

Charlotte Williams Wynn
30 Briefe an Varnhagen 1836-39 u. Briefe in Varn-
hagens Abdruck, teils unvollständig.

141 Stücke

Diese Briefe von Miss Charlotte William Lloyd, an mich geschrieben, sollen nur meinem Ablesen vorbehalten sind. Sie schreiben zu häufig, und ich habe nicht die Zeit, sie alle zu lesen. Ich habe nur die Zeit, sie zu lesen, die ich für meine Freunde habe. Ich habe nicht die Zeit, sie alle zu lesen. Ich habe nur die Zeit, sie zu lesen, die ich für meine Freunde habe.

London, im Aug^ust 1842.

Wurfschuß von Eisen.



Charlotte Wilhelmine Wynn.



Geheimerath von Bernhagen

in Berlin.



Christoph Wilhelm Dreyer.

Embs, den 22. August 1836.



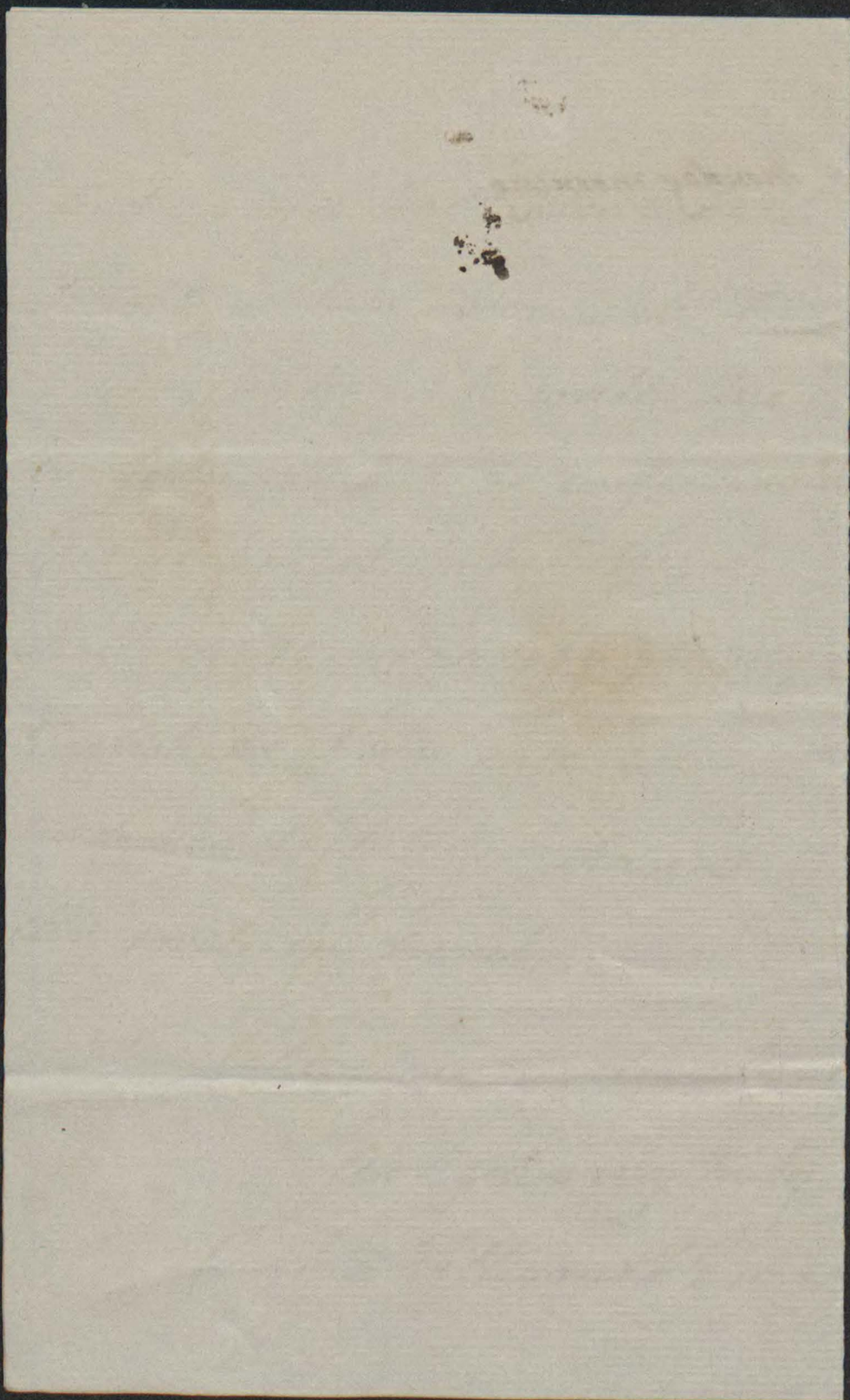
Although, my dear Sir, I hope
there is no doubt of our meeting
you again at Wiesbaden, I cannot
leave this place without begging
that you will kindly accept
the enclosed little trifle as a
souvenir of me. —

May I hope that you will keep
the Pen for my sake, and that
when you use it, you will
sometimes think of one, who
will never forget all the

kindness you have shewn her?
I ought to have been able, (Thanks
to your tuition) to write this
in German, but as unfortunately
that is, as yet impossible, I
shall make no apology for my
English, as I am sure you
understand it better than I
can write in French.

Believe me my dear Sir,
ever yours very truly
Charlotte Williams Gunn.

Monday morning.



A Monsieur.

Copenhague d'Esse

M. R. J. C.





Charlotte & William Wynne.

Wiesbaden, 13. August 1836.

September 13th

1836

Naussener Hof
Wiesbaden.



My dear Sir,

We have been much disappointed at not seeing you here, and have been expecting every day that you would arrive. I fear we must now give up all hopes of it, but as I have an opportunity of sending this Letter, I cannot resist begging to know how you are. — I trust you have not given up your promised visit to Wiesbaden from increased ill health, and shall be delighted to hear that you are better than when we parted.

I wish much, for your sake, as well as for ours, that you had tried these

Waters, for they have been of the greatest service to us all, (except to me, who never have tasted them,) and they perhaps would have done you more good than those of Ems, which I begin to believe are so innocent, that they produce neither bad nor good effects.

Papa is infinitely better since his arrival, and the Baths seem to renovate his Constitution; Doctor Kullman appears to understand his case perfectly, and gives us hopes of a cure, if he will return next year early in the season.

I cannot say that Sidney and I have been much amused, as we arrived so late that few people remained, and those few were not particularly pleasant ones; M^r. de Turenne however, is always to be seen, and certainly if Baths are

beneficial, he ought to be the picture
of health, as he told me the other
day, that since his arrival here, he
has taken 40 Capour Baths and 35
Douches." He is now about to continue
his Travels to Baden and hopes to
be perfectly well by the time he has
passed another Month there, meanwhile
he devotes himself to all the English
grandes dames, here, unless Mad^{me}.
de Hartzfeld comes over from Schwalbach
in which case he leaves all for her.

We have also made a slight ac=
quaintance with the family who are
kind enough to take this Letter for
me, Mr. Wheaton's, the American
Minister to Berlin. They are the

first Americans I have ever known and
they are so very much colder in their
manners than the English { you, would
not I know, think this possible } that
it is very difficult to get over their
reserve, particularly when one doubts
whether cela vaut la peine. They have
been for the last 9 years at Copenhagen,
and I wish I possessed the Laughters
& talent for speaking German which
she appears to me to do perfectly; I
cannot however say as much for her
English. —

Alas! my German advances very
slowly. I cannot learn to talk, though
I understand it, and can now really
delight in "Umland", which I read
daily, and sometimes aloud, to en-
deavour, although without success to

13. Sept. 1836

imitate what I listened to with so much
Pleasure at Ems. — When I pass through
Frankfort, I hope to be able to procure
some more Books, though I am much at
a loss to know what I had better ask for.
The Play here, is a great resource, and
an excellent Lesson, we go very often, but
I cannot persuade Mamma to accompany
us unless they give an Opera, as she does
not enjoy the sitting through a Comedy
of which she understands not a word.
The other night Sidney and I saw, "der
Alte Lebkuehn", of which the Music and
the words are beautiful; it is a Polish
petite Piece, and enchanted us so much
that we returned home in a state of
regret and Patriotism for Poland that
was quite alarming to Papa. I hear

that formerly it was not allowed to be
represented from its being supposed to be
too exciting; We had also a singer from
Pesth, a Dem. Schebest, who acts perfect-
ly though I do not admire her voice.
We intend to remain here till the
middle or end of next month, as the
D^r is most anxious that Papa should
continue the waters as long as possible,
and I fear, therefore, that it will
then be too late to proceed to Baden,
we hope to pass two or three days at
Frankfurt to see the Fair, if we can
find lodgings there, of which there
seems to be great doubt.

I cannot tell you how much we have
all regretted our domestic little
soirées at Ems, but I will not despair

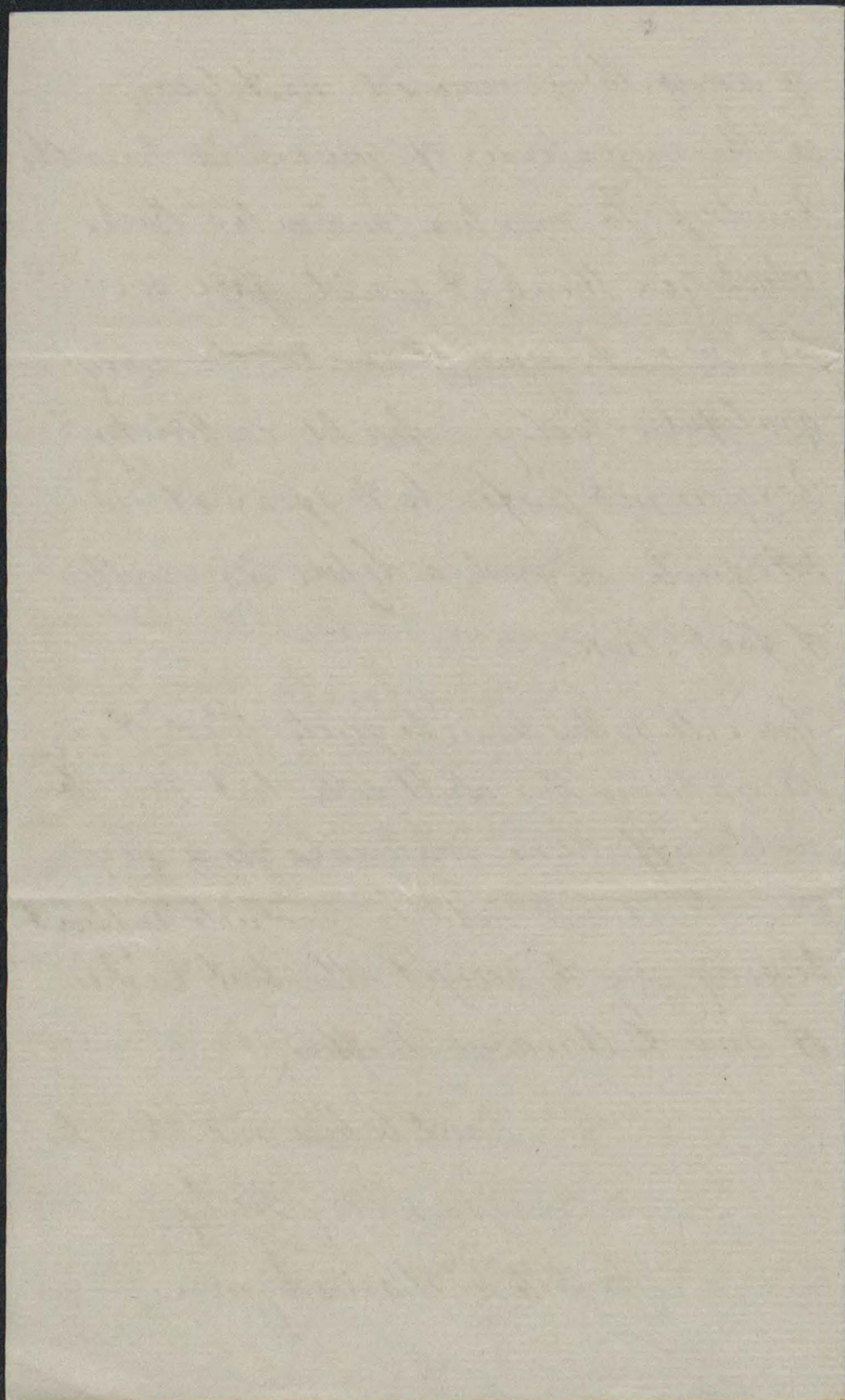
of seeing them renewed next year;
in the mean time, if you would have the
kindness to mention one or two Books
which you think it would give me
pleasure to read, I should be very
grateful; Poetry I should certainly
very much prefer, but I fear it is
not quite so good a lesson as matter
of fact Prose.

You will by this time, be quite tired of
decyphering this dull letter, but this Place
really affords no materials for a gay
one. I will not however conclude, without
begging you to accept the best wishes
of my Father and Mother.

and believe me, dear Sir,

Yours very truly

Charlotte Williams Wynne.



Cfayloth, William & 2/3ynn.

Wiesbaden, 29. 9. October 1836.

Only one of these books to be read at Wiesbaden
a time, and the interval of at least at least ^{the} 9
three days to pass between each.



I cannot tell you my dear Sir how delighted
I was to receive your Letter; after mine was
despatched I began to be a little alarmed, and
felt that I had done rather a bold thing in
writing first to you, the hope of having an
answer however, was too great a temptation
to be resisted, and if it gave you the slight-
est pleasure I am well repaid for the
feelings of mauvaise honte which I had first
to overcome. Now shall I thank you for the
delicious Parcel of Books which arrived yester-
day it has opened to me, a field of interest
and instruction for the whole Winter, and
I am so impatient to get at their contents
that I long to read them all at once.
Mr. Laubes Work was the first that I
opened and I need not tell you whose
Biography I seized upon; I have however

resolutely shut it up again, for the more
I read, the more I felt it impossible to must-
ter up courage enough to write to you, and
I am sure had I finished it, you would
have had no letter from me.

I begin to be very shy at writing to the
first critic of the day. — you have no German
word by the bye, for shyness; at least, in our
sense of the word. Furchtsam is timid with
every one, and that is not at all my case,
I am only shy with my friends, and as
bold as a Lion among Strangers.

The English Note was very funny, and there
was much esprit in its construction, having
opened it first, I thought it was really
from yourself, and continued thinking
so, until I came to the recommendation
of the Books I was then quite undeceived, and
was sure it could not at least come from
him, who had written that, "der größte Antopf
bei Schlegel bleibt immer die Lucinde".

The Lady must be I suspect, quite au fait of
them from la malice, with which she says,
they are written expressly for young Ladies!
Now you dare not shew this Letter to her!
I dare say she is very discreet, otherwise
it somewhat alarms me to think that
the Wheatus may be prejudged from an opi-
nion of mine which, had I known them longer,
I might have altered. - Pray tell Mademoiselle
Solmar that her Letter is too perfect to require
any indulgence, and that I have not often
so amusing a correspondent.

The few German Lines I value more than
all, how wish I could find a Mad^{le} Solmar!!
and then I could answer them; though my
writing in your Language advances very slowly,
so slowly, that I think it does not advance
at all, my progress in understanding
it, is consolatory to me; I assure you, you
need not recommend me to study, for
I do so all day, and I really think, it can
only be owing to great natural deficiency

that by this time I am not completely
mistress of the Language and this makes me
sometimes despair.

I was in the middle of your "Galerie von
Bildnissen" when your Letter arrived, you will
easily imagine that so finished a Style as
yours is gave me more trouble than all the
other Authors I had perused; it was like
putting Milton into the hands of a Child.
The Work however is so very interesting a one
that I could not bear to relinquish it though
I have as yet only finished your part of it
and have not read many of the Letters.

I found Heinric Buch der Lieder, at the
Library here, and also a Romance of Hauff's,
Lichtenstein, which is prettily written, his Style
reminds me much of our Walter Scott's, par-
ticularly in the minuteness of his descriptions
which both he and our Novelist carry so far
as to be somewhat wearisome, all this I mention
to shew you I am at least not idle, and only
hope that you will not think me like Hauff
somewhat wearisome. —



9. OCT. 1836

into the Barrack Yard, & there the Scene that took place would have made an excellent caricature, figures rows, me, seated on the Ground (for I was so tired that I could stand no longer) haranguing in stilted German the Prussian Soldiers, who seemed really to commiserate our condition, and who moreover did not laugh at my Language, a self denial which I felt deeply; Mamma and Papa standing on each side, supplying me tour a tour with fresh arguments, and declarations of the necessity of our returning to Wiesbaden that night; and all this by the light of one solitary Lantern. — At last an Officer arrived, who could speak French but he only confirmed what we had ^{heard} from the others. — namely, that the Governor was by this time asleep and that no one in the Garrison would be bold enough to wake him, that we must therefore stay till the next morning.

It was too miserable an hour to think of sleeping, so we sat up in one of the Rooms of "the Bear," till 5 next morn^g. when we set off again, and arrived here somewhat ashamed of ourselves for having done so silly a thing. — Thus ended our Tragic Journey.

and I think it will for the future, damp our
Theatrical ardour, at least in a Fortified
Town. Now, my dear Sir, you will be utterly
tired of all my nonsense and I am half ashamed
of taking up your time by sending it to you; in
writing, I feel as if I were talking to you, and
I forget how much better you may be employed
than in listening to me. It is however your own
fault, you spoiled me at Ems too much for me
to feel any scruples in inflicting my opinions upon
you, but really this is of so unreasonable a length
that I must at the head of the first page, give directions
When you are to read it.

We remain here till the 23^d and then go straight
to England. Now, I hate the idea of that tiresome
Steam Boat, do you not pity us for having to undergo
its dullness again? When I see the Pavilion I shall
be reminded of my extraordinary indiscretion in
talking as I did to a stranger, I deserved to be
punished for it and instead, this time I have been
rewarded.

Papa desires to be particularly remembered to you
he intends to make inquiries about the Article
in the Edinburgh Register as soon as we get to London.

after this removal, you will utterly despise me, and my Chameleon like propensities, only I reflect an opposite colour to that with which I come in contact. Oct^r 12th. So far, I wrote a Week nearly ago, and since that time not being quite well I have not been able to write. We went to Mayence the other day, and I must give you a detail of our misfortunes there, as I think it will amuse you. Seeing by the Affiche that Schillers Wallenstein was to be acted, we persuaded Papa to take us there, meaning to return after the Play was over at night.

The Tragedy was beautifully acted, and I really cannot express the sort of delight it gave me. Never having even read it before, you can hardly imagine my astonishment in hearing for the first time such Poetry, I felt almost in a dream, and the declamation of M^r Roth, (who played Wallenstein) is so distinct, that one heard every word, which is seldom the case, at least in our Country. I believe he comes from Berlin, and I dare say therefore, that ere this, you have judged of his capability for the part; Papa who knew the Tragedy well, from Coleridges

Translation said that altogether, it was the
finest piece of Acting he had ever seen.

So far, nothing could be more prosperous than our
Journey, but now began our contre temps. We had
left our Carriage at Cappel and when we arrived
at the Mayence Gate on our road to the Bridge,
we found that being so, it was shut for the night,
however after much difficulty it was opened
for us, on the Cappel side of the Bridge we had
the same obstruction but surmounted it, and when
we were let out of the last heavy Gate, we flattered
ourselves that all our dangers were over, found our
Carriage and set off. At the outward Fortification
we were stopped, and vain were all our representa-
tions and our bribes. - The Austrian Guard refused
decidedly to let us through, unless we had a permission
from the Governor of Mayence. The only thing
to be done in this dilemma was to write for this
Pass, as Pappe could not endure the thoughts of
passing the night in the wretched Tavern at Cappel,
but the difficulty was how to send the Letter over the
Bridge again! We returned to the Caserne on
the Cappel side, and after knocking, were admitted

9. OCT. 1836

2.

We paid our visit to Frankfurt three weeks ago,
and during our sejour there, went to a
Soirée at General Schöler's (is that his name?)
to which he was kind enough to ask us. It was
a very brilliant one with so much Royalty
that it was almost embarras des richesses,
in a small Room. Your Prince & Prin^{ce}
William, our Landgrave, the Grand Duke
Michael & Prince of Oldenburg. We are
quite in love with the Prin^{ce}, as indeed are
all the English, whose hearts she completely
won at Coblenz. I certainly never saw a person
who appears so exactly formed for her situation.
Our English Princesses have also very good
manners, but they do not possess in such
perfection the Prussian faculty of making
you believe they really mean what they say
to you. If I were to tell you that I do not
admire him, or his brusque abord, you would
call it Treason, so I shall be silent.

We had just a little Play acted by Madame
L's Daughters, and beautifully done; the eldest
would really have made her fortune on

any Stage so perfect was her conception of
the character she represented. - I cannot say
I like the very little I saw of the Society
at Frankfurt; the Diplomatique corps pique
themselves upon not associating with the
Towns People, and I was told with a sort
of Triumph that at this Party I should see
only the Royal suites and themselves, not
a single native! - M^r. de Bethman said
that the jealousy between the rich inhabi-
tants and the exclusive set is extreme,
and of course makes the society very triste.
Then they are so proud of their freedom,
of their free Town and sing its praises eternally
to one! While we were there, a friend of ours,
while waiting for his letters in the Yard of
the Post Office, ventured to whistle, a Police
Officer rushed up to him, and said it
was not allowed to whistle so near a
Public Office. - What real Freedom!!
Liked the General de Schöler much the
best of the whole family; perceiving that

I knew no one he very goodnaturedly came
to talk to me, and after a little conversation
upon la pluie et le beau temps I ventured
to ask him if he knew you, when I discovered
that he was one of your oldest friends, I
felt at once we had an interest in common
but the account that he gave me of your
health while at Frankfurt was a great
drawback to my pleasure in talking of you.

Your Letter was a sad disappointment also,
as I had hoped that the return to your own
fireside might have done you good.

I am however selfish enough to be rejoiced
at one part of it, which is that you yourself
are that you were better while travelling;
constant, rapid change of air for sometimes
is often the most beneficial remedy for long
ill health, and this remedy you would enjoy
in perfection in coming to England.

You have therefore no excuse for not setting
off, and after you had tried our London Dogs,

For a little time, we would carry you off
to our Welsh Mountains, where the Air is so
Pure that it must restore you; then, you
would return here with us next Summer
well in health, and a Conservative! Would
not that be a strong inducement to you?

I wish however seriously, that we could show you
some of the Leaders of this Party as I do not
think you have had good specimens ^{of it} in your
Country and they do not put their opinions
on Paper as universally as the other Liberals
do. As for me, you will be shocked when
I tell you the wonderful vacillations
of my Political principles - When among
Conservatives I always become Liberal, and
when among Liberals feel very Conservative -
This can only arise from the spirit of
contradiction which all Women are said
to possess, but it invariably strikes me,
when either Party declaim, that so much
~~may~~ be said on the other side that I
always, if I dare, put it forth. -

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He is quite as eager for me to translate to him the
Books that you have sent, as I am to read them, et
c'est tout dire. - His health so so much improved
that we certainly intend to return next year here.
A great friend of our Mr. Worden Daytun, is going to
Berlin this Winter and being very anxious to get into
society there we have emboldened him to call upon
you when he arrives. - I think the Ladies of Berlin
will find him an acquisition as he has some talent
and sings beautifully. -

Adieu, my dear Sir, Once more let me thank you
for all your kindness, and pray let me hear soon
that you are not quite excédé by the length of
my Letter. You know you told me at Paris you liked
writing, so I have no mercy on you.

We dine at Biberich today, and if I was not
anxious to send my Letter, I would tell you afterwards
how I like our debut at a German court.

Mamma desires me to give you her best love
she told me that she had more to say to you
but as she is out, I shall not wait for her return
particularly as I think, if she were to see the
length of this Epistle, she would say I ought
not to inflict such a task on your patience.
Will you tell me whether you would prefer
my writing another time in wretched French?
As certainly the contents of my letters are not

Preussische
Staatsbibliothek
Berlin

With you taking any trouble in deciphering
them. -

believe me ever yours very sincerely

Williamus Wynn.

For Lott's Shilling = 2/6 p. m.

Wiesbaden, den 12. Oktober 1836.

Wiesbaden

Oct. 12th



Werden Sie mich nicht für sehr kühn halten daß
ich wage Ihnen zu schreiben? Allein ich wünschte
zu sehr Ihnen, in Ihrer eigenen Sprache meine
Dankbarkeit für alle Ihre Güte, und für die Mühe
zu bezeugen, die Sie sich für mich gegeben haben,
so werde ich dem Vorlangen nicht widerstehen,
an Sie diese Anglo-Deutschen Worte zu richten,
und ich bitte Sie, meine Fehler des Vorhabens wegen
zu entschuldigen. - Wenn Sie wissen welches
Bergnügen mir Ihr Brief verursacht hat, so werden
Sie mir einige andere nicht versagen.
Doch wollte ich nur zu versuchen Ihnen zu danken
aber mein Styl ist so schlecht und, so gedrängt
I cannot get farther in that sentence.

Die Bücher welche Sie mir geschickt haben, werden mir
immer sehr theur seyn, nicht allein ihres Inhalts
wegen sondern auch als Erinnerung an ihren gütigen
gütigen Gaben.

Now I hope you will enjoy a good laugh at this specimen
of Epistolary art. I wish to say much more

Like Shakespear's Apothecary, "my poverty, and not
my will consented," to make it so short, but
if you can discover the meaning, remember that
it has at least one merit and that is, Truth.
Send it with all its faults as I wrote it.
and I know not even how to end it. To tell me
how would you translate? I remain,

Your affectionate?
W. Williams Wynn.

Charlotte & William's Wyn.

Wynnstay in Wales, on 4. December 1836.

Wynnstay
Dec. 4th
1836.



I foresee my dear Sir, that you will be much astonished at the size of this Despatch, but I could find no other means of conveying to you the article you wished to see, except by copying it from the Edinburgh Annual Register. Papa found upon inquiry, that it was difficult to procure the work, and also, that we could not divide the vols: which amount to 15; I therefore thought the easiest way was to transcribe the account, and have done so verbatim, leaving the style as American, and involved as I found it. I believe Papa told you, that it was written from Rogers dictation, by my Grandfather, who was his Relation. - Altogether, it is very interesting, particularly as a sequel to your much more interesting account of Holtman, and fills up what he seems to have left unexplained, though there are some discrepancies between the two which appear difficult to obviate, such as the difference in the names of the Torons, &c. &c. - The striking features in both narratives seem to me, 1st the extraordinary unselfishness of all the parties concerned and then their fortitude; I must not call it heroism, that being an active virtue, while their's was obliged to be but passive. -

I suppose our Cousin does not exaggerate, when he tells us, that a speech on Liberty, heard at 4 years old influenced his feelings through life; but he must certainly have been a very precocious child. Does not the account of their final release, appear to be too monstrous even for the worst times of Judicial corruption? - I hope that the whole narration may amuse you, and that you will

succeed in decyphering my writing, which was obliged to be small, in order not to swell the Packet beyond all size, and I shall be anxious to know, that you receive it soon, as the Foreign Office is very dilatory sometimes in forwarding Letters. I had almost ventured to hope, that ere this, I should have received an answer to my last Letter from Wiesbaden of the 14th Oct^r. but if it is not illness that has prevented it, I am content to wait longer for the great pleasure of hearing from you.

We arrived in England a month ago, after a miserable Journey, of Wind, Frost, and finally of Snow, which greeted our first entry into the Thames. — An Austrian Officer came over with us, to see the beauties of England, and his face was impayable when we landed at the Customs House in the midst of a dense Fog, and the Snow falling fast; for he had been talking much during the whole voyage of the pleasure and delight with which he looked forward to the first coup d'oeil of London, and a most singular one it must have appeared to him, the heavy Fog throwing a yellow light (or rather darkness) on all around, and even the very Snow partaking of the same color. — To us, being our native air, it was of course pure and balmy, but I felt heartily sorry for him, landed in so uninviting a Town, knowing no one, and therefore having to undergo that most complete of all solitudes, — solitude, in a crowd. — I suspect this last sentence is an Irish one but never mind! —

Papa did not suffer at all from the Weather, and we are now settled 200 miles from London in very comfortable seclusion, which is favorable to my German, of which the more I read, the more I delight in it, and the more grateful, do I feel to you for

encouraging and affording me the means of continuing it. I also
translate most indefatigably the tiresome Exercises out of the
Grammar which are very tiresome and I have not even the satis-
faction of feeling that I improve in them. - W. Laube's Col. have
much amused and pleased me, particularly his criticisms upon
English Literature, dare I however own to you, that his style is too
glittering and laboured to suit me, and that a relief I felt it
to turn to the quiet dignified flow of "the Stars" after his viceperpet-
Antithesis? I am translating the latter into English, and then
back into German, in the vain hope of thus teaching myself
to write.

The work of St. Martini has given me the greatest delight, each time
I read it, I enjoy and love it more, but I must not take up your time
in discussing Books of which I am as yet so little qualified to
judge.

I have however nothing interesting to tell you, as we are here in
one of those "large unprofitable" Parks which W. Laube says,
Prince Reichen so well describes, seeing no one, and never going
out of its precincts; it is the time when people stay quiet and
improve their minds (if they have any to improve,) before the whirl
of London begins - So it true, as the Newspapers affirm, that after
all his wanderings Prince Reichen has become a 2^d Ulysses and
settled himself in Ithaca? leaving I suppose his Penelope in Ger-
many?

If it should fall in your way, pray read "Sir James Macintosh's Life"
I have just finished it and think it might amuse you; he was
a great friend of Goethe, and corresponded constantly with
him, though but few of the Letters appear in the present
Work. - Sir James seems to have been a most amiable man,
possessing an extraordinary degree of knowledge on all subjects,

and not a very strong mind, devoted to finding out Truth, but when he did discover it, not knowing exactly what to do with it, as it clashed with all the opinions in which he had been educated. He studied German in order to make himself master of your Philosophy, preparatory to a History of Ethics, which I believe he never finished, but there are eloquent and beautiful passages in his writings, though I think I admire them more than Papa and the wise men do.

Report says, we shall have a dissolution of Parliament in the Spring but it seems impossible that Ministers would run the risk of a General Election when it is so very doubtful whether they would gain in point of numbers by it. Papa is now paying Sir Robert Peel a visit, but I hear no news; he (S^r R.) is about to set out for Scotland to be installed Rector of the University of Glasgow. I fancy he is to make a progress through the country as the Champion of ~~Protes~~ Conservatism! —

Adieu, my dear Sir, Mamma and Sidney desire, that I will say every thing that is most kind to you from them.

and believe me ever

Yours very sincerely and obliged
Charlotte Williams Wynn.

Whenever you are good enough to write to me, pray direct to

20 Grafton St
London.

Charlotte Williams Wynn.

Wynnday, Jan 12. Wynnstey.

1837.

Jan 12th



My dear Sir

Your first Letter of the 22^d of November, arrived two days after mine was despatched, this I regretted, inasmuch, as it prevented me being able to thank you at once for its delightful length, and telling you how sincerely flattered and obliged I am, by your devoting so much of your valuable time to me, - and now the receipt of another (on the 2^d) puts me still more deeply in your debt! I can only say, that though I am well aware there are many persons more worthy of your Letters, believe me, there can be none to whom they are more precious.

I cannot write at this Season of the Year without beginning by, (according to English custom) wishing you, "a happy new Year, and plenty of them," and fervently do I trust, that the one upon which, we are now entering, may bring forth more health and happiness to you, than I fear, the latter ones have done! - The account of yourself was very disheartening, and often did I think of it with sorrow, but I am a little better satisfied with your last Letter, and we have now finer Weather to hope for. If the Russian Baths do you the slightest good, you must not mind their being disagreeable to you, this doctrine we are always preaching to Papa, who has a great dislike to continue any remedy that does not suit his own taste, and pray do not write too much, it must be so very bad for your health. You ought to remember, that you will do infinitely more good to the World by remaining in it yourself, than by working so hard to instruct it. This is a very clear case, and I bring it forward, because I suspect it is the only plea to which you will attend, but you are

not to despise my medical opinion. —
You are very kind in saying that you like my Letters, and as I always
try to believe what I wish to be true, I shall believe that you desire me
to continue them; and say whatever comes into my Head; if they
amuse you, they never can be put to a better purpose, and therefore,
when you find me discussing matters which I know nothing about,
you must at least give me credit for very little vanity in thus di-
verting you at my own expence — I have much more reason than
Miss Solmar had, to grudge my Letters being shown to any one they
are not intended for, and I should not tell the truth, did I not own
that I prefer no one seeing them, (at the same time if it is any pleasure
to you I do not care,) it always seems to me, that such Epistles as mine
should only be seen by the person to whom they are addressed, and
until I arrived at years of discretion, and Mamma allowed me
to write without previously reading it, the conceiving a Letter was
pain and grief to me; I need not tell you that it was not because
I should ever write what I have the slightest objection to all the
World's knowing, but the receiver of ones Letter generally has, or ought
to have a pleasant sort of blindness to its faults, nay even sympathy
with them, which no one else can feel. — I intend you to have
much of this blindness, but cannot depend upon Miss Solmar
quite as comfortably, so what my vanity (for I fear it is nothing
else), would like, is, that you should read it over, be amused,
throw it into the Fire, and forget it; but not me. —

I am really shocked at your alluding to the trouble of transcribing
Huger's Narrative, indeed it was none, I should have been obligated
to have taken it had it been, but in this case I cannot claim any
such merit.

M^r Gans's Essays were very different, of which I translated three
for Papa, who thinks them, in spite of the Translation, remarkably
well written, the work of a very clever man, and particularly impor-

= partial. We laughed much over the visit to Bentham, and over the exactitude with which Mr. Gans follows the advice not to contradict the great "Colossus of Literature" as I once saw him termed. — The Journey up the Rhine is delightful, and the Botanical Anti-Revolutionist would make the fortune of any Lavee. I quite long to see him introduced into one. Part of the Essay on the Reform Bill was rather too metaphorical for Rapin's very severe English taste, but the whole bot. amused me extremely; he also thinks the analysis of the English and German education very good. I only wonder we do not argue all day, when I remember the amusements of ones childhood. While we were playing about the Drawing Room, we seldom heard other conversation going on, than what related to the House of Commons; next door to us, lived a great friend of Rapin's, also in Parliament; his two Sons were exactly the age of my Sister and me, and we used to meet every evening to make Speeches! Of course as we all liked to talk better than to listen, the difficulty was to stop the Orator, a Watch was therefore introduced, and after a 1/4 of an hour, the Speaker was upon honour to sit down. — One famous evening, the Window Tax was to be the subject that was to be enlightened by us, I remember giving myself infinite trouble preparatory to it; when we had all spoken we found as usual, that neither of the two had convinced the other two; in general we bore this result very composedly, but this time it was plus fort que nous, they ought to have been convinced and we therefore enforced our arguments by blows, which we found to be so much the most satisfactory and conclusive finish to the Debate, that afterwards we always adopted it. It produced instantaneous effect, and had I think the merit of being at least very fair, for those who did not speak well, generally sought the better. — You may imagine by this result, how young we must have been at the time, but it shows what imitative creatures children are; I must however own, that it has given a terribly argumentative turn to our friends, luckily they are both in the Law where it may

peaceably evaporate.

The beautiful Souvenir has given me a completely different ^{opinion} ~~idea~~ of Prince Röchler from the erroneous one I had previously entertained, and his Life amused me extremely. The Portrait seems particularly like him to the best of my recollection, which is not very distinct; he was in England the year I first entered into Society and my only remembrance of him is, as a very handsome man, who talked with us always at Brighton, and who talked incessantly, as I then thought. The truth was, I fancy, that he talked, because we were too shy, and too stupid to do so, to this however, he may have had no objection, as I see, W^m Munat says the Prince mentions, that he agrees with Dr. Johnson on the delights of Travelling, and he thus quotes the passage from the "Prinze eines Verstorbenen": das größte menschliche Glück sei, in einer guten englischen Postchaise mit einem schönen Weibe rasch auf einer guten englischen (Haupt- zu fahren)." omitting entirely the essential proviso, with which Doctor Johnson concludes his opinion. "But she must be one" who could understand me and would add something to the conversation! I read the other day an English Review of Semilaps in Africa, which was so virulent against it, that, as is usual in England, it will rather be a puff to the Book than otherwise, as the Review on the opposite side in Politics will praise the Work in proportion to the abuse lavished upon it. What impartial criticism! And this reminds me of Mr. Goss's account of the establishment in Berlin of your Review, which interested me much. Not knowing previously how it ended, I became quite afraid as I proceeded, and the difficulties seemed to thicken around, that no one could have perseverance enough to pursue such up-hill work.

Since I last wrote, we have been quietly fixed here, seeing no Neighbours, and delighting in our family circle. I have had the enchantment of having my own particular Sister with me, from whom until she married I had never been separated. How I wish you

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could know how! I must give you a little sketch of our day, which never varies, beginning by telling you, that my uncle Sir Watkins had a terrible Bovertum before our return to England, and we came here principally to nurse him; he is completely confined to a recumbent posture and is sadly curtailed, poor man! of most enjoyments of life, as he was deaf before his accident; providentially, his eyes remain good, and he reads most of the day. We Breakfast at 9, look after him till 2, when we take it by turns to drive with him for an hour, then separate till dinner at 5, and at 6 comes the only depressive part of the day, we then play at Whist with him for two hours. He has so very few amusements left, that one hates oneself for disliking it so much, but really by the time I have played an hour, the cards swim before my eyes from weariness, and I remember neither what I ought to play, nor what I ought not, to the great amusement of my sisters who can disguise their fatigue better. He is however very goodnatured, and never cares whether I make endless mistakes or not; but the joy of 8 o'clock when we have done our duty and can rush away to a little German!! This is sadly selfish I feel. -- On Christmas day a change takes place in our hours. -- There is a very ancient Welsh custom of going to church at three o'clock in the morning of that day, it is now almost extinct, but still exists here, and in the heart of Wales a singular remnant of Catholicism. It is called in Welsh, the Pluggyn, or cock-crow, and we never miss it; nothing pleases the poor people about us, so much as our joining in their old national customs, and we like it ourselves when we are out of Bed, for which effort I must say, it requires great resolution.

We all meet in the Kitchen, have some Soup and then grope our way down the dark Avenue to the little Church at the end, every person carries a lighted candle until he is confirmed; afterwards, I fancy one is supposed to be a Light in oneself. For one is then obliged to wander there in the dark. - The Service is entirely in Welsh, and the Church, usually not half full, is now crowded with the Parsons who come many miles over the Mountains to assist at it, and to hear the long Carols or Hymns, sung extempore by the poor people after the Service, which are very wearisome. For they possess so extraordinary a power of versifying, that one ode sometimes lasts an hour, and as I do not understand a word of it, it is rather sleepy work, but one cannot cut their effusions short. - We return home about 1/2 much exhausted and somewhat enjoying Mamma who is not yet out of Bed, but at the same time feeling a sort of inward self complacency which lasts the rest of the day at having got up so early.

The last Week has been employed in travelling to, and from, a Ball given in Papa's County, and which therefore it was thought right we should attend. - Oh! how dull it was! and I had the constant dread, (Mamma not being there) of feeling I might not be civil enough, it was really like a weight on ones shoulders, lest by chance something one did, or said, might be taken wrong. - In the middle of the evening, as I was diligently dancing, the scene in the Ball Room at Lms, came into my mind, and to the great astonishment of my Partner, I could not help laughing at the recollection of it, and then again I was so ashamed of myself! What a Bear you must have thought me! I am shocked when I remember how incessantly I say something thus uncivil to my friends, not meaning it, but of course it produces the same effect, and then I am obliged to groan for days on the wrinkled part of my friendship.

and at last seldom leave it as smooth as I found it, but I mean to correct myself.

Many, many thanks for your kind advice about my German studies, they progress but slowly, because I was in such a wonderful state of ignorance respecting any literature but our own, that I am obliged to jump from one book to another to keep myself au courant, and sometimes get three or four English books as a sort of commentary on the German text. The other day I found Schlegel's Philosophy of History, a badish translation I should imagine, but the first I have ever seen, and I should much like to read it in the original, though it would be as yet far too difficult for me, as the evident poorness of the translation, added to my own stupidity at times, utterly bewildered me. The discussion upon the origin of Languages was far too deep for me, and I missed it, now, (though I have found the idea before, in one of our old authors) could I help thinking he had gone a little beyond his own depth and feeling sceptical, when he says, "That it cannot be doubted, that the triple Root of the Semetic Languages, shadowed forth the Trinity." However an ignorant sceptic is a sad affair and I ought to apologise for thus daring to meddle with what I cannot comprehend. I have not yet read a line of poetry which I think is very good of me. Goethe, I am sure I should not understand, that is, I, and a dictionary, might make out the words, but I have been seeing some persons who have given me a most terrific account of metaphysical difficulties, and I have not patience to be in doubt as to a Poet's meaning, all my pleasure goes if I am to refer to a Note which tells me it alludes to some peculiar Philosophy of the time. Although I am at the foot of the Hill, I like to have some idea of what



must be seen from the top, and when he is on a Metaphysical Pinnacle I am utterly lost. My old parliamentary antagonist whom I saw the other day, was very anxious that I should learn Greek, as a preliminary step to German; I might well say in that case, "ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute" and my only consolation is, that with all his classical attainments to back him, he does not understand it better than I do. How very kind of you to say you would willingly help me! The idea of ever reading with you would be too great a pleasure to allow myself to dwell upon! and now, in spite of the dread with which I approach the subject lest you should think me impertinent, I cannot resist the very strong desire I feel, to tell you the deep impression, which the little Book, containing some of the opinions and feelings of the Wife whom you so truly lament, has made upon me! - It would be ridiculous in me to express more than my intense admiration of the Volume as far as I have read; as yet, I have only finished the two first divisions and the Biography, and have not begun the extracts from the Letters. - But it is to me wonderful, and the truth at times is startling, no other word, seems to express the effect it has upon me. - I cannot describe to you the real delight I take in it - after I have been reading for a short time, I often find that I cannot understand more, so small is my capacity! I shut up the Book, and in the course of the day, when I am busied about other matters the meaning flashes upon me, and this makes me so happy! I know well that I can be no judge of such a Work but I only want to convey to you my own feelings without troubling my Head whether they are correct ones or not, and I think it may give you pleasure thus to hear that her opinions are

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valued, and are useful to the ignorant as well as to the learned. I have felt too, that it is ever a mournful satisfaction in grief to find any tribute paid to the one for whom we sorrow, by those who, however incapable they may be of fully appreciating the excellence of the departed, are perhaps more impartial from having been denied the fascination of her personal acquaintance. — Some one says, that a tribute is like an arrow shot from a bow, the force of it depends upon the strength of the hand that draws it, in this case is mine but hasty, still it is sincere as were the tears which the last sad scene caused. — Will you then, my dear Sir, forgive me, if I have said any thing that distresses you? I will not say, that venues your sorrow, for that, (though a common phrase,) has always appeared to me incompatible with a real loss. — But I may have erred in your feelings, and you may think me therefore unfeeling, which I would not willingly be considered by you. Pray do not think it necessary to answer this in any way if it is painful to you. —

I have not seen my cousins of whom you speak so kindly, but they are altogether at home, very happy from having the Sister who had spent two years at Mannheim again amongst them. We shall see Lady Newark when we go to Town and I trust shall find her husband better than before his journey abroad.

The Macdonalds, whom you may remember seeing at Eins, are still touring; Julia told me they meant to stay some time at Düsseldorf, in order to see one of your Princes, I forget completely which, but one who resides there constantly. — It seemed to me a singular fancy, as in this weather the Rhine must be dreary, but she was enchanted with the Prince at the Coblenz Reviews, why, I could not discover unless it was for very much the same reason that occasioned

that delightful saying of Madame de Sevigne's which you repeated to me at Lms, "il faut avouer c'est un grand Roi"! Poor Louis Philippe! how I should pray if I were him that the next shot might take effect, and that I might be killed outright!

Nad I tell you how grateful I feel for your kind intention of sending me your forthcoming Work or how exceptionally valuable it will be to me? I think your libel your Preps however, in calling it dilatory, for I was told, that Bucklands Bridgewater Treatise appeared in German, almost at the same time that it came out in England, and what a Dosh to translate in a hurry!

I was so provoked when I read your wish for a piece of S^r R. Peel's Writing, for it was only two days before, that a Note from him, was passed on to a collector of Autographs, the next, I will not fail to put aside for you, but his signature is at present in great request among the Conservatives. - I am enchanted therefore, that you ask for it. Seriously, I hope you do not think me very Political, it is an odious thing in a Woman, and as I told you before, I have not even the merit of being unwavering, but if you will remember, that all my life has been passed listening to Politics, and almost every object has had some reference to its events, you will be lenient if I shock you at times, by taking too much interest in its details. -

I feel ought to conclude my Letter, having been egotistical enough, and now I am half disposed to put it into the Fire instead of sending it, however as it is written, it shall go. What extraordinary Writing yours is! you would have been amused, had you seen me attempting to imitate it for a whole day, in vain; Mamma was delighted, and began to hope I really might at last end in a good hand, but it was hopeless, and I relapsed into my own portentously large one.

I must I shall have the pleasure soon of hearing that you are better, and that my wishes have taken effect; one thing, rather lies

on my mind; I fear I have been very exigent in begging you
would write to me - will you only do so when you feel inclined?
For in sickness it is sometimes so wearisome to have to answer an
letter, and I could not help feeling your kind exculpation
of yourself as a reproof to me, although I know you did not intend
it as such. - I have myself a correspondent who is thus tiresome;
if a fortnight passes without my writing, comes a letter to know if
I am ill, or mean to drop the correspondence, and for worlds would
I not inflict what I dislike so much upon you, but one is too apt
to be selfish in procuring oneself a great pleasure. -

Lord and L^{dy} Londonderry are I see at Berlin; I wonder whether she
will be thought as silly there, as she is in London, if none of your
ladies can compete with her in the magnificence of her Diamonds
she will be very happy, and she is a goodnatured, though capricious
Woman. -

We leave this place on the 29th, when Papa goes to Town for the
Meeting of Parliament, and we shall pass three Weeks at
Avington, with a cousin, (the Duke of Buckingham,) who also wants
a little nursing, and then we are settled in London till we
leave it, I hope for Germany in the Summer. - Papa still
continues so well from the effects of Wiesbaden that I do not think
he will resist trying it again. - But I shall go on writing
for ever, if I do not bid you Adieu at once, assuring you
that the kindest wishes follow ^{you} from all our family.

and believe me, my dear Sir,
ever yours most truly,
C^W Williams Wynn.



J. 12. Jun^r 1837.

I picked the enclosed Violets today, from under the Snow, and though I fear they will not do much credit to our Welsh Hills, by their sweetness, which will be vanished by the time you receive them, I still must send them as being the first flowers of the new Year—

Violeten and 2^d 2^d!

J. 12. January 1837.

I picked the enclosed Violets today, from under the Snow, and though I
fear they will not do much credit to our Welsh Hills, by their sweetness,
which will be vanished by the time you receive them, I still must
send them as being the first flowers of the new year—

Preussische
Staatsdruckerei
Berlin

Carlotta Willmann & Sohn.

London, den 16. März 1837.

20 Grafton St.

March 16th.



Although my dear Sir, I had previously resolved not again to inflict an answer on you so very soon, still the delightful Parcel which I only received on Saturday last, must not remain longer, unacknowledged and unthanked; therefore if I bore you, remember it is your own fault. - Were you less kind, I should be able to adopt a more prudent course and not thus run the risk of living you with reading my Letters before I am tired of writing them. - But how shall I thank you for this new instance of your extraordinary kindness, or attempt to express, how very precious the vols. will be to me; I ought to say, for their own sakes, but truly, even more for the sake of him who sent them!! You will feel at least, that your Gift is not thrown away, when I own to you that I had already been to a Bookseller, to attempt to procure the Work, and ardently do I long for the time, when I shall be able, from full acquaintance with your Language, and also from quiet outward Life, to be more worthy of its contents. - I remember you told me at Ems, that it was not a Book to be read in the midst of a hurried existence, taken up, and thrown down again for society, so I shall exercise self denial and keep it until mind and body are better fitted for its perusal.

I have lately been translating the little Essay which you sent me, "Von einem andern altern Freunde", as I wished Papa to read it, from its having struck me so much, and although I found it very difficult from the impossibility of discovering English Words that agree precisely with the sense of your

nically defined German ones, it was too interesting an employment to be disheartened by the trouble it cost.

The receipt of your Letter was most gratifying, although alas! it confirmed what I had but too much feared, - that you had also suffered from this odious Grippe, I saw by the Papers, one day at Avington, that it was raging at Berlin, and utterly forgetting any one was in the Room said aloud "Oh how sad! This horrible Grippe has reached Berlin!" My cousin thought I was crazy; "What in Heavens name can make you care whether it gets to Berlin or not?" So then rather ashamed, I had to explain. - But I am so very sorry that you have been thus ill! and if it be true as Pope says that "When our Neighbour feels a Pain
"just in the place where we ourselves complain".

our sympathy is much stronger with him, mine is indeed great for all you have gone through, for I and the whole family have been in bed with the same complaint, which certainly is one of the most disagreeable ones I ever felt, from the loss of spirits, and prostration of strength that accompanies it. I trust you have not experienced much of the latter, as you mention the being able again to go out a little. As soon as we reached Avington, we were one after the other taken ill, and are therefore but just come to Town, for when actually off the sick list, we remained to recruit ourselves and also to give the Duke some benefit from our visit. Many thanks for your interest about him; he is now tolerably well, but is sadly tormented by Gout, occasioned by loss of spirits and solitude. - He lost his wife last year, and having naturally excessively high spirits is quite unable to bear being alone, and his Son Lord Chandos is too completely immersed in Politics, in which he takes a very prominent part, as the Champion of the Agricultural Interests,

to be of much use to his Father. Our visit therefore, cheered him, though I fear the change to solitude again, will almost obliterate any good we may have done. It always saddens me, to see a man with very great Talents, which he certainly possesses, so entirely dependant upon Society for amusement, but I suppose it is generally the case with those who have very unequal spirits. He lives upon Letters, and I have regularly written to him for years, indeed, until last October he was my only Correspondent excepting my Sister.

And now, before I continue farther, I must own to you how bona fide astonished I am at your remarks on my Letters. - If there really was any thing to be admired in them, without the slightest affectation of Humility I must say I should be delighted; but I rather judge myself upon knowing very exactly, the worth of what I do myself, and my opinion in this case, is very different from yours, be that, as it may however, you are very good, thus to encourage me to write, by alledging the only motive that at once can conquer all my shyness, - that it gives you pleasure. - You very nearly affronted me by your proposal of writing in French, however I will forgive it as you seem aware of the humourness of such suspicions respecting my German proficiency. -

But all my reading & writing is for the present ended, by a most provoking circumstance. - My Eyes have been rather weak for some time, and Mamma took it into her Head that I read too much, which was quite fancy; however she made me see an Oculist, who would have been more than Man, if he had not taken the hint that she gave him, and desired me not to read for a Week any German, or write, (you see how exactly I obey him) giving me a most learned disquisition on my Eyes being hurt by having moved them too incessantly from the beginning of a

line to the end - none of which I believe, but I am very good
and submit. As to German hurting my eyes, it cannot do so
as much as the old Black Letter, which I have read all my life
and never tired them^{at} all. Suppose I were to lose my eyes by
reading German, it would be a charming counterpart to your
Broken Toothed Lady and her English!

This sounds however so very studious that I must just tell you
not to fancy it so. The truth being, that unfortunately having
no Accomplishments like other girls, I have nothing else to do as
a change.

We were very loth to quit the country, just when Spring was
bursting, and Avington is a much more lovable place than
Stowe (his great Residence,) having none of those wearisome Tem-
ples erected to every, Public and Private, Christian and Heathen
Virtue under the Sun, which meet one at each step in the
latter place. I made them laugh one day, by coming in after a
long walk at Stowe, and announcing that I was quite sick of Virtue,
but it really is the case there. - I found a good deal of
German Poetry at Avington, and being German, indulged myself
in reading it to my hearts content; in English, I am obliged
to limit myself, for it is too vivid a pleasure for me and leaves
me afterwards so melancholy as proves that I was not intended to
live in a Poetical Atmosphere. - I read Hermann and Goethea.
What a Book to take under a Tree! for the Weather was so warm
that I used to sit out. I read it here now, over, and over again, but
it is not the same thing to me that it was among the Evergreens
there. I will not describe the impression it made upon me for
I cannot, and I should also fear that you might think me too
tête morte. Will you kindly tell me whether I am wrong
in admiring what I have seen of Novalis's writing very much?

Preussische
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16 März 1837

I only found two detached Pieces, and an Extract from one of his Letters which also seemed to me very striking -
I am delighted that my violets reached you, and kept their fragrance as I desired them to do, - but, Oh! how sad your account of your solitude made me! and I know well there is nothing like the solitude of a large Town; still you are much better off than in this foggy London, which is the most miserable of Places to be sick or sorry in. - And you insist upon continuing to write, in spite as you yourself own, of all prudence! - When you come to Wiesbaden, you may as well leave your Pen and Paper at once behind at Berlin, for I assure you, that we shall take very good care you do not use them at all while with us - We shall allow you no employment, excepting perhaps, the cutting out one or two more of those exquisite little passages for me, that I may be still better able to show as Dr. Hollmann says "wie vielerlei Talente es in Deutschland giebt;" those I have, have been quite as much admired here, as they could be in the New World. - I trust this prospect will not be so alarming to you, as to deter you from passing your Summer on the Rhine; whither we are still bent, for Papa is not quite as well, and indeed, the incessant work he now goes through, must have some effect upon his health, and the sitting up till four in the morn^g for three nights running, this week in the House of Commons cannot but make him worse. - I only trust the present Ministers will determine either to resign at once or to stand firm, my dread being that a shake may come at the end of the Session, instead of the beginning, in which case it might be difficult for Papa to get away, though he has this year the extra inducement of meeting my Uncle from Copenhagen at Wiesbaden, who intends to pass 6 Weeks there for his health.

His family are coming over to England directly, but it seems that the King of Denmark's Life is so uncertain and the undisturbed Succession so doubtful, that he does not chuse to follow Mr. Villiers's good example and be out of the way should any disturbance arise.

