when she received the news of her husband's intention to relinquish his post in London. In her hand lay the decisive letters with instructions to forward them to their respective addresses, but to observe the strictest secrecy with regard to their contents. It was doubly hard to be deprived of her father's advice at such a moment. She had to consider everything alone ; alone and carefully she sought to sound the feeling for and against her husband in influential circles, and indeed, at that distance, it was far from easy to calculate the condition of things in London. But what task is too hard for a clever, loving woman, when her husband's happiness and future career are at stake ? Necessity converted Gabriele into a diplomatist. She, who generally modestly withheld her judgment and never interfered in matters of business, now viewed the circumstances in question with clear, calm judgment. A single rash action or blind obedience to her husband's orders might have wrecked his whole career. With the acute perception of love and a woman's quick penetration, she perceived slight changes which Bülow could not have foreseen, and on her own responsibility judged it best to withhold his petition for dismissal. And she acted wisely ; the storm blew over.

*Bülow to his Wife*

London : May 14, 1835.

“What can I say to you, how shall I answer you ? I quite understand that under the circumstances you could come to no other decision ; therefore nothing remains for me but to ratify it, and beg you carefully to preserve the documents.

“I thought it best to take advantage of a propitious moment and accept the challenge thrown down with malicious intent in an evil hour. Experience has taught me that it is not always good to suffer quietly in silence. I doubt whether I shall ever again find so favourable a moment for placing things in their true light to my own advantage. The manner in which I had done this could not have failed to be effective. I do not invest outward signs with greater importance than they

deserve. But enough of this chapter ! I am comforted by the one thought : in spite of all the subtle, well-considered reasons which had led me on to the end I had in view, I was prevented from taking a step, which would perhaps have proved a fatal mistake, by you the guardian angel of my life. What no one in the wide world would have convinced me of, your love and your helpful talent make me believe. This confidence gives me courage not only to bear what is disagreeable, but also to entertain the pleasing hope that you have guided my fate with a happy hand.

“ You may therefore rest assured, dear heart, that our love has once more attuned our lives to perfect harmony.

“ Now that we have done away with all doubts and considerations as to your journey, it only remains for us definitely to settle all the details concerning it. . . .

“ As soon as you have drawn lots for the pictures and you know which are yours, you will be able to decide whether you will despatch any to London. From my letter to Hedemann you will see, amongst other things, that the inheritance which has fallen to your share is greater than I had expected. You will be quite rich. But you will believe that although I value money highly, because it enables me to make life easier and pleasanter for you and the children, I still consider myself richer in the possession of your own sweet self than in your large fortune. As I know how to practise self-denial and economy, I am rich, but I should be destitute indeed without your love. It is that alone which makes life worth having ; deprive me of that, and you leave me in night and darkness.”

## CHAPTER IX

ANOTHER YEAR IN LONDON, 1835-1836

The Hedemanns accompany Gabriele to London—Birth and death of the first son—Return to Germany.

ON July 6 Gabriele and her children started on their return journey. They again paid a visit to Bülow's relatives in Mecklenburgh, and the Hedemanns, who had decided to accompany Gabriele to England, fetched her from Ludwigslust. On the 13th they arrived at Hamburg, where the Royal steamer was waiting to transport the travellers to London. This time the passage only lasted sixty hours, and on the evening of the 17th Bülow received his family at his present house in Seamore Place.

Gabriele's mourning was sufficient reason for absenting herself from all large festivities, but she and Adelheid were very soon commanded to attend the Queen, and there were plenty of visits to receive and pay among the many acquaintances who vied with one another in expressing their delight at her return. Sightseeing with her visitors, the Hedemanns, also occupied much time. In August they all went to the seaside together, and at the end of the month the Hedemanns returned to Berlin. In September the Bülows again spent a few days at Windsor, and in October removed to a new house in Bryanston Square. Here the greatest wish of the family was destined to be fulfilled.

It was on a beautiful May morning, Ascension Day 1836, that the good news of the birth of a son went forth in the home of the Bülows. A son and heir, the answer to so many prayers, the fulfilment of the great and long-cherished wish of their hearts! The happy event created indescribable family jubilation and widespread sympathy. The sisters

could hardly believe the good news. "Mother," they said, "is he really our own child? Is he your real son!"

*Gabriele to her Sister Adelheid*

London: 1836.

". . . . The feeling of surprise at my son has not yet left me. Sometimes when I wake in the middle of the night I still think I have dreamt it all, and then take an even greater delight in the reality. You have given my present frame of mind the right name, it is as though my soul were rocked to rest by all the happiness and blessings showered upon me from above. I try to realise this with all my heart, which is gratefully uplifted to Him in praise and thanksgiving. I came into this room for the first time on my birthday. Such a change is in itself quite a festivity, particularly as I had been in my bedroom longer than usual, and found the sitting-room decorated for the occasion as gaily as a bazaar. I let everything remain as it was till Monday, and even bore with the overpowering scent of the flowers, because the six beautiful bouquets representing my six children were too great a delight to look upon. My heart was filled to overflowing with joy and gratitude as I looked round my room and out into the square, which is now in the full beauty of its flowers and foliage. This was another reward for waiting so long in the dark bedroom; my birthday brought me flowers, leaves and blossoms, sunshine and the wide expanse of blue sky all together! I cannot tell you how deeply I was touched by all these delights, which I accepted as a good omen for the future. . . .

". . . . There is something very wonderful in thus gradually growing acquainted with the new little face, but it is more remarkable how strange it appears, in spite of the feeling of nearness and close union with one's own life. I am always most deeply touched by the eyes, the most spiritual part of the little mortal; this time, more than ever since my mother's death, I feel that if only it could, the little one would speak to me of her and of my father, for it seems as though his little soul came straight from them to us."

The Prince of Orange was godfather, and after him and his

grandfather the little son was christened Wilhelm. He was a bonny, healthy baby, and he too spent a few days at Windsor, when his parents were the guests of royalty. The summer passed in unclouded happiness. Bülow at last obtained a long leave of absence, and general preparations for another journey to Germany were already on foot, when little Wilhelm suddenly fell ill, and instead of a decisive announcement of their coming, Adelheid received most alarming news from London. For fourteen days and nights the tender young life struggled with relentless death while the poor mother's heart suffered bitter agony.

*Gabriele to her Sister Adelheid*

London : September 2, 1836.

“ To convince you that I am well I will write you a few lines myself. Bülow or Gabriele will give you full particulars about the poor baby. I only want to have the pleasure of telling you myself that, at this moment, (thank God) he is a little better. His condition varies so much that the joy of this momentary improvement cannot but be mixed with fear. The remembrance of the repeated terrible attacks which with God's help he has safely overcome, give me courage and confidence when otherwise I should despair. On Monday he often appeared perfectly lifeless. I still seem to see him stretched before my eyes ; the agony of those moments has impressed itself deeply on my mind, but God who sent it has also given me strength to bear it. If in His infinite mercy He restores to me the dear child, how happy and oh ! how grateful I shall be ! Now he still seems to belong to heaven more than to earth, and I pray fervently that if my darling must be taken from me the end may be painless. Oh ! Adelheid, don't let me give way, or my physical strength will not bear the strain.”

London : September 9, 1836.

“ Our silence on Tuesday will have been significant enough for you, and now the black seal will confirm your worst fears. Yes, it is true—our sweet child has returned to God. At about ten minutes to seven on Tuesday evening he breathed

his last, after suffering so acutely for the last six or seven hours that we thanked God when shortly before his death the pain left him. The faint flickering light of life died slowly out, and we could say, his pain is all over at last. There he lay, his little mouth was open, his lips were smiling sweetly, and his bright eyes, half open, seemed to reflect the light that fell upon them like two mirrors. He looked almost less deathlike than several times during the last few days, when his breathing was so weak that I often bent over him anxiously listening for its return, especially when long fainting fits betokened his state of utter exhaustion. . . .

“Spare me the description of his sufferings, his piteous cries still re-echo within me, and the recollection of my despair, when no remedies were apparently of avail, makes me shudder. At last the violent pains subsided, the child grew more composed, and for two hours he lay still, groaning like a grown-up person. I cannot measure the length of those hours. I only know that soon after six there were signs of a renewed attack, followed by a state of quiescence and exhaustion, accompanied by a slight rattling in the throat as his respiration grew shorter and shorter and he fell into his last sleep. Then the doctor returned, but I was fully convinced nothing more could be done; it was all in vain—for the light had gone out. I knew this and therefore I could bear to remain in the next room as the doctor and Bülow wished. I looked up to Heaven in calm submission. As though to comfort me the dark clouds parted here and there, as if Heaven were opening to let the little soul enter in.

“Oh! Adelheid, these are only words, nothing but words. I cannot express the unspeakable grief that fills my heart nor the indescribable calm that now possesses my soul. I thank God for this with all my heart. I know it is my duty for the sake of Bülow, of the children, of you all—to be composed, but it is He alone can give me the strength I need. Thanks be to God, I have remained well in spite of the physical exhaustion and mental excitement. To-day I really feel much better. To-day we are at peace again; last night the little body was taken away—away from the house where he was born.

“We had to part so soon from his remains in order to

have him buried as near as possible to us at Tegel, for, as you may have guessed, I wish to take him there so that he may share the beautiful resting-place of his grandparents. Were it not for this, and had our dear father not so ordered it, I should never have been able to overcome my repugnance to this removal. But the wish to have him near me at Tegel, the presentiment of the infinite longing which would have overcome me there, helped me to conquer my prejudice, and now all arrangements have been made to transport the body. It was therefore necessary to lay the little corpse in a leaden coffin. That was done the day before yesterday. If only you could have seen him! He lay there so softly and safely, with scented spices all round him. Four angels' heads were embroidered on the cover which was to be laid over his little face. I stayed with him till the last. About 7 o'clock I pressed a last kiss upon his cold brow, and then the coffin was closed. Oh! not to be able to see him any more. Till then it had only seemed as if he were asleep. The tiny features were unchanged—indeed after death they became quite regular again, for all through his illness there had been something strange about his expression. Death marks every line more deeply, and lends—I cannot call it anything else—grandeur, even to the face of so small a child. His brow, which had always been beautiful, seemed even more so in death—it was fraught with such seriousness and depth of meaning. I could not bear to leave him a minute, but Bülow feared I should be overcome with emotion, and he already suffered so much that I would not increase his anxiety on my account, though it need not have been so great; it was best for me to be there. Yesterday, towards evening, the leaden coffin was placed in a large oak one, and carried to the Marylebone parish church, where it will remain until its removal to Tegel. Bülow says the church is beautiful, and returned far calmer and more composed than before. His sorrow touches me deeply; it cannot be so intense as my grief, for he naturally saw so much less of the dear child than I. But it is just this thought makes me so sad, for an unspeakable longing comes over me now to think that in the few happy weeks I possessed him I might have enjoyed having

him with me many an hour more than I did. I feel inconsolable on awaking in the morning to the full consciousness of the loss which, even in my sleep, oppresses me with sadness. The first morning I could not bear it; I got up and stole quietly to my dead baby; there at his side I could pray again. Was it not strange that when I sought comfort for my tearful sorrow and opened Paul Gerhard's sacred songs, my eye fell upon the sixth verse of the seventh funeral hymn?

“Read it, dearest, it will comfort you; it seemed as if my little angel were speaking the words to me himself. How I thanked my father for this precious gift, which thus gained new significance. Read the first hymn too; I turned to that on Sunday, but then it awakened other feelings in my heart. How often in the midst of woe I have thought of our dear father and mother. What a comfort it will be to know that the dear child is resting near them! We hope to leave on the 23rd. I cannot yet decide anything about ourselves, his journey and his habitation occupy me so much more than our own. The children all send you their love. How sad it is that each in her way must learn what sorrow is so early in life. I often said to myself that our happiness in the children was too great to last; Wilhelm was so strong, so perfectly healthy, and indeed he gave us sufficient proof of his strength, poor baby boy! I cannot sufficiently praise Gabriele; she has been so good to me. I was deeply touched and pleased by her loving thoughtfulness. Adelheid was equally good, though she finds it so much harder to express her feelings.

“The thought of your grief gives me an actual physical heartache. I could tell from your letters how you sympathised with my happiness, and how well you understood my fears that such perfect bliss could not last.

“Give August a particularly affectionate greeting from me, I know he fully shares our grief. I should not, under any circumstances whatever, like the burial to take place before his return, he must be there to assist us. His first and only duty as our boy's godfather!”

So Gabriele had only a tiny coffin to bring home with



her—a sad ending to the happiness recently granted her by the birth of a son and heir. On October 3 her little son was laid to rest beside her beloved mother, and few who see the small mound beside the Tegel monument can know what bitter tears were shed for the babe who rests beneath it.

## CHAPTER X

YEARS OF SEPARATION, 1836—1841

Death of Caroline von Humboldt—Accession of Victoria to the English throne, 1837—Bülow's three months' leave spent at Tegel—Confirmation of the daughters—Birth of a son, 1838—Bülow in the Hollando-Belgian negotiations—Final signature of the treaty between Holland and Belgium—Bülow's leave of absence, April 1839—Death of Frederick William III.—Engagement of the eldest daughter Gabriele—Illness and death of Therese von Bülow—Arrival of Bülow at Tegel, 1841.

THE Bülows spent the autumn of 1836 very quietly at Tegel with the Hedemanns and Caroline von Humboldt, whose health was very bad. In the winter they removed to Berlin, where they occupied apartments in the Behrenstrasse, and here Bülow left them, when in January 1837 he was obliged to return to London.

The education of their daughters, the confirmation classes for the older ones, and the great expense of living in London with such a numerous family, determined the parents to undergo another separation for the sake of the children.

Not many days after her husband's departure Gabriele was again standing beside a death-bed, and her first letter to him contained the sad news of another bereavement. On January 19 her sister Caroline succumbed to her disease; she also was buried at Tegel.

*Bülow to his Wife.*

London: February 5, 1837.

“I read your letter over at first without taking in the sense of its contents. I am deeply grieved to have left you at such a sorrowful time. Had I foreseen Caroline's rapid end, I should have stayed longer. Anxiety and uneasiness on your account have been troubling me sorely, and I cannot be sufficiently grateful to you for having given me a full and

detailed account of Caroline's death and funeral. Such a description brings consolation, though at the same time it is deeply affecting. It is one of the greatest comforts to the survivors in such a loss as this only to have kind and loving memories of the departed; and, thank God, this is the case with regard to Caroline. As she appeared towards the end, gentle to all and grateful for every attention, so she will assuredly be ever faithfully remembered by us. And this kindly remembrance of her harmonises with all the other recollections which lead us in love, gratitude and humility to that quiet spot at the edge of the vineyard. I can enter into all your feelings at the sight of another open grave amid the tombs where lie your beloved parents and our darling child. The remembrance of our perfect joy and of the days when we drank of the bitter cup of agony presented itself vividly to my mind. I never thought the memory of our sorrow could be so dear to me, but I know it now, because I know the boundless magic power of perfect love and perfect devotion. All I have ever lost I have found again, and where else but in your greater love, in the fuller harmony and understanding of our hearts. Verily they were never far apart, but they could perhaps not have been so absolutely one, so everlastingly united in love as they are now, were it not for the severe trials fate has imposed on us. It is after such blows as these that we understand our own natures and realise what we already have and what we long for, and become still more conscious of and grateful for all our immense happiness. Kind providence has indeed been lavish in her gifts to us. We have grown richer and richer in our undying, boundless love.

“What are the indispensable conditions and indications of this happiness, without which I should indeed be poor and wretched? Where are they to be found but in your faithful heart, in our mutual affection—nay, rather in your ever fascinating unselfishness, in your loving comprehension of my whole nature, in your perfect understanding of my thoughts and feelings, in your ever grateful appreciation of my good intentions. How can I help being conscious of all you are to me, of all you have given me, of all I owe to

you? For whatever I may give you, I am already your debtor. That God may repay you for all your goodness and love for me, that He may preserve you from all harm, is my chief desire. I had no other wish when I closed the eyes of our first and only son; I thought but of you and your grief; all my care, all my hopes and fears were concentrated on you, the light of my life. I said to myself that yours was the greater loss; I knew how patiently and lovingly you had borne the greatest trials; I had witnessed your courage and endurance in pain. That unique and indescribable moment presented itself vividly to my mind when, the danger having been overcome, I received the news of my unexpected happiness. Why, I can still feel the pressure of your hand, the silent token of happiness shared and understood; and, unmindful of all previous pleasures, ought I to think of anyone but you in the subsequent time of sorrow—you, the creator of all my joy and gladness?

“I gladly return to the silence of my room, from the maddening, noisy traffic and confusing, deafening roar of this vast city. I have spent most of the evenings since my return in quiet solitude within my own four walls. I try to be upon my guard against dinner parties. How much I prefer homely carrots and potatoes with you to all the truffles cooked in champagne or burgundy! You know how I relish chicken broth and boiled potatoes. I hate all that is highly flavoured and artificial in food, as in everything else in life.”

*Gabriele to her Husband*

Berlin: March 1, 1837.

“A week ago I wrote and told you how inexpressibly happy your long, loving letter made me. What can I say now to No. 10, to all the ardour, love and passion? oh! I cannot find words to describe your letter or the impression it made on me. I can only thank you with all my heart, but at the same time I must beg you to follow the instinct which prompts you not to give way to your longing so unreservedly, nor to let wishes that cannot be fulfilled possess you so entirely; it cannot be good for you. I would almost prefer you to think too little of me than too much.

“On Saturday I inspected another new building. On that day Princess Wilhelm herself was able to show Uncle Alexander, the Hedemanns, and me her new home. She did well to choose a fine sunny day; everything looks different in a good light. I think it is on the whole a very successful building; to begin with, the rooms have evidently been designed to please the inhabitants, who will not have to suit themselves to the rooms, as is usually the case. Light has been let in from above where it could not come from the sides, and staircases have been boldly inserted wherever they were wanted; in short, the general construction and decoration resemble an English building. The Princess’s boudoir and sitting-rooms, for instance, have all been papered and furnished alike. The boudoir is at the same angle and just above the Prince’s room, and the view from the two corner windows is really very fine and imposing. I do not think the boudoir is very cosy; the windows are too large for such a small room, and the magnificent window-panes give one the uncomfortable impression that there is no glass in the frames. The reception rooms are splendid, but much too large for Berlin society, which will be quite lost there. The principal staircase is beautiful, and there is a charming round room for a conservatory; indeed it is a very fine building, and I much enjoyed seeing it. The Princess was kindness itself. . . .”

Berlin (London!): March 21, 1837.

“You will see by the above heading how entirely my thoughts are with you, and I daresay you wish it were the right address. I need hardly tell you that I do for your sake, but you will perhaps be less ready to believe that I often really long for London—that is to say, not for the kind of existence you lead there now, but for our former comfortable home life. I am sensible enough to see that this longing proves the necessity of my return to German ways of household life, for I had grown too used to English customs, and should have become quite unfit for German ones. Of course, you understand what I mean, and that I am only alluding to domestic affairs; you know that in every other respect Germany coincides far more with my thoughts and feelings

than England. In all domestic matters the Germans are really very far behind. It is not only that their means are more limited, it is their way of doing things, and I might almost say, their want of feeling for comfort, which, though not the first, should certainly not be the last consideration, as it is here in all pertaining to houses and servants. As to the former, I have nothing to complain of at present, but the experiences I have lately had in the administration of domestic affairs prove that I shall have to accustom myself to more exact supervision. But the exercise of such supervision is not at all agreeable, and that is why I regret English comforts, not only for their own sake, but because life is too short to worry about dusters and tablecloths; and twenty-six of the former have vanished. You may laugh if you like, dearest! Of course, I often tell the children how wrong it is to indulge too freely in such comforts, and I am sure it is much better for them to grow up among surroundings like the present. But how my pen has run away with me!

“ We have had a very sad day; little Wilhelm <sup>1</sup> has really left us. As his departure had been so long delayed, we hoped it might be eventually abandoned altogether or postponed till after Easter; but this afternoon Theodor drove off with him, only God knows why! I am so sorry that the dear boy has gone. The very sound of his name was sweet to me, and I could indulge in such pleasant fancies when he played with the girls. I pity the child with all my heart. He was more grieved by the parting than I had expected, but our children were, as usual, stony-hearted. Baby acknowledged that she was sorry, and Therese refuses to believe in his departure, because she did not actually see him go. This tearlessness is a very strange and not a very pleasant characteristic of Gabriele and Adelheid. The little ones send you their special love, and will write soon. Therese is learning to recite Schiller's ‘ Handschuh.’ ”

Berlin: April 11, 1837.

“ The description of your present occupations makes me anxious for your health. Sitting up so late at night cannot

<sup>1</sup> Son of Theodor von Humboldt.

possibly be good for you, and naturally entails late rising. Please think of me in this; remember the battles we used to have, and even at this distance let me be victor in the fight. I often have to conquer my own inclinations; you know that, even without going to parties, I have no talent for going to bed early. I go to bed very late according to Berlin notions, but I follow their example in getting up early; and though I often find it very hard, once the crucial moment is overcome, it is all right. Of course I know there are other inducements for me to get up; the little girls come to say good morning to me at breakfast, and the two elder ones take it with me. And you, you have nothing but the newspaper, poor man! My heart was quite heavy when you wrote the other day that, after a hard day's work with the mails, there was nothing for you after dinner but the newspapers again.

"A thousand thanks for your charming present. . . . The letter case was so little superfluous that I at once made use of it when I went shopping yesterday to buy Constance's birthday presents.

"Yes, dearest, this anniversary has also come and gone once more, and except my own birthday all the days have now passed which last year I greeted with such varying emotion, especially the children's birthdays, for I hoped soon to add another happy day to the list. A month to-morrow those glad anticipations were fulfilled, and little less than four months afterwards they were for ever ended. Such comparisons are heartrending, but God knows how gratefully and humbly I acknowledge and accept the blessings that remain. It was in this spirit I celebrated Constance's birthday; I fully realised our happiness in her, in spite of the grief that days associated with such painful memories naturally call forth. One sorrow awakens the other. On Saturday I went to the monument, chiefly to see my father's tomb, and the other graves made me realise afresh the extent of our grief. The sight of the little mound has rarely touched me more. It was hardly visible under the deep snow, which covered it so evenly that its outline still stood out clearly next to the three large graves, which were all equally raised by the depth of snow upon them. It was a very solemn sight; the perfect peace and quietness

did me good. I should like to have stayed there quite alone for a much longer time. I left with the intention of returning shortly, but a bad snowstorm in the afternoon prevented me. I have never before seen Tegel so wintry-looking; great quantities of snow have fallen, and the wind whirls it up again from the ground.

“Father’s bust was after all put up in the Museum on Monday, instead of on the 8th. Adelheid and I felt that this day had no associations connected with it, as we should have wished. As it was not done on the 8th, it should have been to-day, the anniversary of his funeral, but Uncle Alexander and Tieck decided otherwise. We sisters were not present; only uncle, Hedemann, the sculptors, and Brühl; there was no ceremony. This was unavoidable under the circumstances, as it is we who are placing the bust there, not the King, who only grants the permission he could not well have refused. Adelheid and I took Lella and Alla to the Museum during the morning. I am sorry to say we are not satisfied with the likeness, which is not nearly so striking as in Thorwaldsen’s bust. Loitum, the minister, has been very ill; he is now convalescent, but Ancillon<sup>1</sup> is in a very bad way—the doctors have given up all hope. Oertzen died during Rust’s absence.”

*Bülow to his Wife*

London: April 19, 1837.

“. . . There was a levée to-day. The king, who was as usual very friendly, told me Ancillon was so dangerously ill that they think of appointing a successor.”

London: April 21, 1837.

“You see I could not proceed any further with my conversation with you. I was constantly interrupted. I spent three evenings, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, from 8 till 1 or 2 o’clock in the morning, at the House of Commons, where I listened to the debates on Spanish affairs. I want to judge matters from personal observation, and so form some idea of what may be expected in the near future. When crises are impending I rely only on my own eyes, ears and inferences.

<sup>1</sup> Minister of Foreign Affairs in Berlin.



Lord Palmerston has once more conquered,<sup>1</sup> but if he does not soon win other laurels he will find his position very hard to defend. The number and the power of his opponents have increased, and will continue to do so unless some crisis in domestic affairs gives him the upper hand. On the 25th the battle begins in the Lords. The Peers refuse to give in, the King and others fear a dissolution, and the ministers want to resign because they are tired of thrashing chaff. O'Connell and the Irishmen declare that it would be treasonable to retire voluntarily; on the other hand, the Radicals insist on the ministers resigning to bring about a crisis, and say that no Tory ministry has a chance, while Sir Robert Peel declares roundly that he is ready to undertake to form a ministry. Besides these difficulties there are rumours of dissension in the Cabinet. So you see there is plenty of material to work upon, and great events are to be expected. It is, of course, possible that things may continue in the old way, and nothing of importance occur. Finally there must be a dissolution of Parliament, and then the elections will put an end to all doubts. I have written the Crown Prince a long and detailed letter, and if he sends me an encouraging reply himself, I shall continue the correspondence. You will hardly believe it, but I am convinced that, if necessary, no one will be readier to assist me than the Crown Prince. I only desire what the interest and honour of Prussia demands; whoever is alive and watchful of her welfare must finally recognise the truth of this."

London: April 25, 1837.

"On the point of sending off this budget to the Foreign Office, I hear that Ancillon is dead. You have probably already informed me of the fact, but I shall not receive your letters until this evening. God knows what influence his death may have upon our destiny; I certainly hope that it will be possible for me to be on a better footing with the new than I was with the old minister."

<sup>1</sup> In the exciting debates of April 17 and 19, 1837, Palmerston, whose policy of intervention was opposed to Wellington's principles, defended himself against the not unfounded charges of his adversaries, who accused him of again in Spain presumptuously interfering with the affairs of foreign states, and thereby jeopardising the honour of England and the welfare of the nation.

The first part of Gabriele's next letter (May 14, 1837) to her husband contains an account of her children's sufferings from measles, and of her own feelings on the anniversary of her little son's death.

"I have just heard," she continued, "that the die is cast, and Werther is to be Minister of Foreign Affairs. I am much disturbed by the fear that they will offer you the Paris post. I confess I should be terribly unhappy if you were to accept it. No, it would really be too dreadful. If we have to be abroad, nothing could be better than good, honest London. In imagination I often see us all installed there again. I am very anxious to hear from you, if only a letter would come before this leaves. The children all send their love; each 'for herself' wishes to assure you that she is quite well again."

*Bülow to his Wife.*

London: June 20, 1837.

"The King is dead. He died last night, universally mourned and honoured. Homage is now being paid to Queen Victoria. King Ernest of Hanover will be the first to take the oath of allegiance. While I am writing the future is still hidden in uncertainty, but as all will soon be cleared up I will not indulge in useless speculations. I am making use of this moment because I shall have to write despatches later on, and also think of addressing a private letter to Herr von Werther. In three weeks Parliament is to be dissolved. The elections take place soon after, and in October or November the new Parliament will meet to vote the civil list, but will then be prorogued again until January or February. As far as I am concerned, the only matter of importance at present is to have my new credentials sent as soon as possible. I shall recommend Herr von Werther to hurry, even if he has already obtained permission for my leave of absence. If this be so, I may indulge in the happy expectation of a speedy meeting."

*Gabriele to her Husband.*

Tegel: evening of June 26, 1837.

"I had just taken up my pen to write to you this afternoon about the death of the good old King, when I received your

letter, edged and sealed with black. There was something almost consoling to me in this coincidence of our thoughts, for I have been thinking a great deal about his death, and could well imagine that it has occupied your mind even more; in consideration of this I indeed welcomed such an obvious indication that the distance which separates us is somewhat lessened. But I had not expected that your letter would be so full of interest in other respects. I need hardly tell you how the possibility of such a speedy meeting as you hold out to me in your letter made me tremble with joy, really tremble, so that I felt quite dizzy with excitement. However, the impression made by the great news with which your letter commenced lost nothing in importance. I had looked forward to a letter from you as a confirmation of what I had heard last Saturday. I cannot quite express my feelings, but I do know that the King's death grieves and touches me very nearly. The good King was entitled to our devotion and gratitude, and for me the remembrance of him is interwoven with so many other memories, that in that respect alone his death must leave a void. I confess to you that latterly, when the thought of our return and the circumstances of our life in London have been occupying me so much, it has seemed to me as if there was always a safe haven for us, but with the death of the King we have lost a powerful protector. Then, too, I think so much of Queen Adelaide, and feel quite jealous of her young substitute, or rather successor. I am almost angry with you for not saying a word about her, but this is explained by the great hurry in which your letter is written. Forgive me for saying so, but it is really too much like an official despatch—nay, rather, a telegram. I take too much interest in all the events there to be satisfied with such short reports, and I beg you with all my heart to give me more details if you possibly can. In which room did the King die? I know them all, and it seems to me but yesterday that he took Frau von Bloome and me over them. The pleasure which he took in his new and beautiful possessions had to my mind a great charm. He was altogether such a cheerful king. I always liked that characteristic of his, for you rarely nowadays meet with people of high or low degree who own to

being contented with their lot, even if, as is often the case, they really are so.

“I must own that I deeply regret not being in London at this moment; it must be most interesting to be a witness of all that is going on there. I can at least vividly picture to myself the faces of the old and new Court. You can imagine how much the children are interested in ‘little Victoria,’ and how eagerly they too demand more details about everything. You are really experiencing many changes in that country.

“Yesterday—I am now writing on Tuesday—the inscription for our little angel was completed. His short span of life stands there graven in stone. The monument is indescribably beautiful now; the roses and forget-me-nots are in all their glory, the standard roses are coming out too, and the tall acacias, of which there are so many round the park, lend beauty to the surroundings. Nearer the house the show of peonies, jasmine, and many other flowers, almost makes up for the want of elder-trees. All along the path by the vineyard the hundred-leaved roses are in full bloom. Constance is highly delighted with them. On Saturday I went a special ‘rose walk’ with her, and her delight touched me no less than the beauty of the flowers. She is becoming more and more loveable every day, and has lost all her old whims and fancies. It is often very difficult to counteract Hedemann’s spoiling, and if the child were not so clever it would be more so; as it is, I am convinced she can take care of herself and will not be the worse for it. At present she spends most of her time with me, both indoors and in the garden, where it is a real treat to be with her, she takes such pleasure and interest in everything, makes such clever remarks, and has such intelligent ideas. Now it is the roses which attract her greatest attention; she buries her nose in every single blossom; but her palate also finds satisfaction in the strawberries, which are now ripe. On Sunday they gave a very important little person great pleasure too, for Prince Friedrich Wilhelm paid us a call. It was not actually intended to be a visit, for the drive here seemed more to have been a ‘but de promenade’ thought of on the spur of the

moment by his governess, a lady from Neuchâtel. It was rather late in the afternoon, but owing to the great heat we had only just gone out, and I was walking alone from the house to the arbour when my attention was attracted by a little boy and a lady in the distance. A moment later I noticed a servant in the royal livery and a carriage with four horses. I at once informed Hedemann, and for a moment we hoped it was the Princess, whose visit has so often been deferred and so long expected. However, the little visitor was very welcome, especially on account of the pleasure he gave the children; the younger ones, Therese and Constance, at once took him in charge and rushed off to their little garden, where he began to dig busily. The strawberries soon attracted him away from his work; one half went into his mouth, the other into his little pockets, where of course they at once became distinctly visible, a circumstance that did not distress him in the least. The governess corrected him several times, but was not disagreeable. I had met her before, and we soon found congenial topics of conversation. Adelheid, too, had an opportunity of assuring herself of the progress she has made in French under Fräulein Trask's tuition. At the first news of the royal visit the latter retired into her own domain with unusual alacrity, but at our urgent request she reappeared, and they conversed together amiably. Later on Lacey also came on the scene; Hedemann let her play the part of the English autocrat of the nursery, and specially wishes me to tell you that had he only been able to produce a Kawi governess from the bushes, nothing would have been wanting to complete the children's grandeur. They behaved so well that they would have done any governess credit, and quite charmed the lady from Neuchâtel. I have hardly ever seen Constance so bewitching, she quite exhausted herself in politeness, and at the last moment plucked a basketful of strawberries in hot haste. The little Prince would have preferred to remain here altogether, poor child! he has to stay in Berlin all through this lovely springtime. Be sure to write soon about the Queen--I mean my Queen. I think of her so much that I often feel I must write to her, though that would hardly be proper yet, I suppose?"

In his official capacity Bülow had to attend on the new star, the young Sovereign, but Gabriele held with all her old loyalty to her beloved Queen Adelaide and, unconcerned, as to etiquette, she followed the prompting of her heart, and wrote to the Queen to express her deep sympathy. By those who had only regarded her as the Queen, this amiable and noble Princess was forgotten now that she wore widow's weeds, and therefore she valued Gabriele's steadfast friendship all the more. Her reply to Gabriele's letter contained a touching expression of gratitude and a sincere and heartfelt: "God bless you!"

*Bülow to his Wife*

London: June 23, 1837.

"A thousand thanks for your long and interesting letter of the 11th-14th. Please also thank Uncle Alexander for the information communicated to you, which, as you can imagine, is very valuable to me just now. It is impossible for me to fulfil your wishes in regard to the Queen. I have not seen her since I was at Brighton.

"I considered some special demonstration of sympathy to be quite indispensable, so drove out to Windsor yesterday morning. I had written to Sir Herbert Taylor the evening before, notifying my intention of making personal inquiries about the health of the Queen. On arriving I found a few lines from Sir Herbert telling me he wished to see me. I had a long conversation with him, and saw almost all the gentlemen of the household; they say the Queen is better than could have been expected under the circumstances. She has received affectionate letters from Queen Victoria, who, it is said, clasped her hands and anxiously asked for news of the Queen, when the Marquis of Conyngham came early in the morning to announce the King's death. This scene must have been most picturesque. After much knocking, the porter of Kensington Palace came out in complete 'négligé,' and absolutely refused to listen to the request of the Marquis of Conyngham and the Archbishop of Canterbury to be announced to the Princess. At last he made up his mind to inform Fräulein

Lehzen<sup>1</sup> of their presence. Then Princess Victoria appeared in a white wrapper, her hair simply braided, and wearing very pretty slippers. She knew nothing yet, and could only guess what they had to tell her. The Marquis dropped on one knee, kissed her hand, and was the first to salute her as Queen. The Archbishop did likewise, and is said to have made an excellent speech. The Queen shows much dignity, great self-possession, and intelligence; she has confirmed the ministers in their appointments, and seems to have given Lord Melbourne her full confidence and a free hand in the administration. She speaks of the other Queen, not as the Dowager, but simply as 'Queen Adelaide.'

"I am not short of compatriots here now, each steamer brings fresh relays. They give extra work and trouble; these are busy times, and in addition Seckendorff is away on leave. Had I not all my wits about me and a good supply of strength I might lose them, but, thank God! I have a reserve fund of both."

London: June 27, 1837.

"The diplomatic corps, or rather the ambassadors and envoys only, have been summoned to the young Queen's levée at Kensington Palace. Well, one must see and hear for oneself before expressing any opinion. Yesterday the Queen, accompanied by her mother, paid Queen Adelaide a visit at Windsor; she is said to have been most kind and sympathetic."

London: June 30, 1837.

"I finished the other day before my audience with the Queen. I had almost stayed talking too long with you, dearest, for although the coachmen drove like the wind, so that I had to close the windows to protect myself from dust, stones, and mud, I could not catch up any of my colleagues. They had all reached Kensington Palace before me, but I was correct to the minute, for the tower clock struck three as I entered the Hall. I hurried up the stairs, doors flew open before me, and my assembled colleagues received me with loud acclamations. They had begun to think that this time, in spite of my well-known punctuality, I was going to be too late. Count

<sup>1</sup> Former governess of the young Queen.

Ludolf,<sup>1</sup> who preceded me, had already been shown into the Queen's audience chamber. I had hardly time to look round before the door was thrown open and I had to go in. The master of the ceremonies remained outside, but Palmerston, with obsequious bows, hurriedly pushed on in front of me, and made straight for the Queen; I reached her Majesty in about twenty steps, bowing low as I approached her. She was black as a raven from head to foot, her hair was plainly dressed without ornaments, but she wore the ribbon of the Garter, with the star on her left breast, and the buckle on her right arm. Lady Lansdowne stood behind her. For a moment there was perfect silence; etiquette bade me be silent. I had come by order of the Queen to hear her commands; I, on my part without any credentials, had nothing to say for myself. The Queen, however, seemed to expect something, for those who had preceded me had all spoken. Esterhazy<sup>2</sup> is always to the fore with his war cry; Count Pozzo<sup>3</sup> likes hearing himself talk, and managed to introduce a few commonplace remarks. Count Sebastiani<sup>4</sup> had to present his new credentials, and was therefore obliged to speak as well as the paralysis of his tongue permits him. Count Ludolf still looks upon the Queen as 'little Victoria,' with whom a few diplomatic communications, more or less, make no difference. Well, as I said, 'primo loco' was 'altum silentium.' Then the Queen discovered what was expected of her. She spoke first, asked after our King, inquired as to his travelling plans, and how long the Queen of the Netherlands intended staying. But she soon abandoned this exalted topic and began to talk of more homely matters, inquired after you and the children, asked where you were at present, and expressed the hope of seeing you here soon.

"I played long variations on the given theme, and so the conversation went off very well. A bow and a pleasant word dismissed me, and I retired in crab-like fashion with three bows. I found, however, that my third obeisance had not brought me to the door, and had to make a fresh start to get back to my

<sup>1</sup> Envoy extraordinary of the Two Sicilies to the Court of St. James's.

<sup>2</sup> The Austrian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

<sup>3</sup> The Russian Ambassador.

<sup>4</sup> The French Ambassador.



colleagues. As the other ambassadors had failed to express an opinion in the matter, all who had not yet been introduced besieged me with the inquiry whether you had to speak or be spoken to first. I decided for the latter."

London: July 7, 1837.

"When I announced the King's death to you I had neither thought nor inclination for a full description of all the events in connection with it. I had hurriedly to make an official report, and was momentarily overwhelmed with fresh events and news. Under these circumstances I reckoned greatly on help from the newspapers, for I did not think it necessary to repeat what they had already stated in full. The King's death moved and pained me more than I care to say. Only too acutely do I feel all that we have lost in him. He was a true and steadfast friend to me, in the familiar sense of the word, without regard to his royal rank; that was of great, very great importance. Wherever I might meet him I was sure to receive proofs of the friendly feeling he bore me. At his last levée, when I expressed my deep regret at finding him seated, he replied in a most kindly fashion with a witty remark, such as he was in the habit of occasionally addressing to me. He had to bend far forward as he did not wish the bystanders to hear what he was saying. As a rule he stepped forward a little, in order to converse with me without being overheard, and even put his ear close to my mouth to catch my reply.

