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They both belonged among Bettina's oldest friends. I myself, from a child, had looked upon Bettina as a near relative of a superior order—a kind of counterpart to my mother, as my Uncle Jacob, who always lived with us, seemed my father's counterpart. Without Bettina's energetic assistance we should probably never have reached Berlin. I considered her house as a part of ours, and saw her daily from 1821 until her death, except when journeys intervened. I can never express how much I owe her, or find it possible to recount the wealth of things I saw and enjoyed in her house.

The period from 1840 up to the revolution of '48, and even then for a series of years later, was the last golden era in which public life in Berlin depended on personal opinion and intercourse. In truth, the ruling censorship was so scrupulous and sensitive as to make it impossible to treat of the things which moved the world in the newspapers with equal dignity. Bettina had never had much to do with newspapers—what she wrote appeared in book form. She might claim the privilege of being allowed to say many things forbidden to others. Bettina and Alexander von Humboldt were the most distinguished representatives of this candor and frankness in the expression of opinion. Men believed they must know more of the truth of things who had prepared themselves, and the way, barred to others, stood open to them. Who had something to attain, who desired an unobstructed career, who felt themselves misunderstood, applied to them. Many misuses of such import have I seen, year after year, fall into her hand. Bettina and Von Humboldt were also capable of suddenly kindling a spark in beings by no means extraordinary which raised them far above their ordinary level. From her youth Bettina looked upon herself as the natural counsellor and friend of the unfortunate. Her letters are full of them. She had a magnetic power over sad, forlorn people, and gave constantly with liberal hand.

IN POLITICS.

From her efforts to succor and sustain the oppressed the political ideas took form which in latter years became ever more pronounced in her. She returned to the ideas of her youth. She had as a child almost participated in the French revolution, which between '40 and '50 was again glorified as the epoch when ideas of our present freedom were evoked among us. With awe these conflicts were once more regarded, and men sighed for a German Mirabeau. What is called politics today interested Bettina very little. The emphasis of her work, of which the title was also the dedication, "This book belongs to the King," and whose appearance created the greatest sensation in Germany, did not lie in anything which admitted of being brought into paragraphs. In the year 1830, when the cholera pest appeared in Berlin, Bettina fearlessly undertook the relief of the sick and needy. From this time dates her sympathy with the "people." Arguing from her personal knowledge of the laboring classes in Berlin, who had no work and nothing to eat, she came to look upon the whole nation at that time as without political will of its own, and diseased and helpless. Bettina's propositions were made from this point of view. Today this book is simply a testimony to her noble intentions, and shows what radical confusion the want of a healthy public life created among us. This was her last work which caused any sensation, and, with the year 1848, Bettina's career in this direction closed. Her "Discourse with Demons" scarcely found a public. Happily for Bettina's last years, the revolution came on neither suddenly nor in a way to wound her or even to make her conscious that she was no longer indispensable.

Many energetic natures find themselves in old age confronted with a new generation and new circumstances which they do not understand. They isolate themselves and turn aside bitterly to live in recollections of the past. Bettina was spared this. Her mind was so rich, her interests so universal, that the domain was still large enough upon which she could withdraw. To the very last she looked forward to new events and experiences eagerly and full of hope. She was always writing. Next to editing her own works those of Arnim's claimed her care and attention.

HER METHOD OF WORK.

When her picture rises vividly before me I see her seated at her desk. Every letter of her handwriting was legible, fully formed and energetic. She continually effaced what did not please her until she attained such grace of style as lent to all she wrote the air of having been easily written. Her hastily-written letters are often much more labored in style than her books. She read uninterruptedly all the new literature as well as the classics. Goethe, Shakespeare and the Greek tragedians were her favorite reading. The book whose style she most admired was Hölderlin's "Hyperion." She had cherished a predilection for Hölderlin from her youth, and when the new edition of his work by Schwab appeared it became a yet stronger feeling. From this moment it was her inseparable companion. One book lay on her table, from which she often read, that I never met elsewhere, "Klinger's Observations and Thoughts."

In her early days, Bettina drew and cultivated such a keen eye for plastic art, that her criticisms were wholly to be relied on. In later years, musical interests became supreme, together with the writing of music. Beethoven held the highest place in her estimation. Among her compositions, which are no longer known, that which moved me most deeply, was on the words of Faust: "O schaudre nicht." One of her motives is to be found in Joachim's violin concert.

REMINISCENCES.

It appears strange to me that, out of Bettina's manifold experiences, scarcely one presents itself which admits of being completely told, so as to give any conception of what it was to live with her. I have found it impossible to give to those who never knew Bettina the least idea of her. How is one to describe the power in a being which renders every moment spent with them of the richest significance; the attractive charm which no one can resist; the gift above all of entering into the feelings of the young, to influence and elevate them? She gave sight to men and made them happy and trustful. Others who knew her confess themselves as

little able as myself to describe wherein lay this power to inspire, and yet, like myself, are even today aware of its magic potency. One might speak of the affluence of imagery that streamed from her lips—of her skill in detecting new phases in things and the like—but they should be only secondary, after all.