How beautifully my dear Sir you express yourself with reference to the ^{interest} ~~part~~ a Woman may take in Politics! Papa was as much charmed with it as I was, and apropos to it I cannot help giving you a striking instance of the ruling passion strong in Death. Lady Canning wife to the Canning died yesterday morn^g; and a few hours before, desired that her two Nephews would go down and vote last night and that they would not stay away from the House on account of her death. The anxiety to know the Division, and that the Conservatives should not lose a single vote from private feeling seems to have been her latest wish. She was indeed fitted to be the Wife of a Statesman; gifted with singular Talent, and great Ambition, it has been always supposed, that many of her Husbands best Speeches were written by her; at his death she shut herself up, in what might be called an almost romantic seclusion, never put off her own, or her Servants Mourning, never stirred out of her House, and used to sit from years end to years end, opposite a full length Picture of him hung with black. She published two most bitter and clever Pamphlets; one, a defence of Mr. Canning's Foreign Policy, and attacking the Wellington Administration was written with extraordinary power, but she was not popular, and dragged on a most dreary existence. I can hardly imagine any case in which Death was a more welcome release than to her who lived as it were, only on the memory of the past, and neither loved the present world, nor any thing in it.

Her Son who now receives the Parage is very amiable, but without any of his Parents Talents.

I could that I were better qualified to give you a clear idea of Pappa's opinions, respecting the present Administration, but he is now so very busy, that I can only convey to you the general sense of what I pick up, begging you, should you find it inconclusive and obscure, to ascribe it to the expounder, and not to the Cause itself. The objection which it appears the Conservatives take to the Policy of the present Government is, that it is not sufficiently grounded upon Principle, but rather on the aspect of affairs at the moment;—they are constantly alluding to the time when a change of circumstances will justify a change in their opinions, and therefore the slight vacillating resistance which they offer to the continual urging of the Radicals, becomes ineffective, and only ridiculed by the latter as proceeding merely from timidity, and a wish to conciliate both Parties. Politics seem indeed to be in a most singular state just now; Ministers openly announce their intention of going out after Easter, and say, they are to be forced back again, upon the Shoulders of the Liberals, (or rather Destructions) to whom they dare not at present give way. I fancy the great Minority we had last night, on the abolition of the Church Rates, (in reality, on the important question, whether the State is to support the Church, as forced by our Constitution, or whether it is to be separated from the State, and support itself from its own Funds) must put an end to their Administration, although I cannot imagine how Peel is to take the Helm with any hopes of doing good, in the teeth of such a furious Opposition, as the Whigs are evidently preparing to join the Radicals as soon as they forced out of Office. — This however is

only my own little private opinion, and the others think quite differently. — Let us have any thing but another general Election, which, with the constant clashing between Public and Private feeling that it produces, invariably causes coldness and illwill amongst relations! — Preparatory however to this expected event, I enclose a Parliamentary Guide, in order to put you au fait, even of the number of voters in the different Counties, and also because you seemed to like Papa's last year. — It will last longer than the tickets, and will equally I hope, put you in mind of one who indeed, can never forget all your kindness to her. —

Our four o'clock business for House of Commons debar us from all Society of a morning, and neither Sidney, nor I, are yet strong enough to pursue it of an evening, so we are very much in the same state as in the Country, with the exception of a large number of Relations, and also my own Sister Mary, who lives close by us. Her Husband has been in Parliament since he came of age, and is supposed to be a very promising Speaker; he was, until he married, very much inclined to be a Liberal but is now quite changed; she was so flattered by your mention of her!

We have lately been greatly shocked by the sudden death of Sir Ferdinando Richard Acton, at Paris; he, and his Mother, who is a Cardinal at Rome, having been Ward of Papa's. Two years ago, Sir Richard married the only child and heiress of the Duke of Salberg, and having now died without a Will, there is great doubt whether his child can inherit the English Property, it being only the great grandson of an English subject, as the family have resided at Naples for three generations. — There are so many difficulties in the way that Papa believes he will

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have to carry an Act through the Houses of Parliament to enable this Boy to succeed to the States which are very large, in England, France, Italy, and in Germany in right of his Wife, near Mayence she tells me - I saw the poor Widow yesternight, she has come over to reside here, in the hopes of its facilitating her Sons succession, but she is utterly alone, without a relation, (for the Luckless her Mother stays in Paris) and is so young and unaffectedly charming that though I have only seen her twice I feel quite to love her already. She is certainly in the best of hands, when Papa undertakes her affairs, for he is perfectly indefatigable.

And now my Eyes admonish me to conclude, never more my dear Sir, apologise for not writing to me, you allow me to waste my voluminous tediousness on you, but I am not unreasonable enough to expect a speedy answer to it, - however few the Lines may be, provided they tell me of improved health and spirits, they will be most welcome to me, and when I do not hear from you, I shall tell myself that you are better engaged.

Again let me thank you for the Books that I shall love so much. - I begin, do you know? to find English, sadly stiff and unexpressive, when compared to your German Letters, but I cannot improve our Language, and could I vary the terms, it would be only still, to express the same feeling.

With kindest regards from all the family, including Mary, and with many thanks for your remembrances of them, believe me ever, my dear Sir,

Yours sincerely and affectly
William Wynn.

g

ma

Charlotte Williams Esq. m.

London, A. D. 19. June
1837.

June 4th
26 Grafton St



Two days ago, my dear Sir, a little Parcel was left here which on opening I found to be a fresh proof of kindness from you, and call for gratitude from me. Doctor Mundt had the goodness to send me over your little Letter ten days ago from Paris, saying that it was uncertain when he could present it in person - need I tell you how delighted we shall all be to receive any friend of yours! I only hope Dr. M. will not delay his arrival till we are no longer here, as we may be of some use in making his sojourn in London pleasant.

Ever since I received your Note, I have been intending to write, but truth to say, I have been in such a whirl of business, (by which you must understand I mean society) that there was no time for any thing I wished to do; now however, I can no longer delay begging you to accept my very best thanks for what I foresee will give me so much pleasure, particularly, for the Review on Allison, which has delighted me. The Book is as fresh in my recollection as if I had read it yesterday, and I cannot tell you how much it has pleased me to find that you approve of the Work upon the whole; the remarks with respect to England and its historians enchanted me, as did also your criticism upon Allison's opinion of the necessity of extracts from the speeches themselves, in order to give a faithful delineation of a debate. This struck me forcibly, though like others every day Reader, without your criticisms, I should have gone quietly on all my life without ever having the sense to discover it for myself. Papa has begged me to translate it for him as soon as possible, being very anxious to hear your opinions. The only thing that was wanted to make the Parcel perfect, was, - a Letter! you see I am growing very unreasonable in my demands, but even this, I hope soon to find granted, and that it will give me a still better bulletin of your health with some hopes of our meeting you on the Rhine, where we shall be forthwith, as Papa

thinks of setting out about the 26th of this month. We shall
alas! only go straight to Wiesbaden, and home again, but if you
could but believe those waters would do you good, how delightful
it would be! It is supposed in this country to be very unhealthy to
go to the sea in the heat of summer and you might drink a
little salt water first of all, and if not then quite well proceed
to the sea when we wend our way home again. To think of this
well arranged plan of mine!

I wish I had any materials for an amusing letter, but I always
judy my correspondents during the London Season, odd as it may
sound, nothing is so uniform as our gaiety, a sort of daily routine
which affords no projecting point to take hold of. Dining at four
for House of Commons, we see few people till 1/2 past 11, when the
evening begins, and then, if there are two or three Balls, one passes
half the night in the carriage. Besides this, we have at present
four and twenty Relations in Town, who all like to be looked
after, and ~~well~~ visited, so it really is rather hard work.

The other day, dining at my Aunt's Lady Carysfort's (she was a sister
of Papa's Mother), she began to talk of old times, and accidentally
alluded to Mr. Genl. as her oldest friend, she told me that he
lived while in London in Lord Carysfort's House and that he was
quite domesticated with them. Did you ever know Ld. Carysfort?
He was Minister, or rather I fancy, Envoy & extraordinary at Berlin, for
15 months years ago. He has been dead some time, and published
some badish Tragedies. My cousins are come over from Copenhagen
so very foreign in manner and feelings, that we have very little
in common together.

The health of the King and Queen have cast a gloom over us all,
add to this the feud between him and the V. of Kent, which increases
every day; she has been most ill-judged in her conduct, and
has quite unnecessarily wounded his feelings on every occasion. The
other day the City of London presented an Address to the Princess
Victoria on her Birthday, and the Duchess chose to return an answer,
alluding to the time, when her daughter would be a Constitutional
Sovereign, and talking about Freedom, and the voice of the
People, exactly as though she were to stand for an Elective Monarch,
above all, with no reference to the King of any sort, not even the
usual conventional sentence, that she hoped it might be long

before the Princeps was called to the Throne! - Most of the Foreign Ministers
are gone to Paris, save Prince Esterhazy, who has the good taste to stay
quiet and give us Balls here, the last however, was so hot that there
was little pleasure in it; talking of fetes, Mr. de Berg, was begging
me the other day, to try and procure your account of the Schwarzenberg
Fete, which he said was the most interesting thing that had ever
been written. I knew not how to set about it and you may imagine
my delight to find it in the Index of the Work you have so
kindly sent me. Mr. de Berg tells me he knows you well, which has
made me think him pleasanter than I did before; he seems however
very goodnatured and we see a great deal of him. - When I told
him I wrote to you in English, he wanted much to translate my
letter into German for me, and I felt half tempted to send
one thus to Miss Solman, to whom when you see her will you
remember me? I think I have been rather unlucky in the German
Ladies I have met with, none of them seemed to me very agreeable
and I long much to know her, in order that my standard of their
merits may be raised to what it ought to be.

I spent the other day to some Lectures on German Literature by
a Mr. Carlyle, a very eloquent man, but one who is so enthusi-
-siastical ^{an} admirer of every thing German, that he writes German
English, and consequently the only book I have seen, a History
of the Revolution is utterly unintelligible from its affectation,
but these Lectures were extempore and showed great talent,
though I could not help being somewhat amused, when he said
one day: "we have now a quarter of an hour to spare which will"
"employ in giving you an analysis of the different Theories"
"of German Philosophy since the time of the Reformation"!

A friend of ours has just published a Translation of the Knide of
Mepina in English Verse, which he wishes me to read, in order
to discover how very close it is to the original - you see what it
is to be a *bonne parmi les Avouges*; I a judge of a German
Translation! but I intend to implore for him the benefit of
a criticism which he could little hope for, - and bring it

with me to Germany, in the hopes of finding some opportunity
of forwarding it to you, if we are unfortunate enough not to see
you.

My Sister Mary, is going to spend the Winter at between Vienna,
and Berlin with her Husband and Children. How I wish she would
take me with her! I trust she will have the pleasure of making
your acquaintance, but I shall be very jealous if you like her
better than me. What a sadly disappointed letter but it is written
with constant interruptions!— I cannot express to you the delight
with which I look forward to our tour again, in spite of that
odious passage and all its miseries. We go exactly the same
route as last year, but may pass a little time at Lady Acton's place
which is near Mayence, the Duc de Salburg is there, and I should
so like to see a German vic de Chateau, that I shall try and persuade Mary
to go.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours ever yours most truly,
A. Williams Wynne.

June 29th I was prevented from sending the above by various
causes and now I am half tempted to burn it so changed
alas! are all our plans— Let me however begin, by thanking
you for your dear kind letter which I received three
days ago. I am rather disappointed in its not giving quite
so good an account of your health, as I had hoped it might,
although in the terrible weather we have undergone, no
invalid could recover. We are now at last beginning to
bask in the Sun, but within the last fortnight, have been
covering over the fire.

Since I first wrote, our poor King has got gradually worse,
and I fear there is now no chance of recovery, though his

Preussische
Erbschaft
Constitution is so strong a one, that what would end quickly
with others, may linger with him. - Independantly of personal
affection for him, his death at this time is a calamity to all,
and I should imagine, that no individuals existence ~~was~~ ever
more fervently prayed for than his has been. The prospect of
having so very young a Queen, of whose disposition, it is impossible
as yet to judge, (as she has never been allowed to see any person
except in the presence of her Mother,) is a most anxious one for the
Country, after this, come our own private considerations. Of
course we can hardly leave England with a Disposition awaiting
us, yet Papa is so unwell and weak, that we are daily trying
to persuade him to go at once, and then he would have finish-
ed his Baths, and be home again, by the time the Writs for
the new Elections are out, as this Parliament must take 4 or 5
Weeks settling the new Civil List before it is dissolved. Papa
however is very unwilling to follow our advice, and I fancy we
must wait a few Weeks before we settle any thing. His Rheuma-
tism increases so much that I cannot help longing for him
to leave my Uncle's Election, and his own, to go their own way,
and set off, but the truth is, that he really loves his business
far better than his health, so that it cannot be called only
duty that detains him. To sit in that hot House of Commons
is Paradise to him, and listening night after night to the
unmeaning clavering of the Members, who speak only because
their constituents like it and have nothing to say is, I am
certain to him the "Music of the Spheres"! At times, you perceive
I am quite out of patience at not being able to persuade him,
that his health is of infinitely more importance, than an
extra conservative vote. -

The Newarks, are just set out for Germany again; he is so unwell
that the Doctors recommend constant change of air, and

I much fear that he is in a very anxious state.
And now my dear Sir I must conclude, when I have told
you that the little scissors enclosed are made peculiarly for
cutting out, and I cannot therefore help hoping that you will
find them fine enough even for your most delicate work.

In England, there are so many bad Omens attached to the gift
of a Pair of Scissors that I should not dare to encounter them
here but the Ocean that they must cross, will I trust wash
them all away!

Mamma begs I will give you her Love and tell you that
she does not yet give up all hopes of Wiesbaden, but thinks
it possible we may steam there, and back, as hard as we
can.

Now Sidney and I, shuddered over the Schwarzenberg Fete!;
I have been virtuous enough steadily to resist the temptation
to read more of the work, as I was in the middle of Burke's
History of the Popes, which being lent to me I was obliged
to return soon, but having now finished ^{that book,} I am at liberty
to turn to one that will be so much more interesting to me.
ever yours,

M. W.

Charlotte Williams Esq. Wyn.

Wyn, on 20. Juli 1837.



Stowe

July 20th

Although I have written so lately, my dear Sir, I cannot resist the wish I feel to tell you, that ere you receive this little Note, the sea will no longer be between us. Mamma not being very well, our wise Doctors have desired her at once to try the Wiesbaden Baths, without waiting for Papa to accompany us. She will follow as soon as his Election is over; she, Sidney, and I therefore, sail next Sunday the 25th for Rotterdam, and hope to be at Wies. by the end of the Week. I need not again say, how delighted I am at the prospect of enjoying myself as I did last Summer, nor can I help trusting that some kind spirit will say to you also, to the banks of the Rhine ere we depart.!

We have been staying here, (at the V. of Buckingham's,) for the last three Weeks, in the midst of a most delicious country,

talking and dreaming of nothing but
the approaching Election, which engage
every ones attention, interesting however,
as the struggle which is about to take
place, between the conservative and Rad-
ical Parties must be, I am already
nearly tired of the incessantly varying
speculations as to the result of the Contest,
which vary from day to day, and
shall be heartily glad to leave the
scene of action, and only ~~to~~ hear from
a distance what has taken place. —

After the heat of London where nothing
but Mourning was to be seen, the change
to the bright Flowers here, is enchanting,
I have never been in the Country so early
in the year before, and my admiration
of the Roses brings me into much
contempt with those who have been
used to them all their lives.

I wish I could enclose one! but
they will ^{not} carry like the violets. —

Our young Queen is winning all hearts
by her youth, and sweet voice; her Ministers
are exerting all their influence to
persuade her not to Review her Troops
on Horseback next Week, but she has
has unfortunately chosen 2. Elizabeth,
to be her model, (not a very safe one in
these times,) and is determined to have
her own way; luckily she is willing
it should take place in the Park, and
does not insist upon going to Tilbury
Fort for the purpose, in order to go
through the whole scene en regle.

We saw nothing of your friend while
in London and I fear therefore he
remained in Paris.

Achieve, I shall hope sometime to have
a few lines from you, directed ~~to~~^{to}
~~rest at~~ Wiesbaden; and ever believe

me, my dear Sir

Yours most truly

Williames Agnew.

Grafton St.
July 22nd

On my arrival in Town yesterday, I found your delightful Letter to welcome, and console me for the regret with which I left Stowe by the hopes it gives of our meeting on the Rhine.

Can you not defer your visits to your other friends till next year and this summer come to those who I fear will not there be so near you? Should you indeed already have settled your plans otherwise, I shall begin with you to talk of our being the spot of Demons; but by the bye, remember that if you

do not ~~do~~ your best to fulfill my
wishes you will be as bad as they
are!

Seriously however, I can now only thank
you a thousand times for your Letter,
you will sail tomorrow, and amidst the
hurry and fever of packing that
has seized every individual in the
House, I can hardly find even Pen
and Ink ~~now~~ to write then; I have
so much to tell you in answer to
your Letter, that there would be no
end to my last words, if I once
began, but I will write from
Wiesbaden if I am obliged to give
up all hopes of saying them
to you.

The "Bible of Meppina" and the
Lippas I shall bring with me,—
will you not come and fetch
them?

Your little Book will be an invaluable
companion on my journey—

ever my dear Sir believe me,
Your very truly attached,

~~MS~~
J

20 Juli 1837

Dear Mr. [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

Charlotte Williams Wynne.

Wienbaden, den 7. Augst 1837.

Wienbaden
Augusty



Indeed my dear Sir your letter of this morning was a worse disappointment to me, for somehow or other, I had quite depended upon your coming, and so often I had said to myself during the last month, "when we meet I shall ask him this, we shall discuss that together," and now ~~it~~ it is all at an end! — However I must tell you, that ~~leaving~~ leaving myself out of the question, nothing could charm me more, than to think of you again in the midst of your family, and for the world would I not that the slightest shade of disappointment should cloud so dear a reunion, the not having seen ones sister for seven years, sounds to me almost frightful, and the pleasure of feeling you are again with those who are so dear to you, will really counterbalance my own loss.

Will you then forget all our previous plans while you are at Hamburg? You will not think, misund-
= derstand me in this, but I want you to enjoy thoroughly and entirely your visit, and yet, know not exactly how to steer between my unselfish inclinations, and I fear, my stronger selfish ones, which would lead me to expatiate on my own regret at not seeing you, and by so doing, lay a claim, at least on your sympathy. — It is no use however, lamenting any more and we can now only look forward to the next project being more successful but I have at present

not the heart to begin so soon again to hope.

As to our journey, it was impossible to have a more un-
== quiet and uninteresting one, the Steam Boat crowded
and with the exception of an artist from Frankfurt
with whom I made acquaintance who was a very clever
well informed man, nothing could be duller than
our companions. The fatigue owing to the intense heat
was much greater than last year, and we are only now
recovering from the effects of it, we found this place
quite full, but few English, and those few not good
specimens. At the head of them, are the Landgrave
and the Duke of Cambridge, who seems now to be well
again in health, but he has gone through so much
lately, in the leaving Hannover &c. that they were very
anxious he should be kept a little quiet, which is
utterly impossible, for he excites himself in talking
to every one and makes such a noise of a morning
that it almost obstructs one. He is now going to settle
in England, but does not look forward to it with any
pleasure, he is much more a German, he says himself,
than an Englishman, and after three and twenty years
absence he feels he must begin making all his
friends a fresh there.

Then we have the Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, which
is a very great gain, for she is not received either
at Court or any where else in England, and as she is
here in all the Foreign society, it makes a decided
separation between the English, who do not wish to
become acquainted with her, and the others.

In the same House with us, Lodge Count's Countess

Hardenberg and their daughter but we have not yet
made acquaintance with them, I hear he is a brother
of the Prin^{ce} Pückler's - You would have found yourself
in the midst of your friends, for whenever I ask
the name of a person I am told he comes from
Berlin, and it seems as if half the population of
the Town must have arrived here. I have much
admired a beautiful mad^{me} ^{Kutusoff} Kotosoff. She drinks the
Water with her Father ~~at~~ ^{de} St. Sulpice.

Almost our only acquaintance besides the G. of Cambridge
suite, is a son of Count Bismarck's; he is a very pleasant
person and speaks English in the way that I should
wish to speak German; - but I will spare you a
longer list of the uninteresting people who walk
about here, and only mention besides, a friend of my
own, who ~~used~~ ^{used} to come to me last year to talk German.
Levi It is a little Jewess who sells in the Colonnade
and we were great friends, for she is very quick
and the most enthusiastic person I ever met; devoted
to Poetry, which her Husband will not allow her
to read because he thinks it will prevent her
attending to her Shop, so she was enchanted to
come every evening and read it to me, she has
also learnt English, and I found her deep in the
Poems of Ossian, & Lrd Byron, (by way of easy
Books for beginners!) so that we could mutually
benefit each other but my translations were, alas!
infinitely the worst of the two; If you could but
know the intense anxiety she has to see you, I am

sure you could not resist gratifying her. I men-
tioned to her the other day that I had hopes of
your coming, and her delight was very amusing.
Will you show him to me as soon as he arrives? I have
"never seen an Author in all my life, I once saw
"one at a distance, but she had only written some
"Plays: quel bonheur pour moi de voir un Scavant,
and then came some German to the same effect.
I have at last got a Master, but he has a horrible voice,
and also speaks quite a differently sounding German
from that which I have long made my criterion
of perfection in the language, however I comforted
myself completely, by thinking that when you came
I should easily be put straight again, but now
I suppose I must shrink as he does, only wish he
may enable ^{me} to speak, which I still find impossible.
We expect Papa and Charles, on Saturday next, and
shall remain here fixed, till the end of Septem-
ber. I would that we had any hopes of going
farther, but with the exception of perhaps a day
or two at Heidelberg, I think it unlikely, is
it a very long stage from Hamburg here?
and yet I could not wish you to leave your Sister
a day sooner than you would otherwise do, although
it gave us the great pleasure of seeing you parti-
cularly if it is the same one whom you mention
as being your playmate in your Paradise on the
banks of the Rhine. How very beautifully you des-
cribe those scenes of your early youth! I know not
when I have been more delighted than with the
whole of that Chapter, which brought back strongly

to my mind the remembrance of my own childhood
and excessive happiness in Wales, in a place so soli-
tary, and so beautiful, yet so completely enclosed
by mountains that we used to call it Rappeler's happy
Valley. - I cannot express to you my dear Sir, half
the pleasure I have received from your ~~German~~ ^{English} inde-
pendent pleasures of very different sorts, but all arising from
that same source and though I am well aware of
how very little worth my ignorant admiration
can be to you, still you will I think like to know
how much you have contributed to my enjoyment.
I brought besides, Coleridge's Literary Remains, to read
on the journey, which like most of his other works,
have delighted me. - When he does not ~~me~~ allow
it to become too much involved, I think his style
is perfect, and he is, (or rather was,) one of the few
writers of pure English that we had left.

So you know, the great similarity between some of
his opinions and yours, has often struck me?

The other day I went into a Book Seller's shop, and
upon his strong recommendation bought a little
Vol. of Poetry which he said was just published
and excellent. - I did not look at it much, till I arrived
at home and then discovered I had got a set of
Sinking songs written for a Club somewhere in
Bavaria and all of them in a patois so even
if I had wished it, I could not understand a word!

People talk much of a great fête that is to take place at Mayence on the 13th in honour of Gutenberg; when a Statue to him of Thorwaldson's is to be erected and there is to be a grand oratorio in the even^g. we were very anxious to go; but failed in procuring Tickets, and had given it up, when luckily, the F. of Cambridge took a hint I gave him, and very goodnaturedly says, he shall go with him, so we shall see it all in the best way. For I dare say he will have a front view.

I must now end, feeling that this is a very dull answer to the delightful Letter I received just before our departure from England, but you must remember how very recently and unexpectedly, my long anticipated pleasure in this visit has been crushed — If you had begged me, ever so much, to tell you that your not coming did not signify, I could not have written so huge a lie!

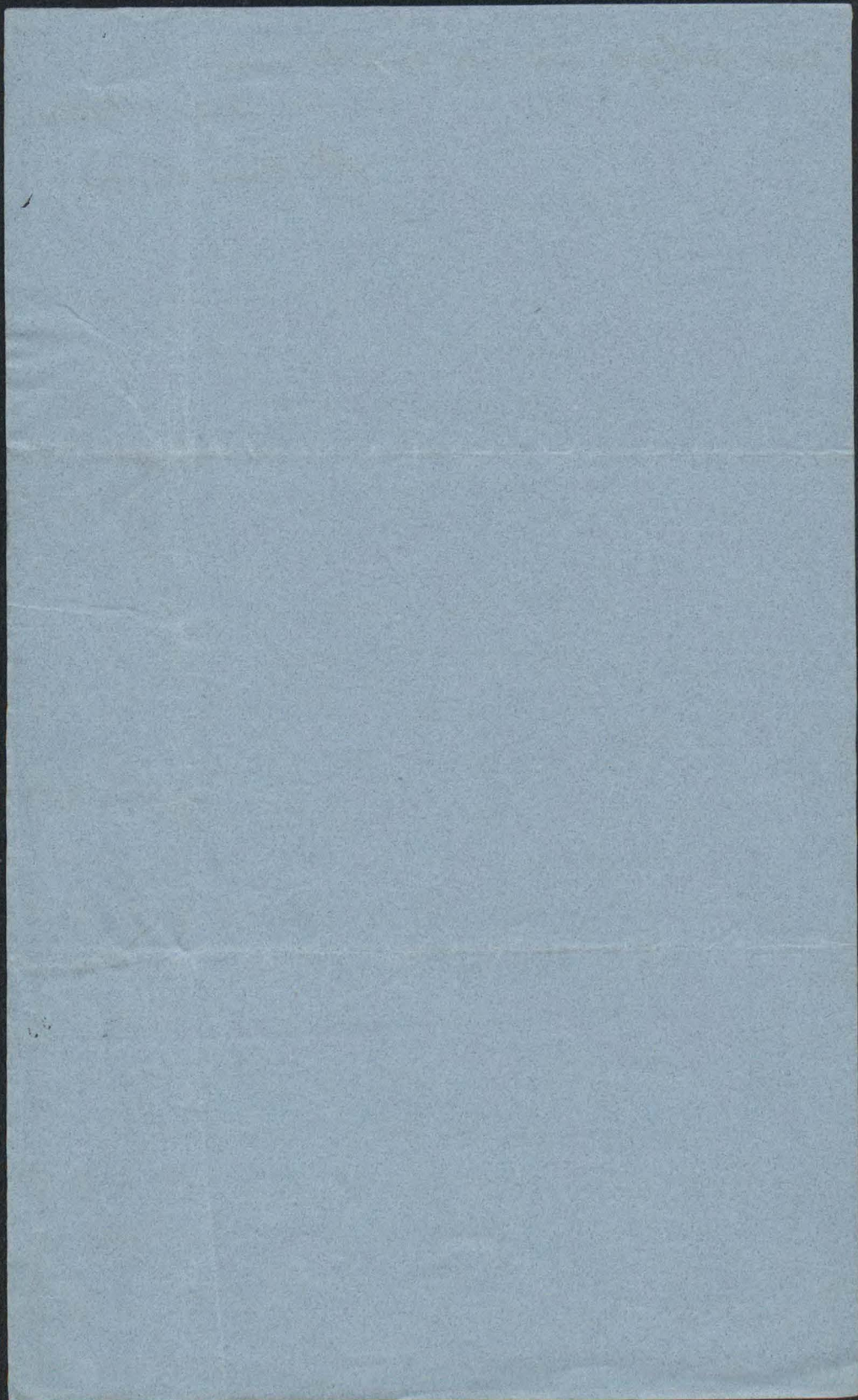
Adieu; Mamma begs me to say, that she is quite as much disappointed as I am, but that cannot be. Will you let me hear that your journey has been a prosperous one and that you are all the better for it?

and believe me ever my dear Sir.

Yours truly attached

Williams Wynn.

7 Aug. 1837



Charlotte & William
Lynn.

Wienbaden, 15. September
1837.

Wienbaden.
Sept. 15. 1837.



It was indeed very good of you my dear Sir, to write to me so soon when I fear you were still suffering from the effects of your journey, and in spite of the pleasure which the letter gave me I almost grudged your kindness. How sadly disappointing was the intelligence it conveyed! I had hoped so much good to you from the complete change of air and scene at Hamburgh and it has been all in vain! Still, I hear from every one that illness has been universal this summer so that perhaps we could hardly hope that you would escape. — I only wish now, that I could think of you any where but at Berlin, for although I must own, that like you, I should not have the slightest fear of Cholera myself, it is quite a different thing to feel that ones friends are in the midst of it, for this reason (only I tell myself,) do I ~~say~~ **say** for you to be here although I know you would necessarily be more uncomfortable in the ill built summer lodgings which are now becoming quite empty. Our sojourn here has been delightful, ~~as~~ the first month owing to the intense heat was rather too fatiguing and we are now glad to enjoy the beauty of the weather by ourselves. The fête at Mayence made such an impression on me that I shall quite look back to it as an era in my life for I had never seen any thing to be compared with it, both from the beauty of the locale and the magnificence of the

Music, it was certainly excessively fatiguing both to mind and body, taking place in one of those broiling days and we were obliged to be there soon after 8 as the Duke had to hear a long Military Mass first. The Chorus sung by all the Spectators as well as the Orchestre were splendid and the only part of the ceremony which I did not like was the sudden uncovering of the Statue which struck me as too much of a coup de Theatre and not in accordance with the singular good taste which characterized the rest of the arrangements. Prince William in whose Balcony we were, ~~was~~ very goodnaturedly asked us to return next day and see the sports on the Rhine from his vessel, which we did, and sadly heavy I was of them, as when I had seen one man tumble into the River in attempting unsuccessfully to catch an eel on a pole, the amusement was not great of beholding a dozen more meet with the same mishap. But my greatest pleasure has been riding; The Duke of Cambridge had beautiful Horses which he lent me every day, and none but those who are as fond of riding as I am, can understand the delight I feel when I am on a very fine Horse; I used to gallop along the delicious banks of the Rhine on this perfect white charger and feel above the World!

We have had the Landgravine of Homburg, Prince George of Cambridge, and all the Princes of Saxe here, path many others, in short quite an embarras des Riches or rather, de Royauté; but none of them

particularly pleasant, excepting our own Duke,
of whom I happened to see a good deal and be-
came at last quite attached to him from his
excessive kindness to me; all those about him
appear to feel the same and it was striking
to hear his very Groom say, "be more to sell
our Horses before we go to England" quite making
common cause with his Master.

Your Prince William and his Wife are also liked
much, he seems to laugh all day long and there
is an open heartedness about him that is very
attractive, we are to dine with them tomorrow
at Mayence, but the weather is so rainy to
day that I shud the long trajet not a
little. Our last gaiety was a great dinner
given by the S. of C. at the Kursaal to all
the Royalties he could find, just before his
departure. This is a very long history
but you tell me you like to know what
we have been doing. At present we have
no acquaintance but a Baron Stockhausen
(Chamberlain to some body, and his wife,
and son from Berlin; he suffers so much
that he never speaks, but the son is very
agreeable and I hope they will remain
here as long as we do. The Wheatons set
out 10 days ago, on their return, the very
day after I received your letter; I was so
glad that they did not leave this place
a day before, for it has given me the
opportunity of, I trust, affording you
some little amusement, as they have
kindly taken charge of Gladstones Work
for you. - I only hope you will not have
got it first in Berlin, and I must also

apologize for the Book's being by no means
new as it was my own copy and I had not
time to clean or have it bound when upon
reading your Letter it struck me that perhaps
you would like to see it. Mamma thinks
it too obscure and involved a style to be worth
reading, and in some parts she certainly is
right, still I cannot help hoping that you
will be pleased with it upon the whole. -

The Book of Meppia is also in the parcel
which perhaps you will have the goodness
to send for according to the direction Miss
Wheaton gave me. - a la Legation des Etats Unis

Tous les Livres No 9.

Where the Trees are, I suppose you will know.
The Wheatons are by this time arrived at
Berlin. -

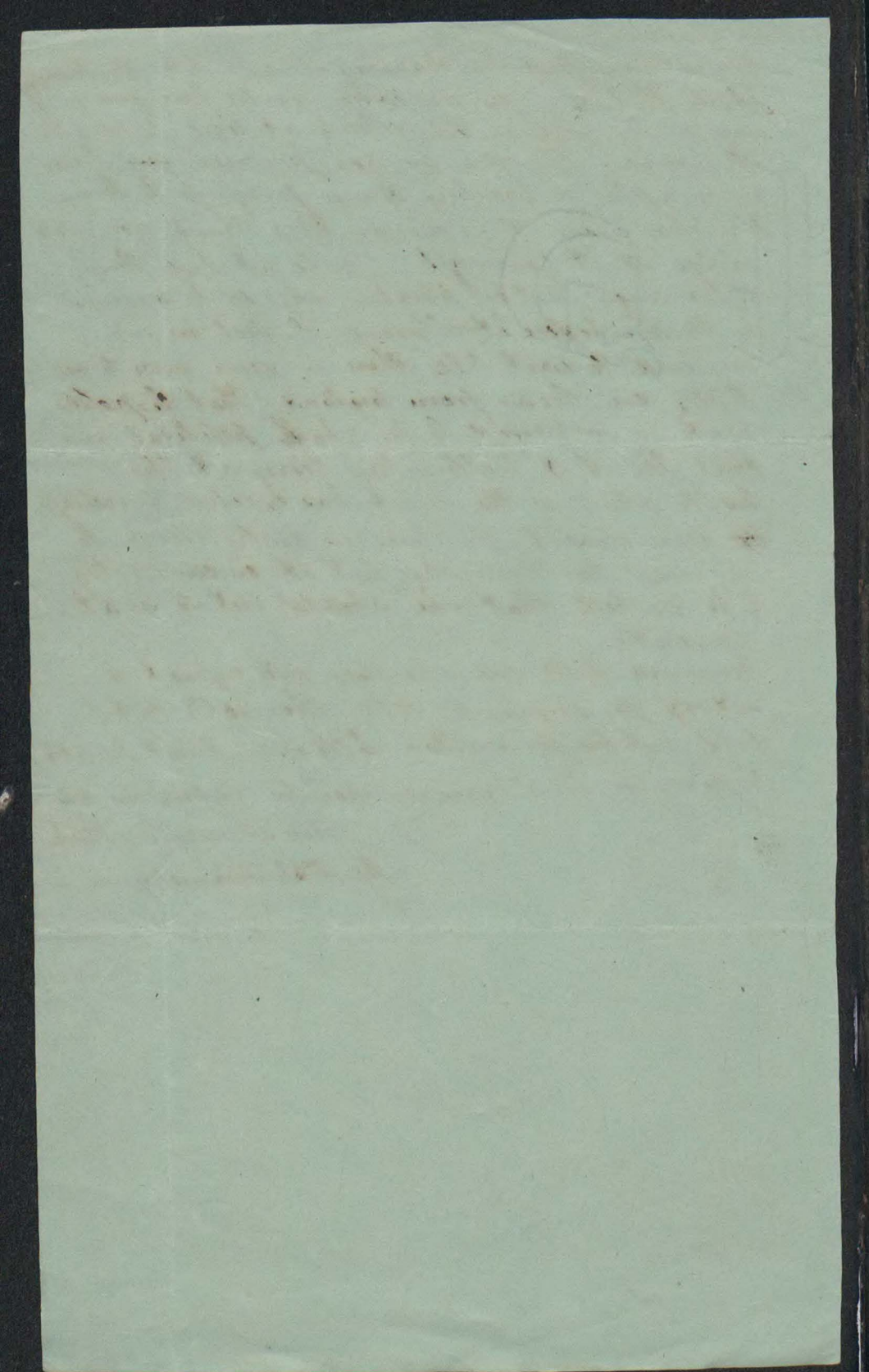
Fancy we shall leave this place about the
26th of Sept^r and return straight to England.
no Heidelberg, alas! The Waters have not
done Mamma all the good we hoped, and
have much weakened her, but the Doctor assures
us that such is their effect even when they agree.
Papa is so bored by his second visit here that
he declares must leave he will go to Frankfurt instead
which I must own would delight me. -

I have been reading here much of odds and ends,
and when I find that I am now able to read
a German Novel as comfortably as I should a
French one, I feel daily more and more grate-
ful to you my dear Sir for you have been
the means alone of giving me so much plea-
sure, if I had not had the strong inducement
of wishing to read your Works easily and
being able to enjoy them completely without

being cramped by having recourse to fiction. I know that my perseverance would have given way to the difficulties which at first presented themselves. Therefore as you perceive, in I have no scruple in boasting of my progress to him to whom alone it is owing. Now I wish you could judge of it yourself! - I will not keep this letter longer, lest Mr. Wheaton should be arrived in Berlin before it; otherwise, I feel much inclined to wait till there is some news to be told; we hear from England that Leopold's visit is supposed to be wholly political and that the G. of Wellington's being at the castle during the visit has excited endless rumours of the Queen's intending to dismiss her ministers but it is earnestly to be wished that she should not do so at present.

Mamma tells me she does not expect to set off for England till the 30th but I will not beg for another letter. - What horrible Paper and Pens! ever my dear Sir, believe me to be
Your sincerely attached
(Elizabeth Williams)

15. Sept. 1837



Charlotte & William Wynne.

Wiesbaden, 21. Septemb. 1837.

Wiesbaden.
Septemb. 21. 37



although my dear Sir I wrote but ten days ago, still, as Madame de Stockhausen is so kind as to say she wishes to take anything for me to Berlin I cannot resist giving myself the pleasure of writing a little bit to you, & telling you that our journey is actually fixed for the 30th; and I have some hopes that we shall persuade Papa to set off for Heidelberg on Tuesday, and return to Mayence on Saturday in time for the Steam Boat.

This Place is now quite deserted, but the last three weeks we have had a very pleasant little society, with a Duchesse ^{Rauzan} de Rougan, her daughter, and the Stockhausens: we dined together every day, and at last are become quite devoted to one another. Today this is all broken up, and I suppose we shall none of us ever meet again which makes the ~~parting~~ ^{parting} still more melancholy. - Baron Stockhausen is ~~now~~ ^{much} better for the water here, but is still ill.

He tells me he only knows you by
reputation, and I like him, and all his
family so much, that I cannot help
wishing you knew them also.

And now, I will conclude my adieu
from Germany, for this Note is nothing
else; my next Letter will be from England,
but sincerely do I hope that some time
or other I shall return, for all whom
I have met in your Land have been so
kind and amiable to me that each
acquaintance I make, causes me to
love the country more and more.

Farewell then, my dear Sir, do not forget
me quite,

Yours ever most truly
C. Williams Wynn.

Cadworth's Intellectual System.



Carlotta & William & Ellynn.

London, 14. October 1837.

20 Grafton St

October 14th



I flatter myself, nay I feel sure, my dear
sir, that you will be glad to hear we
are safely arrived again in our own
country, after a more eventful transit than
the Rhine Steam Boat generally affords.
My first agreeable occupation therefore,
in the midst of our papered up, London
Rooms, is to thank you for all the kind
wishes conveyed in the little Note which
I received just before we left Germany.
I assure you, I was almost ashamed at
feeling so very little pleasure in re-
turning to England; to you alone dare
I own this, and even to you does it require
some excuse, for it has always seemed to
me a very unfavourable trait, when a
person cares not to return to their own Land,
endeared as it must ever be by the re-
membrance of home and happiness; but
the truth is, that I feel more ~~sure~~ sure in
common society among Germans than
among English, with us, slight acquain-
-tance seem ever to be afraid of one
another, seldom are any, but indifferent
subjects discussed, (lest one should expose

oneself to misinterpretation, until one
knows a person intimately; now in the
very little experience which I have had in
the every day society in Germany, there
seems to be ^{more} reliance on the goodwill and
sympathy of those you meet, and also
more simplicity. This I fancy, is the
reason that I feel so much more at home
with them, than I should do, among
people I know as little in England.

Much of it, I know well is my own fault,
and Mamma said only two days ago to
me, "If you would but talk to English, as
"you do to Germans, you would make"
"more friends, but you want more openness
"in your conversation". You see I am not
at all a popular person here, and half
the world think me proud, which I do
not much wonder at, from my being
naturally very shy. So you know I shall
begin to be again so with you, particularly
= when you call me Gräulein (instead
of Freundin) as you did in your last Note!
At Wiesbaden, I made so many, not perhaps
as much as friends, but still, more than ac-
= quaintance, that they caused my stay there
to be very pleasant. Baroness de Steyne
was the one I knew and liked the best, and
whenever our Landgravine comes over, I trust

To see her here. — but what two egotistical
pages! I will now return to our journey. —
We actually went to Heidelberg as I
said we were in hopes of doing, in my fare=
-well to you, and though we remained but
one whole day there, still we saw it, and
Oh! how we did enjoy ourselves! Can you ima=
-gine however, that the feeling that next
day we must quit that lovely spot really
diminished the delight of being there?
Yet, the longer we had staid, the more loth
I know we should have been to go away; and
we had strong thoughts of persuading mamma
to leave us behind on pension, in the
town, & return for us next year; she could have
had no objection! Next day, on our road
back to Mannheim, we saw the Schwetzingen
Gardens; they are infinitely finer than
I had expected, though in many parts so
like those of Stowe, that they seemed like
old acquaintance. — What an oddish place
Mannheim appears! I never passed through
a town that seems to possess so few recom=
-mendations to stay there, and yet it is
swarming with English. —

The next morning at 5 o'clock, saw us ensconced
in the Steam Boat that was to reach Cologne
that night, it went very slowly, and it was

2 in the morning, ere we reached our destination, and the prospect of being off again at 4, was not a very agreeable one, in short, we had nothing but contre temps the whole way, but to counterbalance them, found such agreeable society on Board that it amply compensated for our slight miseries. At Lippoldorf the Boat stopped for a few minutes, we took that opportunity to land and see something of the town, managed to run through two Churches and then we returned; Papa left us saying as usual that he should easily find his way back again, and that he must see some old House nearer. The Bell rang, and to our dismay we found ourselves steaming away without him! The Captain could not hear of putting back, and turned a deaf ear to Mammon's adjuration. Do you remember telling me I was little better than Regan last year, when we thought the same thing had happened at Immerich? I felt still more like her this time, for the Passengers became perfectly enraged that the Boat was not stopped at once, and I could not but feel that after all their anger was most unreasonable, as the Captain certainly was at full liberty to chuse whether he would turn back on account of a man who was fond of

14. Okt. 37

Antiquity— At last, Mamma brought a great man out of the Pavilion; at his request the ballet was stopped, and in the course of an hour, Papa was again ~~sent~~ res-
tored to his distracted family.

The said great man was a Baron Westermarck or Westervade, (I have no idea of his right name.) President he told us, of the Department of Arts and Sciences at the Hague; he has travelled a great deal with Prince Albert in Italy, and talks with great pride of having been given a House at Pompeii,

only two Kings have one besides himself, and it was as a tribute to his literary character that the honor was bestowed upon him. I never saw so odd a person, with a great deal of information and I dare say would be agreeable, if he had not such an unfortunate love of talking, but it was really so incessant, that I went as little into his society as possible. He sat discoursing with Mamma all day long, asking questions, the answers of which he never listened, and when he had discovered that Papa was also a Prissy fellow, calling him invariably, "mon cher confrère" to our excessive amusement, he was just one's beau idéal of an old Frenchman.

delighted with all that belonged to him-
self, and full of his magnificent Library.
We were promised to reach Annheim that
night, but about 9 o'clock, opposite a little
village, the Captain declared he should
go no farther, till day light appeared.
Imagine our dismay! The Boat was so
crowded that there literally was not
standing room below, it poured with rain
and there was no sun of any sort in the
King Village. He received this bad news
while we were at Sea in the Pavilion, and
the utter horror of our Baron at the
uncomfortable prospect was extreme. His
attention however, was soon after diverted
from dwelling on his unfortunate lot,
by the Burgomaster of a neighbouring
Town, and all the employe's of the
Custom House, who came on Board one by
one to pay their respects to him.
The scene that then took place was very lu-
-cious to a bystander. The Baron holding
a regular little Lord, first shaking
hands with one man with another,
doing le grand Seignieur remarkably
well, mamma by his side acting the
part of aide de camp; incessantly em-
-ployed in moving the single solitary
candle out of his way; she always

feared he would burn himself, as he
invariably continued to shake hands just
over the light, then whenever he was at a
loss for something more to say himself,
he turned to her, "allow me to present
to you my worthy friend ~~Mr~~ Comptroller
"etc." and then he whispered "offer
him a cup of Tea." Papa sat quite
passive on the sofa perfectly absent,
in the other corner, were Sidney's Smoby
the said Tea, and an agreeable butch
Baron de Taxis, Mr. Jelf, completed the
Party in the tiny cabin, while at the
door stood a magnificent Chasseur ushering
in the visitors. At last Mr. de Taxis
found some Beds in a Farm House for
us, and the Baron was lodged by his
Burgomaster. We were very glad to
find he had a comfortable abode
for the sitting up all night was hard
upon an old man and I was really afraid
he would be ill after all his exertions.
As the vessel was to set off again at
4, next day, there was little time for sleep
but we were enchanted to land. The
inhabitants of our cottage understood not
a word of ought but French, however I
gained great credit with my companions

by being able to explain what we wanted;
having had nothing to eat for some time,
we were ravenous when we rose again
at 2, and contrived to get a most pastoral
breakfast of new milk and bread, which
consolated us amply for our short night;
indeed the whole thing was very pleasant
to us, though not as much so to Papa, Mam-
-ma — Off we steamed again, and
about an hour from Lonheim got upon
a Sand Bank where in spite of all the
efforts and pushings of the crew and
Passengers we stuck firmly fixed for
8 hours! Many of our companions by
this time became persuaded that some
evil fate pursued the vessel and ac-
-cordingly got on shore and finished
their journey to Rotterdam by land. —
Papa infinitely prefers the Steam Boat
to any other mode of Travelling, so we waited
patiently, and were rewarded by getting
to the long wished for Lonheim at 1,
where we passed up an hour, in seeing
the Town, were charmed with some beauti-
ful Inscriptions on an Obelisk in the
Burial ground, and arrived at
Rotterdam twelve Hours after. —

14. Oct. 1837

luckily for you, for by this time you
will be more weary of our misfortunes
than we were ourselves. Here, however they
ended, for the Passage was smooth, and quick.
Tomorrow we go down to Edgworthstown where the
Widow of my Uncle L^d. Grenville lives, and
then on to Rome. We shall all be glad
to rest a little, but I am happy to say
that the Wiesbaden Waters have been of decided
service to Mamma, and the Doctors here who
are always sceptical as to the use of any
Natural Waters are obliged to own she is
much better. Papa is gone down to Wales
to take the command of his Regiment
in very good health, though still rather
too stiff to get on his Horse as easily as
would be proper in a Cavalry Officer.
We have just received the intelligence of
the approaching marriage of my cousin
Harriet Brodie to L^d. Strabazon, a Son of
Lord Meath's; perhaps you may remem-
ber her at Ems with her Sisters. Unfortun-
ately we do not know him, and so can
only hope he will make her as happy
as she deserves to be, for she is as good as
she is lovely.

I long very much to hear from you that
you are getting stronger by degrees, & that
the Cholera has entirely ceased its ravages.

Oct^r 18th 1812

Dropmore. I brought down my Letter to
finish here - How I wish you were with me
to wander about these lovely gardens which
are famed as being in more perfect taste
than any in England; - When Lord Grenville
retired from Public life, he never left this
place, and every flower was planted, every
bit of ground was laid out by him, and
his wife, and they used literally sometimes,
to pass whole days working out of doors -
His health soon became bad, but till the
last day of his life he retained his delight
in his garden - It is now a very melancholy
place, for every flower, every walk is con-
nected in ones remembrance with him;
though I can only recollect him in
the last years of his life, when he used
to love to walk by the side of his wheeling
chair, hearing him talk and seeing
the sort of rapture with which he used
to look at each flower as it blew.

Can you tell me how Baron Stockhausen is?
He was so poorly when he quitted Wiesbaden
that it would give us great pleasure to
hear that his wifes apprehensions are
removed; she told me she meant to try
to procure the pleasure of your acquaintance

Dance but she seemed to think you were very
difficult of access. I did not know you
were so exclusive. —

As to news, there seems to be at present
an unnatural stillness in the political
atmosphere, every thing is hushed till
the meeting of Parliament. Peel is very
unwell and even thought of drinking
a little at Wiesbaden now, for his case
resembles Papas', however, the latter
convinced him that in this cold
weather ~~that~~ ^{it} could do no good, so he has
set off to take a tour along the Rhine,
and hopes to return strong enough
to undergo better the fatigue of the
Session. — Do not think I have forgotten
your wish to have his Autograph, but
I have never been able to find a
piece that could be spared, until now.
I must end my letter though I have so
much more to say to you! I fear my
dear Sir, you will dread the prospect
of having to write more letters to me. —
Will you not think me very exigent
for beginning so soon again?

Mamma begs me to give you her best

Love, and believe me ever to be,

your attached & obliged

W^m Williams Wynn

Carlotta Williams

Wyn.

Llangynidr, Jan 4. January 1838.

Llangedwin

Jan 4th



My dear Sir,

Thank you a thousand times for writing to me again, I was beginning to fear that you had become tired of a correspondence which I know, and expect you must some time or other, feel a hard tax to pay for knowing I am well. Only when you do find that writing to me either interferes with other avocations or is become wearisome to you - will you tell me so straight forward, yourself? Meanwhile I look upon each letter I receive from you, as something gained, and still greater is the gain when it gives a tolerable account of yourself, I cannot help feeling the last, to be upon the whole a comfortable one, though I fear that we can hardly hope that Winter should not bring with it a temporary change for the worse.

I have so much to answer in your letter that I hardly know where to begin; the kind expressions it contains, are not the less felt because they cannot be answered, and your praises would indeed completely astonish me but that I cannot help fancying you have lived so exclusively with clever people

that a little of their brightness is reflected upon poor me; just as, when one has stared at the Sun, or been in a blaze of light for some time one can see nothing after, in its own dull colouring.

When Papa came here at Christmas, he brought me your delightful parcel. The Annual is charming and very entertaining; the Letters from Hamburg have only the fault of being much too short, for when a man can thus write, it is tantalising to give one so little of it. The "Denkblätter für die nordische Sylphe" I must fairly own utterly puzzled me, whether she was "of the earth, earthy," or of the Air, I never could distinctly discover, and the whole Article therefore was a little too fly away for my English aplomb.

By the bye, did S. Mundt ever pay a visit to England? I was very much obliged to him for his civility in forwarding to me your letter, but that is quite counterbalanced, if he has unchivalrous enough to be in London, and never take the trouble of inquiring whether we were there, or not! —

I am quite shocked that you should have taken the trouble of going to Mad^{me} Stedman, nor believe me, did Sever intend to burden you with the acquaintance of a Woman who talks so incessantly; he only wanted to know by some means, how the health of her Husband was, but I see, I must beware how I express a wish to you again! —

3. 4. January 1838.

I fear that the Pencil Drawing will be so completely rubbed in its long journey that you will find little of it remaining by the time it reaches you. Had it been finer weather, I might have sent you something rather less bad, but you will forgive the execution of them, for the sake of the docx. (bad English.)

I must just mention that the round Man's Hat, is the national costume of the Welsh, and it is so much more comfortable than a Bonnet that we always wear it here among the Hills, but it would astonish the English, just as much as it would you, were we to appear elsewhere, in our Black Hats, Scarlet Cloaks, and the long Pole for keeping one up the Hills in our hands. -



Carlotta William Wynne.

London, 9. Juni 1838.



Grayston St.

June 9th
1838

It is now upwards of two months my dearest
Sir since I received your kind Letter, and
in spite of my wish to thank you for it
I have found it impossible to write,
both from want of spirits and of time,
You will forgive me when I tell you
the cause has been my darling Mother's
Wneff, which attacked her on Christmas
day and has been gradually increasing
since.

My most anxious wish was not to be
deceived by the 5th, which from mistaken
kindness they so often attempt, and
they owned to me four months ago
that her recovery was doubtful, though
she might linger for years. I knew too
well that this meant from the mouth
of a Medical Man and I was indeed
no longer deceived. —

At first, she suffered very great pain,

The seeing it, was a ~~very~~ sad trial, and the only one to which I found it difficult to reconcile myself, but now she is perfectly easy and we are almost happy.

Her patience, and her cheerfulness never vary, and her habit of looking at every thing on its brightest side has accompanied her throughout.

She suffered like a child, without looking forward; when the pain had ceased for the moment, she never seemed oppressed by the dread of its return, and therefore enjoyed to the utmost, every hour of ease.

Most thankful do we feel for the many mercies granted to us during this severe trial, one of the greatest is, that we have been allowed to devote ourselves entirely to her; my two married sisters are also here, and we have none of us been prevented by

Illness or other circumstances from taking
it by turns to read aloud all day, of
which fortunately she never recovers—
I can say little of my poor Father,
except that he is wonderfully well in health
and the necessity of attending to his
Parliamentary business is of the
greatest service to him. When I look at
him I should dread the consequences
of what he has to go through, but
that I am so comfortably hardened
in the conviction that, "whatever is,
is best," that I am saved from
endless forebodings of evil which
would assail a more tender mind.
I must not however be so selfish as
to send a letter containing nought
but my own cares and feelings, and
yet I have little else to tell, for
though we have occasionally gone
into society, the effort required for it

becomes more painful each day;
The pleasantest evening I have passed
for long, was one in which I made
the acquaintance of Mr. S. Poley;
for we talked so much of you!
I should like to have known more of
him for he seemed very clever &
agreeable.

Many, many, thanks for the precious
little Engraving, and for Dr. Munn's
Book, which pleased me much, though
I have not yet finished it, for I found
that when I left Mamma's Room,
no light. Reading ever fixed my thoughts,
or made me forget my anxiety, and
I have therefore been deep in a course
of controversial Reading, which would
have been ridiculous for me at any other
time, but which answers my purpose ^{now}
of employing my whole mind for a
certain space and after an hour

9. Juni 1838



Thus roused I am fresh again.

I have not lately therefore read much in German, as having no one to recommend a book to me I know not what to send. Gov. Mendelssohn's *Phädon* delighted me, but above all, there are some parts of Michael's *Letter*, (forgive me, but I feel I have a claim to call her so, as a dear and valued friend,) which engross me more, and suit me better, than any thing else either English or German, I know them by heart and return to them daily with renewed pleasure.