"A decided opinion can hardly as yet be expected from his young successor; if she possesses one, politically speaking, it is in favour of her uncle, the King of the Belgians. Things look very bad for the Netherlands.

"Perhaps a young Prince of Holstein-Sonderburg-Beck-Glücksburg may find favour in the Queen's eyes; of course her own will is of the greatest importance, but naturally she is likely to be influenced in various directions.

"You are quite right in saying that my present sojourn in England is exceptionally interesting, but I fancy that this interest is considerably exaggerated on the Continent. Across the Channel there seems to be a general opinion that, in consequence of the sex and youth of the new monarch, great political crises are to be expected. But this is by no means

the case; on the contrary, the elements of such crises have lost all vitality because the means of intrigue at court have almost entirely disappeared. Her accession to the throne and her exercise of royal power were accomplished in a peaceful, orderly, and secure manner, such as is perhaps only exhibited in our country on great state occasions. In spite of the passionate, excited state of feeling, occasioned by parliamentary strife and the arrangements for the elections, the foundations of this kingdom have remained unshaken. Whoever refuses to believe this may come and see for himself. You ask where the King died? In the same sitting-room as George IV. He expired so peacefully that no one could exactly determine the moment of his death; therefore it was at first said to have been at half-past three, but afterwards the time was fixed at twenty minutes past two. Yes, the deceased was indeed a cheerful king; your remark is as sensible as it is true and to the point."

London: July 20, 1837.

"Parliament was dissolved on Monday. Just after half-past twelve I drove off down Constitution Hill and through the Green Park; the weather was beautiful, and both this park and St. James's were full of sightseers of all classes. Beyond the Horse Guards the crowd of pedestrians, riders, and carriages became so great that we had to stop constantly, and could only advance at a walking pace. Although it was unusually early the House of Lords was already densely crowded, and the Ambassadors' gallery almost full; on the lower benches sat hundreds of peers in their robes, the judges wore their great wigs, and the bishops in their lawn sleeves occupied the woollen sack and the seats nearest the throne. The diplomatic gallery was on the right of the throne. In front of it upon a little bench sat the Duke of Meiningen, Prince Leiningen, and Prince Ernest of Hessen-Philippsthal. Opposite to us two benches had been reserved for the ladies of the diplomatic corps. Between the two and just in front of the throne stood the Lord Chancellor's woollen sack, upon which the Duchess of Kent and Princess Leiningen took their places. The Princess, who did not seem quite at home in her high place of honour, carefully kept to the corner of the woollen sack.

“ All the other places on the floor of the House and in the two peers’ galleries were for the first time occupied by ladies, the effect of the whole was therefore unusually magnificent. I soon discovered that I had the best place in the House, just at the corner of the diplomatic gallery and exactly opposite the door. This enabled me to see the royal procession come up the corridor. As usual, they first went to the Robing Room.

“ I must say I was greatly surprised by the appearance of the little Queen when I first caught sight of her in the procession. She was beautifully, tastefully, and becomingly dressed; upon her head she wore a tiara of diamonds, which had the appearance of a crown in front, and added somewhat to her height. Her dress was of white embroidered satin, profusely decorated with jewels, the sleeves were wide and cut open in the latest fashion. The ribbon of the Garter half encircled her waist, the star glittered on her left breast, and round her right arm she wore the Garter itself, with the motto ‘*Honi soit qui mal y pense*’ in precious stones.

“ We had a long time to wait; twice the trumpets sounded, and twice the whole assemblage rose to its feet. People began to think the Queen’s courage must have failed her at the last moment, or that she had been taken ill, or that some difficulty had occurred with her toilette. Nothing of the kind had happened. A few moments after the Queen had donned the state mantle, six yards long, I saw her quickly cross the corridor accompanied by her pages and ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting. She was on her way to the Council Chamber to give her verbal consent to several bills, which, owing to the great hurry, had not been possible before. This over, she returned to the State Robing Room, and the procession started immediately for the House of Lords. She walked with firm unhesitating step, held her head high, and bowed very graciously. The Marchioness of Lansdowne carried the end of her train, which was held up on either side by the Duchess of Sutherland and Countess Mulgrave; the ladies stood in the same order when the Queen was seated on the throne. Her Majesty ascended the steps of that high erection without difficulty, but remained standing a full minute before taking her seat upon it. She did everything with the greatest

assurance and dignity. After a few moments, apparently reminded by Lord Melbourne, she said, 'I beg the Peers to be seated;' until then the whole assembly had been standing. When the Lower House had been called and the members came rushing in as noisily as usual, the Speaker's cry of 'Order, order!' being audible from a distance, the Queen smiled. She read her speech excellently, without any attempt at declamation, but in a clear, ringing voice. She held the paper low, relying on the help of her good eyesight and memory. When all was over, and the Queen had left the House, there was a general expression of admiration and satisfaction. I had arranged matters so as to get through the Horse Guards immediately behind the royal procession. This gave me an opportunity of witnessing a demonstration of enthusiasm and rejoicing such as I have never before seen in England. The Queen sat alone on the front seat of her state carriage, opposite were the Duchess of Sutherland and Lord Albemarle. At every step the crowd grew denser, they cheered, shouted, and waved their hats and handkerchiefs wildly. The enthusiasm was at its highest pitch when, to the strains of 'God save the Queen,' the carriage drove through the great marble gateway into the courtyard of Buckingham Palace.

"There was a levée yesterday morning, before which I had to present my credentials. Lord Palmerston led me into the Queen's closet; her Majesty stood just opposite the door. My little speech was as short and concise as possible. I said that the King had again accredited me to this court, hoping I might succeed in obtaining in some degree from the Queen the confidence and goodwill which her predecessor had granted me, but that I felt the difficulty of this mission inasmuch as peradventure it was only to the late King's personal friendship for my master that I owed the friendly reception hitherto accorded to me. Hardly had I said this than the Queen interrupted me, saying most pleasantly, 'You may count upon my sincere wish to maintain the same friendly relations with the King of Prussia, and I am very glad that you are to remain here.' I made some reply, to which the Queen again answered kindly and suitably. She took my credentials, handed them to Palmerston, and made me a gracious and graceful farewell bow.

“I gave a look to the side to see if I had a clear space, and then backed out like a crab again through the open door into the Throne Room. The Queen was in deep mourning. She then received several deputations, after which the general levée began. I presented several gentlemen; those who have the entrée followed the corps diplomatique. Lord Minto presented his brother, Admiral Elliot, whom the Queen knighted, and very gracefully she performed the ceremony. The number of presentations was legion. I mean to attend the Drawing-room which takes place to-day; there will certainly be no lack of ladies, as great curiosity is manifested on all sides. The other day, in the House of Lords, old Lady Jersey had armed herself with powerful opera glasses which she relentlessly fixed upon the young Queen; according to the old laws of etiquette any inspection of persons of high rank through glasses is strictly forbidden as a direct personal affront.”

Later.

“. . . Yesterday I again dined with the Queen. She was particularly gracious, gave me the precedence of the English Dukes, took my arm, let me lead her to the table, and bade me be seated on her right, so that my place was between her Majesty and her Grace the Duchess of Kent. Great astonishment at court. The Queen evidently wishes to prove that she is favourably inclined towards me. She asked repeatedly whether you intended to return. An article about me which appeared in yesterday's 'Journal des Débats' gives people to understand that I am not returning to London. It says that I mean to give up diplomacy, and that I am to be appointed immediately 'Président de la province de Saxe.' Lady Jersey, in speaking of this news, added: 'On dit que la Baronne ne veut plus retourner chez nous, et que par cette raison vous comptez nous abandonner.'

“I hardly think I shall see the widowed Queen, as she cannot send for me without giving offence to others. She has presented me with the enclosed memorandum concerning the last days of William IV.

“I have just received a ministerial despatch by the Dutch post in which I am informed that by a cabinet order the King

has granted me leave of absence as requested, and that Seckendorff is to be the chargé d'affaires while I am away. I am counting the minutes till his return, but have seen and heard nothing of him—where is he? I shall probably travel *via* Hamburg, and leave here on Tuesday, the 8th, at the soonest, but everything will soon be definitely settled.”

On August 16 Bülow rejoined his family at Tegel, where he enjoyed three months of happy domestic life. To be thus united with her husband, her children, and her beloved sister fulfilled all Gabriele's wishes, and it would hardly have been possible to find a happier family. The Hedemanns looked upon the Bülows' children almost as their own; they alternately corrected them and spoiled them, and in return were adored by all their nieces. Adelheid von Hedemann had remained wonderfully youthful; at all hours of the day the sound of her singing re-echoed through the house, and there was nothing more delightful and enlivening than her ringing laughter. She would weep copiously over books intended for the children, whose hearts were less sensitive, and on some occasions could even exhibit quick flashes of temper. There was more method in Hedemann's treatment of the children. Every day towards evening his nieces assembled in his room, and in his rich melodious voice he would read to them the masterpieces of Schiller and Goethe, they would recite poems to him, and thus he early developed in them a taste for classical literature. Bülow was not spared business even during his holiday. The negotiations of the conference followed him to Berlin. The King, who had again taken him into his favour, summoned him several times to a private audience. Bülow had succeeded in convincing the King and the Crown Prince that the part he had played in the Hollando-Belgian question deserved a more just and favourable criticism than had been accorded him under Ancillon's influence. The King once more overwhelmed him with proofs of his confidence. In January 1838 Bülow returned to London.

With the accession of Queen Victoria Bülow occupied a no less privileged position at the English Court than in the previous reign. The young Queen made a point of showing her appreciation of his qualities both diplomatic and social.

The marks of royal favour did not fail to influence his position in society, which had, however, always been well disposed towards him.

Preparations for the coronation, which entailed more work for the ambassador, were now added to his fatiguing social and official duties.

“I have to attend to all sorts of curious matters,” he wrote. “My head contains a strange medley of dogs, horses, carriages, harness, crockery, houses, opera passes, translations of songs, marriage projects, religious perplexities, military and political demonstrations, &c. &c.”

In March the sittings of the Hollando-Belgian Conference began again, and Bülow was commissioned to draw up the protocol, a piece of work that necessitated continual negotiations with all the parties concerned. He writes: “It is really very sad that six years ago the King of the Netherlands did not accept the twenty-four articles which he now desires, and we are no longer able to grant. If only Ancillon had lived to witness this! I consider it the most complete justification that could have been accorded me.”

Gabriele spent a quiet winter at Berlin, devoting all her time to the education of her daughters.

### *Gabriele to her Husband*

Berlin: March 1838.

“Yesterday I entertained great plans for writing in the afternoon, but I went to listen to the music lesson which was going on in the other room, and which I always enjoy, as Gabriele and Adelheid are really making great progress. Then the Countess Bandissin paid me a visit, and tea-time came. Afterwards I read over the essays which the girls were to take to Hossbach at eight o'clock this morning. They grow longer and longer, Gabriele has written more than thirty pages this time, Adelheid's is not much shorter, and quite as good in its way. I really cannot praise the girls sufficiently; between you and me, I confess to feeling quite stupid beside them. I could not possibly write such compositions now, nor could I ever have done them, though I regret that Schleiermacher did not insist on our writing

essays, which have a lasting and beneficial effect. Hossbach is altogether very well satisfied with both girls, and praised their compositions very much, when Hedemann went to see him the day before yesterday. He nearly always marks them 'excellent' or at least 'very good.' To-day the girls had a lesson from eight till nine, and another from eleven till twelve o'clock. Of course they get up earlier than usual in order to be ready to start at half-past seven, and this is naturally not accomplished without some trouble on my part. That is why I left this letter last night in order to get to bed as early as possible. I say as early as possible, for I never manage to go as soon as I ought, and in the evening I am usually so much more wide awake, mentally I mean, that I find it hard to end the day just then."

Berlin: March 20, 1838.

" . . . The thought of how we are to manage at Tegel worries me more than anything else just now. I must confess that I really ought to have a governess, but the very idea of such a new inmate frightens me, and I have not the courage to begin looking out for one, even if I were likely to gain anything by this step, a result highly improbable in Berlin, as I should naturally make good French the chief consideration. And again, with all the 'ifs' and 'buts' looming in the future, it is questionable whether it would be wise to make a new choice now. In your last letter you let fall such mystic words, and in other directions there are heavy clouds threatening. I mean in respect to Hedemann and his new appointment. There has lately been more talk than ever of his removal, and they even think it may be to Posen. My heart quite aches at the bare idea of their leaving me; it would be far worse than going myself, and so much at least is clear to me, if they really go I shall no longer care to remain here alone, it would be too unbearably lonely. You can imagine how this painful suspense troubles Adelheid; until now we had never seriously contemplated the question, but since yesterday our fears have increased, and we are anxiously awaiting the 30th, when Hedemann expects to hear the decision. It would be sad if it were to come during the children's confirmation, which is very near now."



Berlin : March 27, 1838.

“ . . . Things look very threatening in respect to Hedemann's removal, at least to judge by what he himself tells us. You are quite right in what you say about the Minister of War's former declaration, but that referred to the possibility of his being changed to another brigade, and it was on this score that the minister wished to reassure him. Now there is a question of his receiving the command of a division. I am told that this would be an almost unheard-of promotion, but Hedemann fears, nevertheless, that it may happen, and is not free from misgivings, while Adelheid, who was quite easy at first, has become anxious. I still continue to hope rather than to fear, but it is very strange that for many years March 30 has been an eventful day in our family. Twenty-three years ago Hedemann returned from Vienna on that day, saw Adelheid, and three days later became engaged to her; poor Madame Laroche's birthday always made it a special day for us; nine years ago on March 30, mother was buried in Tegel churchyard, and Hedemann was removed here. Since then every advance he has made in the service has been communicated to him on that day; three years ago father's fatal illness began on the 30th, and this year it will again mark an important event. The children are naturally much excited about the 30th, but I should prefer them to be in no way distracted from the thoughts and feelings which alone should fill their hearts. They had their last lesson yesterday, but the day after to-morrow they are all to assemble once more in the vestry. On Sunday Adelheid and I went to church with them, Hossbach preached beautifully, and I was glad I had gone. When I returned there was an invitation from little Prince Wilhelm awaiting the children. Adelheid was included in the invitation, but naturally would not and could not accept, and as I could not possibly leave the three little ones to face their fate alone—Line is too unpractical, Therese too wild, and Baby too fanciful—I decided to send Lacey. After having received an affirmative answer to my inquiry whether 'the likes of her' might accompany the children, my conscience was at rest. The children were all assembled in the beautiful rooms upstairs, in the presence of the Princes

and Princesses. They danced, and afterwards sat down to tea ; in fact, it was a proper party. The children enjoyed themselves immensely, and Consty seems to have made quite an impression, for the little Prince chose her as his partner in the polonaise, and his father danced the schottische with her. At table she sat between the Prince and little Radziwill, and again proved her superior intelligence by preferring to do without an orange rather than to eat it clumsily. Line and Therese did not refuse the fruit, and I am quite convinced they ate it in a most unbecoming manner, for you have no idea what battles I have to fight with them on that account. The Countess Schweinitz, however, praised their behaviour immensely, and said it was really a pleasure to compare their natural and simple manners with those of the affected little minxes who were there. This remark of hers gave me particular pleasure. The Prince also praised his little partner.

“ But farewell, time presses, and I find writing after dinner more trying than ever, but I can assure you that otherwise I feel particularly well to-day. The weather is raw and cold, but it suits me far better than warm relaxing air. I walked to-day ‘unter den Linden’ to look at the Tegel lime-trees. Lenné has really bought them and transplanted them to town. Poor trees ! ”

Berlin : March 31, 1838.

“ It was not without reason that we looked forward to the momentous 30th with such dread. Hedemann has really got a removal, and to—Posen ! Yes, the news makes my heart very heavy, and it will grieve you too, I know ; but since it must be, I want to inform you as soon as possible. He is appointed to the 10th division. Do not ask me how it has come about, I do not know how these things are arranged, but I will enclose a newspaper which will explain it all. This one royal decree is enough for me ! It is a high honour for Hedemann, and the promotion so great that on that account alone we thought it impossible. During the last few days, while the Hedemanns were at Tegel, and I was alone, I grew quite composed and hopeful again. Yesterday was the great day of the confirmation. I took two carriages and fetched the Hedemanns, whose horses are still

unfit for use, at about 8 o'clock in the morning. In church all anxiety and restlessness left me, for my thoughts were concentrated on the service, which moved me more than I can describe to you in writing. As we had come so early to get good places, we had a long time to wait, but my thoughts were so much occupied that the time passed quickly. Those who were to be confirmed, seventy-six in all, had assembled in the vestry, and walked in two by two while the first hymn was sung. Our girls had cleverly managed to be among the first couples, so they sat on the front bench near the altar and opposite us. They were dressed exactly alike—of course in black—and looked very well, Gabriele so vigorous and blooming, Adelheid delicate and striking. We will send you a copy of the hymns. I only wish I had Hossbach's splendid address. Although it was not in the least sentimental, it was very touching, impressive, simple and admonitory. I hope their young hearts will retain a lasting impression of it all their lives, and that they will always remember his words: humility and patience are the best and happiest qualities a woman can possess. I cannot give you an adequate idea of all he said, but his address was truly edifying and wonderfully suitable to the character of our two girls. At the close of the sermon one of the girls recited the Creed, and then they were confirmed two by two. Our daughters were the thirteenth couple. He gave them this beautiful text: 'Blessed are the pure in spirit, for they will see God.'

“As soon as the benediction was pronounced Hedemann left the church, and, on entering his house met the messenger with the significant blue envelope. He still hoped it might be a communication to the effect that the State had recognised his services by conferring on him some decoration, but it soon proved to be otherwise. He had to attend parade, so that Adelheid was home from church an hour before hearing the news. They were prevented from coming to me immediately, and I had meanwhile begun to hope the dreaded day had passed safely, when, about half-past one o'clock, they appeared. I did not dare go to them in the dining-room, but when I saw Adelheid's face I knew all, though Posen was a sad addition to the news. In reality, it is a far better place than Torgau,

which, however, would have had the advantage of being near to Burg-Oerner, Dessau, and other human habitations. The actual distance to Posen is not very far, but it is so remote and out of the way as to seem farther. The beautiful Rhineland would have been a consolation in itself, and then they would have been much more easily reached from London. This event seems to me to settle the question of my return to England; either your future prospects must be definitely fixed or I cannot go on living away from you as I do now. With the Hedemanns' departure I shall lose so much of my enjoyment of the life here, that I do not think I can bear to stay on alone and without you any longer. But all this the future will decide; it is poor Adelheid's grief which now lies heaviest on my heart. She loses so much in leaving her beloved Tegel. There is such utter loneliness awaiting her, and the ever-present sorrow of being childless will enter even more keenly into her life."

Berlin: April 18, 1838.

"What you say about Hedemann is exactly what I expected to hear from you. It is just like a man to lay stress on the more brilliant side of the question, but your own inmost feelings, not to speak of your consideration for ours, prevent you from laying as much stress on this as you might otherwise wish. I am more than ever struck on this occasion with the foolish considerations which men allow to influence their lives and diminish their happiness. The Hedemanns, who have no one dependent on them, are in the opinion of the world entitled to enjoy other advantages in order to make up for what they lack in happiness by being childless; they must renounce everything which would recompense them for their loss and transplant themselves to such an utter wilderness as Posen! And the worst of it is that all that can be said in the matter is: Yes, the sacrifice must be made, though only for a time. They cannot be allowed to stay more than a few years, and yet no human power can give them those years back again! I must really stop discussing this subject, to which there is no end!"

Involuntarily the observation is here forced upon the mind,

how very differently people accept the lot decreed by destiny. Hedemann's promotion to the command of a division would appear to be the goal of every officer's ambition. And yet, gratefully as he himself received the high distinction, his gratification and particularly his wife's pleasure were overclouded by the separation it involved. Gabriele, as we have seen above, was quite beside herself with indignation at the arbitrary coercion exercised by outward circumstances upon men who have devoted their energies to the service of the State.

On June 8, to the indescribable delight of the whole family, another son was born to the Bülowes. The two grown-up daughters were now able to carry on their mother's correspondence, and to send their father the most detailed descriptions of the "son and heir." As soon as possible Gabriele wrote herself.

Berlin: June 26, 1838.

"I can no longer resist giving you a sign of life myself. I am deeply grateful, perfectly happy, and more than ever convinced of God's love and mercy. I look upon this new proof of His blessing with manifold emotions, but I cannot put my feelings into words, least of all when writing is still a strain upon my limited strength. The sweet little infant seems an almost sacred mystery, the sight of him calls forth the remembrance of such indescribable happiness and such bitter sorrow. The old loss seems to make itself more bitterly felt in the new possession, though God knows with what happiness it fills me, and how fervent is my joy at having presented you with another son.

"I want to hear your wishes with regard to the christening and the sponsors. I should dearly like to wait for you, but will that not make it too late? My greatest wish is that Hossbach should perform the service at Tegel, but I fear his going away will make that impossible. I have thought of no other godfather and godmother than Adelheid and Uncle Alexander. We are still in doubt as to his name. I wish you plenty of strength for the ceremony. I should indeed like to have a peep into Westminster Abbey."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Queen Victoria's coronation.

Tegel: July 31, 1838.

“I am quite tired out, simply from reading the account of your festivities, and I certainly prefer our life here, though it is perhaps rather too quiet and homely. That is the only objection to Tegel, otherwise it is delightful. There is, however, one other drawback: I am everlastingly thinking about the house and kitchen, and I am more than ever disgusted at the absence of housekeepers in Germany. I seriously contemplate founding a training school for them. I pity poor Adelheid, who is now in charge, but she does not find it so hard as I do. But enough of this; I ought to be glad to keep house here instead of in Berlin, though there is more writing to do than I can accomplish.

“ . . . Meanwhile I have settled down at home once more, and am glad to have the baby so near me, safe and comfortable in his cosy little turret room, away from draughts and noise. This boy should become something really great; not many infants are lodged as he is. First he lived in my room in the Tower, now he is in the older part of the house, where the two torsos of the Graces keep watch at his door. He certainly is in christendom and heathendom together; Raphael's Entombment and the Filippo Lippi are opposite the Venus of Milo and the Venus of the Capitol, while outside, a faun and an amazon guard his tower—non piccola cosa! I really think the heathen divinities of the house are exerting their influence and putting difficulties in the way of the christening. We can come to no decision about the godfathers and godmothers, and I have abandoned all hope that Hossbach will be able to perform the ceremony, for he does not return till the end of August. That is too long to wait, particularly as even then we cannot confidently reckon upon your being here. It is very sad, but I should be more resigned, if I thought that by coming so late you might stay longer in the winter, though, as that has never yet been possible, I will not hope. A letter from uncle last night has made me still more anxious. I enclose it, as it is sure to be of great interest to you. Please be sure to keep this letter as well as the one from Teplitz; he writes so charmingly about our little heathen. Not everyone has such an uncle either,

and I want to keep the curiosities in question for my boy. This seems doubly necessary in his case, for we must confess that he is really a very late comer, and by the time he is ready to enter upon life we shall be old and grey. *A propos* when you do come, you must bring something for each of the servants; they really behaved splendidly during my confinement. I shall write to Francis<sup>1</sup> about the presents.

“I should also like you to bring Dr. Steindrück a case for writing materials such as you sent Adelheid and Hedemann. He admired it so much. I mention Steindrück because he paid me a quite unexpected visit this afternoon. He had intended making an excursion with his family, and chose the direction of Tegel because he takes the greatest interest in the infant, and wanted to assure himself that he was doing equally well in English hands. There is no doubt of that; the others are all well too. During the last sixteen days I have not seen a single soul, but I have enjoyed myself thoroughly with the children. I think you will find the two eldest very much altered, and the change is to their advantage. Gabriele has sense enough for a dozen ordinary girls. If it were not for Posen what a delightful autumn we could look forward to, and if only you could come soon! All these ‘ifs’ are dreadful.”

The baby’s mother and sisters were naturally much occupied by the approaching christening, and Bülow received a reproachful letter from his eldest daughter, in which her bright lively character is vividly reflected.

*Gabriele the Younger to her Father*

Tegel: July 24, 1838.

“You will have to be satisfied with a letter from me to-day, as mamma is overwhelmed with correspondence with the various godfathers and godmothers. There are great difficulties in the way of this christening. Uncle August has to leave on the 13th, Hossbach is still at Marienbad, and now (as you will see from the enclosed) Uncle Alexander talks of going to Paris, and his presence is absolutely necessary. Mamma has decided to ask Eichhorn to be godfather, and to invite the Savignys to the

<sup>1</sup> Bülow’s housekeeper.

christening feast. This is sure to be agreeable to you, if you consider the matter, for until now—I say this with all due reverence and respect—until now, I do not think the little man has cost you much thought. You have treated him in a very stepmotherly or rather stepfatherly fashion, and have probably not thought very much about his name. He must be called something or other! We have been racking our brains, and after long reflection, we are no nearer a decision than we were at first. He is a regular little Bülow, especially as regards his nose, with a growing propensity to stoutness. But as we have a warning example in Bernhard Ernest, we shall send our young Baron to the seaside as soon as that unfortunate tendency becomes too noticeable. As he's so entirely a Bülow, mamma has almost decided to call him Bernhard, particularly as he was born on your father's birthday. It is rather a pretty name too! Mamma is really very clever. Though of course we have long since come to that conclusion, we were again *stupéfaites* yesterday by her diplomatic letter to Phillipsborn, which old Talleyrand himself (I am sure he is alive, even in his coffin) could not have penned more cleverly. Behrnauer will acquire the greatest respect for the ambassador's wife, and Busch will also discover what a superior woman she is. He wanted to vaccinate baby, but mamma did not feel inclined to have it done now; he is only six weeks old and just changing his German nurse for an English one, besides, it will interfere with the christening, so it is better to put off the vaccination a little longer. Mamma wrote this to Busch, who will be quite mollified when he reads the beautiful concluding words which she added to her letter. The missive was sent off to Berlin by special messenger in her usual magnificent way, for a visit from the great physician at sunrise would not have been the pleasantest of surprises. We live very quietly, there have been no visitors from Berlin, and but few pleasure-seekers. By the way, I must tell you that I am really earning my living by doing duty as governess to the children; I do not spare my lungs, but I flatter myself the little ones are learning more, and will profit more by my instruction than Uhlenhuth's; he really was dulness personified. Line has written you an epistle, it can



hardly be called a letter. I must say farewell now, my dear father. I hope we shall soon have definite news of your coming. At present the christening is the chief consideration. You will at least be welcomed by a little Christian. He is a very merry baby, sleeps well, and always laughs as long as his appetite is appeased."

The christening took place at Tegel on August 13. Rauch was one of the godfathers. Of this old friend, whom she knew as a little child, Gabriele wrote :

"Rauch was so charming and delightful that I was doubly glad to have asked him to be godfather, and thus mix a little art into our boy's life. All the sponsors were indescribably kind and friendly; it was a true delight to me to see how pleased they all were to have been invited. There was something simple and hearty about the whole ceremony, something that was naturally missing at our great christening parties in London. I felt at home with all the guests, and was therefore happy and satisfied. If only you could have been with us!"

The Mecklenburgh relations had not shunned the long journey, and by their presence at the family celebration they gave evidence of their full and hearty sympathy with the Bülows' great happiness.

Warmly as they were welcomed thither, the much admired and famous Tegel, with its works of art, did not meet with their approval. The whole character of the house was too foreign for them to feel at home there; besides, they came across statues at every step which outraged their sense of propriety, and Gabriele heard many a sigh and "No, dearest, these nudities are really too bad!"

*Gabriele to her Husband*

Tegel : September 10, 1838.

"Your last letter sounded somewhat more hopeful, and I was all the better pleased as Uncle Alexander's news from Paris quite discouraged me. He had a long conference with Louis Philippe on Belgian affairs, which he seemed to consider far from settled. He says he is writing to you about this, but he wished me to assure you once more that

after discharging his commission he will avoid all political discussions. Too many cooks spoil the broth, and he says that the real condition of things can only be judged in London. He will not have omitted to report that Louis Philippe was full of your 'much praised amiability.' That is all very well, but what is the good of it? The matter seems never-ending. I pity you unspeakably, for I know how impatient and anxious you must be to get away, and then to be so bound! But I quite understand the importance and value of finally settling these questions, and I acknowledge that every other consideration is dependent on this. Meanwhile time and life go by, and I grieve to see the summer coming to an end, when you have enjoyed it so little. I do not know whether to be glad or sorry that the time of our departure is approaching. I am glad that our separation, your lonely time in London, and poor Hedemann's solitude at Posen, are drawing so near a close, but otherwise I am sorry the time is passing so fast. The thought of leaving Tegel and of parting from Adelheid so soon makes me regret each passing day. October 9 looms up before us like a frightful spectre!

"I am very curious to know whether your absence from London will eventually be temporary or final. May God grant it be the latter, for I tremble at the thought of the former. I hope Werther will show friendly consideration towards you. By the way, they say his son worships you even in his letters. I confess this had not struck me, but it is better than the contrary. Meanwhile I hold to the present, and have learnt to break myself of the habit of making plans so long beforehand; indeed, I even observe my new policy with regard to the governess question. I say to myself that time will settle this too, and enjoy my liberty as much as the children's. They learn far more from Gabriele than from the tutor. The other evening she held a *vivâ-voce* examination which was most successful, even Constance's thoughts travelled from north to south and east to west with perfect security, and she did not miss a single answer. It amused Adelheid very much. We are quite entertained to see how endless our sources of amusement are, although we

live so quietly. A few days ago the little ones gave us all a treat, that is to say they invited Adelheid, their big sisters and me to a luncheon party for which they had prepared all the dishes themselves. Enclosed you will find the menu of this great feast, and doubtless this newly-developed talent will surprise you. Everything was excellent, including the waiting, which Line and Therese had undertaken. Constance played the hostess quite naturally and presided at table most gracefully. Our dear little O'Connell could only take part in the feast 'second-hand,' as Therese said. But I do not think I told you that this is his new nickname. Lella declares he is like O'Connell when he laughs, and as he often laughs I am glad to say the name is often in use. The children, or rather the girls, have indulged in independent epistolary efforts which will give you pleasure, I think. They are highly characteristic, and after all that is the chief consideration in letter-writing. Lella has a special gift in this direction, particularly in the comic line.

"I was much pleased and interested to hear of your visit to Queen Adelaide at Bushey. I shall always cherish a grateful and affectionate remembrance of her, and shall follow her everywhere in thought, even to Malta. If you should see her again, please tell her that her kind greeting gave me the greatest pleasure.

"But now farewell. I hear Franz clattering with the plates, and then I have to send off the milk-woman. What a different life to yours! The London hall-porter would be disgusted with me now, for I am dropping all my grand ways, but I cannot help it, they are more indifferent to me than ever. The children and Adelheid send their best love. God's blessing be with you and all of us."

Tegel: October 1838.

". . . October is here, and still no certainty of your coming; on the contrary, yesterday's letter sounds less hopeful. And yet they say I ought to rejoice that the Conferences have begun again. Yes, this was really told me the other day, and by someone whom I neither would nor could declare to be in the wrong. He begged to be remembered

to you, and told me to tell you to be sure to persevere, and to be of good hope however painfully lengthy the proceedings may be. Whatever may be the end of this business, it has already had the most favourable results for you. It is generally acknowledged that you have smoothed the way in everything, that it is entirely owing to you that such dissimilar interests have been united, that you have always been in the right, and, in short, your praises are being sung not only here, but everywhere. Nothing could exceed Werther's satisfaction, or rather delight. For this very reason he greatly regrets being unable to fulfil your wishes as regards an extended leave of absence, and entreats you not to be too urgent in your demands. Of course, he admits that you are the best judge of circumstances, and relies upon your not leaving London, except at a propitious moment. He can hardly be expected to do more than this. So, however sorry I feel for you and for myself, I can only say, wait patiently. I have long since perceived the importance to you personally of this affair, and the great influence it may exercise upon your future career, but I was delighted to hear that justice is already being done you, and in such a degree that you can await the final result with indifference. I was much relieved by his opinion as to the impossibility of interrupting negotiations which must either lead to a definite treaty or be abandoned altogether. There is nothing I fear more than a break in the course of the conferences, the reopening of which would hurry you back so soon. It is too sad that you cannot be with us now. A week to-day at this time Adelheid will have left us. It still seems impossible, and I cannot believe that our happy time at Tegel is coming to an end. We have passed such happy days with our visitors. In the evening everyone, old and young, does what he or she can in the way of singing and playing; to-night we all began dancing after tea, and I have just left the ball. I could not tear myself away, it was too delightful to see the girls so happy. You will not grudge me the enjoyment of the last few days, nor be angry at the brevity of this letter, will you, dearest? Soon the house will be only too quiet and deserted. But do not be afraid. I shall be able to control my feelings, and you know how reasonable I am."

*Bülow to his Wife*

London: October 5, 1838.

“I intended writing to you from Windsor, but while there I only succeeded in accomplishing a letter to the Crown Prince. At the Castle gates I was directed to the North Tower. When I alighted the housekeeper, whom you know, received me and conducted me down some long passages to three beautiful rooms on the ground floor. I at once recognised the suite of apartments which used to belong to Prince George of Cambridge. After exchanging a few pleasant words with the housekeeper, in which you were also included, I was left to my own devices until dinner-time. It was 6 o'clock, the weather beautiful, and the sun just about to set. Whilst enjoying the view I noticed great swarms of midges at the windows, and, as I had nothing better to do than to assure myself of a good night's rest, I set upon the little scorpions. I was in the thick of the fight, surrounded by numberless victims, when a carriage with a cavalry escort drove up, and I at once recognised in its occupant the young Queen. She was returning from London, whither she had driven at one o'clock to bid Queen Adelaide farewell. At half-past seven I went to the drawing-room, which you know. Here I met the Lord Chancellor Cottenham and his wife, Lord Melbourne, and Lord Palmerston with his brother, Sir William Temple.<sup>1</sup> Shortly afterwards the Lord-in-Waiting entered, and told me to take the Queen in to dinner and seat myself on her right. The Lord Chancellor, who had the precedence over me in the late King's reign, was instructed to offer his arm to the Duchess of Kent and to sit on her right. This arrangement was observed throughout my visit. Lord Melbourne was on the Queen's left; he is more than ever in her favour, and seems to possess her full confidence. The Queen was exceedingly kind and friendly towards me all the time. At table, when I sat between them, I tried to amuse her and her mother as much as possible, and I often succeeded in making them laugh heartily. As

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Temple, K.C.B. (1788-1856), minister-plenipotentiary at the Court of Naples. His valuable collection of classical antiquities was left to the British Museum.

you very correctly remark, laughing is beneficial to the health, and therefore generally inculcates gratitude towards the laughing-doctor, so I hope the Queen will graciously continue to be well disposed towards me. At dinner she always honoured me by taking wine with me. We discussed the reading of novels among other things; she said that as Princess Victoria she had not read a single one. Since her accession she has read three, one by Sir Walter Scott, one by Cooper, and one by Bulwer. She also conversed with me in German, remarking after a little while that this was the first time she had addressed me in that language.

“A military band played while we were at dinner. Afterwards there was chamber music (the Queen has instituted an orchestra) until half-past eleven, when the day's pleasure came to an end. We had breakfast at ten o'clock and luncheon at two in the big room looking on to the Castle court. The late King's rooms are unused; the Queen has chosen those formerly inhabited by Queen Adelaide, which are exactly above the apartments of Prince George of Cambridge. This gave me an opportunity of hearing the Queen play the piano and sing. It was at about six o'clock on the second day of my visit, and Her Majesty had just returned from visiting the Duchess of Gloucester. When I told her at dinner of the pleasure I had enjoyed, she was quite concerned, because, as Lord Melbourne afterwards confided to me, she had confessed to him that she had been dancing about the room with her ladies-in-waiting, and had been quite extravagantly merry. Riding and dancing agree very well with the Queen; she looks very happy and flourishing.

“I have had long conferences with Lord Melbourne, and with Lord Palmerston; to the latter I spoke with some heat, with, I hope, some good result. They both gave me promising assurances, and several important steps have already been taken, but, naturally, this does not suffice for me, as the goal is not yet in sight. My patience is really being strained to the utmost. If only I dare, I should not hesitate to follow the example of Esterhazy, who left for Vienna two days ago. Count Pozzo is really in despair, and looks forward to an untimely end if he cannot leave within a fortnight.

Count Sebastiani is equally depressed, and tries to keep his head above water by indulging in early walks and imbibing the air of Hyde Park ; he has made up his mind that he will die next year."

London: October 12, 1838.

" . . . I will, or rather I must, concur with the opinions so confidentially imparted to you. My position leaves me no choice ; I must maintain and defend it, for I hold weapons with which I can win the day, if the Hollando-Belgian question is ever to be amicably settled. Almost daily I have cause to recognise the advantages accruing to me from an accurate knowledge of all the details pertaining to the negotiations which have been pending these seven years. The great animosity shown to me by my superiors and by the Court of the Netherlands during the long course of these negotiations now invests me with the right to say, defend, and demand things which any other in my place would have to pass over in silence, for fear of giving offence, or of pouring oil on the flames by his defence. I am the only one who can tell Palmerston home truths ; my colleagues certainly aim their fiery bullets at him, too, but they shoot from such a distance that the shots do not even fall within the range of his vision. Count Pozzo and Count Senfft promised or, rather, led us to expect great things while they were at Paris and at the Hague, but since their return and the breath of the crocodile is upon them once more, they seem to have lost their combative spirit. Meanwhile I, who have often been accused of weakness and of too great a subservience to Palmerston's arrogance, take my stand boldly and bravely enough, and am ever ready to throw myself into the breach when those who insist upon an attack take up a position in the second rank. As this kind of thing occurs almost daily, it is a point of honour with me not to desert my post so long as there is any hope of attaining the end in view. I still hope, and therefore am determined to spare neither time nor trouble. We could have finished six weeks ago if someone had not put a finger in my pie. It now becomes more and more evident that the point I then wished to insist on, but consented to waive for the sake

of peace, is the only possible means for attaining complete unanimity. I am in the position of a general facing the enemy. At any moment assaults may take place, which must immediately be vigorously repulsed. Pen and ink are my soldiers and cannon; a good idea resembles a clever manoeuvre of the troops, and the prompt execution of the idea is like going into action and giving battle to the foe. I find both enjoyment and reward in thinking out successful plans of defence. An active, resourceful mind never wants for means, but a general often lacks the decisive auxiliary troops. It is in this spirit that I tackle Palmerston, laugh at Belgian arrogance, Papist intrigues, French flattery, and all such constantly recurring trials. I simply regard them as opportunities for the display of political sagacity. . . .”