I have found that, with natures of the highest order, the actual source of their inspiring, attractive power lies in their clearer perception of the value of existence, and that, having ever present to their souls the importance of the great thoughts revealed to mankind, they find refreshment in consecrated moments in the farther interpretation of them for themselves. One recollection is especially dear to me. In the beginning of the year 1850, Bettina, with her family, had reached Weimar on her return from a long journey. Thither I went to meet them. It was in October—I found her in the Elephant, on the market place, the old, classic inn, in which she had taken possession of the first *étage*. I still remember entering the room in the twilight, where, as yet, no lamps had been brought. A variety of people were assembled, to whom I was introduced without seeing them. There was music, and I heard for the first time a sonata of Beethoven's for violin and piano. I sat still in my corner. The delight of seeing once more those among whom I might be reckoned; the softly stealing, entrancing music transported me into a new world. Weimar was still the residence of Goethe and his spirit was hovering about us there. The next morning at 6 o'clock Bettina knocked at my door. We went through the park that borders the Ilm. The rustling yellow leaves of the poplars were glistening in the sun's first rays, while all beneath still lay in damp shade. We took the narrow path leading to Goethe's garden house. All was solitary. The dark shops under the houses were closed, the little garden gate fast bolted—but near it there was an aperture in the hedge through which we pressed into the garden. The earth was thickly strewn with leaves, yellow-red and brown, or all the colors intermingled. It seemed as if no one had been here for an age, for the branches of the trees had grown so as to hang low over the path. Behind the house stood a half-broken bench. Here we seated ourselves. The ground under our feet was paved with little erect river pebbles, between which moss had sprung up. Bettina told me that Goethe once described to her his passing many a night here in the open air, and when he waked how beautiful the stars appeared to him twinkling through the branches. We then strolled through the wet faded grass about the house until the sun began to shine. Roses and vines on trellises ran up over the chalk-white walls, and, where the wooden frames no longer held them fast, the vines drooped in clusters, and swung down as if they would detach themselves wholly. We discovered, close to some withered roses, bunches of ripe grapes, with rotten berries among them, as if nobody cared to pick them. Bettina took some of them in her handkerchief. I see the vines still trembling in the morning light as Bettina grasps them and plucks the fruit.

HER LAST YEARS.

She was at that time not far from 70 years of age, but in the possession of her full activity and vigor. She spoke of Goethe without the least tinge of sadness, as is so often the case with old people, when reviewing the days that are gone. The present, which was still hers, enchanted her.

Bettina confidently believed the time would come when Steinhäuser's colossal monument to Goethe, now so unfavorably placed in the Weimar Museum, would have a better position. With Wichmann's help she had herself executed the plaster model of it, and among the many statues intended to glorify Goethe, Bettina's alone seems to embody what Goethe was to his age in the second half of his life. The complete fulfillment of the conception, in which the group of Goethe with the genius who is seizing the strings of the lyre he holds, was to have formed only the crowning point, engrossed Bettina's thoughts greatly during the last years of her life. Steinhäuser came to Berlin and stayed at her house, where, by their united efforts, the whole was erected. A plaster model of the statue stood in the great hall of her house, and she constantly found something to improve in it. Ever new plans were forged to obtain the means for it. Bettina listened to nothing with so much pleasure as when I painted to her our all going to Rome to watch the achievement of the monument. Feeble, and no longer able to walk alone, she was many times led up to the work, and, supporting herself by resting her hands on the staging on which the model stood, she would move round it slowly, scrutinizing it from all sides.

Beside this statue they placed her coffin before it was borne to Weierdorf. Her own ones had all gone before to receive it there. I was alone in the great hall. It lay there a heap of laurel wreaths and long leafy vines, which I noded about the casket. I cannot say that I have been conscious in thus giving my recollections of Bettina of intending to write her last eulogy. The feeling would have been natural indeed, but, after the flight of 20 years since her death, the glorification would come somewhat late. It would seem that, having long remained in a measure uncomprehended, something like a true appreciation of her individuality has again been awakened, and, since Loeper's short life of her in "German Biographies," been deeply and unmistakably felt.

Like all people, Bettina had her weaknesses, and there would exist no reason why we should be silent with regard to them, if anything decided in her life had been connected with them. But a description of her nature does not, in my judgment, require it. All the thoughts of her which arise in me are of a loving, joyous being. I see her ever before me, occupied with serious interests. Never for an instant did I find her exercised about trifles, or for her own benefit. In this she resembled Goethe, in my eyes, whose every act was determined by that same bright, inward illumination, which, streaming from his own soul, irradiated everything around him. Only of the few great spirits in all ages could this be said.