So you know then I am disposed to grumble at finding reasonable wishes and expectations frustrated seemingly only by chance, I think of our acquaintance and am content again. - I owe so much to the chance that took us on board that Steam Boat, that whatever pranks it chooses now to play, I still feel it has given me more than it can ever take away. -

Let me not forget to tell you
that the Invitations you mention to
Woodolings upon different cards are no
longer sent in good society, but in the
city the custom still continues.

I find I cannot write more, much as
I have to say. - This is a dry tedious
Letter, but I dare not yet give way;
pray for us dearest Sir, that we may
be supported under the sorrows which
are coming upon us, and yet, I do not
dread them, which makes me sometimes
fear I am unfeeling.

Your last account of your health, though
not quite as good as I had hoped,
was still a more hopeful one and
anxiously do I long to hear of you again.
If you are well enough, and inclined
to write, a Letter from you would be
the greatest comfort, but at the
same time I feel, that it is no longer

fair to impose such a correspondence
as mine upon you, without giving you
the option of closing it, now that it must
assume so different a character; as
long as I could flatter myself that
in the slightest degree I contributed
to amuse ~~of~~ some of your leisure
minutes I could not give up so dear
a privilege, but now, the case is altered.
Only believe then that under any
circumstances, I can never forget all
your kindness to me, or cease to be
in all truth your grateful and affectionate

Charlotte Williams Wynne

Charles William Styrer.

Ryde, Insel Rhé, 14. Juli 1838.



Ryde
Isle of Wight.
July 14th

Your letter reached me yesterday, and deeply do I appreciate its affection. My paper will show my dear friend, that the affliction for which I was prepared has been sent. Grandma was taken from us on the 14th of June, she was not considered in imminent danger until 24 hours previous to her death, which was so quiet and tranquil that we could not fix the exact moment when she ceased to breathe, and we lost the dearest, and best mother that children were ever blessed with. During the last quarter of an hour as we were all standing round that loved bed, an organ was playing in the chapel close by, and as its rich strains came through the wide opened windows it seemed as though it were wafting her spirit away, I felt she could not die till it ended! Although in general I have a great repugnance to expressing myself upon a subject which is so peculiarly liable to exaggeration as devotional feeling, still I feel that you dearest Sir, will like to know how perfectly content God has made us with His Will. I sometimes during the last spring have thought I could not bear it as I ought, nor could I have borne it unaided, but He has bestowed upon me such a mathematical certainty (I cannot otherwise express my meaning) that his decrees must be, as you say best, that I have no further question to make. — In ~~this~~ our present sorrow there is no bitterness; for myself I have never

happened to look upon life as a very desirable affair and the certainty that the thing you love best, is safe, not only from its misfortunes, but also from its wear and tear, is at times felt as something gained. Her whole life, as far as one may be allowed humbly to judge, was a constant preparation for her death, she had accomplished all her duties and now in bliss, still watches over those she loved on earth. Not for worlds would I have had her again go through the misery of losing one of us, or Papa, and God most mercifully spared her tender spirit any farther trial, surely the wish so often expressed, that those you love may outlive you is a sadly selfish one!

But when I look at Papa! what is our grief compared to his? You my dear friend, can answer this alas! but too well! His usual demeanour has not changed even in this deep affliction, he is still as calm and as much devoted to his business as before he had lost his all; at present he is at Troopmore, where he was persuaded to go, instead of accompanying us here, which I regretted, as I am convinced he is better alone with his children, mourning in common with them, than among friends who try to divert his mind from dwelling on one subject. I hear he is more depressed now, than when we left him which was certain to be the case, the exertion he is obliged to make must produce a reaction. My own firm conviction is that the road to lasting consolation, lies alone through the bitterness of felt bereavement, and that it is in vain to attempt, (as many do) to make a short cut at once to the consolation. I am therefore very anxious to have him again amongst us, and trust we shall join him next

14. Juli 1838

back. — We have been here three weeks, at a cottage of the Duke
of Buckingham near the sea. The pang of leaving London was very great,
I felt it far more keenly than the funeral. In that hallowed
house it seemed as if her spirit were still domesticated with
us, still wandered from room to room with me, while here,
with the expanse of sea and heaven, that lies stretched before
me I feel more lost and alone.

I know well how low and material a feeling this is, but you
will not despise me for being thus weak.

Mary and her children are here, she has suffered infinitely
more than I have, and does hourly, till I honestly feel ashamed
of having gone through so little when she, who is much less able
to bear it, is almost crushed by nervous feelings and fears.
Her devotion to her mother was so intense, that she could not
see the truth as I did, and therefore was less prepared for it,
though at times I rejoice that she was spared that the constant
mental exertion I went through, that continual struggle to
keep ones will right!

I will tell you my dear friend, why I trusted so implicitly
to the words of the Physicians. — I asked the opinion of the
greatest Surgeon we have, Sir Benjamin Brodie. after a short pause
he said, "See, I may as well tell you the truth, there is no
"chance of recovery, though I know as little as you do, how soon
"it will end." This man always speaks the truth, and is
considered harsh by many. It was just what I wanted, I
did not wish him to pity me but to give me simply the
benefit of his art, I shall ever look upon him with real
attachment. — The other Physicians, mistified us, as they think

it right to do, and perhaps it may be ~~ing~~ particularly in this case where it was very difficult to fix the precise cause of her Illness, which commenced with a sort of Rheumatism on the Nerves.

There was so much exertion to be made while in London, that the sudden change to the utter quiet of this lovely place is almost overpowering, and I suppose, that increasing weakness of health, is the natural consequence of such long anxiety and want of sleep, fortunately as long as there was any call for strength it was preserved to us, and this House is just adapted to our present wishes, situated in a large garden, which extends down to the Water. We sit of an evening looking out on the bright everchanging sea, and talking of Mamma, and the never ending subject often lasts till the moon light falls on all.

This intense repose, and the vivid pleasure which I have in reading, and thinking, } from having been long debarred from both, makes me loth to leave it, though I feel that a fortnight's utter secession from ones duties is as much as one ought to allow oneself. Mental Drunkenness is nearly as bad for one as bodily, so I must return to the nauseous small Beer of Household matters!

The incessant Letters I have to answer, are very wearisome, in the first place I hate writing as it were, bulletins of my feelings to those who however kind, will not understand them, and then it weakens them in myself, do not the ideas one cherishes most, exist best in a sort of shadowy abstraction? (How exactly and how beautifully are my feelings expressed in

the Extract out of her Album in the first lot of those dear letters! though I have a dread which she could never feel - the doubt whether I may not be deceiving myself. } In writing to you, on the contrary, I am affording myself a very great, but a selfish pleasure; will you forgive me for not being better able to follow the example you set, of keeping one's grief to oneself, lest it should damp the joy of others?

It is so comforting to be certain that one is understood and sympathized with, and to know that those best qualified to appreciate a lovely character will also mourn for one so dear to me, for it is as it were a stamp, on the fitness of my sorrow. Your letter went straight to my heart, every word of it was so true! Far, far indeed does the gain of having lived with, and enjoyed the society of those ^{for whom} we mourn, predominate over the grief of having lost them!

And you wrote to me when you were so unwell! I will not try to express how thankful I feel for your affection. Would that I could in some way lighten your hours of solitude! If I were but near enough to read to you, (I am an excellent Reader now) you need not use those hard tried eyes. - And now it is a real pain to me to be obliged to end at once but I am still too weak to write comfortably, I cannot understand why I feel as though I had gone through a long sleep. I have not said half I wished to say!

How much have I to thank you for besides! but I must own that I love your letters best of all - the one of the 4th of June arrived with its enchanting Packet a few days ago, (we have heard nothing of Mr. Hensel's) the memoirs are delight

=ful; I have as yet only reached the middle of the first vol.
but every word interests me, particularly the visit to Richter
some of whose works I was reading in the Summer.
Mr. Coley I never saw again. Farewell, do not think me pre-
sumptuous my most valued friend, in having dwelt so
much on the comfort of my present feelings, but I wanted
principally to save you from sorrow when thinking of me,
you see what confidence I have that you would sympathize
with me! and now I almost tremble at having said so
much, yet many things have I omitted which my heart
longed to tell you.

Mary is very anxious that I should give you her love and
thanks for your mention of her but I cannot write all she
tells me now. . . believe me ever dearest Sir,

your affec^tly most grateful
J. Williams Wynne.

We are going to Buxton for Papa's health
they are hot waters and sometimes do
good in gouty cases.



A Monsieur

Monsieur Carthagen d'Exe

Berlin.

Mars 1848 36

[Signature]



Charlotte Wynne.

Longwood, Jan 26. September 1838.



Wangenheim

Septem^r 28th

You would have heard from me long
ere this my dear Friend, had I not been so
unwell as to have been unable to do any
thing I wished; each Week I have hoped, the
next one would find me stronger, this hope
however, has been so often disappointed that
I will now, no longer delay writing a line
to thank you for your letter, lest you should
think me ungrateful for what has been
a comfort and pleasure, beyond what I
can express. — All that you say so
truly, and beautifully of my loved Mother
is treasured up in my Heart, and believe
me dear Friend! your sympathy for
us in this heavy affliction has made
an impression on me which nothing
can ever efface. — That I may some time

or other, be able to say to you all I feel
is my most ardent wish, for my Pen grows
every day more icy and cramped though
my feelings do not!—

I believe I mentioned before that we were
going to Hurston, in the hopes that its
Waters might produce the effects of the
German ones upon Papa, but on the contrary
the extreme Cold of the Place increased
his Rheumatism and he quitted it,
worse in every respect, than when he
arrived; the anxiety I felt on his account
was much heightened by finding that
the same Cold had brought back Sidney's
cough, and the Doctor strongly recom-
mended us to pass the Winter in a
warmer Climate; to this, Papa naturally
has so decided a repugnance that it is
a measure which I cannot urge him
to take until it is necessary for Sidney,
and then I know well it will be too late
to be of any real use to her!— I can easily
understand his aversion to leaving all his

old habits for a year. If I were but by myself
I should soon be across the Alps with her!
The cough has at present subsided, and as I can
do nothing, I must only hope.—

During a whole fortnight, we had constant
rain at Buxton, and used to sit in our
tiny parlour from 9 o'clock in the morning un-
til 9 at night, without stirring, which was
good neither for body nor mind; I was
most anxious to save Sidney's life, for Papa
and I are very silent people, and I think
it is so bad for a weakly person to be
obliged to depend solely upon her own
mind to furnish forth all the amusement
interest, and employment of the day.—
Such sort of living on oneself is neither
wholesome nor fitting and I was delighted
to transplant her here, where she can look
after the flowers and cut down the trees.—
I suppose that the daily anxiety injured
my health, although at the time I was not
aware of it, for it gave way completely
as soon as I arrived at this Place, two months

ago, and I have suffered much. They tell me to have patience and that I shall soon recover, yet Nervous Illness is perhaps the most difficult to be content under,

Pain is more easily endured; it does not degrade one to one self; but I cannot bear that Physical weakness should have power to influence my mind.

Rachael says in that most admirable

Letter: ^{the 2^d vol. P. 524.} "es bleibt entzighlich, das cin Wesen mit Gedanken, schickig ist, gemacht zu werden."

Is not it far more fearful to think that bodily feelings may alter the thoughts of that being, or rather may limit them? I can hardly believe that I am the same person I was two months ago, and yet my reason tells me so strongly that the impenetrable blackness I see around me, proceeds merely from Illness, or rather is Illness, that I do not trouble myself to fight against it, but just live on any how: My dear Sir, How weak you will think me! yet I must tell you

the walk.

Mary and her children are with us which is the greatest delight to me, and this place is so intimately connected with Emma, that every tree reminds of something she has said, for while Papa was in office we used to pass months alone with her here, so that in truth, we knew her as few children have known their mother, and still as I sit under those trees she loved so much, I cannot believe that that "frischen Lebens-fülle", which is so perfect a designation of it, has passed away from Earth forever!

But I find I am not strong enough to write longer, and yet I have so much to say, so much to thank you for! I trust I shall be able to send you ^{some} a less selfish glowing Letter than this is.

Have you left Berlin this summer?

Do you go out much? tell me more about

yourself my dear Sir, and believe that nothing
is more interesting to me.

How I should like to see you here! and
yet the delight would be alloyed by the
fear lest you should find a difference
between this old damp House and the
comforts of your own. -

all the Books arrived, and I have lived
upon them! adieu my dear friend

every one affec^{ts}.

W^m Williams Wynn.

1029

yourself my dear Sir and before that I
was more interesting to me
than I should like to see you here and
yet the obligation would be placed on the
fact that you should find a objection
between the two things that I am
confronted of your own
and the other things and have been
upon them. I am very much

Very much
affectionately
yours

26. Sept. 1838

Charles W. Williams
28ynm.

28ynmberg, 24. November 1838.

Wynnstäig
November 24th
1838



I will not leave Wales my dearest Sir, without writing once more to you, as I know your affectionate interest in us, will make you glad to hear, that we are all in better health than when I last wrote, and in truth, I have since thought, that it was very selfish of me to send so gloomy a letter, but, I could not help it. —

Papa is less suffering; he intends to go abroad early in the summer, and probably spend the winter in a warmer climate, which rejoices me much, not only on his account, but also on Sidney's; meanwhile, we must get through the season as well as we can, but I dread the cold of the House of Commons for him.

Mary and her children have been with us until now, and you can imagine what an intense happiness it was to have her! The gaiety of children too, is so much less fatiguing to one's spirits than that of one's fellows. — The eldest of 4 years old, is far too merry to learn aught, but what she chooses; because no one desired her, her great wish was to know German and whenever she saw me reading would say, "Aunt (Pa), read me a bit of German, I understand it quite well." — I do not think my own health improved while

at Slangedwin. I had too much to do, and used
after a long, long day, quite to look forward to
night, when I knew I should at least dream of
Mamma. I am ashamed at finding how much
outward, seemingly indifferent things add to
my cares, but I have perhaps, more of them
than is usually the lot of those who have still
a Parent left. She was all to my Father, she
managed the whole of his affairs, and of course
he is not likely now, to trouble his head more
about them, yet is he so kind that were I
to hint how great a burden I feel it, he would
at once toil through them himself, so that
I have not even the pleasure of complaint.
To all this however, Time will accustom
me and it is but selfishness at best, produced
I hope only, by my bad health.

One ceremony, ludicrous as it sounds, really
oppresses me. The having to order dinner
every day! Each Mistress of a family in
England is expected to say what Meats &c.,
the cooks are to send up, and I assure ^{you} it
requires more exercise of the imagination
and of the inventive powers than any
thing I ever attempted before!

Besides, it is a remnant of barbarism
in my opinion, and consequently, Sidney &
I, are firmly resolved when we are old

Maids, to settle in Germany, where one can find
a dinner without having to invent it beforehand!
Now, however, this weight is gone the present
off my shoulders until the 10th of next month
when we are to go to the Sea, in order to avoid
the cold of our Welsh Winter.

We remained at Llangedwin, until the damp
of the House, and the bad state of the Roads
around, made a longer stay very objectionable,
it is not an enticing Winter residence from
the poverty by which one is surrounded, and
while there, I never cease longing that in these
days of Manufactories and Rail Roads, we might
get one through the valley. The constant
thoroughfare it must produce, would make the
wretched people so much better off. For at present
the enormous extent of Country belonging to my
uncle, prevents any resident Gentry there,
and of course therefore, (although he gives profusely,
the Poor get less work and help than if there
were many small Proprietors. I am told that
the immorality & vice which Manufactories
invariably create, ought to make one dread their
introduction amongst our simple Peasantry
and perhaps they are right, though it still
seems to me a difficult Problem to solve; how
far one is justified, in starving their Bodies,
in order to preserve their Souls.

This is a long egotistical story, but I judge of
you by myself, and feeling how much I long

to know how you are, what you have done this Autumn
and what you mean to do, I write as I would be
written to!

I have never mentioned how much the last
2 vols. of your Memoirs delighted me! They will
not shut for flowers! (this requires some explana-
-tion, to those who know not that I am in the
habit of propping in a flower, to mark any
page I particularly like; they are to me as a
sort of journal afterwards, and even, when gladi-
-ving back the feelings with which I read
the passage more freshly than does the actual
Black and White of it, so your first vol. is full
of the White Rose leaves of July, already, alas!
grown almost brown, but the Septemb^r. Jesamine
in the 2.^d still keeps its flower).

Souly grieve that you do not dwell longer on
your own life; for although the detached Bio-
-graphy is very interesting in itself, it still
is not as much so to me, as the residences in
Prague, Steinfurt &c. you promise however to give
us some more vols so I must wait with as much
patience as I can muster.

Your midnight readings of the Geister-hund, (which
I had just finished by broad daylight,) the visit
to Jean Paul, and above all, every word you
say, respecting Stein enchanted me, I have had
the luck of meeting with so many men who
pass their lives in trying to place B behind
C and then vote themselves clever for it! —



24. Nov 1838

The descriptions of Scenery also, are so singularly beautiful and true, that as I read them, I feel transported in a sort of dreamy existence into the midst of the old Towns, and the castle of Bentheim with its ellenkühnes Gras. - Then, there is an account of a walk the evening before you left Tübingen that is perfect, not one word too much, or too little in it. That, and Goethe's description of his first views & feelings on looking down upon Strasburg are equally dear to me. Do not my dear Sir, think me presumptuous for venturing to speak so decidedly, but I fancy you will like to know the impressions your work has produced upon me; I will no longer bore you by giving you an Auctioneer's catalogue of all the passages I admired, yet I am certain there is not a sentence in your volumes, that is not in some degree appreciated by me, though I may not be able to discover their whole beauty. - A Poet's eye and feelings are, I honestly think, necessary to happiness in this world, and when to such feelings the power of expressing them suitably is added the gift becomes indeed of twofold value as being no longer a selfish pleasure! I have often been inclined to grumble that this power has been so completely denied to me, to very few people should I dare to say this, but you, ~~think~~ my dear friend, will know, that I mention it as a fact and not as an opinion merely, which admits of, or calls for a contradiction. Fortunately however, I became aware of it early; Mamma used to think that writing Poetry,

(miscalled so) was good practice, and I have no doubt she was right, but I used to be so utterly in despair, when I found how unequal my language was to express my ideas, that it used really to make me wretched, and I was not happy until I resolutely resisted ever writing a line, and contented myself with thinking. You will easily therefore understand, that the very want I feel in myself makes me take the more delight in finding the contrary in others. —

Your Brother in Law's is Poetry! and never did I read a Book which produces a stronger feeling of love and admiration for its Author. Many numbers I would add to those you were kind enough to specify 111, 188, 214 &c. — perhaps 59 is the most perfect throughout. The Epigrams too, are unusually terse and spirited, you can imagine how worthy I was of the "Kampfe der Zeit," when I mention, that they would not allow me to read them of an Evening, as it interfered with my falling sleep.

Professor Hensel had the kindness to leave your Pamphlet, and letter, during the Week we passed in Town. — I was much grieved that I was then too unwell to see him, but trust to make his acquaintance if he remains in England during the Winter. The Essay is a most curious and interesting one and I am ashamed to say, treated of a perfectly new subject to me. A friend of mine who met with your Review in London praised it most highly to me, and he so seldom

allows any thing is good that your Essay is almost a solitary exception.

A daughter of Lord Edward Somerset's is going to marry a rich Livonian Baron Grotthuss, I suppose he must be a son of the Lady you mention. —

If you know any thing respecting him, will you kindly tell it me? She is a very beautiful, uneducated unaffected girl whom we met last year at Wiesbaden. I & I passed the winter at Mannheim where his daughter met this man and she writes word that she has no doubt of being happy, for the Baron speaks four languages, and plays on the guitar!

All our South Wales countrymen have lately been engaged in celebrating an Eisteddod, or "meeting of Bards". These ancient festivals, have been revived during the last ten years, for the encouragement of Welsh literature and for the continuation of its language and peculiar music. I have seldom been more amused than by the account of this fête which seems to have been peculiarly absurd. In general, some little information is given in the different speeches, but this time they had invited over some Bretons, to assist in honouring the country from which they also originally came. Louis Philippe accordingly, sent a Deputation, consisting of three or four Breton gentlemen, and an Ode of Lamartine's written for the occasion, which unfortunately, not being translated, was much

like Hebrew to the good Welsh, however this reputation was considered a great honour, and consequently, the Welsh praised the Bretons, and the Bretons, praised the Welsh during three days of incessant speechifying!

It all concluded by a most ludicrous ceremony, and it is difficult to conceive why it was now revived after the lapse of centuries. — The title of Bard was conferred upon the principal spokesman of the Bretons, who seems to have been willing "to fool" them to the top of their bent," and who I trust will not suffer for his civility. — Imagine a cold November day, with drizzling rain and sleet falling the whole time; the Priest of the Bards took his station in an open field, bare-headed, and bare-footed, clad in a white robe, a chaplet round his head, signifying something, and a scarf round his waist, signifying something else. I suppose, the Cardinal, or rather the Bardic Vestue, — after he had delivered an oration, the candidate for Bardic Honours, also bare-headed, and bare-footed, entered the Druidical circle, and listened to a long exposition of his duties in Welsh, to which he answered as much at length in the Breton language, expressed his gratitude and joy, and concluded by saying, he felt a thrill through him (no wonder in such better weather!) at being deemed worthy of the great distinction that was about to be conferred upon him. The Druid then, with infinite dignity presented him with a bit of Blue Ribbon to tie round his Arm, and the shouts of the enraptured, but shivering crowd around proclaimed the ceremony

24. Nov. 1838

at an end. — Do not now, I beseech you, suspect me of a want of due respect for my forefather's customs, because I have ventured to laugh at their revival in this case. —

From the excitement that has prevailed lately on account of Lord Durham's return, little has been published but political pamphlets relating to the question. I have read nothing new, excepting Mr. Ward's Essay on our Revolution of 1688 which has engaged a good deal of attention. He takes a very conservative view of it, and should it come in your way might perhaps interest you, — though it is too ~~soon~~ exclusively an attack upon Mackintosh's History, and a Largier's attack also; I mean that he cavils at the justice of every word of the former's separately, without ever taking the general tenor of the sentence. —

Mr. Ward is supposed however to be a distinguished Writer, his reputation rests principally upon a Novel which he wrote a few years ago, and of which the 2 & 3^d Vols. are entirely taken up by an inquiry into the depths of Divinity; a thing that always particularly provokes me, it is treating one exactly as one's Nurse used to do, trying to cheat one into taking physic by wrapping it up in Sweetmeat! Under the disguise of a Novel, and the pretence of amusement he pokes his religious opinions down one's Throat! With this feeling I am not perhaps a fair judge

of his merits so here I shall end & will try if
there are any violets in the Garden. —

I cannot help feeling that we shall meet next year,
but I must first contrive to learn to speak German,
and am so extraordinarily stupid that I
am as far off from it as ever. — It is true that
I never hear it.

My sister Mary intends to pass the Summer between
Ems and Wiesbaden, & the Winter at Vienna, I
hope to accompany her and shall then take no
excuse for your not meeting us somewhere.
We will have plenty of Tea together! How happy
I should be! you would come, would not you?

ever your affec^{to}

Charlotte Williams Wynne

The violets are few, and this year they have taken
it into their heads to be more modest than usual
for they hide themselves under their leaves till
it is almost impossible to find them out. —
How happy I was when I sent you some before
from this place!!

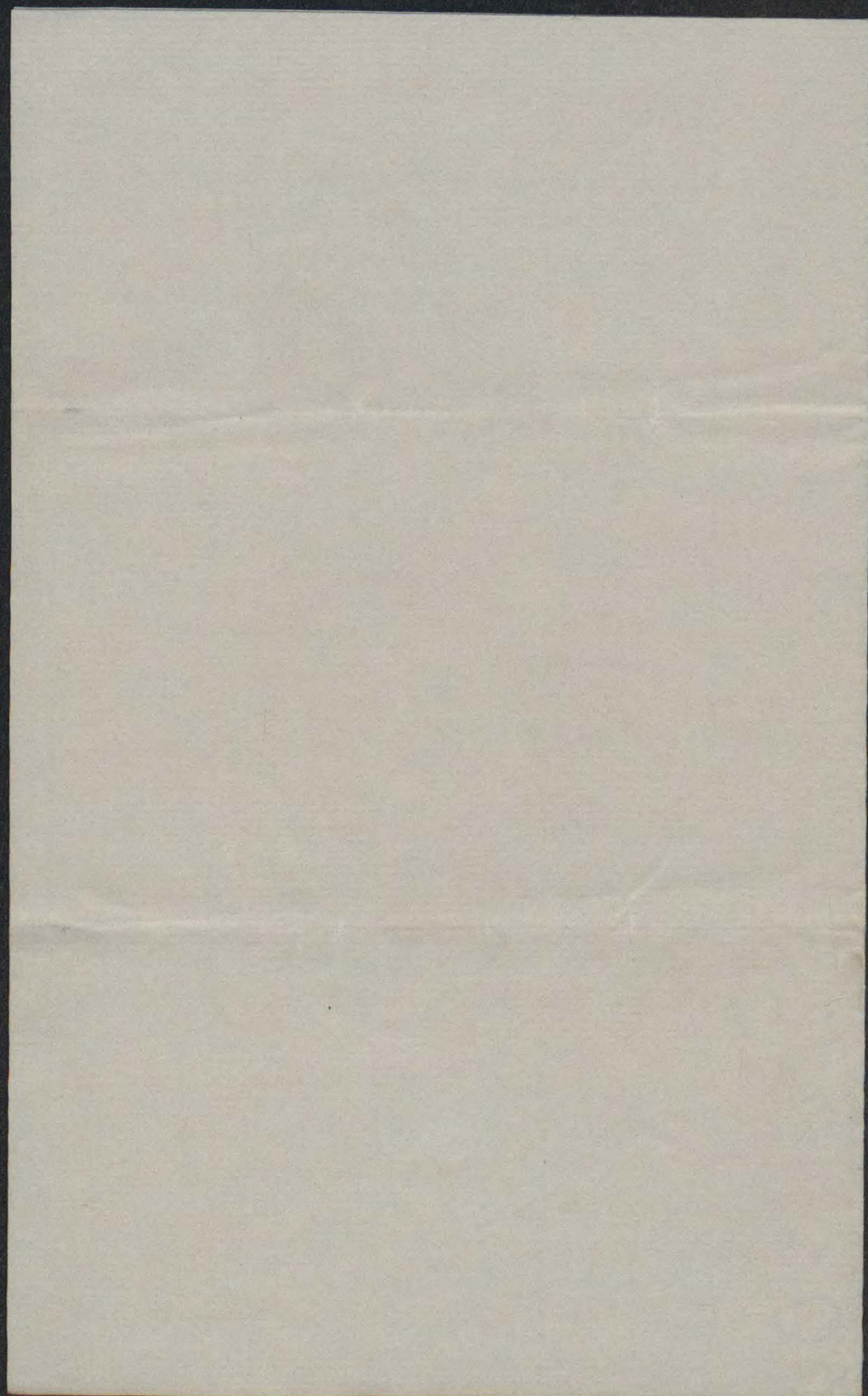


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1880



Carlotta Williams
2/2/90.

Nov. 5. Dec. 1898.

Stowe
Dec. 5. 1898.



My dear Sir,

Mr. Asher promises to forward the accompanying volume for me, which has created so much sensation here that I venture to send it, hoping it may interest you in some degree, although I am aware there are many passages which cannot meet with your approbation. -

The Author is a man of seven and twenty who, in spite of his youth, is more looked up to by the conservative party, than any other in England; he is the dearest friend of my brother-in-law and by those of his own opinions, he is venerated almost like a God. -

His great charm to me, is his thorough conscientiousness; having after mature deliberation adopted very strict opinions, (I should call them narrow minded ones) he has never swerved a hair's-breadth

from them to further his own interest, which has sometimes been in collision with them, and this is no slight superiority in these days when it is so common, and is supposed to be so excusable in political men to do the contrary!

The labour and reading necessary for the work must have been great, and it is considered the most convincing argument that has ever been written on the well-worn subject. I hope I am not inclined to cavil but it does not appear to be so to me, as Papa however, has not yet read it, I have had no opportunity of hearing his opinion and shall study it again at Hastings. — I know not whether the subject will bore you, but it is such a pleasure to me to fancy we are reading the same Books, that I shall run the risk.

The other little volume of Essays is pleasantly written, and may amuse you as it did me.

We arrived here a few days ago, en route to London, where I cannot help hoping

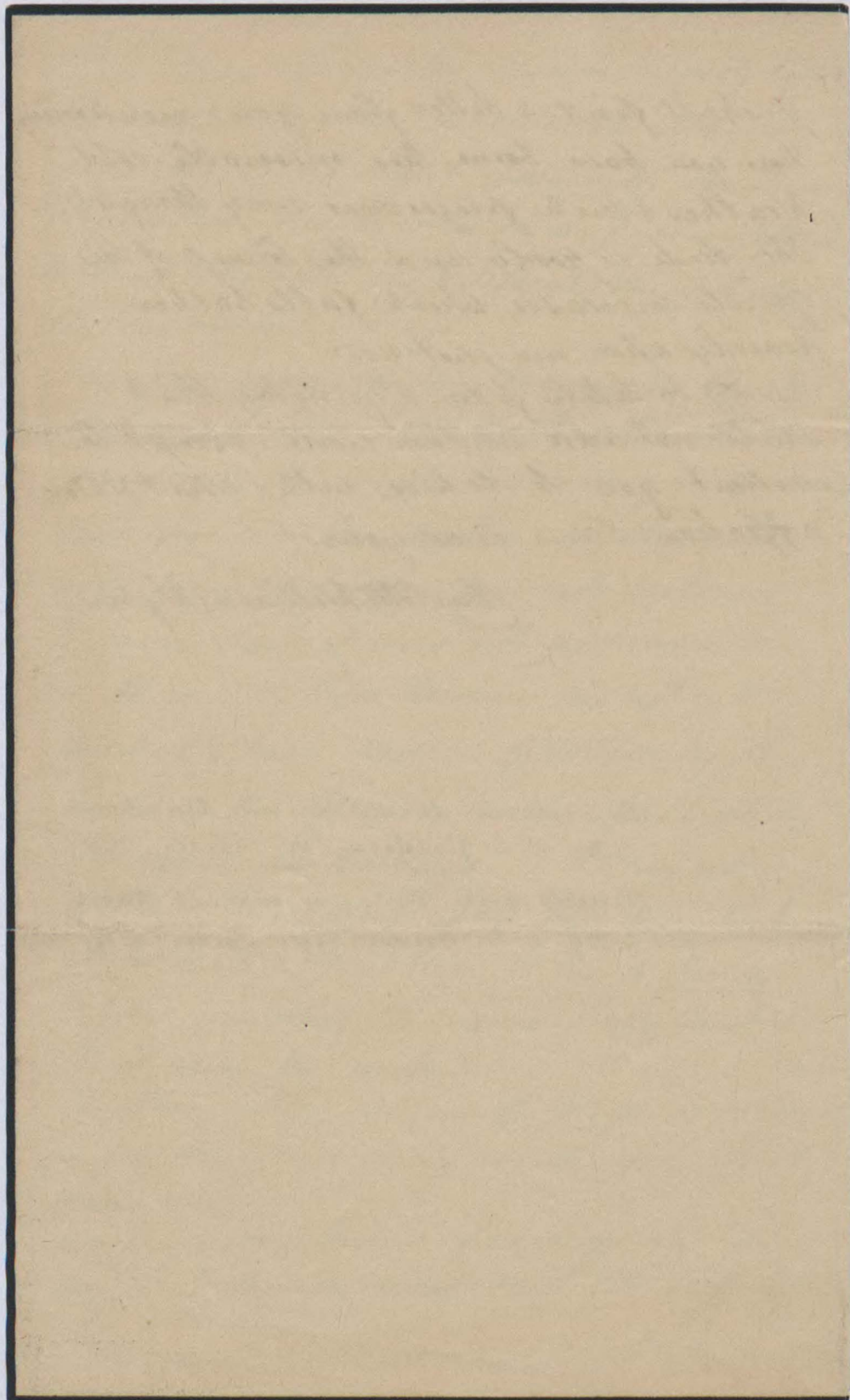
I shall find a letter from you mentioning
how you have borne this miserable cold
Weather which freezes ones very thoughts.
The Duke is poorly, and the loss of his
spirits increases, which falls rather
heavily upon me just now.

I wrote so lately from Wynnstay that
I will not add another word, except to
entreat you to believe with what sincere
affection, I am ever yours;

Charlotte Williams Wynne.

The State in its relations with the Church.
By W. E. Gladstone, Esq. London, 1838.

Thoughts of the times; or men and things.
By T. B. Browne, Esq. London, 1838.



Charlotte William
24/12/38.

Hastings, Dec 28. December 1838.

Hastings
Dec 28



Your delightful Parcel, dearest Sir, arrived just before we left London for this place and although I have so lately written, I must thank you for it at once. — You can have no idea how very dear your letters are to me, the day that brings one is really your de fête, and this last would have been peculiarly interesting to me were it not for the sad account you give of yourself, which makes me very melancholy as I have begun to discover that Health is a necessary of life, or rather that it appears so to me, (see how selfish I am, and how little I possess of your beautiful resignation.) do you know I always hate myself after reading one of your letters. I still, I trust, that by this time you will have become hardened, and used to the intense cold which has this Winter visited us so early, as to forestall the usual fogs and chills which in general are coeval with Christmas Day. What good Angel prompted you to send me such a present, just at the very moment, when, on the eve of setting off

for Hastings, I was racking my brains for
some Books that would suit to take with me?
but I need not ask, for it is the same good
Angel, from whose inspirations I have already
gained so much - your own kind heart!
The specimens of German Prose appears
an enchanting work, picking out all the
Plumbe of its Authors without giving
one even the trouble of hunting for them.
I have not yet had time to do more than
look at them, but I long for to-morrow when
I can sit, and read in peace; you would
not suspect me of discontinuing my German,
if I inflicted upon you the List, of somewhat
crabbed Books I have read. -

How I wish we could transport you here for
the Winter! which Sam told is never felt;
the Houses being sheltered by high Cliffs
from all cold Winds. Sidney and I,
arrived two days ago, Papa being in Wales
on business, and we are now settled in
a tiny house, all but in the sea, for its
Waves dash within ten Yards of our Win-
dows. - I cannot express to you how odd
it feels to us to be quite alone in a
strange place, which with so very large
a family as ours is, has never before
happened, still it is very pleasant;
I am so fond of the Sea that I never weary

of looking on it and listening to its eternal
roar, we therefore preferred taking this
little Nest, which is out of the way rather
than one in the fashionable part of Hastings,
which looks out on the promenade, where
melancholy Ladies & Gentlemen are pacing up
and down, here, I see nothing but the expanse
of Sea, with the Gulls dancing on the crests
of the white waves, and a very pleasant
idle life theirs must be, I think!

There is a man vainly intending to shoot
some, just under my window, but luckily
from the specimens he has given of his
^{skill} I believe the Gulls may dance on in peace.

We passed a Week in our dear old London
House, which empty, and forlorn as its rooms
now look is still dearer to me than any other
can ever be, and you can understand how
it provokes me to hear our Relations, urging
us to get rid of it, on the plea that it
must recall sorrowful thoughts. I know
they mean it in kindness only, but I cannot
bear that the happiness of the living
should be deemed incompatible with
a constant remembrance of the dead.
Fortunately Papa is not of their opinion.
He is very poorly, though perhaps not more
so than we had every right to expect; I
wish much, he could have been persuaded

To try the warm Bathing here, but we
begged in vain, and in truth, I know it
would have bored him so thoroughly,
that perhaps, the advantage his Health
might derive, would not counterbalance
the weariness to his spirits however, as we
are to remain two or three months, he may
change his mind, meanwhile we do not
know a creature in the place, so that we
escape all visits, and dull exertion, and
you see therefore how much time I shall
have to enjoy your enchanting Present!

The last thing I read in Town, was a Review
of your Memoirs &c. in the Westminster Review.
Undoubtedly, Mr. Carlyle will have sent
it you, as I am told he is the author of
the Article, though it is very difficult
to believe that he could write such atrocious
English, Papa thinks it must have been
written by a Foreigner. - I suppose it can
only proceed from affectation, in a man
like Carlyle, but one wishes he would
believe that it is quite possible to admire
the German Language truly, without
writing German English. To prove it
was it not Niebuhr who spoiled his ^{native} style
by his devotion to English?

Some parts of the Article pleased me
much, but surely the criticisms on

28 Dec 1832

Michael's letters, are most contradictory and absurd. I fairly cannot understand them, and should like to know what you think of it, as I ought not to give my own opinion on the subject. Papa admired the extract from, "the Court of Napoleon", more than he has any thing for very long; he said that in spite of the vileness of the Translation, it appeared to him to be by far, the cleverest, and truest picture of Napoleon that he had ever seen, but he was so enraged at the way in which it was mangled by the Translator that I have promised to put it into a more simple every day style for him. I fancy the Mr Lewis who visited you must have been the son of an old friend of ours one who translated a History of the Dorians. He has always had the reputation of talents, and I believe justly, but his extreme solemnity and Political phrase used to bore me.

Adieu, my dear friend, I have nothing here, but Sea news to tell you and my Nov^r letter will have given you our plans which each day seems to confirm. Mary is so poorly that even if Papa should not be able to leave England in June I think it most probable that we shall

accompany her to Lms, and wait there until
he joins us. I think I shall bribe your
Physician to order you to the Baths
where we are! and yet, I feel so changed
from what I was, when we became acquainted,
that sometimes fear, if you then liked
me you cannot do so now. —

My Sister writes me word that she is
studying German hard, but amuses me
by begging that I will recommend her
an easy History to read, as her Master
being a sort of Trader at Leeds, understands
more about Wool, and cloth than about
Literature. —

Farewell my dear Sir, I never much loved
any of my Uncles and was always amazing-
ly afraid of them so do not call yourself
an Uncle to your affectionate,

Ch Williams Wynn.

I trust Mr. Asher has forwarded a little
Bot. to you, though I sent it in trembling
lest he might make you pay for carriage
which it is not worth again let me
thank you for all your kindness. —

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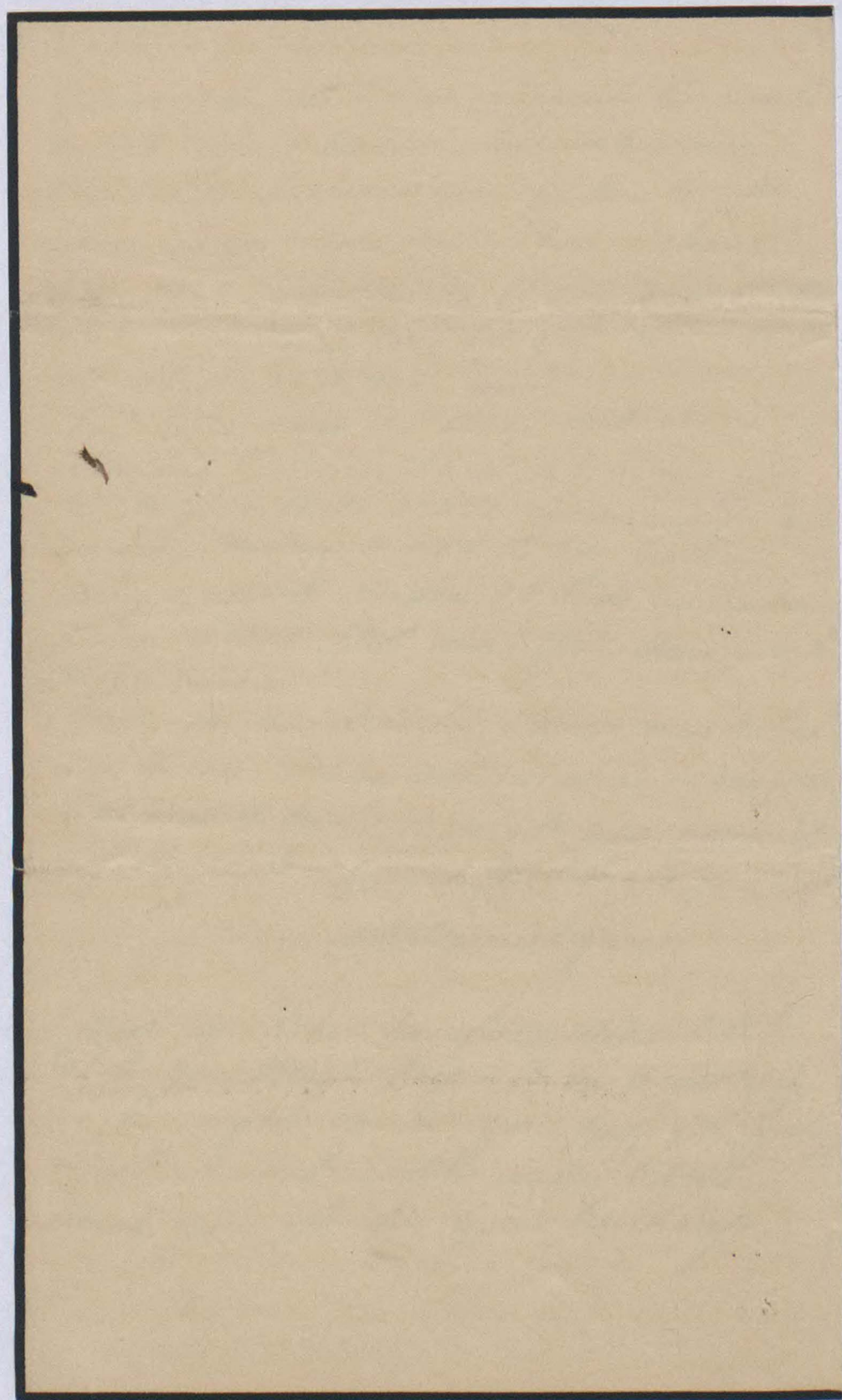
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Charlotte Willmann Wynne.

Hastings den 6. März 1839.

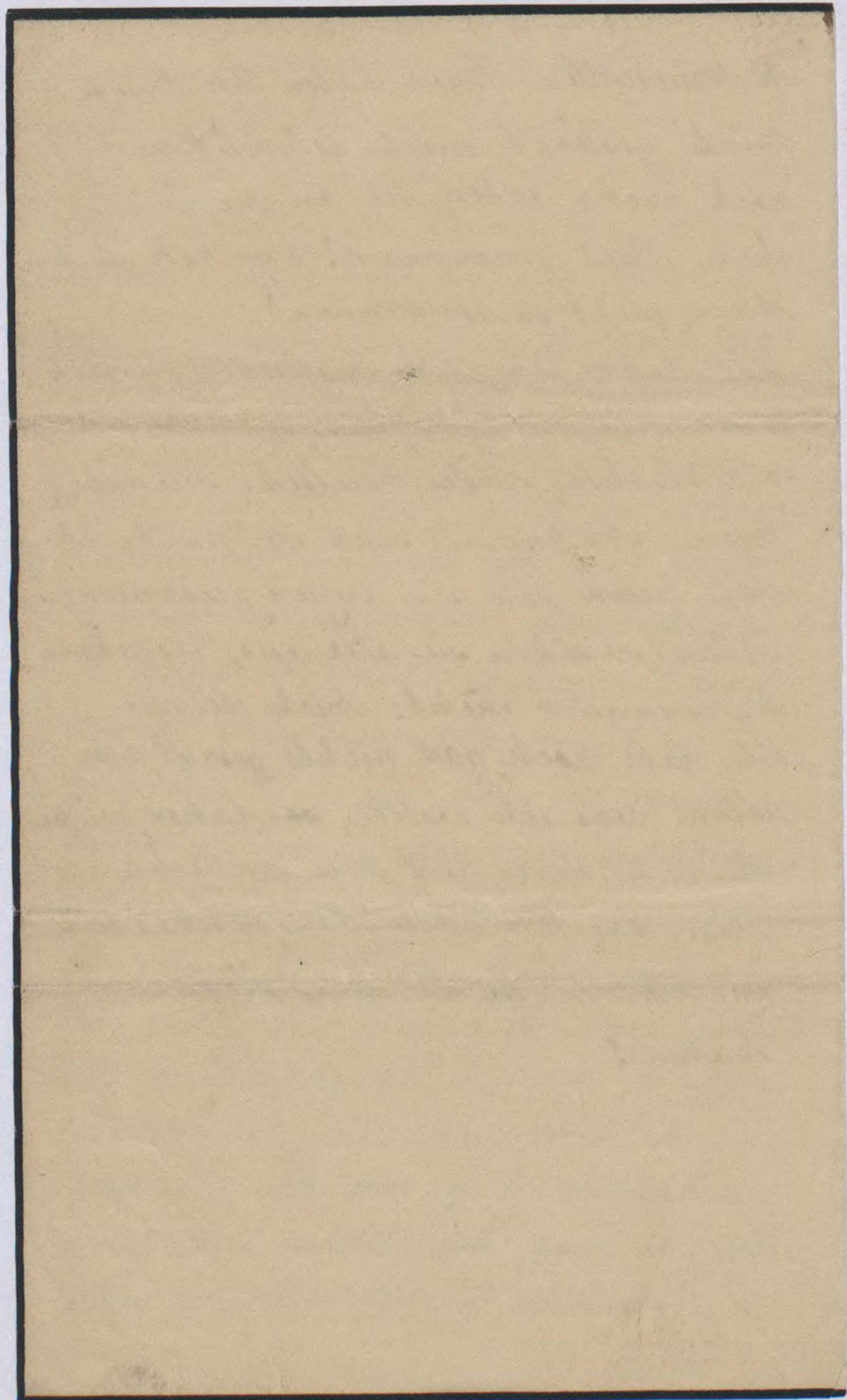
Erst Heute lieber Herr habe ich Ihren theueren Brief erhalten und das innigste Bedauern welches er mir verursacht hat kann ich Ihnen nicht beschreiben. - Da ich schon lange nichts von Ihnen erhörte, so tröstete ich mich mit der Hoffnung dass Sie sich besser befänden und auch dass Sie vielleicht zu viel mit wichtigen Arbeiten beschäftigt wären um mich schreiben zu können. Also, wenn vor einer Woche mein Vater mir gemeldet hat dass ein an mich gerichtetes Packet angekommen sey, war ich ganz entzückt! Ich freute mich sogar mehr als gewöhnlich über diesen Brief, und wie schmerzliche dessen Inhalt mir getauscht hat! Wirklich werde ich bestraft dass ich mich nach einem Briefe so heftig gesehnt habe, denn jetzt bin ich fast traurig Liniern bekommen zu haben. - Ich fürchte dass in solcher

Kranklichkeit Sie nicht so viel schreiben
sollten. Ich bitte Sie denn, schreiben Sie
mir nicht wieder wenn Sie so unwohl
sind, sonst werde ich Sie überdrüssig
werden. Noch hoffe ich, dass bevor Sie
diesen Zeilen lesen, Ihr Zustand ganz
verändert sey. - "Geduld muss mein
Losungswort bleiben" sagen Sie, das
allein ist ein für mich zu schweres
Losungswort, so wollen wir die Hoffnung
damit verknüpfen. - Das Wetter heilt
sich auf, der Frühling kommt und
bringt die Gesundheit mit!

Berzählen Sie es mir, wenn ich mich
erühre, Ihnen, in Ihrer eigenen Sprache
einige Zeilen zu schreiben. - Gewiss mache
ich darin unendliche Fehler, doch ist es
mir ein grosses Vergnügen Ihnen endlich
auf Deutsch, anstatt Englisch, zu sagen
wie herzlich, wie unaussprechlich, ich
Ihren für alle Ihre Güte verbunden
bin! Dies möchte ich gern in allen
den Sprachen der Erde wiederholen!

In trauervollen Tagen haben Ihre Briefe
mich gestärkt, mich getröstet, und
noch mehr haben Sie an meinem
Leide Theil genommen! Was habe ich denn
Ihnen, nicht zu verdanken!

Jetzt kehre ich zum Englischen zurück..
Es ist mir unbegreiflich, warum ich
so schlechtes, steifes Deutsch schreibe,
meine Sentenzen sind so zertheilt
daß wenn ich sie sogar zusammen-
stellen, so sehen sie alle aus, als gehören
Sie einander nicht. Mich dünkt,
ich habe noch gar nichts gesagt, von
allem was ich wollte, so daher müssen
Sie sich denn, auf eine geschickte
Weise, das Herz einbilden, welches sich
in Wörtern nicht ausdrücken
kann!



6 Mar 1839



Hastings.

And now again in English, I must try to express to my dear friend how sorrowful his letter made me. Surely, surely, you ought to leave Berlin not only for the summer months, but also for the winter ones and try whether a more genial climate and a warmer purer air (if it be not high-treason to the Vaterland) to suppose that such can exist,} might not entirely restore your precious health? —

I hear such wonders of the effect of a winter in Italy that I begin to believe, we shall make the experiment, in the autumn. Were you there, I might look forward to the prospect with very different feelings, at present, I cannot say they are pleasurable ones. —

In the midst of all your sad sufferings, how very kind of you still to think of what may conduce to my amusement, but I cannot bear that you should have made the exertion of writing because you imagined I might expect an answer! Do not think me so exigante again. —

Having passed a long three months here, we go to London next week; Sidney is however so much better, that one feels contented to have undergone the discomfort and dreariness of an English watering place. The mild relaxing climate on the contrary, does not agree

with me, and I have also been somewhat thrown
back by the loss of a dear friend, which has made
the latter part of our stay most melancholy. —
You may have seen by the Papers the death of
the Duke of Buckingham, which was so sudden
that I had the shock of seeing the account first
in the News-Paper, having heard from him only
two days before, when he was quite well. —

He caught cold coming out of the Bath and
the inflammation could not be reduced. —

To me, he was a friend such as I can never have
again; I may have others, and perhaps better
ones, but none who can love me so generously
and so well! Although but a year younger
than my Father, from his peculiar character he
were upon a par. Having had the misfortune,
(as we think it in England) not to be sent to any
Public School, during a long official career, he
never made many friends among his equals,
and therefore, clung the more closely to those who
he happened to like, and who from age and
sex, were likely to be disinterested in their
attachment to him. — You must forgive
me for dwelling thus at length on my loss. —

It reminds me too, that I have never expressed
to you the sorrow with which I heard of Chamisso's
death, sorrow, not only for your sake, but personally.
I had long felt an ardent desire to know
him, to hear more of him, and unlikely as

the fulfilment of my wish appeared, still,
as long as he was inhabiting the same Earth
it was not hopeless, and now it is all at an
end! — For the present! —

Dorchester. I brought my letter with me ^{to} Town,
April 8th and have been too completely engrossed
by Papa's Illness to continue it until now, when
we are come down here to try the effect of
a little country air upon him. He has had
the most violent fit of Rheumatism I have
ever seen, and is only now slowly creeping out.
It proves the more clearly, that some new
Remedy must be tried and he promises to
set off for Wiesbaden the beginning of June;
I own, I fear, that when he becomes a little stronger,
and Politics a little more interesting, he will
hardly adhere to his resolution of going so
soon, but still in the course of June he will
be there. Painful as it is to him to return to
that spot, it would be madness to give up
the proved good for the unproved; with me
it is just the contrary, and I had infinitely
rather go to a Place where I had been with Mamma
than to any fresh one so that I look forward
to it with delight. — Our present plan is,
that after he has gone through the Kur at
Wiesbaden, he should leave us with my sister
Mary, who is to pass the Summer in gaining
strength previous to her wintering at Vienna,

that Papa should return to England, with Charles, settle him at Oxford, arrange his County affairs, and pick us up in October on his way to Italy, though as yet, we cannot make our Geography and our wishes unite; I want to discover, that Berlin, Dresden and Munich are on the straight Road to Italy!

Forgive me dear Sir, for now troubling you with a question, upon which if you can throw any light you will much oblige me. — One of my Sisters, Mrs Lindesay, and her Husband, are going to pass a Year, or two, on the continent, their Place in Ireland being so solamp that it does not agree with her. They would like a quiet Town where they could find society and are inclined to Frankfort as being nearest. —

Do you know whether it is a pleasant Residence? the few days I passed there did not make me wish to see more of the inhabitants, but of course I could not judge. —

I have not yet thanked you for ~~the~~ many happy hours which I have passed in reading the Books you sent me, and now I must not expatiate on them, lest I should be again interrupted so that I am trying to condense all I have to tell you in the shortest possible space. —

The German Prose is most interesting, and Jung Stilling touched me much. — The death of the old Man is most beautifully drawn, and the

6 März 1839

whole offered a picture of feelings and of manners which were entirely new to me.

The Russian story is excellent, but that you should actually have learnt that language which most people suppose it is utterly useless to try to obtain after early childhood, does excite my unfeigned astonishment, and admiration! The last marks of your kindness I have as yet had little time to examine, for Papa keeps me in constant employment, but there are two things in your letter, for which I am inclined to scold you; one is, the doubt you express, (though I am certain you could not feel it) whether I shall not be bored by hearing so much of Rachel, and Carnhagen! and the other, the quiet satire with which you beg to be enlightened as to the atrocious English, of Mr. Carlyle's Translation. - However, I won't be laughed out of my opinion, and shall most valiantly proceed to proofs when we meet, of his not having done the Extract justice. - By the bye, after all, he did not write it. -

I read a few of Gentz's letters, and last night mentioned the Book to Mr. Grenville, my uncle. - He said that it a collection of those relating to Public affairs would be very interesting & valuable, that he was the best talker he ever heard. I was rather in hopes he would have continued the subject, but like most very old men his conversation is a little disjointed and

he went off to the following anecdote with which
he ended the subject. "I had known Gutz very
"well in Berlin - When he arrived in England
"he came to me, very anxious to see Pop, my Brother,
"(Lord Grenville,) and the other great men of the
"day, I asked them therefore to meet him at my
"House at Brainer, which they did and they
"all fell so much in love with the Prussian
"Statesman that they said they would dine the
"next day also with me. Now the thing I hate
"most in the world is the ordering Brainer
"so I told my servant "The same sort of Brainer
"as yesterday Francis." and thought no more
"on the subject, till to my amusement, when
"we sat down to Table we had precisely the
"same Dishes as the day before, not the
"slightest difference".