Gabriele's eldest daughter, who was very advanced for her sixteen years, had undertaken the tuition of her sisters. One of her letters to her father gives a lively picture of their life at Tegel, where her mother exerted herself to make amends to her children for the absence of their beloved Aunt Adelheid. Gabriele the younger knew how to make herself respected by rigid strictness, and although she was not patient enough for a perfect teacher, she had a fund of untiring energy, a keen interest in her work, and an inexhaustible stock of humour. Woe betide the victim of her pitiless scorn, which was far more annihilating than the most painful punishment. Never was a teacher more feared, never did pupils exert themselves more strenuously to satisfy the highest expectations than did the little ones for their elder sister, and yet how merry and unconstrained was the intercourse out of lesson time, how inexhaustible the fun and teasing. There was no dull, soul-deadening practising, even the mechanical writing of copies was invested with some intellectual interest by the choice of passages from Homer, and the sewing lessons were enlivened by reading aloud or by recitations. At Tegel the sister-governess read nearly all the Waverley novels aloud to her little pupils, who were as eager as she was to know the end.



*Gabriele the Younger to her Father.*

Tegel: October 22, 1838.

“ Now that the Tegel season is at an end, all our visitors have left, and we are living in the greatest solitude, I hasten (somewhat late I confess) to thank you for your amusing letter. Your story of the old sinner Talleyrand came just at the right time to be thoroughly appreciated. We made the most of our holiday, as mamma will have told you. Now we have plenty of time to make up for the lessons we missed, and can let learning and its appendages have free play. The first few days after Aunt Adelheid and the Dessau people left we were very melancholy. But now we have already grown accustomed to living apart from the rest of humanity, and to providing our own amusements. With the exception of the interesting news contained in the official organ of the Government, and Spiker's blotting-paper,<sup>1</sup> we know nothing of what is going on in the world. Some Jews, who came yesterday and are probably the last of this year's pleasure-seekers, are the only people we have set eyes on for ever so long. Though our toilettes can certainly not be considered elegant or modern, we must have impressed those good people deeply; they stood still and saluted us as respectfully as if we had been enchanted princesses. If we stay here much longer, and I hope we shall, we shall all return to Berlin very wise and learned, except perhaps the Infant Bernhard V., Count of Tegel, although the influence of the Venus of Milo and her ladyship of the Capitol, the Graces, and all this atmosphere of learning has some effect even on him. He is getting terribly fat, but I am sure he has already got more sense in his head than our worthy maid, who is stupid beyond everything. She is as good as a second Adelung,<sup>2</sup> and invents new words every day. They sound so foreign and extravagant that my weak intellect is unable to retain them. You must know that the Loën family has quite won her heart. The other day she said

<sup>1</sup> The name by which the *Spenersche Zeitung* was known, on account of the poor quality of the paper. It was at that time, with the *Vossische Zeitung*, the chief Prussian newspaper. It is now dead, while the *Vossische* holds as high a place as ever.

<sup>2</sup> Adelung (1732-1806) was the compiler of a well-known Dictionary, published between 1774 and 1786, in 5 volumes. It is modelled on Dr. Johnson's.

to me : ' Oh dear, Miss Gabriele, Herr von Loën is too nice, and the eldest Herr von Loën is a real philanthropist, and the youngest has such a lovely bass voice. Oh dear ! the weather is too bad ; the washing does look so melancholy ! ' These are her favourite expressions.

" I, for my part, have left off reading novels for some time to come, because my last, ' The Fair Maid of Perth, ' did not please me. I am learning some of Byron's poems by heart, and am translating an English book into French. I have begun to go over my old history books again, and in the evening I read Goethe's ' Iphigenia ' and ' Torquato Tasso. ' I have even summoned up sufficient courage to get down Homer and begin reading the ' Iliad. ' Is not that virtuous ? I really think I am earning a corner of Paradise for myself. I fill the place of Mlle. Trask and the unspeakably dull Uhlenhuth, and even take the children out walking.

" Mamma wishes me to tell you that she is very domestic and an excellent *mère de famille*. This, I am sorry to say, is really the case, for I must tell you, on my own account, that the rôle does not suit her at all.

" She occupies herself a great deal with the children. In the evening, after tea, that very instructive but deadly dull spelling game appears on the scene, and she gives the little ones words to guess. I believe she does this in imitation of the noble and worthy example of a certain very tall, lean, economical mamma in the Luisenstrasse, who has beef and boiled potatoes for dinner every day of the year, who breakfasts by candle-light, and takes a great deal of trouble about the education of her children. Yesterday it was enough to make anyone run away, and if it had not been Sunday, and I had not determined to exhibit some Christian patience, I should have retired to pay the statues a visit, or even to the old oak tree if there had been moonlight. It was really horribly slow, and mamma will gain nothing by all her exertions ; providence never intended her for a conscientious *mère de famille*, and she had, therefore, much better leave the children to their own devices. I should like Frau von Loën to have been present at this improving game ! I cannot tell you how she amused us ; she is so funny that even when she discussed so serious a

topic as her own death, she expressed herself so quaintly that we nearly died of laughter. We enjoyed those evenings immensely; sometimes we danced, much to the astonishment of the assemblage of gods, I should think. I have not practised my dancing-steps since the old days when we used to figure at the balls at St. James's, and I had naturally forgotten them and could hardly even waltz. Leopold,<sup>1</sup> however, gave us proper dancing lessons; he dances very well himself, and I only wish we could have continued our studies with him, and thus have avoided the dancing master, a necessary evil which I dread. We had several concerts, too; mamma and Aunt Adelheid used to sing, and the others played. Alla and I could not contribute much to these entertainments, for, as you know, music is not our strong point, and I am so frightened when I play to people that I hardly know my notes. One morning we all drove to Berlin in two carriages, to see 'Iphigenia.' It was a day of confusion, complications, and adventures, attended by the inseparable bustle which is characteristic of the good Dessau people; in fact, my not having gone out of my mind is a comforting assurance that my head is pretty steady on my shoulders. Aunt Adelheid paid farewell visits, and then we went to the exhibition with the Loëns and one of the Hedemann cousins of whom there are such quantities in Holstein. The exhibition is very poor this year, not a single good new picture, and a superabundance of perfectly hideous portraits only fit to dam the Thames—really frightful. As the exhibition had so little edification to offer in the way of art, I gave up looking at the pictures, and began to look at the people, living pictures, which were far more interesting. There were royalties in such profusion that they seemed to have rained down from the skies, and as several of them addressed Aunt Adelheid, I had a good opportunity of seeing them well. The Crown Princess entered into a long conversation, and invited her to Sanssouci for the following afternoon. The Duchess of Dessau also said a few words, and young Prince Wilhelm shook hands with her three times so heartily that a crowd of people gathered round. The Bavarian Crown Prince, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh, and several other

<sup>1</sup> Eldest son of Frau von Loën, *née* Hedemann.

notabilities were wandering about the rooms. At last we could bear the heat no longer, and departed. In the afternoon, when Aunt Adelheid had driven off to pay farewell calls to the various ladies-in-waiting, an invitation came for her to spend the evening with the Crown Princess. Alarm—confusion—indescribable excitement. Aunt Adelheid only returned at seven o'clock, the others drove to the opera, and I stayed behind to help her with her toilette, but was rewarded by the pleasure of seeing Aunt Adel look so elegant and beautiful. She took me to the opera, and then went on to the Palace. I was really not in the mood for art that day, as I have said before, and with the best intentions I can tell you nothing of the opera. We drove home, and packed, drank tea, and bade Frau von Loën farewell, for she was spending the night at Hôtel Bülow, and leaving for Dessau next morning. At last we returned to Tegel, where we arrived safely about midnight.

“But now I must say farewell. I only hope you do not really look as pale and ill as Hensel represents you. If so, the coronation and conferences must, I fear, have fatigued you too much.”

*Gabriele to her Husband.*

Tegel: October 23, 1838.

“German ladies, not to speak of English ones, would find it difficult to believe how little time I have in spite of my solitary life in the country. From day to day, I think matters will improve and my housekeeping duties decrease, but in vain; there is always something fresh turning up. I must not forget that I am in charge of two households—Adelheid's and my own—and I am naturally more conscientious in regard to the former than the latter. Half the morning is gone in domestic business before I can get to my writing-table, and once there I have the Posen correspondence to keep me doubly busy, and the fearful scribbling to Berlin, which takes treble the time. Sometimes my pen really makes too great a demand upon my time. Now I have some business correspondence into the bargain, and, as usual, I do not in the least understand the matter in hand. These sorts of affairs are hateful to me,

though they may seem easy enough to you, and I often laugh at myself for being so horrified at the arrival of a letter which betrays its business contents by its outward appearance.

“It is already a fortnight to-day since Adelheid went, and nearly the same length of time has elapsed since our visitors departed. Mr. Howard is the only mortal who has been to see us since then ; he took up half-an-hour of my time, and though I never go to bed before midnight, I assure you I have not been idle one single half-hour besides. By being idle, I simply mean devoting myself to an interesting book, which is, as you know, my greatest enjoyment. On this account, and also because I am aware that once I have begun such a book I am lost to the actual world, I do not court the danger, and the Berlin newspapers are the only literature I permit myself to indulge in. The days and evenings, for which the poor Berliners pity us so profoundly, pass all too quickly, and in this the children quite agree with me. We have begun to have more amusing words at the spelling game now. I do not think that many little girls of six years old would choose to give the words ‘*Peliden Achilleus*,’ as Constance did yesterday. She takes such pleasure in the rhythmic sound of words. This is really Gabriele’s doing ; for she reads to some purpose and makes practical use of the learning she acquires. In the evenings I must try to be a better *mère de famille*. I do not think I ever neglected my duties in the daytime, but at night I used not to occupy myself with the children, because they had others who amused them better. That is now, alas ! a thing of the past, and, whatever the ironical Lella may say, I am too conscientious not to continue devoting to them some of the time I used to give to my own recreation. I certainly must admit that Lella does her duty by them all day long ; the lessons are very thorough, and they do her teaching credit. I cannot praise the two eldest girls sufficiently ; they make such good use of their time ; they are sensible, always cheerful, and always devising new occupations for themselves, particularly Lella, whose intellect is developing more and more actively. I wish I could double these two and spirit them away to Adelheid without missing them myself. I confess I could not have spared them, though it seems

almost wrong not to have given her some of my abundance. I had a letter from Adelheid yesterday, which bears such unmistakable signs of her grief that it gave me more pain than pleasure. She does not put her thoughts into words, but I can read between the lines. I think I told you the other day what a pleasant impression the new house made upon her. That is worth a great deal in itself, but it is not everything, especially after leaving such a home as this. Tegel is really unique, and though looking after such large rooms is often troublesome, they are healthy to live in, and it is a pleasure to take care of them. It always seems to me a sacred duty.

“ On Saturday I went to Berlin, quite an exceptional event for me now, but little Bernhard was perfectly happy in my absence; indeed he gives me more liberty than I care to take. In the evening, when I returned, I found him sleeping sweetly. All day long I was haunted by the thought of how strange and almost sad it is to see how long a little child is incapable of realising the strength of his mother's love, whose life is bound up in his. But where have I wandered to? The prettier he grows the more I long for you to see him. If only the answer from France meets your wishes! Then what about Belgium? And even if these good people are satisfied, what will Holland have to say? It really is an endless business. Do not laugh at my beginning to talk politics with you; that is because I do so with the children, and their saying that I have made the history of the conferences quite clear to them has made me bolder. But I am not at all in the humour for joking, for I do not confidently trust in the support you will get here, although I quite agree with your motto: ‘Nothing venture, nothing have.’

“ The children who have not written themselves, send their love. Even Consty has manufactured a letter. She grows more sweet and lovely every day. You have no idea how easily she learns, and how keenly she is interested in her lessons, particularly in poetry. Goethe's and Schiller's poems are her favourites, and she already recites them with more expression than Therese. This morning Consty was in a specially poetic

frame of mind, and recited several poems, among others 'Der Fischer,'<sup>1</sup> which she says particularly well. I think in the future she will be as irresistible as the water nymph herself. She insisted on learning Goethe's 'Todtentanz,' and though it is a very difficult poem, Lella says she knew it by heart in an incredibly short time. Do not imagine that she is by any means overworked; she would soon object to that, and, thank God, she looks better and healthier than ever. The others look just the same, fresh as new blown roses; surely health and the untrammelled development of the human intellect are the most important considerations. I begin to think that Therese will be really beautiful.

"These confidences amuse me when I think how annoyed anyone would be who opened this letter in the hope of discovering some state secret. In reality these details about the children are far more important, and it is bad enough that political affairs should deprive them of your company. . . ."

*Gabriele the Younger to her Father*

Berlin: December 5, 1838.

"We are in Berlin, all alive, but dead tired. Mamma and the infant are very well. She would have written herself had she not been so terribly busy this morning; now it is so late that it is high time this letter went. You must be satisfied to receive this very small token of our being alive. The removal was accomplished in magnificent style; sixteen horses and a cow managed to transport us. We drove into Berlin in two carriages, each with four horses, fourteen of us, and the people stood still and stared as if it had been the Pope's wife arriving. The weather was mild and lovely, a circumstance that only heightened our regret at leaving Tegel. We found your letters awaiting us. To-day the infant appeared in the Thiergarten<sup>2</sup> in his beautiful Scotch hat. He created the most intense excitement among the worthy inhabitants of Berlin. They fell upon Lacey in crowds, and she could not answer all their questions as to his age, parentage, and where his hat was bought; you can see it

<sup>1</sup> By Goethe.    <sup>2</sup> The Hyde Park of Berlin.

shining all the way from the Brandenburg Gate to Charlottenburg. The infant gave himself tremendous airs, held himself very straight, and smiled at his admirers.

“Princess Wilhelm has a daughter. Thirty-six cannon shots.”

While his family was constantly looking forward to his return, and Bülow himself longed for nothing more ardently, month after month passed in strenuous exertions, not always crowned with success, for fresh obstacles continually presented themselves. Bülow's diplomatic career was characterised by an untiring energy that neglected no detail; he understood how to combine the greatest dexterity and pliability with an iron will, which forced others into acquiescence with his views, where his eloquence alone had failed to influence them, and he invariably ended by gaining his point. He was the only one of all the diplomatists concerned in the Hollando-Belgian business who attended the conferences from beginning to end without being supported or relieved at his post. Without his energy the treaty would probably not have been concluded even in April, 1839. His letters give a lively and often humorous description of the difficulties with which he had to contend, and the clever artifices he employed to put his contradictory colleagues into the desirable humour at the right moment.

*Bülow to his Wife*

London: December 11, 1838.

“A week ago to-day I closed my letter in the greatest hurry, and I can truly say that I have not spent an idle moment since, nor have my exertions proved fruitless. . . .

“The following day was of the greatest importance; Lord Palmerston had promised to speak seriously to Count Sebastiani, and inform him of our intentions to call an official conference to draw up and sign the protocol. I undertook to bring Count Pozzo round to our opinion; it was a difficult task, but I succeeded so well that the Count now swears by me. On the following day, Thursday, when he was to attend the conference, he either imagined himself to be ill, or he really felt



very weak and depressed, for I received two notes so full of complaints about his health that I hurried to his house, stayed with him, got into the carriage with him, and finally offered him my arm to conduct him to Palmerston's room. Had he known that instead of the half-hour for which I had bargained he would have to spend three hours there, he would probably have died of fright beforehand. Once installed in the big armchair, and supported by soft, warm cushions, he had to endure it. There were several lively skirmishes between Sebastiani and me, but the battle raged less fiercely than usual, as the Frenchman had been made more amenable the day before. It was evening before we came to an understanding about the protocol and its accessories; too late to begin affixing signatures that day. I requested Lord Palmerston to call another meeting for that purpose the next morning, but from the manner of his refusal I inferred that his sister's funeral was to take place then. And so it was. The conference was adjourned until Saturday. This loss of time was most vexatious to me, but I recognised the danger, and decided to meet it half way. Luckily I met Lord Melbourne and several other ministers at Lady Holland's on Friday evening. I found them all in a more or less vacillating frame of mind; they were doubtful as to the advisability of the English Cabinet definitely leaguering itself with the three northern Powers against France, and uncertain as to whether the result would answer our expectations. I entered the lists boldly and made them a long speech, the main drift of which was that I considered the signing of the protocol to be '*le commencement de la fin de l'affaire hollandé-belge.*' This evidently influenced Lord Melbourne in my favour. Lord Holland is too good a friend of the French not to oppose the slightest suspicion of a tension between the English and French Cabinets. At last the Saturday morning dawned, which was to witness the final decision. About midday I went to see Count Senfft, and together we went to Count Pozzo, who had again grown restive and undecided. On the way we received two messages from Lord Palmerston, who wished to postpone the conference to a later hour. We looked upon this procrastination as a bad omen, and anticipated misfortune.

When we were all assembled at Lord Palmerston's, there were signs of a retrogressive movement and attempts to find excuses for a further delay, but as we ably defended the ground we had gained, the signing of the protocol at last commenced. Sebastiani signed *ad referendum*, but the plenipotentiaries of the other four Powers definitely declared themselves satisfied with the proposed terms to be offered to Holland and Belgium. During the conference I had a sharp passage of arms with Count Sebastiani, but as we were leaving he suggested a walk along the Serpentine. I willingly accepted this proposal, as well as his invitation to dinner on Sunday. The more successful my official opposition had been, the more I welcomed this friendly advance on his part. I had avoided him during the last fortnight in order to hide from him more completely the attempts I was making to induce the English Cabinet to declare itself, per protocol, against France. I now look forward hopefully to the speedy conclusion of our negotiations. France must join the other four Powers, and do all in her power to make Belgium voluntarily submit to the will of the combined five. Last night the French Minister of Foreign Affairs arrived here. The news of the intended protocol is the cause of his mission, but he is too late; it is an accomplished fact now. He will have to discover other ways and means and think of new expedients. I can quietly await future events now that we have once more won over England. That is no small matter.

“. . . To amuse you and the children I am enclosing an article which a few days ago appeared in the *Morning Post*, under the heading 'Personal History of the Hollando-Belgian Conference.' The author pretends to write from Berlin, but I shall not believe in the truth of that till I hear of your gathering cocoanuts in the sandy Mark of Brandenburg. The article has been written here or in Holland. You will find the names of many acquaintances mentioned, and also yourself, as usual deservedly praised. . . ."

This is not the time or place to trace the ins and outs of the Hollando-Belgian treaty. Few people really understood it even when the attention of all Europe was concentrated upon the conferences, and it is only of interest here in so far

as it played a most important part in Bülow's life, and seriously affected his health. The constant tension and everlasting work did not fail to produce injurious results, and began to affect his health, which until then had been excellent. The entries in his diary give us an insight into the uninterrupted diplomatic activity of the last six months of the conferences.

1838.

“*October 15.*—Lord Palmerston, Sebastiani, and Senfft dine with me, and I endeavour to come to an understanding with them on the financial question in dispute. The attempt succeeds, but Count Sebastiani's Court disallows his concessions. Under all circumstances I shall hold firmly to what has been achieved.

“*November.*—Opening of the Belgian Parliament. King's Speech is defiant and arrogant in the highest degree. I try vainly to rouse the conference to opposition.

“After all other means have failed, I ask Count Senfft to join with me as plenipotentiary of the German Confederation, in addressing a memorandum to the members of the conference, demanding the execution of the territorial clauses in the treaty of November 15, 1831.

“*December.*—Our memorandum meets with signal success. Lord Palmerston sees himself forced to take energetic steps. He tries to convert me to the Leopoldian idea, *i.e.*, to give up to Belgium, against payment of a certain sum of money, part of the territory to be vacated by Luxembourg. I reject this with scorn, and demand the official opinion of the conference on our memorandum. Palmerston comes to a secret understanding with Count Senfft<sup>1</sup> and me. We prepare the protocol and memoranda without the knowledge of anyone but Lord Melbourne, whom I had won over to our side. On account of the death of his sister, Mrs. Bowles, Lord Palmerston saw nobody—a circumstance very favourable to us.

“*December 6.*—Meeting of the conference at Lord Palmerston's. I have great difficulty in persuading Count

<sup>1</sup> Austrian Ambassador Extraordinary to London for the Belgian Conference.

Pozzo to adopt my opinions and sign the official protocol. Count Sebastiani's visit to Count Pozzo. The protocol is completed. Agreement of the four Powers. France demands time for consideration. Since the accomplishment of this deed Count Pozzo places entire confidence in me, and follows my lead in Hollando-Belgian matters without the slightest hesitation.

"The French Cabinet desires to delay its final decision until January 15. Dispute among the members of the conference. Correspondence between the plenipotentiaries of the four Powers and Count Sebastiani, who is supported by the presence of the 'chef du bureau des affaires étrangères' from Paris.

"I go to Brighton for a few days' rest, to pay my respects to the Queen, and quietly discuss with Lord Melbourne the far-seeing and far-reaching plans of the Catholics, and the consequent necessity of energetically opposing their attempts to make conquests in the field of politics by means of religious intrigues. I insist on Belgium not receiving more than the appointed territory from Luxembourg or Limburg. Lord Melbourne recognises the value of my remarks. I dine with the Queen, and make use of this opportunity for the same object.

"New Year's Eve at Cambridge House."

1839.

"*January 23.*—The plenipotentiaries of the five Powers included in the conference sign the memoranda and the protocol, in which the terms of the treaty provisionally arranged on December 6 are communicated to Holland and Belgium for their acceptance.

"*February 9.*—The plenipotentiary of the Netherlands informs the conference that he has been empowered by his Court to sign the treaty.

"*March.*—My nerves are so prostrated by two previous attacks of illness that I am forced to let Werther, the counsellor of the Embassy, undertake the official correspondence with the King.

"The Belgian Chamber accepts the successive terms of treaty.

“*April*.—Arrival of the Belgian Minister Nothomb with instructions from his Court.

“*April 14*.—Herr van de Weyer addresses a memorandum to the conference demanding explanations and modifications.

“*April 18*.—The conference grants the former and refuses the latter.

“*April 19*.—Signature of the final treaty with Holland and Belgium. I am so far recovered this week as to be able to confer confidentially with Lord Palmerston and attend the meetings of the conference.”

We must now return to January 1839 and Gabriele, whose task it was to combine the wishes of daughters who were fond of dancing with the needs of a baby-in-arms. Ball dresses and swaddling clothes are conflicting elements in the same household. Though she would not concede to her daughters' presentation at Court, she did not wish them to refuse small dances and parties, which Gabriele the younger enjoyed immensely. Gabriele herself appeared in Berlin society, looking so young, beautiful, and charming that people laughingly refused to credit her with two grown up daughters, and called them the three sisters.

*Gabriele to her Husband.*

Berlin: January 7, 1839.

“As to-day is Gabriele's birthday, I must throw aside all my tiresome accounts and indulge in a more leisurely chat with you. I think you will be glad if I decide the question as to whether the accounts or the letter shall be deferred until next mail day in favour of the former. As far as my conscience is concerned I am quite at rest, for I have not been wanting in diligence and perseverance, and I should be much better pleased to settle the accounts. You know how I dislike arithmetic, and how badly I do it; this time matters are so complicated that it is really difficult to put them in order. As I shall be out to-night and to-morrow, it will be impossible to finish them, for the evening is my only quiet

time (and even then visitors may appear on the scene) ; in the daytime there is an everlasting coming and going in the house. Sometimes it is difficult to satisfy all the demands made upon me, and I have been feeling rather tired lately, but thank God my constitution is so sound and healthy that a little rest soon sets me right again.

“ You may be quite at ease about my health. I cannot be sufficiently grateful for my strength and vigour when I consider all I have gone through in the last seventeen years. Seventeen years ! It makes me quite dizzy to think I have a daughter of that age, though I feel almost as young as I did when she was born, at least, in spirits if not in years. At none of Lella’s former birthday celebrations have I been able to produce such a fine representative as little Bernhard is to-day. To think that she is seventeen years old to-day, and he seven months to-morrow ! it seems very strange, I must say ; the dear boy looks more like my grandson than my son. My heart, with all its experience of bitter sorrow and keen joy, now revels in the new happiness, and I accept the rich blessings bestowed upon us in a spirit of deep and heartfelt gratitude. If only you were with us ! I hope you will at least have the pleasure of receiving Hensel’s<sup>1</sup> charming drawing of little Bernhard to-day. It has given me great satisfaction, for though Hensel has in a certain sense beautified him by making the eyes larger and the nose longer than they are in reality, the likeness is striking on the whole, not only in the features, but in the characteristic expression of cheerfulness and firmness. He has both performed a miracle and produced a work of art, for the boy would not sit still a second. You can imagine that Lacey had her work cut out for her ; his sisters and I were untiring in our efforts to amuse him, and all kinds of bright and clattering playthings were in request.

“ . . . Yesterday—I was interrupted the other day, and am now writing on the 9th—there were new events to chronicle. Towards mid-day I received an invitation to dine with the Crown Princess, and in consequence I had great difficulty with my clothes. Not exactly that I do not possess the necessary garments, indeed I do in superfluity, but they are all

<sup>1</sup> A German painter, scarcely of the first rank, born in 1794, died in 1861.

somewhat old-fashioned, for I am become such a *Ninette à la cour*, that I know nothing of the style and manner of dress. I was punished for my faithlessness to Herr Mahn, as the new tailor had not finished one of my Xmas dresses—in short, there were nothing but difficulties!

“Thanks to Gabriele’s advice and help everything was accomplished in the end, and after attending to the little one and paying my visit of congratulation to the Countess Bohlen on her birthday, I arrived at the Palace in time to make my solitary *entrée de salon*. It was, as I had rightly conjectured, only a small party, for the Crown Prince has gone with the other princes to hunt at Magdeburg, where the King of Hanover is to meet them. Rather a far-fetched entertainment, it seems to me. I do not like these meetings. When I arrived there were only Colonel Lindheim and Count Maltzahn with his daughter, besides the usual ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting. General Luck and his wife followed shortly. The Crown Princess came in early and greeted me very kindly. At table Frau von Luck was on her right, I on her left, next to me Herr von Lindheim and Countess Rehde with Maltzahn opposite. I had not met him for a great many years, and though he still looks incredibly young, he seemed so ill and lifeless that I really only recognised him by intuition, and gradually connected the daughter with him. At first I took her for Fräulein von Marwitz, the third lady-in-waiting. The father does not seem to know how to carry on a conversation across the table like other people, and I was again struck by the subduing effect of these state rooms in Berlin on people’s voices. The Crown Princess, however, conversed a great deal with both her neighbours. I cannot tell you how kindly and with what interest she asked after everyone. First we talked about the boy, whom she never fails to notice in the Thiergarten, and whose portrait Hensel showed her; then she spoke of Posen and of you. When I mentioned that you had been away just twelve months, and that yesterday a year ago we had the honour of spending the evening with her, she remembered the fact and all the details quite clearly, and that touched me. She sincerely pities you for this long separation, and mentioned that the Crown Prince not long

ago received a very interesting letter from you which gave him great pleasure. After dinner I had a long conversation with Count von Maltzahn's daughter; she is a very pretty and, what is more, a well brought up girl, and I liked her very much. I should be glad to see our Lella adopt such excellent society manners; added to her brilliant wit, they would go a long way towards perfection. After the Crown Princess had retired Maltzahn himself came to speak to me; he inquired after you and suddenly began singing your praises. He assured me—as though I were not aware of the fact—that you are a very capable man. He wished to be very kindly remembered to you, and desired me to tell you that he knew well enough all that is owing to you. He is probably not far wrong in thus insisting on the accuracy of his sources of information in this respect, but it always sounds strange when people lay so much stress on the 'I' ——”

Berlin: January 16, 1839.

“ This time I am sending you the accounts; they have really given me a great deal of trouble. The result is sad, as you see, for I have spent an enormous sum of money. It has, of course, been a particularly expensive year, but in other respects a blessed year too. If only we had not spent so little time together, or if the new year gave promise of a lasting recompense for our privations; to my great regret there seems little chance of that, and the news which Uncle Alexander brings from Paris is so discouraging that it almost spoilt the pleasure of seeing him again. He entered the room quite unexpectedly last Friday; from his letter I had not thought it possible for him to arrive till the 13th or 14th. He had, however, travelled faster than usual. He looks very well, and for my own sake I am delighted to have him back again, but I am always sorry for him; he is never contented here, and the first impressions were unfortunately unfavourable. Of course he took the earliest opportunity of presenting himself to His Majesty. He arrived at the Palace before the time for audiences, and heard the King's voice in the next room, though his own interview was deferred till dinner-time. When they met,



the King was particularly amiable and shook hands heartily, but—the ‘buts’ were evident again. The awkwardness pervading all phases of social intercourse in Berlin is certainly very striking, and must seem particularly so to Uncle Alexander, who comes from Paris. He was astonished to find that everyone seemed anxious to inform him of the state of things in Paris, instead of asking him to tell them. In this, however, he made an exception in favour of the Weimar sisters, who not only demand the ‘how,’ but also the ‘why’ of things. He will gradually get accustomed to this mode of behaviour, but it is a pity that it robs him of so much precious time. He was here twice on the day of his arrival and again on Saturday, when he went to Potsdam, and I have not seen him since. To-day we expect him to dinner, and I hope no Olympian invitation will rob us of him. He is kindness itself, and has again brought the children and me a most beautiful present, a whole box of lovely French flowers, real works of art, which have delighted the girls’ hearts, and made them long for an occasion to display their charming gifts. That would not be doing me a favour; I do not want to take them into society now; it would hardly be the thing while I am here alone, and I really cannot do it. They will console themselves, that is to say Lella will; she is the only one who had begun to wish to go out. If I receive an invitation to the King’s luncheon party I shall have to accept it for your sake, and because of your position. But I cannot make up my mind whether or not to go to the Radziwills’ to-morrow to hear a performance of the music of ‘Faust.’ It is a very tempting invitation, but I am afraid of appearing inconsistent if I show myself there and nowhere else, and yet possibly no one will notice me, and I should have the pleasure of hearing the music. I shall ask Uncle’s advice. The other day Prince Wilhelm Radziwill paid me a long visit. He always remains in touch with the past, and recalls to mind many pleasant memories. He begged to be very kindly remembered to you, and wished me to assure you of the pleasure it gives him to see you so generally appreciated. Uncle hears the same thing everywhere, and asks me to tell you so. But no one knows better than he

how little actual support they give you, and this was specially noticeable at Frankfort. They are always ready to delay everything, and some day will do so a little too long."

*Bülow to his Wife*

London : January 22, 1839.

"I wrote in great haste the other day, and I do not know whether I told you that, by a mistake of the hall porter's, the Belgian plenipotentiaries were received and ushered into the drawing-room. The unexpected interview not only took up a great deal of time, but necessitated a special written report. As I was obliged to enter into conversation with these gentlemen, unless I wished to appear rude, and that I always dislike, I made good use of the opportunity and told them some home truths such as they have never heard before. They tried to get the weather-gage of me, but before they had so much as hoisted a stitch of canvas I had torn down their sheets. Herr von Gerlach, President of the Court of Cassation, whose manner and behaviour during the interview pleased me very much, tried to corner me with his historical and legal deductions. My answer was short and decisive. I declared that whatever happened in Belgium before the 15th of November, 1831, had absolutely no value for me, as by treaty Belgium proper had only come into existence after that date. I destroyed their last hope of accomplishing any changes in the territorial clauses. I hear they are now convinced of this and prepared to submit to necessity. The decisive moment is imminent. On Saturday, January 19, the debates on the address came to an end in the French Chamber; it is, therefore, probable that on Sunday or Monday the promised authorisation to sign will have been despatched to Count Sebastiani, and that it will arrive here to-night or to-morrow. In order to avoid all further delay Lord Palmerston has already had the various clean copies prepared. He is very anxious to settle the question, so that something favourable may be announced in the Queen's speech at the approaching opening of Parliament. I am therefore hoping

for the best. I should be glad to contribute something towards the King's satisfaction, for the settlement of the Belgian question will influence domestic as well as foreign politics. I was glad to hear of the honour conferred upon you by the invitation to the Crown Princess's, and to learn that the Crown Prince was pleased with my letter. Your observations on Count Maltzahn's utterances are very much to the point. On the whole I attach little value to these phrases. I like hearing them because they always afford me enlightenment and information, and prove more and more conclusively how strangely the world forms its judgments. How often that which most deserves praise is blamed, while insignificant trifles and trivial results are magnified into something great and wonderful, and overwhelmed with praise and admiration. The Prince of Orange fared thus when, with courageous decision and self-denial, he shunned no danger at the beginning of the Belgian revolution, and did all in his power to preserve Belgium to the Orange dynasty. At that time he was generally censured and almost banished from Holland, but when Belgium was absolutely lost, and the Prince embarked upon a military inroad into that country, he was lauded to the skies for his great generalship. In a certain degree this has also been my lot. I was bitterly criticised and treated almost like a pariah after the treaty of November 15, 1831, by which I had obtained the greatest advantages for Holland. Now that I am only helping to preserve some of the advantageous stipulations in that treaty, they lavish praises upon me.

“ I think that with all due modesty I may say that I have not been idle, and that, had it not been for me, we should not yet have reached our present standpoint. There is plenty of evidence to prove this assertion. Even now that the worst is over, I have to be on the look out, and ever ready to interfere if I would not see the fruit of our labours destroyed by the blunders and wiles of our enemies. I do my best to prevent them seeing or feeling my heavy hand too much and too often. I refuse many of the honours offered me, for I have learnt a lesson in the course of many years' experience. I have a great deal to do at present. I am obliged to write English

newspaper articles, because I have no one at hand to do them for me. I dislike this occupation, and observe the strictest secrecy on the point, as I do not care about newspaper notoriety.

“I have written to thank Herr Hensel. Be sure and let him draw Constance too. Do not be afraid, I have means enough to reward Hensel for his trouble. If a suitable occasion arises, and you find it convenient, I should like you to present our eldest daughters at Court.

“Many thanks for the children’s letters, which I read over once more late last night. I should like to answer each one separately, but I have no time. Remember that I have been writing uninterruptedly since ten o’clock this morning; it is nearly eight now, and as I have had nothing to eat since my cup of tea and bread and butter at half-past nine, I am as ravenous as a wolf.”

London: February 4, 1839.

“I must tell you my good news at once. We have successfully reached the fourth act of our conference-drama. On the fifth act, which is still wanting, it depends whether the piece is to be called a tragedy or merely a drama. If we must coerce the Belgians—we have well considered that matter—we shall make them smart for it. But let me explain myself more clearly. The first act, and the first step towards the desired end, took place on the 15th of October last year, at my house in the dead of night. Guilders by millions were discussed and distributed as readily as if they had been mere gingerbread nuts. We enlisted Lord Palmerston on our side, and pressed the Frenchman hard. On the 6th of December the second act was played. The Frenchman had prevaricated, had taken refuge behind empty phrases, had tried to hoodwink us, with the result that his true purpose became evident, and we were forced to take precautions. Therefore we met at Lord Palmerston’s, leagued ourselves with him, but left a loophole for the Frenchman, who availed himself of it on the 23rd of January. He had peeped through several times before, just to see if we were still united, and at last he entered with due ceremony, and announced the assent and approbation of his Court.

“Now that our ships were launched, couriers hurried away to the Hague and Brussels. Last night the courier returned from the Hague, bringing good news. Herr Dedel<sup>1</sup> has been empowered to sign whatever the conference proposes. In an hour, at five o'clock, we meet at the Foreign Office to take action on Dedel's despatch, and to invite the Belgians to send in their statement without delay. This is the fourth act. The fifth will be now put on the stage for better or for worse. You see we are not idle, and Dame Fortune has not yet turned her back on us. Before the curtain rises on the fifth and last act, I have to play my part in another little drama. At half-past seven I am expecting the Duke and Duchess and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, &c., to dine with me. This party was unavoidable. I was forced to invite the Duke. Herr von Knesebeck replied on the following day and informed me that my distinguished guests would dine with me this evening. Very well. I hope the cook will do his duty and all will go off satisfactorily.

“To-morrow Parliament re-opens. The Queen is to appear in person, so I must not be absent. As to-morrow is unfortunately mail day too, it will be warm work for me. This tiring and unnatural life and the constant mental exertion have driven the blood to my head, and I have been suffering from frequent and prolonged attacks of nose-bleeding.”

London: Tuesday, February 5, 1839.

“Count Senfft called for me on his way to the Foreign Office yesterday. We found an answer from Belgium awaiting us. They are trying to entrap us and put us off by suggesting that, in the name of Luxembourg and Limburg, Belgium should join the German Confederation, and thus assure its rights to those countries. We made short work of that proposal, declared it to be perfectly inadmissible, and despatched our reply at once. All this time I was sitting on thorns, anxious lest I should reach home too late to receive my guests. However, all went well. The dinner was very good. The yellow state livery was to the fore, and everything was in perfect order. The Duchess seemed to be well satisfied. Afterwards we

<sup>1</sup> The Dutch Ambassador.

played 'Old Maid.' The game reminded me of Constance and her despair when she held the fatal card. So the debt which has long been weighing on my mind is paid. This morning at half-past nine Bunsen was here, and since then I have been repeatedly interrupted. In a few minutes I must dress and drive off to the Houses of Parliament. I use these few moments for chatting with you, as I shall have to write despatches when I return.

Towards evening.

"I have been to Westminster. The Queen read her speech very well indeed. The House was crowded, more ladies than ever. My despatches are ready to go to the post directly. I must dine hurriedly and return to the House. It is impossible to foresee at this moment what the Cabinet and Parliament will do, or how long the latter will remain sitting. This will concern me very little once the Hollando-Belgium affair is settled. After that is accomplished I shall be in deep waters, and can swim whither I like."

London: March 5, 1839.

"Your letter last night gave me great pleasure. I was anxious for news of you and little Bernhard. Thank God it is good. I value such news even more highly when I am so far away, and kept at my post by my duties. I hope, however, that the time will soon come when these duties will be accomplished, and there will be nothing more to hinder my departure. It is only the Hollando-Belgium business which keeps me here. If that is settled by the signing of the final treaty, the remaining formalities can very well be left to a *chargé d'affaires*. I have therefore to-day officially requested Count von Werther to obtain leave of absence for me from the King, so that I may get away as soon as the treaty is signed. I have taken this decisive step because I am convinced that even with the utmost care and precaution I cannot hope to restore my health here, especially at the commencement of the season, when I have daily invitations to dinners and parties. It is undoubtedly my bounden duty to take care of my health. I feel quite well so long as I keep quiet, take a moderate amount of exercise, do no very trying brain work, and am spared all worry. But if I am subjected to extreme heat or cold, if

I dine late, and sit at table a long time, the blood immediately rises to my head, and causes the most disagreeable sensations. As I have decided to ask for immediate leave of absence, I have made up my mind to refuse all invitations to dinners and parties. In this way I consider the matter settled. I hope Werther will be willing to oblige me. Please write to me at once if you should hear anything of this either from him or from Uncle Alexander, whom I have asked to support my request. The sooner I hear something definite the better, as I have to attend to various household arrangements.