I can perfectly imagine the dismay which
such a sight must then have produced on my
Uncle who was one of the finest (fashionable)
Men of that day. —

M^r. Gladstone's Book has raised much clamour,
and the result is, that the Public opinion is un-
favourable to him. You are perhaps not likely
to have heard, that a great outcry is just
now made, by the Party who call themselves
"High Church," against a Sect, headed by Dr.
Pusey, and Newman, who call themselves
"Higher Church," and who are accused of intro-

= ducing Roman Catholic Doctrines.

It is the fashion for the young men to take violent part in the controversy, and I have often been amused by finding my Neighbour at dinner, while he sips his Soup trying to convince me of the danger of these Tenets; whether they are so, or not, requires a wiser head than mine, to determine, but as the propounders of them deny, and vehemently disclaim, every consequence which their adversaries declare must result from the propagation of such Doctrines — it seems to me both hard, and unfair to accuse the former of intentions which they utterly deny. —

Meanwhile the Puseyites are encroaching and Mr Gladstone is supposed to be inclining towards them.

You will by this time be quite tired of this dull Letter, but I am not very lively just now, and am not made more cheerful by the Weather — We are trying to fancy ourselves rural and enjoying the pleasures of the Country in the midst of a biting North Wind and Rain, which nips every Flower that dares to blick forth, of which in truth, they seem to be so perfectly aware that as yet none but the Russian violets have ventured to show themselves; I hope you will discover

the immeasurable superiority of our Welsh
Violets over those which I now enclose, born
in "degenerate England" as the Charterist
Newspaper terms it. Imagine our having a
body of men who call themselves the
National Convention, sitting regularly in
London and sending deputies to adorn the
Manufacturing Districts! The Government
saying they are perfectly aware of it, but
doing nothing; they are in hopes that no
movement will be made, till the Conservatives
come in, and then they will have the
odium of coercive measures.

Adieu, dearest Sir, I cannot tell you how
I long to hear that you are much better,
and that some delightful Doctor sends
you to the Banks of the Rhine this Summer!
Sidney requests to be remembered to you. —
Did I ever tell you that this Winter she
has been learning German most assiduously?
and will speak it much sooner and easier
than I shall, who, before I can settle which
Word to use lose the opportunity of
using any. — 'once more, farewell

ever your affec^ted obliged

Williams Wynn.

I am much inclined not to send my German
production, were I to rewrite it I could correct
some of its faults but you will forgive them. —

Charlotte & William & Henry.

London, den 5. Juni 1839.

20 Grafton St.

June 5th

1839



Empf. den 28. Aug² 39.

Dearest Sir

I must write one line with the
volumes which Asker has promised to forward
to you. - Although Lord Brougham is
too narrow minded to be a good Biographer,
and too much of a Partisan to be depended
upon, there is generally something striking
in his Works, and I flatter myself therefore,
that this one may amuse you, and help to
pass away some of your solitary Hours;
should it do so, my object will be answered!
I please myself by thinking you are
enjoying this fine Weather, and gaining
strength daily - whenever you can confirm
these whispers of hope, and have leisure
to write to me, I need not say how delighted

I shall be to hear from you,! but do not
teaze yourself to do so, as I am very patient.
I will however try, and keep to my promise
of one line, otherwise you will think that
I have made poor L^d. Thorougham, an excuse
merely for another letter! I will only
tell you, that the other day I became ac-
quainted with Mr. Carlyle; I sat by him
at dinner, and then in the course of
conversation I mentioned that I was happy
enough to know you; he seemed not a
little astonished, and evidently looked
upon me afterwards, with infinite more
respect. I was amused to see how brightly
from that minute I shone in his eyes,
but, alas, for my vanity! it was only
from a borrowed light!

Seriously, he admires you with his whole

Heart, and there is a truth and an earnestness, in all he says, which is very captivating. I own that I was delighted with him, although he is not in good repute here, which arises principally from some Lectures he has just been delivering upon, "the Revolutions of Europe". And now I must end, first asking you, whether you would have any objection to my forwarding, through a friend, to Mr. Alison the Review of his History which you were kind enough to send me a year ago? I dare not do it without your permission, (and perhaps you have already sent it to him?) but I am sure that I should be bestowing a great gratification upon him by allowing him the perusal of it.

Adieu, my dear friend, I pray from
the bottom of my heart that this may
find you in improved health, and
happiness! do not forget me!

ever your affec^t

Charlotte Williams Lyne.

Charlotte Elizabeth Wynne.



London, den 8. Juni 1839.

20 Grafton St.

June 8th

I have this instant received your delightful letter my dear friend, and according to your desire hasten to answer it, although I much fear that you will have set out upon your journey ere it arrives in Berlin. - I need hardly I think, tell you, how enchanted I am at the prospect of seeing you again, and yet I dare not allow myself really to look forward to such a pleasure lest I be again disappointed! Would that I could give you any decided intelligence respecting our movements! Each day has made them more uncertain. Till Wed^d last, a Dissolution of Parliament was expected daily which I almost wished might take place, as after the Election, we should then be free, now however, the idea has rather subsided, and it is believed that by making the Ballot an open question, (that is, allowing the Members of the Cabinet to vote as they please,) the Radicals will be

sufficiently conciliated to enable the present Ministry to go on a little longer. The state of affairs is most extraordinary, for no Party knows what line the next day's discussion may force them to take. If Lord Melbourne gives up the Government, he throws it into the hands of Lord Normanby and the ultra Radicals, and that he is anxious to avoid. - But enough of Politics! My own opinion, in the midst of this uncertainty is, that we shall be at Wiesbaden about the middle of July, to that Place we first bend our steps, and there I expect that we shall remain. I wish you did not set out quite so soon from Berlin, as I dread your being tired of Kissingen before we arrive in Germany. Your kindness in proposing to come so far to see us, touches me deeply, and I feel that I ought not to take advantage of it by pressing you to do so, but it would be a height of self denial to which I really cannot attain!

My Sister Mary has been very unwell, and intends to travel with us, indeed, even if Papa is detained longer, I think we shall not stay here after the 15th or 16th of July, but you will allow me to write to you in the course of ten days when

we must know what will take place.

Send you the stay at Kissingen which is I hear, a beautiful spot, should you see the King of Bavaria, tell him I have fallen in love with him in consequence of having read his poems! he is the only King I should care to know!

Adieu, I must not run the chance of this ^{not} reaching you by detaining it a single day; I send it as you desire by the common Post and not through the Foreign Office

Will you write me a line from Kissingen, I shall be anxious to hear how you have borne the journey?

If we do meet! how happy the thought makes me! but still the truth in saying that I do not allow myself yet to think much of it, still I am very certain that our journey to Wiesbaden will take place sooner, or later, but I fear your being tired of waiting for us!

Adieu until I can give you more certain intelligence

ever, my dearest friend

Yours obliged & affec^t

Ch. Williams Wynne.

NDON
11 JUN
1839

PARIS
14 JUN

NDON
10 JUN
1839

PAID

Monsieur

Monsieur Baron de Ligne

St. Berlin

COMM. FI
17 JUN
1839

Handwritten initials or mark



Charlotte Williams Esq.

London, den 2. Juli 1839.

Grafton St

July 2^d 1839.



I received your letter my dearest Sir, 4 days ago, and have left it thus long unanswered in order no longer to give you doubtful intelligence as to the time of our setting out.

This morning Papa has determined to embark on Saturday the 20th for Rotterdam, and we shall be at Wiesbaden therefore on the 26th or 27th of July; will this be too late for you? Oh no! I cannot bear to imagine it! (could you but know the degree to which I dwell upon the hopes of seeing you this Summer, you would not I think willingly, return to Berlin before we arrive. —

By this time you will have my letter of the 11th; since then, difficulties of all sorts have arisen to prevent the journey to which I look forward so anxiously, happily they are now removed, and in less than three weeks

I shall be in Germany again! We remain probably
for two months at Wiesbaden, and after that period
I have no idea what will become of us; whether we
return quietly to England, or, (in case there is no
dissolution) travel on to Italy is not decided,
and I care little. Judging from the time
your last letter took in coming, I might still
hear from you ere we leave England, otherwise
may I find a line at Wiesbaden, poste-restante;
if I do not find you there yourself?

Your letter, my dear friend, touched me even
to tears; it is so delightful to me to fancy
that the pleasure of meeting, will in some
degree be shared by you also, that I love
to believe every expression of kindness which
it contains. — You see how credulous I can
be when it suits my own wishes!

My Sister Mary & her children, travel with us
so that we shall be a large party; she talks of
stopping to consult a Physician at Götting,
(whose name has reached this country) as to what

Waters she is to drink, being at present in an amusing state of uncertainty on the subject.

Papa is sadly lame & languid, but as devoted to business as ever, and he remains till the 20th in order that he may go down to Wales again for the Assizes, to judge the wretched Chartists. Adieu, dearest Sir; the Foreign Post goes today & I must not miss it. -

You will come, and make me very happy? -

ever your affectionate

Williams Wynne.

Deutschland.

Schneiders & Söhne
in Nürnberg.

Bacon



Charlotte Williams Wynne.

Winnipeg, Jan 5. Aug. 1839.

I fear the wind is too high for the Kursaal, but I shall be at home a little after 9, and delighted to see you there.

Monday morning.

Your affec^{te},
Ch^sms Wynne.



Monsieur Carnhagen d'Esne

No: 21 Allee Saale

Sunday Jan 15. August 1829.

Will you forgive me for not going to
the Kusaal this morning? but I am so
tired that I had ^{rather} see you at home
instead, if you will come.

Thus I morning



No 21. Altes Buch

Thomann's Buchhagen d. 1800

Charlotta Willmann 24y 11m.

Widdow, Sunday Jan 16. August 1839.

Preussische
Staatsbibliothek
Berlin

Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin.

Will you forgive me for troubling you
with my affairs?— Now am I to answer
the enclosed? Papa thinks we must
accept the invitation, but I feel so much
distaste to do so, that I should be exceedingly
obliged to you if you would take the
trouble of writing a refusal as I have no
idea what to say.—

Should you on the contrary think that
I cannot civilly refuse would you tell
me how to end the Note?

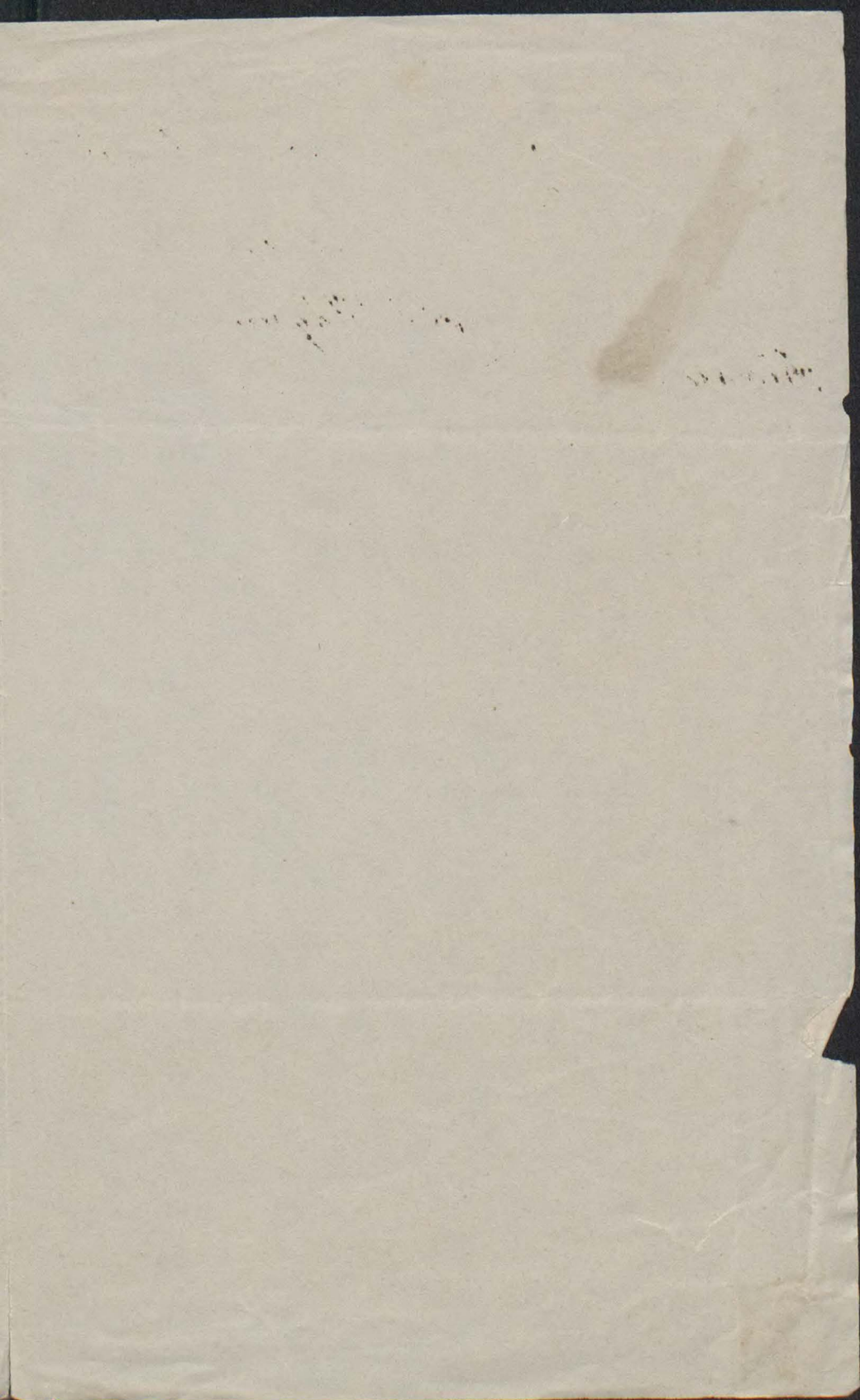
It grieves me much thus to plague
you when you ought to be quiet but

I have not got my French at my fingers ends.

Ever your affec^{te}d

Chas^r W. Lyman

Friday.



I put my hands at my fingers and

in your heart

and your



Charles William Wynn.

Millbury, Dec 21. August 18 29.
8 Wm Abner.

Papa thinks of
riding to Schwalbach

tomorrow, and returning
in the carriage; we have therefore
a place to spare and I need
not say, how happy we shall be
if you like to fill it, but at
the same time, I fear you will
hardly be as comfortable as in
your own carriage. —

We set out at 10.

Ever your affec^t.

William Wynn.

3 o'clock.

a Monsieur

M^r. Carinhagen d'Esse.



(That Paper was too bad.). Gäme is the old way of pronouncing Gina, and 50 years ago, the universal one, but it is now become vulgar; and confined only to the Servants, and to some few old people who still will cling to the Pronunciation of their youth. Moore, is Muker. I wonder whether your Language alters as rapidly as ours; the course of some years causes many Words to become vulgar, disused, or at least accents afresh. — One still however, is at liberty either to follow the new way or preserve the old one. —

Imagine my having written thus far, without mentioning your beautiful Landscape! — It is perfectly exquisite, and is a little Poem in itself; showing how, a sad Shepherdess had retired to a far distant solitude among the Rocks, because, ~~that~~ her Shepherd had left her to seek his fortune in the World. — Now, she had placed a post amidst a Thicket of Cypress Trees, as a Monument to her past happiness; now, one day, she sat melancholy, looking at the happy, fishy Goats, and how her own true Shepherd appeared, bending under the weight of his Gold-filled Pinnasack, and how, as usual the Dog knew him first! All this I am sure you intended to express. — Now

silly you will think me for writing
such trash! but seriously, you cannot
guess with what affection I look upon it, nor
how very much astonished all those to whom
I have shown it, have been, at its beauty, and
the fineness of its workmanship; and it
was so very good of you to take so much
trouble for me, which touches me more than
all.—

We have been here, at our own home for the
last month, perfectly tranquil, quite among
the hills, ten miles from any village, in
the loveliest possible country, through which no
creature ever passes; in short it is complete
solitude, which however we should not mind
if we had an extensive view, but the house
lies in a very narrow valley, closed in on
every side, and the hill ^{rises} straight up before
the windows— I do so long sometimes to
bore a hole through it, just to see what
is the other side! It is the most unchange-
ble of spots, we have not been here for two
years, and I can hardly discover that the
trees even, are taller than when we left them.
I always look upon this place, as a sort of
Mile Stone that marks how far one has got in
ones Lifes journey, for our visits here are
ever at long distances apart, we return each

time changed altogether and yet the
Place never will change with us. —

I enclose you two little sketches to show
what it is like; in Summer the country
about is delicious, but Winter and its darkness
makes it dreary, when, as is now the case, the
Rain and Wind are rushing down the valley,
and the Hill opposite, against which I
entertain so particular a spite is quite
hidden. Certainly those who live in flat
country can have no idea of the beauty of
Air; it is only among mountains, that one
becomes aware of the amazing difference
between fine, and bad weather. —

Safety however, I have been so powerfully im-
= rested, and ingrossed, by the perusal of the
Letters of your dear Wife, that a rainy day
was a great pleasure to me. — I will not
annoy you, by trying to express what others
must have done before, so much better than
I can, but the Book has produced a lasting
effect on me; I wish I could tell you
verbally the parts that delight me
most. I am as yet, only in the middle of
the Third Vol; which, with the 2^d, pleases
me best, but I have found great difficul-
ty in understanding parts, and was obliged
to put my own meaning upon them,
which I afterwards found was not the right
one, so that I cannot be a fair judge,

Yet even with these drawbacks, it appears to me admirable, and takes so strong a hold of one's mind that it is difficult to throw it off in order to enter into society; some of the writing surely is magnificently sublimed. I am not sure, that the most striking feature of the whole is not (to me,) her ardent affection and devotion to her friends; it is so very singular to find such a constant gushing up of Love, for all around her: You will not understand my meaning, by my crabbed expressions, but I cannot otherwise try to convey the impression it leaves of her benevolence, ever welling forth afresh, which seems to me more rare, and more enchanting even than her overwhelming talent.

The criticisms upon Novalis, are most interesting, but one addition to the Book I long for;—and that is an Index; I have even begun to make one for myself; There are so many passages, which I have to refer to, that some means of finding them again quickly, is a great pleasure.

The other day, in a Hamburgh Paper, I saw mention made of an article written by the Marquis de Custine in a Parisian Review, — was it a Review of this Book? It was rather curious that we happened to travel with him from Cologne to Mayence,

support without giving her any fixed one in its stead, she is now a very good religious little thing.

This tiresome Canada business takes us up to Town directly; the great object of the Conservatives being now to support Ministers who are trying to separate themselves daily, more, and more, from the Radicals. Our young Queen is enjoying herself thoroughly. The place of Courtier, is just now no sinecure, for she tries all the middle aged ones, by her incessant standing for hours together. The other day she said to her Mother who entreated her to sit, "Mamma why cannot you sit down without me, I am not a bit tired, and I like walking about?" "Ah Victoria" answered the Queen, "I cannot sit now while you stand, as in former times." "Well then, you know, I must sit too." And for ten minutes the weary society got a little rest, the only time in the evening.

The Queen told a friend of ours, that, she "I" will marry in time, but I will not take a husband, until I have shown the people of England that I can govern them without one"! Mamma is very anxious

to know your opinion respecting the conduct
of the Göttingen Professors, in order that she
may know what to think herself? Whatever
be the right, or the wrong of the case surely
the King's Proclamation for exiling them
is an uncommonly ill written one?

It is so very wordy, and contains so many
weak excuses for what, either required no
excuse, or else ought never to have been
done.

I have never told you how delighted I
was by your Biography of Sophia (Charlotte);
it is so excessively amusing, that I used
to translate it for the entertainment of
the family as I went on. I am so pleased
also to find that you do not consider that
speech in which she talks of "les êtres in-
finiment petits," as applied by her to
her husband. In every other version that
I have seen, she concludes by saying,
"Who can understand them better than
I, do I not live with one?" The real
words disprove this completely, which is
very satisfactory to me.

It is very kind of you my dear Sir to
be interested in my sister's (Mrs. Milnes
Gaskell) coming into Germany, which
I fear is for the present impossible, as her

this Summer, he had a friend with him
a Mr de St. Harbe, who talked much to Mam-
ma of the perfections of his companion, Mr.
de Castelnau, saying how delightful he was, but
of that, we had no proof, as he sat in a
corner, and looked very miserable all the
time; I should have looked at him with
so much interest, had I then read these
Letters!

I was fortunate enough to see in the same
Newspaper, that your account of the Schwanzen-
berg Fête is acknowledged to be the most
beautiful and perfect writing in German
Prose. This I know well, will not be nearly
as pleasant to you as it was to me.

By Beltrina's Letters, I have heard, and seen
nothing, with the exception of a short un-
favorable Review of them in the Literary
Gazette.

I have lately been much delighted by Richter's
Discourses to the German Nation in 1807, which
I bought at the earnest recommendation
of the Book-seller at Heidelberg. What a
pity that Mr. Austin does not give us a
translation of such a work, instead of
occupying herself by what interests no one,
or at least very few! The circumstances under
which it was written may have changed
but still the deductions from them must
be as valuable and interesting now, as

they were there. - As soon as I arrive in
Town, I shall try to procure some of his other
writings, and also the Book of Goethe which
you so kindly recommend. -

I believe, I never told you how very much
flattered my little Jewish friend was by
your message to her. - "She was perfectly
enchanted, and said it was honour enough
for her in after times to have been only"
"mentioned by M^r. Barnhagen." - Our friend-
-ship by no means languished, for whenever
she found a Book which she liked, she al-
-ways rushed to me with it, in order that
I might be equally delighted, sometimes
however, it produced quite a contrary effect,
and then we had a dispute thereon, but
she was a most satisfactory adversary, for
she always gave way at last, and declared
I had convinced her. - From being so much
superior to the general run of Shop-keepers
there, most of the Visitors had taken notice
of her, and from the best intentions had
given her Religious Books; she had a medley
of deep Treatises of Divinity, which it was
utterly impossible she could understand,
and which therefore, were only likely to
unsettle her, perhaps, ^{to} knock away her present

Your Husband is again in Parliament;
He is supposed to be one of the rising young
men of the day, speaks very well and from
his childhood has devoted himself to Politics.
I wish you could see her: as a specimen
of what an Englishwoman may be: still
I will not despair of introducing her to you
myself in England. Need I tell you
what pleasure that would give me?

Before our arrival here, we paid a visit to
Mr. Rosley, a cousin of ours, who has been for
the last three years, travelling in the East.
She set out a month after she married,
and they have penetrated farther into
the Desert, than any Travellers have before
been, they went through Petra, and have
undergone horrible hardships, all for plea-
-sure, and not even for the sake of what
she saw, as the adventures, and the wild
Life were the only attractions to her; and
her Husband had not the slightest interest
in any thing except giving her pleasure.

Suckily Lady Nestor Stanhope (who is a relation of our family's) refused to see her, or I feel sure she would have sent her Husband back to England and settled on Mount Lebanon herself. They travelled over the same route, as Prince Pückler and coming just after him heard many extraordinary stories of his feats. I wish he had seen her, for she is utterly unlike any thing in the present day. She is very beautiful, and all the Pacha's fell in love with her; they particularly admired her dexterity in Pistol shooting, and riding. It sounds singular to hear of a Woman riding 16 hours a day consecutively, but it never fatigued her the least, and I foresee she will not be content with leading a quiet life in this Country, now that she has tasted the excitement of a wandering one.

I am writing not a Letter, but a Treatise,

and a very disconnected one too, but there is
so much talking going on all round me, that
I hardly know what I write; I am ashamed
when I read this over, at finding how little
news I have told you, still you must forgive
it as you can imagine that this place
affords few materials of novelty, and our
most interesting intelligence at present is,
that a Puppy is to be sent to us from
a cottager who is not as anxious to keep
an extra mouth to feed, as we are.

But you will be tired of my Flapperey!
I am particularly fond of that word,
it is so much more expressive than ours
that answers to it.

Mamma desires me to say all that is most
kind from her; I would that I could give
a better account of her health, but she
has not been well, and we have indeed
been rather worried about her lately, which
causes me to be very glad we shall be
so soon in London and near good advice.

Adieu, my dear Sir, I must c'en end as I began
by telling you how grateful I am to you
for all your kindness, and let me entreat
and beg, of you never to attempt writing
when it does not quite suit your health
and spirits, when it does, I need not again
repeat how very happy it makes me to
hear from you, but do not again place
Your Health at the end of the letter, in-
stead of at the beginning, for I jump straight
to that part first.

ever your affec^{te}
William Byrd



A Monsieur
Monsieur baron de base
f. 2 3/4 a Kissingen. Poste = restant
a Baviere.

Preussische
Staatsbibliothek
Berlin

à Monsieur

Monsieur Barukagen d'Esse





Museum
Kön. Copenhagen d'Inse
Berlin

(Large red scribbles and a large red 'X' mark are present over the address and the word 'Paid'.)

Paid



Bavaria

31

4

Bayern
München
Post restante
Bavaria

Preussische
Staatsdruckerei
Berlin

OSTERAD

A 143

POSTAGE



A Monsieur

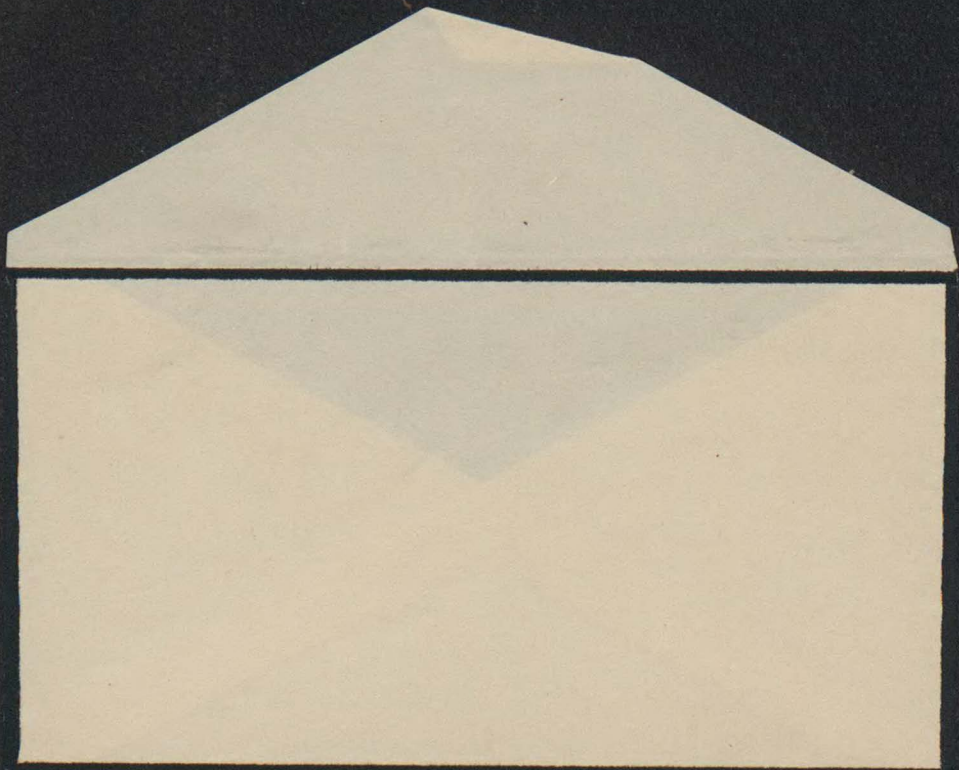
Monsieur Barnhagen d'Inse

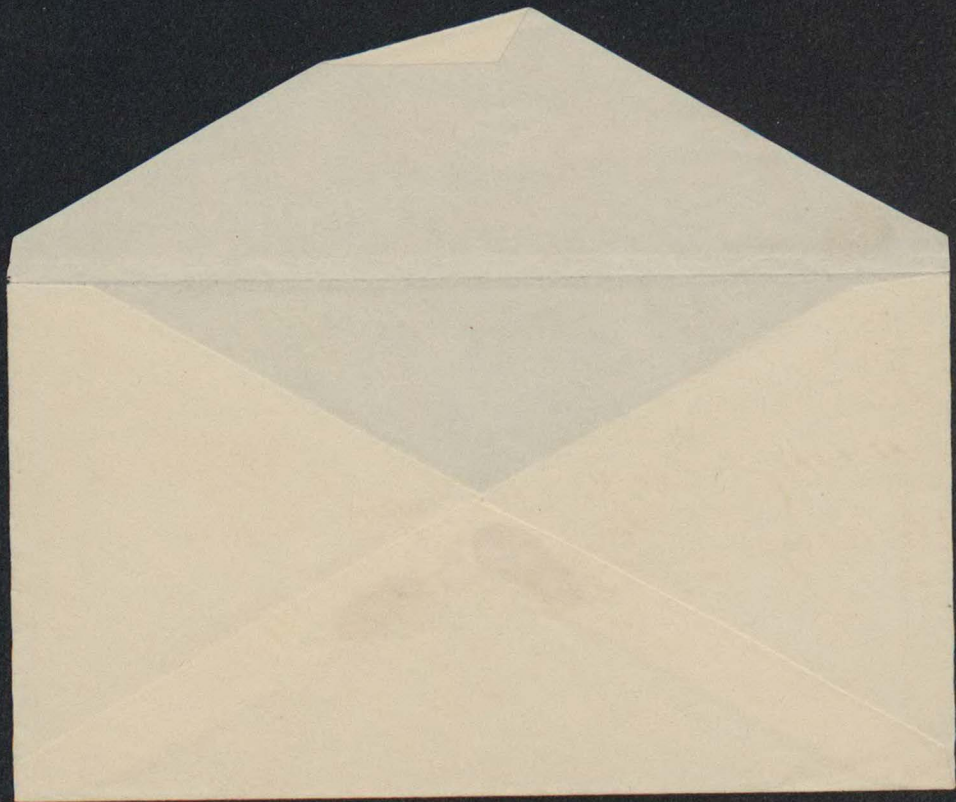
A Berlin.

Mauerstraße Nr 36.

GF







Viscount Newark.

~~Lord Newark~~

Son of The Earl of Manserv.

Williams Wynn

20 Grafton Street.

Bond Street.

London..



Grußwort an Miss Wynn.

"Not very decided, - has very good sense, but not brilliant talents, - exceedingly affectionate and kind hearted, always ready to do a generous deed, - there is a shyness or timidity, perhaps humility will better express the feeling, for there is no cowardice in the character, and not an atom of selfishness, - very honest, frank and honorable."

Ich bin sehr in England, und nun
Miss Wynn herzlich zu uns in den Arm.

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Handwritten text in the middle section, partially obscured by a library stamp.



Handwritten text at the bottom of the page, continuing the notes or concluding the document.

Wynn.

Walt.
VIII,
S. 104.

Georg Phil. Jos. von Rasenbary, 1746
Leise. Gesandter im Haag, seiner
zumeist gemüthlich war die durch ihre
Schriften bekannte Tochter des
Grafen von Hornum Wynn.



Charles Austin William Wynn.

Größtbritannischer Ingenieur Ruff
und Bauherrschaft.

Sei fassam Wasstand und wilschzen Länd-
nigden fette zu eine liebreudmüchlige Tyndmüch,
die öftend zu lufan geb.

Ein Freund Robert Southey schrieb über ihn
um D. Sept. 1813: "Wynn is in Wales; and
wherever he is, he is always, as Elmsley most
happily said of him at Oxford, — doing something
else. He is always in that state of bother and
confusion which you would expect in a man
who, before he was married, used to begin doing
half a hundred things before he put his breeches
on, and who used to have books, pen, ink
and paper, breeches, gallowse, neck cloth,
and rolls and butter, all upon the breakfast
table at the same time."



Auf einem Brief von Charlotte & William & Henry.

Wiesbaden, Octob. 9. 1836.

— " We paid our visit to Frankfort three weeks ago, and during our *séjour* there, went to a soiree at General Schöler's (is that his name?) to which he was kind enough to ask us; it was a very brilliant one with so much Royalty that it was almost *embarras de richesse*, in a small room. Your Prince and Princess William, our Landgravine, the Grand-duke Michael and a Prince of Oldenburgh. We are quite in love with the Princess, as indeed are all the English, whose hearts she completely won at Coblenz. I certainly never saw a person who appears so exactly formed for her situation. Our English princesses have also very good manners, but they do not possess in such perfection the Prussian faculty of making you believe they really mean what they say to you. — "





Wiesbaden Monday night.

26. August 1839.

I can hardly tell you, my dear friend, how delighted I was to see a letter from you, and yet at the same time it made me very very sad to think that we were again returned to writing only! Last night I received it, and until this moment, in spite of my longing to thank you, have been unable to do so. — We set out this morning at 6, in order to see the Niederwald, and now at 9 o'clock are but just returned, having been riding, and driving for 14 hours; still I cannot bear to go to bed without writing a little bit, and telling you how shockingly I miss you. Since your departure, I have often thought over all our conversations, and each time do I see more, and more clearly, how good and kind you were to me, and how bad a return I often made to you for it while we were together. This consciousness now weighs upon me, and yet I know you have forgiven me; — have not you?

Yes! I feel that you were right in going, it is better for me that it should be so, for I was beginning to depend too much upon you for advice and assistance; it was so pleasant and so new to find some one who would take the trouble of telling me what I had better do, who would interest himself in matters, of no more consequence than whether I walked in one Allee or another, whether I visited Madame Weimars, or let it alone; — that had it continued longer I could not have endured the change. — You know I told you once that I longed to be ruled, and you did not believe me, but I said the truth. — Will you think me very selfish for telling you all this? I dare say I shall be less so, to-morrow, and I will leave off for I am so tired and worn out, that I hardly know what I say. —

Tuesday morning.

Good morning to my dear friend! To-day I am quite fresh again, thanks to another letter which was given to me before I got up. How very kind of you to write such dear letters! but I grudge that you should spend the hours, when you ought to be sleeping, upon me. Let me entreat you not to do so again!

All that you say has touched me deeply, and I hardly know how to answer you, but can you, ought you to ask if I miss my friend? You are beginning again to doubt me; if it is any satisfaction to you, to know that I miss you terribly, every minute of the day, you may enjoy it; but if I told you that I did not miss you, would you believe it?

I must not fill my paper however without telling you as you wish, how we have passed our time. — We did not go to Madame de Weimars on Saturday, as Sidney did not care about it, and instead, we took a long walk to Sonnenberg together, in the loveliest evening possible; it almost reminded me of our mornings in the garden, so quiet and solitary was the path, for all our acquaintance were gone to the soiree, which I am delighted to have escaped; as a regular scene took place there, an sujet of some letters of the Princess's to Mr. de Pfaffius, which compromised her very much, and which I suppose he showed. — The Russian Colonel declared repeatedly aloud to Mr. Seymer, that he was certain that Pfaffius had written them himself; this some kind friend repeated, and the consequence was a challenge. It was known soon all over the town, and made us very uncomfortable, every body knew that the duel was impending, and yet one had to affect ignorance. — There was something very absurd at the same time in the whole business. The Colonel and his Second Mr. d'Erlach, were drinking coffee with us in one part of the garden, at a table a little way off, was Madame de Pfaffius confiding to Mr. Seymer how wretched she was, that by challenging a Russian her husband was destroying his last chance of being permitted to return to Poland, etc. etc. — Close by, Mr. de Pfaffius was to be seen, with his Second the American, talking so loud of his murderous intentions, and in such audible tones, that it was strongly suspected he wished the Police to hear him. — How I longed to send them an intimation of it! However it has I trust blown over for the present as it is supposed that Mr. de Pfaffius has retracted. — His wife is the only person in the whole affair whom I pity, and I now hope

the rest will leave this place. To night Mr. Seymour gives a farewell supper, which must be miserably uncomfortable and awkward, as all the society have accepted his invitations. I dread it much. —

But I have told you enough of such uninteresting matters. —

I am so much discontented with my letter, that I wish I had time to re-write it, but I have not, so you must take it as it is, "with all its imperfections on its head." —

I wrote to Mad^{lle} de Meysonbug a most stupid note on Saturday, I could do nothing well that day!

Adieu my dear Friend, your letters are more dear to me than I can describe. If any thing displeases you that I have said forget it, and continue to be good to me! Every your affectionate

Charlotte Williams Wynn.



Von Charlotte Williams zu you.

(Empf. d. 16. August. 1839.)

Wiesbaden, Thursday. (12. Sept. 1839.)

I must write, dear Friend, one Line to tell you how much your Yesterday's Letter grieved me, and I feel it the more because indeed I have no idea of that which occasioned it. — I was not aware of the slightest difference between my Letter of Wednesday and its preceeding ones, nay, I fairly own I thought you would have been more content with that, than with the others, still, I trust to you more than to myself, and perhaps although imperceptibly, there may have been a difference occasioned, (not by Robert Phillimore, oh no! but) by deliberate reflection on my part. — Indeed, you torment yourself without reason! How can I write to you if the fear I now feel of saying what might annoy you should encrease? Altogether it saddens me, for I see you are not as happy as you were before we met, and if you could but know how ardently I desire your happiness, you would judge what my feelings are at seeing you thus disquieted. At the same time, I dare not represent myself otherwise than as I am; you would not wish it? At times you seem even to doubt whether your Letters are too frequent; they never can be so to me! excepting that in truth I feel ashamed in reading them, I feel that such ought not to be addressed to me. You talk of wonders, I am in continual amazement when I read the expressions in your Letters! when I think of you! of what, and who you are! and then of myself! — What right had I to entangle a quiet, ordinary, little existence in your's! You remember how impossible I thought it for very long (until the last Week of our being together) that you should really care for me, and even now, I can hardly think it true; therefore believe, that if you do change, I shall not be astonished, I almost expect it! —

There is not a word in your Letters that I could take wrong, though I think your's of the 3^d is inconsistent with

your later ones, but perhaps I did not understand it
aright. - Deeply did I admire it, and it opened my eyes
to my own position. Your Letters, and yourself, have indeed
so much power over me, that I am too apt to forget all
but the present when with you. -

I am writing in great haste, as you will see, but I
was so anxious to send you a few Lines! - All that you
say, that you ask about shall be answered when I hear
from you, but I feel so doubtful whether you will ever
write to me again after my Letter of Tuesday! Adieu, dea-
rest Friend, we go to Frankfort on Saturday, and I shall
be glad of a little change of scene.

Ever your truly affectionate

Ch. W. W.



Von Charlotte Schilling und Adolph.

(Zugsp. 3. 25. Septemb. 1839.)

Frankfurt, Sept. 20th (1839.)

By the merest chance, (a Tradesman coming over from Wiesbaden,) your Letter, Letters were given to me this morning: it makes me wretched dear Friend, to think you have waited so long for an answer! and now that I sit down to write, how can I answer you as I ought? in the midst of such confusion, where I have not even a Room to myself! Still I will not lose time, but begin, and as we return to Wiesbaden to day I shall finish it there. -

What a crowd of wishes and fears am I not bewildered by! Your Letter deserves the utmost openness and such at least it shall receive in return. - Without then any circumlocution I own, that I would rather be your Wife than that of any Man I have yet seen; this is the truest feeling of my Heart, but it is also utterly independant of all circumstances of any sort, of your Religion, of your position! of your country, only as yourself nor putting all outward circumstances out of the question should I venture to engage myself now to you, I do not know you sufficiently well, I am not sure enough of myself. - This is the exact state of my feelings, were I to follow them only, the question would be sooner settled; and now comes that which is expedient, which is reasonable, but my former Letter will have given you some idea of the great objection; the only great one it appears to me! And now before I proceed farther will you let me tell you, dear Friend, how I have felt from the beginning? for my only anxiety is, (as it has long been,) that you should no longer be doubtful respecting a single point in which I can enlighten you. Most truly do you say that there ought at least to be clearness between us!

You came to Wiesbaden. - Two or three days before you had settled to go away, I discovered (to my own astonishment) that I was beginning to feel for you; to depend upon you more than I had ever done upon any one before; in short, I need not tell you what you saw, and from that moment, I felt you ought to leave me, as you did not mention the future in any way. You must remember, dear Friend, that I could not be aware of any reasons

which should prevent your speaking more decidedly, but I felt that if you loved me, and we could not be united, we ought to separate at once, all the more because I began to think I might partake your sentiments! I admire! I feel, all the generosity that prevented you sooner from speaking, but surely it was a false modesty;? you cannot seriously believe that you would not honor, yes, greatly honor any Woman in the World by the offer of your Hand? You must know your own superiority too well to doubt this? Had you then spoken as openly as you have now done I could have confided to you at once my dread of marrying a Catholic but you never gave me an opportunity of so doing. — perhaps I ought to have made one, but you will feel how repugnant it is to a Woman to mention an arrangement which the Man does not appear to contemplate. — You went away, and then came my trials! I missed you, missed you daily, yet I knew not what to write, lest I should mislead you. — You talked vaguely, but devotedly to me, until at last, came your Letter of the 3^d, and you know by this time, that I eagerly seized the opportunity to tell you those objections which seemed to me to preclude much hope; and yet parts of that Letter appeared to make my explanation quite unnecessary. — What did you mean by saying that my Heart was untouched? tell me dear Friend in your answer. I read the Sentence over, and over again, could I understand it otherwise as I did? That you did not fear awakening my Love for you by the expression of your's for me, and that you ever looked upon it as an merit in me; (I own I did not feel certain that I deserved such praise,) still I could only consider it as definitive that from whatever cause, you did not expect that we should be ever more to each other, than we then were, (and such being the case I knew that I ought not to receive such Letters from you, which agitated me, though they were very dear to me, in short they were an unfit pleasure for me) but from that time you have almost entreated me to own that my feelings were awakened, and when I really thought I merited rather your praise, you complain of my being reserved and cold. This is what I do not understand. Am I not very bold to dare to tell you all this? but I am

determined to show myself exactly as I am; if I ~~am~~ am not clear it is because I cannot make myself so; my feelings and my reason are perhaps a little at variance. — One tells me that the chances of happiness are lessened in marrying one whose opinions respecting religious forms, are so different from those in which I have been brought up; in the essence of Religion I know, I trust, that I feel precisely as you do, and I should not at the same time be perfectly candid if I did not own, that this is with me a question of expediency merely, not of duty. It is as much for your sake as my own, you would not be happy, (though your kindness might not allow it) with a person who placed so much dependance on what you would call outward empty Ceremonies, and I might become bigottedly attached to them from the dread I should feel, lest my love for you should induce me to give them up! I have purposely refrained from saying one word respecting my own feelings on the receipt of your Letter; I would not even use the common expressions for this is a case to which they cannot apply. — Whatever be the result, the being thought by you, worthy of such an offer, must be the proudest recollection of my Life! This is the truth.

If then I am to compress my meaning I would say, that were it not for these objections I would not refuse your proposal, of course with the proviso that my Father was willing; but as it is at present I dare not. — Of his opinions I know nothing, as I have never spoken to him on the subject, but Mary told me she had once alluded to it and his answer was, "if he had the Embassy to England and she wished I could make no objection, but I could not allow her to be settled for ever at Berlin." You desired me to tell you all I knew, so I obey, but Mary will if you chuse write more, for it is disagreeable to me to enter into such details. — As to Worldly Matters I do not think I care much about them, but then I own, I know little of them, and for myself had rather never marry. — Papa could not but be highly flattered by his Daughter's being chosen to be the companion of such ~~a~~ as you, but you do not seem to know that I am very poor, and therefore even if all other difficulties were removed, he might not think it prudent.

The conclusion of your Letter is perfectly true; I do not wish to take back a single word which I ever said to you, for it was all true, though I fear I have occasioned you more pain by it.

Your Letter, I repeat, is addressed to her, who said she wished never to marry an Englishman, but would prefer living in Germany alone, and that is I believe my real wish; to her, who said that were circumstances seemed to make a union impossible, she would not allow her heart to be touched; here I must honestly own that I found I cared for you before I was at all aware of it; one is too apt to boast of one's strength before it is tried. I ought perhaps to have kept a more rigid watch over my own feelings, but when I did discover their nature, did I ask you to stay? — to her, who desired you to be assured of her love, and it was true, but it was a feeling quite unconnected with any reflections of the future. You asked me, entreated me to tell you the truth — ought I to have kept it back because there were objections which prevented our passing our lives together, which indeed you did not propose in any way? I believe I did not even remember the future, I only answered your questions as to what I then felt and with that you were satisfied. I tell you all this dearest Friend, because I think you have sometimes half accused me of wishing to deny my former feelings towards you, but it is not so. —

We are now going to set off; my Sentences are so disconnected that you will hardly understand the feelings which gave rise to them, but imagine what it was to write such a Letter in the midst of people coming in, and out of the Room incessantly! —

Wiesbaden, Friday night.

We are only just arrived at 10 o'clock, and find two Letters; the first would have made me miserable had I not had the other at the same time. — Will this make you more unhappy? Oh! I pray not! and yet can I prevent it? I think you will at least be relieved in some degree. —

It is better not to detain my Letter to answer your's which I will do at length. — Mary arrives to day from Schlengenbad, but we shall not see her to night. I wish she could have read this for I hardly know whether I have said what I ought. — It is at least the truth, and if I could but feel, you were not unhappy, I should be at least content! — Fare-well, my very dear Friend; believe me for ever your grateful and affectionate

Charlotte Williams Wynn.

Monday Sept. 23.

My dear Sir,

I feel most grateful to you for the very kind manner in which you have taken remarks which I feared you might have deemed impertinent, though they proceeded from the truest friendship for you, and I only hope you will forgive me for again writing on a subject, upon which I am sure there ought to be no misunderstanding on either side. — Since my return here ~~Wm~~ has shown me all your letters, and provided I do not enter on her feelings and wishes she says I am quite free to write openly to you, what I feel you ought to know. I do not think, that she is dealing quite fairly by you, though it is perfectly unintentional on her part. — She misleads you by talking, as if your union depended upon your mutual wishes, but I feel that there are other objections which I fear might be insurmountable in my father's eyes: he would never allow a marriage which he considered as a very imprudent one, and such I fear from your letter, he might call it in this instance. Although from a family arrangement, my sister will be very well off, should she remain unmarried, she has but ~~some~~ for her fortune when she marries, as (according to English custom) it is taken for granted that her husband will be able to support her during his life and provide for her should she survive him; therefore I am afraid, that though in your life time she might be very happy and comfortable; should she survive you, she would only have the interest of her own fortune ~~for~~ a year to live upon (which in England would be absolute penury) for from your letter I judge that you have no power of making any settlement.

Do not think me very cold hearted and indelicate in thus dwelling upon such subjects, (I could even urge other reasons) but as I am convinced of the necessity

of having the necessaries of life, I know that Papa would not allow a marriage that could not ensure them to his daughter after the death of her husband.

You must understand that my fear is, that should you succeed with my sister and convince her that her happiness would be secure in your hands, I dread that the disappointment will be the more ~~badly~~ recently felt, when you find your marriage considered as utterly impossible by her family.

Is there no chance of your being again in the government? Papa imagines, that all Prussians of family have some title; why have you not one? Once more I must ask your forgiveness for these impertinent questions but I wish much to bring this matter to a conclusion one way or the other, for I find my sister in such a state of agitation and nervousness, that I fear for her health, should this state of indecision ~~th~~ continue, and therefore I mention any thing that I think might make your projects more feasible. One more request I must make, and that is that you will be kind enough to burn this letter immediately, as I should not like it to be kept, having written in a great hurry, as I am anxious for your answer before I leave ~~Worm~~ Believe me, when I assure you, that ~~Worm~~ should my sister decide in your favour you will have no warmer friend than myself, on furthering your views with my father, should they prove feasible. — ~~Worm~~ has not seen this letter, nor does she ~~th~~ know the contents, more than that I have told her, that I wished to make you acquainted with the real state of the case. Believe me ever most sincerely yours

~~Worm~~



Charlottenburg Leipzig num 14. August 1840.

Friday 12 o'clock.

This enclosed Paper I have copied from what I wrote last night in my Book. I have transcribed it exactly in order that you may see what I have felt. My first impression on receiving your Letter was to comply with your distinctly expressed desire, and not answer it, but after having reflected much on the subject I think it is not fitting I should yield to my temper so far, as thus to allow, an acquaintance which has lasted years, to be closed by a Letter the cruelty of which, when you are more yourself you will feel. — I have therefore sent what I wrote at the moment; in it I have alluded to circumstances, and hopes, which in other times I should have shrunk from expressing, now, it is like telling a tale of other days so entirely is all passed away! —

3 o'clock) I am sorry for both our sakes that I saw you this morning. It has done no good to either of us, you expected to find sorrow, and found only resentment! You tell me I think not of your pain in writing such a Letter, but only of my own in receiving it! — Did you think of any thing but yourself when you wrote those words? If you tell me you did not believe it would hurt me, then more clearly do I see, how little you have understood me, if you knew from experience the effect it would produce, it was a cruel use of the power you possessed!

4 o'clock) I have just received your Note, and know not how to answer it. — That you think yourself, your Letter was too severe is a satisfaction to me, because it will in some degree explain to you the great effect it produced upon me, one difficult for the person who could write it to imagine! All that can now be done is to be quiet; do not again threaten me with your going away, such annonces are too much like a Master to a naughty Child. — If I have any thing to forgive, I forgive you from my heart. — We will be quiet, and when we meet to morrow we will not allude to this unfortunate matter. —

Charlotte Williams Wynn.

(continues.)

August 13.th) This Evening I received a Letter the effect of which will I trust never be forgotten by me. — He tells me he does

not wish for an answer; so let it be then, and if he can thus go, I ought only to be thankful that whatever Price I pay for it I am free! So cruel a Letter I never saw! - If I had acted to him in the most unworthy manner; had I found some one here to devote myself to after the confidence which I gave him at Coblenz, he would have been wrong in writing thus, without asking me my meaning. - after the expressions of affection which he saw under my own hand, I had a claim upon him, I compromised myself then, and cared not, in order to give him the satisfaction of seeing that, while I still doubted of his sentiments, mine had not wavered. After this he ought not to have given way to his own temper for the minute; as a Man, he ought to have spared me the insulting words I have received. - And what was my offence? At Coblenz he declared he would never doubt me again, would allow those things which I thought right, &c. In short, I foolishly believed he had that dependance on my word which I had on his. - We came here, three days did very well, and he was to teach me German for an hour, during which time he said "not a word was to be spoken that did not relate to the Lesson." at 11 I was ready, at some trouble to myself, being tired, and disinclined from the walk, however, I did not like to make him wait, though in truth, in the position in which I fancied ourselves, it would have been just as natural to me to say I was knocked up, - nor should I have expected it would have shocked him. At 11 I was ready, I heard he was unwell, that Evening I saw him for half an hour, he was so poorly I was only anxious he should go home, and fearing he would be dull in the event, wrote to him a few Lines. - Of course having last seen him thus ill I could not expect him to think of giving a Lesson, which he had himself put off, therefore at 11, when he came I was not dressed at which he seemed astonished. How was I to guess he would come when he had never written a line to tell me so? At 12 I told him how difficult it would be for me to take a Lesson with my drinking the Waters, and he took his leave abruptly, but again I set it all down to his Pain. This Evening he announces he shall go, and says I told him I had no hour left to devote to him, - did I say to him or to the Lesson? Supposing I detested my Lesson, and was only making an excuse, is he then justified thereby? Even if he had imagined that I meant I could not see him, would it

not have been more worth of him, to have asked me simply what I meant, instead of rushing home, brooding all day over my supposed injustice, and then acquainting me with his intentions. — Does he believe that one week can so alter a person, that that, which he knew was pleasant to me at Coblenz can now be a burden? — It is at least a bad argument for his constancy. — I might just as well say, "if you really wished to see me you would get up, and walk with me early when you know I am alone." But this is all nonsense. He desires me not "generously" to ask him to stay, he need not have feared it — A man who could settle to leave me after a quarter of an hour's conversation (whatever I might have said) does not love me. If he had asked me, "do you wish not to see me, or only not to take your Lesson"? by this time he knows me sufficiently to know that I should have given a true answer. — I dare not deceive him or myself one minute! — He had far better go, I should affront him in cessantly. I should as soon have thought of telling him the best known thing in the world as that I was sorry not to be with him; if he believed what I had before said, he must have known it, and if he did not it is time to part. — There was no jealousy. — Does he expect that I am to go on exactly in the same way as if I expected to be married to him, as if I were engaged to him? — This brings me to another consideration. — I came to Germany this year almost hoping, (if his sentiments were not changed) that something might happen which would render it possible, I find that he has himself refused all offers which promised to do so, in which I have no doubt he is quite right, but then I cannot degrade myself by remaining in a position which is an unfit one, this I am too apt to forget when I am with him, I pay him the attention a woman does to the Man to whom she is affianced, but now as he has himself forcibly brought me back to reason, though perhaps in a cruel manner, so it shall end, and with God's grace! I will never again put my happiness into any one's keeping, it is safer in my own... —

Auf einem Briefe von Charlotte William Byss.

Llangedwin, Octob. 23^d 1840.

— "Novalis I have also read, but unfortunately I have not got "Rachael's Letters" in the country, as I should like to read her opinion again of him; it is very beautiful, though perhaps a severer style is more to my taste. What a lovely character a friend gives of her in Newman's Review of "das Buch Rachel"! It is the most perfect thing I ever read, and every line bears the impress of truth; the simple remark that all when in her presence became as good as they could be, seems to me the most glorious praise that can be imagined! and then that she never thought the best which she had to say, was too good for the intellect of those below her. This touches me deeply; one is ^{so} apt to follow the command, "cast not your pearls before swine lest they trample upon them", etc. etc. forgetting all the time that instead of pearls, one has generally but imitation beads to give away!"—

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And now Linna you Cf. 2d. 2d.

Pantjochin, Novemb. 20. 1840.

— What a beautiful edition of Kant you have sent me! As yet, I have only admired the outside, having been too much engrossed with Hegel to think of any thing else! — I can not express the delight I derive from the latter!

Over, and over again have I read his introduction to the Philosophy of History, and at last, as an excuse for still occupying myself with it, translated the greatest part.

The great charm in him to me is, that he is completely master of his subject; his thoughts are so clear, and exactly defined to himself that he can afford to clothe them in the most precise words, and need not give himself the benefit of an ambiguous expression; also the wonderful manner in which he confines himself to the one point he is treating, until it is perfected. There are single sentences, which contain matter for a volume in themselves! The causes of the decline of the Roman Empire, and the manner in which Christianity is considered in its birth were most interesting to me. But I must not fill my letter with Hegel. His other works I left alas! in London, so must now take to Rosenkranz &c. —

— "Last night I met a young Lady for the first time, who after dinner asked me if I understood German, and if I did, to tell her the meaning of a sentence she did not understand, which was either from Kant, or Novalis: "It is the instinct of the Understanding to contradict the Reason." — I was amused at the task she wished to set me, and easily avoided it."



Gundstift der Miss Charlotte Schyn

Zurück der Miss Charlotte Schyn
und ihrer Gundstiftung gedenkt.

"Not very decided, - has very good sense, but not brilliant talents, - exceedingly affectionate and kind hearted, always ready to do a generous deed, - there is a shyness or timidity, perhaps humility will better express the feeling, for there is no cowardice in the character, and not an atom of selfishness, - very honest, frank and honorable."

Ich bin nun in England, wo ich
Miss Schyn persönlich zu sehen konnte.

Münch. 1841.



aus Charlotte Schumann's Tagebüchern.

Über Herrn Rio.

Erhielt ich ihm heute um 14. August³ mythenartigen Briefe vom 8.



June 24. 1841.

"How grateful I feel to God for the pleasure I have enjoyed for the last fortnight, which has almost cast a new sunshine over the world! — I was introduced to Mr. Rio on the 19th, and between that and the 23^d, I saw him every day, generally alone two hours comfortable *tête-à-tête*. — The strong devotional feeling that mixes in all he says is very fascinating. — And yet Mr. Rio has not a strong mind, at least I think not. He has not that confidence in the strength of truth which would allow him to read any arguments against that which he believes to be truth. He says a doubt would kill him, he would know no objections to that which he believes, and wishes to believe. He will not even have an Atheist given interesting qualities lest it should do harm. If unbelievers are not altogether devils he wishes at least that the world should not know it, and if a pious man should fall into error, and there should not be a 5th act as he calls it in which he repents, and is comfortable, he would not have the biography of that man written. This appears to me a want of moral courage. — It is curious that a month ago in this very book I complained of being weary of theological discussions, and that no one spoke of Religion from their heart but rather from their head. — A few days after, I meet a man who talks only from his heart, and I am no longer weary.

His Faith is beautiful, and his conviction is so deep, and sincere, that it is most touching. His conversation was to me like some Church-bell, it always produced a feeling of devotion in my mind. What can I say stronger? — Altogether he gives me more the idea of a Knight of the middle ages than of a practical man of the present day, with his enthusiasm, his superstition, his patriotism, his adoration of the female character, his one-sidedness (what a German word!) and his humble obedience, and submission to his Church.

And now why he devoted himself so to me, I cannot understand. — To me he was a perfectly new character, and I

liked to study it, but to him there was nothing new. - He thinks me very true, I had no temptation to be otherwise, but if I had lied, I ~~shall~~ do not see how he could have discovered it. - Tears are no proof of truth."

April 1842.

"I know not what I shall do when Mr. Rio goes, for I have become so accustomed to our daily intercourse that I shall miss that intimate exchange of thought which make the mornings so pleasant. He has gone through much in his life, but I think the days of his religious doubts must have been the worst. He has had feelings which I thought no one in the world but myself ever had. - He has come out of the struggle whole, but with a great dread of any one pushing him into it again. He has too much talent, and too much clear-sightedness not to own at once what may be brought against particular tenets of his Church, and he always make me laugh by saying: "You may not require to have such blind faith in your Church, but I do, it is part of my nature. It does me good to believe in the Legends of the Church and therefore I shall."

I never met with a person who gave me more the idea of a man speaking the truth in all he says, and he believes others do the same."

June 1842.

"I wish he would write down the conversations he had with Abbé Lamennais and Schelling for they are very curious ones, he has promised me his Journal in which they are, but I would rather have them detached. -

- He wants me to read Hegel's Lectures upon art (because he is obliged to give a sort of epitome of it in his 2^d volume of "l'art chrétien") in order to save him the trouble of wading through it, nor does he think he can understand it. So I am to help him!! - No! he must read for himself, as I do for myself. -

June 10th.

How I long to have known Hegel! I should have felt so entirely, so completely at my ease with him! and that is what I want most, what I never feel now. Poor dear Mr. Rio whom I really love and with whom for some time I felt

quite happy, does not make me so at present. He is too apt to allude to my knowledge. It is such a gêne to be answered with: "How extraordinary that you should know that." This puts a stop to all free communication, and this, I am convinced, is the barrier to any chance of real conversation between a man and a woman in England. A man will not abstract himself. - I have so often longed to say: "Now I beseech you, for once, forget all but what we ~~are~~ are talking about, when I talk to you I forget entirely that it is you who know all this, I am thinking of the matter, and not of its earthly propounder, and can't you do the same? Never mind where I learnt, or how much I learnt, or how little." &c. -

I have lately with Mr. Rio often stopped short, and not said what I wished, because I felt it might be another wonderment. -

and from Leipzig vom 8. Augst? 1842.

"Of Mr. Rio I have heard nothing, and dare say he has never got to Berlin, he is just the sort of man who alters his plan the night before he is to set off, but I suppose he will write soon. - I am much pleased that you like his book; the remark you make on it is exactly what I said to him, "that it was so tranquil told." - The man's own character would never be discovered from ~~the~~ ^{his} writings; his "Art chrétien" I like also although I cannot quite agree with him. The great charm of his conversation to indifferent people is his enthusiasm, and his earnestness, this made him much run after, and the fine people in London having none themselves looked and listened to him as at a sort of show. - I still wonder how his acquaintance with me became at once so intimate a one, and why he picked me out as a friend when he had many others, for we are very different. As you seem to wish to understand more of his character, I have copied what I wrote when I first saw him; by it you can at least see the impression he gave me; some of it I should now, that I know him more intimately, alter, but I send it you just as it was written, with my own

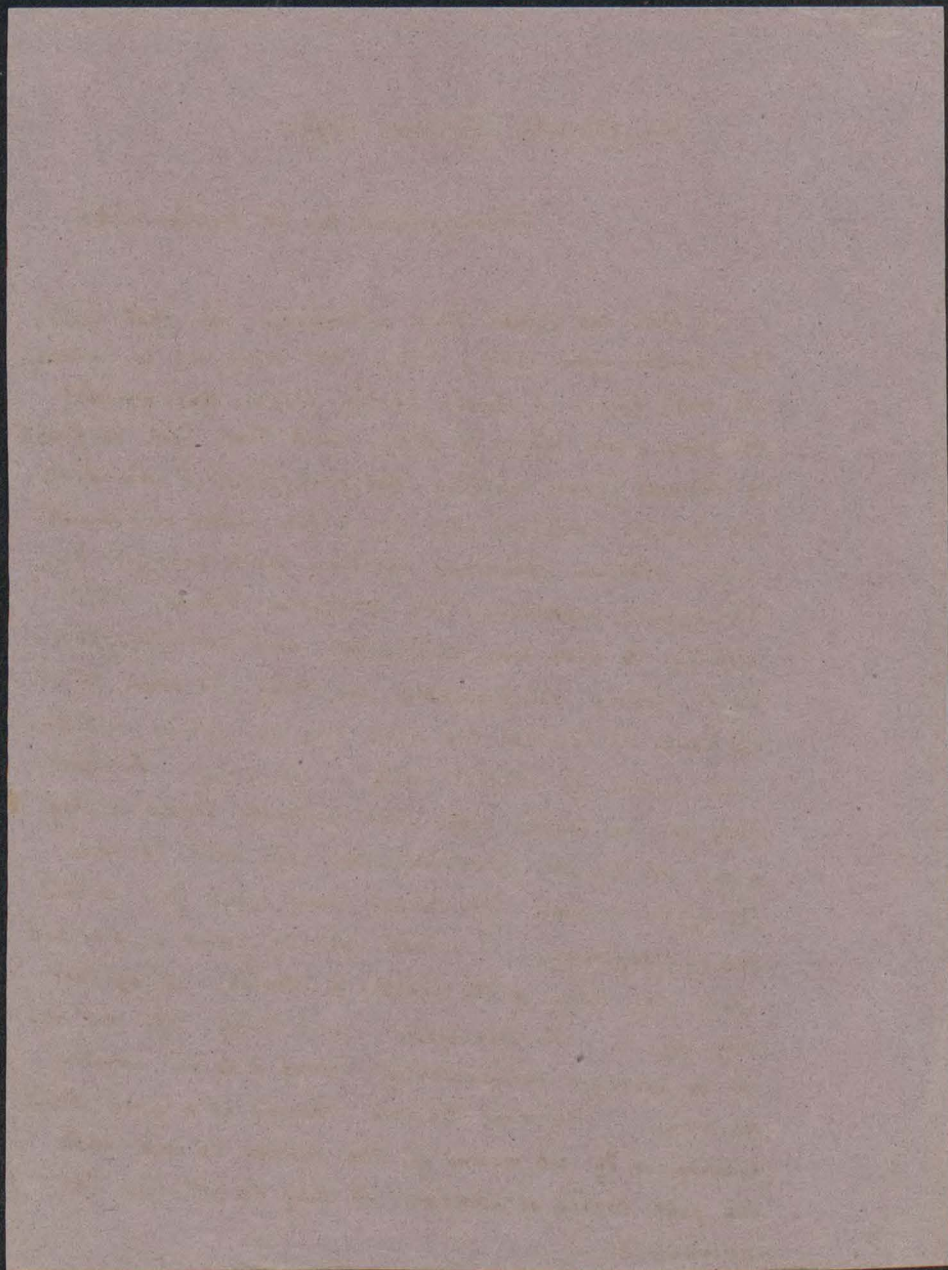
variety intermixed into it, and tear it afterwards, please? -
The different sentences I have picked out from the other topics
with which they were mixed, which makes it so funnily
disjointed. - I have not mentioned the singular eloquence
he possesses which can almost make "the worst appear
the better reason." - "



Von Gustave Adolphe 24/Jan.

Llangyndwain, Jan 27. January 1842.

— "There has seldom been enthusiasm like that which has greeted your King. I hear that every one is enchanted with him. — I should hardly think that amidst the glare, and storm of fêtes, much time will be found to discuss graver matters; but from what I can learn, Mr. Bunsen seems to have been a bad choice as minister here. — William Gladstone has been much annoyed by his conduct respecting this Jerusalem Bishop, which appears to have been underhand, and not straightforward, telling Mr. Gladstone one thing, in order to get his name to sanction the plan and publishing a different version of what he said in Germany. — In short they are no longer upon such intimate terms as they were; but as Mr. Gladstone does not wish to have the affair known, you must look upon this as told you in confidence. I should like to know if you had heard any thing of the matter in Berlin. Altogether they say it — the Bishopric — is a thing that can never be arranged satisfactorily, though I do not exactly see why. — Madame Bunsen, though of a good Welsh family, is by no means of the calibre to mix with the fine ladies of London, so they do not like the appointment. —



Von Charlotta Willmann Weymar.

Gussf. Lipzig, den 13. Juli 1842. (Lyringnurf, den 13. Juli 1842.)



— "I have finished your Memoirs, and grieved over the shortness of them. — Not having your gift, it would be difficult for me to make you understand, and to express the admiration which its perusal has created in me. — You allude to the book's requiring indulgence, and to me this last volume is the most perfect of all! I am in astonishment at the beauty of the language, and then, at the power you ~~now~~ possess, of condensing, what a less masterly hand would require at least half a page to express. — Now I am quite aware how impertinent all this would be, if it were said by any other English woman, but you must let me write what I think, and if you tell me I know nothing about the matter I shall not be shocked."

"I do so long to have somebody as unhappily susceptible to beauty of style, as I am, (for I think it pleases me too much) to admire with me, first, the outward garb, and then its contents. Your judgements are so benevolent, so singularly refined from all Party ill nature, (the last earthly ingredient from which a man purifies himself,) that, do you know, it gives me a melancholy feeling? I can hardly tell why, unless it is that I feel we are no longer on the same ground. You could not feel with me, — in short your own description of Goethe supplies best what I mean; you are beyond us; and one's friend must go step by step along with one, and not be far up, aloft like some imperturbable Dove, pitying human weakness and not feeling it! — Seriously, I think however you refine too much sometimes, as in ascribing to Count Rastoptchin greatness of mind as being the cause of his denying himself to be the author of the burning of Moscow? Like many

heroes he could do one great action, but as soon as
it brought constant little inconveniences and mortifi-
cations in its train, he denies it rather than suffer
them: — this is the ill-natured view of the case! I
should never end were I to specify the particular parts
that most interested me, and I must only say, that
I do not think any of your readers can have delighted
in the volume (which I have not finished,) more than
I have. —



Von Charlotte Williams Wynn.

Gussf. Leipzig, den 27. Juli 1842. (Leipzig, Donnerstag, den 21. Juli 1842.)

— " The mixture of english poetry in the book of Mr. Rio's I do not like, but it is unique in its way. Mr. Rio used to tell the anecdotes detailed in it, and they produced so much effect that Wordsworth, Landon, Milnes and Mrs. Norton, begged to write some lines to accompany the volume. He was obliged to insert the episode with the history of his mother in order to explain Mrs. Norton's poem, some of which I think very pretty. "

" From his never mentioning his own name, it is difficult to make act (unless previously acquainted with it) the part he took himself. I had rather he had spoken of himself as of others, for there seems to me an affectation in the care with which he avoids saying I. However he is the hero of every anecdote where the name is not given, he mentions all his friends names and only omits his own. — But you can have no idea of the effect his own recital creates; I never heard any thing like it. "

Von Carlotta William's 2/2yunn.

Mrs. Junger.

Kreuznach, Monday, 19. Septemb. 1842.

"I have promised a Lady here to write to you, my dear Friend, though I really hardly know why, however, she will not be contented unless I do, so you must make up your mind to read a very long story patiently, and I will condense it as much as possible! -

I have made the acquaintance here of a Madame de Elliot, a Dutch woman, née Mlle de Huygens, (her sister is Lady to the Landgraviate of Hesse) she married a Scotch man, who is either dead, or run away - she never speaks of him, and her married life has evidently been a failure. - She lives in Paris, and is now here with her daughter. I should never have known much of her but that she has been ill for the last week, and having the true French horror of being dull I go to sit with her every day. - In the course of conversation on Saturday I mentioned your name as being acquainted with you; the effect it produced was almost alarming, much like throwing a match into a heap of tinder! She jumped up in bed exclaiming - "You do not mean you know the Varnhagen?" In short, she has never talked of any thing but you since, and her daughter also, who is one of the most taking people I have seen for a long time. Mrs. Elliot seems to be very well acquainted with Rachel's letters, and with all your works. - She desired me to tell you, that she lent the former book to an old sick Lady in Paris this year, who knew you when you were there, and she sent it back saying - it "had given her health", that no other word described the effect it had produced upon her. - The Lady's name I must ask her again, having forgotten it. - She told me a very romantic history of a Dr. Harscher which she begged I would communicate to you, and ask if you could throw any light on it. At Baden two years ago a man came to their Table d'hôte singularly dressed, and by his extraordinary behaviour exciting great attention. He never looked up, if any one looked at him, he turned away his head, if he was spoken to, he did not answer. - The Doctor of the place told Mad.

de Elliot, he was a Dr. Harsher, a misanthrope, and much troubled with hypochondria; this interested her much, and she tried to get acquainted with him, in vain, but becoming ill one day, the same Doctor told her that when he mentioned that she was poorly, Dr. Harsher said: "I have a great mind to go, and see her!" upon which he was persuaded to come, and from that time passed the day with her, she describes him as the cleverest, most delightful person she ever met, hating the world, (it not for (I think) four years having spoken to any one before). He talked much of you, and Rachel, gave her to understand he had known you both well, but that one had done something to displease him, laughed at him she thinks, he spoke of it with a sort of soreness, as if he did not chuse to give the particulars. He lived at Basel, and upon Mrs. Elliot saying she should come, and see him, he refused, told her he never could see her again, that he had already broken through his rule, and from the time he got home his house would be, as usual, closed against every one. - At the end of three weeks, they separated, the Elliots went to Basel, but he would never see them, and Mrs. Elliot used to walk on the ramparts before his house in the hopes that he would relent. He once answered a letter she wrote, but the second time he took no notice of it. - Now she is very anxious to know why he seems to have quarrelled with all the world; and begged me so hard to write you this that I could not refuse though from what she told me I think it is easily explained by a slight degree of madness on his part.

Mrs. Elliot, or Mad. de E, or Frau von E, or Baroness something, for she seems to be called equally by all these names, is a thorough Frenchwoman, very amusing, but excitable to a most curious degree; she seems to keep open house at Paris for all that is clever, and I see, piques herself upon holding her salon well. I was much amused by finding that she was too religious to go out, and therefore only received every evening at home! - They speak every language with

the same facility as French, and the girl considers herself to be English; she is so tranquil, simple and sensible, that I should like to see more of her; but being with the mother is too much like dram = drinking! — Poor woman she ought to see no one for she is in a regular nervous fever, but begs me so eagerly to come, that I cannot say no, and meanwhile she reads "Sappho's" works, which amuse her too much to be wholesome.

I have not said any thing of her enthusiasm about you, because I know it would bore you, but you really cannot imagine any thing like it, and so I like her better than I otherwise should, and have won her eternal gratitude by giving her one of your cuttings out. —

All this time I have forgotten the most important thing she told me, namely that she was for two years exactly in the same state you are now, that is, so troubled with giddiness, that she could not take a step in the open air, but could perfectly walk in the room, she was obliged to be supported down stairs, and once when she thought she was better, and tried to creep into the next street, one of these sudden fits of vertigo came on, and she was obliged to get home by holding on by the rails of the houses. — She tried every medicine without success, and was cured completely by cold bathing every day, and by going into the open air as soon as she was dressed. — She says she is certain nothing else will cure you, and that you must leave off all medicine of any kind. — I cannot help believing that she may be quite right, and from her description it seems to have been so much like what you now suffer under! — Will you not try this bathing? she did not even put salt into the water, which must make the effect stronger. —

On Wednesday we go without fail, and keep to our former plans. — Papa is better and I begin to foresee we shall have to come again, if the improvement encreases, but it must be very decided to induce him to try it once more! —

I wish I had any thing more amusing to send you, than

the two dull pamphlets, which, if I see General Rühle again, I shall beg him to take. —

Mr. Rio when he left England did not intend to return for two years or more, but he may have changed his mind. I hope it has been want of time, or the being too well amused to remember it, that has prevented his writing to me, because if my words have produced the effect I fear they have, I shall be disappointed in him! —

Good night, dear Friend! it is getting late but I was determined to finish Mad. Elliott's romance to night. — She said to me: "The worst of writing to those sort of men, is, one must take so much trouble to be clever, now would he [you] care for a letter that was not clever?" I could hardly help laughing, when I thought how little trouble I had taken, and get that you had cared for my letters! — I am not sure that I ought not to take more trouble, for I know I could write better if I arranged my thoughts before-hand. —

Tuesday.

I almost doubt whether you will be able to read, or understand the above, I was much tired, and my letter shows it. — I have given General Rühle the pamphlets which he is kind enough to take charge of. — He called this morning and I introduced him to Papa, but, as you know, that does not prosper at the beginning. —

His wife appears to be very poorly, and he a most devoted husband! — Sidney is just returned from Frankfort, and there is so much to be done that I cannot continue. Ever my dear Friend your affectionate

Charlotte Williams Wynn.

The old Lady's name is, Mad. de Thönniges. "

Ans Sam Loring von Charles Phillimore Llyn.



Cologne, Saturday.. 24. Sept. 1842.

" I hear of nothing but the extraordinary popularity of the King here, they look upon him as the first republicain King they have had! I paid a shilling for his speech, which had Doctor Budde not been there to hear, I should have said was very dear for 15 lines which told me nothing new."

" Robert Phillimore had begged me to get him any pamphlet on the subject of the Bishopric of Jerusalem, I could find, but the bookseller had none, and told me with much contempt that it was a subject that was perfectly uninteresting in Germany excepting to the King, and his Minister in England!"

" My next Letter will be from London, - you say truly, that our correspondence is different then, many circumstances arise to make it so, but I tell you only the truth, in saying that your Letters are the greatest pleasure I have there. - I can hardly make up my mind to leave Germany without having seen you, something seems incomplete in my residence here!"

Monday morning, 26. Sept.

" - We are now in the steamboat about two hours from Rotterdam. - Our journey has been prosperous and dull. - Last night we slept at Nimeguen, the first time we have done so, since the year we were there together. - I remembered so well your servant shocking us all by coming in with a book from you when we all were en bonnet de nuit, it seemed but yesterday! I could call to mind every word Mamma said, even her very look. How much has taken place since! How much happiness has passed away! And yet when I asked myself the question last night,

I felt that I would rather have gone through it all, than not! This seems to me very odd and I cannot understand it but it is a fortunate gift to prefer not to be happy, not that I can say this, for I am now happy!—

The boat shakes terribly, for the wind is very high, and I fear we shall have a bad passage tomorrow.—

Prutz's book has been the greatest amusement to me.—

The article upon Hegel has interested more than any thing I have read for a long time.— The analysis of the Jewish history and nation is wonderful, and all that he says upon miracles, the sacraments, the forgiveness of sins is very striking, — but you cannot read this, I am sure, and so I will not say more.

Farewell. The sea will soon be between us, for I see its blue line in the horizon. Ever your very affectionate

Ch. W. W.

Wm Charlton Esq.

Grafton Street, 8. Octob. 1842.

"In the course of a week or two, you will receive three little books, I did not write with them but ventured to put two words in the beginning that you might know from whom they came, and yet, I felt it was rather presumptuous of me to do so! They are three of Southey's poems, and perhaps may amuse you; you will think we deal in nothing else but his works, I do not however, expect you to admire them, though parts of "Thalaba" are to my mind beautiful. "Madoc", I only sent because it belongs to Wales."



von Charlotte & William Wynn.

1844 31/10/44.

Pantychin, 11. October 1842.



— „My last letter was so hurried a one that you would hardly gather from it how very interesting to me were all the details upon your poor friend's history. It is indeed a most melancholy one; the feeling of having passed a long life, and not having really lived through the years that composed it, is a terrible one! Mrs. Elliot told me that one of the causes which had alienated Har- scher from the world was the constant self reproach he felt, for not having done enough for his mother; he be- came so excited whenever he spoke on the subject, that it was with difficulty she pacified him, saying, that he never could forgive himself, or be forgiven, that he ever saw her angry figure before him! — Upon farther inquiries, she was told that this was entirely without foundation, for that he had devoted himself to the mo- ther while she lived, but whether this self reproach is well founded, or not, it is equally dreadful to its possessor, and what an existence it must be to under- go this alone, with no one to soothe him, no one to show him that if he has erred, he shall still be forgiven, no one to prove that a mother cannot be angry with her child! —

He was evidently sorry when the party at Baden broke up, and proposed, Mrs. Elliot and he, should meet again at an inn half way; she consented, and when they drove up found him waiting at the door for them. — They dined together, and when he took his leave, for the first and only time he looked her in the face; he had before, either looked down, or turned his head away when he spoke. She was greatly struck by the misery expressed in his eyes, a sort of despair

which haunted her for days after. — He must have talked much of you, for Mrs. Elliot seems so well acquainted with your early friends, yet I cannot quite understand why she admires the „Buch Rachel“ so much, as I doubt her being able to appreciate it, but I may be quite wrong; she certainly lives in a circle who are worthy of it, and she mentioned having to translate parts to some gentleman who was so enthusiastic, that he declared if she would not do it, he must learn German himself. —

Herr Charlotte Williams Lygon.

"Non sibi scribit."

Pantychin, 11. October 1842.



"I have been thinking over your last letter, and your question whether you had understood Sidney rightly with respect to my difference of manner in England, and on the Continent. - It was only the other day she said to me again, that she never saw any one change so much, as I did the minute I came abroad. "You become so much softer, and become a young lady again." I have tried to discover why I am different, and this is the result. - I have a great dislike to what we call humbug, i.e. to cant, to feelings that are put on because they are right, to assertions that are made, and words, that are spoken as a matter of course. - Of this, I see of course, plenty, and unfortunately (for I had rather be blind to it) have sharp eyes for it; perhaps, even the utterers, may not be aware that they do not believe, what they are telling me, - custom is second nature, it is said and they are brought up to believe they think so. If you say A, it is as regular as a move at chess that you must be answered with B. This provokes me; and I am not soft enough in my answers; my feeling is a mixture of unwillingness to submit to take as food what is nothing but froth, contempt, and amusement, and this makes a sort of compound which people call cleverness. - They laugh when I know, I have not uttered a clever word, but the simplest truth; and then they say, "it is so like me", and call me satirical, and witty, which makes me feel ashamed of myself, and them, for I am neither. Abroad, I have no opportunity of feeling this, the intercourse I have, is on another footing, for we have some- thing to talk about, and it seems at least to be genuine; I learn something there; here there is no question of that, and when the conversation is very dull, I try to make it less so, not much caring what I say; it is a sort of recklessness, but sometimes causes others to come forward with something better. I know I have the power of

amusing others, but not making them like me, and when I spoke in my letter of being graver, it was with reference to my relations with whom it is a question of intimacy and love, and not the world in general. It is odd that I feel I am good natured, that I am enthusiastic, and that I have a stronger sympathy with others, than any of my sisters, and yet, any one would tell you I was the caustic, witty one, which is not true. I often feel quite low when I find people laughing at the gravest truth, and calling it wit. Mr. Rio used to say: "What astonishes me is that no one seems to know you, whenever I talk of you they give me quite a different character; you ought to speak more;" now I never knowingly attempted to put on another character, on the contrary, no one seems to me worth the trouble of disguising myself, but I suppose I was different with Rio, because he was different. —

And now I have talked enough of myself, your question obliged me to think the matter over, and this appears to me to be the truth, but I may be quite wrong and not know myself. —

I am ashamed of all I have said about myself, have I any right thus to judge the world? and to place myself above it? Were it to any one else I should at once throw my letter into the fire; but you shall have it, though I begin almost to doubt whether I have even told you the truth, and have not deceived myself. — I cannot however investigate any more. —

Don Carlos's Exhibition 24th Nov.

Uben Poul.

Pantychin, 11. October 1842.

— "With respect to Papa's position to Peel's government, I must own, I think it a singular one. — He is a warm supporter, and adviser, at times, without being an accredited one. — During last spring he used to be sent for to give his opinion to Peel upon the most confidential matters, and quite willing he was to be of any use. — I think that Peel's friends are vanishing fast; he is not a warm hearted man who attaches any one, and he is so completely the minister that he thinks only of bringing round those opposed to him, and many say now, that the way to be considered, and liked by Peel, is to be his enemy. — He does all by himself, communicates with none of his colleagues, and they literally do not know what his opinion is before he speaks; he begs most peremptorily that none of the government will speak, unless he desires it, so that he has very cleverly reduced them to silent votes. — The young men of his own party hate him, for he never, (as most Premiers have done) helps them out of a scrape. — He is the first person who gives them up to the Opposition. — Papa disagreed with him in many of his measures, that is, thought them unwise, particularly the Bribery Committee, but upon the whole is as much his supporter as he used to be. When we meet I can give you more particulars of his present position."



Ueber Pöfugibm, und Laufm.

Aus einem Briefe von Carlotta William's Wynn.

Llundwyn, 6. Novemb. 1842.

— "I think Dissentism is encreasing, and they have at last forced the bishops to go with them. They (the bishops) remained quiet as long as it was possible for them to do so; and it appears to me that they have joined them now, only because they think they shall be better able to guide, and restrain the movement by going along with it, than by opposing a decided obstacle to its progress. The holders of the new opinions are so little agreed among themselves that it is difficult to know what they would have; many, profess a greater dread than ever of Papist Doctrines, which, (inasmuch as we have always held that the Roman Church is a branch of the true Catholic) is an absurd name to give it. We, Anglo-Catholics (the name of Protestant, is repudiated entirely) are to go back to the three first Centuries, or rather we are to believe, and practise, all that the four first General Councils decreed in matters of Faith, and of Ceremonies. — They assert that the Bible is to be understood only by reference to the opinions of these Fathers, and is to be expounded in conformity with them. — Why, as no claim to inspiration is set up for them, we are to appeal to them rather than at once to that which we believe to be inspired, I know not. Whether the country will become a Roman Catholic one ~~now~~ seems to me a secondary consideration to that which forces itself upon one's mind; — whether we are retrograding or progressing by this movement, whether it is likely to promote true Religion or merely the forms of it. I am well aware that it is possible to keep both the essence, and the form, but one is easier than the other. All the ceremonies they would now impose, and talk of, so wearysome, seem to me perfectly indifferent, and if any pray better kneeling on the ground, rather than on a cushion, before an altar

decked with flowers, and surmounted by the finest pictures, in a gorgeous gilded church, they are quite right, if possible, to procure these luxuries to the senses, but what put me out of patience is, that they insist upon asserting that those whose devotion does not require these helps, are more destitute of real Religion, and ought to try to acquire it. — I am certain that the last thing the High: Church Clergy wish to introduce, is the authority of the Pope. They are doing their utmost to place the rights, and office of the Clergy upon the highest possible ground, and to make it supreme, and I suspect would not willingly re-establish an authority from which there is no appeal. —

"I mentioned by accident Burser's name to Robert Phillimore the otherday, and could not help laughing when he burst out: " Burser! that traitor! he ought to be hanged on the highest tree in the land, he has equally deceived his own countrymen, and us!". I believe we are as much discontented as the Germans can be on the subject of that unhappy Bishopric, though I must say, that, I think, our Church might as well have known more what she pledged herself to, before she subscribed to it. —



Ano Jan Levinson von Garlotta William & Hyman.
Lundunum, 11. Junius 1843.

— Papa says that without doubt Earl Marischal is the right spelling, with the sch, it being a Scotch title which was never out of the Keith family, until it became attainted.

— Papa was very much interested in the subject, and talked of the curious letters which he found in the Royal State Paper Office some years ago on the matter. These letters are now not discoverable; Lord Mahon having in vain searched for them from Papa's description. — The papers are all in confusion, and nothing can be found. — He says it was curious that both Brothers came over to England in 1740, upon permission, and that they corresponded the whole time with the exiled court. He read me an extract from a letter of the Earl Marischal Keith's, as follows: "General Keith was with the Duke of Argyle when he received his dismissal (from office): "Mr. Keith, fall flat, fall edge, we must get rid of these people", which might imply both master, and man; or only the man." — This has more to do with the Duke of Argyle than the Keiths, but the exclamation "fall flat, fall edge, Chappen what may" is a good specimen of a Highland Chief like the Duke. —

Jupston Road, 2. März 1843.

— "The Duke of Argyle received his dismissal from the King, which enraged him", (though he seems to have deserved it fully from his dealings with the Pretender) and he said: "Mr. Keith &c. — "Which might imply both master

and man", is the remark of the Earl of Marischal
upon the speech; - meaning either the King and
his Minister, or the Minister alone. -

Auf einem Brief von Charlotte Schumann.



Llangedwin, 11. Jan. 1843.

— "Your account of the loss of your excellent friend is very striking, and all you say of her is deeply interesting to me. — The other day we lost Mamma's eldest friend, one who had been her companion in childhood, and literally adored her! she loved us all like her children in consequence, but I had not seen her for ten years. — It is a curious coincidence that this perfect woman, (for she was as perfect as a human creature can be,) always like your dear Madame Mendelssohn, prayed that she might die suddenly; she was seized with a fit in the act of giving charity to a beggar, out of doors, and died instantaneously! — Can one imagine a more beautiful death for one whose whole life was a constant preparation for her end? — And yet, I am astonished that the wish to die suddenly, without being aware of it, is so common a one. — Surely it is a singular desire? —"

Ch. W. W.

J. 15. Feb. 1843.

From Charlotte Williams Wynne.



Kuntzgrün, 4. Feb. 1843.

— "The only other book I am reading, is Wilhelm Meister, which, singular to relate, I had never done before; — I have not reached the conclusion of the third book, so I can hardly say I am yet got into it, and the story will become more interesting, I must own, I find passages which appear to me in bad taste, but this I am quite willing to believe is my fault, my want of judgement, and not the author's. — In all the more serious parts I delight, and I cannot tell you how the reflections startle me at times from their wonderful beauty, and truth, I lose myself in admiration!" —

Annual Report of the

Board of Trustees

The Board of Trustees of the University of California, in its annual report, has the honor to acknowledge the many favors and courtesies which have been extended to it by the State of California, and to express its appreciation of the many valuable suggestions and criticisms which have been received from the various departments of the State. The Board has also the honor to acknowledge the many valuable suggestions and criticisms which have been received from the various departments of the State. The Board has also the honor to acknowledge the many valuable suggestions and criticisms which have been received from the various departments of the State.

June 2. Mai 1843.



Auf dem Briefe von Charlotte Schlegel.

Frankfurt, 25. April 1843.

— "Your book was the delight of my days at Sunbridge — That which I had read before, I admired anew, and that which was fresh, enchanted me. I can only say that the account of your youthful days was to me the most fascinating bit of reading I remember for very long! You can have no idea of the power it had over me, I could not put it down, and was often much inclined to weep over your childish misfortunes. How have you contrived to give the feelings of a child so truly? with no exaggeration; not a man's idea of what the feelings of a child should be, but the feelings themselves? How entirely do I agree with you that a child's unhappiness is not enough considered! At that time it has a keener sense of injustice, than it ever has in after years; your feelings were without doubt beyond your age, but it brought back to my remembrance many a similar instance of great wretchedness merely by my not being understood. — Your religious education is most curious and deeply interesting. When I read that, "Mein Vater hatte seine Freude, wenn ich meine selbstgefundenen Zweifel im lebhaftesten vortrug," I cannot help wondering at his courage, you might have become so wretched, had the result been a different one; and though it is fitting, and right, at a mature age to run the risk, with a boy of 13 it was surely a fearful experiment? — But your feelings were naturally too devotional to expose you to much danger. — Your description of the manner in which belief, and doubt flourished peacefully side by side in your mind, is a truly beautiful one. — How I should enjoy talking over particular passages with you! I read it all with more attention than before, at least it produced a different impression on me, an impression of which in some respects I am ashamed and would willingly tell it you though I should not like to write it to you."

2. The second part of the document focuses on the implementation of internal controls to prevent fraud and ensure the accuracy of financial data. It outlines the key components of a robust internal control system, including segregation of duties, authorization procedures, and regular monitoring and evaluation.

3. The third part of the document addresses the challenges faced by organizations in managing their financial resources effectively. It discusses the importance of budgeting, forecasting, and financial analysis in making informed decisions and optimizing resource allocation.

4. The fourth part of the document explores the role of technology in modern accounting and finance. It highlights the benefits of using accounting software and digital tools to streamline processes, improve accuracy, and enhance data security.

6. The sixth part of the document provides a summary of the key findings and recommendations from the study. It emphasizes the need for continuous improvement in financial management practices and the importance of staying up-to-date with the latest industry trends and regulations.



Wm. Charles Williams Wynne.

London, Jan 9. Mui 1843.

— "I gave my opinion so freely before, respecting Wilhelm Meister, that you will make allowances for my doing so now. The other day I began again from where I had left off, at the beginning of the 6th book, and must fairly say, I think it is the most extraordinary proof of genius I ever met with! — In this I may be as wrong as I feel I was in my judgement of the first books, but I really can not find words to express my admiration, and astonishment at the almost superhuman knowledge of the human heart which must have dictated such remarks as those that are profusely scattered through the 70 pages of "Bekenntnisse einer schönen Seele"! I must not attempt to transcribe the passages that most struck me, for I should never come to an end. Any thing more perfect than the moral, and the manner in which it is worked out, I cannot imagine! and above all, the masterly way in which the utter selfishness, or rather self-seeking which forms the basis of the religion, is exhibited in every feeling, though veiled under a better name, until it deceives its very possessor! I cannot understand Schiller wishing the thoughts to be more clearly developed than they are, nor that he could think it possible that "ein christliches Gemüth eine zu leichtsinnige Behandlung tadeln könnte"? — "

Von Charlotte Elizabeth Lytton.

London, Jan 9. Mui 1843.

— "London never was so dull, every one is poor, and every one complains and no one can tell the reason; for the Income Tax is too inconsiderable a one, to account for rents not being paid, and in consequence luxuries not being bought! — A singular change has taken place the last two years, and certainly it is one much for the better. — We no longer are victims to show; — formerly, all of a certain rank were obliged to live and move in a certain way, now, every body does what suits them best, — instead of state-carriages half the people go to court in a hired cab. — We are beginning to walk without servants, to go on rail roads without chaperons, &c. &c. &c. It has become rather vulgar to have money! for the only people who have any, are the manufacturers! — With this aristocratic remark I will conclude my letter. —"

The following is a list of the
names of the persons who have been
admitted to the office of the
Recorder of Deeds for the year 1894.

1. John A. Smith, Clerk of the Court.
2. John B. Jones, Clerk of the Court.
3. John C. Brown, Clerk of the Court.
4. John D. White, Clerk of the Court.
5. John E. Black, Clerk of the Court.
6. John F. Green, Clerk of the Court.
7. John G. Hall, Clerk of the Court.
8. John H. King, Clerk of the Court.
9. John I. Lee, Clerk of the Court.
10. John J. Miller, Clerk of the Court.
11. John K. Davis, Clerk of the Court.
12. John L. Wilson, Clerk of the Court.
13. John M. Moore, Clerk of the Court.
14. John N. Taylor, Clerk of the Court.
15. John O. Anderson, Clerk of the Court.
16. John P. Jackson, Clerk of the Court.
17. John Q. Adams, Clerk of the Court.
18. John R. Nelson, Clerk of the Court.
19. John S. Phillips, Clerk of the Court.
20. John T. Mitchell, Clerk of the Court.
21. John U. Roberts, Clerk of the Court.
22. John V. Turner, Clerk of the Court.
23. John W. Lewis, Clerk of the Court.
24. John X. Clark, Clerk of the Court.
25. John Y. Hall, Clerk of the Court.
26. John Z. King, Clerk of the Court.
27. John A. Lee, Clerk of the Court.
28. John B. Miller, Clerk of the Court.
29. John C. Davis, Clerk of the Court.
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98. John T. King, Clerk of the Court.
99. John U. Lee, Clerk of the Court.
100. John V. Miller, Clerk of the Court.



Auf Frau Louisa von Charlotta Phillimore 2. Hymn.

London, den 14. Juli 1843.

— "Lady Grenville is only just returned from a year's stay in Italy, where among other things she has been much gratified by the respect, and unexpected attentions that have been paid her, as Lord Grenville's widow. — One of the Phillimores who accompanied her, told me that they were constantly surprised by some proof of his memory being valued, where one should hardly have expected that the very name had ever reached them. This has had, I think, a soothing effect upon her, and she is returned less reserved, and taking more interest in society than before. — But Miss Phillimore describes many curious scenes of which she was witness; one, when some Cardinal came to pay her a visit, introduced himself, and said, that hearing she was in Rome, he could not resist expressing to her the sense of obligation which the Catholics owed her husband, as being the first proposer of Catholic Emancipation &c. &c. This would not have been astonishing, or embarrassing to any who did not know Lady Grenville, but since his death, his name has never been mentioned or alluded to before her, no one ever saw her shed tears for him, though she used to shut herself up for days to weep at her leisure. Under these circumstances, you can imagine that the girl was almost frightened as to the effect that would be produced by such a speech; to her surprise, Lady Grenville burst into tears, but answered in a very measured tone, and the Cardinal went away delighted at the effect he had produced: — she was the only person of whom I never could get the better of my fear, but she is really now quite different."

"The other day, I was introduced to Mrs. Jameson, do you know her? if not, you have no loss, for I

disliked her much, she seemed to me to have a good deal of false humility, and not a little affectation."

"Then, last week upon my saying to Mr. Milnes that I wished to know Maccauley, he very good-naturedly asked him to breakfast to meet me, and I was sadly disappointed. He was supposed to be very brilliant, but it consisted of such exaggerations, that they amounted to falsehood. — There must be something witty to the world in a lie, per se, I am convinced, for there really was no fun in any thing. Mr. Maccauley said farther than that it was not true, and yet every body was in raptures. — One great obstacle to any conversation here is the deference paid to authority, paid to a name. No one contradicted this great man, though there were 11 people listening."

— "Peel is becoming the most unpopular man in the House. They cannot endure his caution; I do not believe he has a personal friend; his principle in his official life is to throw away two friends, for the chance of bringing over one enemy, and he ends in keeping neither!"

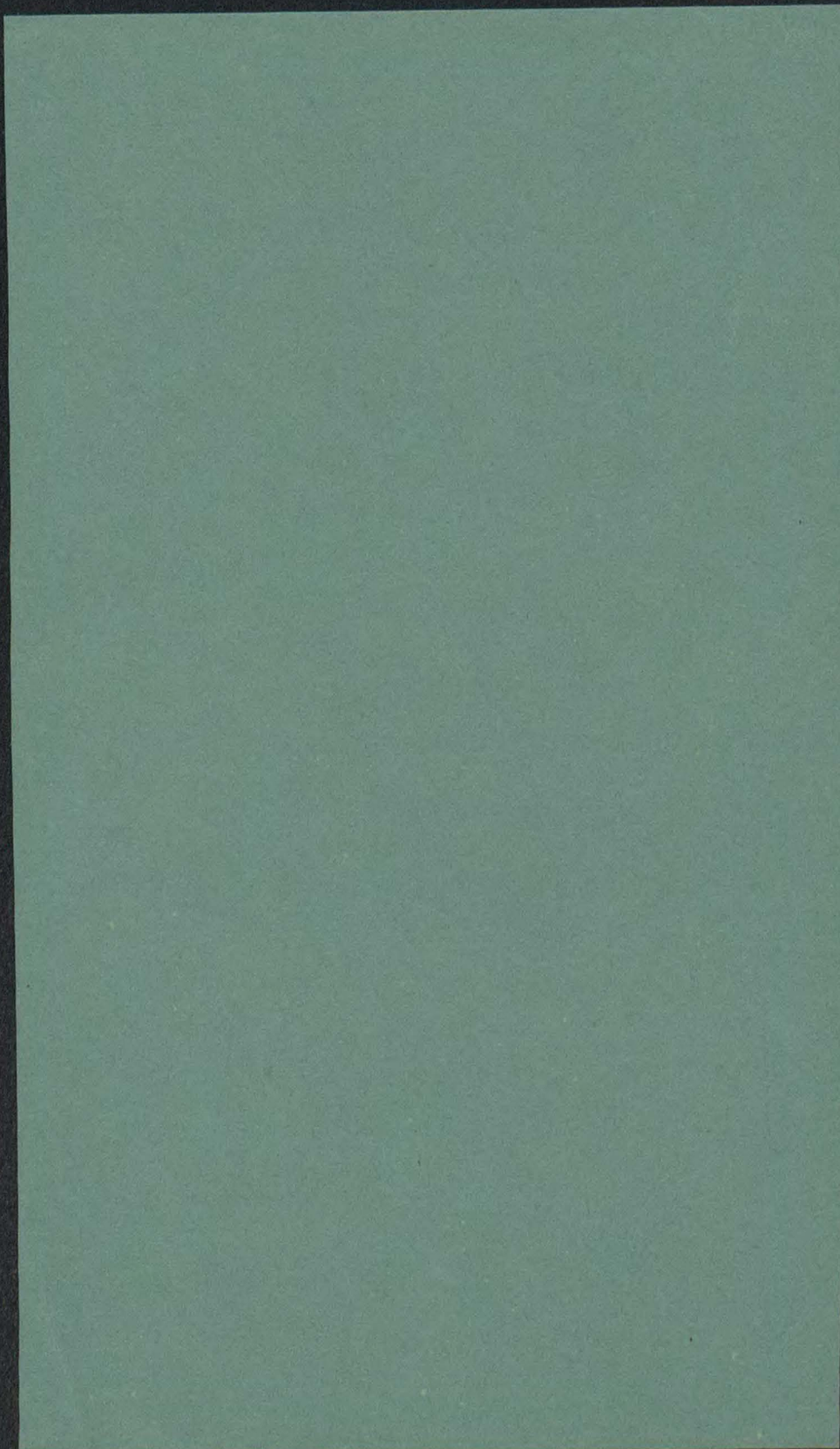
"The question of the Irish Church is the most difficult of all, whatever you do, you are unjust upon one party or the other, it puzzles me completely, and after such an avowal what can I say more!"

Ans. dem Briefe von Gustav Schilling 28. Jun.

London, den 14. Juli 1843.

— "One great obstacle to any conversation here is the deference paid to authority, paid to a name. No one contradicted this great man (Maccauley), though there were eleven people listening. — It may be very beautiful to see the young, listening in silence to the old, but I am sure it is very bad for the latter, who are thus allowed unquestioned to spread any amount of untruth to the world. I had a proof of this the other day. — Mr. Brookfield, (one of the finest preachers of the day, and a man almost worshipped by many,) was at Mary's; there ~~was~~ a large circle, and the conversation turned upon the feelings; I said something to my next neighbour, who told me I was mistaken, and my definition was not a just one. — Of course, I gave way, and I believe also he was quite right, when, immediately after, Mr. Brookfield who had not heard my remark, made precisely the same, almost in the same words! — No one put him right, all assented, as if with one accord, and it made me sad, for he spoke without having examined the matter more than I had, but I was given the opportunity of getting at the truth, while he was to go on, perhaps building more fallacies, upon that fallacy; and it seemed to me a cruel return to those who have earned for themselves a claim on our gratitude, and our love, thus by our hollow, cowardly acquiescence to prevent their soaring higher! —"





And Sam Lewis von Gustav Wilhelm Wagn.



London, 4. August 1843.

1 - Last night, I went to see the first representation of a Comedy, written by the daughter of the duke of Rutland; it was a bold attempt, and one that did not succeed though the audience was composed almost entirely of her friends. The dialogue was more witty than I should have expected Lady Emmeline Wortley capable of writing, but the plot was absolutely nothing, and we had to sit through five long acts of it. - All the fine men of London went determined to carry it through by their plaudits, and these were so incessant, that I could not help saying to one who sat behind me, "I think it rather a shame for you all to come here, and insist upon making the public swallow, and put up with such trash as this." He answered very quietly: "You need not be the least alarmed, for the public are very well able to take care of themselves, and moreover you will see they will not swallow it", and so it turned out. -

Preussische
Staatsbibliothek
Berlin
(3.12. Aug. 1848)

Anb. dem Louisa von Carlotta Willibrod Wyggen.

London, 4. August 1848.

"I have just read your letter of the 29th, my dear friend, and must write at once, — must tell you what emotion it created! — It was given to me as I was sitting alone at my breakfast and with what pleasure did I open it! Alas! that pleasure soon subsided, and left a breathless eagerness to know what the next lines would say; I cannot describe to you how I felt, but my dearest friend, you can imagine it; can you not? When I came to the end, I drew a long breath, and now begin to think I was unnecessarily alarmed. All the colds of this year have affected the eyes, and it is so natural that, (as you say) it should be a common inflammation in it. — I long to hear notwithstanding, that you are at Berlin, and have seen an Oculist, he will tell you not to use the eye, and then you will not do it? My fear is that you will not obey him in this particular. I pray you, do!

Upon all the sorrows, and trials of this life, my best friend! you, and I, think so much alike that I may venture to say, your letter gave me on the whole rather a triumphant feeling than a downcast one. All that you feel, I think I should feel. — That you are enabled so calmly, and contentedly to contemplate any trial is in itself the surest proof that, that which God says upon us, he will give us strength to bear! How beautifully do you express this! When I read your letters I often feel that it is not fair to keep them to myself, that others ought to be the better for them, and yet, they are so much the dearer to me for that very reason; they were written for me, and me only! This is selfish I suppose!! How my letter of congratulations must have depressed you! This is one of the worst penalties one pays for being separated from those who are dear to one. All may be altered by the time you receive this, I trust it may! And that my gloom may be as misplaced, as was my joy! —

— The putting down of authorities both in literature and elsewhere is a somewhat dangerous work, and one

that is supposed to belong specially to what is called "Young England". — Are you aware we possess such a Party? It is composed of five members to whom the name was given by Stume, and they are rather proud of the title. —

The first is Lord John Manners, a well meaning, excellent man, I believe; with very little ability, in my opinion, but others think otherwise; then comes Mr. Cochrane, an old friend of mine, and a very absurd one, but with talent. He used to amuse me from the constant and rapid change in his opinions; it was more like the waves of the sea than any thing else, one swept the other away, and left no trace behind; but as there was generally some reason for what he said, it was curious to me and he used to come, and say, "yesterday my opinions were so and so, but to day they are quite changed, so I am come to tell you of it." —

Two of the members I do not know, but the greatest is Mr. Milnes.

These men are all young, and all calling themselves Conservatives, but voting incessantly against the government whenever they fancy it is not eager enough in favor of the church, or the Roman Catholics; — all of them are what is termed, Dissenters, and all eager for liberty in every thing but religious matters. It is a strange medley, for they would with one hand brush away all prejudices, cant, and ancient rule, while with the other, they are trying to preserve as much religious dust as they can get together. —

Mr. Milnes and I, had a mutual distaste to each other, but I fancy, Mr. Rio has insisted on his changing his opinion, for since he has been in Italy with Mr. Rio, he is much altered. —

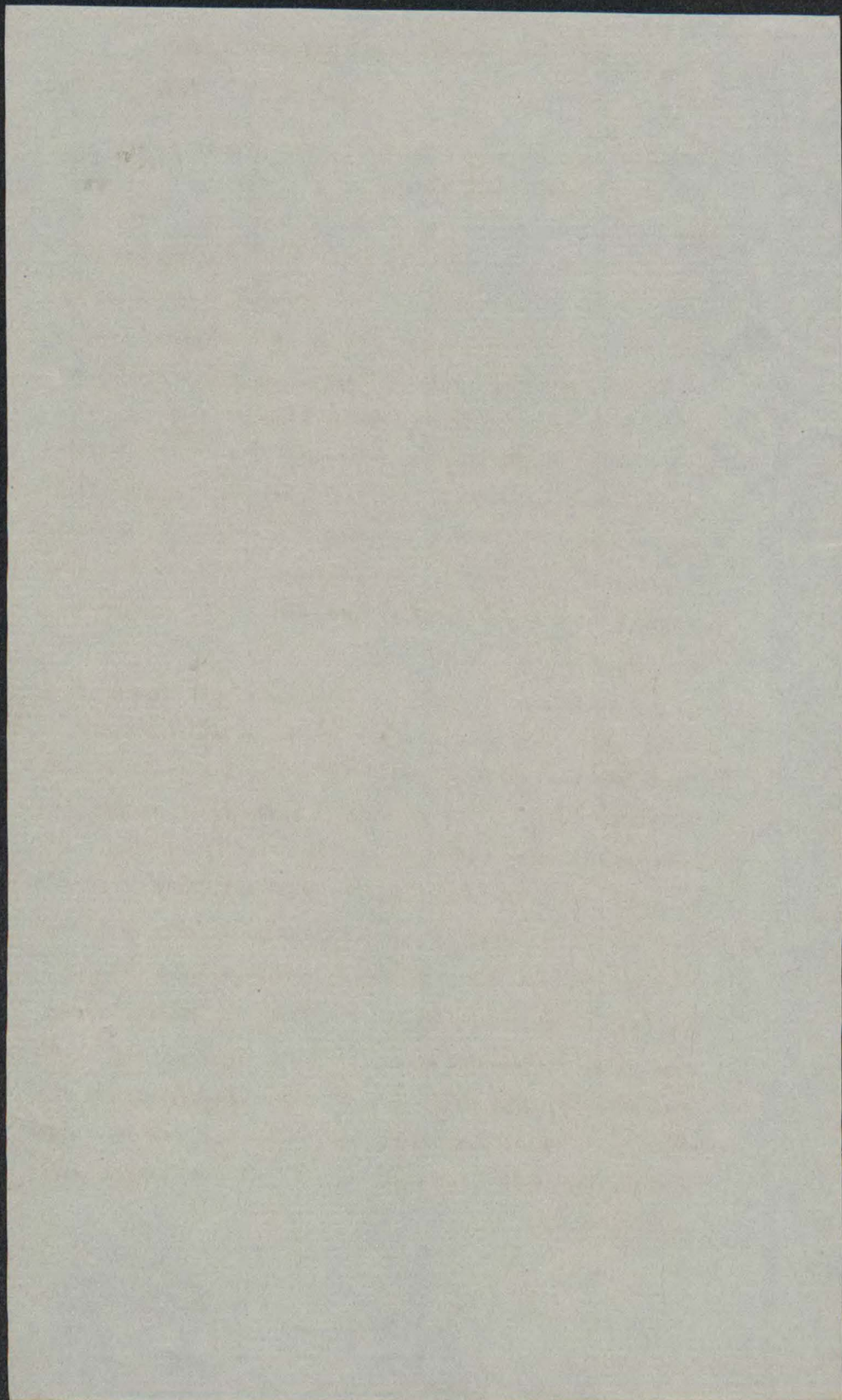


And from Louisa von Charlotta 2dym.

Ellengårdin, 8. Oktober 1843.

"I have been reading Mr. de Custine's work. It is very brilliantly written, and Papa says it is the most powerful book he has read for a long time. I must own, that when I found him writing deliberately a letter of falsehoods, in order to deceive the postoffice, and prevent a search being made for his real opinions, I was a little staggered, and felt he had not associated with Russians in vain. Neither a German, nor an Englishman would have condescended to such a step: the thoroughly hollow flattery which he takes care to detail, as having lavished upon the emperor to his face, is also very French; during the whole of the journey he seems to have felt with Talleyrand that the only use of speech is to conceal one's thoughts. But the book is a very amusing one?"

— "I am almost afraid I may hurt you by my remarks upon M. de Custine, for truth to say, when I wrote them I quite forgot that he was a friend of your's. — Will you forgive me for them? perhaps it might be in some degree my national vanity that prompted me, he hates us all so heartily. — Many who have read that and his other works have asked whether some part of his life has not been affected in a disagreeable manner by English in some way, for that he always seems sore when he speaks of any thing approaching to them. I said I believed it was only the natural dislike of a Frenchman to us, of which we certainly had as large a share formerly, though now, it is diminished astonishingly."





An^d einem Briefe von Charlotte Schlegel.

Thornes House, 31. Dec. 1843.