“I am quite refreshed by the hope of our meeting soon.”

*Gabriele to her Husband*

Berlin : March 12, 1839.

“I cannot tell you with what varying emotions I received your letter of the 5th. I am delighted that you have officially requested leave of absence, and that you have decided to take such a step is a great gain, for I know your opinion in these matters. And yet I am somewhat alarmed by this news, accompanied as it is with the intimation that your health requires care. I am troubled by the thought that you may have been more indisposed than your letters gave me to understand, and I therefore beg and implore you to refuse all dinners and parties. It makes me very sad to think of the long lonely evenings you will spend at home, for although there is so little enjoyment to be got out of the parties, yet you are accustomed to go to them. Try and get interesting books to read, they always give you pleasure, and seem all the more delightful to me, as I have not read a single one since I have been at Berlin. The best thing for your health would be for you to accustom yourself to dine as punctually as possible; then you could go to bed and get up earlier than usual. It would do your health good to lead a more natural life. But I trust that with God's help you will soon be enabled to return to us, and our simple healthy way of living. Werther holds out great hopes, and said yesterday that the matter might possibly be settled by to-morrow. I do not lightly indulge in such bold expectations, and unfortunately there are other things to consider. The delay in obtaining

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the consent of Belgium alarms me; if your permission for leave of absence arrives before this is forthcoming, I do not know how I can continue to counsel patience and perseverance. Yet I must do so, for it is no use your agitating yourself on the subject; any unnecessary emotion is sure to do you harm, and is too great a tax on your strength. Let us trust that you will be mercifully spared this trial. Uncle assures me that the Belgian decision cannot be delayed longer than to-day or to-morrow. So away with unfounded fear! Let us take hope again, and trust that you may yet be with us for Easter. Oh! it would be lovely! God grant it may come true. I really cannot write properly to-day; I am too upset and excited, and am expecting Uncle Alexander at any moment, as he has promised to report all that happens."

Berlin: March 13, 1839.

"You may rest assured that Werther is doing all in his power, and the King will be as humane and considerate as usual, I hope. It would be too cruel to delay your leave for the sake of mere formalities, and it seems to me so impossible that I am not uneasy. But I should like to see the Belgian signature in black and white; it would be terrible if that were still wanting when your leave of absence is granted. I entreat you to be calm and patient. What does a week more or less matter? Remember that your health is the first consideration. It makes me very unhappy to know you are not well, and to think that you may have suffered more than your letters gave me to understand. At the same time, I am delighted that you have decided to ask for leave of absence, and that you intend living quietly in the meantime. I beg you to keep to this resolution, though I fear you must be very dull alone in your deserted house, but the time will soon pass."

*Bülow to his Wife.*

London: March 15, 1839.

"I only send you a few lines again to-day to tell you that I feel pretty well on the whole, but I am obliged to refrain from occupying my thoughts with letter-writing or business more carefully than ever. I have therefore set my mind at



rest by transferring all my duties to Herr von Werther. I look forward with increasing impatience to the happy moment of release when the treaty is signed. God grant that the Belgians may soon come to a decision! I used to possess a good stock of patience, now it is almost at an end just when I need it most. I do not speak to anyone but Werther, as talking and thinking fatigue me. I have been greatly weakened by the quantity of medicine I have taken, and my nerves are in a very irritable state. All the doctors agree that a complete rest is the only cure, and that I must travel; so long as I remain here they can only patch me up, and not effect any permanent improvement in my health."

*Gabriele to her Husband.*

Berlin: March 15, 1839.<sup>1</sup>

"I hope to be the first to tell you the good news that the King has consented to grant your request for leave of absence, and that the permission is already on the way. I had better copy word for word what Uncle wrote to me yesterday: 'The King has just sent Prince Wittgenstein to tell me that he agrees to everything pertaining to Bülow's journey; that is to say, he may leave as soon as the Belgians have signed.' I need not tell you, dear Heinrich, how happy this news makes me, particularly since I received your letter of the 8th, from which I understand clearly how ill you have been. I am very grateful to you for writing to me all the time, so that I should not find out how serious your illness has been. On the other hand, it distresses me very much and leaves me with a feeling of insecurity to find that I can be deceived, even with the positive proofs of your own handwriting before me. Until yesterday I thought you had purposely exaggerated the state of your health in order to obtain leave of absence more easily; now, however, I know that all the reports were true, and I cannot tell you how grieved I am. . . .

"The greatest interest and sympathy for you have been manifested on all sides. Here we have got all we wanted. But Belgium, Belgium! I can think of nothing else, and

<sup>1</sup>The same day as her husband's last letter.

the news from Paris makes me very anxious. So long as the Belgian signature is not affixed they may shuffle and prevaricate. Only be patient; nothing will help you more than patience. . . .”

Berlin: March 19, 1839.

“I was both grieved and rejoiced to receive your letter of the 12th this morning—rejoiced, because all day yesterday I anxiously expected news in vain, and grieved because when the letter came to-day it was so short and unsatisfactory. I confess that I cannot make it out. From your letter of the 8th I saw to my great sorrow how much more seriously indisposed you had been than I had even guessed, but in that letter you spoke of already feeling stronger. I cannot understand how it is that in five days’ time you have made so little progress that Belinaye<sup>1</sup> has again ordered you such complete rest as to prevent you writing to me more fully when you must know how I am longing for news. And yet (thank God!) you seem to be well enough to be out of doors for hours. I cannot account for this, and I implore you to tell me everything; such half-truths frighten me far more. Unkind as it may sound, I must also beg of you not to think yourself worse than, I hope to God, is really the case. Over anxiety is often enough to make a person ill, and, on the other hand, you can conquer some maladies by firmly exerting your will to overcome them. You must not think I do not fully recognise how sad and trying your present life is, and how little calculated to provide you with the relief of which you stand so much in need. I sympathise with you so deeply that I can no longer take pleasure in the society of those around me. I should be quite inconsolable and restless if I did not live in hopes that your stay in London will last but a few more weeks. Even that is too long for me!

“It is torture not to see these hopes nearer their fulfilment, and the last week has not been an easy one, as you can imagine. I wait for the Gazette every evening with a beating heart, and disconsolately fling it aside when, instead of the desired news from Brussels, I find nothing but uninteresting speeches and apprehensions of new unfavourable propositions. . . .

<sup>1</sup> The doctor.

“The children and I do nothing but plan how to make you well again at once. If you could only hear the little one’s clear voice calling ‘Papa’—it would cure you immediately!”

*Bülow to his Wife.*

London : April 12, 1839.

“Still in London! This is the hardest trial ever imposed on me! Unable to attend to business and yet unable to leave! When will this end? Herr Nothomb has been here two days now. Palmerston is urging matters on, and to-day Herr van de Weyer<sup>1</sup> is at last to present the conference with his memorandum, in which he claims some modification in the terms of the treaty. The conference will refuse, and it is open to question whether Herr van de Weyer will even then be able to sign without further delay. I wanted to know exactly how matters stood, so I went to see Palmerston this morning. He assured me of his conviction that by Monday or Tuesday the treaty will be signed. In order to gain strength and pass the time, I shall drive down to Brighton to-day, and probably remain there till Monday. . . .”

London : Tuesday, April 16, 1839.

“My visit to Brighton has done me good. My nerves have benefited by the sea air, and it would certainly have done them still more good if I could have stayed longer. But on Sunday the members of the conference requested my immediate return, as they hoped to be able to sign yesterday. Their expectations have not been fulfilled. The Belgians are again making difficulties. To-day I pulled myself together and wrote to Lord Palmerston, to suggest that we should proceed against the Belgians in a different and more forcible manner, *i.e.*, that we should threaten to withdraw all concessions if they do not sign immediately. Lord P. will probably show this letter to Herr van de Weyer, which will convince him that he will have to hurry himself, if he does not want to be made to feel the unfavourable influence of my returning health. Palmerston sent me a written reply at once, saying

<sup>1</sup> Belgian Ambassador to the Court of St. James’s.

that all was going well, and there was no necessity to accept my proposal, but adding that it would be physically impossible to get the treaty signed to-day. Count Senfft, who has gone to see Palmerston, will give me more particulars.

“Meanwhile, thank God, I feel strong enough to act with resolution, and to interfere if necessary. I shall put in an appearance at the levée to-morrow to take leave of the Queen.

“Count Senfft has just been to see me. The Belgian plenipotentiaries have promised to sign on Thursday, and state that they only desire this delay in order to give time for an answer *pro formâ* to arrive from Brussels. With the consent of Senfft and Pozzo, I shall insist on the Belgian plenipotentiaries giving a definite promise, irrespective of the reply from Brussels.

“I shall leave on Saturday or Sunday morning and travel *via* Holland. Dedel and Senfft will probably accompany me. The weather is glorious. I intend driving part of the way to Greenwich, but I am going now to the Foreign Office to make sure of everything being right.”

London: April 19, 1839.

“At last the hour of deliverance has come! It is six o'clock: I have just returned from the Foreign Office, where the Hollando-Belgian treaty has been signed.

“I am sending my carriage on board the *Batavia* at midday, and sail to Rotterdam by this big steamer on Sunday morning. From there I shall write and tell you by what route I am travelling. The weather is splendid to-day; I am happy and contented. How entirely everything has changed in two hours. At four o'clock I left the conference at the Foreign Office, declaring that good faith had been violated and that I would listen to no proposals for a further delay, which was demanded by the Belgians under pretext of not yet having received an answer from Brussels. Palmerston and Sebastiani showed signs of relenting and giving way.

“My determined declaration and exit made a good impression. I sent Herr von Werther to the conference with a further protest and left the Foreign Office. Then the battle began, for everyone saw that I did not mean to submit quietly. Count Pozzo, whom I had fired to revolt, rushed

into the fight, and Senfft gave them a piece of his mind. At five o'clock Herr von Werther appeared, inviting me, in the name of all my colleagues, to return and sign.

"I did not tarry, and so the great deed was accomplished; 440 seals and 480 signatures were required.

"To-day I had a private farewell audience with the Queen. She desired to be very kindly remembered to you."

Later from Utrecht.

". . . Only fancy, a courier arrived at two o'clock on the morning of the 20th with despatches, instructing van de Weyer to demand new modifications. The man had been detained six hours in Calais on account of the storm. If I had not carried matters with a high hand, and made a scene at the Foreign Office, we should still be sitting over our ink-pots. Thank God I am safe across the sea, with the glad prospect of soon seeing you once more."

On April 28 Bülow arrived at Berlin. No one expected him to travel so quickly, so he had the pleasure of surprising his family. Close to the Brandenburg Gate he happened to meet his younger daughters and the little son who was still a stranger to his father. They all got into his carriage, so that none of his family were missing on his arrival at home. A time of perfect contentment and happiness now followed for the entire family, and Bülow felt satisfied in his own mind that he had satisfactorily fulfilled his official duties. Outwardly these were days of complete triumph. The King did not tire of assuring Bülow of his grateful recognition of his services; he overwhelmed him with signal marks of favour, and nominated him Privy Councillor of State with the title "Excellency."

But a shadow lay over all this honour and happiness, and Gabriele especially was sometimes overcome with fears which she could with difficulty conceal. She soon perceived that although Bülow was momentarily refreshed by these gratifying circumstances, his nerves had sustained a severe shock in his last illness. She noticed how he could only bear the strain of dinner-parties and evenings at Court by exerting all his energy, how every business conversation excited him, and how variable his temper had become. It was with a sigh of relief that Gabriele welcomed the day on which he withdrew

from all the social entertainments given in his honour and retired to Tegel with her and the children. The quiet country life had a beneficial effect upon his health, which a course of the Kissingen waters was to cure completely. His wife and eldest daughter accompanied him thither, while the younger children remained at Tegel, under the care of their Aunt Adelheid. After a quiet autumn in the country, the family returned to Berlin in November, where to Bülow's great sorrow his beloved brother Helmuth died, after a protracted illness. The nearer Bülow's leave approached its end, the more pressing became the tormenting question as to whether another separation must be incurred.

*Gabriele to her Sister.*

Berlin : January, 1840.

“ . . . The after-effects of the Christmas fatigue will soon pass off, and, thank God ! I am in every other respect physically well. Mentally this is not absolutely the case, I am tormented by too many doubts and fears. Yes, dearest, I have long been troubled by such thoughts, but there have been too many claims upon my strength and my feelings during the last few weeks, and I cannot calmly survey the future owing to the pressure of present events. After this introduction I need hardly say that it is the growing certainty of our contemplated return to London which torments me so. There was, indeed, cause for you to feel anxious after my last letter, and the children's remarks. Bülow is thinking more and more seriously of taking us all across the sea with him, and the joke is likely to become grim earnest. By this last remark I mean that Bülow arranged for someone to make a preliminary inspection of houses for us in London, mainly in order to satisfy his chief, who was urging him to settle his plans. . . .

“ The Queen's marriage has brought these questions forward again. Bülow thinks that if he openly shows his intention of returning to his post with the entire family, he may obtain an extension of his leave. These may be clever tactics, but the present passes so quickly, and the seemingly far-distant future comes so soon, when promises, which I tremble

to think of, will have to be fulfilled. My heart not only beats with apprehension, it aches with a real physical pain, when I clearly see the import of my words the other day in answer to the tiresome, inquisitive questions of some people, who asked whether I intended letting my husband return to London alone. I replied that I should go with him; but oh! to think that it will have to come to this. Tell me yourselves, Adel and August, what else can I do? There is no prospect of Bülow receiving any other appointment which would satisfy him, and with his nature that is the first consideration. I see no possible excuse for him to remain here longer and yet retain the post in London, and for the sake of his own peace of mind above all, he cannot give that up without being sure of something else. Again, on the other hand, although his health continues to improve, I am more than ever convinced that I could not take the responsibility of letting him return to the whirl of London life alone; I should not have a moment's peace. Tell me yourself, Adelheid, whether you would think it right or proper of me to do so. You know as well as I do what such an uprooting of house and home means, especially as we neither intend nor desire to stay away more than about a year or so, besides from a pecuniary point of view the removal would be anything but advantageous, quite apart from the question of a separation from you and Tegel. Really, without affectation, I sometimes feel that I should never get over it, and then again I think it cannot be; something will surely happen so that things turn out more as we wish—more reasonably, I had almost said! It is unreasonable to have returned to the same old starting point after so many years, with the only difference that the family circumstances are more than ever unsuited to such expatriation. I will say no more of all this now; I am sure you are longing to be rid of the subject. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip; let us take comfort in that, and hope that, after all, things may be different."

Berlin: January 19, 1840.

"I am really uneasy about Bülow, and worried about the future. He has been so depressed and nervous during the

last few days, that I feel more and more clearly how anxious I should be were he alone in London. And yet Bülow himself thinks there are difficulties arising which make it doubtful whether he will and can ask for an extension of his leave. There is a new commercial treaty on foot, some affair about the slave trade, of which I understand nothing, and the Eastern question is again to the front in London, where all these schemes are now hatched. There have also been fresh rumours about envoys being sent to congratulate the Queen on her wedding, and the King has conferred with Lottum about this. He inquired after Bülow's health, and said he would like him to be in London to represent Prussia, should there be festivities at, or in consequence of, the wedding. Bülow will now try to open further negotiations through Lottum. Unfortunately there is nothing further to negotiate; since yesterday matters have assumed such a distinct shape, that it takes my breath away to think of them. Do not be startled; the children and I are not going yet, though Bülow will certainly have to start in a few weeks. This in itself is sufficiently dreadful, but it is also, I grieve to say, the watchword for the future: the sooner he goes, the sooner I must follow. Until now I had really avoided picturing all this to myself. I had hoped that everything would be deferred until the expiration of his leave at the end of February, and that even then a further respite might be granted. We are so easily led to believe what we wish, and so long as no definite period of time was fixed there was always room for hope, and I felt sure that something would happen to change the complexion of things. But now there is nothing further to hinder the course of events; all at once, I hardly know how, the fiat has gone forth: 'Bülow is going, and you must shortly follow him.' There is a depth of woe underlying those few words which cannot be expressed by a thousand. I almost wish now that we had gone last autumn; the parting would be over, and we should have left Tegel at a time when our departure was unavoidable, and not just at the moment when our life there as a united family could begin again. This is the season when there is everything to attract us to the country, and to make the hardships of London life doubly trying. I think I



shall be suffocated there next summer; but for myself I can bear it—it is the poor children I pity!

“Bülow naturally answered the King that, although his health still required great care and attention, he would be ready to return as soon as desired. You will feel that no other answer was possible. I attach no value to the jam with which it is sought to make the powder palatable; it seems unnecessary to me, and I do not in the least desire that his pecuniary circumstances should be improved. This is Bülow's opinion, too; he has taken no steps in the matter, and has until now sought to make himself more independent by not having asked for a rise of salary during the last few months. . . .

“I am very thankful to be so well now. I have really had occasion lately to prove my strength, and have been in excellent health. Sometimes I am tired, and now and then I have been obliged to waste a nice quiet hour in the evening. There have not been many such hours, I must confess. It is not enough in this miserable great world of ours to be tormented with the paying of calls; fate promptly revenges itself; visits are returned very quickly, and thus many of our evenings are broken up, besides those which are spoiled by going out to parties. So much has happened since we came to Berlin, that our stay seems three times its actual length. The children's *début* in society has occupied me more than anything else, although I am sure I do not attach more importance to it than is necessary. This new chapter of their life interests me for other than merely worldly reasons; in fact, this so-called ‘coming out’ seems to me a much more eventful epoch for the mother than for the daughters. In many ways it has already given me the greatest pleasure, for the girls are quite delightful in their ingenuousness, and their quick correct judgment always tells them what is right in the behaviour of others. In this they will be a guide to me more than I shall be to them, and I do not think that many mothers are happier than I am in that respect. There is still room for much improvement in their outward appearance, and ever will be, I know . . . .”

The dreaded parting came even more quickly than had been anticipated. At the beginning of February, the King

invested Bülow with the Order of the Red Eagle, I. Class, and at the same time expressed the hope that he would return to his post as soon as his health permitted. Thereupon Bülow declared himself ready to depart immediately. He left Berlin overwhelmed with marks of most distinguished favour, and reached London on March 1. A difficult task, the solution of the Eastern question, here awaited him. A few weeks of London life and hard work soon convinced him that he would be forced to ask for renewed leave of absence, and probably even to resign his post at the Embassy before long. He therefore quietly dropped his original plan of letting the rest of the family join him in London. His wife, who could not withdraw from society now that her daughters were going out to parties, was, owing to indiscreet and pressing questions, placed in the unpleasant position of concealing their plans by dissimulation and diplomatic prevarication. No harder task could have been imposed upon her essentially truthful nature. She suffered from the divided state of her own feelings and from secret anxiety about her husband's health, which was her chief motive for wishing to remove to London.

*Bülow to his Wife.*

“. . . I quite understand how painful it is to be under the necessity of dissimulation when our plans are fixed but cannot be announced. The life here no longer suits me for any length of time, and I already foresee that I shall be obliged to ask for leave of absence during the ensuing year in order to attend to the state of my health. Although I feel equal to the mental strain, I constantly suffer from insomnia, which I cannot hope to cure by late dinners, parties, and hot rooms. I can no longer stand a life that agreed with me well enough formerly. There are a great many considerations to be taken into account in connection with your coming to settle here with the children. I am quite aware that if you come in May I shall have to make extensive and expensive arrangements. I ought therefore to be sure that the end justifies the means, but I am decidedly of opinion that this is not the case. You need not therefore make any sort of preparation to start in May. Do not say you intend remaining at Berlin, but simply

abstain from mentioning a fixed date for your departure. Say that you are not leaving so early, because I have had difficulties in finding a suitable house, and that the season must be further advanced before I can get one for you. They ask more than a £1,000 sterling, and even at that price there is no house empty at present. This is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth! Future events will declare themselves as spring approaches. . . .

“No one but myself can judge whether I ought to continue this life or not. No Prussian ambassador has ever held out here so long as I have, and I should gladly stay two years more, as I had intended. I am convinced that though I could endure the life for the present, it would eventually prove injurious to my physical and mental well-being. I am equally certain that the manner of life would entail privations and be disadvantageous to you and the children, and that pecuniary sacrifices, which I am neither prepared to make nor able conscientiously to justify, would be the result of our settling here. The needs of our family have increased; in London there is an ever-growing demand for luxuries, and the opportunities for incurring expenses multiply. When I consider that my income has diminished rather than increased, and that I am firmly resolved neither to ask nor accept any increase of salary, I must say that the course of action which I have been considering for years is, at last, mature. It is therefore no new or surprising resolution. If I had only my own feelings to consider, I should address a letter to the King some time in May, in which I should state my reasons for resigning my post, and request him graciously to give me his impartial opinion on the matter. I always prefer the straightforward course, and until now, thank God, I have done nothing to make me shun publicity or the truth. The wishes and orders of my superiors might, however, still induce me to defer the definite announcement of my intentions and opinions and meanwhile simply to present a request for temporary leave of absence.

“I need hardly tell or advise you to keep silence on the above-mentioned points, and even to make but sparing use of these communications in conversation with Uncle Alexander,

&c., so that no premature rumours or incorrect statements may get about, or other difficulties arise. If, however, you should pay your intended visit, you might confidentially hint that my remaining here much longer is rendered impossible by my health and other cogent reasons. I should not have written on this matter even to you, did I not think you would be particularly glad to have the future outlook made a little clearer than has hitherto been possible.

“In a few weeks Lady Holland removes to Holland House; she very kindly assures me that the old housekeeper, with whom I am a special favourite, is preparing a set of bright, cheerful rooms for my reception. Perhaps I shall make use of her kind offer; last year when I was in a very delicate state of health, my stay there did me good, and now that I am so much better it would prove even more pleasant and enlivening. There is rarely much amusement to be got out of the society of diplomatists, there is so little to stimulate the mind in their formal etiquette and restricted topics of conversation. It is a very different thing to be in the company of candid talkers and clever artists, such as I meet at Holland House.

“The disputes on points of etiquette between the diplomatic corps and the rest of society are becoming more and more disagreeable, another of the many good reasons against your coming to settle here. The Queen gives precedence to the diplomatic corps; the aristocracy opposes the innovation, and revenges itself wherever and whenever it can for this supposed *passe-droit*, which occasions much disagreeable friction. Queen Adelaide gives the dukes precedence over the ambassadors. When this happened to Count P. the other day he refused to take a lady in to dinner, and seated himself at the bottom of the table. I had a lucky escape, for as the Duke of Sutherland could not take his own wife, I offered her my arm. Somehow I always seem to get through safely, partly because there is a general desire to treat me politely, and partly because I always have some jest at hand to help me out of an awkward dilemma. A new difficulty has now arisen. Every Monday the Queen gives a small dance. She invites very few people, and only those whom she likes. Now, several of

the diplomatic ladies and gentlemen have not the good fortune to please Her Majesty. They have not yet been asked either to dinner or to the balls. If you and the children were here, I should have to consider it a distinction for you to be invited, and this distinction would be very costly, and would cause a great outcry. If, on the contrary, you were not invited, it would be prejudicial to our position in society.

“Of course, I like to be here very much; I shall not easily gain such a position or such influence anywhere else, but is all this worth while if it is obtained by sacrifices which are injurious to mind and body? Bearing in mind your saying, that life is too short for us to impose upon ourselves unnecessary separation and privations, I shall resolutely face the future, and, above all, seek to preserve my life and health. This helps to make the decision easier, but for the present it must remain a secret between us. Before leaving here I hope to have accomplished some useful work which will confirm the confidence that I myself and others place in my ability and intellectual capacities. God will help me to reach the goal, and He will support me during the time of our separation.”

*Gabriele to her Husband.*

Berlin: April 1, 1840.

“I have a great piece of news for you. Hedemann is removed to Erfurt; two days ago he received the command of the 8th division, stationed there. So the 30th of March has again proved significant, and this time very auspicious, for this is certainly a happy event in his life. The Hedemanns will now be only thirteen miles from Burg-Oerner, in a much pleasanter and more important part of the country, situated in the very heart of Germany, with numerous associations, &c. &c. They will lose a good deal in respect to their immediate social circle, and Adelheid will have difficulties to encounter in connection with the numberless small courts. Uncle Alexander has advised her in future to live with the ‘Almanach de Gotha’ in her pocket, so as to be always thoroughly posted up. But this is really the only drawback. I cannot help wishing there was a 30th of March and an Erfurt in prospect for us. I am unspeakably tired of this

uncertain state of things. I am not at all certain whether your last decision will bring about a settlement of our affairs, but my present position is certainly most painful, in fact almost unendurable. You have no idea what pressing and indiscreet questions people ask, though I have not even hinted at any delay in our departure. At Prince Albrecht's luncheon party I unfortunately sat at the same table as Prince Wittgenstein; he reproached me in a most unpleasant manner for not having accompanied you, saying you could not be expected to feel well without a proper home in London, and that I ought to join you there very shortly, &c. &c. Such remarks and questions are multiplying on all sides. You must feel how painful this is for me, that it cannot be allowed to continue, and that I must beg of you to come to my assistance, as I am really not equal to the situation. It would be very different if your decision to positively renounce your post could be published. But I admit the risk of doing this; there is no other suitable post vacant now for which you could apply, and you must on no account be left without employment. So long as you occupy your present position in London, you must bear in mind how important it is, and how great is the confidence reposed in you by the King, who overwhelmed you with proofs of his confidence and marks of his favour during your stay at Berlin. Considering the great importance he attached to your return to London, it would naturally be a disagreeable surprise to him to hear you so soon express the wish to leave again, even if only temporarily. I know as well as you do what sacrifices a migration to London would mean, but I repeat that I was and still am ready to make those sacrifices, if you change your mind and wish me to come with all the children, or even some of them! I will do whatever you like, but I implore you to reconsider everything. Your health and your official position must be the chief considerations. We must not attach too much importance to the 'qu'en dira-t-on,' although that should also be thought of. I can well believe that the external glory, what might be called the tinsel overlying your position, has an ever-decreasing charm and attraction for you: it is well and natural that it should be so. It must make life rather

disagreeable, though it would not grieve me very much. If only Parliament were sure to be prorogued in June, long as the time till then seems, the certainty would be something to be grateful for. When I think that this Eastern business might be a repetition of the Hollando-Belgian in respect to length, I am filled with misgivings, and deeply regret that you were obliged to go alone, since it was impossible for the children and me to accompany you."

Instead of going to London, Gabriele removed in the spring to Tegel, where the Hedemanns' silver wedding was celebrated, and Adelheid spent some months with her sister. In order that the children's education might not be neglected, sometimes their teachers came to them from Berlin, and on other days the girls drove to town to acquire knowledge.

*Gabriele to her Husband*

Tegel: May 31, 1840.

"Uncle A. and Rauch are coming to dinner to-day. To-morrow is a great day; the foundation stone of the monument to Frederick the Great is to be laid. Uncle strongly advised us to witness so interesting a ceremony. I am particularly anxious to do so on account of the children, and I am very grateful to him for having obtained places for us. With his usual kindness on our behalf he has succeeded in reserving seats in Professor Weise's rooms at the University. There are some difficulties combined with this visit to Berlin, and as head of the family (which I am in your absence) I have much to consider and arrange. Besides, who knows whether the ceremony will come off at all; I feel rather anxious about it, for the King has been very ill, so ill in fact that the Princes cancelled all their engagements for the day before yesterday, and the Crown Prince put off the dinner he had intended giving in honour of the Duchess of Talleyrand. She is actually here at last. I drove to town yesterday to pay her a morning call, and am glad to have done so; it was a real pleasure to find her so unchanged, kind and cordial as ever towards me, although I have certainly not been very amiable towards her of late.

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The seven years between then and now seemed to vanish. She has not changed at all, not even outwardly; indeed she is, if possible, more beautiful than ever. She really has a perfect face and perfect manners. I shall stay a night at Berlin because of the children's lessons on the following day, and for another reason. On the 28th my great wish was fulfilled by Adelheid's kindness, for, though it was done in your name, she had given up much time to having Lella and Alla painted by Randel in the same way as I had Constance done for Hedemann. The portraits still require a few more sittings. I hope the resemblance will then be as striking as in the first sketch, which to my great delight I found upon my birthday table. A thousand thanks, dearest, for you must understand that the portraits are your presents. I only hope you are not sending me any extravagant gift by Herr von S. I received many more birthday presents than I had expected."

Tegel: evening of June 2, 1840.

"I was interrupted here on Sunday. Uncle came without Rauch unfortunately, but thanks to his inexhaustible geniality, we spent a very merry day. He left us at six o'clock and met young S. close to the house; the latter had only arrived the evening before, and kindly came at once to deliver letters and parcels. I was very grateful and pleased, though it always excites me to see someone who comes straight from you. Conversation with S. is a little difficult; his affectation has so increased in his attempt to acquire and imitate English manners that at first it was well-nigh unbearable. Affectation was visible not only in his speech, but in his walk and all his movements. We were in the garden and he had to bestir himself to clamber about with us. That did him good. Nature and unaffected people—I mean Adel, the children and myself—soon made him more sensible, and he told me a good deal about you. I need not say how deeply I was interested in his report. He spoke of your state of health in the most satisfactory fashion, expressed his surprise at your capacity for enduring the strain of work, of official duties and of society, and would not listen to my objections on the score of your health; in fact



I confess that I do not understand how he can extol what you so bitterly complain of. As, however, this is unfortunately the case, I do not think it is very promising for the fulfilment of your present wishes and prospects in general that he should describe you to be as healthy 'as a cannibal,' as Uncle Alexander would say.

"How can I thank you for the lovely present sent me by S.? So far I can only speak of the outside, which in itself is a feast for the eyes. I have been wonderfully abstemious, until now I have not even opened the dressing case, but quickly locked away the keys, so as to be able to enjoy the inside at leisure. It was late when S. left us. After reading your letter, for which many thanks, and opening the other parcels, I had still a great many preparations to make for our day in Berlin. It was a great success. The four hours we spent at the University were tiring, but we were rewarded for going. The ceremony was beautiful and inspiring, and made a great impression upon me. The solemn feelings inspired by the occasion were naturally much increased by the grief and anxiety everyone felt for the poor King. This added to the impressiveness of the ceremony, for a bond of common sympathy seemed to unite the enormous mass of people, whose interest was centred in the Crown Prince. I cannot tell you how deeply all this moved me, and I will not enter into an exhaustive description as to-day's newspaper furnishes a good report, and Line is writing you more details. We saw very well, got there and back without difficulty, and were well satisfied to have had these places, although Princess Wilhelm sent us an invitation to the Palace.

"Uncle A. desires me to send you the enclosed copy of his speech at the Academy dinner yesterday. He asks you to make allowances for his solution of the difficult problem: how to speak of both kings. I think it is well solved."

Tegel: evening of June 6, 1840.

"I can so well imagine how anxious and apprehensive you must be about the King's condition, that I will benefit you by communicating the enclosed news. It is, alas! of

the saddest description, and even now all may be over, for the last bulletin reported that the King was not expected to live through the night. At such a time as this it is too painful to be without news. If we feel this at such a short distance from Berlin, what must it be for you, who are so far away and so lonely! It is so hard to have no one to talk to; I think of you all the time. A great moment is approaching, and is rendered all the more trying by distance and separation. Uncle's letter will give you a complete idea of everything. The end of his sufferings seems to be fast approaching. How incomplete and unsatisfactory is all the sum of human knowledge! May God soften the bitter moment. I think so much of the Crown Princess, and of the sad days she is spending in the midst of the large family circle now assembled here. To-night the Emperor is expected; at least so Lord William Russell said; he came just when the Duchess Talleyrand was with us.

"It has been such a glorious day. We think of the dying with a more bitter grief when God's world is so beautiful, so perfectly beautiful! May God be with us and with all whom we love and honour."

Tegel: June 7, 1840.

"Last night I wrote you a few lines which will be despatched from Hamburg by to-night's mail. I only wish I could spirit them over to you more quickly; your letter just received tells me clearly how unhappy you are at the King's dangerous condition. It was with the greatest anxiety that we awaited the return of a messenger sent to Berlin early this morning. The news was very sad, though not as bad as it might have been. Uncle was called to the Palace at 5 o'clock this morning. He is sure to send us word when all is over. Now that there is no hope left, alas! we can but ask God to shorten the agony of death."

Evening.

"I had written thus far this afternoon when a messenger came from Uncle A. with a letter for each of us. I sent you mine by the returning messenger, and I hope it may have reached the post office in time. The contents were very sad, but in this short life of ours even the tidings of

death must be hurried. I do not doubt that the news will be immediately communicated to you, but as I do not know whether they will tell you that the King is now lying in the agony of death, I thought I had better send you my letter from Uncle. The excitement and sympathy manifested in Berlin are said to be indescribable; thousands of people crowd the open space before the Palace, gazing in silence at the windows behind which their beloved King lies dying. I told you how the sight of the crowd affected me the other day; it is said to be even more impressive now. Though it is Whit-Sunday and the weather perfectly lovely we have had no visitors here. This great holiday and the glorious weather make us feel more melancholy than ever; towards evening we went to the Hasselwerder, and were vividly reminded of our festivities there on August 8 last year; we even found some little bits of charred wood on the spot where our bonfire had blazed so merrily. It seemed strange to recall these things on the very day of his death, for the end must surely come to-day; after such news as the last, one can only pray that he may fall asleep gently.

“ We are afraid that all this painful excitement, in which he has been since Wednesday, will exhaust Uncle Alexander. May God protect him; it is a great bereavement for him! He has almost lived at the Palace of late, and has often been alone with the Crown Prince, whose self-control and dignified demeanour he cannot praise enough, though he too is said to be quite exhausted. Tender relations existed between the King and the Crown Prince to the end. People are deeply affected by the many proofs of the King’s kindheartedness; indeed, everybody is unanimous in their expressions of love for him and sorrow for his loss!

“ The 8th!—little Bernhard’s birthday, which I am grieved to spend in mourning for the King. He expired yesterday, but we only received positive news of his death to-day. This morning at half-past five, when we were all fast asleep, Uncle A. arrived. When they knocked at my door to tell me of his arrival, of course I knew the King must be dead.

“ His last signature was affixed to the order in council

executed on Ascension Day, for the erection of the monument to Frederick the Great. The last words he wrote on his permission for the building of some church—I don't know which—were the following: 'There is to be no delay and no niggardly economy!'

"The new King quietly withdrew when the supreme moment had passed. No one doubts that Rochow and Strauss will be all-powerful now. Strauss was the only person called to give spiritual consolation, and it was he who pronounced the benediction after the King's death. It is generally expected that the King will call himself Frederick William IV., not Frederick III. as was originally intended. Prince Wilhelm will henceforth be known as Prince of Prussia."

Tegel : June 15, 1840.

" . . . Much as I should like to see something of the funeral ceremonies, I do not think it will be feasible. Uncle's first request for information was immediately refused, as you will see from this amusing note. The answer: 'It's no use, old gentleman, not if you were a little excellency yourself,' was given him by a woman at the Palace, from whom he inquired whether the procession would be visible from there. When he exerted himself at headquarters to obtain a place in the Cathedral for the Duchess of Talleyrand, he encountered such difficulties that I quite gave up all idea of going. In the end the assembly was not so very exclusive after all, and I should be perfectly justified in complaining of their disregard of my 'little excellency'; naturally I do not intend doing so, particularly on account of Uncle, who took such endless trouble to get us places. As he finally succeeded, I readily gave way to the children's entreaties. You know I like going to these great functions, and I am very glad that I was able to be present on this occasion. It was both solemn and magnificent, though there is always something theatrical about such ceremonials which rather distracts one's attention. It was a splendid sight, however, and the scene as a whole most impressive. Dr. Waagen had very kindly erected a stand for us upstairs in front of the entrance to the picture gallery, instead of under the museum portico,

and we could see very well. From the Palace gates to the Cathedral extended a broad pathway, entirely covered with black cloth. This dark line in the otherwise empty space, which was enclosed by soldiers, was most striking and effective. But you will find all this in the newspapers, I really cannot and will not give any more details. A beautiful and impressive picture of the scene will linger in my mind. The thought of what was going on within the Cathedral when the canons and musketry thundered forth a last salute, thrilled me through and through, and I should much have liked to be in the church at that moment. I wish also we could have seen the procession at night, but as that was not very well possible, we returned to Tegel towards the evening, and celebrated the solemn occasion in a fashion at once unique and only possible in our family. I looked up the letters my father wrote to my mother when she was at Rome in the year 1810, and there we read all the details of the Queen's<sup>1</sup> illness and death. He describes how she was carried to the Palace, and lay there in state in the very room in which the King died the other day, and how they buried her in the Cathedral. He also mentions the King's plan of erecting a mausoleum, an idea the sovereign had first discussed with my father, who encloses a drawing and finally sends the order for the monument. The first intention was to have the bust Rauch had already made of the Queen sent to Berlin, and my mother was asked to convey the royal command to the sculptor. All this is written and described in my father's most characteristic manner; such sympathy is expressed with the King's loss, and his sorrow is so vividly described, that it seemed like a foreshadowing of his own bereavement—we felt, indeed, that it was strange to be reading those letters at such an appropriate time. The thirty years which have passed between then and now seemed but a dream. It would be well if we more frequently found time, and were in the exceptional frame of mind which is required for reading these letters. It is sad that this is so rarely the case, and that life, which is so short, should be split up into such small fragments. The present is continually asserting its rights.

<sup>1</sup> Queen Luise of Prussia.

“We have had endless visitors. On Sunday Uncle, Rauch, and a young architect were here. Rauch was exceedingly amiable, and Uncle almost too talkative. The Duchess Talleyrand says that when the King asked, if she had any intimate acquaintance in Berlin, she mentioned my name, whereupon he replied, ‘Oh! she is an excellent woman!’ What do you say to that, have I not good reason to be proud? But, indeed, I am simply surprised.”

The change of sovereign in Prussia did not make any alteration in Bülow's political career. In spite of most strenuous exertions, the treaty of the four Powers—France had withdrawn—with the Sublime Porte could not be satisfactorily concluded, and Bülow's leave of absence was again deferred from week to week. Gabriele and the children had meanwhile followed the Hedemanns to Burg-Oerner. A large and merry party was assembled there. Hedemann's hospitable home was always open to his own as well as his wife's relations, and he had also invited his sister Frau von Loën and her children to stay with him. The latter were no less bright and gifted than the young Bülows, and the overflowing wit and fertile imagination of the young people brought about some astonishing results. As a boy, the Freiherr August von Loën, who in later years became the famous director of the Weimar Theatre, already showed marked ability for his future profession. He suffered many a punishment while exercising the talents that afterwards earned him name and fame, but at Burg-Oerner, to the delight of old and young, his fancy was allowed free play. He wrote plays—not comedies, but tragedies of the darkest, deepest die—and then made his brothers, sisters, and cousins learn them. The fate of the Empress Catherine and Menzikoff was a very favourite subject. There was no lack of murders and death sentences, which, however, never prevented the exiled and decapitated victims from finally executing a “*pas de zéphyr*” with more grace than historical probability in Siberia. The children seemed to be always acting their parts, and the old house echoed with merry laughter and dancing footsteps, till Gabriele felt herself transplanted back to the days of her own happy childhood.

Amidst all the merriment was laid the foundation of a life-long faithful friendship between the children of the two families, while the eldest son of the Loëns and the eldest daughter of the Bülow's formed an attachment to each other, which was destined a year later to grow into a happy and lasting union.

How often in our lives is such a time of overflowing gladness followed by a sharp reaction! The Loëns had scarcely taken their departure when those who were left behind were overtaken by a terrible anxiety. Little Bernhard was attacked by a burning fever. For many days his life hung in the balance. The doctors retired silently shaking their heads, their resources were exhausted. The child seemed to have fallen into a death-like unconsciousness. The mother appealed to Heaven in passionate supplication to save her child, and, in the midst of her prayer, the idea came to her like an inspiration to make one last desperate effort to snatch him from death. His little bed was carried to one of the upper rooms, windows and doors were thrown wide open to create a rush of air, no easy matter in the heavy thunder-laden August atmosphere. Suddenly the boy awakened from his death-like sleep with a long sigh, "My dear papa," he murmured, and returned to life.

Unaware of the danger threatening this most precious life, Bülow was meanwhile travelling homewards. When he reached Burg-Oerner, the little son, so miraculously saved and restored to life, was already convalescent.

The season was too far advanced for Bülow to go to a bath-cure, so he sought renewed health and strength in a quiet country life, far from the turmoil of the world and the plague of politics. In October the coronation of Frederick William IV., took place, and for this event the Bülow's returned to Berlin and Tegel, where they spent another two months.

The warlike preparations on foot in France obliged the King to hurriedly send Bülow back to London before the expiration of his leave. In the interests of peace the presence of a mediator was invaluable on account of Palmerston's brusqueness, and the obstinacy of the French with regard to the Turco-Egyptian complications. Shortly before his

departure, on October 24, Bülow saw a prospect of obtaining the post of Prussian Envoy to the German Diet at Frankfort. Although this appointment was not equivalent in rank to that which he now held, and could not therefore be offered him, he gave his superiors to understand that he would willingly accept the post in order to be able to return to Germany for good. With the promise of the speedy fulfilment of his wishes he now once more returned to London alone, and by incomparable physical and mental vigour sought to bring his career there to a satisfactory conclusion. Nothing was as yet known of his intentions with regard to the Frankfort post, and in view of the forthcoming retirement of Herr von Werther, it was very widely expected that Bülow would be appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs.

*Bülow to his Wife*

London : November 9, 1840.

“ . . . There was nothing very surprising to me in the news you imparted, for I knew and instinctively felt that the one was ready to go, and the other to come. But I am quite ready to confess that I did not expect this event would happen immediately. It may be that the people who were present at my farewell audience were misled by the King's parting words. Of course I cannot say if this was intentional, perhaps His Majesty felt he must say something encouraging at the moment of my departure, and spoke thus without intending to invest his words with the significance that may, under existing circumstances, be attributed to them. In any case, I know that I have no claim to an appointment which more than any other is dependent on the sovereign's personal confidence. And I confess that in comparison with the King's great knowledge and brilliant qualities, I feel so insignificant that I am more than doubtful whether I should be able to satisfy the legitimate expectations of such a master. I find a certain satisfaction in this reflection, the importance of which you will recognise, and indeed it even gives me pleasure to think, I have not been forced into a position so unsafe that my fall might soon have followed. The Tarpeian rock is not



far from the Capitol! And as this is my opinion in the matter, I can but rejoice at the choice which has been made. I believe no better man than Count Maltzahn could have been chosen.

“I am very busy, and have at once set to work to inspire and incite new combinations. The Eastern question is developing rapidly and favourably, both in France and in Syria. I hope we shall gain the desired end, though there is no lack of difficulties. No matter, the more the merrier, as far as I am concerned. Thank God I am again in possession of my full physical and mental powers, and I am truly glad to use both in the advancement of our interests. I should not have been able to justify a further course of inaction in my own eyes. The crisis is so acute that the energy and experience of the best men must be brought to bear upon it, and with God’s blessing we shall not fail in our object, and will bring the matter to a satisfactory conclusion. I am wonderfully consoled in my sorrow at leaving you and the children by the conviction of the necessity and utility of my presence here. I felt, and still feel that I can only exist in honourable activity, and that I shall find no happiness in life even with you, unless I am assured of it.”

On November 25 the King signed the order in council by which Bülow was appointed Envoy to the German Diet. The future of the Bülows now assumed a more definite shape, though there was no immediate change in their plans. In the autumn Gabriele performed an act of self-sacrifice in entrusting her second daughter Adelheid for several months to the Hedemanns, who were at Erfurt, and she now prepared to spend another winter at Berlin with the rest of her children.

*Gabriele to her Sister Adelheid*

Tegel: December 3, 1840.

“We leave here the day after to-morrow. I need not tell you how I feel this parting. Each departure from Tegel is grievous, but this time it almost breaks my heart, for it is the last before we enter upon the new chapter of our life, and who knows how many years may elapse before we shall again spend any length of time here? Tegel is so beautiful, and after all

it is our real home. If it did not sound strange I might almost call Tegel the transition from an earthly to a heavenly existence, into which our dear ones, who rest here, have entered. You must have felt this yourself, and will therefore understand what I have expressed so badly. If only you had been with us these last few mornings, such clear skies are surely an omen of all that is good and beautiful, and then the sunsets! I maintain that Tegel is more beautiful in winter than in summer, when we at least cannot see from the breakfast table the sunrise and the subsequent illumination of the sky. It is literally true, that this morning I could see the shining lake with bright passing sails across the top of my cup, and the leafless trees no longer hid the monument, which was tinged by the first rays of the morning sun. And we are to leave all this, and imprison ourselves in the Wilhelmstrasse! I had a letter from Bülow this morning; he is very hopeful that this much discussed question will speedily be solved. Since the fall of St. Jean d'Acre,<sup>1</sup> there seems to be no doubt that Mehemed Ali will soon say 'Allah is great!' if he keeps Egypt, and in France a respectable majority may be expected for Guizot. To-day's news from Paris is not quite so good, but that may only be empty talk. Bülow has strongly advised Guizot through King Leopold to divulge the full truth and not spare Thiers in his next speech. I am writing all this for the benefit of Hedemann, although my eyes are shutting up, as I am very tired. It is now settled that Bülow goes to Frankfort, and he says, 'Thank God we have got so far!' So I suppose I must say so too, and put a good face on the matter in Berlin, which makes it all the harder for me to go. There's no help for it. 'Onward brave eagle, the clouds must yield!' and it is a great gain to have been here so long. It was convenient as regards our domestic concerns, and our life here has been very simple. The children's sorrow because all this is coming to an end is almost funny; we certainly never run short of amusement. Gabriele's letter will tell you how wrought up we have all been. There was quite a flood of tears when I read the last scenes of 'Don Carlos.' When Therese had assured herself that Line was also crying, and

<sup>1</sup> November 3, 1840.

that she would not be laughed at for being the only one, she got out her handkerchief and wept copiously. Since then we have read the 'Piccolomini,' 'Wallenstein's Death,' and 'Maria Stuart.' "

*Bülow to his Wife*

London: January 1, 1841.

"There stand the written words which signify that the year 1840 has ended and that a new cycle of days has begun. We can now review the past, and shall in time learn the hidden secrets of the future. For us there is nothing to fear. In hope and love we can confidently look towards the future, for we have been happy and shall continue to be so, shall we not, dear wife? I bravely enter on the year 1841, and am full of gratitude for the many joys and benefits vouchsafed us in the past. Above all, I am deeply thankful for the wonderful recovery of our dear little Bernhard, and for the preservation of the health of our other children as well as your own. I must not forget that my own health has markedly improved, nor that I now live in the happy expectation of a speedy reunion with my family. I must also be grateful for having been able to do useful and honourable work here, and thankful that the threatening clouds which overshadowed my own as well as the political horizon have gradually dispersed. The deeper I feel my gratitude to God for His benefits in the past, the more urgently do I hope and pray that He may keep us all well and strong and give us what is for our good. Above all, may His richest blessing be upon you, my dearest!

"I should so much have liked to get news of you to-day. Two posts from Hamburg have again failed to arrive. I fear that you fared badly at Christmas, but we can make up for lost time. Your additional wishes made me laugh heartily—towels and brown packing-paper! You really are modesty and simplicity personified.

"To-morrow I am going to Broadlands by rail; Palmerston has very kindly invited me to spend a few days with him."

It is a well-known fact that the Eastern question was not definitely settled by treaty with France until the 13th of July,

1841. It required almost superhuman exertions on the part of all concerned to attain the desired end, and the duration and difficulties of the conferences can only be compared with those of the Hollando-Belgian treaty. Besides attending to the work of the conferences, Bülow concluded with Palmerston a commercial and shipping convention between England and the German Customs' Union. In the midst of these multifarious occupations a carbuncle at the back of his head brought Bülow almost to death's door, but even that could hardly detain him from his work. An operation saved his life, and Gabriele, from whom he had concealed his serious condition, learnt the alarming news from the papers. After this it was doubly hard that no time could be fixed for his return. Spring was again approaching, Tegel seemed more tempting than ever, and thither she once more removed with the children. At the season when nature puts forth its buds and blossoms, love was also springing up in two young hearts.

It was no surprise to the girl's mother when young Leopold von Loën, lieutenant in the first regiment of the Guards, asked for the hand of her eldest daughter Gabriele in marriage. As Hedemann's nephew she had known him since his childhood, and her predilection for the handsome, chivalrous, and amiable young officer was even greater than for the beautiful boy she had always liked. The Hedemanns loved this nephew like a son, and nothing could have pleased them more than his betrothal to the clever and spirited Lella, who was as near and dear to them as any daughter. So no difficulties stood in the way of the constant intercourse which was natural, considering the relationship between the two families, and it was not long before the lovers, who as Lella afterwards declared had understood one another for seven years, openly avowed their love.

It was hard for the mother to be deprived of her husband's presence at such a time, all the more as she could not even ask his advice by letter. She had thought it better not to trouble him with events which were casting their shadows before, when he was already more than sufficiently occupied, and thus it was that she had to depend entirely on

her own judgment. She hoped Bülow would arrive before the betrothal, and she foresaw that, more successfully than any letters of hers, Loën's engaging personality and noble character would conquer any objections that Bülow might raise to the alliance of his daughter with a young man in such modest pecuniary circumstances.

Just at the moment when wedded happiness seemed in prospect for one daughter, another, Therese, was attacked by rheumatic and gastric fever, and she had hardly recovered when Alla, the second sister, was ready to be fetched from Dessau, whither the Hedemanns had accompanied her on the journey home. No wonder that Gabriele wished for "more hearts or less" to satisfy all these conflicting claims. When she returned from Dessau she found the improvement in Therese's condition by no means maintained, and saw with anxiety that a change for the worse had taken place in her absence. Oh, to be able to draw a picture of this child as she appeared to those who knew her; she was so beautiful in form and feature, and of such promising ability: the lithe, slender figure, the little head crowned with golden-brown hair overshadowing a pure and noble brow, the shining brown eyes, like a deer, dancing with fun and merriment, the red lips overflowing with lively chatter and laughter. She had never known a day's illness, and with such an attractive personality, full of a joyousness that conquered all hearts, and of an eminently practical turn of mind, she seemed exactly fitted to take her place in this world. Her lively temperament had soon shaken off the restraint of the nursery which prevented the children from having intercourse with the servants. Her warm heart sympathised with every inmate of the household; she called each gardener by name, and knew his joys and sorrows. Many a weary old woman has returned to her work cheered by the friendly greeting and sunny looks of this child, who was the very embodiment of mirth and gladness.

And now? A tormenting breathlessness compelled her, who had only been known to run and skip, to walk slowly, and hardly to speak above a whisper. Her gay laugh was no longer heard, for she was obliged to check her merriment

on account of agonising palpitations of the heart. It was in this state that the mother found her child when she returned. The most faithful nursing and the best medical skill could only give temporary relief, and did not eradicate the malady. Heart-disease had developed in consequence of the rheumatic fever, and to this a kind of lingering typhoid was now added. The patient's condition varied greatly, but generally the little invalid could be out of bed.

While Gabriele was entirely occupied in nursing Therese, the lovers, to her surprise, came to an open understanding, and she found herself overwhelmed with many varying emotions.

*Gabriele to her Sister and Brother-in-law.*

Tegel: July 13, 1841.

“Let me tell you at once that Therese, thank God, is better, and Leopold and Gabriele have settled matters between them. If Bülow knew and consented, I might say they were or rather they would be engaged—I gaze at the word in astonishment! It is strange what new significance it acquires, but God knows the matter is important enough already, and when I consider for how much I am answerable and responsible, my heart seems weighted with lead. And yet in the depth of my soul there is such a feeling of joy and confidence that I trust all is for the best, and that I have not undertaken more than was right. I take courage, because in this, the most difficult moment of my life, something within me gives me greater self-confidence than I have ever known before. Words cannot express the state of excitement I am in, my heart is full to bursting! I took this decisive step at a time when the seriousness of life again affected me exceedingly; since last I wrote I have been even more anxious about Therese than my previous letters gave you to understand, for I tried to hide my uneasiness. The return of the rheumatic fever made the poor child very ill. This time the illness seemed to attack the internal organs more fiercely, particularly the diaphragm, and Steinrück<sup>1</sup> was very anxious when he noted symptoms of the heart being threatened. Not that he exactly

<sup>1</sup> The doctor.

feared any immediate danger, but the malady so easily becomes chronic. Thank God this anxiety is dispelled, the remedies he applied were successful, and though on the twenty-first day her condition became worse, it began to improve after the twenty-eighth. The long illness has naturally weakened her, she has been wholly confined to bed since Thursday, but nature has come to her aid, and Steinrück was quite satisfied to-day. You can fancy how anxious I was, and that I sought comfort in the doctor's continual presence, particularly at night. Steinrück's son stayed with me; he is a very clever young fellow, who has already begun to practise, and I cannot say what a comfort it was to have professional assistance at night when she had such bad attacks of pain, a kind of spasm of the heart.

"I would not tell you anything of all these troubles if I did not fear that disquieting rumours might reach you, for it has of course been talked about in Berlin, and people are always so ready to communicate bad news. The doctor's frequent presence at night caused a great sensation. You can imagine how terrible this is for me on account of Bülow's absence. A week ago I simply wrote that Therese had been ill and was better, as I myself believed until last Tuesday. To-morrow I must tell him more, if I write at all—yes, really if—for to add to the general excitement of the last few days, Bülow informs me in his last letter that he has received orders from the King to leave London immediately, should further difficulties arise in the signing of the treaty . . .

"These are Bülow's actual words, and you will understand what possibilities they contain. With regard to Therese I am not pleased he is coming so soon; it will exhaust her, and he will be so grieved to find her not getting on at all. For Gabriele, on the contrary, I particularly desire his presence; things will appear so different to him when he is here to talk the whole question over. But supposing he were not satisfied even then—what an appalling idea it is! I really dare not think of it, now that matters have progressed so far. I am sure you want to know how he proposed. He did it in a very odd manner. Where do you think he spoke to her? Where? In the lumber-room at Berlin! It seems unlucky,

when Tegel would have been so much more romantic. But after all it corresponds with her unsentimental nature, and made us laugh heartily.

“ . . . I am quite sure they will be very happy, and fervently hope Bülow will give his consent. I am longing to tell him everything, but do not know how and when to do so. To think that he may possibly be here this week, it takes my breath away! My mind is too much for my body just now, I am getting quite wasted. I am glad to say I am well, though rather tired after so many restless nights. As you know, I can stand a great deal, and if only Therese continues to improve, if her heart keeps well and Gabriele’s is made happy, I shall soon be all right again.”

Tegel: July 14, 1841.

“ Thus far I wrote yesterday. Steinrück is perfectly satisfied with Therese to-day. The Queen has just sent a special messenger from Sanssouci to inquire after her. Dear child, she is so wonderfully good and sensible, and knows so well how to look after herself, that you always forget you have to do with a little girl not twelve years old. Her head has never been affected; she is quite unchanged in all her little ways, so practical even in bed, and altogether a model of patience and obedience. She is a delightful child, and it is evident that all the household adores her.

“ I am in a great hurry, because the letter to London, which I have written after all, must be sent off. It was not easy to write, but I told him all about Therese, and, thank God, I could add the best of news. I hope he will not get the letter in London, and somehow I fancy that is just what will happen. If only we could see a little further into the future.”

If only we could see a little further! Most of us have had such a wish at some time of our lives, and yet, perhaps, it is God’s greatest mercy that the future is hidden from us. How should we otherwise have the strength to enjoy the pleasures or the courage to face all the thousand sorrows and bitter disappointments of this life?

For five days the child seemed to be fairly well. But in



the early morning of July 20 there was a sudden return of the violent spasms of the heart. Exhausted by this attack, she laid her head upon the breast of the faithful nurse, saying: "I am weary to death," and with a bright smile upon her face she gently breathed her last.

The next night Bülow arrived.

At Spandau he received the following letter, which his wife had written immediately after Therese's death:—

Tegel: Tuesday, July 20, 1841.

"I can only bid you welcome with the deepest sorrow, as I must tell you that we are in great distress about our dear Therese. She has been ill ever since I last wrote to you, so that, painful as it is to me, I must prepare you for the worst. The other children and I are perfectly well, and we await your arrival with the most intense longing. May God bring you safely! You will surely come here direct from Spandau, and not *via* Berlin. I implore you to do so with all my heart."

The perfect beauty of a summer morning dawned upon Tegel. But for one such splendour was in vain—one who, so early "weary to death," was now to be laid to rest for ever. Her grave was in the same beautiful spot as the others.

Her life was like a lovely summer day; no earthly sorrow came near her, tears never dimmed her eyes, and even death had lost its sting for her. She was taken away from the heaven of childhood to the heaven of the blessed. Old age never laid its hand upon her, and when silver threads were drawn through her sisters' hair, her image still continued to shine in unaltered youth and beauty. It seemed almost incredible that the mother should be so calm and quiet in those days of affliction. She had found "the strength which is in immeasurable grief," and was fortified by faith and love.

*Gabriele to her Sister Adelheid*

Tegel: Sunday, July 25, 1841.

"I feel the greatest need and longing to write to you to-day, and yet I can hardly bear to do so. Only the thought that a letter from me is sure to comfort you a little gives me strength to write it. It makes it so much harder for us that

you and August are not here, and yet perhaps God has willed it thus, so that I should have to think of other people's sorrow besides my own. I know so well how the news which you will just have heard will grieve you, that I feel I ought to try and comfort you, though God knows how sorely I stand in need of comfort myself. It is all too terrible—every hour the load of sorrow seems to grow heavier. I do not know how my life will ever regain its equilibrium after what has happened, and I am more than ever convinced that the first days after such a loss as ours are not the hardest to bear. It was not so bad as long as the dear child's body was still with us, lying there so peacefully like an angel upon earth, and while there was still so much to do for her. Now the sense of loss and desolation is horrible, and as life necessarily returns more and more to its old routine, the more impossible it seems that she can no longer share it with us. I often say to myself 'Therese is dead,' so as to try and grasp what still seems incredible. I do not know how I bore that awful moment, for Lella's letter will have told you how unexpected it was. Her last look was not for me! While Lacey held her in her arms, I hurried to fetch all that Steindrück wanted, and I had just lighted a candle in the little green room, when he came to me and said, 'She is dying.' I put the light down—that did not go out<sup>1</sup>—but before I could reach her bedside it was over—her breath was no longer audible! Lacey says she only gave one last gentle sigh, then the lips and the eyes that had so often smiled closed for ever.

"I am deeply thankful that my darling's sufferings were no greater, and that she passed away peacefully and happily. Her face bore the sublime, glorified expression of an angel, but she hardly looked like a child, death had aged her so rapidly.

"The thought of Bülow first roused me from a state of torpor in which I could not even find relief in tears, but oh! what a terrible thought it was! I wrote a letter to prepare him for the worst, and sent it to Spandau. I cannot describe the hours

<sup>1</sup> Like the candle at Therese's last birthday, which, to Gabriele's great dismay, had suddenly gone out. She kept it, and after the omen had been so sadly fulfilled, she would never again allow lighted candles on any birthday cakes in the family.

after her death ; I sat waiting, not knowing whether Bülow might not have been detained in London, or by storms at sea, until at two o'clock in the morning they told me the carriage was coming. He drove up just as I reached the glass door—what a contrast to our last meeting at Burg-Oerner. I trembled then to tell him how ill Bernhard had been—for hours I had seen him dying and yet he had been saved ; now the unexpected, the incredible had happened before I had time to think. That we can live through such moments as these is a proof that God gives us strength to bear the trials he sends us ; I shall evermore be grateful to Him for supporting Bülow when he heard the awful ‘ Yes, it is all over ! ’ He was wonderfully calm and resigned ; it was doubly hard for him ; you know how devoted he was to Therese, and to come back and find her thus seemed too cruel. What a comfort it would have been for me, if he could have seen her a few days before, when she was mentally quite unchanged and so unaltered in looks that, though she had grown thin and pale, no one could have imagined that the end was so near. I must not begin thinking over it all again ; it makes me feel I cannot bear it. It is only by the words ‘ God’s will be done,’ and by the thought of the dear ones left to me, for whom I must preserve my strength, that my mind is pacified. It is too unnatural that a child should go before its mother—and such a child, the picture of life and energy, so perfect in every way ! . . .

“ The funeral was as bright and beautiful as her life had been. Rauch’s faithful friendship was very helpful to us all. You know he came on Tuesday afternoon to take the cast of her face ; it was such a comfort to have him then, but even more so on Wednesday morning, for Bülow’s sake. I cannot be sufficiently grateful to the gardener, he did his sad work so beautifully and thoughtfully, with real feeling. The sides of the grave were lined with fir branches, flowers were twined in among them, and at the head there was a sunflower, a fitting emblem of the glory to which our angel had gone. The whole made a pleasant impression ; there was the coffin adorned with flowers and garlands amid all the beautiful surroundings of the sacred burial ground. Oh ! Adelheid and August, if only you could have been present ! I cannot describe it all to you. Your

own feelings will tell you what Tegel with all its memories has been to me at such a time of grief. I am sure you, dear Adelheid, will be glad to think how happy and comfortable the little invalid was in your sitting-room; she could not possibly have had a better sick-room. Three weeks ago to-day I moved her bed into that room; my own was in the little green room, and I could always see her, for the end of her bed was turned towards the large room between us. You can fancy with what feelings I often passed through it in the middle of anxious nights or in the light of early dawn, and how the statues there, as well as all the busts in my little room, looked down upon my pain and suffering as though they would console me. Sometimes when the sight of poor little Gustav's bust moved me painfully, I took courage again by looking at your picture, so full of life and charm, which seemed to watch over her. I cannot express in words what I felt and thought then, but I know I thanked God with all my heart for the beautiful restful surroundings of our home, and I felt it even more when she lay there dead, surrounded by a wealth of lovely flowers. An hour before her death they began to thrash in the barn, and I sent word to the men to stop, as the noise would disturb her. We had already forbidden the pumping and the watchman's call. And when the end had come and I returned to consciousness, the melancholy sound of the thrashing fell upon my ear again, and so it has gone on day after day ever since. And now I shall never hear that sound without living through those sorrowful days again, just as I can never see a dahlia without its recalling our sweet baby's funeral. The wreaths were nearly all of dahlias, just as they were for him — rich and perfect like her image.

“The coffin stood on the place where her bed was after her death. I only let them lay her in it on Friday afternoon. Leopold was here in the morning, and saw her in bed still. He was deeply moved by the sight. How strangely interwoven are the days of her illness and death with the time in which he came to be entirely one of us, which, thank God, he is now; but more of that later on.

“I could not make up my mind to put her in the coffin sooner. In the afternoon your letter to her came. I read it

beside the open coffin, and laid it in her hand a while. G. came with a wreath of myrtle to lay upon her brow in place of a rose wreath. Oh! I cannot say what thoughts passed through my mind in that one moment. Elizabeth Brühl sent a lovely wreath, and there were quantities of white stocks and myrtle branches. Soon . . . came, Jonas was the last. Bülow was much more upset than I was, and I had to give the order for the coffin to be removed, but I could not bear to see them lift it up; I went away and stood in the large room next door. Think of this procession passing through on the side where Mars stands.

“Our own people and James—how strange that it should have been he, who carried her so often as a child—bore the coffin away. In the entrance hall downstairs the lid was put on, just as at Caroline’s funeral; I stood close by, but it was done in a moment. The bier covered with black cloth (of which I had dreamt) stood outside; they were soon ready to start, and we followed them down the lime avenue. The low boughs often touched the coffin, and to me there was something very affecting in this last farewell. They sang the same hymn as for our dear baby. Jonas’s address was good, simple, and appropriate, but his words were quite inadequate to express my feelings.

“You can imagine how all the sisters grieve and mourn. It seems as though I ought to help each one to bear her sorrow: I almost pity Line most, she has lost so much, but Constance will miss her no less, as we all shall, more than we yet can realise.

“An express has been despatched to inform the Frankfort Diet that Bülow will be unable to appear on the 29th. To-day he has gone to Sanssouci to the King. I do not know when he will return or what will be decided. I fear his departure can only be postponed for a few days. We are absolutely uncertain as to our future arrangements. I long to see you, my dear ones, and I feel a nameless dread at the thought of tearing myself away from Tegel and entering new and strange surroundings with my heart so full of sadness. But if this grief can be endured, the sorrows to come can also be borne.”

Tegel: August 12, 1841.

“The ways of God are inscrutable, but there is a wonderful connection in things which is not all coincidence. Read the 647th hymn in the Berlin hymn-book. I turned to it in London when looking for words of thanksgiving after the birth of our little son. The last verse struck me strangely, and I marked it, either then or at some later time. To-day I felt so deeply depressed by the new load of sorrow, and yet so thankful each time I looked at our bonny boy, that I made an effort to rouse myself, and in looking for some thanksgiving hymn, I happened to come upon this. Was it not strange? Oh! how I look forward to your coming, dear Adel; I hope it will be in a week from to-day. When I think how jubilant Therese would have been to welcome so many visitors, my heart aches more than I can tell.

“Bülow’s last letter is full of good news about the Frankfort house; it seems to be very beautiful and in an excellent situation. He is well and very busy.

“Leopold has been here three days. I could not help sharing their great happiness. She takes her engagement in such a characteristic spirit. I suppose it would have been too perfect if our gladness had been complete.”

*Gabriele to her Husband*

Tegel: August 17, 1841.

“I seem to feel our loss more acutely than ever to-day. My yearning for our dear Therese will not be appeased even at her graveside, where I generally find peace of mind. It is such glorious weather, a summer day such as we have not had for a long time, and Tegel looks more beautiful than ever. Oh God! why had our darling child to leave this beautiful world so soon? We cannot refrain from this thought. It is so natural to believe that her life here was pleasant, and that she was happy in the love she gave and received; sometimes I think that she herself must long to return. Many people would call this an un-Christian thought; my belief in God’s love and mercy is so great that I think He will forgive a fond mother’s longing. But you must be

stronger than I am, resign yourself to God's will, and console yourself with the thought that as so much was given to us, we could afford to lose much. But let us humbly pray to God to spare us what we still possess. I feel specially grateful and touched at the sight of our little Bernhard; it is now just a year since his serious illness and wonderful recovery. Gabriele is so indescribably happy, and her engagement has been the source of so much rejoicing in the Loën family, that it fills me with gladness too. . . .

"I have just received your letter of the 14th, and I hasten to answer it immediately, as I see how anxious you are for frequent news, and how you interpret the slightest event unfavourably. One of the sad consequences of every misfortune, such as that which has befallen us, is that it deprives us of confidence. As my father wrote to Schiller when my little brother Wilhelm died: 'I no longer trust in my happiness, in my fate, or in the power of destiny. If this animated, youthful, vigorous life could perish so suddenly, what in this world is safe? And yet on the other hand I have gained much more confidence. I have never feared death, or clung childishly to life, but when one of our dear ones dies, it changes our feelings with respect to death. We seem to feel at home in two worlds then!' These words will do you good. I meant to remind you of them when you were here; they express exactly what I felt at the death of any of those I love, particularly of Therese, whose loss has given me a deeper insight into my dear parents' sorrow when Wilhelm died. There is so much resemblance in the two cases. They were both mentally and physically such healthy, promising children, in the estimation of their fellow-creatures they both seemed destined to give and receive the greatest happiness in life, and yet they were both called away so soon. Destiny has again strangely repeated itself; our little Wilhelm and my baby sister Louise also only lived a few months, but this time the coincidence is even more striking, as Therese's birthday fell upon the anniversary of my brother Wilhelm's death. Oh, dearest! it was a hard day, but I felt I had no right to complain when I thought of you with your aching heart, amid strange surroundings.

In quietly and sorrowfully celebrating the day, we sought the only alleviation for our deep distress. The girls made lovely wreaths for her grave, Bernhard brought a little one too, as did Lacey, and Constance took the garland Princess Charlotte had sent. The gardener had arranged quite a bush of dahlias on her grave beforehand. They looked so cheerful, almost too cheerful for my feelings, but it was kindly meant, and the mass of lovely flowers gave a lovely and charming appearance to the spot. Besides, I cannot express to you in words what a feeling of exaltation overwhelmed my soul even in the midst of this acute revival of my sorrow; I felt so convinced that a gentle, sweet creature, such as she was, should be mourned with no violent expression of sorrow, and that she herself would ask God to let us grieve for her thus. And surely herein lies that feeling of being at home in two worlds. I have had a most affectionate letter from Uncle A.; he writes so pathetically: 'My old eyes found their tears again.' "

*Bülow to his Wife*

Frankfort: August 16, 1841.

" . . . I should have written to you yesterday, the anniversary of the birth of the dear child whom God has willed by His inscrutable decree to take back to Himself so soon, but I must confess that I was too deeply affected and did not wish to increase my own and your painful emotion. I am fully conscious of the terrible weight of sorrow God has chosen to impose upon us, but I also feel that we dare not murmur or despair. My dear wife, why should we? by what right could we hope to enjoy everlasting sunshine and continued good fortune in life? With what rich blessings God has endowed, I would almost say, overwhelmed us! In love our hands and hearts were united, in love and harmony we have lived together more than twenty years. To how few mortals has been granted the fulness of joy and happiness allotted to you and me. God blessed our union with a succession of good, strong, and healthy children. How many are partly or entirely denied this blessing, and in how many cases that which seemed a blessing at first, turns out to be otherwise! The child received with such rejoicing is found lacking in physical



beauty and mental refinement, and the disappointed parents hardly mourn its loss! I would not have consolation bought at such a price. I thank God for having endowed Therese with such rich and beautiful gifts that she was an honour to her Maker and an ornament to her family; therefore her memory will, nay, must, live for ever! Now she is enrolled among the pure and lovely angels, who have everlasting life. For such a prize as this she could well sacrifice the short span of earthly life. What is this in comparison with the space of time which has been, and is still to come. And, dearest, let us never forget one truth based upon experience—in this world of ours noble and good people so rarely win the crown of reward and happiness; nay, how much more frequently unlimited trust, youthful confidence and impetuosity, and particularly great beauty, are the cause of dangers and perils that bring pain and misery in their train!

“Perhaps God loved our child so dearly that in His almighty foresight He sought to preserve her from sorrow and suffering; perhaps we ourselves might gratefully acknowledge the wisdom of His ways, if we could lift the veil of the future and judge the weighty causes that actuate Providence. Therefore, dear wife, take comfort with me. Let us strengthen our minds under the burden of our loss, and learn to acknowledge more and more fully how much God has done for us, all He has given to us, and what He has graciously preserved to us. Life is a task we all are called upon to fulfil, and with God’s blessing we will gladly and humbly accomplish it. Our hearts can only be purified by misfortune. The trial seems at first overwhelming and unbearable, but only he who has once borne the weight of sorrow knows how to carry it, and how far he can rely upon his strength. Therefore, let us praise God, and put our trust in Him. So be it, my darling; I shall soon be with you again, then we will help and comfort one another, and the burden will seem lighter to us both. Hedemann’s letter was very satisfactory. I have perfect confidence in all he says regarding Leopold’s future career. You have done well in everything, my dear, good wife.”

In November Bülow’s family removed to Frankfort-on-

Maine, after paying the Hedemanns a short visit at Erfurt on the way. The position of Envoy to the German Diet was very acceptable to Bülow, as it entailed much less work, and he gladly welcomed this existence, by which a lasting reunion with his wife and family was assured him. It was far harder for his wife to make a fresh start in new circumstances and strange surroundings at a time when she would have preferred to live a retired life. The last white dress Therese had worn, two long golden-brown tresses, a cast of the lovely face asleep in death, and in her heart an unconquerable grief—that was all of the lost darling the mother could take into her new life. On the tombstone sheltering the child these words were graven :—

All the glory of man is as the flower of grass,  
The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away ;  
But the Word of the Lord endureth for ever !

## CHAPTER XI

BÜLOW'S LAST YEARS IN THE SERVICE OF THE STATE, 1841-43,  
ILLNESS AND DEATH, 1846

Bülow Envoy to the German Diet at Frankfort-on-Maine, 1841—Minister of Foreign Affairs, 1842—Marriage of his daughter Gabriele—Birth of the first grandchild—Bülow at Kissingen—Serious illness—Resignation—Mental derangement—Death, February 6, 1846.

*Gabriele to her Sister Adelheid*

Frankfort: November 15, 1841.

“I am glad to be able to tell you what a pleasant impression our new home has made upon me. The house is bright and cheerful, and all the domestic arrangements promise to be satisfactory. There is something very good-natured about the people, who are perfectly free and easy. Perhaps too much so in view of the future dignity of our position. But I must not wander too far from my subject. There is naturally no question of being settled yet. Uncle's visit hindered us a little, but it was a great delight, and it will be a lasting pleasure to think he was the first to visit us in our new home. He was really more delightful than ever. I was lost in admiration of his indomitable vigour and liveliness, and his exuberance of wit; it does my heart good, though it made me feel a miserable creature in comparison with him. I never felt this more forcibly than now; I was so tired of an evening, as to be hardly able to keep from falling asleep, even while he was talking. Yesterday after his departure, as Sunday put a temporary stop to unpacking, I gave way to fatigue. It almost makes me imagine myself back in London to see so many of our English things again. They have not exactly covered themselves with glory in the packing, a great deal of china and glass is broken. The things from Berlin are all right, the pictures and the nymph are quite safe. How does the poor deserted one at

Tegel feel? How often I think of those beloved rooms now so empty, and from them my mind wanders back into the past.

“ I enjoyed the beautiful scenery on the journey immensely, particularly the Wartburg. It is a strange feeling after such a loss as ours to traverse vast distances, taking the same sad heart into each new scene, seeking in vain for what is lost, and yet conscious in spite of the load of pain of all that is beautiful. And it is a good thing it should be so.”

Life in Frankfort turned out to be exceedingly pleasant. It proved congenial to Heinrich von Bülow, and it would have been a good thing if he could have occupied the post a few years longer. But so important a personage, a man competent to fill the highest position, could not long be left in repose, and when Count Maltzahn, on account of the complete exhaustion of his mental powers, was compelled to resign office, the King appointed Bülow to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. So just when the family were beginning to feel at home in the lovely house in the Mainzerstrasse, and were looking forward to the spring and summer which promised to make life in Frankfort even more delightful—they had to think of another change of residence, and of new and altered conditions of life. Bülow departed immediately, and in March 1842 he was in Berlin, where many proofs of royal favour were showered upon him. Gabriele did not leave Frankfort so soon; her sister Adelheid first came to pay her a visit there, and then they all went down the Rhine, chiefly in order that the children might also enjoy the pleasure of this excursion. It was not until May that Gabriele finally left Frankfort. She travelled to Berlin *via* Erfurt, and from Halle for the first time by rail, when a personal introduction to and a visit from the official in charge of the train lent comparative safety to the “ hazardous enterprise ! ”

In Berlin furnishing and settling began again, this time in the Foreign Office, 76 Wilhelmstrasse, and Gabriele was further occupied with arrangements for the approaching wedding, which in consequence of the turn things had taken was to be celebrated at Tegel instead of at Burg-Oerner. The following allusion to her daughter's happiness is contained in one of the mother's letters from Frankfort to her sister.

“ . . . You cannot fancy what a strange sensation it is to see such an independent life developing in one's own child, and to feel that I must rejoice that her thoughts and interests are diverted into quite another channel. That I should not only desire this state of things but also take pleasure in it, is the best surety for the future husband and son-in-law. I really cannot understand why so many mothers profess themselves jealous of their sons-in-law. Gabriele seems to grow more intelligent and amiable every day, and she has much improved in appearance. Sometimes she looks lovely, though in reality she is not at all beautiful. . . .

“ At last, my dear Adelheid, I can continue my letter and thank you for yours, which did me good, particularly in its reference to my darling Therese. You are right, the sorrow seems to prick my heart like a goad, I feel it like an actual physical pain, and yet every remembrance of her, every memory that recalls her image to my mind, does me good. That Bülow always avoids reviving such memories is a deprivation for me, though I well know his heart is full of them. He never speaks of her and will not let me dwell upon the subject, because he thinks it is best for me so, but I do not know whether he is right. I have also often thought that if such happiness should one day be vouchsafed Lella, we may hear the sound of that beloved name again, and it touched me to see how here again our thoughts and feelings coincided. I am sure neither of us can think of the union of Leopold and Lella without profound emotion. He always seems to me like a gift sent from heaven, not only because he has made my Lella so happy, but also because of the memorable time when he became one of us. I cannot express in words how peculiarly dear he is to me, a gift for which I feel a deep and fervent gratitude to God. I cannot think of their happiness without feeling I must thank you too, for all your last letter contains in reference to our young couple. What you say of the love you bear our children and the Loëns fills me with joy and gratitude. May God fulfil our hopes of the future. I perhaps have an even deeper yearning for their happiness than the young people themselves, though they would hardly believe it. The disinterested love I cherish for them makes me long

therefore to bring about the speedy realisation of their wishes. . . .”

By a strange decree of Providence this realisation was fulfilled in the same place where, but one short year before, they had in the midst of grief and sadness pledged their troth. The bright image of Therese was so inseparably interwoven with the history of their love and betrothal, and she was so little forgotten, that there could be no fear of reawakening sad memories. Life does not separate, it combines joy and sorrow. So on August 29 bridal merry-making resounded through the Tegel house, and in their silent greatness the statues looked down upon the picture of life as they had upon the image of death—alike removed from human joy and suffering, and unaffected by the destiny of man.