— „You will, I fear, have read our last Quarterly Review. I have never seen an article which has given me more pain, than that upon the „Women of Germany“, and I should be very glad to hear it was not Lockhart's writing, (for his sake), but there is a bitterness in it which is but too like him. — The author, whoever he may be, had a perfect right to express his opinion upon the „Buch Rachel“, but that which shocks me is the spirit in which it is done: the picking out isolated passages which ~~was~~ he knew gave no impression of their writers merit, nay even a false one without the context to them, and holding them up to ridicule! My only comfort is that the review will not influence any who are able to judge for themselves, and for those who are not, it signifies little. — Who was Charlotte Stieglitz? — I wish you would have the review answered, showing the unworthy flippancy spirit in which it is written. Never did I feel more inclined to take up the pen myself in defense of a book to which I owe so much, which has been a never ending source of good to me! — The office of a reviewer has always seemed to me a holy one — it ought to be undertaken as the painters of the early ages did their pictures, with a prayer beforehand, that truth, and truth alone might

guide their hand; and when I see it thus debased
in order to amuse, when I find ridicule, instead of
argument, and a sneer instead of a proof, it is some-
what difficult to feel with Shakespear, and find "good
in every thing." —

Essex Park, 10. Jan. 1844.

— Mr. Milnes particularly begged I would tell you
that the Quarterly is famous for insulting women;
and that there has been not a single woman of note
in England who has not been abused in it. —

Aus einem Briefe von Charlotte Williams Whym.



Grafton Street. January 20th 1845.

"Now, my dear friend, I cannot leave London without writing once more. — Though my last letter will have told you how much improved my health is, I cannot feel happy until I have thanked you for the touching interest you express that it should mend. —

A thousand thanks, dear friend, for having written me so sweet and dear a letter! — It is almost worth being ill when it brings forth such sympathy! —

That you, with all your avocations, all you have to do and to think, should thus devote a whole letter, to the task of comforting, and strengthening, me under "the ill that flesh is heir to", touches me to the bottom of my heart. — And your letter did comfort me, and did me more good than all the doctor's prescriptions had. — I now feel that I than gave way too much, but it was perhaps a natural, and a necessary reaction after the long contest I had been waging with failing health, and worried nerves. It shall not be so again. — To the Providence who has bestowed so much upon me, in giving me such a friend, and adviser, I will trust more, and if the capability of taking pleasure in intellectual pursuit is to be withdrawn, I will be content, and only grateful for the past years during which it has been vouchsafed me! — For, I believe, that was the cause of my excessive lowness. — I feared for the future, and in that was a coward. — I am much better in every respect. — For the last fortnight I have been alone in this house, and the entire repose, and solitude has done wonders, added to that disagreeable remedy a shower bath every morning! — On Thursday I shall go to pay a visit of a month to my aunts, and trust that the country air

will make me a different creature. — The Doyle's
are still in the country. — Sidney writes me the nicest
of letters, breathing an affection towards me that al-
most astonishes me, and he also, she wrote me that
the other day, on my birth day, he passed an hour thin=
king which of his friends I could be persuaded to mar=
ry, but that he put down such a number of quali=
ties as necessary, that she did not believe such a Phe-
nix would ever be found. — Of course he thinks at pre=
sent there is no happiness without being married, and
long may he continue to think so!! —



Anb. dem Briefe von Charlotte Schynn,

London, 18. Juli 1847.

" I cannot wish (even were it possible) to accompany my sister to Nice, for the whole thing, climate, place, and society did not suit me. — And yet there were some pleasant remembrances connected with it — those long letters you used to send me, and to which I looked forward so eagerly! — we often misunderstood one another, but still it all came right! — Do you think we shall ever meet here again? Sometimes I become very low, and shall find no longer the energy, and hope that used to keep me afloat, — then, I feel sadly alone, and begin to doubt that of which I ought to feel most certain, — even, your affection, dear friend! This however I fight against, for it is morbid. — But I have had reason to know that "Friendship" makes to itself wings, and flies away," quite as often as "Riches" do. —"

1891

1891

I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.

Carlyle.

"Carlyle is very eloquent on the matter (Louis Philippe's Fall), but is so bloody-minded that he shocks all sober people. - He begged me the other day to bring any likeness of you that I had, he had never been able to procure one. - I did so, and he considered it for 5 minutes, looking earnestly at the face, which evidently interested him much. - He said the largest of the two prints was exactly what he had fancied you. - He spoke very pleasantly (to me) and for very long about you, and appeared to appreciate you far better than I could have imagined possible."

"He certainly is the most remarkable talker I have ever heard, although his philosophy, and generally his opinions appear to me to be utterly naught, but he has more humour than any one I ever met, and he allows me to keep my own opinions though they may clash with his. - Mrs. Carlyle is hardly to be called, I think, "gut und liebenswürdig", she is a very satirical clever woman who has gone through a great deal, with a very strong, masculine, mind, almost too much so, exercising a singular power of fasci-

nation on the men (and some women, Miss Bötte
for example), who come near her, and very cold
in her manner usually, - though to me she is
the most kind, coaxing friend it is possible to
imagine? "-

Charlotte Williams Wynne, an Irish;
London, 14. May 1848.

und dem Exirp von Charlotte Williamb Wynne,
und Wynne, 17. Oktob. 1848.



"The longer I live, the more good I see in the world, the kind-heartedness, the piety, the truthfulness, that one finds even among the worst, is very satisfactory. But there is a mediocrity, a want of genius, which I can hardly believe existed so universally in other times as is does now;— with great general scientific knowledge there seems the most inveterate indisposition to all abstract thought, a mental cowardice,—
"no advantage to the world comes from it, why therefore meddle with dangerous matters?" You will not think me vain for having said this thus openly —. It was long before I would allow even to myself that I felt this want so keenly, but month after month passes without my ever feeling that I have talked openly, that which interests me does not interest any one else. So I never venture to go to the bottom of my own mind. — This was not the case in years past, — chance or providence threw incessantly into my way men from whom I first learnt the happiness of talking upon equal terms, and then you; all this is past, and it is seldom

that I dwell upon it as I have now done. —
It is a symptom of age not to be content
with the present, and I have got very old
in some respects, in others I am much too
young. — You think no one oldens but your-
self. I am much too vain to describe the
change in myself as you have done, — but
I am rather hideous by daylight, I am so
thin and yellow. —

And amun Exinfa von
Charlotte Williams Wynne.



London, April 11. 1849.

— "The Carlyles I have seen at times. Bunson is his brother's friend, not his, but as to his change of views I really believe it is his detestation of Ireland, and the Irish, which makes him so talk, and also his intense con-tempt for the Whig Government. This one must say, is a natural result of his leading principle, — (to me a false one —) admiration for strength, whether in vice or virtue. This is so undisguisedly the leading thought in his works, that I do not think any one can complain that he carries out. The Whig Government are very weak, and are always giving way, first to the people, and then to the landed interest, and then to Ireland &c. — This he thinks criminal, and to my great amusement he said the other day, that Peel was the only man to rule now, that he would pin his faith upon him. — He would hold to his own opinion and not give way to clamour either of country gentlemen or radicals. — I think if you could talk with him you would say that still he is the most distinguished thinker in England now; but there is no man from whom I think it is so dangerous and misleading to quote separate sentences. And he is surrounded by shallow women, wild republicans and worshippers who go about saying "Carlyle says so, and so, on that matter," — without taking the trouble of marking, how he guards the expression or what he means by it. —

That which strikes me as being most admirable about him, is his clear judgment and unhesitating acknowledgement he has mistaken the matter — when it is put in another point of view before him, — then his veneration particularly for all religious belief, if he can but be convinced it is ~~still~~ genuine, and his sterling healthiness of feeling. — But all this

I should never have guessed had I not seen so much of him tête à tête with his wife, and been a person before whom he did not wish, nor care to talk epigrammatically. —

I have given you a large dose of Carlyle, but was anxious to convey my own impression, which, the more I see of him, becomes the more deep, that he is the most remarkable man we have, although with weaknesses innumerable. — Do not then, dear friend, judge him from accounts of what he may say to individuals who pretend to idolize him, and whom therefore he is apt to "fool to the top of their bent." He told me the other day he had heard that he had got into disgrace with you about Frau von Stein, and begged me to explain it, so I told him exactly what I said to you and why. — He did not mind a bit. —

Leipzig.



aus dem Lexikon von Cf. 24. 24. an mir,
Leipzig, 23. Juli 1849.

"The other day, I breakfasted with M. Milnes and found a singular party assembled. Bunsen, Dr. Wise-
man, the R. Catholic Bishop of London, numbers
of Italians, an American Radical, and Lady
Galway (his sister) and myself.

Bunsen was singularly disagreeable, I thought, —
talking of the Insurgents about Heidelberg in a
sneering, careless way that was to say the least
unfit. He announced that he had just heard of
an engagement between the Prince and the Rebels
I forgot where but I think near Mannheim. — I
ventured to ask what was the result, and he
was quite sharp in answering, "there never
can be a doubt as to the result; the only diffi-
culty is to get at those men, the instant they
allow themselves to be seen, and attacked, the
question is settled". — How that man can
be so popular I am unable to imagine; for
his face, manner and voice give me the
impression at first sight of Tartuffe."

2. and the first was Cf. 24. 24.
Nov. 6, Nov. 1842.

and Nov. 24. Jan. 1842.

Charlotte Wynn.

Ans Sam Lewis von Milner,
London, 2. April 1850.

— "I see hardly anything of Miss Wynn:
she is engrossed by her father, who is now
quite shut up: I fear he is carrying her life
along with his, for the confinement and
anxiety are evidently wearing her down."

Wien persönlich, ein interessanter für mich
und Briefe Julein!





Rio.

Auf einem Briefe von C. J. W. Wynn.

London, 11. April 1850.

"— I shall tell you at once how very interesting your account of Rio was to me.— You understand him so thoroughly that it was as if the man himself were before me.— Had I ever doubted that you had the keenest perception of character that was ever given to man your judgment of Rio would have proved my error.— That you should see so clearly the change that has taken place in him without any previous acquaintance is wonderful to me; to me it has become more and more apparent each time I have seen him. Before his last journey to Italy I astonished him by saying: "If you go there again, I shall lose you as a friend, you are now not the same and you will alter still more." He could not understand what I meant, but you see it. One of the most fascinating parts of his character originally to me, was the openness with which he acknowledged truths that he saw must knock down all his most cherished theories. This you will say was not a very high intellect,— it certainly was not, but one felt as it were with a child, such was the

transparency, and inconsistency of his mind.
This all changed, and from what you tell me
I see it is now for ever lost. — Very sad !! —"

Einige.

Aus einem Leipziger von Cf. 29. 2. 1850.

London, 11. April 1850.



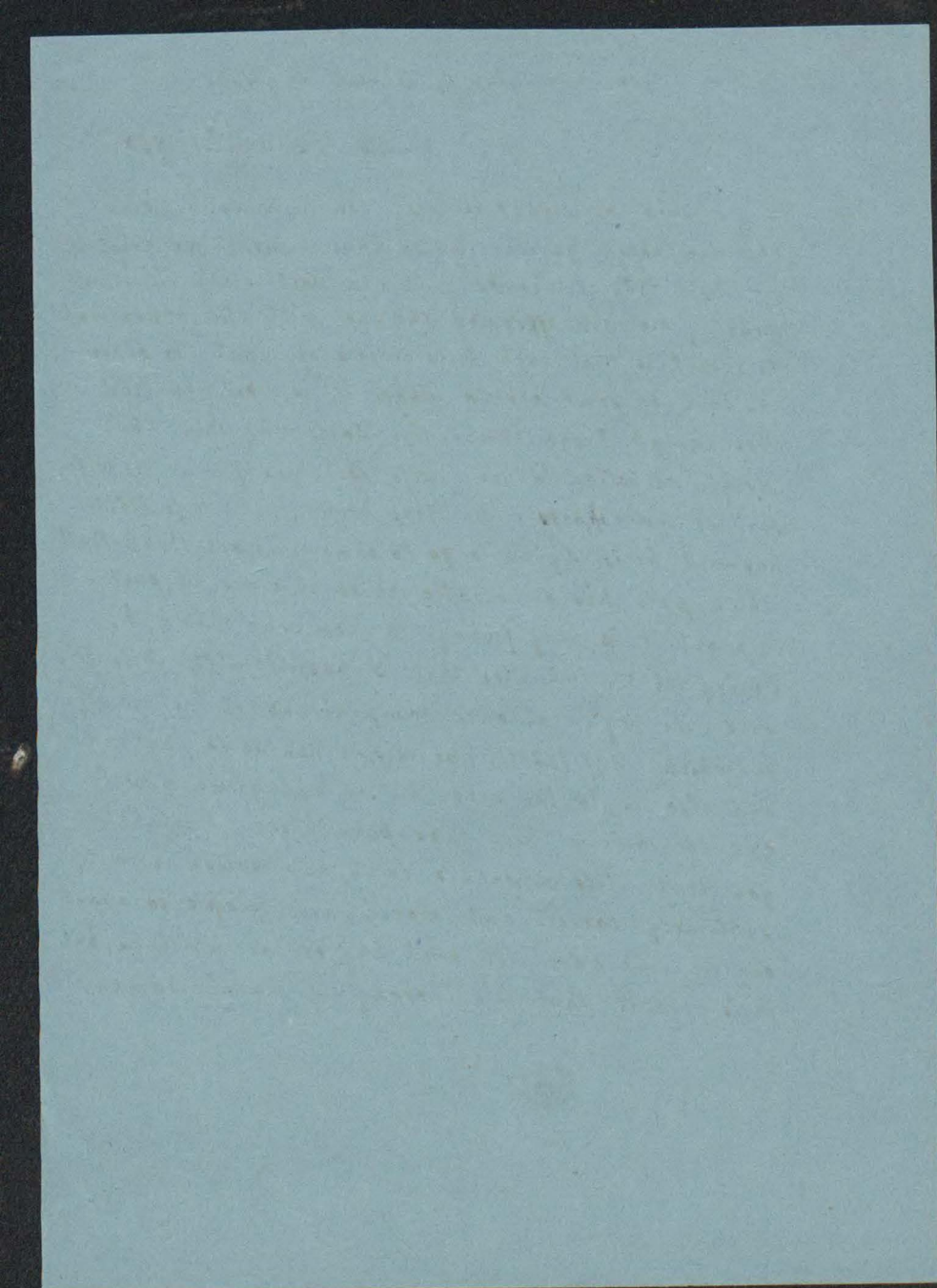
"The Court influence is entirely against the Church. Prince Albert does not allow his children to learn the catechism, and is entirely ruled in religious matters by Bunsen and the bishop of Manchester who is voted a rationalist. They say he (P. Albert) is a furious Lutheran. Bunsen's daughter was married the other day and the bishop of London made a speech at the breakfast after which he not a little astonished the guests. He talked of Bunsen as being one of the pillars of all true churches, that his intellect and his goodness were on a par, that he (the bishop) had owed infinitely to his friendship, a friendship begun years ago, and cemented by the appointment of the bishopric of Jerusalem! Now considering that that bishop is dead, and that there are two opinions as to the expediency of that measure, it was an odd thing to introduce, but nothing would stop him, - he compared his host " to all the prophets of old ", in short it was a complete exhibition, not of Carlyle's " Hero worship ", but of Idol worship. "



Mrs. Carlotta Millman 28 June.

London, 3. August 1850.

— "quite between ourselves. The quarrels between the emancipated German ladies have amused me greatly; Miss Bölte, Lewald and the poet Herz ([?]) [Hartmann?] are each affronted the one with the other, and the result is that each tells stories of what the other has said of some one to whom it is now repeated. Mrs. Carlyle hears that Miss Bölte has said that Carlyle's devotion to her (Miss B.) has given his wife serious uneasiness; M. Herz hears that Miss Bölte has said he is dying to go to some aristocratical Ball which puts his democratic pride in arms at once, — in short it is very funny to those who stand by. — During the ten minutes that I passed with Miss Lewald she began at once complaining of the manner in which Miss Bölte has misled her as to England and also as to the account she had given of Berlin and the society there. (Par parenthese, I must tell you that Miss Lewald's own conversation is quite sublimely correct and moral, and people go about saying, we have not read any of her writings, but it is evident that is a thoroughly moral woman."



Abſchrift.

Charlotte William Wynne an Mary Ann.

Thornes House, Wakefield.

October 17. 1850.



My dearest Friend! it is very long since I have written, but as you will, I think, imagine, it has been complete inability that has prevented my doing so. Upwards of a month ago, I had to take to my bed with an attack of severe pain in the nerves of my face, and since then my life has been little else than a record of more or less suffering — my day has passed in attempts to keep off the pain, — to lessen it, — or to bear it; in short, in the practice of all the intense selfishness of a sick room, when one only takes heed for oneself.

As soon as I could bear the journey I came down here, and though still very unwell am going to Scarborough in two days. The sea has always so much effect on me that I cannot help fancying it will strengthen, and amend my health. — At any rate, the complete change may do me good, even if I am not to experience soon again the happiness of feeling well.

And now, dear Friend, let me thank you for your letter of the 9th Septemb. — and for the words of love, and sympathy it contained! Among the heaps of such letters that I received it stood alone, no other entered into my feelings as yours did, no other comforted as yours did! and still when moments of peculiar sadness arise I read it over, and am grateful that I am allowed so true a Friend! again too I read those you wrote after my dear mother's death 12 years ago. — Life since then has been very full of care to me and now it seems as if there were no reason left for any care for any thing! —

It is very singular how entirely physical suffering is at times allowed to overpower mental suffering, — for the last month, when pain was gone, I have felt happy. To have to own that the ache of the body can thus master that of the spirit, would be a very humiliating confession to make, did I hold less firmly that all is sent in mercy, and that the effect produced by the calamity on each individual mind is as much part of God's purpose and ordered by His unerring wisdom as is the sorrow

which causes that effect. So I just am content and give myself up thankfully to His guidance. —

As to future plans most wisely and kindly you do advise my making none, nor can I yet. As soon as I have got rid of the house in Grafton Street, which belongs to me, I shall feel more free. It is not only too large, and too expensive, but I have now gone through so much anxiety in that house, that I long no more to live there. My health too is so seriously impaired that I am to give myself up wholly for a year to its restoration, and have promised Harriet to try some baths next spring, and probably ^{to} remain in some warmer climate for the winter. Of course nothing is settled as yet, but I should greatly long to be out of the way of the whirl of the Exhibition next year, and as I am told we are to empty all foreign countries of their inhabitants I may as well enjoy the space they leave! Shall I not hope some way to see you then! —

You tell me you have Mrs. Jameson at Berlin. — I don't like her, amazing pretension and very little to support it! She is always admiring her own hands, and I used to be weary of seeing her going about with an enormous cameo brooch of goe = the as large as a plate on her bosom. —

You will have Mlle Lewald back by this time. — I wonder if she is inclined to write a book upon England forthwith. —

I will not write more now being tired, but hope very soon to do so. —

If you have not seen the Morning Chronicle paper in which it appeared, I should like to send you a short memoir of my dear Father's life. — It is merely a detail of facts, as Milnes Gaskeell who wrote it thought himself too nearly connected to enter upon private character, still it may interest you as a faithful sketch. I will, before I close this try whether I can frank it through. —

Farewell, dear Friend, for the present. Ever your truly affectionate Charlotte Williams Wynn.

Direct to Grafton Street please as usual.

Charlotte William Abney.

Präsident
Eingetragener
Berlin

Hotel Bellevue. Bonn.

Tuesday, June 3^d 1851.

I have just received your welcome letter, my dear friend — welcome for many reasons but principally from the better account it gives of yourself, and one may hope still better things from the improvement in the weather which seems now to have settled into summer. Still, they tell me it is an eastwind, and you must be very careful not to do too much after so long a confinement to the house. I shall not be happy until I hear that you are actually out of Berlin, even if I am not to be the better for it, it will be no slight pleasure to know that you are at last doing what is best for your health! —

The account you give of your long illness, and the feelings which it brought with it, touched me deeply. They are so exactly what I have gone through. — The satisfaction at finding that how-
ever depressing and lowering might be the effect of illness on one, the nearer it seemed approaching its termination, the quieter, and happier did one become! but I have long felt that death is not sad, though illness is.

And how wisely do you say that it is impossible beforehand to calculate or to determine what will be the effect produced by the nearness of death! How entirely it depends upon the nature of the illness, upon the time it has lasted, and the phy-

sical state of the sufferer, no one can tell but those who have watched by death-beds and seen how different is the condition of each! -

But I will not dwell longer on what it would be so exceedingly interesting to me to talk over with you. -

We are going to Hombourg, dear friend, before Schwalbach - do you think that a better place? Dr. Kilian thought we had better go there straight. I believe, fully, he did not know what to say as it is too cold for Schwalbach, which he declares is necessary. Your advice of not following that of the Dr's would be very agreeable, but I must not take it - Sidney would scold me so severely - I promised her to do exactly as they desired me! So Harriet and I set off to morrow, spend three days on the Rhine and hope to be at Frankfort on Saturday; stay Sunday there, and go over on Monday.

We take leave of Mary and her children at Bingen until we meet at Schwalbach. She desires me particularly to tell you that she shall take it very ill, if you do not come and see her some = where. I give the message as it was given to me. She says she looks forward to long conversations in German with you, that now she has only the waiters to practise upon! It would amuse you to hear her incessant talk to them while her children are too shy to say a word. - You should not joke upon a thing that should be

so delightful to me as your coming for an hour as German master. It brings back to my mind so much, and such a — what shall I call it? — almost a quarrel that took place once at Wiesbaden about it! — I know I thought you very unjust then; perhaps you thought the same of me? As to my speaking, it is horrible, such mistakes and difficulties in expressing myself either in French or in German that I am quite bewildered. It shows what illness will do, and for six years I have not attempted either! I have had four lessons from a tolerable teacher here who at last told me my conversation was like a splendid gown full of holes. That it showed I had studied the language and understood it thoroughly, while I made faults which a child would not do! — The more I read of Countess Hahn = Hahn's book the less I like it, the less real it appears to me. As you observe it is herself who is the centre round which all her thoughts turn. — Her picture of England is simply ludicrous.

adieu dear friend, will you write to Homburg? poste restante. I think we shall be rather forlorn there, Harriet, and I, alone, but perhaps some one we know will turn up.

at Frankfurt there is no one I know; at times we thought of passing a few weeks there. — You went once to Homburg, did you

not? — to see Madame Elliot? — By the next
time I shall procure some less bad paper. —

Ever your very affect.^e Chth Wms Wynn.

"To most of your judgment respecting Carlyle I subscribe entirely, and altogether, where my impression of him is different, I feel I am hardly capable of saying whether your impression or mine is the truest. — I never could agree to the general opinion that he is a great thinker. He has flashes of thought, which are very remarkable, but there is no fixed ground on which they rest. He has no distinct principles to start from, (of course I don't mean principles in a moral sense). As a proof of this his wife has often told me that sometimes when he has been very violent in advocating, or rather deprecating and abusing some measure political or otherwise, the next day (for the fun of the thing) — his friends will take the opposite side, bring forward his own arguments, and that they have had the amusement of seeing him start up from his sofa and burst out against the absurdity of such reasoning, — so entirely does he forget what he has said himself. But then this sort of disregard of what most men hold to makes him to one more lovable. He does not care for his reputation, or his consistency &c. &c. but just utters the thing that comes into his mind of the moment, and let his hearers reconcile it as well as they can with his reputation! I should not call him "schauspielerisch" — If he were, I think he would exhibit himself in a better light, but of this perhaps a stranger is a better judge. — As an historian I should with you not call him a distinguished one; his peculiar talent consists in the picturesque manner in which

he brings each scene before your eyes; in his history of the french revolution there is wonderful painting, and in spite of the affectation of the style, that is to me his greatest work. — I can quite fancy him as a you describe him, getting a few facts together, and setting off with his booty. Quite true, that he has no idea of military affairs, and therefore you would say it is little use his visiting the battle-fields you mention, and yet I expect that he will make something of it, — however we shall see. — Your opinion I must own is that of a large party here, for he is as much disliked as liked, and there are many who will not allow him to possess any talent at all. So conclude I don't find your judgment at all harsh. —

Leinf von Charlotten Willmanns Weymann
an Weymann. London, 19. Oktob.
1852.

Carlyle.

Aus dem Briefe von Charlotte Williams an
vom 15. Nov. 1853.

" Of Carlyles I have seen a good deal. - He is well again, and really from all I can learn he was so ill, in such a highly excited state during his travels from want of sleep, that I do not think any one could judge him truly. The last evening I saw him there was M. Neuberg; a french critic, a M. Montecut, the one whom I think you mentioned and fancied was the one I knew in Paris, and a miss Mulloch a young girl, authoress of several very good novels, by which she supports her sisters. - Carlyle chose to declaim against authorship till he made us all laugh by the bitterness of his invectives against publishing what a man had to say. - Some one suggested he might as well practise what he preached, to which he quite assented, and said he was

bitterly ashamed of having written so much . -
which stopped the merriment. "

Abgfrift.

Charlotte Williams Wynne an Mrs Wynne.

Rome, Hotel de Russie

November 27th. 1853.



My dear friend! How long it is since I have written to you! Not since the letter I sent from Lyons on the 29th of last month which I trust you received safely. — At last we are arrived, after a very prosperous journey, but (with the exception of the road from Genoa to Pisa along the sea coast) not a very interesting one. I am still a good deal tired, as the steam boat passage from Leghorn to Civita vecchia was a very rough, uncomfortable one, and having been here only since wed^d the 23^d. I hardly feel that I have seen yet any thing of Rome but from the windows. St. Peter's, however, the Coliseum, the Forum, I have visited once, just enough to take in their general aspect without any details, and the effect on one is almost overpowering! — Ancient Rome comes out so much more vividly than I expected, as I had been repeatedly assured that all faded away before ecclesiastical Rome, and that one's interest would be entirely engrossed by the glories of the ruins and remains of the middle - ages — instead of which the effect on me is just the contrary. — It seems to me that I do not care for seeing the churches with their magnificent pictures and marbles if I could gaze for ever on the broken columns, the bits of temples that peep out of every field around; but I must not yet begin to talk of that of which I have seen so little, — for we have had the worry of lodging hunting for the last three days, and it has been with difficulty that we have found an apartment large enough to contain us all, for the Gasrells arrived on Saturday also. We have now, however, taken one 63 Corso — I believe, and in a few days shall find ourselves I hope in it. — I do so grudge passing the short winter morning in scrambling up dirty staircases, and examining old furniture instead of feasting my eyes on ruins which one cannot help fancying will crumble away before one has had time to look at them thoroughly! I am sadly in want of a guide, a living one, not a written one! and hope to find such in a Dr. Braun, a Ger-

man secretary to the archæological society for whom I have a letter, and I hear he gives sort of lectures on ancient Rome which would tell me that of which I am so ignorant. — I have given the two introductions I owe to your kindness to be taken, but we cannot make out where M. Grenier lives. —

At Turin we staid some days and were much struck by the general prosperity of the country, which I am told arises mainly from the state of public affairs there. — M. C. Bunson, the prussian chargé d'affaires described it as being more like the difference between a man sleeping and waking, than any thing else to which he could compare the present state of Sardinia, and that before 1848. — I mentioned to you that I had a letter to an acquaintance of yours, a countess Arconati Visconti, but unfortunately she was in the country, so I did not see her. — Thence we went to Genoa, in the aspect of which I was greatly disappointed. — We had bad weather, and I became aware how very little the feelings of one traveller can be any rule for those of another. — We had a lovely journey along the Riviera from thence to Pisa, with worse turns than I could have imagined possible, but in such scenery that one did not mind! —

Rome is full of English, and tea's and parties go on every night, but my only object is to keep away from it all, and be out all day long. — I own I am astonished at my own enthusiasm! I thought I was too old to feel so very freshly, and like a school-boy as I do. — The sad part is, that I am so much more ignorant than any school-boy! —

Next week I shall begin regularly to go out every day to see; but nothing can equal one's first "saisissement" at seeing the Coliseum and its mighty ruins. Christianity seems to me so poor by the side of heathenism when you look at the temples of both! (It is so dark I must end till I can get a lamp.) There is a look of purity in those temples broken and defaced as they are which is wanting in the churches loaded with gorgeous decorations. —

Adieu my dear friend. This letter is merely to tell you we are arrived safely. — I long to hear from you once more! — Direct to Via del Corso 63. The next time I write I hope to have more light, and to see better what I am about. — Ever your affectionate

C. Wms Wynn.

Alfred.

Charles William Allen.



Rome, 63 Via del Corso sent Decemb.
24th 1853. A happy Christmas to
you and to all my friends at Berlin!

My dear friend. It is three weeks since I wrote last (on the 30th November, I think) and I begin to fear something may have happened to the letter. It seems so very long since I have heard any thing at all of you, but I am apt to forget how far apart we are now from each other, so that perhaps it may take 12 days from hence to Berlin by post, in which case I may hope for an answer the end of this week. When I wrote we were just about to settle in this apartment which is not as pleasant a one as we expected. For it is sun-less which is a serious fault at Rome. The cold has been intense, I do not think I ever suffered so much from it — neither in Paris, nor England. No quantity of warm clothing was sufficient to keep one warm in the un-aired rooms full of draughts. — So much for coming 1500 miles in search of a warm climate! — The sun is very powerful for three hours of the day, but accompanied by a cold cutting wind that made one shiver if one turned a corner of the street. — This has all changed during the last ten days into rain, which we are told we must expect for some time to come, and the temperature is warm and very relaxing. I cannot help giving you this long account of the weather, it is so unlike what I expected. Certainly no spot I ever visited is so trying to any health as this far famed Roman climate. — The consequence has been, that I have had the neuralgic pains increased, and have had to live upon Quinine.

Every body is ill, so one is not singular — mine has been a threatening of Roman fever (how much finer it sounds than ague or influenza, and it is nothing else!) but, thanks to a clever doctor, he has prevented its coming to that, and I have no doubt in the spring we shall find the advantage of being out of the march winds. —

This illness which has been gradually coming on for a fortnight has greatly impeded my enjoyment and power of sight-seeing, but still the very consciousness of being here is almost happiness enough.

Dr Braun, whom I think I mentioned in my last letter, has given us two lectures in the Forum, and although he is accused of being addicted to new theories, it was delightful to me. He seems a learned, very enthusiastic man, devoted to Niebuhr. The account

those who sneer at him give is, — "Niebuhr begat Bunsen, and Bunsen begat Braun." But in spite of all this he is to me the most interesting companion possible, as having no classical teaching to come in the way — it is absolutely the same to me whether the "via sacra" went under one of the arches or round it. That he forms an opinion on somewhat slight grounds the following anecdote will show you. We were in, what are supposed to be, the Mamertine prisons; the lowest dungeon far down below the surface has a spring of water rising up into it, and he showed it us as the one where Sugurtha was thrown and starved to death, — because on being put into his prison he said "what cold baths you Roman have for prisons"; — now this proves there must have been water in the dungeon or he would not have called it a cold bath." In vain we hinted that it might be the temperature of the cell ^{to} which the poor wretch alluded. Dr. Braun was quite convinced that unless there was water no one would talk of a bath, and I was quite content to believe that it was the identical dungeon. —

It is somewhat disappointing that one cannot take a lodging near the ruins, the Colosseum, Forum &c. but when I spoke of my wish to do so, I was told it would be madness from the unhealthiness of the situation, and I see that in Rome it is no joke to encounter bad air, but the result is that it takes $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour to reach the spot from whence I should like to set off, and one must have a carriage all the time, so that in the short winter days, one has hardly the power of seeing any thing thoroughly, particularly as at three o'clock a chill, preparatory to the setting of the sun, comes on, and one ought to be at home. All this will however change as the winter passes away, and I ought to wait more patiently.

Do you know, dear friend, I cannot discover M. E. Grenier? We have tried all means in vain, but Dr. Braun promises to do his best, and if he fails I fear we must suppose he has left Rome. You could not tell me whether he is here as belonging to any profession? — I went to M. Cornelius one evening, and liked it, though it was not a little formal, a number of artists were there also, and the conversation was in Italian, excepting me, for I could only speak German. He asked me to come again, and I mean to do so, but his wife is somewhat of a drawback, for one must be civil, and talk to her, and she, though I doubt not, a very good woman,

seems very common place. An Italian, I fancy, she was. — I went with a friend of mine Miss Farquhar, who is enthusiastic about art, and she amused me greatly by her extreme reverence and admiration of him. —

There is plenty of society here, but exceedingly dull; I think the truth is, that people are worn out by the excitement of the day, and by evening time have no power left of exertion. — The duchess of Northumberland and divers other English receive every week, but it is impossible to be less genial than they are. — A number of uninteresting-English, and then they ask half a dozen artists (by way of throwing an intellectual glow over the whole) who have no sympathy with the rest of the company, and the result you can imagine! I went two or three times and then declared I was not come to Rome so to pass my time, and staid away. — Last week two cardinals were made, and all went to pay their respects to them, but I; it was a curious sight; princess Doria received the guests and introduced them to the heroes of the evening. The Italian ladies were covered with all their diamonds, and our great English ones who, for fear of robbers, had left all their jewels in England, looked very dowdy by the side of the others. That which most struck my sisters was the expression of the different cardinals. They say, they never saw so many bad countenances together. — The religious spectacles have greatly disappointed me, — magnificent as are the accessories to them, the bands of priests &c. &c. there is an evident want of belief even among the very people who compose them that they cannot disguise. — The other day I saw a magnificent procession of a miraculous bambino from the church (on the Capitoline hill) where the temple of Jupiter once stood. It wound down the steps, and across the Forum; the pope's trumpeters coming first, and playing loudly; then a gigantic image of the virgin in wood so heavy that 9 men could hardly bear the car on which it stood; gorgeous banners[†] swaying backwards and forwards from its weight — the people on their knees as it passed, and the scarlet draperies hung out from the houses along the line of procession, — it seemed to take one back centuries! — Aesthetically considered it was very beautiful, but I could not help feeling it altogether the saddest sight I ever saw, and I was more ready to cry, than to be pleased with it! I cannot tell you, dear friend, how melancholy a sojourn this is to any one who believes in progress; it is impossible

† all round it, and to see this enormous machine

to say more on the subject as no letter is safe, but I cannot live amongst a people, and look upon them as puppets who just give life to the scene, and are no more interesting. — If one could do so, Rome would be indeed a place to live, and die in, — as it is, give me the sandy plains of Berlin or the smokiest alley of London !! — On my journey I read a little book called "Geistesworte aus Goethe's Briefen" by Lancizolle, what beautiful there are in it! of course much I have read elsewhere before, but the extracts are well chosen, and there are bits that come home to me here every day. Can you tell me which volume of Goethe's works contains the account of his stay in Rome? Perhaps I could get it here.

D^r. Emil Braux is a devoted disciple of Schelling, and I brought upon myself an unexpected, and somewhat violent tirade by owning I knew very little of his works. — Mary Gaskell is perfectly happy and laments over each day that is passed as bringing her nearer her departure. To her all is intense enjoyment for she is content to take the outside of things and not examine what is beneath them. Perhaps the wisest plan! —

Adieu my dear friend. I shall trust to hear before I write again. — This letter I will pre-pay and see if it reaches you sooner, but I am told the letters are more save of delivery if they are not paid before the receipt of them. — Ever, yours affectionate
Ch. Wms Wynn.

24. Saturd. Evening. We are going to hear a mid-night mass where the pope officiates to night; and to morrow they are to see him carried into St. Peter's. I shall go quietly to my own church.

(Am 22. December 1853 umgiffen die beiden Herren
Erdinola Brunelli und Pacci im Musiksaal herzlich den Güt.)

Abfchrift
Preussische
Landesbibliothek
Berlin

Charlotte Schilling und Weym.

Rome, 63 Corso, begun Jan. 7 23.
sent January 28. 1854.

Two days after my letter was dispatched arrived yours of the 16th december, my dear friend; I wish that I had not been so impatient to hear, for you will perhaps think that your letter has been lost which in the present state of post office arrangements in Italy is no unusual matter. — I cannot express to you how much pleasure it gave me again to hear; it seemed so long a time! and the kindness of the letter itself increased its value; how good of you to take such interest in my pleasure!! — My last will I think tell you that in consequence of the air not agreeing with me I have been very much of an invalid, — so much so, that we have settled to go to Naples the 31st of this month, to see it, and return here the 3^d march. Many reasons have combined to induce us to take this step. The most urgent, that I am so weak that I find it impossible to do as others do, and be out all day. — If I go out in the morning, I have to be quiet during the afternoon and this when one could employ 30 hours in the day, if one had them, — Every one tells me it is the very peculiar climate that affects me. — I require a bracing one, and this is just the contrary. After 5 weeks incessant rain we have now a few beautiful days with the bluest of skies, and the sun quite hot in the middle of the day. — I fear you must have suffered sadly from the severity of the winter in Berlin, — it has been terribly cold in England, and I long to hear that Sidney is settled in Devonshire, till the summer is set in, the doctors will not allow her to run the risk of cold this spring. — On the 31st the Gaskells turn their faces homewards, so that our family party is broken up, and therefore ~~now~~ it is a good opportunity to take our trip to Naples. We shall by this means return here when lent is begun, and the strangers are a little dispersed, and, absurd as it sounds, the incessant party giving here is no small annoyance. — Four or five ladies have taken different nights in the week; of course one does not wish to be uncivil; if one makes an excuse one week, the next you are bound to go to them all, unless there is the excuse of illness, and when one is out in the morning, that is not a valid one, — so that in short I am very much bored

by it, and shall be relieved to break it all through, — as it is essentially the society of a petite ville, — ill-natured, gossiping, to a pitch I never saw before. Half the people struggling to know the other half, and the other half determined not to make their acquaintance, — and this in Rome! — My nieces however enjoy it all, as they should do at their age. — Perhaps it is the contrast with what one imagines society ought to be here, that makes one so impatient of it! — M. Cornelius I have not seen much of — he did not take my fancy the evening I passed at his house. There was a sort of sitting in state, and pompousness which rather provoked me. I called twice on him since, but as neither he, nor his wife, have returned the visit or taken any notice of it, I shall just leave him alone! Miss Farquhar treats him with a reverence that is quite absurd. He is an artist of considerable power, and that is all, but I cannot really look upon him as I might upon Goethe, and think that he is exempted from the common courtesies of life. I gave him your letter and he was bound to give himself a little trouble in consequence —

Overbeck's studio I have visited with intense interest. He was very civil and seemed to take pleasure in showing us what he was about. In spite of the chalky colouring of his pictures they are the only truly religious ones I have seen of modern times. It is quite wonderful to observe the depth of expression which he depicts in the faces of his Saints. I stood before the sketch of a picture he is doing for the pope, of Christ withdrawing himself from the midst of the angry mob who would thrust him from the brow of the hill "that they might cast him down headlong", and was lost in admiration of it; — it is a thing one might gaze at for hours without exhausting all the meanings which the power of the artist has thrown into the Saviors face! —

The visiting of the different studios is one of the many delights that Rome affords. — In other towns one has to ask permission, and make an engagement beforehand for it, but here all strangers may walk in without difficulty, and be certain of not intruding. The German artists are quite a body of themselves so numerous are they, and then the Americans. It is curious that the patrons of art now are in Manchester, and Liverpool; all the very fine works are ordered by, as they tell one, "a gentleman in Manchester". The truth is, I suppose, they having no

position to keep up hereditarily, spend the enormous fortunes they are making in the acquirement of these beautiful works. — One is very glad to hear of mercantile wealth so spent, like the Genoa merchant princes of old. After these come the Americans who are by degrees learning a taste for art. They say that until now they have been utterly devoid of it. But it is improving and they are willing to give any turns to the sculptors. The higher classes of society both of England and other countries buy nothing. Most of their galleries are formed, and they have no longer the money for the enormous prices which the modern sculptors ask. Gibson, an Englishman, or rather a Welshman, is, I believe, at the head of the sculptors here. He has just finished a Venus which is the subject of much discussion. He has made the experiment of colouring the marble, or rather I should say, of toning it, for you would scarcely perceive that it was not the natural hue, but for the deep pery that falls over her, and which being left quite pure, looks blue compared to that of which the figure is composed. The head is the doubtful part — the eyes being blue, and the faintest tinge of colour in the lips and cheeks, while the hair is of the yellow tint which was given to Venus. No description can give the idea of the effect it produces; many people dislike it, and certainly I expected to do so, but greatly to my surprise the more I gazed, the more I admired; it is the loveliest thing I ever saw, and the wonderful art of the sculptor has thrown over the whole figure a purity and modesty which I never remember in any other Venus. There is a melancholy in the expression that produces the same feeling in oneself; in short I think he has entirely succeeded in his experiment. But I do not believe any one else would, and trust that none will attempt it again, as it is certainly a desecration of art. —

How greatly your niece would enjoy the studios of the different artists, and how worthy she would be of them far more so than I am, for I take little interest in them artistically, but judge them by an entirely different standard. Will you tell her with my warmest thanks, how grateful I am for her remembrance of my wish to have a copy of the excellent likeness she has done of you? — It was very kind of her, and I shall value

the drawing greatly for the sake of the artist, as well as for the sake of him whom it so well represents! But it must run no risk of a long journey, so I must wait for it until I come nearer. — May be, our summer's peregrinations may bring us very near you! — your young prince who is here now, comes sadly in my way, for he takes up the whole of Dr. Braun's time who has to show him all that is most remarkable and of course he can do nothing else. — The other day we went over the ruins that were formerly Caracalla's baths, and I was astonished at the great extent of ground they cover. The beauty of the vegetation that surrounds them even at this time of the year is extreme, and they tell me that by the time the carnival sets in, the ground is covered with violets! — I was amused at the answer the custode gave me to my inquiring whether he lived there? — "By day, not by night, I should be afraid of the spirit of Caracalla; which walks; walks all about &c. è molto cattivo." I quite agreed with him that it was likely to be an unpleasant spirit to meet in the night. And when I saw the long range of underground passages did not much wonder at the man's not choosing to be shut up amongst them. —

Oh! I cannot discover M. Grenier! which is a disappointment. — Rio also must have left Rome, for I can hear nothing of him — and unfortunately have not got his direction in Paris, so cannot write to him. If Miss Solmar knew it, I should be greatly obliged if she would tell you and in your letter you would have the kindness to mention it? — When we return the 3d of march, I trust really to be able to go about. — Still I never should have either the strength or the inclination to devote myself indiscriminately to all the objects of interest that this town can offer to a stranger. First there are the antiquities both roman and etruscan which require a life time to understand, then the remains of the middle ages, then the natural beauties that surround Rome; most lovely! — then, the churches built over the temples, and lastly the ceremonies in them — which to many are the most interesting part of Rome. How greatly I differ from them in this respect you can guess by my not having seen any nor do I mean to do so. — There is something essentially melancholy in them to me, and yet there is much that is very beautiful in what they intend to

3. 28.
Jun.
1854.

symbolise, only unfortunately the meaning is entirely lost. The things typified are quite forgotten in the types. —

The other day we went with an enormous crowd to see the blessing of the animals. All the horses, and mules were brought up; our horses as well; and Moey duly received a benediction. Some dogs are regularly blessed every year here, but I do not hear they are much the better for it. — Did you know a M. and Mrs. Storey? — Americans, who passed two winters at Berlin? she is very pretty and seems pleasant; I met them at my friend's M. and Mrs. Brown's whom I must have mentioned to you at Paris. It was a great and unexpected pleasure to me find them here for the winter as I am fond of both. — Mary is in despair at quitting Rome; she has enjoyed herself thoroughly, and has not had a day's illness. She has announced she means to cry till she reaches Sienna, which as it is a four days journey will exhaust her tears! They go back by the Corniche road, and Nice; I fear they will have but a bad journey for the roads must be almost washed away by the quantity of snow that has fallen. — We are just returned from a long drive; in passing through one of the piazza's we saw a machine in the middle which gave me quite a shock — a guillotine — by which 3 men had been decapitated this morning. — There was something so revolting in leaving it thus exposed to public view with a jar of saw dust in one corner, and a brush and other things which I did not chuse to look at. It was for political offences committed in 48. and one of the young men had been nearly 5 years in prison before he was condemned in hopes of his becoming penitent, they said!! — Then we went to see some most curious sepulchre that have been discovered lately in a vine yard. The Columbariums as they call them. You descend into a sepulchral chamber about 20 to 30 feet deep, of which the sides are composed of rows of niches one above the other — very much like a baker's oven — each just high enough to admit of a small earthen disk with a cover in which are the ashes of the deceased, whose name is written up above. I never saw any thing more curious than to stand on the pavement below and look ^{up} at these walls made into graves to the very ceiling. I took off the cover of some of the receptacles close by me and found each full of bits of



calcined bones. One of these sepulchres was only discovered 3 months ago, and I saw them shovelling away the earth from it. It is like putting one's dead "on the shelf" as we say, but how infinitely better for the living than our custom!—

Nothing astonishes me more than the eminently practical nature of the Romans. Every thing is thoroughly done of its kind.— Each forum and temple has it's drain, it's gutters for preventing damp from touching the statues, and all these are discovered under the foundation instead of, as we all do, merely trying to remedy the evil when it cannot be longer endured.— How intensely I wish for you some times to enjoy it all with me. How silent we should be!! Perhaps you will be amused at my desire to have you for this, but you would not feel more inclined to speak than I should. At present I long to see every thing by myself.—

But my paper warns me to conclude—and how much have I left unanswered in your letter!— I am very glad to hear that your book is actually out, because it seemed in some degree to be a burden on you, but I long to profit by all your thoughts. I cannot help hoping that chance may bring us together next summer. We shall certainly pass July and August in some part of it. I have a wish to try Gastein which has been recommended strongly to me. But it is too soon to venture on such speculation.— Will you direct to Rome still, dear friend, and it will be sent on or kept for me. To Hotel de Russie, Piazza del Popolo, Rome. Ever your truly affectionate

Ch. W. N.

abgefragt.

Charlotte Elizabeth Anne.

Hotel de Russie, Rome, March 18th 1854.



I received your last letter of the 30th January, my dear friend, at Naples, it having been forwarded from hence:— by this time you will have got from Rome mine written, I think, a week before yours, on the 28th— The difficulty and delay in obtaining one's letters is a serious drawback to Italy.— At Naples it was impossible to procure any until at last Harriet went herself, and for a few pence (any thing can be got for money there) was allowed to look over the letters herself, the result of which was that she found six for us which, without such a step, she never would have got. And besides the negligence of the officials half of the correspondence is thrown into the fire. Every single letter, they assure me, is opened, and if any topic is dwelt upon more than they like, it is quietly destroyed. This makes the writing from thence very irksome as you can understand. My English letters one could send in the ambassadors bag; but even the English charge d'affaires complained of not being able to get his. With all this difficulty I thought it unlikely that any letter would get safely to you but tried a few lines once.

Our month there would have been very pleasant, had it not been for the intense cold which was beyond what I ever felt. With a bright sun overhead, a wind that seemed as if it were stripping off one's skin so very cutting was it. Both my maid and I, had an attack of the fever from crossing the Pontine marshes. Perhaps we did not take sufficient precautions, but it was a beautiful day, and I could not believe that walking about, (while they refreshed the horses) in a scene that reminded me much of parts of England, could be dangerous. The road was bordered with a stream full of water-snakes, and we amused ourselves by watching their activity little thinking we should have to pay dearly for this diversion. My maid fell ill directly. I had a much less severe attack, but still could not get rid of it as long as I remained in Naples, so the Doctor sent us to Sorrento, and we passed a delightful fortnight there, — out all day with donkeys to take to when tired. — I never was in so enjoyable a spot! The little inn built close to the sea on a small piece of sable land that is entirely enclosed by hills, and which offer

the most varied and beautiful scenery. There is an azure tint over every object in the environs of Naples that is unlike what I have seen any where; - sea; islands; and sky of a blue that one can compare only to a turquoise, excepting towards evening, when it fades into pink. ~~With~~ Naples itself I was not charmed; - the glare, and dust and noise, the denseness of the population all of whom pass their days in the streets make walking almost impossible, indeed only english women ever think of doing so; - the whole of what we should call "trottoirs" is taken up by the people sitting out working, or far oftener doing nothing; the children on the ground eating; dogs picking up what they can, and last of all little black pigs which were always running in one's way! add to this that the carriages drive at a gallop, and you have a slight idea of the perils of walking in the streets of Naples! - We returned here on the 11th and were very happy to find ourselves once more in Rome which seemed grander than ever by the side of what we had seen elsewhere. In spite of my illness I went to Pompeii and was exceedingly interested by it. I was very much struck by the smallness of the size of the houses there; they seem built for a race of pygmies, and I could hardly believe that the excavations were entirely down to the foundations, but they assure me it was so; - I was equally surprised at the decline of art visible in all the decorations. They are beautifully finished, but there is a total absence of the grandeur and simplicity of the earlier time. - The very architecture shows the same declension; the columns, a mixture of greek and roman orders which has a poor effect, every thing appears frittered away into prettinesses, and excepting the wonderful brightness and freshness of the colouring, I saw little cause for admiration. - But imagine the marks of the glasses and of the spilt wine still to be traced on the counter of one of the taverns! The shops were certainly the most curious. The mortar that was in the act of being used to repair one of the houses in the corner just as it would be now, and the jars of wine still full of the fine dust which submerged the town. - But there was essentially nothing that could lead one to feel that this unburied town had been the abode of men of genius, or of high idea. -

And now, dear friend, I must answer your letter, and tell you that I was grieved to hear you talking of having suffered from increased rheumatism this winter, and yet, if cold has any thing to do with it what can one expect in such a year when the water was frozen in the room at Naples - a thing which has not been known for 50 years. - It is still cold enough even here to keep me shivering all day, - although a bright sun shines, - but the vegetation is certainly more wintry looking than when we left Rome the end of January. Every thing seems glooming together both as relates to individual and political prospects for the coming year. The enthusiasm, as you will have heard, in England is excited to a pitch that it seems difficult to comprehend. The day the guards marched out of London for embarkation at 4 o'clock in the morning, all the windows were open, the women waving their handkerchiefs and the men cheering. The duke of Cambridge has made his will, and they say taken leave of his friends, as though he never were to come back. - I cannot believe yet that it will ever come to a real war, enough for the English and French to take part in it. - There is much that is amusing to me in our extreme devotion to the latter. All of a sudden we have discovered what worthy neighbours we have had these many years! - I must own that the French have taken the most dignified attitude, - who do not like us better than they have ever done before. - Then there is something diverting in one of the haughtiest of your little princes having to come to the Tuileries. I heard and indeed know, that none expressed such contempt for "the usurper" as the Cobourgs, excepting always our own queen, she will be obliged to have him at Windsor one of these days! For many reasons I grieve that there appears to be a doubt as to the opinions of your country, but of that the less said, the better, I suppose. -

I saw in the booksellers window yesterday the "life of general Bülow von Dennewitz", and was sorely tempted to go in and buy it. I don't think I can wait for the copy you have so kindly put aside for me, and yet it being from you increases the pleasure, of reading it, so much! And I own, I read nothing here at all, have no time for it. - I trust to come much nearer you in the summer and then to receive your niece's precious gift; thank her once more for her kindness! - I shall try to procure Stahr's "Jahr in Italien".

at Florence, here they had it not. We bought a poorish work called "Sündfrüchte" by Techt, a painter.—

To my infinite surprise I saw Rio on a balcony the other day. He is here with wife and children until after Easter on a sort of mission, one of those mysterious unacknowledged ones which to any one else would be a disgrace; but there is some thing so childish about him that I hardly look upon him as a man responsible for his actions! He is in better health, went the other day with me to the sculptures in the Capitol, and I was agreeably surprised to find how entirely he enters into the spirit of the old sculpture, and of the antiquities of Rome, so that he was a charming companion, and I trust to see much of him.—

We remain here until the 18th of next month, when we go to Florence. Adieu dear friend. I am interrupted. Every
yours affectionate Ch. W. W.

Charlotte Williams Lygon, an Husufuyan.

Rome, 11th april 1854.

Hotel de Russie.



Your letter of the 30th march, dearest friend, reached me two days ago, and I hasten to tell you that I trust you have made a mistake as to the date of your letters to me. - I received the one written on the 16th December, then one on the 30th January, and the last dated 30th March. - I cannot help hoping that the letter to which you allude as having sent on the 8th February is that of the last day of January? - Otherwise I have not had it. In that of the 30th you mention my birthday as kindly as you always have done, - the trouble you have had about your book, - and as you could not have received my letter written just before we set off for Naples of that time, I hardly think you would have written again on the 8th of February. At least I console myself with believing this until I hear again. - On Monday the 17th we actually leave Rome for ever! (??) and as the time of our departure draws nigh, I feel very sad, and as if I had not made the most of the precious months we have had here, but my health has entirely prevented my being a regular sightseer. There is much of interest that I have not seen, but at the same time the being kept to comparative quiet has prevented the bewilderment that would have taken place had I rushed as others do to every of the 300 21. 22. in so short a time. - I was saying to Harriet yesterday that I do not believe that years could have given me a more complete idea of Rome than I have got in these 4 months, although the component parts are somewhat sketchy, the whole is very entire. -

Will you, dear friend, write to Florence? (To the care of M. a. Philipson, Banquier. Via Rondinelli, Piazza Gaetana, Florence.) We expect to be there on the 26th of this month and to remain until the 12th (or later) of May if the weather does not become too hot, but at any rate we shall stay till the 12th. We go by Perugia and Siena to Florence, as Harriet is anxious to see the pictures of the latter school (Siena) which are not to be found elsewhere. - After Florence our movements are rather uncertain, but we should like to pass some weeks at Bad. Gastein in the

summer. I mention it thus long beforehand in case you could in any way be induced to think of the journey! How delightful it would be! My object is to be quite in the country, to avoid the society of a watering place, and yet to find invigorating baths, which might do me good. — The scenery about Gastein I am told is beautiful and one is little likely to be troubled with acquaintance there. The worst is, that it is, I fear, a desperately long journey for you and that you cannot undertake it. We do not wish to be in England till September, so there is time for much, — but of course the state of public affairs must influence a little our decision. — If there is any difficulty about letters one should not like to be in the Austrian dominions. I am greatly interested in the reports about the part that Germany will take. — Tell me what you think prudent? ... Here, the church, and despotic party look with anxiety at Piedmont who they believe will gain immensely, should Austria not side openly with the western powers. —

The sun has at last come out with power, and it is impossible to expose oneself to it without a head-ache, but the vegetation is still a month behindhand. Rome is as full as it can be of strangers come for the holy week. Of the ceremonies we have as yet seen few, and those few not edifying ones, — the apparent want of devotion in those who officiate strikes one forcibly as being so different from what I have seen in France and catholic Germany. Here you cannot doubt that it is merely a set of forms they are going through. The pope has an excellent countenance, and looks thoroughly in earnest. — To morrow we shall try to hear the "Miserere" sung which they describe as beautiful, if one can get out of the way of the ill-behaved sightseers who behave as if they were in a playhouse. We went to see the pilgrims feet washed but were told it was doubtful whether the ceremony would take place as — no pilgrims had as yet arrived! It did sound doubtful in such a case unless they can dress up some make believe ones!! — Farewell, my dear friend! In great haste!