Bülow left his family immediately after the festivities in order to accompany the King to Cologne, where the foundation stone for the building of the new part of the cathedral was to be laid. Alexander von Humboldt also accompanied the King, and afterwards proceeded to Paris. At Potsdam the newly-married pair received from him these farewell words:—

Berlin: August 30, 1842.

“I have just returned late at night from the deserted Tegel, and cannot start on to-morrow’s journey without one more kindly greeting to our young couple. May the glad and solemn memories clinging to the home of art, to the loveliest of country seats, and even to the dark shadows of the cypresses, by some secret spell influence the marriage in which, under the happiest auspices, they have been indissolubly united.”

Bülow had now attained the zenith of his career. His position necessitated their living in great style, and his wife once again saw herself forced to devote more time to society than inclination prompted. At first hardly an evening passed without visitors, but finding such a state of things perfectly unendurable, she fixed Tuesdays as her reception day. The beautiful rooms were consequently somewhat overcrowded, but conversation was less restricted, and the company was often enlivened with dancing or music. However perfectly Gabriele fulfilled her duties at these social functions, she would eagerly

seize every opportunity of avoiding them, and it is very characteristic of her antipathy to a society life when she writes:—

“I immediately determined never to dine out without Bülow; this is a great advantage, for dinners are certainly the greatest plague. We get more than enough of them, with the unavoidable ones at Court and our own. I ought not to call the former unavoidable, for I did manage to escape one the other day. On the 7th, as I was getting into the carriage with a bunch of flowers in my hand to drive to the station, I recognised a well-known face beside the hall-porter. Without being able to remember who it was, I heard something about the ‘King’ and ‘dinner,’ just as my foot was on the carriage step. I was hardly seated before I was informed that it was a messenger from the Palace with an invitation to dinner. I did not hesitate, but called out to the man, ‘Oh, please don’t betray me, I must go to Potsdam, it is my daughter’s birthday!’ With that Alla pulled up the window, and away we went, ever so happy, as you can imagine. Bülow took the matter in better part than I had expected.”

Even Tegel, whither Gabriele fled as soon as possible, was no longer a quiet retreat. Slowly, but surely, the diplomatists made their way through the deep sand, and soon unexpected guests began to appear at all hours of the day and night, so that a reception day had also to be fixed for Tegel.

The ‘Thursdays’ at this remarkable country house offered so much variety by the greater freedom and more informal intercourse, afforded by walks and water-parties, that they soon became celebrated in society, and it was considered good form to be present at these receptions. It required all Gabriele’s tact to reconcile the Hedemanns to the invasions of visitors, mostly ‘foreign folk,’ and if they were present themselves, to see that due honour was paid to them as the real masters of the house, a circumstance that always remained incomprehensible to strangers. Although the Bülows actually kept house, and the ministerial *chef* ruled in the lower regions, the general’s wife by no means waived her rights of ownership, with the result that there were occasionally trifling differences. But what a source of

endless joy it was for the sisters to be together, and how happy were old and young in the merry family circle!

A very amusing incident is told of this period. A detachment of soldiers was to be quartered in the house, which was already full of visitors, and every available space was in requisition. Statues suffer in silence, human beings want room to move about freely; thus statues must make way for human beings, classical art must retire before the needs of modern life. So thought Frau von Hedemann, and with her usual energy, she removed the two famous Greek torsos which generally stood opposite her father's writing-table. They vanished between a pair of double doors. Nemesis did not fail to take revenge, and appeared in the person of the venerable Alexander von Humboldt, who had specially sent word that he would not honour this particular Thursday with his presence, but was nevertheless seen descending from his carriage in the company of a strange gentleman. Never was the kind, dearly-beloved old uncle received with such alarm and confusion, which increased when he declared his intention of not staying with the other visitors, as he had only come to show the torsos to the famous Raoul Rochette. He then made straight for his brother's study, and, waving aside the objection that the room was already occupied, he entered—but the torsos were not at home! Frau von Hedemann was forced to confess where they were, and Alexander von Humboldt tried to open the door. It was locked. "Where is the key?" "I have mislaid it, lost it!" stammered Frau von Hedemann. "Then look for it, my dear child," was the uncle's kind but determined answer; "I shall wait here with Mr. Rochette." Whereupon the two gentlemen sat down before the door and were soon absorbed in a scientific discussion. Outside, out of earshot, the usually intrepid general's wife sank prostrate upon a chair; her sister and nieces stood round in speechless astonishment. It was clear enough she had the key, and once the gentlemen knew what desecration the Graces had suffered, they might surely be allowed to see them behind the doors.

Alas! now came the confession. In the overcrowded state of the rooms she had collected all the superfluous bed-room



crochery and hidden it between the same doors, and were the lovely Graces to be seen by the learned enthusiasts in such company? Impossible! She nearly wept. Her confession was received with uncontrollable laughter. Then the Bülowes decided that by a combined effort the honour of the family must be saved. It required much eloquence and ingenuity to induce the gentlemen to evacuate their position. They had hardly left the room before Fran von Hedemann set to work, and in a few moments the unworthy associates of the Graces were removed. The gentlemen never knew with whom these jewels of Grecian art had shared their captivity. Frau von Hedemann heard many an allusion to the secret, but she blessed the torsos, that they, at least, were dumb!

Generally the happiest periods of a woman's life are those of which there is least to be said. For Gabriele two years now passed which were uneventful to outward appearance, though in the home circle there were many joyful episodes in which the married daughter shared as heretofore. Indeed, her own and the family happiness were materially increased when, on the anniversary of her wedding-day, she gave birth to a son. Gabriele would not be denied the pleasure of nursing her daughter and the first grandchild, so that the ministerial household numbered thirty-seven on the arrival of the little stranger. The "heavenly new boy" and his mother were often for weeks the welcome guests of the grandparents in whose house he was born, and where he grew to be the dearest plaything of his young aunts and the adored companion of his little uncle. In the midst of her social duties Gabriele still found time to share in the children's games, and always took the little pleasures of the nursery more to heart than any ministerial differences. Thus, for instance, she wrote to her sister, among all sorts of serious things:—

" . . . The pigeons are an endless source of amusement for the children, and the boy really does quite remarkable tricks with them. I suppose you know that they dance on the tight-rope? The actual appearance of the chicken from a hen's egg hatched by a pigeon was also communicated to you. This great event took place on the birthday itself. The chicken became a daily increasing source of pleasure; it

was really wonderful to watch it grow, and to see how it looked after itself. Only the first day 'Karl der Grosse'<sup>1</sup> fed it; on the second day it hardly required any attention, and helped itself. The attempts of the poor pigeon to collect the tiniest crumbs in her beak or throat—I don't know which—and feed the chicken with them, were quite touching. As the latter would not accept her attentions, she nearly choked herself with the food, but persevered again and again. All day long the chicken peeped unbearably, and it had to be banished after dinner, as it worried Bülow. On Monday it was introduced to Uncle A., and his note, which I enclose, will show you what an interest he took in the little thing; it is surely the only chicken in the world that can pride itself on having been envied by him. It has had a short, but highly remarkable career—for, alas! it is dead. On Wednesday evening, or rather, in the middle of the night, C. was suffering from ear-ache, and the chicken's chirping disturbed her so much, that I myself ordered it to be removed, so the cage was carried into the passage near the stove. It screeched so loudly in its new quarters that Lacey feared it would wake Bülow, and as that was a serious matter, she took it still further out of earshot. It was well protected with feathers and cotton wool in its little basket, but in spite of all precautions, it must have been too cold, for when 'Karl der Grosse' went to fetch it next morning, it was dead. You can imagine the general distress; the poor boy cried, Lacey bitterly reproached herself, the whole household paid visits of condolence, and, as a final consolation, it was decided to have it stuffed. That has been done, and it is to be placed upon a pedestal under glass, with Uncle's note affixed. Surely that is honour enough for a little chicken! Uncle wrote to explain that he could not dine here because of previous engagements. 'It is a busy life this Berlin life of ours. How nice to be a little chicken living in a pigeoncote, and only hearing itself chirp!'

Gabriele was not long able to abandon herself to the enjoyment of unclouded happiness; she began to be

<sup>1</sup> One of the children.

oppressed with the secret fear that her husband could not bear the uninterrupted strain of work without injury to his health. Her anxiety was not unfounded; towards the end of the year 1844 a change became noticeable in Bülow's appearance. The hours spent in the family circle became less and less frequent, and, with the greater weight of business, his want of sympathy with everything outside the pale of official life increased, and his temper became more and more uncertain. This was explained by his bad state of health; in May 1845 he had a severe attack of influenza with congestion of the lungs and brain. After his recovery he returned to his ministerial duties with redoubled energy, and in the eyes of the Thursday Tegel guests, who sometimes numbered eighty or more, he was still the brilliant talker and pleasant companion, as well as the witty and versatile diplomatist. But with growing anxiety his wife noted what an effort it all was to him, and now he relapsed into the silence of excessive fatigue when the self-imposed strain was removed. With a sigh of relief she welcomed the month of July, when Bülow was to take the waters at Kissingen. For his amusement and her own comfort she took all the children with them. In spite of the long spell of enervating heat Bülow seemed to benefit by the cure, and his wife desired nothing more ardently than that he should implicitly follow his doctor's orders, and be spared for a little time the trials and vexations of his ministerial duties.

With Bülow's temperament and under existing circumstances the plan proved unpracticable. The visit of the Queen of England to their Majesties at Stolzenfels was impending. The King had already invited Bülow to be present, Queen Victoria had notified her expectation of seeing him, and a refusal was impossible, the more so as by his presence Bülow wished to contradict the rumours respecting his illness. It was in vain that Gabriele intercepted the newspapers with their incessant allusions to the invalided minister; vainly she implored him to consider his health and complete the cure at Kissingen. On July 28 they set out for Coblenz.

At Brückenau, their first halting place on the journey, the Bülows accidentally met the King of Bavaria; he spoke to

Gabriele when she was out walking, and referred to their acquaintance at Rome twenty-seven years before. With characteristic vivacity he at once entered upon a long conversation touching on every province of science and art, and the next day he again requested the company of the travellers. He had never met Bülow before, but both alone, and in the presence of others, he embarked upon long political discussions, and after inviting the whole family to dine with him, he and Bülow went for a long drive together.

On the 30th the Bülows continued their journey; the parents led the way in a small carriage, the children followed in a larger one. For Gabriele this drive was one long martyrdom; the agony of those hours impressed itself indelibly upon her mind; all sense of security in life was utterly destroyed. When at last her husband broke a long oppressive silence—his mind seemed to be wandering. She tried to set him right, he grew more and more bewildered. She fancied it must be the raving of fever, she could not understand it, her soul refused to grasp the terrible truth. If this clear intellect could be destroyed, what was there left to depend on? It seemed as though her whole being was sinking into a bottomless abyss.

It was thus, with all her happiness falling to ruins about her, that Gabriele drove into Frankfort, almost on the same day as in 1816, when she first met the man who revealed to her how much happiness life might contain. In the sunny time of youth she had learnt to love him; twenty-nine years, with all their joys and sorrows, had knit their lives together, and now little by little she was forced to resign herself to the inevitable; she could not save the man who was part of her very self from the dark clouds which threatened to envelope him, nor could her mind be any longer in touch with his. If there had been time to think of all her misery, she must have succumbed, but the necessity of immediate action lent her extraordinary moral and physical strength. Dr. Steinrück, who had attended Bülow at Berlin, was summoned, as well as the Frankfort doctor, and she hastened to inform her Uncle Alexander, who, though already at Stolzenfels, hurried back to her aid, but whose presence had to

be concealed in order not to excite and disturb the invalid. At Frankfort the news of Bülow's illness spread all too quickly. The constant visits and inquiries of friends and inquisitive acquaintances, from whom the truth had to be kept back, was an additional worry for Gabriele. Bülow was always up, and at times quite himself. Sometimes he even interviewed people himself, though he always insisted on his wife's presence, and watched her every movement with the closest attention. At times he seemed aware of his own condition, and impressed upon her again and again the necessity of "considering every step, as everything will certainly be reported to Berlin, where they will draw this or that conclusion."

The doctors declared it was an apoplectic seizure, but they thought that rest and remedies properly applied might relieve the pressure on the brain; but although each morning began with fresh hope, they realised each evening that he was no better. Every day the King sent for news, the Prince of Prussia came himself to make inquiries, and there was no rest night or day for Gabriele. In consequence of a slight temporary improvement, Bülow himself became fully conscious of his sad state, and insisted on informing the King of his inability to proceed further on the journey. When his wife showed him her rough draft of the letter, his intellect once again threw off its trammels. With perfect lucidity and clearness he made many alterations in the wording of the letter, remarking at the same time, "I must not leave the King in suspense, I must at once place the decision in his hands. My own interests must not be considered. If my health prevents me from fulfilling the duties of my office, the King must have a free hand to act as he pleases; the service of the King alone must be considered. I must conclude the letter in this strain, and must not forget to lay stress on my gratitude for his Majesty's favour. The King has never shown me aught but kindness, and all my life I shall be gratefully devoted to him whatever he may choose to decide now."

This letter, which was practically a request for leave to retire from office, Bülow wrote himself, with a perfectly clear and collected mind, and as he handed it over for prompt

delivery, he was heard to say in a firm, sad voice : “ A short career ! ”

This beautiful letter, bearing in every word the impress of his noble mind, seemed in itself to contradict the rumours respecting his illness and his sadly altered condition. The King repudiated the idea of losing such a faithful and proved servant, and sent the following reply :—

Aix-la-Chapelle : August 11, 1845.

“ Besides sending you the official letter I have just signed, I feel the need of writing to you myself, my dear Bülow. I was deeply moved by your letter, which was so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of unselfishness and faithfulness to duty. The hearty recognition of such qualities becomes the more a matter of duty to me, as they are rare in conjunction with such pre-eminent mental talents as yours. If, therefore, the reading of ‘ one more document than is strictly necessary ’ should tire you, forgive it for the sake of my friendship.

“ I shall do all that necessity demands in considering the cause and not the person. But you must not think me weak if at this moment I refuse your request for leave to retire from office. I must wait and see the effect of the proposed cure. I shall make no definite decision until at its conclusion you express your conviction that your strength is not equal to the strain of official life. I beg you seriously to consider your health, and should this be disagreeable to you, remember that in so doing you are working in my service. With the sincerest wishes for your recovery,

“ Your attached and faithful friend,

“ FRIEDRICH WILHELM.”

On August 11 the Bülows were able to leave Frankfort. Accompanied by Dr. Steinrück, the journey to the Hedemanns’ at Erfurt was accomplished in short stages. About this time Frau von Hedemann described Bülow’s condition thus :—

“ Although changed in appearance, pale and bent, Bülow was physically well. His mental condition was variable, though as a rule his mind was clear. He himself never began a conversation, but entered readily into any discussion,

although in the midst of it he would suddenly confuse dates and whole periods of time.

“He always spoke connectedly, even about his own future, saying that his strength was no longer equal to great mental exertion. Of public events he spoke calmly with his usual judgment, expressing the same opinions he had always held. He rarely occupied himself, and was possessed by a restlessness which necessitated a constant change of scene. Anxiety and distress on his wife's account evidently disturbed his peace of mind.”

A threatened collapse of her physical powers forced Gabriele to rest two days at Erfurt, though she refused to remain longer, as she still hoped the famous Dr. Kruckenberg, of Halle, would be able to prescribe some remedy, or at least to give her a glimmer of hope. The doctor decided that a quiet sojourn at Tegel would be the best thing for Bülow, particularly as he himself ardently desired it. It really seemed as if a slight improvement did take place there, though as his mind grew clearer, his forced inactivity and the contrast between his present and past life became more painfully evident to him. He was, however, resigned, and often even cheerful, but he urged the necessity of sending in his resignation, and tried to set his affairs in order while he felt able to do so. These hours of calculation were trying for his wife, who until now had been spared everything of the kind—even when in London, Bülow had attended to the household accounts of the Berlin establishment—and who had not the faintest conception of the management of property or of any business matters.

Although as regards reception days and social gatherings Tegel was very quiet in comparison with former years, there was always a certain number of visitors, many of whom Bülow liked to see, though to his wife these interviews were a source of terrible anxiety. Rauch, however, the faithful old family friend, was, on account of his exceptional sympathy and cheerful tactful manner, an ever-welcome guest, and his visits were a real consolation. In spite of his seventy-six years, Alexander von Humboldt spared himself no exertion, and often drove out to spend a day at Tegel. Many a time when Bülow had seemed quite himself again, though more silent

than in former years, the two old friends would leave Tegel more hopeful of his recovery. The Princess of Prussia, who frequently visited the Bülows, was convinced of the steady improvement in his condition, and again and again she implored Gabriele personally and in writing not to let Bülow send in his resignation. "You know that I honour Bülow as the only statesman upon whom Prussia can rely in these grave times; I honour and respect him as the faithful head of his family and as my own personal friend, which says more than I could otherwise express." Even after Bülow had drawn up his request for leave to resign office, the following letter from the Princess induced him once more to reconsider the matter.

Babelsberg: September 20, 1845.

"You must forgive me for troubling you with these few lines, dear Frau von Bülow. But I seem to be compelled, nay, it appears to me to be my duty to express to you (as I am wont to do) my candid opinion with regard to your husband, because I am convinced that you will do justice to my motives.

"Humboldt has informed me of his intention to retire from office. This step, which in Bülow's own interest appears to me to be premature, and which with regard to the state is a real misfortune, induces me to beg you to await his recovery, for, thank God, he is making satisfactory progress. We hope by restricting the amount of work, by observing greater precautions in his mode of life, and by reserving to himself a final decision if necessity demands it, the honoured statesman may long be preserved to his country. I am painfully aware how apparently contradictory to the welfare and happiness of your family, whom I esteem so highly, this opinion of mine must seem, and what egotistical feelings enter into even the highest considerations, but I cannot do otherwise than beg you not to take any precipitate step, but to await events, and to look forward to the future, relying on divine providence!

"Inform Bülow of the contents of this letter, he will find in it merely the confirmation of all the qualities he has been familiar with in me for so many years, namely, absolute candour, respect, and true friendship. I need hardly add the



assurance that such feelings as these are not subject to change!

“I hope soon to be able to visit you again.

“Let me once more impress this matter upon you, and beg you and your family to accept my hearty greetings and best wishes.

“PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.”

*Gabriele's answer to the above.*

Tegel: September 22, 1845.

“Your Royal Highness,—I cannot express in words the gratitude with which your most gracious letter has filled me. The consciousness of your kindness adds to the regret I feel in penning a reply which must fall so far below your Royal Highness's expectations. If anything could have changed my husband's resolution to resign his present office, it would have been the urgent and judicious words contained in your Royal Highness's letter, for I can affirm that after reading it he once more seriously considered his resolution, and even delayed its execution. This has however now taken place, and to-day His Majesty will probably receive from my Uncle, Bülow's humble petition for leave to retire from office.

“I wish to convince your Royal Highness that I did my utmost to prevent this decisive step, or—what would have pleased me better—to defer it; but at last I could no longer oppose a decision the postponement of which, I felt sure, must prove detrimental to my husband's health. I feel sure your Royal Highness will understand that this consideration must outweigh all others, and that conviction gives me great consolation in these hard times. I am still more grateful for the proofs your Royal Highness has given me of the invaluable friendship and true appreciation you entertain for my husband; he is deeply gratified, and will all his life be proudly conscious of the honour done him by your Royal Highness.

“The hope of perhaps soon being privileged to receive your Royal Highness here gives me a feeling of melancholy satisfaction. With sincere respect, I remain your Royal Highness's most grateful and humble servant,

“GABRIELE VON BÜLOW.”

When the King received Bülow's petition he was deeply moved, and said to Humboldt: "It is a real misfortune for my government. Such a lucid mind, such firmness, such courage, when once a decision had been adopted; and Humboldt, you must know, he was the only one of my ministers by whom I felt myself understood, even when he did not share my opinion."

By a cabinet order of September 29 the King graciously granted the petition; at the same time he gave Bülow a seat and a vote in the council of state, and reserved to himself the benefit of his advice in extraordinary cases.

The King and Queen continued to visit the Bülows at Tegel as they had done in former years.

Immediately after this Bülow wrote: "I am perfectly satisfied with my decision. What more can a man desire than to be at peace with himself, his Maker, and his fellow-men?"

Hardly was the future decided than Bülow began to torment himself and his family with his anxiety to leave the official residence and remove to new quarters. When at last suitable apartments had been found in the Burgstrasse, at the corner of the new Friedrichstrasse, the removal thither was accomplished in the greatest haste, and at the beginning of November the family settled at Berlin. It seemed as though this last exertion had completely exhausted Bülow's strength; his condition became visibly worse; absolute apathy and gloomy silence alternated with extreme irritability and nervousness. Gabriele was never able to leave him for a moment, and this, added to her mental agony, was almost more than human strength could endure. She was the only one whom he trusted, the only one who was still able to manage him at times, and for whom he never abandoned his former kindness. Though his mind was overclouded, his heart never erred. But if she remained away from him at all, his restlessness became intolerable.

During this trying time the noble Princess of Prussia maintained her friendly relations with the Bülows with untiring, touching fidelity and inexpressible kindness. At least one evening every week she came to tea with the family. Bülow himself could no longer adequately acknow-

ledge this generous sacrifice of her time, but the deep gratitude, sincere respect, and warmest blessings of his family followed the exalted Princess to the end of her life. All the letters written to Gabriele during her husband's illness prove how the Princess on her part appreciated the heroism of the woman who silently and bravely bore such sorrow. The following was written on the birthday of the Princess:—

Babelsberg : September 30, 1845.

“Nothing could have given me greater pleasure to-day, dear Frau von Bülow, than your assurance that my heartfelt sympathy has done you good. I have ever felt the need of sharing in the joys and sorrows of my fellow-creatures, and to satisfy this longing always gives me real pleasure. May God in his mercy fulfil your kind wishes for me; they spring from a heart that has indeed been sorely tried, that has borne its trials with rare fortitude, and therein set others a good example. I have learnt to know you thus, and I therefore value your wishes all the more.

“I must ask you also to express my thanks to your husband, your sister and your brother-in-law; in imagination I transplant myself to your home circle, which I often hope to join again as a friendly member. Farewell, and forgive the hastiness of these short but sincere words from your

“PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.”

Quietly and sadly the year 1845 drew to a close. The doctors, who had at first talked of convalescence in the course of weeks or months, were now silent, powerless to help—all hope of recovery was gone. In January 1846 the apoplectic seizures recurred, and on February 6 the life that had been so valuable and important, the source of so much happiness, ended after a last hard fight with death. A soft pressure of the hand was the only farewell greeting the faithful companion of his life received from Heinrich von Bülow.

Freed from its fetters, the darkened spirit had gone home to everlasting light, to the perfect understanding of the cruel fate which weighed upon those left behind like a dark, inscrutable problem. Such anguish cannot be expressed and can

never be forgotten. The grim earnestness of life had set its indelible seal upon Gabriele's heart, but, bitterly as she had suffered and still did suffer, by God's grace she was saved from succumbing beneath the weight of woe. She came forth from this, the severest of all her trials, with an unshaken faith in God's eternal mercy.

## CHAPTER XII

WIDOWHOOD, 1846—1887

Removal to Potsdam—The year 1848—Winter in Rome, 1853-54—Hurried return to Berlin on account of the illness and death of the eldest daughter, Frau von Loën—Life in Berlin—Death of Frau von Hedemann, 1856—Marriage of Constance von Bülow, 1857—Death of Alexander von Humboldt, 1859—Death of August von Hedemann, 1859—Gabriele at Court—Marriage of her only son, 1865—Death of her son-in-law Heinz, 1867—Weddings at Tegel—Burg-Oerner—Unveiling of the Humboldt statues, 1883—Clouds on the eve of life—Last illness—Death on April 16, 1887.

WIDOWHOOD!—What sorrows that word contains!—what loneliness, what responsibilities and what duties! “I feel so tired,” Gabriele wrote to her sister on returning from the new grave at Tegel, “not physically, but mentally exhausted. I want complete rest in which to give way to grief; it might help me to bear the burden more easily, but there is no rest for me. There are so many interruptions; life has to be lived, and that is the hardest of all. Your visit seems a dream now, but a very precious dream, and I want to thank you once more for coming. It was a great comfort. I can quite understand how strange the return to Erfurt, and the recommencement of your life there must have seemed. This glorious weather puts me in a strange frame of mind. The reawakening of nature stirs us so deeply when death has entered our inmost lives, there is something so inexpressibly painful in the contrast, and yet on the other hand it is surely the living assurance of God’s unchanging love, and of the everlasting life reaching far beyond the short span of our poor, sad, earthly lives.”

A longing for rest and quiet determined Gabriele to leave Berlin. Her relations with the royal family, and her

large circle of acquaintances would have made it difficult to break off the old life : and to her sensitive nature the idea of accepting what had been due to her former position was so repellent, that she even went so far as to refuse the pension to which she was entitled as the widow of a minister of state. She therefore decided to remove to Potsdam, whither she was attracted by the presence of the young Loën family. It is strange how often in the course of a long life the wishes relative to people's outward existences are fulfilled, when the conditions which prompted the wish have ceased to exist. Such fulfilment becomes sadder by the contrast it evokes than if it had been entirely denied. How often Gabriele had sighed for peace, and longed to devote herself to her family ; that desire was granted, but the one for whose sake she had yearned for freedom from official restraint, the one with whom she wished to share the quiet days, had been taken from her side.

At first there were few signs of the desired rest ; the sad business which is one of the inevitable consequences of death followed Gabriele even to Tegel, whither the whole family migrated at the end of April, and continued to make great demands upon her heart and head. In the midst of so much grief and sadness the birth of a granddaughter at Potsdam on August 28 brought a ray of sunshine. In remembrance of their beloved sister, the parents called the child Therese. But the new happiness was not destined to last ; before long, new cares and anxieties arose. At the beginning of November Loën himself fell a victim to an attack of nervous fever, which soon assumed a threatening character. It was naturally Gabriele who again hurried to the rescue, and shared the nursing, while attending at the same time to her own removal and instalment at Potsdam. As soon as the new house near the canal was ready, she established herself there with her children, but many an anxious night was spent with the young Loëns. The condition varied constantly, but as time went on, the patient's strength decreased, and with it hope of recovery vanished. Then there was a further relapse, which seemed to indicate the approaching end, and on Christmas Day the doctors entirely abandoned

hope. Suddenly an unexpected crisis set in; the invalid began to recover slowly but surely, and on February 2, after an illness of more than eleven weeks' duration, he left his bed for the first time. The unbounded gratitude and delight of all the family reached a climax at Burg-Oerner, where they assembled to spend Whitsuntide with the Hedemanns. The Bülow spent the summer at Tegel, as usual, cheered by the constant visits of the old Alexander von Humboldt, whose seventy-eighth birthday was celebrated with special rejoicings, for the Princess of Prussia was present at the family dinner party in his honour. In the autumn Gabriele visited Düssin, and the Bülow relations at Ludwigslust. The Düssin estate had now come into little Bernhard's possession. It was formally, but inefficiently, managed for him by his Uncle Meerheimb, who insisted on driving Gabriele round the woods and fields for hours, although she repeatedly assured him that she knew nothing whatever of agriculture, and had perfect confidence in his stewardship. She was, however, very careful not to let her little son play the part of an important personage, and although the Mecklenburgh newspapers chronicled the arrival of the young owner, and he was an object of interest to all the country side, she succeeded in keeping him in childish ignorance of his own importance.

The family mourning, the feeling of strangeness, and the anxiety caused by Loën's illness, combined to make the first winter at Potsdam very sad and sorrowful; but the second promised to be different. Gabriele, whose character was free from all exaggeration and false sentiment, recognised with true common sense that youth has a right to sociability and gladness. For the sake of her children she buried her sorrow deep within her heart, and entered cheerfully into their merry doings. In Potsdam society was especially pleasant; with the help of the young Loëns the Bülow rapidly made acquaintances, and before long a circle of more or less intimate friends was formed. The unrestrained daily intercourse, such as the formality of Berlin would never have permitted, resulted in warm, true friendships, destined to last a lifetime. The terrible events of March 1848, however, suddenly put an end to that pleasant

state of things. Secret meetings took the place of joyful merrymakings; indignation, grief, and anxiety filled every heart.

*Gabriele to her Sister Adelheid.*

Potsdam: March 21, 1848.

“I know that at every moment you are in thought asking for news of us, which I feel we must try and give you; but in such times as these writing becomes difficult, well-nigh impossible. The day before yesterday Alla wrote to you; yesterday we could not write, the day was too dark and dreary. It is as if all the world had gone mad. It seems a hideous dream, but it is too true, that Prussia has lost its halo of glory; we have become mere play-actors, servile imitators of the French in everything, even in their most horrible tragedies. Not only the King, but the Queen (and it is incredible that the King should have permitted this), was forced to stand upon the balcony, whence they could not avoid seeing the corpses. It was a sad and cruel fate that ordained so much bloodshed. I am convinced it was not all caused by the two shots in question; they had intended to bring it about by some means or other. The barricades had been prepared on purpose, *à la Parisienne*, and they had to be used. You can imagine our feelings all through the night when we knew what was going on at Berlin, and Leopold there, too! Thank God! he came out of it safe and well, and was not destined to take part in the fighting. His ride through the town, as so-called *parlementaire*, with Councillor Dunker on foot beside him, was not without danger, but I rejoice that it was he who played the part. I will give you more details another time. One cannot think of single events now; the one terrible fact is past recall. Berlin has acted contrary to all the laws of the land, and therefore national blood has flowed in the streets, though I hope (God forgive me!) there has also been much bloodshed among the foreign rabble that instigated the mischief and misled the citizens. One other fact is also past contradiction—the King joined in the tomfoolery of the times, and played his part in it more thoroughly than any other reigning



sovereign, great or small, and he has subjected his army to incredible indignities. Even the troops of the Berlin garrison have been sent away. The poor fellows arrived here yesterday and the day before, their features distorted with rage and mortification. Even the good the King has done and promised is degraded by his manner of doing it; it was wrung from him—forced, while a fortnight ago, though that was the outside limit of time, all might have been obtained with dignity. I do not as yet understand what has been decided to-day, so I will not pretend to judge, but I felt deeply pained to see the parti-coloured flag waving above the royal palace yesterday. I cannot understand why the black and white banner was not hoisted simultaneously. There is so much I do not understand, and I thank God Bülow did not live to see such degradation—but, perhaps he would have been able to save the King from this humiliation. If so, right-minded men must mourn his loss the more.

“The day before yesterday, towards evening, the Werders<sup>1</sup> suddenly appeared here; they were fugitives, such as have poured into Potsdam since Sunday in incredible numbers. All the inns and private houses are overcrowded. It is chiefly the families of army men that have fled from Berlin, but many civilians and middle-class people, who no longer felt safe there, have done likewise. The Werders wanted to go straight on at once; they had all sorts of exaggerated ideas on the subject, and infected me with their fears. Here also the excitement was everywhere very great; we heard of many people taking flight; all night long the streets resounded with the rumbling of wheels, and those who stayed up as late as I did will have seen plenty of travelling coaches. So many rascally-looking men began to roam about the streets that you could hardly help feeling nervous, and I really began to make plans for departure. Nobody knows what will be the end, or what will happen to the Prince of Prussia. We have no idea where he is; some people say he is far away, others think he is close at hand. It is affirmed that the Princess is not with him; I am sorry for that, as her place is by his side. It was not

<sup>1</sup> Frau von Werder, *née* Loëh.

in vain that she so often called herself Cassandra! Prince Karl has been alternately here and at Berlin, where he and Prince Albrecht have suddenly become very popular. Princess Karl, her daughter, and the little Albrechts have been here since Saturday evening. Yesterday morning, however, they suddenly departed, nobody knows whither! This heightened the general excitement, and as is always the case at such moments, each person increases his neighbour's agitation. On Sunday there was a rumour that the palace would be set on fire. On Monday people declared they had seen the Prince of Prussia's palace in flames. In short, you can imagine all that was said, though the truth was, and is still, bad enough.

“Gabriele was very brave, but the night from Saturday to Sunday was hard to bear, for though Count Schulenburg had spoken to Leopold at the guardhouse in the palace between nine and ten o'clock, and brought us the news himself by the last train, we could not tell whether Leopold had not meanwhile been ordered to another post. On Sunday morning soon after seven I was on my way to Gabriele. The streets were crowded, and complete strangers addressed one another. There was a general rumour abroad that Leopold had been massacred; these were the very words used. Until last night we could get no certain news of Count Schulenburg, but there seems every likelihood of his being safe. God grant that it be so. . . .”

Unfortunately no further written record of Gabriele von Bülow's experiences at this time has been preserved, and the fact is the more to be deplored as we know she carried on a lively correspondence with her uncle, Alexander von Humboldt. The course of action she pursued is, however, sufficiently characteristic. She sympathised, and suffered, with the noble Princess of Prussia, she put her house entirely at her disposal, and there the Princess frequently held secret meetings with persons whom she could not risk receiving in public. On June 8, 1848, when the Prince of Prussia passed through Potsdam on his return from England, it was Gabriele who took the initiative in organising a reception

for him. She was not able to make it very magnificent, but she succeeded in rousing some enthusiasm among her friends, and induced them to join her in giving public expression to their private feelings. With these friends and her own children she stood by the wayside and scattered flowers before the beloved Prince, and later on, when he left for Berlin, she and her family did the same at the railway station. The sorely tried Prince fully appreciated this modest act of homage prompted by faithful hearts, and with deep emotion bent to kiss the hand which tried to strew roses on his thorny path. We need hardly mention that Gabriele was among the few who dared to illuminate their windows at night in celebration of the Prince's return.

This disturbed spring also witnessed changes in the immediate family circle. First the youngest daughter Constance was confirmed, and then an event took place which had a far greater effect upon Gabriele's daily life. Her son Bernhard entered the "Ritterakademie Brandenburg."<sup>1</sup> This step caused Gabriele many an anxious hour, and her extreme reluctance to take it would seem incredible and exaggerated to our modern notions, if we did not remember that she was a complete stranger to the routine of a school. For the first time in her life she came in contact with its regulations; to her, strict order seemed despotism; the fixed terms, unheard of tyranny. She seemed hardhearted and unnatural to herself, though she only desired what was right and best for her son. At last her indecision grew to such a pitch that it threatened to destroy the balance of her usually even mind, and she realised painfully what a heavy task her husband had left her to carry on alone. The thought of the separation from her son made her ill, she felt it to be cruel, nay, almost morally wrong to let the boy leave her so young, and yet she clearly saw the necessity of a stricter discipline and more serious study than was possible with tutors at home. Bernhard was not as gifted as his sisters, and at the important time of his early instruction, work had been less energetically pursued in order that he might always be merry and ready to amuse his nervous invalid father.

<sup>1</sup> Educational institute for young Prussian and German nobles.

Nor had he escaped the disadvantages of being the youngest child and only son, disadvantages which in his particular case were unavoidable. The evil star of which Wilhelm von Humboldt had complained, with regard to his sons' education, followed Gabriele from the very commencement of her boy's studies. The boy had scarcely made any progress at Brandenburg when, on account of the revolution, the academy was closed in the spring of 1849. He was then sent as private boarder to a country clergyman, but this also proved a failure, and after a year another change was necessary. Gabriele's choice now fell upon a school at Freienfelde. Each fresh decision caused a pang to the fond and anxious mother. Perhaps the cause of this is to be found in the modesty which made her mistrust her own judgment, and continually seek advice on all sides. The Hedemanns, who were really like second parents to the Bülow children, and who were associated with every phase of their development, had also the most important voice in this matter. Alexander von Humboldt, who was ever ready to help Gabriele, was untiring in his inquiries about every educational institution in the country, and friends and acquaintances gave their advice. Gabriele was one of the few people who, when asking advice, really intend following it, but as it was impossible to reconcile so many different opinions, the final decision naturally rested with her alone. Her mode of procedure was only calculated to increase her doubts, and she even gave vent to the sigh: "If only he, too, were a daughter!" In spite of the family traditions, Bernhard showed little inclination to devote himself to intellectual pursuits, but in everything pertaining to physical exercise and in practical matters he proved himself more than ordinarily skilful. His bright merry ways and good heart won him the goodwill of all his masters, while among his companions he was beloved as a trusty comrade and a faithful friend. He had a passion for the army, and when he was promoted to a lieutenancy there was not a happier being under the sun than young Bernhard von Bülow. He was in his element, a smart horseman, a just and courteous officer, ever faithful to his duty. Everyone of his Zieten hussars

would have gone through fire and water to serve him. If only he had never laid aside his uniform to take up agriculture!

After this digression we must return to the summer of 1848, which was spent at Potsdam in a state of continual excitement. Not until the autumn could Gabriele risk a visit to Tegel, which had been threatened by a large number of workmen engaged in roadmaking, but had suffered no injury at their hands. It is characteristic of Gabriele that in this time of extreme danger she removed her parents' letters, which she considered her greatest treasure, from the house.

While great events were taking place in the world, the importance of which did not fail to make an impression on individuals, life in the years 1849, 1850, and 1851 went on much in the usual way. The young people wanted to enjoy themselves, and country excursions in summer, balls and sleigh-rides in winter, continually brought together a merry party of pleasure seekers. Gabriele, who did not possess the remarkable social gifts that had distinguished her mother, soon discovered that her house had nevertheless become a favourite and much sought after centre of attraction; for her youngest daughter, Constance, and her no less charming niece, Mathilde von Humboldt, had now been introduced into society. The excitement she experienced as mother and aunt of the two young *débutantes* may be easily imagined. Nor were joys and sorrows lacking in the home of the young Loëns: in October 1849 a little Gabriele was born, but died five months later. In November 1849, Loën received the appointment of adjutant in the Guards, a year later he became adjutant-major, and in the spring of 1850 his wife and family removed to Berlin. For the Bülow's Potsdam was thus bereft of its chief attraction. Everyone missed the daily intercourse with the high-spirited, witty Lella and her beautiful "heavenly children," who were more and more a source of delight and amusement to their grandmother, in whose house no children's voices now resounded. In December 1851 the family circle was again increased by the birth of a granddaughter—Agnes.

The even tenor of home life was pleasantly interrupted by short visits to Burg-Oermer and Magdeburg, where Hedemann

was now stationed as general in command. In the year 1850, and again in 1851, a visit was paid to the two Mathildes<sup>1</sup> in their beautiful old house.

In Ottmachau and Friedrichseck two members of the family were about to found new homes for themselves. Gabriele's brother, Hermann, married the widowed Frau von der Hagen, *née* von Reitzenstein, and her nephew, Wilhelm,<sup>2</sup> married a daughter of General von Werder, a charming girl with whom the Bülows had become acquainted at Potsdam.

A journey to Switzerland rekindled the old desire to see more of the world, and in 1853 the plan of spending a winter at Rome was at length put into execution. At the end of September Gabriele and her three daughters left home. They spent a few days at Munich in the company of the Hedemanns, who were homeward-bound from Switzerland, but the dream of the two sisters to revisit the scenes of their childhood and sunny youth together was not to be realised. As Hedemann had retired from the army in 1852, he was exempt from military service, but he was too much afflicted with rheumatism to be able to undertake such a long journey. So he and his wife turned northwards, and the Bülows departed to the south.

An excellent Italian courier took charge of the travellers. He certainly tyrannised over them in return for his invaluable services, but in those days it would have been impossible for ladies to travel alone. The railway only ran short distances, a diligence or "vetturino" was not always to be had without trouble, and in the Papal states there still flourished a dangerous system of "brigantaggio."

What must Gabriele have felt as she crossed the Bremner, and after thirty-five years again entered the country which had been her first home, and which contained the earliest and happiest memories of her childhood and youth! In imagination she returned to the days when her life, guarded by a watchful mother's eyes, and sustained by a good man's love, lay before her bright and promising, when she knew no sorrow but the separation from her lover, no anxiety but the

<sup>1</sup> Wife and daughter of Theodor von Humboldt

<sup>2</sup> Son of Theodor von Humboldt.

delay in the arrival of his letters. All these recollections passed through her mind. Was it the remembrance of the past, was it the air of Italy that fanned the sleeping spark? The language she had not spoken for years came back to her spontaneously. It needed no effort; of their own accord the Italian words flowed from her lips, and she spoke the language far more purely, fluently, and idiomatically than her daughters who had studied it for months. The phenomenon repeated itself whenever in later years she had an opportunity of conversing with Italians. As an old lady of eighty she spoke the language with an ardour, a grace, and expressive gesticulation that is only given to the happy children of the South. So deep and lasting are the impressions of childhood!

They travelled slowly, passing by all the well-known and beloved places. At Venice and again at Florence the journey was broken for a longer rest. We need hardly say that for Gabriele sadness was mingled with the delight of showing the beauties of the country to her daughters. This was naturally the case at Rome more than anywhere else.

*Gabriele to her Sister Adelheid.*

Rome: November 12, 1853.

“Every morning I seem to dream that I am here. So I step to the window and look out upon the Porta del Popolo and the Piazza with its churches and its obelisk; I see the fountains, I hear the rushing of the waters, and once more I am filled with the glad consciousness that I am awake, and that it is real. My second thought is always one of great regret that you are not with us, and this sorrow is ever uppermost in my mind, and cannot easily be overcome. I have seen so much that is closely connected with our mutual and intimate recollections; it seems impossible that I should see it alone. Casa Buti, Palazzo Tomati—and consequently Vie Sistina and Gregoriana—Trinità del Monte, the Cestius Pyramid, the graves of our dear ones—and to-day Villa Pamfili! In the Via Gregoriana there were some houses with apartments to let, but unfortunately none in the Palazzo Tomati, of which the top story was last

inhabited by the Hanoverian ambassador. There might have been a chance of my getting the rooms! At any rate I hurried up the stairs. In the cortile<sup>1</sup> I found the same old fountain, the passetto<sup>2</sup> and the portone<sup>3</sup> to Via Sistina—all, all unchanged! but of those who once dwelt here and shared these familiar sights with me, I alone am here—both of you are so far away. You can best picture to yourself how deeply and strangely my heart was stirred, though indeed this is so everywhere here. It really did me good to find Vittoria and Elena<sup>4</sup> in their old home; they at least were living beings belonging to the past. In Casa Buti the staircase is quite unchanged and really frightful. . . . On the Trinità all is the same, a little too much so, in fact. We had hurried up the beautiful road, and having eluded our courier, who is a very Cerberus, I could satisfy my longing to go and see the fountain in front of the Villa Medici once more with a quiet mind, and show it to the children as the scene of our childish games.

“I am now writing on Sunday evening, as I was overcome with sleepiness last night. This morning at half-past nine we were all on our way to the Caffarelli Palace, which has been the Prussian Embassy since Bunsen’s time. We went to service at the German Chapel, where the good sermon and beautiful singing were a real pleasure and edification. It is very invigorating after witnessing the seemingly empty forms of the Roman Catholic worship, as we have done so often lately. After the service we went down to the Forum, which made an immense impression upon the children, as did also the Coliseum, which they saw on Friday when we returned from Monte Testaccio, and they could not have seen it in a more beautiful light. This afternoon we went to St. Peter’s to assist at a great celebration. The Pope himself came for the beatification of a new saint with whom the people are at present very much occupied. He was a Spaniard and lived in the fifteenth century. For days St. Peter’s has been full of workmen, busy erecting stands and hanging pictures referring to the pious man. This morning

<sup>1</sup> Courtyard.

<sup>2</sup> Narrow alley.

<sup>3</sup> Gateway

<sup>4</sup> Daughters of the Signor Buti with whom the Humboldts lived.



there had already been one great celebration, but without the Pope, who kept everyone waiting from three till four, and when at last he did appear, he simply knelt down for about ten minutes, gave his blessing, and departed in silence as he had come. But nevertheless the Spaniard had been duly manufactured into a saint! All this was not exactly inspiring, but still it is worth something to have seen Pius IX in St. Peter's on the first Sunday of our stay. We had excellent seats on the grand stand; we received little books containing a biography of Giovanni el Peccador, and we then saw St. Peter in his gala dress. After all, these are very acceptable impressions for the children!"

On December 1 Gabriele established herself in rooms in a house on the Trinità del Monte, Ai Quattro Venti. It was the old well-known quarter of Rome where the Humboldts had lived, and therefore offered the attraction of homeliness as well as the advantages of a beautiful view and a good situation. Standing on the Piazza with the obelisk, close to the Spanish steps, the house had at that time an open outlook on all four sides. There the travellers settled down comfortably, and devoted their days to nature, art, and society. The latter was rendered particularly attractive by the arrival of Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, in whose honour there was a round of festivities; the young Prince and the gentlemen of his suite were as frequent and assiduous in their visits to the Bülowes at Rome as they had been at Potsdam.

The month of December passed in undisturbed enjoyment; at Christmas it was a Roman laurel-bush instead of a Tegel fir-tree that glittered with the radiant light of many candles, and on New Year's Eve a merry party, including the young Prince, assembled at the Capitol to bid farewell to the old year. But the glad greeting of the new year, 1854, was soon overshadowed by disquieting news from Berlin, where the eldest grandson Loën had taken the measles. Gabriele's anxiety increased when letters on January 11 announced that the other children and Frau von Loën herself had fallen victims to the illness. A daily bulletin was sent to Rome; the children were reported to be recovering quickly, but in their

mother's case the illness seemed to have taken another course, and to have attacked the internal organs. The news varied, alternating between hope and fear. The illness assumed a dangerous form unknown to the medical men. Every day a change for the better was expected, but day after day passed, and the patient still lay sleepless, feverish, and motionless, always conscious, and deceiving herself and others as to the gravity of her condition by her unvarying cheerfulness and lively interest in all that went on around her. Letters whose contents sounded almost hopeless were overtaken by telegrams announcing a slight improvement, which again proved delusive. Those were days and weeks of agonising suspense for the anxious mother. Under the most favourable circumstances at least three days must elapse before the answer to a telegraphic inquiry could be received, for the connection went no further than Siena. Gabriele naturally considered the expediency of leaving Rome at once, and had she followed the promptings of her own heart she would have hurried home immediately, but consideration for her other daughters, the knowledge that she had no house either in Berlin or Potsdam—where she had burnt her ships behind her—the dangers of such a journey in the depth of winter, and, above all, the torture of being eight or ten days without news, made her hesitate to set out. The constant vacillation between hope and fear increased when letters, which had left Berlin simultaneously, did not agree in their reports. For while the son-in-law gave unrestrained expression to his grief, the Hedemanns, in their well-meant efforts to spare the poor mother, represented the invalid's condition as less critical, and then, again, letters from outsiders expressed undisguised fear and pity. A hundred times the painful alternative was weighed—whether to remain while every thought and longing was directed towards home, or whether to travel, in deadly fear without news, perhaps to be received with the cruel "too late," or to be forbidden to see the patient for fear of frightening and exciting her. Truly a more painful condition of things cannot be imagined!

Meanwhile, the symptoms of the disease remained unchanged, but the patient's strength was sinking. On Feb-

ruary 3 she herself believed the end had come, and bade farewell to her husband, her children, and "the happy life" she found it so hard to leave. The letter containing that news arrived too late; the mother and sisters were already on their way home. With bitter tears they had taken leave of Rome and their kind friends there on February 10, and, when once the pain of parting was over, they were only animated by one thought—onward, forward, as fast as possible. What a journey! In spite of the intense cold, they travelled by night across the desolate snow-covered country, now accompanied by "carabinieri," now alone, every moment expecting to be attacked by brigands. From Siena the journey was to be continued by rail, but just before they entered the town a horse fell and caused a slight delay, so that when they reached the station the train had gone, and there was no possible means of proceeding before the next morning. At Florence they waited to receive a reply to the telegraphic inquiry despatched at Siena; the answer came at last: "*La malade va un peu mieux.*" The Ambassador von Reumont had been advised from Vienna to persuade Gabriele to return to Rome, but she refused to do so, and again by night the journey was continued across the Apennines, through Bologna to Ferrara, where the travellers were forced to stop, as the rivers could not be forded at night. The next day brought them to Padua, whence they could once more proceed by rail. Everything in connection with the railway was, however, still in such disorder that it was impossible to ascertain the times of the departure of the trains except at the stations themselves; thus it happened that the travellers reached Padua just half an hour too late for the train to Venice. Here the same ill-luck pursued them; the fast steamer had gone, and they were obliged to wait for an inferior boat on the 15th. A storm at sea made the voyage to Trieste nearly twice the usual length. Here a favourable telegram of the same day renewed their hope and courage. By diligence on a dark winter's night the Karst was crossed; twelve hours later, at Laibach, the railway was again available. The train had to be exchanged once more for the carriage in order to pass over the Semmering, and at last, on the evening of the 17th, Vienna was reached in

safety. A letter dated the 10th awaited them here, which cheered the exhausted travellers, with the news that the improvement was maintained, and ended with an affectionate message from the invalid herself. Her husband added an urgent request that they should not continue their fatiguing journey in such haste, and advised them to telegraph for further news on receipt of the letter. In the middle of the night the reply arrived: "Died peacefully yesterday."

So near the goal, and after all too late—all the hurry and suspense in vain—vain all the hope and longing, all the ardent prayers!

Happy is he who has never known what it is to battle with despair, to rebel against the cruelty of fate, and to fight the hard fight for faith and humble submission to God's decree. To live through such a night as that is to grow years older, but to conquer by faith, and not to succumb to the hard stroke of destiny is not only to grow older, but to mature!

The dim light of dawn saw the travellers on their way to Breslau. Here Gabriele's brother, Hermann von Humboldt, received them, and verbally reported the sad details of the rapid change for the worse, the increasing weakness and peaceful end. Early on the 19th they arrived at Berlin.

It was in her coffin that the mother saw her child again, but she thanked God that she had come in time for that, and could at least follow the beloved daughter to her last resting-place. She bore herself with marvellous composure and self-control, supported her broken-hearted son-in-law, and the Hedemanns, who were overcome with grief, and quietly watched over her old Uncle Alexander, who insisted on attending the funeral, and whose violent emotion caused grave anxiety for his health.

They dug a grave for Gabriele von Loën close to that of her sister Therese. This was the third child whom Gabriele von Bülow had laid to rest at Tegel. For the other two the mother's heart had ached at the thought of their short incomplete lives, but she felt a still keener sorrow at the thought that the great happiness which this daughter had possessed herself, and also imparted to others, perished with her when she was called away in the fulness of life.

It was not in vain that the three motherless children claimed the grandmother's loving care. As far as it is possible, she succeeded in replacing a mother's love. For the sake of her grandchildren she left her beloved quiet Tegel, and when a small house in the Karlstrasse had been found, she and her daughters settled at Berlin, devoting themselves entirely to the children, who spent the greater part of the day with them. One of the last requests of the dying mother had been that the father should not let his children leave him, or else Gabriele would have taken them to live with her altogether. In the summer their home was always at Tegel.

In the autumn of 1854 the Bülows removed to 50 Dorotheenstrasse, where they lived for twenty years. It was a large roomy house, in which the Hedemanns could also take up their winter quarters, a welcome and agreeable arrangement for all concerned. Inseparable as they had been in their youth, the two sisters again shared one home during the winter, dividing the summer as heretofore between Tegel and Burg-Oerner. Gabriele and her daughters sometimes went further afield. In 1855 they were at Ottmachau, and in 1856 paid the Duchess Dorothea a visit at Sagan, and went to the mountains round Salzburg. On this last journey Gabriele had the pleasure of seeing her daughter Constance betrothed to Captain von Heinz, a young man of exceptional talents and excellent character, who since 1849 had been the adjutant and constant companion of Prince Friedrich Wilhelm. In this capacity he had been a frequent and welcome guest of the Bülows at Potsdam, Rome, Tegel, and Berlin. Amid the romantic scenery of beautiful Aigen, the friendly intercourse came to the most fortunate conclusion, and the prospect of renewed happiness, after so much sadness, filled the mother's heart with the deepest gratitude. In a festive mood the family returned, *via* Burg-Oerner, to Berlin, which also wore a bridal air for the celebration of the marriage of young Princess Louise to the Grand Duke of Baden. It gave Gabriele particular pleasure to be selected as first lady-in-waiting to the bride on the occasion of the ceremony. Quite apart from the

love and devotion she had always borne the august parents, a devotion transferred to the bride herself, she felt personally attached to this young Princess, to whom, in 1851 at Coblenz, her own daughter, Adelheid, had, for a time, been permitted to act as companion and instructress.

Although the etiquette of court life afforded Gabriele neither pleasure nor much satisfaction, to other people her personality had always seemed pre-eminently qualified to fill a high and responsible position at court, and about this time she was seriously approached on the subject. In the household now to be formed for the Princess Royal, Gabriele had been chosen to occupy the post of first lady-in-waiting. The Queen of England, Prince Friedrich Wilhelm himself, the Prince and Princess of Prussia, all united in their request, and Alexander von Humboldt, to whom court life had become second nature, endeavoured to persuade his niece to accept the position. But Gabriele resolutely adhered to her refusal, although she found it doubly hard to refuse a request coming from the Princess of Prussia. It was not reluctance to sacrifice her own convenience and liberty that induced her to decide thus, it was the consciousness of having nearer and graver duties in her family circle. And these duties now became particularly pressing.

Frau von Hedemann had been less well than usual during the summer at Burg-Oerner, and on her arrival at Berlin in October the apparent change for the worse in her condition gave rise to the keenest anxiety. Incredible as it seemed that such a robust and healthy constitution could be attacked by an internal malady, it soon became evident that she had fallen a victim to an incurable disease. She did not keep her bed, and at times could conquer the pain and nervous irritation and be so entirely herself again, so lively and cheerful, so full of interest in everything and everyone around her, that the possibility of eventual recovery was not given up. Hardly had Gabriele reconciled herself to the prospect of a long and hopeless illness, than the doctors revealed to her that nothing could be more desirable than a speedy deliverance, as the pain would otherwise come to be unendurable torture. It was a trying time for the sister,

who had to exert all her bodily and mental powers to cheer the invalid, to comfort and console her poor rheumatic brother-in-law, and prevent her daughter's happiness being too gloomily overshadowed by this new misfortune. Frau von Hedemann was not an easy patient to nurse. It was difficult to keep her unconscious of the care and attention surrounding her, and many a night the faithful sister sat up, unknown to the poor sufferer in the next room, listening anxiously to her groans and moans. The daughters gladly took their share of the work, but no one could relieve Gabriele from the mental strain; on the contrary, everything centred in her. The fears that the doctors would not express to the old general, who was overwhelmed with grief, they confided to Gabriele as a suitable medium. Hedemann, calm and collected at his wife's bedside, gave way to unrestrained lamentations when alone with his sister-in-law, and in order to spare her husband, Adelheid spoke to her sister of her last wishes. "You see," she said, "it has always been so with us; every happy and joyful event has demanded a sacrifice; this time it is I."

In perfect love and understanding the sisters' hearts were united to the end. On one of the last days of her life, after discussing the details of her will, Frau von Hedemann said; "I have wished all the world well. It was sad that I had no children of my own, but then I have loved yours so dearly."

In return these children loved her like a second mother; and although their first feeling was of gratitude for her release from pain, when, on December 14, the hard fight was ended, and that heart, so full of love and goodness, ceased to beat, yet they fully realised how irreparable was their loss,

The death of that noble woman was mourned far beyond the limits of the family circle. To her friends she was ever a faithful friend, but to the needy and oppressed a guardian angel. Burg-Oerner had above all been the scene of her charitable exertions. Church and school found an inexhaustible source of help in her; with incomparable energy she took part in the alleviation of distress; with unequalled gaiety and light-heartedness she arranged the village children's entertainments. Every year down to the present day her name is gratefully remembered at Burg-Oerner in connection

with Christmas gifts and the relief of the sick, for which purposes she bequeathed a small annual sum. The tower and the golden cross upon the church spire are silent witnesses of her Christian spirit of willing self-sacrifice. On her deathbed she directed that an organ should be placed in the church at Tegel. It was heard for the first time on December 18, 1856, when her mortal remains were being lowered into the grave.

The snow fell softly and heavily, covering the grave in which Gabriele had buried her childhood, her youth, and a part of herself!

And again, instead of merry marriage bells, sad funeral notes were tolling, while a happy young couple stood confronted with the grim earnestness of life and death. Gabriele, as usual, justly felt the claims of the present, and impressed upon Hedemann that the wedding must not be indefinitely postponed because of the new grief. A veil of mourning nevertheless overshadowed the preparations, and on the evening of January 17 the marriage was quietly solemnised at the home of the bride. Only the Princess of Prussia, Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, and the nearest friends of the two young people joined the family circle. Immediately after the wedding the newly-married pair left for Breslau, where Prince Friedrich Wilhelm was in command of the 11th Regiment.

With this youngest daughter, the ornament, the delight, the treasure of the home, the family lost its chief attraction. It sometimes happens that all the physical and mental gifts are bestowed in profusion upon one member of a family, and that, owing to her genial, sympathetic, and conciliatory nature, she becomes peculiarly indispensable to the whole household, which concentrates all its love and admiration upon her, who never by any sign of self-conceit shows herself unworthy of her exceptional position. When such a one departs, the blank can never be filled again. No one felt this more keenly than the mother, but no one rejoiced more unselfishly than she in her daughter's happiness.

Two daughters faithfully remained at Gabriele's side. Adelheid, who had a quiet nature, full of gentleness and sweetness, was unselfish, but reserved and modest, almost to



timidity. She was not one to take the initiative in any matter, though an ever-welcome presence, with her tactful nature and beautiful features. Her intelligent sympathy and her delicate and accurate perception had rendered her quite indispensable to the mother, who discussed and considered everything with her.

Caroline was a very peculiar girl. Infinite kindness of heart prompted all her actions, which often took strange shape; her sentiments were of the best and purest, but her manner of expressing them was often an ordeal for the patience of her family. In spite of her absolute inexperience in all practical matters, she had a craving for independence, and now and again broke loose from the restraint of her mother and sisters, with the most surprising results. She was always intent on giving others pleasure, and was never at a loss for kind and considerate ideas; but, when they came to be put in practice, her finest plans often resulted in total failure. This incongruity pervaded her whole nature. By means of an excellent memory she had attained a vast store of knowledge. She took the liveliest interest in science, studied astronomy quite independently, and occupied herself for hours with abstruse calculations. But her speech was involved, diffuse, and often incomprehensible. It seemed as though the mass of ideas prevented her speaking clearly; and she was so lacking in discernment that she frequently overlooked the simple things that lay close to her hand.

One quality both sisters had in common, the love and attention with which they devoted themselves to their mother, without exerting any perceptible influence upon her character, in every way superior to theirs.

After the two events, which each in its own way produced such a marked change in the home life, the days passed quietly and uneventfully.

The wish of the dying sister would not have been necessary to assure Hedemann a place in the family circle even after her death. To Gabriele he had grown to be dearer than her own brothers, and it went without saying that he should continue to be a member of her household. It was nevertheless not always easy to pay due regard to the old man, now seventy-

two years of age, prostrate with grief, and depressed by increasing deafness and sciatica.

Whatever claims were made upon her, Gabriele always had strength and love enough to fulfil them all. She turned her attention particularly to her old Uncle Alexander, who keenly felt the penalty of living to such a wonderful old age, which involved seeing whole generations die before him; and, at every new death in the family, he sorrowfully exclaimed: "I am burying my whole race!" His niece was now the only near relative living. His visits to her became more and more frequent, and in her home everything was done to give him pleasure. It touched Gabriele's heart to hear the "my dear child" fall from his lips—none other could address her thus; and who would not have gladly submitted to the charm of his conversation, which in the intimacy of the family, secure from fear of indiscretion, was even more brilliant, witty, and fascinating than elsewhere. Alexander von Humboldt's kindness of heart was world-famed, but to his own relatives he showed yet another side of his character and even warmer feelings. To them he was not only "the crowned monarch in the world of science," but also the loving and beloved head of the family, full of sympathy for the most insignificant occurrence, and ever ready to joke and play with the youngest child.

A slight paralytic stroke in February 1857 occasioned Gabriele great anxiety, but it passed off without any ill effects, and during the following summer the beloved uncle spent most of his Sundays at Tegel. Here the family as usual celebrated his birthday, the 14th of September, quietly with a few friends, among whom Rauch, now eighty-six years old, was always the favourite and most honoured guest. A family festivity without Rauch was an impossibility. He belonged to the beloved circle of friends, most of whom were already gone for ever. For Gabriele he was the embodied memory of childhood and youth; his tranquil disposition was unaffected alike by joy or sorrow, and he certainly stood foremost among Alexander von Humboldt's German friends. His death in December 1857 was a deep grief and a great loss to the whole family.

The year 1857 witnessed other changes in the family circle. Loën was sent to St. Petersburg as temporary representative of the military plenipotentiary. The children were left behind, and the grandmother's first plan was to make her house their home; and she unhesitatingly expressed her willingness to adapt her way of living to the routine of the children's lesson hours. But out of consideration for Hedemann, who claimed so much of her time, and well knowing the excellence of the lady who had hitherto managed his household and the education of his children, Loën decided to make no outward change in their life. They were nevertheless no trifling responsibility for Gabriele, though on the other hand the daily intercourse with the clever, beautiful children was a constant source of pleasure.

Another ray of brightness, indeed the very sunshine of her life, returned with her daughter Constance, whose husband had been appointed Marshal of the Prince's household, and took up his abode permanently in Berlin. New joys and sorrows of grandmotherhood shortened the winter of 1857-58. In April the marriage of Princess Stephanie of Hohenzollern to the King of Portugal, which was celebrated at Berlin, per procuration, took Gabriele for a short time to court, where she again played the part of lady-in-waiting to the royal bride.

The summer was devoted entirely to her children and grandchildren. She liked nothing better than to see herself surrounded by her family at Tegel, and she knew equally well how to provide for the comfort of the aged author of "Cosmos" and the tiniest infant. The wants and desires of all between the ages of eighty-eight and nine months were sure to be duly considered. Alexander von Humboldt, still wonderfully robust for his eighty-nine years, celebrated his last birthday at Tegel, surrounded by all his relatives.

With such a numerous family Gabriele could not expect to enjoy unclouded happiness, but a shadow was about to fall across the very home in which all her happiness was now centred. In October, Heinz suddenly fell seriously ill at Potsdam, whither he had gone on duty. His wife hastened to him from Tegel. A fortnight later he was so far recovered as

to be able to move to Berlin; but he was still unwell, and could not recover his strength at such an unfavourable season, so he was obliged to seek a warmer climate as soon as he was fit to travel. After many weeks of anxiety, Gabriele saw, with a heavy heart, her daughter depart for Montreux with her husband and child. With her usual unselfishness, Gabriele allowed her daughter Adelheid to accompany them, thus imposing on herself a double privation.

The year 1859 began anxiously in many respects. While all the world was resounding with the cries of war, Gabriele watched the strength of her beloved uncle steadily decline. From April 21 he was bedridden, and many a quiet hour she spent by his side. He did not suffer, spoke very little, but always clearly, collectedly, and affectionately. On May 6, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the end came quite peacefully. No one was present but Hedemann and Gabriele, whose loving hand closed the eyes that had gazed so searchingly into the secrets of nature.

The simplicity and solemnity of that moment was shortly followed by painful events which deeply hurt Gabriele's sensitive nature. It is only too well known that his servant Seiffert's base love of gain had induced Alexander von Humboldt to bequeathe him all his possessions. As a matter of fact, Humboldt had made them over to Seiffert while he was still alive, and only reserved to himself the usufruct of his property. It may easily be imagined with what an utter want of consideration the survivors were treated by this man, who had not scrupled to prey on the weakness of his poor old master. Gabriele, as the nearest relative of the deceased, naturally felt the mortification most keenly.

*Gabriele to her Daughters.*

Berlin: May 12, 1859.

"I write to you after the great and sad event which has moved us all so deeply, and after accompanying our beloved uncle's body to its last quiet resting place. . . . Oh, how sorely I have missed you during these sad days! Heaven has sent me great trials to bear alone, so far from you all. Line

does all in her power to help. The interment here was really inspiring; it was magnificent, and yet touching, quite worthy of the deceased.

“It was all as beautiful and dignified as possible. Hoffmann’s address was also very good; you will soon receive a copy of it. Spener’s newspaper of to-day contains a good summary, and an excellent article which I hasten to forward to you. In other respects that paper has been most unsatisfactory, indeed even offensive, which is particularly disagreeable under existing circumstances. The annoyances of this sort have been too terribly painful. As you know the various people concerned, you can picture matters to yourselves and will understand all I have suffered. Add to this Seiffert’s unworthy conduct, which makes uncle’s incredible arrangements so very mortifying and painful. How I have longed for Heinz, with his good judgment, his tranquillity, and his feeling for the dignity and sacredness of uncle’s memory! . . . I cannot be sufficiently grateful to your Uncle August, who did all he could to restrain himself for my sake, but occasionally even he lost patience, and then the excitement aggravated his deafness; in short it was awful, and too sad that we should be troubled in this way at such a time. Saturday afternoon was dreadful; in the library stood the open coffin in which uncle lay looking so calm and peaceful; all around there were tall plants sent from the Botanical Gardens; a beautiful high fan palm hung over the head of the coffin. Friends and even strangers came and went—silently approached the coffin and then silently retired from the room. The law officers were in the two sitting rooms, and afterwards at Seiffert’s bedside with us, for the doctors forbade him to rise on account of the gout in his knees. It was there we listened to the reading of the deed of gift by which uncle bestowed upon him, actually during his own lifetime, all his possessions except Kruger’s portrait of the king, his manuscripts, and a few trifles. The copy of the deed of gift deposited at the local courts of justice has not yet been produced; indeed, several points have not been cleared up, but unfortunately it is evident enough that though we—my brothers and I—are his rightful heirs, Seiffert by virtue of

this deed of gift gets everything, his books,<sup>1</sup> the works of art, even the colossal bust of David, all the little mementos, not one has been excepted. All this is very sad, and seems quite incredible, but to me the most painful thought is that poor uncle has been in such bad hands, for Seiffert's unworthiness is becoming more and more evident. It is grievous and mortifying to think that these facts are already public property; they cannot be new to you, as the 'Kreuz Zeitung' contained a circumstantial report two days ago which must have been as disagreeable to you as to me. . . . The very fact of writing so much on this painful subject seems to me a desecration; but enough of it now! I am moreover so exhausted, though quite well (thank God!), that writing tires me terribly. I have had to go through too much, and I no longer possess my former energy.

"I have lately become conscious of how much of the best time we waste in sleep. For days I have had no rest after dawn, and I spent the night of Wednesday, the 5th, resting on the big sofa without undressing. It comforted me to know I should be ready when called. On Friday I was up before five o'clock. The night before last at Tegel I slept in the brown room, but first I awaited the arrival of the hearse. At last, towards two o'clock, I heard voices in the courtyard announcing their coming, and you can imagine how awe-inspiring it was, when the four horsemen and the solemn mournful hearse with its four horses became dimly visible in the light from the house. They drew up near the well, so that from the dining-room window I could see the coffin lifted down and carried past the elder-tree into the house. At that moment a nightingale burst into song. It was indescribably touching, and oh! you can imagine all I felt! The hall was most beautifully decorated with evergreens and flowering plants that Sello had sent, or rather brought himself from Sanssouci that afternoon, and there were quantities of flowers from Charlottenburg. The hall has not looked so beautiful since Lella's wedding. Fewer people came than we had expected, but for their own sakes I

<sup>1</sup> The Prince Regent made a vain effort to buy the books from Seiffert. The greater part of them were eventually destroyed by fire in England.

should have wished for more, though for us it was all the more quiet and peaceful, and the ceremony retained its private character, which was more appropriate. The grave was lined with green, and adorned with elder blossom, the first I have seen plucked this year.

“This loss must still seem quite incredible to you, for even I, who lived through it all, can hardly realise it. I shall always be glad that I was with him when he breathed his last, and every day I thank God for that half hour of peace and holy silence, when all was over. Sometimes I was quite alone with the corpse, for instance, after the princess had been, Hedemann had gone, and the Ottmachauer relations had not yet come. All too soon the grievous troubles began, Seiffert's contrivances and so forth! The Prince Regent's visit that evening was a beautiful contrast to all this. He was deeply moved! . . . .”

Gabriele was so fatigued by these various events that the doctor urged upon her the necessity of a complete change of air. About the middle of June she and her daughter Caroline went to Kreuth, where, to complete his recovery, Heinz was taking the waters, and here the family was once more united. New demands were soon to be made upon her freshly gathered strength. At Burg-Oerner, which she visited on her way home, Gabriele found her brother-in-law, Hedemann, so crippled with rheumatism as to be hardly able to move. When at last he was able to be transported to Berlin, at the beginning of November, she saw herself confronted by a sad repetition of the events of three years ago. The first anxiety was promptly to despatch Heinz and his family to Montreux, where they were to spend another winter, although he was the only one who could have assisted and supported her in the impending difficulties.

Aione with her two daughters she had to endure many painful weeks. Hedemann bore his sufferings like a soldier and a hero, but day and night he would ask for Gabriele, in whose presence alone he found comfort and relief. It made her heart ache to be powerless to help him when the fearful agony forced the complaint from his lips: “Gabriele, it is too

much—pray to God for what is good for me!” At last on December 17 death released him from pain. He had survived his wife three years and three days.

Once more the onerous duty of an executrix devolved on Gabriele, and this time she had no man at her side to give his help and advice. Moreover, the affairs relating to her Uncle Alexander’s will were far from settled; they dragged on till the year 1868, the struggle against Seiffert’s meanness still proved vain and fruitless, and the tactless publications of Ludmilla Assing, by which Gabriele saw Alexander von Humboldt’s memory desecrated, agitated and mortified her to the last degree.

The first pleasurable incident after this sad winter and spring was the return of the travellers from Montreux, a confirmation, as it seemed, of Heinz’s recovery. In the summer the usual visits were paid to Tegel and Burg-Oerner, but even here there were changes. At Hedemann’s death Gabriele had inherited both estates, and the new rights entailed new duties.

The return to town took place earlier than usual in the autumn, and again a little grandchild first saw the light in the house of the grandmother. It was but a shortlived joy; the most faithful nursing could not avert a serious illness, the gravest fears for the life of the mother and child followed, then the infant was hurriedly christened, and a month after its birth Gabriele saw her daughter suffer the sorrow she knew so well, as the beloved baby was taken from its cradle to its coffin.

The year 1861 saw Gabriele in a very different sphere of activity. The death of the King and the accession of the beloved Prince Regent greatly agitated her feelings, though she little knew how immediately her own future would be influenced by the change. Queen Augusta, mindful of former services, again begged her to accept provisionally the post of first lady-in-waiting, as the Countess Perponcher, who held that office, had fallen ill, and a worthy substitute was absolutely necessary for the ceremonies in June, when the oath of allegiance was to be administered. Gabriele was induced to overlook the inconvenience and fatigue involved, in order



to prove her gratitude for kindness received in former years, and because she knew she would really be of service to the august lady. The gracious favour with which the Queen overwhelmed her made the sacrifice easier, and so we find her suddenly transplanted into the midst of Court gaieties, to which the quiet life at Tegel, whither she now returned, presented a marked contrast. New cares awaited her there; Heinz had fallen ill again, and once more Gabriele filled the office of nurse. The episode of Court life was, however, not yet complete. In September the Queen wrote as follows:—

Baden : September 5, 1861.

“Dear Frau von Bülow,—When I asked you to represent my lady-in-waiting at the taking of the oath of allegiance last spring, I could not foresee that the Countess Perponcher would be unable to perform the duties of her office at the coronation this autumn. As this is, however, unfortunately the case, I must again request you kindly to render me assistance, so that at the impending ceremonies at Königsberg and Berlin I may reckon upon your services, for which I would beforehand express to you my sincere gratitude.

“It will in no respect be an easy time for me, and your helpful presence will therefore be doubly welcome.

“AUGUSTA.”

It was a real and heartfelt pleasure for Gabriele to be present at the coronation, and at their Majesties' triumphal entrance into Berlin on October 22. Seated in the Queen's carriage, surrounded by the jubilant multitude, she realised to the full that chapter of the world's history which lay between the past and the present. With deep emotion she remembered the day when she had stood almost alone to greet the Prince on his return from England, despising the deluded people who had now come to a proper sense of their duties, and came forth with rejoicing to meet the King.

Gabriele's services at Court ended with the festivities at Breslau, at least in so far as her own inclinations were concerned. At the marriage of the Princess Alexandrine and the Grand Duke Wilhelm of Mecklenburgh it was merely a

question of attending the court functions, which lasted three days, in her official capacity as first lady-in-waiting.

During the following years the home circle, to which she again entirely devoted herself, underwent several welcome changes and additions. The entrance into society of the two eldest grandchildren brought fresh life into the house. Gabriele introduced her granddaughter into society, and opened her house to a new generation of dancers. She feared neither trouble nor inconvenience, gave balls and parties, and enjoyed watching the two smart young lieutenants, her son and grandson, take their full share of the pleasures provided for the entertainment and in honour of the young *débutante*.

A new baby had meantime arrived in the home of the Heinzs, and just when all the world was occupied with thoughts of war, the family received a most unexpected addition. When the troops marched to Schleswig in February 1864, young Bülow was ordered to remain behind with the reserve squadron of his regiment of Zieten hussars. His despair can easily be imagined, but, strange to say, neither could his mother resign herself to the decree. Influenced by his urgent request and her own patriotic enthusiasm, she directed a glowing appeal to the King, begging him to let her son share the dangers and honours of his regiment. The King consented; young Bülow was to follow the troops to Schleswig. While the mother awaited his departure in anxious dread, she suddenly and most unexpectedly received the news of his engagement to the sixteen-year-old Fraülein von Byern. A few days later he was on the way to Schleswig, assisted at the storming of the Düppeler Schanzen on April 18, witnessed the taking of Alsen, and returned home safe and sound. During the armistice Gabriele was able to indulge in undisturbed enjoyment of the new happiness. Several times during the summer her son's young *fiancée* came to Tegel, and a visit to Parchen, the beautiful old estate of the Byern family, introduced Gabriele to the home and numerous relatives of her future daughter-in-law. On December 17 she gratefully and joyfully welcomed her son, who, beaming with happiness, marched into Berlin with the victorious and jubilant troops.

The future now looked particularly bright and promising. Even the long cherished wish that Loën might no longer be separated from his home and children was happily fulfilled, when in June 1865 he was promoted to the rank of general, and received the command of a brigade at Berlin.

On September 28 a gay wedding was celebrated at Parchen. This time no shadow fell upon the festivities, which to Gabriele's sensitive mind were rather deficient in the solemnity befitting the importance of the event. The gay Havel folk were full of inexhaustible fun and exuberant high spirits, and joyfully bade the merry little bride farewell to her short unclouded girlhood.

Although Gabriele was obliged to acknowledge that the disposition and tendencies of the bride, however charming and fascinating might be her manners and appearance, were hardly calculated to make her a harmonious factor in the family, yet the want of depth and earnestness was excusable in one so youthful, and their mutual love seemed a guarantee for the young couple's lasting happiness. So she lovingly and affectionately opened her heart to her new daughter. Never has a daughter-in-law been received with greater love, kindness, and leniency; her every wish was gratified, her every whim indulged. Perhaps the motive of Gabriele's excessive kindness, which amounted almost to weakness, was to be found in her secret consciousness of the great diversity of their characters, and in the fear of unjustly judging a nature too foreign to her own to be completely understood. With such tenderness on the one hand and deceptive amiability on the other, their relations were for a long time free from serious unpleasantness, and the mother could turn her undivided thoughts to the pleasant impression made by the happy domestic life at Rathenow. Soon she and the young wife were trembling for the life of the son and husband, who, at the end of May 1866, was called away to the war.

Other troubles and anxieties arose at the same time. As a first result of attending school the eldest son of her daughter Constance caught the measles and fell ill at Berlin. To protect them against infection, the younger children took refuge at Tegel, where the ever helpful grandmother was

ready to receive them. The visitors brought misfortune with them. A fortnight later the little ones at Tegel, their mother at Berlin, and Gabriele's daughters Adelheid and Caroline were all down with the measles; and at last, after nursing them all in turn, Gabriele herself fell ill. She was in considerable danger on account of her advanced age, and the serious character of the malady, as well as accidental circumstances, helped to aggravate matters. In the midst of the epidemic the doctor had to desert his patients to accompany the troops. Apprehension for the other invalids, above all the continued waiting in suspense for news of her son, son-in-law, and grandson, who were all engaged in active service, and anxiety for her daughter-in-law, made it seem a miracle she survived the illness. Entire absence of news from her son during six days of the most trying uncertainty retarded her convalescence. Then followed the news of the battle of Königgrätz, the report of a glorious victory and heavy losses. At last she heard for certain that her son was alive and returning home, as he had been wounded by a sword thrust in the arm. The wound was not severe, and proved a merciful dispensation of Providence, for a few days after he returned his first son was born. For Gabriele there could have been no better restorative than these glad tidings, which were brought to her at Tegel by a postillion riding at full gallop on a white horse. She did not know she could better employ her returning strength than by taking active steps to assist the sick and wounded. Although she sprang from no martial family, she had always had a predilection for the army, and now that she counted such near relatives in its ranks, her enthusiasm for the defenders of her native land increased. Whatever linen could be spared was manufactured into bandages, whole cargoes of fruit syrup were sent to Berlin to refresh the feverish sufferers, and whoever happened to be quartered at Tegel might consider himself in luck. How richly she felt rewarded for all the trouble when she stood in the Queen's rooms on September 20, and watched the troops march into the capital. Long after she remembered how the King had pressed her hand with profound emotion, how the tears had filled his eyes, as he turned to her, saying: "It is

hardly credible—such happiness—after seeing the troops under fire!”