Every your very affectionate

Charlotte Williams Wyan.

Charlotte Schiller und Hermann von Arnim.

Abg. Brief.



Hotel des Isles Britanniques.

Florence. Begun the 28th April sent
1st May 1854.

Your letter of the 20th April has been just sent me, my dear friend, and I shall lose no time in thanking you for it. To day is the 28th, and as I dare say it arrived yesterday — no! I see by the postmark it only reached Florence this morning — we are materially nearer each other than at Rome. But I must begin by grieving over the actual loss of the letter of the 8th of February. I tried to flatter myself that I had not missed it but what you tell me destroys all hope. — If there was any thing in it which threw too much light on questions that the authorities wished to keep dark, or indeed if there was any thing that did not please them therein, it was certain never to reach me. I am assured that letters are thrown into the fire at once, and not sealed up again and forwarded, as is the case in other countries where the post-office goes shaver in your correspondence. Of course such an event must stop you from writing and greatly cramp what you say. I cannot expect it should be otherwise but one must make the best of it. As far as I can discover the missing letter never reached the Hotel de Russie. The landlord accounted to me for all the others; one he passed on of my sister Mary's, was lost on it's road to Naples. I wonder what yours contained! and I shall not easily cease regretting that I shall never know. Your last is indeed gloomy, dear friend, but not more so than I believe people are beginning to be in England where they look to the war with some dread. — There seems to be a general feeling of incapacity in the government. Lord Aberdeen and Sturges are accused of vacillation. The regiments are constantly kept in the expectation of being ordered on service, and are continually countermanded. Then the banqueting and feasting at Paris seems utterly out of place at the commencement of such a struggle. — The Cholera is quietly striding on, and the price of articles of food has risen enormously. Still the war is in accordance with the feelings of the people, and therefore they will not grumble quite as much as elsewhere. —

I wonder whether chevalier Bunser's is a recall or not; I think he looked forward to it before I left England, and if, as they say, he has compromised his King, one cannot be astonished. —

We remain in this hotel until the 18th, perhaps longer, if the weather remains as cold as it now is, there is no use in crossing the Alps. — I sometimes think that Gastein will be too cold, and too far out of the straight line of route back again. — I fear we shall hardly manage Venice this time; we should be so hurried in our stay there, that one should hardly enjoy it as one ought. A fortnight at least is necessary to see Venice, and that would bring us into the middle of the hot weather which is very trying there. — We passed 3 days at Siena on our road here, and were greatly interested by the town and its school of painting, which is curious as being very different from those of its neighbours, Florence and Bologna. The depth of religious feeling in the Siena painters of the 14th and 15th century is to be seen in all their works, and to that they sacrifice the individual grace and colouring of the picture. But the whole town takes one back into the middle ages, and there is nothing to break the illusion unless one sees, — as I did — a bare-footed monk with his staff in one hand, and a railway = ticket in the other! —

M. Rio was to have met us there, but unfortunately did not arrive in time. — You will be amused at hearing that at Rome I had to go through a decided attempt to convert me from him, and his family. — The very first time since our friendship began, but I suppose they thought that if Rome, and its influences did not produce an effect, nothing would. Mrs. Rio is so very good and humble that I felt grateful for any efforts she might make to enable me to think as she did, but he is so enthusiastic and one-sided and so very apt to believe whatever he wishes that I was obliged to speak more decidedly than I have ever done before. Romanists from the experience of late years have no idea that it is possible to see faults in the teaching of one's own church without rushing into their's. Protestants have indeed shewn them lately, their first object is to have a church, not to have a belief. — The Rio's are so fond of me that I felt

it was from love that they thus talked, but I could hardly help laughing when the little Mary whom I had seen a baby begged me to read a certain book which she could assure me was "d'une logique très serrée", — the idea of the child fancying she could tell whether it was serieux or not! — This however, as you can imagine, prevented my communion with them being as entire as it generally is, — however it will rest on its usual basis when we meet again. — I went through all the religious ceremonies of the holy week with them, and the indevotion of the behaviour of all engaged shocked me greatly. It is the fashion to say that it is the protestant spectators who look upon the whole as a show, and who hurt the feelings of believers, but certainly the laughing and the talking proceeded entirely from the catholics themselves. The ceremonies did not produce on me the effect that I expected. The making the pope the centre of the worship, although it may be but mystical, takes away from the essential character of christian worship, that it is paid to an invisible being. — Therefore I preferred the services in those churches where he (the pope) was not, and where therefore was not the genuflection to him at the end of every prayer. His blessing of the people was very fine, his manner earnest, and his voice so good that one heard it to the very extreme end of the piazza. The sight of the whole multitude actuated by one feeling, as this seemed to be, must be always an overpowering one, even though one may deem the feeling an exaggerated one. — The evening there was a procession through St. Peters late, and we were there till it was quite dark. The effect of that enormous building lighted only by the moon, for during passion week the candles are extinguished, was very grand, — one no longer saw protestants standing and catholics kneeling, all were blended together, and for the first time since I was in Rome I felt I was in the greatest christian temple of the world. —

Since beginning this letter I have been stopped by a two days cold, and sore throat, — the consequence of too much sightseeing. — You know how rich the galleries of pictures are here, too much so, for gems of art are crowded so close together that you have no space to examine them. — The Venus of Medici I am a heretic

about! The statue does not give me the slightest satisfaction, and I never wish to return to it, — while before the Amazon in the Capitol at Rome, and the mutilated Psyche in the gallery at Naples I longed to stand the live long day. — There is here a wonderful picture of Perugino's, a deposition from the cross, the most overpowering one I ever looked upon. It has produced more effect upon me than any I ever saw, excepting the Dresden Madonna di Liso; the expression of intense sorrow, blended with more than resignation (with a willingness that it should be so) in the virgin's face is almost supernatural; we both found ourselves in tears after looking at it for a few minutes, and that is an effect not often produced on me; particularly as I am not a judge of pictures. —

Adieu, dear friend, my love to your niece. — Do not read and write so much, live for yourself more, and less for others, — which is real christian counsel! — Ever your very affectionate

Ch. Williams Wynn.

Aufschrift.

Charles William Whymper an Whymper.

Venice, June 1th 1854.



We arrived here a few days ago, my dear friend, and though it is with difficulty that I do any thing but look out of the window I long to write and tell you that what you say in your last letter of the 20th April "Nach Rom wäre mir in Italien Venedig der liebste Ort" is just what we find to be the case! - I had no idea of so wondrous a town; I had been so often disappointed in the places about which travellers had raved, that I was wholly unprepared for the reality here. - At Llangedwin our schoolroom was hung round with views of Venice engraved, I suppose about 1650, and they being the only resource from the study of one's lesson we knew them of course by heart, but I thought all had changed with the passing away of the carriages, and 8 horses, and gentlemen with feathers and cloaks who were to be seen in all the piazzas; - instead of which these same views might have been done yesterday as far as the buildings are concerned. I should think it was unique and could be found in no other town that in the great state pictures (adorning the Doge's palace) of Paul Veronese, Bassano, Tintoretto, the backgrounds might have been copied from the present aspect of St. Mark's. - The palaces too are just the same; half the windows shut up, but the magnificent sculptures and marbles outside seem to bid defiance to time! - The gondolas still gliding up and down as dark and black looking as ever, though there is an Omnibus = gondola painted blue and gold that brings you from the rail-road italien and is the only innovation that is to be perceived. -

We are in a very good situation on the great canal and it is impossible to conceive any thing more picturesque, and tranquil than our view. We take a gondola by the day, but we are not Venetian enough to like it closed up with only two little windows open, so insist upon having our cover taken off entirely which leaves it like a common open boat, and is supposed very "mauvais ton"! It is certainly much more mysterious to see these black coffins gliding about and speculate as to what may be

inside, but one sees nothing out of one's nose. — I am never tired of going through the narrow water lanes or rather alleys, where there is just room for the gondola, and the old palaces rise up on each side at once out of the water with their marble steps and water gate now quite shut up, and unused. —

The other morning a whole family rowed up to us to beg; I suppose they had begged the loan of the boat, but there was something so quaint that of course they got more than by standing in the street as they would do elsewhere. — The only person who does not enjoy this place is poor Moey! I often take him to walk but we are invariably stopped by a canal after a few paces; — although if one knew the different passages I believe one could get to most parts of the town. —

Certainly after Rome this has interested me most, I cannot mourn over the extinction of their republic, so that there is not even the feeling that the people are in a worse position than formerly, for I should imagine the Austrian rule is as little tyrannical as was their own of old, — though to my amusement the custode who showed us the prisons, bridge of sighs &c. did his best to persuade us that all the stories of tyranny were poetical fictions, the cells, he assured us, were rather pleasant dwelling places than not, although we saw them! and the republic had been much maligned. — He had been employed in the prisons before it's end, and told us some curious details to prove that having no soldiers or at least not choosing that they should be seen the government was obliged to have recourse to prudence as he called it in order to deal with the many conspiracies that tried to overturn it. —

Our weather is very unfavorable with constant violent thunderstorms and then bright sunshine, but we have never suffered as yet from heat, and mean in consequence to dawdle on here another week, and then make the best of our way to Meran in the Tyrol where we look to staying until the heat or the rain drives us away. —

There I shall hope to find a letter from you — I did not expect another in Italy after the misfortune at Rome. I wrote (on the 2d as soon as I received yours of the 20th) from Florence!

After remaining there till the 23^d we proceeded to Bologna where we passed a very pleasant week with M. Rio who was there superintending the packing up of a gallery of portraits of the Napoleon family which the emperor has bought. He certainly has the best right of them, but I could not help think it was like buying a set

of ancestors. They are full length representation of them in their very best clothes, and the gold and white satin is far more conspicuous than the faces; all standing "en representation" on the steps of thrones, altars &c. and I must say looking very parvenus. The gallery belonged to the princess Elise Baciocchi, Napoleon's sister. —

The old pictures at Bologna charmed me more than any I had seen, such Francia's one can see nowhere else, and he is my painter par excellence!! He is to me the only one whose religious pictures are religious or rather his are the most so, for Perugino often comes near him. The Venetian school may be beautiful as pictures but produce no effect on me at all, and I would rather be without them. — From Bologna we went to Padua which is a most curious old place, and one I should gladly remain in. The small chapel painted by Giotto is wonderfully beautiful, and would employ one for weeks to examine thoroughly, and the buildings have an old-world look that would make it a fit town to pass a dreamy month in! The palaces to the street looking most gloomy and black, but with large gardens behind so old that the shrubs are grown almost into forest trees and covered with a mass of the most brilliantly green vegetation I ever beheld, choking and hiding the once white marble statues. I longed to stay there, and yet all this sounds more enjoyable on paper than it is in reality, when it is combined with the constant burden of travelling, of bad, extortionate hotels, and of always — being packed up! this is no slight drawback to my comfort. — The books must be put away, and unless one remains some days in a place one cannot give the servants all the trouble of taking them out, to put them in again so soon. — Altogether I am beginning to long to find a resting place for some time at least, and if we have fine weather I dare say Meran will be very agreeable — if not we must go to a more frequented place!

If Mr. Hanson and his family settle at Heidelberg we may very likely stop a week or two there on our road home. — They talk much of his poverty and he has had a sale in his house — I cannot believe that it was necessary, for he certainly did not live in a manner that could have exhausted the salary he has enjoyed so long. — Is the count Bernstorff who succeeds him a man who was at Homburg and whom you told me was most unpopular and anti-liberal!! — I say nothing of politics, far away as we are, we know nothing.

If we are to have a minister of war it will be a great break into old traditions! —

Tell me about yourself, dear friend, I have talked only of my own concerns, and you know how warmly interested I am in all of yours! Have you any plans for the summer? The end of august we must be in England, till then, we are in an unsettled state but wish to find some quiet country nook where one can sit under a tree and think over all one has seen!

My love to your niece who I trust is quite well.

Every yours.

Ch W.

We shall be at Meran by the 20th, at Verona the 14th.

Abbf. 1151.

Charlotte Elizabeth Wynne an Wynnegan.



Meran. Monday, June 26th 1854.

My dear friend. We arrived here on Friday and I had the great pleasure of finding your letter to greet me. — It was a long time that I had not heard, and although I know it was entirely my fault, I was not the better satisfied. But you have no idea how difficult I have found it to write regularly to any one. — One knows not what will interest one's correspondent, and what will not, and the result is that I hardly know what to say. This is my excuse for writing so little and I think you will be able to understand it. We were tempted to prolong our stay in that wonderful Venice to nearly 3 weeks, nor did we suffer at all from the heat till we reached Verona. — We were fortunate in finding in Venice a M. Rawdon Brown who has resided there for 26 years, and talks with dread of the "misfortune of having to live on dry land". He is devoted to antiquarian researches for which the archives of Venice offer an enormous field, he passes his mornings among them making extracts and translating and lives wholly in the past. He said: I have not yet got further than the reign of James the 1st. And it really is true, for he reads no paper of any sort, English or Italian, which one can hardly understand. I know nothing of his history but fancy he must be a disappointed man in some way, thus completely to give up all interest in the present. Meanwhile it gives his conversation a raciness which under other circumstances it would not possess, but he is so entirely transplanted into the middle ages that he talks as if he had lived through it all himself very much like the "wandering Jew" would! For example he began a story thus: "When lady Arundel was here she got into such a scrape" and proceeded to details that were very amusing, and I had not the slightest doubt the subject was the lady Arundel who was a cousin of ours and died 3 or 4 years ago, till he mentioned "there being then in Venice a very foolish sgr. Wootton", which enlightened me as to it's being in Cromwell's time! — And thus he used to go on till we were often quite startled at facts about a Venetian ambassador "a very good fellow, as if he had known him intimately. Among the enormous mass of correspondence he has found the diary of the Venetian ambassadors that were sent to the court of our Henry the 8th.

They kept it to be sent to the Doge and it contains the daily chit-chat and occurrences of three years. This he has translated, and it is on the eve of publication; he has shewn it to the historians in England and they have been all of opinion that it will be a invaluable addition to the history of the time, — going down into the minutest particulars of what they saw, and heard. — Through the interest of M. Brown also we were shewn the most beautifully illuminated breviary I ever saw, and I believe it is unique; certainly those in the Vatican and libraries in Paris and London are not to be compared to it. The miniatures are by van Eyck, Memling and those other Flemish painters whose works are distinguished by such wonderful finish and expression. The book is called the Grimani breviary after a cardinal of that name who bequeathed it to the library. I am particularly fond of those old missals and therefore this one was a great treat to me. —

We were perfectly free from musquitoes, none come till July. The swallows eat them until then, and M. Brown declares you are cooler at Venice than any where. I cannot fancy it very healthy in summer from the effluvia from the canals which is very unpleasant. No travellers had mentioned this, nor the disgusting state of the water on which you glide though one might have guessed it. In the small canals you are steered through a mass of decaying vegetables, as of course every thing is thrown in, and though there is a tide it is not rapid enough to act the scavenger's office in the narrow lanes. — However the beauty above and around you is sufficient to make up to you for not being able to look down below you! —

After a hot journey of 4 days we arrived here meaning to settle ourselves for a month of quiet in lodgings but we have not been able to find any thing that suited us. — We might have taken a beautiful chateau a mile from the town, but I foresaw we should have nothing but discomforts with the servants and the difficulty of getting food up there, as the little town is without any market, and one has to make an arrangement with a peasant to bring you what he has; then we had to hire a cook, and they brought me one who seemed so cross I could not bear her, though they assure me it was only the Tyrolese way to

strangers. Had we been alone we should have done very well, but Miles (our old maid) is somewhat particular. We have accustomed her for the last 8 months to an hotel-life, and she now likes nothing else, — of course it is much gayer to dine with 20 people than with our servant alone, but it is not very wholesome for her. However she is going out to Australia to be married so has done with being in service. I suppose she must leave us next spring as her lover is very impatient to get her over. To return to this place, we do not like the look of it quite as much as we expected so do not wish to fix ourselves to stay so long and therefore have settled to remain in the inn, until we have an answer from England, so as to be sure of not losing any more letters. We shall certainly not stir till next Friday week the 7th, and probably not until the 9th, so that there is plenty of time for me to hope to hear from you, if, like your last, a letter ^{only} takes 5 days. —

We are very anxious to make an excursion across the Stelvio-Pass back into Italy from hence. It is, they say, the most magnificent of all the passes through the Alps, and if we could do it by sleeping one night it would be quite worth the attempt, leaving here servants, baggage, and Moey, (who, *par parenthese*, has over-turned the inn, as you see!) Afterwards we think of going to Heidelberg for a few weeks, which will be cooler than Meran, and a better preparation for a northern climate; this being surrounded by high mountains is very hot though the snow on which we look makes one fancy oneself cool! Botzen 3 hours from hence seemed to me a more enjoyable spot, but the Archduke John, who lives here, has brought it into fashion. Then there are a few Kur-gäste who look miserable, have nothing to do, and no one to speak to; when they have drunk their whey of a morning they lounge about the rest of the day. —

We can get no newspaper but the Allgemeine Zeitung, and that does not tell one much. I read an indignant article against England on account of Lord John Russell's at his election speaking of the two great allied nations of Europe and quite leaving out Germany, — but I suppose if Germany entirely declines making a third, that he cannot help himself! —

How slowly every thing seems to advance! At first the

troops could not be sent out quickly enough, and now that they are there nothing is done. —

The table d'hôte here is at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12! and I really cannot sit down to my dinner at such an hour, and yet if one does not one gets only the scraps left from the other. — I see I have said little of our plans, but they are still unshaped excepting our determination to be in England in September. — You can fancy that I am beginning to be heartily tired of the wandering life of the last 9 months, although I own, I am much the better for it. I am stronger and fatter than I have been for long, and if my health will but last I shall be thankful indeed.

I trust soon to hear a better account of you, dear friend, and that rheumatism has taken its departure entirely. — Tell me too, how Miss Solmar is, and remember me most kindly to her and to your niece, and believe me ever, with Harriett's love to you, your affectionate

CHWN.

Forgive me the untidiness of this scrawl! but it is too hot to write it over again as would be proper after Moe's ~~will~~ misbehaviour! —

Charlotte William Wynne an Wynne.

Wynne, Dec 14. Juli 1857.



My dearest friend!

Your pleasant packet arrived most opportunely - just when I was quite confined by an attack of influenza so ~~when~~ even had the book been far less interesting than it ~~was~~, it would have been most welcome to me! I am very grateful to you for it. - The biography is very curious and one can hardly believe that it ~~should~~ be true - of course however your word is sufficient voucher for it all. - I think it is beautifully told, and some of the remarks are charming, bearing the impress of a fine and penetrating mind. - It appears to me to be written in the right spirit, and to do the greatest credit to the loving friend, who has drawn this sketch of one so dear to her. - I cannot help wishing we could have had one letter at least of the countess; one should so like to see how she wrote, and in some way to understand the extraordinary attachment, which she evidently excited in all those who approached her. -

As you say, the course of her life affords much subject for reflection. - Had she not given way to her weak husband's wish for a separation, do you not think that all the future misery of her life might have been avoided? However such reflections are childish enough. - If that had not brought sorrow, something else would. -

Miss Assing writes in a kind hearted, Christian spirit - I must have fulminated ^{a tone} more against the husband; - but too indulgent ^{a tone} is better than too severe a one - Mrs. Gaskell (one of our best authoresses) has got into a sad scrape the other day by

speaking most harshly of a Lady in the Biographie
she has just given out of Charlotte Bronte, the mi-
ster of Jane Eyre etc etc. She received a Lawyer's letter,
desiring her to withdraw her calumnies against this
said woman, and I suppose she had not facts enough
to enable her to refuse to do so. —

— Adieu, dearest friend, will you give my kindest
remembrances to your niece, and tell her that her first
work is too good for it to be her last! —

Ever your affect.

C. W.

Alfred.

Charlotte William's Wagon on Wurnsberg.



Heidelberg Anlage No. 98.

begun Sunday sent Wedn. July 26.

1854.

My dear friend! We arrived on Friday and yesterday I received safely the book I had so longed to see! — Thanks you a thousand times for sending it to me at once, now when it will be so valuable! — In this intense heat one is glad to stay at home quietly, and we have taken this house for a month as we find that Sidney is ordered to Ems, the only place where I cannot join her, in consequence of its relaxing climate which made me quite ill the last time I went. — Harriet would however have met her there but that fortunately one of Mary's girls accompanies her which takes away all necessity of it. — Isabel Gaskell has a very fine voice, and has had an affection of the throat which has greatly injured it during the last year, — it was on her account principally that they passed the winter in Italy, and Mary thinks that Ems water may very likely be of service, and she will be of the greatest use, and pleasure to Sidney, so that the arrangement is a happy one, and on hearing it we settled down here, — I only hope we shall be allowed to stay out our month, but if Sidney was ill at Ems we should go to her, and alas! she is so delicate that it is not an improbable case. — The Wurnsens have a large, beautifully situated house on the left side of the river, and we should have liked to find one near them in order to have the advantage of their shady garden and walks, but we tried in vain, and are nearly 2 miles apart, which in this heat is a distance impassable! —

I find him at present rejoicing in the liberty he enjoys of now being able to follow his own pursuits without having any duties to cut them short; accordingly he is busy about divers works for which he has never had time before, and which truth to say, the world would be just as well without. — In spite of his great learning which is, I fancy, undoubted — the theories he builds upon it seem to me fanciful and superficial, — and as a new listener is a gain to him a constant stream of them is poured out on me.

Still he is so kind, so really goodnatured that I am very grateful. He lends me books, reads to me what he has written in the morning and in short if we lived nearer he would give me employment for the whole day! — It is a funny change to me, who have lived now for so long with Rio and those of his way of thinking to pass my days with one who thinks differently upon every single subject, and yet there are points of resemblance between the two men. — The same one-sidedness, and the same satisfaction in themselves so openly expressed as he really naive. Bunsen has had, and has so many distinguished men as disciples in England, that it is not perhaps extraordinary he should feel himself to be a teacher; but he is not one of whom I could ever learn. — Carlyle is supposed not to be a religious man, and yet I never am with him alone, so that he talks at his ease — without feeling my spirit strengthened, while after two hours talk of the deepest kind with my friend here, I do not find I have gained any thing at all, — listened to words, and beautiful exhortations that do not come home to one. — This is however a peculiarity with me, it is only that his is a nature that does not suit mine, for others to whom I look up feel quite differently. — His genuine kind heartedness I admire unfeignedly, he makes the best of those who approach him, and the way in which he talks of his opponents who have displaced him, is admirable, for it is evidently genuine that he does not feel bitterly towards them! Respecting this, he has told, and shown me very curious things which it will not do to write, but I could hardly have believed them, had it been only told me!

Tuesday.

At present he has society enough, but I fear that when the winter comes he will wish for more excitement, and find his home dull after the busy life he has lately led. — Gagern is here, and they are very fond of him, though I do not exactly know why. I am to make his acquaintance and that of Rothe who is a great friend of Bunsen's. We are also promised Tocqueville and one or two more celebrities. But having said all this I must not conclude without telling you how charming the female part of his family is. — The daughters are very remarkable, and approach my ideal of the German woman; — very learned (the eldest

is entirely her father's secretary,) so simple and modest that it is never apparent, and devoting themselves to works of charity and looking after the poor. Miss Bunsen seems to me an admirable person though I know her very little because the father always twitches me away into his library. —

Wednesday, 26th.

This letter has been greatly interrupted by the heat of the last 5 days, which incapacitates one from doing any thing. — It is so good for the country, and the poor people, that one must not wish it gone, but it is really suffering here for we have the evening sun on the windows and from 3 o'clock it becomes unbearable. I trust you have it not as hot at Berlin! though perhaps it is more wholesome for you than the previous storming weather. —

The idea of your having to change your house fills me with dismay, as I know well how irksome it would be to move out after so long a time. — It takes years before one's things get into their right place again, and a room in which one has dwelt for so great a part of one's life becomes as it were lined with one's thoughts to which no one has a right but oneself. I was quite inclined to tear down the paper (when I left Grafton street) in my own particular den. — But I shall hope that matters will arrange themselves so as to make it unnecessary. Pray, do not forget to tell me! — Oh! I have written to Mary Gaskell to procure a note of M. Brown's if possible. I never had one, but he has dined at her house and therefore she may be able to find a bit of his writing. — Adieu, dear friend! this must not be longer delayed. — You are not tempted to come here? — The town is as beautiful as ever, and the evening walks over the hills when the sun has set offer more beauty than I have seen in all Italy! — I cannot tell you how happy I feel to be here! In the first place the being settled though but for a month, is a pleasure after so long a wandering, then the getting rid of the Italian, which always worried me I spoke it so ill — is a relief. Secondly to be out of towns where the inhabitants are constantly crushed by foreign troops. — If those who cannot resist are oppressed, and ill used here, it is at least by their own people which is a superiority — instead of feeling that they till their fields to support their foreign task-masters, and one no longer sees the gloomy,

desperate, looks and hears the half muttered abuse which one found all through Italy.

The absence of the magnificent, yet heathenish processions through the streets give me to a feeling of lightness. — There is a sensation of malaise in not being able to go along with the people in that which is nearest and dearest to all. — And I used to spend my life in trying to get into the streets where the procession of relics did not come, instead, like other people — of into the one where it did. — I lived too among these ultramontan Romanists and Converts who believe themselves in the exclusive possession of truth, and that is wearisome at last, though I never forget what one of your writers said: "A man is not tolerant unless he is tolerant of the intolerance of others." Who said it? Fichte? It is many many years ago since I read this aphorism, but like many that I found at that time in German thinkers, it has become a living principle. —

To these intellectual causes for happiness here I must add the more material one of the pure mountain air which I suspect goes farther than I am aware of in making me joyous, and light hearted. — However it may be — the result is very pleasant. —

Here is dinner, so I must end. — I shall read at least the beginning and end of your book as you desire!!

My love to your niece, I am so glad that she is continuing to paint animals, and have no doubt that the prince's dog will behave as a princely dog ought — and give her less trouble than did my poor old Moey! She will not think me very importunate but I cannot help reminding her that there is an invaluable present which she has given me — and how and when may I hope to have it? I will be very patient when I know what I have to look to. Whether I could pick it up at Cologne (it is not yet certain we go that way) at Frankfurt (?) perhaps. I hope she will forgive this want of ceremony, but I am getting impatient for all my treasures! — I shall procure the books you mention. Mad. Wunsen recommends strongly Perthis' life, and Stein's, but this last is too long. Oh! I read in the *Revue des deux mondes* the article upon you, and liked it very much. It is done with discrimination, though I was amused at his desire you should give up the memoirs of the warriors against the French!! More the next letter, I must end! Ever your Ch.W.W.

Direct: Anlage 98.

Abfchrift.



Charlotte William & Sohn an Wunsungen.

89. Anlage. Heidelberg. Begun Saturday Aug. 19.
sent Monday 21st. 1854.

— Since I wrote to your niece, my life has been very tranquil; passed in reading, walking, longing for the post to come in, and the evenings generally at M. Dunsen's; where I always found agreeable society, and heard conversation which interested me. He lent me Rothe's *Ethik* which I have read with great satisfaction, and divers others theological works. — I thought it was wiser to take advantage of his having a library here of books which I could not hope to find elsewhere, unless I bought them, so I have devoted myself to deeper reading than I have been able to find for the last few years, (in short since my own precious books were all packed up in the !) — and feel as I always do, that it has strengthened and refreshed me. —

I have seen a good deal of a professor Gelzer whom you may perhaps know as he has been professor at Berlin until obliged to give it up on account of his health. — He quoted an opinion of your's in one of our conversations, that it is impossible to argue with a person unless at bottom you are agreed with him. — I had said, I differed from him so much that I feared we could not understand one another; "On the contrary," he answered, we are essentially so agreed, that it is possible to argue, Varnhagen says so and so." — Although it sounded paradoxical, it is quite true, and I found it so in this case. — Professor Gelzer seems a thoroughly good man, tolerant of those who differ from him and picking out the good in all the belief that is opposed to his own; in which he differs certainly from Dunsen who like all very eager men can but see one side on any matter of faith. —

Then there is at the Dunsen's a doctor Max Müller, a philologist who has discovered the original language, or thinks he has, he is clever and pleasant notwithstanding, and divers others, some passing through, some stationary here, so that there are seldom less than 14 or 15 people at their tea table. — Dunsen teaches rather too much, I think, to be popular among men who know at least as much as he does; but his kindness of heart never fails. — He is

gone for the last 4 days on a visit to the prince of Prussia who, I suppose, likes him now that he is in disgrace. — What sort of men are Usedom and Pourtales? They seem to have behaved very well, and honorably. —

The post just come in with a better account of my dear sister, though she must be very weak, as she fainted quite away yesterday, and frightened poor Isabel Gaskell not a little. — I still think that I shall not stay above Monday week the 28th, and probably Harriet will go before. — Very sorry shall I be to leave this place which I enjoy intensely — my walks on the heath-covered hills far above the castle will remain in my memory long after they are passed away! —

Such walks are in truth to use biblical language, "times of refreshing." — I have found that there is deeper teaching in nature than in any professors book. The misfortune is that one so seldom has the opportunity of coming into communion with her! — How I wish you were here that we might talk over all the "thick coming fancies" as Shakespear calls them that are the result of my long mornings on the hills tops!! —

Monday. To day, dear friend, we have so much better an account that I trust all cause for present uneasiness is over. — There appears to be no idea of Sidney's leaving Ems without trying the waters again, and if they agree better we shall remain here the fortnight as first proposed until the 4th September. Still I should like to make sure of another letter from you so shall send this without further delay. —

— I saw Chev. Bunsen to day, he talks with satisfaction of his visit, and of the dispositions in which he found the prince, also the regent of Baden, who he hopes sees that to keep closely to the constitution is his best policy and one in which he will be supported by protestants and catholics.

I have been reading this morning the "Protestantische Monatsblätter" a review edited by professor Gelpert, and also a little book called "Die Religion im Leben" by him, which though a little superficial is well meant, and excellent in many respects. The review is well done as the men who

contribute to it are the most learned of the protestant party
in Germany. —

Dear friend, I have no room for more now, each day I look
at your picture with increased pleasure, and cannot sufficiently
thank your niece for her kindness. — Mrs. Rio writes me word,
that Rio hopes to be appointed one of the conservateurs du Louvre,
a place which would just suit him, and would take him out
of the way of those detestable missions where he is looked upon
by all parties as a spy. — With my best love to Mlle Assing
ever your very affectionate

Ch. W. W.

abgeschl.

Gunlotta Williams Wynn an Wurfaygar.



89. Anlage. Steideberg.

begun Tuesday morn. sent wed. August
20.th 1854.

— Your account of yourself, dear friend, is I trust a better one than I have had lately, only you must beware of working your eyes too much, and for this reason I cannot but regret that you have not more society in Berlin just now. — Although it might not in itself be very charming, a visit would prevent your passing that time at your desk and therefore would be good, so I hope that your niece will tempt you out, tell her so with my love! —

And now I must tell you that I have just finished the life of Bülow which has excited and interested me intensely. — I never remember reading even one of your biographies which struck me so much, and then the delight of the style! I dare say the thoughts of the modern German writers are very valuable, but certainly the dress in which they clothe them is so crabbed and ill-fitting that it spoils them; and the reading your volume was like gliding down a clear stream after being weary of tossing about in turbid waters. —

What a curious history it is! so different from any state of things we can now imagine! The dealings with the Russians after the retreat from Moscow I had never been able to understand before. I suppose it was right under the circumstances, but I own that I cannot quite like the falling off, or rather the turning against the French as soon they could make no resistance. — After all they were the allies of Prussia, and it savoured of treachery a little, did not it? — However exceptional times may demand exceptional conduct. The position of king could then be no sinecure, having to reconcile and settle the claims of so many foreign generals! That detestable Crown-prince of Sweden! — One can hardly understand why he was placed in so prominent a condition! — You have contrived to make your hero a very lovable one by giving his letters. Altogether the book charms me, and I shall

read it more than once. — Bunson's style is unfortunately involved and difficult to understand, even his German is so; much more his English. — I entirely share the fear of his friends as to the result of his works. — He is writing too much and far too quickly. He is now about to publish a life of Christ which I would give much to prevent, it is not wanted, he will be called all sorts of hard names in consequence, and it is not a work of inspiration. I mean it is no inward calling that forces him to destroy error, but a mere scholastic exposition of difficulties in the text and of a way to avoid them which is to my mind far more difficult than any thing on which he comments!

Yesterday I met there a Mons. La Boulaye a french member de l'institut of whom M. Bunson thinks very highly. — He seems to have written excellent criticisms on the state of things in Germany, on M. de Radowitz, your King &c. with reference to what M. Saint-René Taillandier has said. I am told he is a distinguished writer upon law. His conversation was singularly clever in that peculiarly epigrammatic style which a frenchman alone possesses in perfection. The anecdotes he gave us were very curious of the present state of Paris, and of the slavery of the press. He thinks France nearer being a republic now than it has been for the last years; a republic that will continue. This idea was quite new to me, for in my ignorance I believed all I heard and thought the magnificence of the emperor had really won the hearts of the French. — M. de Gagern was there, and divers other professors, and we ladies sat round the table and listened. I should like to have asked some questions for there was much in this brilliant talkers assertions that I did not understand, but as no one else spoke, I did not venture. I met a kind-hearted pleasing old man the day before, Welcker, who interested me greatly in what he said of Schelling, and when in the course of our talk I happened to say you were a friend of mine he turned round, and looked at me from head to foot, in the funniest way, evidently greatly surprised that the old creature by his side should have such an honor! Bunson wanted me to go and hear them discuss Prometheus

on Sunday which I should have liked but was not well enough to do so. - Welcker is one of your great authorities, is he not on such matters? -

Now, dear friend, it is so fine, I must rush out on the hills. - Our time for so doing is drawing close to an end. We leave this dear place on the 6th for Frankfort where we stay a week.

I have looked through the rail road book to try and find out whether it would not be possible for me to take a run over to Berlin from thence, - but it is so far for 2 days which is as long as I could stay, and I must sleep on the road, not being strong enough to go through in one day. - Otherwise, it does seem too tantalising. - If, like the interviews of the kings of old, we could meet half way on the confines of the country!! - We shall try, and get a private lodging at Frankfort. -

There is a very fine collection of miniatures and illuminated books in Frankfort in the possession of a private family, I think a relation of Mad. von Arnim's. We had a letter 5 years ago from Dr. Ringseis of Munich to see them but could not stop, and now we have stupidly forgotten entirely the name. - Do you happen ever to have heard of it? - Mrs. Grote is to be here the end of September. I should like ^{to} have met her. - Ever, dear friend,
your truly affectionate

Chr. W. W.

* Im Besitz von Ludw. v. ...; nun dem französischen Musiker Riefert.

Abdruck.

Charlotte Williams Wynne an Wunsingen.



Brussels, October 4th 1854

sent October 5th.

— I hear that prince Albert's interference at the Horse-guards is becoming quite unbearable, and that lord Harding's servility is greatly blamed; the last outbreak of popular dislike was patched up with much difficulty and if this gets abroad in spite of the personal popularity of the queen it will burst out afresh with redoubled vigor. — I fear your neutrality will please no party! — It is very sad to hear of your increased cold for I was in hopes the wonderfully fine weather that has lasted so long would have kept it off, and braced and strengthened you, I fear you ought to have tried change of air for a while! but now it is too late! At Wiesbaden we had no acquaintances at all and they tell me that Stomburg has taken much of it's company. We did not go again to Frankfurt, excepting for one morning to the Kirchentag, which chevalier Bunsen had persuaded me would be well worth attending; in which he was quite wrong. — It interested me to see the general aspect of the assembly, and from the gallery of the Paulskirche we looked down upon them all, but the speaking was wearisome beyond what I ever heard. Wichern spoke for upwards of 3 hours on the subject of "the inner mission", a very good man I believe and one who works hard in all benevolent institutions, but his speech was merely a string of common-place declamation; it would have been far more interesting had he kept himself to facts. I greatly admired the patience, with which he was listened to, and I was also struck with the countenances of the clergy. There was far more character in them than there would have been amongst a similar assemblage in England. — There was a look of determination, and of thought which seemed to tell that the men were in earnest, and whatever else might be predicated of them no one could say — they looked like gentlemen, and that, strange perhaps to say — gave me satisfaction; it seems to prove

that there may be work done, instead of speeches made. — However
Brunsen has written since that the whole was a failure. — He would
not go himself as he could not take a leading part without coming
into collision with the government. — (He has had a letter
from his king, the first he has had, a very friendly one, but on
what subject, think you? — on the intended declaration of the
pope that the immaculate conception of the Virgin is to be
a matter of faith, — and asking for his opinion!) He talks
of keeping the birthday of „unsere theuerste Prinzessin von Preu-
ssen“ at the castle of Heidelberg with Gagern, Usedom, Perpon-
cher, &c. &c. As you say, times are changed with him, or rather
circumstances. —

Did I tell you that I read „Goethe und Werther“ at Brunsen's
house, and was greatly struck by some of the letters? I think
I admired most the generous and perfect confidence of Kestner
in his friend, and in the woman he loved. — His must have been
a noble mind to be capable of it. But this opinion of mine was not
shared by the others, who saw nothing admirable but Goethe. —
I wish you had heard Brunsen speak of him (Goethe) with
tears in his eyes, and yet he only was in his presence (I think
twice, but he said „his kindness to me was very great and
never to be forgotten.“ —

Alfred.

Charles William Wynne an Darnagan.



Dropmore. November 1st 1854.

Your letter of the 20th, dearest friend, reached me in town, and right glad was I to have it! but I do so grieve to hear your account of yourself! can nothing be done? would not you be persuaded to try a new physician? — Certainly no one could guess from your letter, that you were not in vigorous health, but even the exertion which it is, to force the mind to triumph over the body, wears you out and I long to hear that you are trying something new. —

We landed at Dover on the 13th and since then have had so much business and anxiety that I have really lived upon the newspapers. On our arrival we were met by the news of the death of my cousin in that fearful battle, — for two others we were also in mourning, though they were not such near relations. My poor uncle Sir Henry has been quite overwhelmed by his loss, — his favorite son and the one whom he trusted was coming home to marry and live with him! Every alleviation that the case admitted of they have. — The poor (?) boy had a presentiment he should fall, and wrote the day before to take leave of his father and sister, expressing his last wishes. — The next evening he was found surrounded by his brother officers close to the Russian gun, lying sword in hand, the ball having passed through his forehead, evidently not having had to suffer an instant's pain. For this exemption from suffering we are most thankful — the thought of the long agony that the wounded went through is a horrible one. —

In truth one never realised before what war is, you all knew it well and our fathers knew it! I do not think if I had a dozen brothers there that I could feel more anxiety. The mourning is sadly general; hardly a family that has not suffered remotely, and London looks very melancholy from the quantity of black in the streets although this proceeds from the ravages which the cholera made rather than from those of the war. —

Altogether I was glad to come down here were I found Sidney looking much better than when we parted at Brussels and the quiet and repose of a large country house was most

enjoyable after 11 months of lodgings and hotels! We are waiting anxiously for more news from Sebastopol;—it seems to me evident that there has been a check given to the besiegers from the leading articles of the government papers which are preparing their readers for some failure!—I shall finish this in London, where we return to morrow.—

London, November 3^d.

This town looks sadly foggy after the bright, sunny scenery of Troopmore; fortunately we only remain until the 7th when we go down to pay a little visit to my aunts in Wales, then return here for 3 weeks and thence proceed to Devonshire for the winter with Sidney so that our travels are not yet ended.— And now I have talked enough of myself and must tell you how very much your letter interested me!—All that you say upon the letters of Goethe seems to me to be thoroughly true.— For many reasons I wish I could have seen you before we returned, not only that I might have the delight which it always gives me, but there was much which I should like to have talked over and told you, what it is impossible to write, but which would have been more interesting even to you than to me. If I could find a person going over I might attempt to send you a long letter.—

The other day I saw Carlyle certainly not in a state that enhanced his beauty. He has determined to let his beard grow and I dare say in time he will look very much as a philosopher should, but as the resolution had been only of a few days standing, his face was a mass of grey bristles. He was so tormented by razors that always wanted sharpening that at last he settled to do without!—I found him writing in the room he has built for himself at the top of the house where no sound can penetrate, and the only window being a sky light he has nothing to disturb his meditations. He was still in the midst of "Frederic"; has been working very hard, and says it gives him more trouble than all his other books put together, which I can well believe.—

Now I shall send this at once though it is a most inadequate return for such a letter as you wrote me,—but I am anxious and worried and cannot now do better. We are all busy sending out chaplains and nurses and surgeons and

comforts to the sick and wounded, — but to me it is just as bad to read, as I did to day in the Times, that the air is tainted with the number of Russians who has fallen with defending the town as if they were our soldiers. It is the fact that such scenes are going on that bewilders one's spirit!

My love to your niece, — and ever, dear friend, your affectionate Ch. W. Wynn.

A letter just received from Heidelberg talks of the pain and anger with which he views the approaching crisis of the house Hohenzollern and of Prussia. — "No hope in Prussia, nor for Prussia", "but all three at Coblenz in good dispositions." I hope it is not so bad! —

Please for the future to direct to 2. Lower Berkeley St. Manchester Square. (My brothers house.)

Charlotte Tynan an Hermann



London, den 28. November 1857.

- According to the old tradition that your ears tingle when absent people speak well of you, - your Niece's must have burned prodigiously about a week ago! - I do not think I ever heard Carlyle speak with such praise, such enthusiasm of any book as he did of her Biography. - I only wish she would give us 60 such Biographies - there one might have a chance of really knowing what a man is. - There was a young Mr. Staker there with an introduction from his mother in law, and Carlyle was very anxious to find out from him whether the Authoress had not written any thing else - he seemed only to know of articles contributed to a Periodical. - Then Carlyle began to talk over the different characters as he does when he is very much interested - and we discussed them all separately. - I cannot help telling you all this, because I think his praise worth having. I was there again this week, and found him more merry, than I have seen him for long.

Abſchrift.

Charlotte William's Abſchrift an Hermann.

January 7th 1855.



A very happy new year! If one's wishes could but bring their own fulfillment there would be some comfort in wishing; as it is, it seems but an idle ceremony!

My dear friend, I am quite shocked at seeing the date of your last letter, and remembering that it is still unthanked for, and unacknowledged! but indeed it is not my will that has been in fault for I can truly say that no two days have passed without my wishing to write, and wondering whether it were not possible to do so. — I received your letter about the 2d of december, when we came up to town in order to pack and unpack 16 trunks that were to be stowed away until we found a house some time or other. — Mary kindly allowed us to go to her's, in order to get through this work, which, as you can fancy was no slight one. The consequence was that after a weak's standing, and running up and down stairs I fell poorly, and had to take to my room with influenza. — Before I got well my sister in law, Charles's wife, was confined. A month before she expected to be so, and having none of her own relations in town of course we have had a good deal of nursing her; lady Grenville is also ill, and the necessity for daily visits takes up all my time! — sometimes I am out by 10 and do not return until night, much too tired to write or do any thing but go to bed. —

All this, dear friend, will explain in some degree what I have been about, and why I have not told you before how grateful I was for your kind and most interesting letter.

I grieved to hear of you so poorly, but cannot help hoping, that the unusually mild weather we have had may have prevented the added suffering to which you looked forwards on the approach of winter? A few days we shall be out of the reach of cold as we are going down to join Sidney in the most sheltered part of Devonshire where we shall remain, I suppose until the end of march. I own I am sorry to put myself so entirely out of the way of news as we shall be there. — In these days an extra

200 miles gives one a longer state of anxiety, and that is not needed! To day we hear of a general impression that negotiations for peace are on foot which one prays may be true. - It seems to be exactly as you expected that the emperor would be glad to diplomate. The misfortune is that if he only wants to gain time the cessation of hostilities will leave us in a worse position for resuming them if it is but a make-belief on the part of Russia. Whether the privations which our army suffers could have been avoided by more attention on the part of the government is the question that engrosses every mind now, and I fear is one that can but be answered in one way. The thorough mismanagement, and incapacity shown by the ministers for war, duke of Newcastle, and M. S. Herbert, has created a strong feeling against them. M. Herbert said to a person who told me: "If I had 8 people like miss Nightingale, the queen's service would be well carried on. She has got done in one week what we have been trying to manage for a month in vain." Could there be a stronger proof of his own incapacity? - They may be allowed to remain in office from the fear that if persons unaccustomed to the rou-
tine were put in, the troops might fare for a time even worse than they now do, but it is a dreary look out and there is a general feeling of depression as to the future?

I am told, "Wisdom's appearance is the last card we can play." - which seems odd to me and I am also assured that we should have had Prussia 12 months ago had not cold water been thrown upon proposals then made - and had any one in Germany had any confidence in the political honesty of our government - not to draw Germany into a war for the Danubian principalities, and leaving her to the vengeance of the only powerful tyrant in Europe as soon as we had secured that great object. - "We are both punished for it." sa says my Heidelberg friend! -

He is wild about a new compilation of the Bible which he is about, but ~~which~~ is utterly unfit for the english public. - It is very curious to find in a man who has passed so many years in England such entire ignorance of the character of the people. He does not understand them one bit, yet thinks he does. I had his manuscript to look at, and could only strongly advise it's being first published in Germany for the Germans and then it may be translated in English later. There is much learning as there is in all he

writes, and real acuteness, and sincerity. — He wants me to go to them in April, but I have no hopes of being able to do so. — Nothing I should like better, for their family life is a charming one, satisfying all my needs — utterly unlike any circle I was ever in before. He says: „You must indeed come to us, — we read every evening a chapter of my commentaries“ (wish I could spare) „or Duncker's ancient history, then we read in parts, Shakespeare, or Goethe, and conclude with a hymn, or a Beethoven or a Mendelssohn note.“

Let me not forget, dear friend, to tell you that I have asked divers people in vain whether they could give you the information you wished respecting the line quoted by Goethe. †)

I happened to hear of Miss Evans, but not much to her credit. Altogether I fear M. Lewes's family-relations are unfortunate. — The whole story was so shocking that I could not even to you tell it, and felt degraded by having it told to me. — Of course I say this in the strictest confidence. Miss Evans may be not mixed up with it further than in having thrown off the common proprieties of her sex, but she calls herself a strong-minded woman for which I always read a self-indulgent woman, their strength of mind only enables them to do more what they happen to like to do than other women! Were I strong-minded I should set off to Heidelberg and leave the tiresome gossiping life here to the many people who want me to do as well as they can! And now after this bit of self-glorification I shall add no more!

I saw M. Milnes once but thought him rather low. — Very full he was of Lord Palmerston's visit to Paris who seems to have dis-cussed with the emperor the advisability of France taking possession of the bank of the Rhine, and that they were both agreed as to the probability of it! Of course Milnes did not tell me this thus distinctly — but I could not avoid inferring it from what he said — asking me if I thought the inhabitants of the Rhenal provinces would be disinclined to come under a steady good government should France make the attempt. I answered that as far as my little knowledge went I believed nothing would be more unpardonable than the idea of a French yoke. —

Adieu now, my very dear friend. Do not reward me as I de-

†) „O thou sweet poetry!“ Zu dem Lyriker Goethe! & an ihn! von ihm
nun

serve by not writing to me, and direct to 2 Lower Berkeley Str. Manchester Square as before. Will you remember me most kindly to your niece and tell her that her drawing looks beautiful, well framed as it is; I have confided it to the Carhyles to hang up and keep while I am out of town as the glass is certain to be broken if I pack it up.—

Every yours affectionate

Charlotte Williams Wynn.

Abstr. 11.



Charles William Lyttelton an Wunnsagen.

Grove Cottage, Sidmouth

March 5th sent March 8th 1855.

My dearest friend. Your letter was a delight to me, as all your letters are! but you are so very kind that I feel, as I read - unworthy of such indulgence. - One of your letters makes me again satisfied with myself; whether this is a wholesome effect I leave undecided, but it is an agreeable one, and I really think sometimes it is necessary to one's going through the world with any sort of peace! The feelings of short-comings, and failures which must weigh upon all (I should imagine) may be given way to until they become morbid, and a burden too heavy to carry. -

I feel it is good for me to have such a friend; one who has more confidence in me than I have in myself. This is a long preamble - called out, for once, by the expressions in your letter, now I go on to something more interesting. - And what can one speak of but the event of last Friday! - I hardly know any death more startling - or one that will be more generally moralised upon by every old woman over her tea, and every old man over his pipe in each of our English cottages! But what will be the result? You in Prussia know far more of what is likely to be the inclination of the young emperor than we do here. - Surely there is better hope for peace? And may it not have a beneficial effect upon your court policy, when relationship becomes more distant? Lord John might have spared himself his journey, they say. I trust he will make a little "giro" and take Spain on his road home, and then he will know the opinions of every crowned head! he will have seen them all! - England has certainly not exhibited herself to advantage of late in her vain attempts to make a government; - I cannot believe the present one can stand unless Lord Palmerston dissolves parliament, and to do so just now, when the people are determined on a reform in the army, and the official appointments, would be no joke. People croak loudly and say they have never seen things look so black. The lower and middle classes are certainly in thorough earnest in their

determination that the aristocracy shall have justice, and not favour, but so long as they only clamour for the fittest man to be put into the different posts - I can see no cause for alarm. They will repudiate an idiot sailor in an office as much as an idiot lord. And the nation is too sensible to join in an empty cry against a class merely! -

I have felt during the last three years that the results of the general clamour for education to the lower classes would be in time an impatience of the mistakes, and incapacity of their rulers. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing" Pope says, and they have as yet not got enough to know the difficulties that impede any government. — It is a curious fact that colleges for working-men are springing up in London, where the mechanics, bricklayers, tailors &c. actually go straight from their work at 8 o'clock in the evening. They are given a blouse at the door so as to obviate the necessity of a change of dress, and then they set to work for three hours. The teachers are professors, all the most eminent in their line, who teach and lecture gratis, so that they are better instructed than they would be at the university; having nothing to unlearn. — Latin, history, drawing, music, grammar are among the subjects, and these gentlemen have told me, that they are astonished at the progress the men make. — From being in the habit of working they appear to be able to concentrate their attention on the subject given them far more completely than a scholar in the upper classes can. — There is now an idea of a woman college, but that is fraught with difficulty. The whole subject interests me powerfully. —

March the 8th.

My letter has been interrupted by a sort of rheumatic attack which is however now better. This soft mild air is more agreeable I suspect, than wholesome. The climate is quite unlike what I ever felt in England and certainly is very enjoyable. We are settled in a most comfortable little cottage out of the town with a distant view of the sea, and surrounded by tall trees which in spring will be beautiful. Sidney Doyle is about half a mile off, tolerably well though I am sorry to say that she has had another cough, but we must hope that as the weather improves it will quite subside.

Mary Gaskell's second girl is going to be married directly;—(it makes me feel so old!)—to a young clergyman who has every merit excepting riches: they are to be exceedingly poor; but as we are all convinced that Isabel would be happier as a poor man's wife, than a rich one's, (supposing the two men were equally good)—we are quite content.—It is a singular fact for a girl brought up as she has been in the midst of opulence that her genius for helping herself should have thus distinctly shewn itself. Her peculiar tastes, interests, and gifts could not be carried out so long as she has others to do for her what she can do much better for herself!—Her parents have acted so kindly, and wisely, I think, instead of wearing out her health and spirits by insisting on an engagement, they have forwarded the marriage, being very sure that it will ensure her happiness.—

Do you remember my telling you in the summer that I was going to read "Perthes' Leben"? I did not do so then but have just finished it.—There has been much that interested me; principally the extracts from his friends' letters, giving their views of the then state of Germany which is very curious. The one from you particularly in May 1816? how much and how closely it all applies to the present time! The history of his early struggles and the account of his bookseller's life interested me also, there was something quaint, and original in it but his love and his domestic letters I think might as well have been omitted. A very good man I dare say he was, but those long sentimental letters between him and his wife can hardly interest even those who knew them, and to a public must be wearisome. I should like to have heard more of the circle round princess Gallitzin in Münster.—

What were the Wolfenbüttel Fragments? I dare say I ought to know but have at least forgotten it.—

Only 2 volumes I brought from Germany, by this time there must be more, I suppose, published—so I shall get them from Williams and Worgate.—It is curious that the books are precisely the same price at his shop as they are at Steidelberg, and Frankfurt, if any thing cheaper, so I shall not again give myself the trouble of bringing them over with me.—I shall try to get the pamphlet of Dr. Bucher from them.—

The sun shines so brightly that it is a duty to go out. How I wish you could share the duty with me!! This soft spring air would be renovating to you, - but I trust you do not require it?

We shall stay here certainly I hope until the beginning of May, so please to direct according to the enclosed. I feel thoroughly settled and more at home than I have done for many months. The house is very small but comfortable, and clean. - When I open the drawing room door, the lowest whisper is heard in the kitchen which facilitates the household arrangements considerably!! - Adieu my dear friend! write as soon again as you conveniently can, you know how your letters are prized!

Every your affectionate

Ch.W. W.

Grove Cottage. Sidmouth. Devon:

abgefragt.

Carlotta Wilhelmine Wagnen an Wagnen.



Heidelberg, July 9th 1855.