She herself had much cause for gratitude. Of all those near and dear to her, not one had fallen. Her grandson had returned uninjured to Tegel, as well as her own son, who had quite recovered and brought with him his wife and child. The sight of their youthful happiness was an inexhaustible source of joy.

This sunshine was the more welcome, as dark storm-clouds were again gathering on the horizon. Heinz's health again caused her serious anxiety. He resigned his post in the household of the Crown Prince, and in October went to Switzerland with his wife and children.

This separation was in itself a great deprivation to Gabriele, but anxiety for the future troubled her sorely when the winter passed without any signs of improvement or any possibility of their return.

The spring of 1867 brought new misfortunes. Bad reports came from Montreux, and from Ottmachau arrived the unexpected news of the sudden death on April 16 of Gabriele's nephew, Wilhelm von Humboldt, who in the prime of life fell a victim to acute heart-disease.

In May the letters from Montreux reported imminent danger, and on the day they received them Gabriele and her daughters left Berlin for Switzerland.

For the second time they started on a long journey in an agony of fear, but this time they reached their destination after two days of uninterrupted travelling, and on their arrival were greeted with reassuring news of the invalid's improvement, and had the comfort of assisting in the nursing.

Many days followed, during which the end was every moment expected; but about the middle of June it became possible to leave Montreux, where the heat was unbearable and convey the invalid to Davos, in the canton of Grisons. In those days Davos was little frequented, and the now popular health resort was the most primitive Alpine village imaginable, in which the daily round of life was hampered with every conceivable inconvenience and privation. We know how indifferent Gabriele was to all such discomforts,

and we need hardly mention that she would gladly have borne the hardships of winter in order to share her daughter's troubles. But other duties, and the express desire of her daughter and of the invalid himself, whose mother had also come to his assistance, decided Gabriele to return to Berlin. She took with her the eldest boy, who could no longer remain absent from school, and who was now to make his home with her.

Anxious longing thoughts wandered to that snow-covered Alpine valley, until, on December 15, news came of the peaceful end. A very anxious time followed. The deep snow threatened to make it impossible for Constance von Heinz and her young children to leave Davos. Unforeseen hindrances and delays took place, until, on December 22, they reached Berlin. The day after the heart-rending meeting between mother and daughter, the funeral of the beloved son-in-law took place. A feeling that it was not right to destroy the character of the Tegel graves by enlarging the burial ground into a cemetery made Constance von Heinz refrain from bringing her husband there, and she chose the churchyard of the Invaliden Kirche, where the two baby girls, Gabriele von Loën and Victoria von Heinz, already lay side by side. This sacrifice had been made by the parents of both children for the sake of the whole family.

The shock of Heinz's death, though long foreseen, was none the less severe for Gabriele. The destruction of her beloved daughter's happiness seemed too cruel, and for herself she knew the loss to be irreparable. Heinz had been very dear to her. She had quickly recognised his noble and remarkable nature, and she knew that he understood the true and womanly side of her character, qualities which few men appreciate properly in women. In later years she often mourned his early death. Many a trouble might have been spared her, many a bitter mortification averted, if such a man as Heinz had stood at her side. He was thoroughly conversant with and prudent in business matters, as well as sensitive and forbearing, and Gabriele placed unbounded confidence in him.

Gabriele's life had been passed in a severe school.

Originally of a clinging and dependent nature, she had been deprived of one human support after the other, while again and again it became her duty to comfort, console, and support those around her. And God knows how she fulfilled her task, how her love seemed to be lavished most abundantly wherever a gap was left by death; and how she not only mourned with the mourners, but took upon herself the responsibility of the orphaned children, entering with heart and soul into every detail of their griefs and joys. In the winter the mother and daughter were neighbours, so that the daily intercourse was greatly facilitated, while in the summer months they lived the happiest family life together at Tegel.

It was a great loss to the family circle when Loën and his daughters removed to Frankfort-on-Maine, where he received a new appointment in the following spring. But owing to this change a new member was added to the family, when, at the end of June, Therese von Loën, Gabriele's eldest granddaughter, became engaged to Count Brockdorff, lieutenant in the 5th regiment of Dragoons.

The grandmother was not long able to give her thoughts to this happy prospect; like a bolt out of the blue the news of the declaration of war with France burst upon Germany, diverting their thoughts into other channels.

Gabriele was at Burg-Oerner. The day after the declaration of war her granddaughters unexpectedly arrived there; they had come to seek her protection, as their father had been nominated commander of the reserve division of the Guards, and they could not remain alone at Frankfort. For almost a year they lived entirely with their grandmother.

In a moment the quiet country life was utterly transformed. The fire of patriotic enthusiasm rose high, but among the honest country folk many a heart-rending scene of farewell was witnessed. Gabriele was untiring in her efforts to help with gifts and assistance, and for her many a cheer and ringing song came straight from the grateful hearts of the young recruits on their departure.

Her own relatives were meanwhile marching off to the war without a farewell greeting, and the anxious waiting for news began. In order to be within reach of the latest

despatches everyone naturally hurried to Berlin. For the present, however, travelling was impossible; every line was blocked by trains full of soldiers. But on August 5, when news came of the victory at Weissenburg, there was no question of delay. Gabriele and the entire household—a regular caravan—set out upon the pilgrimage to Berlin. There were constant delays on the journey, as they met the trains conveying troops to the front. Wherever possible, Gabriele dispensed gifts, and was surrounded by soldiers of all ranks. At last, after thirty-eight hours' travelling, they arrived at Berlin. They passed their days partly at Tegel, partly in town. On August 18 there was news of the victory at Mars-la-Tour, followed by a telegram containing a long list of the dead and wounded in Bülow's regiment of Hussars. He himself was among the latter, and for days it was impossible to discover his whereabouts or the nature of his wounds. On the 19th, while Gabriele happened to be with the Queen, a telegram from the King announced another great victory near Metz, and, though heavy at heart herself, she was privileged to share the great lady's delight and emotion.

Looking back now to those times, we wonder how the continual suspense and anxiety could have been endured, when all hearts were filled on the one hand with intense feelings of triumphant rejoicing at each new victory, on the other with profound regret at the sacrifices by which it had been bought. In such a case the only comfort lies in united work. The women of Berlin experienced this in 1870, and were grateful to their Samaritan sister on the throne, who opened up a field of useful, regulated labour for them all, which benefited those who gave not less than those who received.

At last Gabriele obtained news of her son, who had been miraculously preserved. A bullet struck his chest, but rebounded from his letter-case; he was, however, thrown from his horse, which a moment later fell upon him, shot dead. He sought to cut his way through the enemy who surrounded him, but would have undoubtedly been overpowered if a brave non-commissioned officer of his regiment had not come to the rescue, dragged him on to his own horse, and so saved his life. He had been considerably crushed, and, being unfit



for service, returned home. Hardly had Gabriele's mind been set at ease about her son, than the rumour spread that "General von Loën's only son had fallen at St. Privat." Again, day after day, the lists were anxiously scanned, and they contained many well-known names—the 1st regiment of the Guards had suffered terrible losses—but on the 20th they received authentic news that young Loën was safe and sound. He and Bernhard von Bülow both received the Iron Cross, and as soon as the latter was sufficiently recovered, he returned to the war, promoted to the rank of captain of horse.<sup>1</sup>

In October there was great anxiety on account of the absence of all news of Count Brockdorff, who had caught the measles, then smallpox, had been taken prisoner while in hospital and transported far into the interior of France. This painful state of things, both for the sufferer and his patriotic *fiancée* at home, induced Gabriele to make every possible effort to effect an exchange. All her endeavours proved fruitless, though she finally succeeded in establishing epistolary communication between the lovers. As the others continued to send fairly regular accounts of themselves, the ladies of the family were able to celebrate Christmas more cheerfully than they could have hoped. And yet this depressing year was not to end without sad tidings. Death came when and where it was least expected. On December 29, Gabriele's youngest brother, Hermann, died at Friedrichseck of the effects of an apopleptic stroke. She had the hard task of communicating the painful news to his married daughter, Frau von Rundstedt, who happened to be at Berlin at the time.

A year later, when the mother of the Friedrichseck family had followed her husband to the grave, and the happy home was quite broken up, the three helpless younger daughters continued to receive the most affectionate advice and genuine motherly sympathy from their aunt on their way through life.

Such personal matters as these did not prevent Gabriele from being fully conscious of the historical importance of the

<sup>1</sup> Rittmeister.

year 1871. For one who in her childhood had witnessed the humiliation of Prussia there could be no prouder or more glorious event than the Emperor's proclamation—the resuscitation of the German Empire. She stood in the great crowd that heard the announcement of peace from the palace, and with all her heart she joined in the answer of the people: "Now thank we all our God."<sup>1</sup> The same refrain rang in her heart when, on March 17, her beloved King returned to his capital as Emperor of Germany, and again, three months later, when the victorious troops came marching home, and not one of her own relatives was missing.

Preparations for the granddaughter's wedding were now begun at Tegel. In July, when the affianced couple were there on a visit, another unexpected death took place. Gabriele's brother, Theodor, died at Berlin, where of his own free will he had chosen to live apart from his family for the last twenty years. In accordance with his last wish he was buried at Tegel; the funeral ceremony was the more painful because there were none to mourn his loss or to miss the unhappy man, whose useless life had benefited none of his fellow-creatures.

By the death of her brother Theodor, and as Hermann had only left daughters, Gabriele became the owner of Tegel, being the last surviving heir mentioned in Wilhelm von Humboldt's will. This circumstance made no real difference in her life, but it was a happy dispensation by which her beloved Tegel became the scene of many happy family gatherings and festivities.

On October 16 her granddaughter Therese was married to Count Brockdorff. The following year, in June, an altar was decked there for the christening of another Gabriele von Bülow.<sup>2</sup> In the summer of 1875, the marriage of her niece, Priscilla von Humboldt, to Herr von Posern took place at Tegel; in 1876 the bride's youngest sister, Victoria, married Gabriele's grandson, August von Loën, and in 1877 her granddaughter, Agnes von Loën, was married to Baron von Diergardt.

<sup>1</sup> Luther's hymn, "Nun danket Alle Gott."

<sup>2</sup> Daughter of Bernhard von Bülow.

After death had destroyed almost all the older generation to which she herself belonged, Gabriele saw herself once more surrounded by a large and loving family. She was spared the feeling of loneliness that so often accompanies old age by the lively interest she always took in what was going on around her, and in the fortunes of each individual member of the family. Gratefully she reaped the rich harvest of love which she still, as heretofore, so indefatigably sowed. She was too truly modest to desire to rule, and yet how willingly each member of the family submitted to her mild sway. Diverse as they were in character, position, and education, in one thing, in their relation to her, they were all alike. Each loved her in his or her peculiar fashion, but they all regarded her as the crowned head of the house, and grey heads bent to kiss her hand no less reverently than the curly pates of grandchildren and great-grandchildren. There was an irresistible charm in the gentle face, the still beautiful eyes, with their kindly glances, and the mobile features with their varying expression, which betokened graciousness, purity, and true nobility.

Wherever she went her appearance created the same impression, and at the Tegel weddings, young and old, high and low, were heard to say, "There is no one as beautiful as our Excellency!" and yet it was an exceptionally beautiful generation of the Humboldt race that married and was given in marriage there. In undiminished bodily and mental vigour she saw the number of her descendants increase around her. Not that there were no shadows to darken this happy picture, for in 1878 Gabriele had to endure the sorrow of seeing the young Countess Brockdorff return to her father's house a lonely childless widow. Then from Düssin, where her son had established himself after retiring from the army in 1873, the disturbing news of every childish ailment, however insignificant, was reported to the grandmother. At Düssin, too, cares of another description began to be felt. The building of a stately mansion to replace the old country house was unfortunately undertaken in the year of the war, and therefore received scarcely any attention during its progress. The young couple devoted their lives to pleasure,

to hospitality, and to taking expensive journeys to watering places. These and other extravagances, added to the failure of the crops and general bad management, caused them to exceed their annual income, and obliged them repeatedly to have recourse to Gabriele's pecuniary assistance. She was able to help them, but she also endeavoured to caution the young people, and urged them to make a clear statement of their affairs. It was in vain; the delicate health and nervous condition of her son's wife was a welcome and convenient excuse for avoiding all excitement, and an ever effective expedient for satisfying unreasonable wishes.

Gabriele felt the pressure of the troubles at Düssin far more than the weight of years, and yet by the help of an almost youthful energy she retained her susceptibility to pleasanter impressions. Every year she sought and found recreation at her beautiful Tegel home, and almost every alternate year she visited Burg-Oerner. In 1879 she took the Bülow grandchildren with her there, besides the Tegel household, fourteen persons all told! They were to start at half-past four in the morning, and as she always insisted on looking after everything herself, she stayed up the whole night before their departure, and she, the old lady of seventy-seven, saw that everyone else was called and ready in time. She showed the same indefatigable spirit later on in the summer, on the occasion of an excursion to the Harz Mountains with her grandchildren. She spent a night on the Brocken sitting up fully dressed on a chair, in order not to miss the sunrise, which as usual was hidden in mist.

Their stay at Burg-Oerner was this time rendered particularly attractive by the number of visitors; almost all the grandchildren were assembled there together, and for each of them, great and small, it had a quite peculiar fascination. To begin with, the rarity of a visit there greatly enhanced its charm, and then the place was so utterly different from any other. The visits, too, were so short that few traces of modern life were left behind, while memories of the past were impressed on every stone. At Burg-Oerner everything was interesting and strange; first the arrival in the large yellow mail coach, the postillion's cheery blast that woke the echoes

in the valley, and sounded the glad tidings in every house, "they are coming, they are coming," and then the greetings and noddings on all sides, as old friends were remembered and recognised! The very hall had its own peculiar atmosphere—not mouldy or stuffy, but redolent of the past, of solitude. The mysterious stone flags were the most reliable of weather prophets, for when rain was at hand they assumed a dark colour. A broad, double flight of white steps led up to the large, comfortable rooms on the first floor, where each piece of furniture had a separate existence, a story of its own, and where the beautiful familiar pictures seemed to look down from the walls each time with all the charm of novelty. On the second floor, near the better rooms, there were little attic chambers, in which even the children could touch the ceiling with their hands, and whence the gutter, where pigeons were for ever building their nests, could be seen in close proximity. Bird life could be studied at ease here, but oh! what inconsolable grief when a heavy downpour of rain destroyed that source of happiness, and nest and young ones were irretrievably washed away! And then the secret doors, the unexpected niches and chambers in the thick walls, the unlikely corners for hide and seek, the old cupboards full of the venerable playthings of past generations, fragments of impossible stiff-legged wooden animals, and, above all, the old-fashioned doll which was treated with almost as much respect as if she were an ancestress in person. And for young book-worms, what treasures were to be found in the old bookcases. These were books not to be met with anywhere else, books that might never be taken away, and were therefore inseparably interwoven with the remembrance of Burg-Oerner. Of especial interest were the novels of the authoress Paalzow, a faithful friend of the Humboldt family, books now unfortunately no longer read.

One after another the children grew to appreciate the romance of the place; each created his ideal world anew, and peopled the house and valley with attractive characters. How cosy also was the garden room, with its hard but roomy sofa in one corner, and its open door, leading down by three broad steps to the fountain, round which the roses bloomed.

It was an inexhaustible amusement to play tricks with the water, for, regulated by the pressure of the hand, it would either murmur softly as it dripped and splashed, or shoot up in a tall slender column that tried to rival the height of the old and rather crooked tower which stood in proud solitude a few paces from the house. Above the door it bore the weather-beaten Posadewsky coat of arms (the mother of old President von Dacheroeden, who was a Countess Posadewsky, brought the estate into the family), but now it only served as a home for hundreds of pigeons, which flew and fluttered around, and came down to the fountain for their morning and evening draughts. Besides these delights there was the large home-farm to visit, with its stately cattle, its fertile fields and endless cherry orchards. Then there were the faithful country folk, who took such pride and pleasure in their allegiance to the family; the visits to the village school in examination time, and the services in the crowded church close by, where the congregation had a prayer in their hearts and on their lips for the beloved lady of the manor, whose pew they never failed to deck with wreaths of flowers. Last, but not least, there was the high wall surrounding the park and garden that gave the whole place a comfortable feeling of seclusion. These advantages, which gave an idea of the true charm of country life, were wanting at Tegel. The neighbourhood of Burg-Oerner was also interesting because of the many traditions connected with it. Above all, there was the Kirchberg opposite the house, the summit of which was crowned by the picturesque ruins of the first church, and in the subterranean vaults some old coffins were still to be seen. There, too, was the cemetery, and it was a melancholy thought that the miner, who had spent all his life toiling in the dark pits below, should be carried by his comrades in solemn procession to rest on the peaceful summit, where the first and last rays of the sun would greet him. Mining was the occupation of the greater part of the male population, but the advantages of the Mansfeld mines had sad drawbacks, the smelting house with the beautiful name "God's Reward" gradually stamped a new but not an improved character upon the whole neighbourhood. Every year the black mounds of slag in-

creased, the tall chimneys multiplied to an alarming extent, from time to time dense clouds of smoke rolled up the valley, settled on the fertile fields, destroyed the young plants, and threatened danger to both man and beast. If the wind were favourable the annoyance was not so perceptible, and in any case the children were not troubled by such drawbacks. Their favourite amusement was a visit to the blast furnaces where copper and silver were melted in the intense glowing heat, and the metals purified, or to the sulphuric acid manufactory, where the golden kettles had a peculiar mystic charm. They delighted in an expedition down the dark shaft, for, in spite of a secret fear, the nether world had an irresistible attraction, whence they were fortunate enough to bring back wonderful pieces of slate, often with the outline of a fish stamped upon them, which shone as if of metal, a kind of antediluvian photograph which seemed all the more fabulous the less you understood its origin. Now and then the general undermining of the ground caused a slight landslip or a subterranean passage would be discovered in the garden. It could not be explored to any great length, on account of the mass of rubbish blocking the entrance, and it was generally walled up for safety, but still it might have led somewhere, and (for no reason whatever) it might have been in secret communication with the ruin on the hill, or have hidden a precious treasure! Out in the open fields you sometimes picked up strange stones, which were pierced by iron nails, or there were rocks of the same kind in which the shape of Count Mansfeld's hand was clearly visible, where he had grasped the stone in confirmation of his oath. For childish minds Burg-Oerner was a fairyland of wonder and mystery; for Gabriele it was a hallowed spot, full of sweet and sacred memories—and yet, in spite of all—it had to be sacrificed!

Once more, and for the last time Gabriele came to Burg-Oerner, as the guest of her grandson Loön, who spent the summer of 1883 there with his family. With what pleasure she watched another generation playing there, whose future seemed to her so closely connected with the beloved place. Vain dreams! Every year the destructive influence of the poisonous smoke became more evident, and threatened effec-

tually to depreciate the value of the estate. Repeated complaints and requests addressed to the proprietors of the mines either to abolish the nuisance or to pay compensation, finally resulted in their offering to purchase the property. The sum offered was considerable, and probably far exceeded the actual value, but no gold could compensate Gabriele for the loss of the associations connected with Burg-Oerner, and in giving up these lay the real sacrifice. Again a weighty decision lay in her hands, and cost her a long and painful struggle. She had to struggle with conflicting duties. The sale of the estate was contrary to all feelings of veneration, it was unfair to the faithful tenants, and directly in opposition to the last wishes of the Hedemanns. They had undertaken Burg-Oerner as a labour of love, had tended it with particular care, had improved the property, and had hoped to keep it in the family for many generations by designating August von Loën, their mutual great-nephew, heir to the estate after the death of Gabriele. His marriage with a Humboldt had seemed to forge a new link in the chain of old traditions, all seemed for the best, and yet so soon all was to be changed and altered.

On the other hand Gabriele at her age could not take the responsibility of refusing so important an offer, and one which would certainly never be repeated. She therefore complied with her grandson's urgent request, sacrificed the past to the future, ancestors to descendants, and in 1885 sold Burg-Oerner.

But we have hurried on ahead of time and must return to see Gabriele enter upon her last decade. Joy and sorrow in her case depended on the vicissitudes in the lives of those who were bound to her by ties of blood and friendship. She was still so wonderfully active that travelling was more of a recreation than a fatigue. In the year 1880, for instance, she went once more to spend a week at Ottmachau with her sister-in-law Mathilde. Frau von Humboldt was only two years older than Gabriele von Bülow, but for the last ten years she had lived the retired life of an old woman, although mentally she still preserved much of the inborn cheerfulness that even her unusually hard fate had been unable to destroy. They were glorious autumn days in which the two grandmothers in





*Gabrielle von Bülow  
geb. von Humboldt*



the fine old mansion looked back together upon a long span of life, peacefully conscious that evening had now come and that the day was drawing to a close. And yet in their old age how different these two women were! Mathilde von Humboldt's work in the world had long been over; she sat resting, watching the turmoil of the present from afar—a year later she entered into everlasting rest. Gabriele von Bülow still continued to take an active part in life; she was still so necessary, so indispensable. She would often jestingly call herself the locomotive, and indeed it was generally she who instigated all kinds of enterprises. Her liveliness had increased rather than decreased with age; she possessed in an unusual degree the talent of putting herself in the place and circumstances of other people. Her kind-heartedness always prompted her to forestall the needs and desires of others, even at the expense of some inconvenience to herself. For instance at Tegel the carriage was not kept for her to drive in, but simply to convey her friends and relatives to and fro. She loved to give others pleasure, and not satisfied with sending an invitation, she would meet every difficulty beforehand by drawing up what she called her "plan of campaign." When at Berlin, the family still met at her house every Sunday, the children's party to search for Easter eggs regularly took place there, even when the grandchildren and great-grandchildren once happened to be absent. For the simple reason that he was human, she regarded no human being with indifference; her love of her fellow-creatures was inexhaustible, and she was always warmly and sincerely sympathetic, for there was hardly a joy or sorrow in the world with which she was not acquainted from personal experience. Meanness and intolerance invariably roused her anger, and it is impossible to describe the accent of helpless despair with which she would exclaim, "With stupidity even the gods fight in vain!" Sentimentality was likewise her abomination and called forth many a healthy, vehement rebuke; she hated touchiness and over-sensitiveness, and used to exhort people to a speedy reconciliation with the assurance, "Life is too short for that!"

She still strove to enrich and develop her own mind. She remembered the discoveries at Ægina in her youth; as an old

lady of eighty she took the same keen interest in the excavations at Pergamos. The beautiful performance of "Wallenstein's Death" by the Meiningen troupe gave her the greatest pleasure, and she was charmed by Rossi's passionate and thoroughly Italian rendering of Romeo.

Her strong and healthy nature, and still more the energy with which from the beginning she had, so to say, subdued the flesh to the spirit, prevented her from suffering any real physical inconvenience from the complaints of old age. She had never been a slave to her nerves, or given way to her own inclinations, and till the end of her life she was independent of all personal attendance and never required any assistance with her toilet. Indeed, when in consequence of an illness, she had temporarily been obliged to avail herself of such help, and to use a stick in walking, her daughters hoped she would become used to these comforts, and take more care of herself, and they were not a little astonished to find that with returning strength the new habits were abolished, the stick discarded, and the maid forbidden to wait up for her mistress at night. In this particular Gabriele was a regular Humboldt and an example of her Uncle Alexander's assertion that, "periodic sleep is considered a superannuated prejudice in our family." She never retired to rest till far into the night, and it would have made her uneasy to know that someone was waiting up for her.

In the morning she was always punctual. During the day, generally after dinner, she retired for a short rest, but even in this habit she was independent of ordinary comforts. The room might be light or dark, the surroundings quiet or noisy, the hour late or early, it was all the same to her. Sitting upright in her armchair she immediately fell into a calm, deep sleep, dreamt the pleasantest dreams, and then came back to consciousness incredibly quickly, as perfectly refreshed and strengthened as if she had had a good night's rest. A great part of the vitality of her nature may be ascribed to this healthy sleep, which never failed her even in the shortest nights, and it may have been a substitute for the nourishment which latterly she only took in the smallest quantities.

She was spared all the usual complaints of old age, except

slight gout in the hands and a little difficulty in hearing. Until the end she could read and write without glasses—in the evening always by candle-light, and though she stooped, she walked without support even up and down stairs. Indeed she felt her age so little, that she was highly astonished and rather indignant when in 1883 she found herself called "a very old lady" in some newspaper.

She would accept no assistance in the management of household affairs, although accounts and the necessary correspondence, of which she always made and kept rough copies, took up much time. She even kept control over the tablecloths and dusters that had formerly given her so much trouble, and was intimately acquainted with every detail of her household. Thus a long life had educated her to be a good housekeeper, an avocation for which originally she had no natural inclination. In this respect, however, she practised a code of self-discipline, the rigour of which often put the younger generation to shame. For instance, she would never permit herself to read a novel before tea-time, although it was her greatest enjoyment, and she became so absorbed, so excited by her reading, as to seem eighteen rather than eighty. But just because she felt that a book could so enthrall her, and make her so oblivious of reality, she denied herself the pleasure until the duties of the day were done.

At Tegel the day always ended with the preparation and locking of the basket which from time immemorial had been the medium of communication with the town. It was a somewhat antediluvian institution, but it was faithfully adhered to, long after civilisation in the shape of the postman had penetrated to Tegel, and thus robbed the black basket of its greatest attraction—letters and newspapers. Gabriele still liked to entrust letters to its silent depths, and she often entered her household orders in the book kept therein for that purpose. She never closed the basket before midnight, often not till after one o'clock. At four in the morning it began its eventful journey; the milkmaid fetched it, and took it to the village, whence it was conveyed to town in the milk cart. It arrived at Berlin about eleven o'clock, and was delivered to a tradesman who had the key and examined the contents. An

ancient messenger then appeared on the scene ; no one knew whence he came, whither he went, or how he was otherwise occupied. He carried a knobby stick, wore a big blue cloak, and was likewise distinguished by spectacles and earrings, with which he hoped to improve his eyes. He saw very little, notwithstanding the glasses, and did not know how to read. To make amends for his shortcomings, he was endowed with an unfailling memory. If there were ten different commissions, when once they had been read out to him, he forgot nothing, confused nothing, executed his orders with exemplary exactitude, called at the town house with unvarying punctuality, fetched whatever might be waiting there, and returned to the tradesman. He placed everything in the basket, and the latter set out upon its homeward journey with the milkman. It will be understood that it reached Tegel slowly but surely, where its arrival after twelve hours' absence was formerly the most interesting moment of the day, and the inhabitants of the house still looked forward to it with a certain degree of interest. The venerable institution has now given way to modern innovations, and "old Weiland" has long since become a mythical figure.

A great pleasure, the greatest of her old age, was afforded Gabriele on her eighty-first birthday. It was the unveiling of the Humboldt statues in front of the University. It was a late acknowledgment, a tardy expression of gratitude, but it was a beautiful, worthy, and touching ceremony, for which the day was thoughtfully chosen. Glorious May sunshine lighted up the great square with its festive decorations and the pavilion where the family, the sculptors Begas<sup>1</sup> and Otto,<sup>2</sup> and the minister von Gossler occupied places. As the statues were unveiled the minister opened the ceremony with an address on Wilhelm von Humboldt, then Professor Virchow spoke of Alexander von Humboldt, and Professor Dubois Reymond<sup>3</sup> called for cheers for the Emperor. With the last strains of the national anthem the Emperor came across from the palace on foot. What a glorious and memorable moment

<sup>1</sup> Sculptor of the statue of Alexander von Humboldt.

<sup>2</sup> Sculptor of the statue of Wilhelm von Humboldt.

<sup>3</sup> Professor of physiology at Berlin University, b. 1818, d. 1896.

in the life of Gabriele von Bülow, to be greeted by the great hero-Emperor in the presence of these statues, and to be congratulated by him on that day on those ancestors!

She laid a laurel wreath upon her father's monument, and then, on the arm of the Crown Prince, she approached her uncle's statue, while the vast crowd cheered tumultuously.

It was an admirable and just decree of destiny that their aged daughter and niece should thus live to see honour paid to the memory of these two great men, and according to our human understanding it would have been a mercy if, after this, God had taken her unto Himself.

The trial that darkened the last four years of her life was so hard and bitter an experience that it would have been better left unrecorded. But it was not spared her, so we ought not to omit it. At Düssin affairs had become more and more involved, but these external troubles were trifling compared with the destruction of her son's domestic happiness which followed. The bond of twenty years of married life was rudely sundered, the children scattered, the home deserted, the most sacred feelings poisoned.

The sum of all the sorrows she had already experienced would not exceed the pain of this new trial. The others redoubled the proofs of their affection, but their indignation was useless, their sympathy powerless. It was an ever present grief, she felt it with the keenness of youth, but the old energy had gone, the future looked hopeless, the present was full of new cares and new responsibilities for the ruined family.

God permitted it, He knows the why and wherefore. And He also knows what bitter tears were shed in the long dark nights. He will some day judge; may He deal mercifully with all those that err!

The one feeling Gabriele never knew was—hatred.

In this respect she may be said to have won that battle also, and to have borne the trial successfully, but henceforth her life knew no unclouded joy.

Two letters to a granddaughter who had written to Gabriele in words of glowing enthusiasm of a first visit to Italy will serve to show that she was nevertheless capable of other interests.

Tegel: September 20, 1885.

“I only heard late to-day that Aunt L. had written to your Mamma, and I should like to enclose a few lines to thank you, dear Anna, for the delightful letter that gave me such intense pleasure the other day. Yes, delightful is just the word for the fresh feelings expressed in your letters and the joy which you have in the beauty around you, I might almost say for the loftiness and depth of your impressions. Your letter really did me good, and brought tears of joy to my eyes, which were doubly welcome in contrast to the bitter tears that now so often fill them.

“I am very glad you are not here to share the perpetual doubts and torments which are the result of want of judgment and weakness of character, and are caused by unhappy circumstances.<sup>1</sup> I miss your sympathy and your mother’s active energy, but to think of you in the enjoyment of the beauties of nature gives me great pleasure. The capacity for such enjoyment is a gain for life, and with all my heart I rejoice that it is yours, dear child. It is a divine gift for which you must be grateful, as I have no doubt you are. May God continue to be with you on your beautiful journey, and when the time comes may He bring you back to us happier and richer, yes, richer in the best sense of the word.

“You will receive this at Venice, that romantic city. May wind and weather be favourable to you there, and also later on at beautiful Florence! I think it will be much better to meet T. there than at Genoa. . . .

“But now I will close, and only add that my health is good and A. is very well too. Farewell, my dear ones, do not let your journey be saddened, though you share everything with us in thought. God be with you.

“Your faithful old GRANDMOTHER.”

Berlin: Easter Sunday, April 25, 1886.

“My dear little Anna,—When I opened my bedroom door this morning your roses were a surprising Easter greeting. I caught sight of the contents of the little box, which had

<sup>1</sup> This refers to the decision with regard to the future of one of the Dössin grandsons.



been carefully opened by the post-office officials, before seeing the words 'fiori freschi,' so the pleasure could not have been more complete. Thank you with all my heart for the visible sign of your loving and thoughtful remembrance of me at such a solemn spot; <sup>1</sup> for me, however, it is full of memories of our happy childhood, when my sister Adelheid and I played there together. Did you notice and read the inscription on a monument to the memory of a certain Lady Temple? it has a bas-relief representing the angel of death leading her away, while husband and children stand by mourning, and he tries to hold her back. Many thanks also for your card which arrived at the same time as the flowers, and for the letter I received the day before yesterday. It gave me such pleasure that I meant to answer it immediately. I am glad I was prevented, as I can now thank you for everything at the same time. I am indescribably happy to see how fully you realise the joy of being at Rome, I envy you and your mother this happiness, and I thank God you are well. Let me warn you not to do too much, though I know how difficult it is to set a limit to sight-seeing. The social pleasures are also acceptable; in short, everything seems interesting and delightful, and I am glad to see from to-day's card that the weather has improved. I hope it will remain fine, and not be too warm for Naples. It makes me feel anxious for your sake, to see how fast the time flies. I should like to urge you to stay as long as possible. You must not consider the claims of my old anniversary on May 28, when there are other things in the way, and reason asserts its rights; in fact, it prevented me the other day from being present at Hermi's confirmation. I regretted it deeply, but I would not risk the exertion; the ceremony lasted several hours, and I feared the cold air in the church, where the new part of the building had only just been completed. . . . L. will have described to you the beautiful celebration of the Holy Communion on Good Friday. To-day we went to service at St. Matthew's, and the drive there and back in an open carriage was most enjoyable. Spring has come at last, and everything looked very green. To-day it is colder again, but the blue sky and the

<sup>1</sup> The pyramid of Caius Cestius.

sunshine do one good. We shall be fifteen (without you and the Bernhards !) to dinner to-day. The children are all dining with us, and are going to look for Easter eggs afterwards. . . . L. brought me the last news of our more distant travellers, who are at Jerusalem to-day, I hope. Our holiday travellers return by degrees this week."

The summer of 1886 was spent very pleasantly, when Gabriele's granddaughter Agnes von Diergardt and her five children came on a visit to Tegel. Gabriele was not one of the traditional grandmothers, who tell fairy tales and knit stockings, but she often sat watching the children at play, her clear eyes gazing searchingly first at one and then at the other. Sometimes she would take a very little one on her lap as some old Italian nursery rhyme rose to her lips. And she thought how everything in life repeats itself: more than fifty years ago her own children played here in the gallery of antiques, while her father watched them, and now their grandchildren danced merrily to the strains of a musical box she had wished for on her eighty-fourth birthday. How old, how incredibly old it made her feel! But she was still active enough to be able to wander in the woods with the merry youngsters, and it was charming to see the rough boys interrupt their games, and guide their old great-grandmother gently and chivalrously over some obstacle in the path, or help her to rise after a rest by the wayside.

Constant visitors made the summer and autumn pass quickly, and on October 27 Gabriele bade farewell to her beloved Tegel. Once more she visited the graves of her family, and she seemed to have a presentiment that she would never again stand beside them, that soon there would be another mound raised in the green grass at her feet. "Shall I ever come back?" her daughters heard her murmur softly. It was no vain foreboding. She bore the winter wonderfully well. At Christmas a large family party assembled round her, and she was delighted with a series of tableaux vivants in which her grandchildren and great-grandchildren represented the course of her own life. The beloved Tegel statues, the Nymph and Hope, all the beautiful pictures of herself, her

sisters, her children and grandchildren passed before her eyes. Few people valued and acknowledged the least thoughtful attention or allusion so gratefully as she did. Thus she wrote on the following morning:—

“Good morning, my dear ones. How are you all after the beautiful, but for you, my dear Consty, very tiring evening? I hope it will have done you no great harm; the consciousness of having given such intense pleasure should, in itself, prove beneficial. Dear Anna, I do not know how to thank you sufficiently for all you have done. I at once began to read the book, which moved me deeply; indeed everything both pleased and touched me. May God reward you! Good-bye and *au revoir!*”

She also derived great pleasure from the repeated visits of the Princess Wilhelm, who once brought the three young Princes to see her. It was like a glimpse of the future she would not live to see, but which appeared to her so bright and promising, for above all the pomp of a lofty position, she had learned to value that pure love of humanity, which was so fine a characteristic of that noble and generous Princess. She was able to enjoy the Princess's last visit on April 5, although her suffering condition filled her family with anxiety. In February a kind of fainting fit had considerably weakened her, but in March she had so far recovered that, notwithstanding the wishes of the family, she still insisted on walking out and paying visits unattended. A distressing difficulty in breathing troubled her more frequently, and in an aggravated form. On Easter Sunday, April 10, she could not leave her bed. On the 14th spasms of the heart convinced her that the end was near, and she immediately expressed that conviction to the doctor. They asked whether she wished to take the Holy Communion, but as every mental and physical exertion brought on a renewal of the spasms, she feared her strength would not permit her to take a worthy part in the ceremony, and refused the Sacrament with these words of simple, childlike faith: “If God pleases, He will accept me, because I trust in Him!”

For the same reason she alluded no more to her death,

and bade none of them farewell in words, though the pressure of her hand, the solemn conscious look in her eyes, said enough. After this, her family were constantly by her side; she suffered much, but rarely spoke, though all she said was clear and connected, and she expressed affectionate anxiety lest those nursing her should overtire themselves. With wonderful strength of will she at times overcame the death-like weakness that assailed her. In spite of her great age she was not spared a long and bitter fight with death, and it was not until April 16 at two o'clock in the afternoon that her loving heart found the rest for which it had so long yearned. For all who loved her death came much too soon, but it was God's time and therefore right.

On April 19 a funeral service was held in her Berlin home, and then the coffin was conveyed to Tegel. At first the hearse was followed by a long and magnificent cortège, but in the evening when it reached Tegel it was accompanied by a simple and mournful procession. Here an unexpected mark of respect, prompted by the feelings of the villagers, was offered to the deceased. At the boundary of the village the clergyman received the funeral procession, which he headed, followed by the school children, the members of the military club, and all the inhabitants of Tegel, whose mournful countenances testified to the heartfelt sorrow with which they escorted their "good Excellency" on her last journey. Amidst the tolling of bells she entered her beloved Tegel for the last night.

The next day they carried her away out of the hall, which had been decked with flowers for the solemn occasion. To the strains of "Jesus whom I trust," the procession wound its way down the long lime avenue to the beloved and sacred spot, where they laid her to rest between her husband and Alexander von Humboldt.

Three of her children, the two unmarried daughters and her only son, followed her within the next three years to the grave. In spite of their inexpressible grief, those who had known Gabriele well, and especially the orphaned members of the family that was deprived of its head, were comforted by the thought that death could not destroy such a remarkable

personality, that her undying memory would confer lasting benefit on all who care for what is truly good and noble, for in Gabriele von Bülow the Almighty fulfilled His divine promise,

I will bless thee  
And thou shalt be a blessing.

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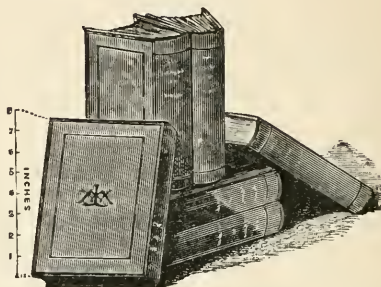
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