A violent cold, dearest friend, has prevented my writing all this time and thanking you for two letters. One hot day a fortnight ago I went up to the castle and sat there in dense shade for an hour; the result was a fit of giddiness when I came out again into the sun and I became so poorly that I had to take to my bed. It was rheumatism in the head. — For a week I suffered a good deal, but am now well, only obliged to take much more care of myself than is pleasant. The worst part of such a place as this is that one is tempted to do too much! the walks are so beautiful, that it is a very different amount of self-denial to stay at home here than when one has only the choice of the Kurgarten or an Acacia walk. —

I am still alone and expect to be so for another fortnight when Sidney's Kur at Schwalbach will end. — I can hardly believe those baths can suit her and am almost frightened at the thoughts of her trying them, but she has taken 6 with seeming good effect. The place is so full, they can find no lodgings. — Are you too alone now? You tell me that your niece is to leave you for Stamburg but I trust you are not going to pass the whole time of her absence by yourself, and yet, I fear you are disposed to it? — I own that a large town when it is empty is not ~~more~~ disagreeable to me. It is more solitary than the country and much sadder. There is a feeling of being in a place of graves as one wanders up and down the streets. —

I have been very much alone of late, for talking wearies me, — which I cannot make chevalier Bunsen comprehend, — but they are all very much engrossed by their daughters engagement to Baron de Sternberg — what relation to the one I met with in Pers. I know not, but the same family —. It gives all parties great satisfaction, he seems a kindhearted man with some talent. He is criminal judge (?) here, which gives him a regular profession, and they are to live here. It has interested me much to see the different ~~in~~ customs and views of a marriage from what it is in England. In some respects they are much wiser and

simpler in Germany, in others I prefer our way. One of M. de Sternberg's sisters is governess to the princess Louisa of Prussia, and another to some other royalty, so that they are provided for. This however brings all sorts of complimentary visits to Baden where the princess of Prussia is, then to Mannheim, where to my exceeding surprise the Bunsen's met, at the grandduchess's table, the Rio's! I had no idea they had left Paris. I own I should have enjoyed being invisibly at that dinner! The two people in the world most opposite (excepting that they are both eager to rashness in their assertions) are Rio and Bunsen, and I almost wonder that a person of so much tact as you have always told me the duchess Stephanie is should have asked them together. — It could suit neither party.

I trust, chevalier Bunsen will be firm in refusing to go to Berlin, or elsewhere in spite of the most urgent entreaties. At present, he is determined not to be again taken in. But surely such a state of things never was seen; one can only fancy a weakening of intellect can account for it. — I dare say it is little better in other countries, but the whole system seems to me rotten together. —

The Crimean tidings are not cheering. Lord Raglan's death I look upon as a mercy for him. It has stopped all inquiry that would have been very annoying to him, and though he was devoted to his children, he had an odious wife who does not care at all for him, and to whom therefore he could not wish to return. The princess of Prussia wrote to beg that an expression of her sympathy might be sent to lady Raglan, but she has been (I think, very wisely) begged to reconsider the matter as the letter might very probably be made public, and give offense to the ruling party. What a state of things, that a woman cannot follow the natural impulse of her sympathy with distress! — I hear the emperor's address has produced an unfavorable effect in Paris. They laughed at his bad French and sneered at his allusion to Austria. —

The distress in Russia seems to be undoubted; — the fields

left untilled for want of labourers, and the indifference and dislike to the war very much what it is in France. All this makes one not despair of peace at least for a time. — To raise the siege of Sebastopol is, I suppose, impossible in the face of such an army who could destroy us before the regiments could be embarked, — so that there that devoted army must remain and literally conquer or die! — I cannot believe that Louis Napoleon will play us false, — simply because I cannot see that it is his interest to do so. — Rio tells me, that the Orleanist party is more violent than ever, and that this winter they would not meet any that did not belong to their own side in Paris. —

Since this morning, when I began this letter, the Rio's arrived to pass a fortnight here. I am very glad to see him, but am very determined not to have him and chevalier Bunsen together. — It would be like a farce, unless one can find some neutral ground which they can both take up, — science would do, but that does not suit Rio. —

Now, dear friend, I must end for the present, for they (the Rio's) come to tea, and this shall go at once. — I am still weak and get easily tired, so the prospect of having to exert this evening forces me to rest now. Ever your most affectionate

Ch. W.

What I write to you goes no farther? Not to Mr de Humboldt, or any one? —

Abt. 111.



Charles William Flynn an Wunsyuan.

Anlage. Heidelberg, July 24th 1855.

My dear friend! My sister joined me yesterday having left Sidney much better, and about to leave Schwalbach for England the end of this week. — Our stay here therefore is drawing to a close. — On Monday the 30th we are going to make a little tour — first to Badenweiler, which I am told is both beautiful, and healthy (a place near Freiburg, half a day's journey from here), then, we shall probably go on to Basle, and perhaps Schaffhausen, returning by Kehl, so as to see Straßburg. —

How long this will take us I hardly know, but I am advised to try a constant change of air as I am unable to throw off the weakness which was brought on by my cold and rheumatic attack a month ago. Travelling by short daily journeys will, I doubt not, soon strengthen me. — at any rate, I must try it! We do not expect to be settled again until we get home about the end of the month, though, I suppose, we must return here to pick up our heavy luggage on the 10th or 12th. — The weather has been so very stormy of late, that it has been against all invalids, and the violent thunder and lightning which we have had in this valley has kept ones nerves in a constant state of irritation. —

I am a little disappointed that Heidelberg has not answered as well to me as it did last year, but divers circumstances have combined to prevent my deriving the benefit I did before. — The complete solitude at home was not very good for me and then, (did I mention it in my last of the 11th?) the Rio's are here, and require a good deal of looking after. — Unfortunately Bunsen was told he was come upon a secret mission; he is quite convinced it relates to the religious divisions of this wretched government, (which it does not), and therefore he will not associate with him. — They were old acquaintances in Italy, so that the Rio's cannot understand it, and my position is rather an onerous one, for I will not neglect my old friends and yet it is difficult to continue both. — Madame Schlosser to whom that beautiful place, Stift Neuberg, belongs, which you may remember looking down upon the Neckar a mile further down the valley? — is the head of the Catholics, and she

holds a sort of rival court to Bunsen's; at one you see discon-
tent professors, the bishop of Speier, and all the catholics who say
they have suffered for the persecuted faith; at Bunsen's, of course it
is just the contrary;— but in so small a town as this one can-
not go from one to the other, and it is very disagreeable to me
to hear stories of oppression which the next half hour I am told
are utterly false.— In a large town it would not signify the least,
and one should enjoy hearing both sides, but here it worries one.
I must own I prefer the Bunsen set very much, but I wish I could
persuade him to be a little more civil to poor Rio.—

This makes me not sorry to leave this place for the present.—
His (Rio's) daughters are with him grown into such loveliness
that I am quite astonished, particularly the youngest who is most
engaging.— They are going on in time to Wildbad and Munich.
He has just finished his second volume on christian art, but I
fear he has dragged his facts to bear out his theories of catholic
faith too decidedly to be good for much!—

Bunsen is very busy over "Letters on religious toleration" which
are to appear shortly.—

Now, my dear friend, I have told you all about other people,
and should like to hear about yourself. What are you doing?
writing? I shall hope to hear something before I leave this place.
— If not, I must ask you to direct poste restante Basle,
where we expect to be on sunday the 5th of august. I shall
however write before then, probably I cannot get an answer
to this, but it was out of my power to write till our plans
were fixed, which could not be before my sister arrived.—
I long to know how you are, dear friend, so you must indulge
me with a few lines. Farewell, ever your truly affectionate
Ch. W. Ryan.

Abgdrift.

Leinzig von Gustavus Wynn an Wunnsfynn.



Begun at Heidelberg Sunday 29. July
sent from Bask Saturd. even. 4. Aug. 1855.

My dearest friend! Although I probably cannot finish my letter to night I must begin it just to thank you for the one I received yesterday, and which must have crossed mine on the road. We set off to morrow morning, and I trust shall have finer weather than during the last ten days or our excursion into mountainous regions of Badenweiler will be cut short. —

I wish I could answer your letter by word of mouth, then, it would be easy to lay my reasons before you, and let you judge for yourself. — I entirely agree in what you say of our proneness to deceive ourselves, and fancy what may not exist and ascribe more weight to common utterances of civility than they deserve! I heard the letter read, "if you wont come for my sake, come for the sake of the church of God!" No one can be more convinced than those to whom it is written that it is merely the querulous anxiety of a child to get a thing only because it is refused him. — I said, "but wont you go? you could do good it seems to me!" — "Oh no! no! go! to be taken in again!" perhaps after a long talk, when I have exercised the old influence over him, leave him entirely ready to do what I think necessary, and then a few hours after to be sent for and told very quietly that my advice was wrong, and he must take another line. — "But what you decided has already been acted upon!" — "Oh! well you must unsay it again."

"Of this facts have been given me, and of his wife's truth I should rely as on my own. — I can with difficulty express to you my amazement at the intrigues that seems to be carried on on all sides. — It may be the same with all courts, but I do not think it is so low, — reminding one more of french memoirs than any thing I ever before heard. It is impossible for me to put this into words, — but in short it is the back stairs influence which shocks me so much. — I should disbelieve it, but that it is all detailed in a manner that in spite of myself impresses me as truth. — As a condition which all must submit to I saw a very curious and interesting

communication from the wife of your future ruler; — she seems clever enough for any thing, too much so! — but it was a letter of thanks for very decided advice given, and nothing could seem more grateful or more anxious to profit by it. But what a state of thralldom their's is! —

The other day my friend's son went to Berlin in order to remonstrate against an act of injustice with respect to his pension. They chose to make the act of 1848 (?) have a retrospective operation, which of course is not what was intended, but in vain letters, and remonstrances were sent; not one was placed before the king, till at last Theodore went, and in consequence of the influence of a person who has access at all times, but whose name is never mentioned, I have never heard it, the application reached the right quarter, the justice of it was acknowledged at once; he trusts that this will have a beneficial operation upon others who are in the same state as himself, and therefore I mention it to you, but the whole proceeding is so little like the way in which such matters are managed elsewhere that it astonished me. —

Basle, Friday August 4th.

Here we arrived this morning, my dear friend, after 5 days of most beautiful weather — somewhat too hot, but every thing looked so lovely under the glowing sun that one felt disinclined to complain. Two whole days we passed at Freiburg, and many more I should like to have spent there, it is a charming town, and the minster in the morning and evening sun looked like a rich jewel, so wonderful were it's changing hues. How grotesque, and spirited are the monsters that project as rain conduits from it's walls! — One of the days we made an excursion to a pilgrimage church a few miles distant in the Black Forest. Whenever there happens to be one within reach we never omit going, for those pilgrimage chapels are always distinguished for the beauty of their situation, particularly if the saint or the stream of water which is generally to be found there is supposed to be good for complaints of the eye. — It is a curious remark, but it shows how true the natural feeling of the people is. The scene one looks upon is certainly good for the eye to rest on! Such a green nook as this

chapel of St. Ottilia was placed in I never saw. — far above the Black Forest that stretched away below it. —

At Badenweiler we only staid one night, — most uncomfortably for it was impossible to get a bed anywhere, and the intense heat made our unhoused condition very disagreeable (we sat on a bench in the street most of the day). I dare say had we been settled comfortably that we should have enjoyed a long stay there, but as it was I did not. I am not very aristocratic in my turn for society, but I think the crowds of shop-keepers that alone compose the company at Badenweiler were irksome. — I never was in so inferior an set as filled every room in the great hotel where we were, and though one is very glad they should enjoy themselves, and breathe pure air, I own I do not covet to do so with them. All the ladies used blue and red cotton pocket-handkerchiefs at dinner, and their hands!!!! The place is perched up high on a hill, and must be most healthy, but we left it without regret, and find ourselves settled in this excellent hotel very differently!

Saturday.

Your letter, my very dear friend, I have just got, and it is such a pleasant one! You always manage to reconcile me to myself. I was not a little annoyed at finding how much effect the constant jar of opinions was having on me, — my feelings towards the Rio's was altering rapidly, and I felt it was more my fault than their's, as I did not perceive that they had changed. Although I think he has become more violent, but I had got to receive what he said in silence. — As for example when he told me he had dined with a most agreeable man, a Mr. d'Uria who had been prefect of Heidelberg, but was displaced because he was a catholic, — in the evening I met professor Mohl, and said I thought it a pity the government was so violent. "Displaced for being a catholic"! he was displaced for acting against the law in favour of the arch-bishop. — He might have been a Parsee for what the government cared!"

I wonder if Mr. Rio's mission will succeed! It is to dispose the allergy, publicists and the discontented in general in favor of France by promising help, and spiritual and temporal liberty from her. — How she can give it I know not nor does he explain, but he says he meets a willing ear everywhere from the dislike to Prussia.

that is felt out of it. His paper at Cologne has already been slipped. — Now he is to visit the catholic heads at Freiburg, Mayence, Munich, and then Cologne. — But surely a great nation like France cannot gain any thing by such petty contrivances, as leading articles in papers! — However it shows me that Bunsen was right in declining to have any thing to do with him. —

How very good it is in you to take so much trouble about our journey! most valuable are your hints and we mean to follow them excepting that Harriet is so anxious to see Switzerland a little, that we think of taking a carriage and going from here monday to Lucerne, a journey of two days — remain there one or two, according to the weather; and proceed to Zürich; then to Schaffhausen, and then back to Freiburg by the Stollenthal, whence we shall make the best of our way to Strasburg, as I want to be back at Heidelberg on the 17th to see some friends who are coming.

I wonder, dear friend, whether you will understand the first part of my letter! — I doubt it! Written in answer to your's of the 25th. It is so difficult to give one's own impression — particularly as mine has varied wonderfully, — but more of this hereafter! —

Now I must explain why you receive such a weight of enclosure. — Some time ago I met at the Bunsen's a Mad. Boet, wife of a pasteur (evangelist), she was supposed to be a sort of missionary for some purpose. I disliked her, — a handsome woman with a very bad expression. She only passed one evening at the Bunsen's, to whom she was recommended, and she did not please the female part of the family more than she did me, but chevalier Bunsen is so easily taken in that he saw nothing to object to in her, and set about persuading her to undertake the translation of his favorite book, "Deutsche Theologie" into french. She would talk to me, began about Stegel's and said she possessed a most curious poem written by himself a short time before his death, which proved him to be a sincere christian. I said, I never doubted he was one, and that really his last words would have much less effect to convince me than his whole written works. That in them I found christianity, and that was enough. However she begged to send it me, and of course I could not refuse. — But then she went on to St. Martin's and told me she had been

J. 29. Juli d. 4. Aug. 1855.

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given a correspondence (found in some chateau) between him and a swift: — this interested me more, but I own I did not expect to hear from her — when the day before we left Heidelberg came the enclosed — what with the difficulty of reading the writing, I can hardly make out her letter; but the Hegel verses are assuredly not by him[?] Bunsen says he knows they are 150 years old, and I should think he was good authority on such matters, — he knows the lines well he tells me, and believes that Mad. Hegel in her piety must have read them to her husband as expressing his sentiments. — What do you think[?] — I send also the St. Martin letter; — his respect for Jacob Wöhme is very touching. Perhaps you would recommend the publishing of the whole correspondence[?] And your advice would be a great thing for her. She has written a volume of thoughts (in German) upon music and spiritual life, which I thought very tiresome, but I imagine she is clever enough. I have written her a few lines saying I had passed on the letters to a friend, who was a better judge than I was of their worth; — when you have read them I do not want them returned. Oh! perhaps, I ought to return the letters so I must trouble you to re-enclose them to me. — Did I ever answer your question about Donoso Cortes? I asked Rio, who declares he spoke and was a thorough judge of French, wrote it even eloquently, a dreadful accent but that would not make him less capable of judging others. Rio was very anxious to know what Donoso Cortes could have written of Prince Metternich; his curiosity was greatly excited and of course I could not satisfy it. —

We have had a letter to day from Sidney, saying she is safely at home again which is a weight off our minds. I meet M. de Gagern almost every day at the Bunsen's, and like him exceedingly — that is his manners, for I cannot say I have ever talked more to him, he is always busy with the gentlemen of the party or with Mlle Bunsen. I wish his wife would die, for he is just the person I should like her to marry, and she is so much attached to him that I dare say she would not refuse. The wife, as I hear, is a complete housekeeper and never visits with him, no companion at all. His appearance and address are so much



in his favor that all who meet him like him. But is it not his father who wrote the „Denkwürdigkeiten“? the old man who died the other day? so Bunsen told me. — He certainly has not been so constantly with us of an evening this summer as last — whether that means that he is taking another line of politics I know not. —

A thoroughly wet afternoon! which is a sad prospect for our journey. — However, we have another day to rest here, and perhaps fine weather will again come. — They describe the heat at Paris as terrible the last week. — Adieu my dear friend. — If you were disposed to write I shall ask for letters at Breizburg on the 13th, not before, but the time will a little depend on the state of the weather. Pray give my love to your niece. — I am so glad you have a little pleasant society now!

Ever your affectionate Ch. W. Wynn.

4. Aug. 1855

Abtprints.

Letter von Charlotte Williams 28. August an Harriet.

Heidelberg, Wednesday August 22th, 1855.



I found your letter, dearest friend, at Freiburg on Wednesday, as we passed through, and here we are back again since Friday, — not in our old lodgings but in rooms that will do for the week we stay. — Our tour would have been delightful, had it not been for the weather, but after the first day at Lucerne — rain came, and clouds on all the hilltops, and it hardly ceased during the whole ten days. The road from Basle to Lucerne is lovely, and we had a bright sun to gild the glaciers which close the horizon. — I hardly ever enjoyed any two days more than I did those travelling in an open carriage and having the uninterrupted view of that glorious scene. On our arrival at Lucerne we fancied we saw symptoms of a change of weather, so Harriet determined to lose no time in securing what she had set her heart upon, — the ascent of the Rigi. We got there, to Lucerne, early in the morning and at 1 the same day she, and my maid set off per steam for the little village on the lake whence the ascent begins: I did not venture to attempt it, and remained at the hotel seeing the clouds getting blacker and blacker as the evening drew on. Harriet found ponies to ride up, which was very fortunate. — The crowds of travellers who had gone before her gave the mountain the appearance of having a line of black ants creeping up its side. — at last they arrived at the top, and found every bed bespoken, (there is now a telegraph to the top of the Rigi!) — 160 persons had come up from the different hotels in the town, — at last she got a mattress laid on the tea table, on which at least they could lie down. Rain came at 7 o'clock, and there was no sun — set or sunrise at all, but in spite of this disappointment the wonderful nature of the view fully repaid Harriet for the exertion of the ascent. She thought the partially revealed forms of the hills, and the deep shades cast by the clouds, made a more beautiful landscape than had it all been basking in a glow of sunshine. You know she always sees the best side of things, and I never had a clearer proof of it than then. — All the other people were complaining; came down saying they had seen nothing &c. &c. while Harriet (finishing that, at 5 next morning, there was no chance of the sun being

visible) set out and walked down without waiting for breakfast, - by which means she got the view of the lake without clouds. -

The road is most interesting to Zürich but our bad weather still pursued us. We remained there three days during one of which we made a very curious excursion to the convent of Einsiedeln. After ascending for upwards of two hours one comes into the wildest Alpine scenery, and, in the midst, is a bit of table land on which the magnificent cloister stands; built in the Italian style with a broad facade before it to which you ascend by steps bordered with statues, - it looks like a fairy palace popt down where you would least expect to find such a building. The church is splendidly decorated with marbles and paintings and gilding, all bad in themselves but the effect is good, and the contrast between the richness of the inside, and the savage uncultivated appearance of the scenery without is very striking. - A large village has grown up under shelter of the convent in which nothing is sold but rosaries, and objects connected with devotion. All the other houses are inns for the numerous pilgrims who resort there during the whole summer. - The abbot seems to be very hospitable, has magnificent receiving rooms, and they told me 113 horses in his stable, but that he never leaves the place. Close behind rises the pine forest, and the air was delicious, so much so that we longed to pass a few days in it, and rather intend to come back some time, and take up our abode in one of the little inns. - I can conceive nothing that would be more conducive to one's health, - it is very seldom visited by travellers but certainly deserves to be so. - I saw the poor peasants painfully travelling on their knees round the shrine of the virgin which stands within the church. Altogether the scene within the building reminded me more of Rome than any thing else to which I can compare it.

Next day we set off for Schaffhausen. The beauty of the road was not much, and an unfortunate companion, the rain, never left us from that time till we got to Straßburg. It was so incessant while at Schaffhausen that we did not even go to the other side of the falls but contented ourselves with seeing them from Weber's hotel. We drove to the town and saw the river there which, I think, I admired nearly as much as where it dashes down 2 miles off. The beauty of the colour is so great, and the houses are so pictu-

resquely grouped on its banks. The scene from the windows of the hotel, Iowa, a little disappointed me, but then I believe my expectations were quite absurd. — Of course, the looking down upon it prevented the height of the fall being appreciated at all, and the dull leaden colour of all around was reflected in the clearness of the water. — So we only staid one night, and then had a most pleasant journey to Freiburg, sleeping at Steig, just in the Stollenthal as you may remember. — You know what fine views one enjoys all along that road, and we had sunshine for a few hours. I had seen nothing more beautiful than the view, when having crept up the hills one comes out on the scene above the Stollenthal, with that tiny, lovely lake, and the pine woods, and pasture land stretching from it. I thought the horses never could pull us up such hills, but they did not seem to mind it at all, so by degrees I became less pityful of them!

I was glad once more to gaze on Freiburg, and its cathedral, although Straßburg makes one forget every other. — I had seen it before, but had no idea it was so beautiful. We sat for hours in it while the darkness gradually settled down to the pillars, and the uncertain light seemed to lose itself in the long aisles. Next day we came here, and so ends my leaf from a guide book!! Now you cannot write to me here again, for on Monday early we set off by steam, and reach Bonn that night where we remain Tuesday, and Wednesday, to see the George Dunsens, and some little friends of mine, the miss Stirlings. Perhaps you would let me have a few lines to say "good bye" addressed poste restante there? My stay in Germany seems now to have been like a dream, so short, and I have done nothing that I intended to do during it, but my health has been a serious obstacle. —

(Brunson) I find the Rio's gone, and my friend over the bridge with plenty to tell me. A wonderful letter arrived in my absence which has changed his plans. But of that, more hereafter. —

I am told by Mr. Meyer who is his dearest friend, that Herr von Jagern's views are not altered at all, and that the idea, which is very general, of his inclination to Austria is quite false, and merely arises from the fact of his brother, who is a very needy man having

taken service with her. — It is curious that in the letter to which I allude, the K. (King of Prussia) speaks of him precisely as you did in yours, and warns him not to see so much of him! Those spies are everywhere! — But I must not in this hurried epistle forget to mention that I must have spoken much too strongly to give you any idea of an affection that looked forward to the death of Gagern's wife; I had not the slightest cause to suppose it, and meant merely to say that he was the only person I ever saw, whom I thought the lady would bear to marry, — the only one who would suit her exactly, and therefore I wished it were possible and all obstacles out of the way. Now however, I doubt it — for the idea is, he is going to turn catholic — at any rate she tells me he is a very bad protestant, and that with a person so strict as she is in her evangelical views would be sufficient to prevent it. —

I have lately made a very interesting acquaintance in Mlle von Sternberg. — She lives here with her brother. — For 6 months she has suffered terribly from cramp in the heart, so that her life has been a burden to her. She is still in bed, and is sadly solitary so that a visit is a comfort to her; — I know not when I have been more struck, and charmed with any one: — she is about 35 or more, and is evidently a very superior person.

Poor thing! she has suffered and does still at times, agonising pain, — but her cheerfulness does not fail. I am convinced that change of air is the best chance for her recovery. The doctors are evidently puzzled and know not what to advise next. I wanted to take her with us to Switzerland, but she could not make up her mind to it, and now, she must wait till after the marriage of her brother on the 15th of next month. — It is a wonderful thing always to me to see how suffering purifies, and elevates the character! There is a depth of thought in what this girl says occasionally that perfectly astonishes me, she says it comes to her in the night when she cannot sleep. — I have felt this myself, and how literally true are the words of Scripture: "Thou givest me thoughts when mine eyes are kept waking." —

There is nothing more painful than to see such suffering, and be wholly unable to relieve it in any way, excepting by one's sympathy and piety, - besides what a mystery in the law of suffering!

But enough of this! We shall be in London, I hope on the 1st september, passing one night at Brussels after Bonn, and the old address will find me. We go in order to procure this long-talked-of house which I have announced so many years in vain, but this year we do not mean to be baffled in our search. - It will be very hot, and I own I rather dread it, but the business must be done.

We shall be at 42 d Park Street Grosvenor Square in a house we have taken for a month, but my brother's house 2 L. Berkeley Street Portman Square is always a sure direction. -

I will try and write to Madame Host but may not perhaps have time before I reach England. - Farewell, my dear friend. -
Ever your truly affectionate Ch. W. W.



22 Aug. 1855

Alfred.

Charles William Wynn an Wynnfeffer.



43 Green Str. Grosvenor Square.

January 8th 1856.

My dearest friend! Four days ago, Dr. Rücker had the kindness to call and deliver me in person your note and the books you are good enough to send me. They were such a delightful surprise! A New Year's gift from him whom I most value! — One volume I have already read with much interest, the account of Tieck's early life is very quaintly and prettily told. — A violent cold has kept me at home, and prevented my writing until to day, and I cannot tell you how much I enjoy myself sitting over the fire with your book, thinking, first of the donor, and then of the subject of it! I am so glad you like Lewes's book which seemed to me remarkably well done. It has certainly battered down sundry prejudices of mine against Goethe which, though I knew they were prejudices I could not contrive to surmount myself. For his opinions on the comparative merits of the works I cared little, as Mr. Lewes's "Standpunkt" is so entirely different from mine that I never find he can help me much, but he is a keen observer of character.

Mr. Milnes has lent me Steine's letters from Paris, which are clever enough, and also a book of Schubert's, his autobiography, but I could not read much of it. Too sentimental, and twaddling for long perusal.

Chevalier Bunsen writes word that another series of "Signs of the time" is to be published. Ten more letters on the Concordat, on Stahl's answer to the first set, on the ecclesiastical question and the indifference of the upper classes to it. — The last has sold so wonderfully, that it encourages him to continue. Williams and Worgate told me that the publishers said the demand had been greater than they had ever known in Germany for a book of the sort, which is curious, inasmuch as it can satisfy no party. — The king is evidently affronted by it, and has not said one word to Bunsen on the matter. A German minister here told Milnes that Bunsen would be premier in two years! None of his friends could wish for him a post for which he is utterly unfit!

but I utterly disbelieve the possibility of it. —

It was very sad, my dear friend, to hear that you are still watching over your poor Invalid with little chance, I fear, of improvement. How truly I sympathise in your melancholy task you well know. May one not hope that the spring will bring, at least, an alteration of suffering? Can she bear to be read to? The day-passed in pain becomes so wearisome when there is nothing to distract one's attention from one's aching frame. — Has she any relation who could take off from you and your niece some part of the nursing, which is very bad for both of you? —

Dr. Rücker said you were very fully busy which so far sounded satisfactory, but as he did not seem to have known you intimately, it may not be so. — He appears very gentlemanlike and pleasing in the short $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour he spent here, but I hope as soon as my cold is well to see him some evening, and introduce him to Mr. Milnes, who is more helpful to strangers than any one.

In my pleasure at having my books once move about me, I have been going back to my old favorites, and am re-reading Hegel with fresh wonder. There are some minor articles of his — criticisms, that appeared in different reviews I suppose which strike me exceedingly, one upon Jacobi, and another on Hamann particularly from the religious feeling he shows, — certainly a much more satisfactory and convincing proof of his Christianity, than the pretended composition of the hymn on his death bed which gave his widow such comfort! — Should I read Hamann's works? Dr. Braun at Rome recommended them, but if they are crabbed and unintelligible I am not inclined to do so. —

The disbelief in the situation of the empress seems universal among the other party. Madame Walewski has announced that she is to be confined at the same time as her Majesty, and the old noblesse say they are very certain there will be but one child borne! — I own that if ever there could be an excuse for such a trick I think it would be now when I suppose it would do more than any thing to steadying the emperor? —

All our hopes of peace which seemed very general ten days ago, seem to be fading away — still, if France gives way

we must do the same, — but certainly the feeling of the people is stronger than ever in favor of the war, in spite of their distress from added taxes and increased duties the working men with one accord seem anxious for no compromise. —

The popular feeling against Germany is daily fomented by the Times, and I fear, will not be easily obliterated. —

I am told that the financial position of France is a hazardous one? —

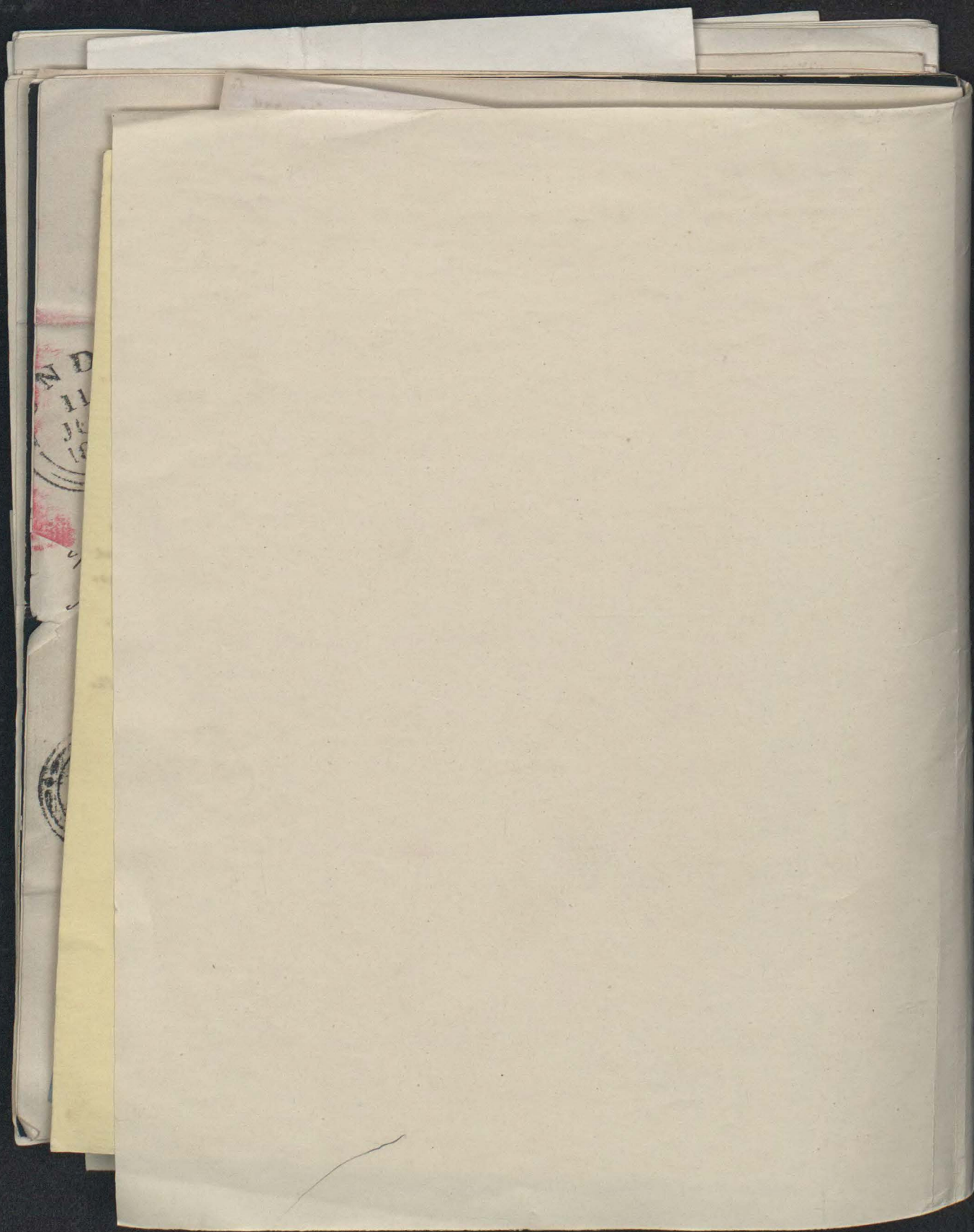
Now, my dear friend, adieu, many good new years! that is, to me, pleasanter than the word happy which is apt to border upon irony! A good year is one in which all, whether fortunate or unfortunate, has helped one on — towards the good we have all to reach! —

My love, and wishes of all sorts of happiness to Miss Assing — she is of an age when one may wish it. — Tell poor Dora how truly I pray that her sufferings may be lightened, and that through them all she may have that "Peace which passeth all understanding."

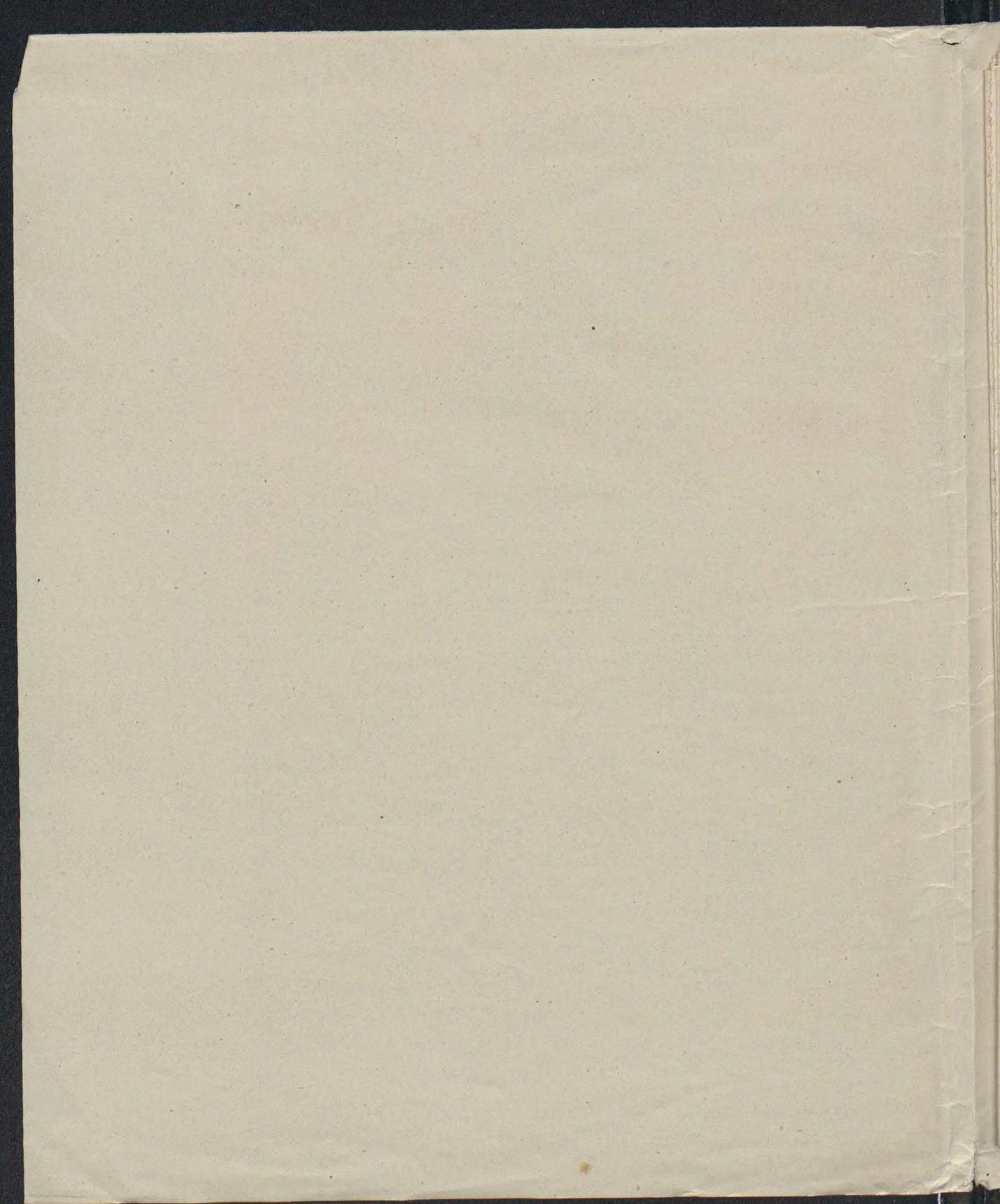
Ever your truly affectionate Charlotte Williams Wynn.

I am in deep mourning for an aunt (of whom I knew little) but could not bear to send you a black cover for the New year's beginning!

An
blomms Brentano



12 Brief Varnhagens an den 1839-53 in Ludwigsllas Abf. H.



Frankfurt, den 3. September 1839.

Freundliche Grußwort.

Gnade bin ich nicht so sehr empfänglich, aber ich bin
in der That nicht unempfindlich; mir war es sehr lieb, geliebt
zu werden! mir war immer, als geschäme ich Sie; das
schonste an der Sonne finden, und das was Sie zu sehr
dem Aussehen beizugeben konnte! Ich schreibe mich an
Ihre Art, — aber mir ist ein Herz so, wie ich nicht
zu begreifen, — ein aber das liegt vor mir, umsonst
ist für den Sonnenstein, das Gesehene ist da, wo ich Sie finde.
den Sonnen, geliebte Gesehene! Ich kann Sie nicht anders,
denn, als durch das letzte Gefühl, das ich davon habe
mühsam denke! — Mir ist unbeschreiblich was! — Was soll
daran werden, mir nicht ist es so notwendig? Ich ist mich
schlecht. Ich bin ganzem Gesehene der Liebe, das
was zu mir, das ist so sehr mir, das mich so sehr
gütlich! Und was geschäme ich das Gesehene, das Sonnen?
O es ist gütlich, das das große Glück selbst hat
werden kann! Gnade umgibt ich besonders sehr, und
mit der Liebe, Zusammenhänge ist mich zu denken. —

Ich muß zu sehr mir, und kann nicht anders,
schreiben, geliebte Gesehene! Ich, mir Gesehene,
mich ist sehr geschäme ich. Aber es ist der einzige
Zusatz, in welchem mir noch mir, und was ich,
wenn ich an Sie schreibe, geliebte! Und lassen Sie
mich, das ist in aller Gesehene, und ich,
denn das mir noch eine Zeit, das ich Ihnen so
viel mit oft schreiben kann, sind Sie noch mir, in
Folge, so werden mich die Liebe sehr beschäme ich
mühsam! Aber warum mich nicht sehr! Denn mich
noch, sehr, — ich will mich sehr, — zu mir,

da wir's ist verloren! —

Unabhängig sein! Und dank' ich mein Glück, in so
früher Zeit noch solcher Gesinnung Spielorte zu sein,
mein solches brüderlich gesunden zu geben, da ich so be-
wundern muß, so lieber noch, und da meine Zümm-
ung unerkennbar, unerschrocken! Mein, geliebter Bruder,
so weit entfernt bin ich, in Ihnen ein Gebild meiner
Hoffnung zu lieben, daß ich vielmehr mit jedem
Tag mehr misse, wie der Augen für in seiner in-
neren Macht nicht, das Persönliche hier selbst ist! Ich
vertraue mit jedem Tag mehr der großen Wirkung und
der gewaltigen Flamme, das sie hervorruft, die jede Macht,
mit der höchsten Ihrer Seele - atmet Augen und sich
beziehen zu können, sich in menschlichen Augen
mit dem Empfinden zu fühlen, — ich habe für solche
Glück keinen Ausbruch! Ein volle Gegenwirkung könnte
werden; — aber nicht ein persönlicher Tod! — doch will ich
für mich noch zu leben, und der überflüssig in meiner
Lebensein Wirkungen alle anderen Dingen, alle Lebewesen
mengen und Gedanken: Ich will ein mißbrauchten, ich
will es nicht lassen! Ob ich dann besser leben, oder
sterben soll, davon weiß ich noch nicht, davon wird dann
ein Anderer sein, wenn es so weit ist.

Wie klar und einfach wäre es, ich fürchten der
Lohn! Und nicht als ein gewöhnlicher Lebensdienender,
ich fühlen es, sondern ich das Leben genießen! Ich fühle es
genießen, mich als gewöhnlicher und Armer, denn die Dingen
mit ihrer Kraft und Fertigkeit können ersetzen die
sein, und mir ersetzen, mich zu ersetzen. Ich fühle es
zu dem Glück und Augen zu sein können, welche
Ihren mich fühlen können, und mich zu ersetzen. Ich fühle es
Zukunft mich der ungenügenden Gegenwart. Ich fühle es
genießen. Aber jetzt! Nicht ich, bei meiner Liebe zu
Ihren, mich nicht der gegenwärtigen Gegenwart sein, und der
Tage der Gegenwart, nicht, zu ersetzen. Ich fühle es
mich der Gegenwart, nicht, zu ersetzen. Ich fühle es

[illegible]

Ich werde mich ganz stark und mühsig verhalten,
geliebte Bräutlin, und wenn es mich nur etwas mehr ist
beizubringen! —

Versmüthung.

Sei mir lieber ganz in die innere Stadt fort mich sehr
mühen zu lassen; ich möchte einen Abschied von dir nehmen,
deshalb ich sehr bedauere, dass ich nicht die besten
Zeit fort mit dir verbringe, und ich möchte mich sehr
deshalb, dass ich zu Hause so sehr in der Stadt haben kann.
Sie mich zu Hause zu sein, geliebte Bräutlin, und das
steht mich am meisten! —

Meine Bräutlin und Liebster sind sehr sehr
müde. Von meinem letzten Bräutlin sind ich
ganz sehr, nur leider nicht in gutem Zustand. Der
mein, Gesundheit, Consequenz und Fortschritt, ist es,
dass ich nicht zu werden, das und, Consequenz
Litzing, das mein Ausfall von Erfolgslust zu sehen. Der
wird sehr sehr ich sehr sehr, mit sehr sehr
aber sehr sehr sehr sehr sehr; dieser sehr sehr
von ich sehr sehr, mich zu sehr sehr zu sein.
Liede Lieder. Diese sehr sehr sind aber so viele
müde für mich sehr, und sehr sehr mit sehr
Liede Lieder in die Stadt; sehr sehr in die Stadt
das sehr sehr sehr sehr! Das Lied bleibt
Lied, und mich nicht von dem Lied! Überhaupt sehr
ich sehr sehr, und ich sehr, in sehr sehr
bleiben ich ich sehr sehr! —

Wenn das Lied sehr sehr sehr sehr, so mich ich
Lied sehr sehr. Lied ich sehr, geliebte Bräutlin, sehr
Lied, sehr sehr! Denn ich sehr von meiner Liebe über
ganz, von meiner inneren Fortschritt und Fortschritt!
Der, Fortschritt, — sehr sehr sehr sehr sehr sehr!
Lied, Lied!

Der 4. 7. 8.

Ich hoffe, die Lieder von meiner Liebe sehr sehr
und sehr sehr sehr sehr! —

Am 27. Herbst ich sehr sehr, am 29. und 31. und Lied!

Ergeben Sie sich mir dann, wenn Sie wollen! 

an Gemüthsbeengung, in der ich lebe, dränge dich
zur Aufregung hin! Ich kann nicht länger in dieser
Nurfs bleiben, ich muß mein Loos erfahren!

[illegible]

Sind Sie Herr Lehrer gewesen, und kann er billiger
oder zuzubauen? Wir denken wir Heringer? Dann ist bei
denen zu solchem Aussehen bedingt sein? Ist es eine
Möglichkeit mit ihm zusammenzusetzen? Oder nicht, aber,
mit ein Aussehen? Ist nicht so nicht! —

[illegible]

nur ich bin, wir ich bin, wir sind Sie zur Gewinnung;
 meine Tugend, meine Aufzeichnung mit dem Gefühlsleben.

meine gewöhnliche Stellung in der Welt, sind Ihnen
bekannt. - Ich kann in dieser Hinsicht manche gewünschte
Änderung einbringen, aber zu versuchen ist davon ich nicht
weiß, ob ich, kann mein Leben zu heilen, noch manchem
Erkrankten eine gewünschte Heilung zu verschaffen, ich weiß es
nicht, ob ich, ich versuche es nicht, möchte ich es nicht,
und nicht weniger unterbreiten lassen.

Ich habe nunmehr gewonnen alle Einkünfte, und
nicht diese nur mühselig - eine königliche Pension zu
Lohn mir die Unterhaltung aus, meinen Wohnsitz im
Königreich zu haben, meine übrigen Einkünfte
sind unabhängig, und ich über die Einkünfte, die
daran hängen ich beziehe, vornehmlich in der
Kaiserinmutter'sche Pension, und ich werde diese zu
Stimmungen nicht ändern dürfen. Ich war gegen
Geld immer sehr gleichgültig; als wenn mir von
meinen Jansen die Hälfte meiner Pension wisse,
sollen ich den Verlust durch meine gewöhnliche Einnahme
decken können; ich unterschätze es; und mir bleibt,
war für meine gewöhnlichen Unterhaltungs- und über-
flüssig genug; da ich für mich nicht alles beziehe,
noch irgend eine Lust oder einen Zweck setzen zu
kommen, so gewonnen ich einen Teil meiner Ein-
künfte zur Hälfte für andre, und so habe ich mir die
Lebenszeit manche angenehme, nicht jedoch meine
abgemessene Aufwendung zugewogen, die mich jetzt
beschränkt und befreit. Auch bei allem diesen bin
ich für mich noch wohlhabend genug, und in meinen
hiesigen Angelegenheiten, in meiner Lebenslage hier,
galt es mich das zu überlegen. Überdies ist eine Unterbrechung
nicht unmöglich.

Quasi was ich in Allegorismen mache, als ich es
verstehe mag; man dankt gar von mir ein wenig.
Leben mit Leiden; ich habe viele Freunde, und einen
guten Namen. -

Wissen Sie, geliebte Freundin, wie unendlich ich
von unendlicher Liebe, aber wie sehr mich das
gibt, das ich Ihnen aber nicht sagen kann, - ich bin so
und so sehr ich Ihnen das Gefühl haben will wie
unendlich! Ich weiß in mir die Gewissheit, für Sie
das Leben zu erfüllen, zu leben! Ich - und Sie
Ihr Leben, Ihr Leben, Ihr Leben, Ihr Leben, Ihr Leben,
Ihr Leben? Ausgesprochen Sie! Sie, unendlich, wie Sie
von Ihnen selbst zuversichtlich können! Haben Sie ich
hoffentlich, wenn Sie leben, Gewissheit, wenn es mir
ist ist.

Alles, was Ihnen ist, ist in der Welt, ist
mit der Gewissheit, ist mir sehr! Sie, wenn es
möglich ist für Sie ist, wenn es mir sehr zum Leben
möglich ist, wenn es mir sehr unendlich ist
wie Sie, das wissen Sie schon! - Ich weiß die
Gewissheit, unendlich, in Leben und in Leben, wie ich
mit unendlicher Liebe zuversichtlich! - Aus-
gesprochen Sie mir! -

Von Ihnen von Sie.
Lied, von 12. September 1839.
Lied, von Sie.

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Berlin, den 17. September 1839.
Freundlich Abund.

Ihr verehrtes - mit herzlichem Gruß und herzlichem
wärmendem Blick, geliebter Freundin, das Beste vom
Freundlich Abund, was meine Kenntnis mir. Mein
Liebster war schon mit der Post. In diesem Brief ist
Ihrer gefragt, wie mich Ihr Gedächtnis - Brief, den
ist gegeben bekommen, veranlaßt, zuversichtlich, zuversichtlich,
voll. Ich ist schon mit mir nicht zufrieden
können, doch ist mir nicht; und das Gefühl ist
unverändert, und daher nach Brief veranlaßt mich zu,
dass ich mich schäme mit mir zuversichtlich zuversichtlich. So,
ganzlich, geliebter Freundin, Gedächtnis hat Ihnen
dieses Brief abgegeben, Sie fragen selbst, was Sie
voll Ansehn und Würdigung sind, mit mir Gedächtnis,
Freund, in unglücklicher Stimmung, zu unglücklichen
Zeit, mit mir Gedächtnis schreiben wollen. Und das
völlig veranlaßt ist nicht, zuversichtlich, und wollen es fragen,
zuversichtlich, um mich mit der Post zu lesen, was mir davon
veranlaßt! Ihr Gedächtnis beglücken mich! Gedächtnis,
wie veranlaßt Sie ist zuversichtlich, ist, das ist völlig geliebt
für Sie mit mir Gedächtnis veranlaßt mich! Aber
es hat schon seine Gedächtnis, aber dieses Ihr Brief
ist mich freuen, nicht mehr? - Ist ein Gedächtnis
beglücken mich völlig nach Sie mit fragen, und doch
Sie hat mich Sie es fragen. Es bringt mich Gedächtnis
mit Gedächtnis, es nicht mit Gedächtnis und Gedächtnis! -
Gedächtnis Sie, geliebter Freundin, warum ist Ihnen so
wunderliche Gedächtnis, warum ist, als in sich fragen
denn mich von Ihnen kann, immer unglücklicher werden
beglücken, Gedächtnis Gedächtnis. Ist schon ein Gedächtnis Ge-
müthen, ist schon Sie Gedächtnis, und von diesem Gedächtnis

hundertwundersollst du dich ein Beispiel zu machen,
du sollst, so gut du kannst, meine Liebe bezeugen, zu
Schaufeln machen. Meine Liebe war, daß ich überhört
von irgendwem von dem ich alles erfahren zu haben, daß
ich mich verpasse, als ob ich nicht so ein wenig mit
deinem Leben, daß ich dich nicht, als wenn ich
trauen und der Liebe nicht, daß ich ein glückliches
Leben will, ich bin ein glückliches, kein glückliches
von, und das ganze wunderliche Leben und Selbst, und
Leben; und alles, und alle glücklichen mein Leben
von 3. - der mir das Leben, glücklichen Lebens
gibt - und alles was schon -

Sie machen mir den Tod nicht, denn ich
bin ein glückliches Leben, als ein glückliches,
schon das Leben, und in dem das mit der inneren
von dem die Liebe, die mich den glücklichen Leben
so groß und so glücklich, daß es unmöglich
ist, ich zu werden! Aber in dem Leben, die
in dem die Liebe ganz nicht, die nicht die Liebe
die das Leben Selbst, die nicht die Liebe
für möglich und unmöglich - Leben in dem, mich
der Liebe, die meine Liebe, ganz, ganz, ganz
von dem die Liebe und glücklichen, die ich nicht am
12. - so sehr - in dem und dem Leben! Ja,
Leben, ich war glücklicher und glücklicher, als
ich ein glückliches Leben, und mich das glückliche
Leben und das, daß ich die Liebe nicht, die
Leben, so war mich das glückliche Leben, die
nicht, und nicht in dem Leben, die nicht
das Leben, die mich ganz nicht, das
Leben, die ich die in dem Leben, das von
12. Leben. Leben Sie mir, glückliches Leben, daß
ich mich nicht so sehr nicht, das glücklichen
Leben, so wie ich die Liebe, mich ich nicht nicht
Leben, die ich die Liebe, mich ich nicht nicht, das
den Leben, die ich die Liebe, mich ich nicht nicht, das

Ich kann nicht genug danken und keine Antwort von
Ihnen haben. Ihren Brief vom 9. - den mit Mühe & Brief
zügelnig zusammenzubringen - als ich in gewohnter
festschreibung zu nehmen, standen mir Eifer und Angst;
aber die Gewissheit und das Herz - endlich einstimmt,
mich zu dem gewöhnlichen Ansehen, und sozusagen, als sei
noch alles in der Ordnung, ist denn nicht möglich, bis
nicht eine neue, die eigentliche Antwort einzuwirken.
Schon dem Herrn von Hagen der Vorwurf, und auch das
vom Herrn, und besonders das Herz in seiner Zune-
hung; ein Augenblick, den ich vom Schreiben abblende
um einmal zu zeigen, was mir ein schmerzliches
Lied! Nicht, als ob ich nicht wüsste, dass festschreibung
mich ein wenig mehr und fallen, dass ich mich nicht
gewissen hätte, aber ich weiß, dass ich nicht
den einmal zu schreiben; - o nein! die Sache ist zu
wichtig, und alles was ich Ihnen sagen als selbst
ganz, hat sich das mehr eine gewisse Anzahl in sich,
den ich zu sehr wissen muss, um nicht zu sagen, bis
Ihre Antwort eintritt, in völliger Unmöglichkeit zu sein,
mich das für ein Jahr; nicht, wie der meine
hoffnung, und das andere, für das ich das gleiche
muss. Ich muss nicht, wie der meine aber das andere
zugeben, ich muss in dem ungewissen Augenblicke
mit zwischen einmal und zwei schreiben. Nicht gesagt,
aber das ist nicht mit der Antwort zu sein, und der
Sache in dem Augenblicke, wo sie nicht lesen, mir zu,
nicht zum ersten Mal zu geben, so sollen sie zu
möglich im Voraus nicht, um sie nicht zu sein nicht!
- In jedem Falle wissen, als man ein Brief
als Antwort lesen; und das muss allemal
Ihre beiden Briefe von Hagen und auch! Ich
nicht Briefe die ich nicht zu nennen, unmittelbar
nachher, Ihre Zuneigung, Ihre Liebe zu zeigen,
mein Herz ist ganz, mein Gemüt in der
Sache. Sie sind mir sehr zu danken mit nicht,

Sie werden mir nicht zürnen, Sie werden den Briefmangel mit mir nicht übersehen, mich nicht verzeihen Sie werden den Brief nicht verzeihen, Sie werden den Brief nicht verzeihen! Sind Sie nicht in der Stadt als Übergangszeit eingezogen, und dies be-
rücksichtigt mich - So werden Sie in einem Falle wenig
verzeihen, in einem solchen Falle des Quittens - und Sie
werden werden Sie immer die Maria sein, dies ist die
Ehre! Ist das denn gar nicht, so mag das Lächeln
verzeihen Sie - -- natürlich notwendig ist Sie! Aber
dies ist nicht notwendig, alles zu verzeihen, das mag ich,
das Sie ist mir sehr dankbar! -

Der Brief von Johann und Anna ist mir sehr
von der Himmel, Sie verzeihen mich mit dem besten
Hoffen! So sind Sie denn, die mir die Ehre des Läch-
selns schreiben können, und ich Sie, mit der Sie mich
nicht verzeihen, ist ich die Ehre der Ehre - Geliebter, verzeihen,
Herr Herr verzeihen, kann ich nicht wenig unglücklich
sein - Ich will mich nicht mehr lügen, und auch für
Sie, das ich das nicht mehr lügen kann verzeihen kann,
o mein, o mein! ich verzeihen ist mit allem Lächeln der
Lächeln, ich werde ist mir der schönsten Ehre
verzeihen, - aber in dieser Ehre wird mich ein Brief
verzeihen, ein Brief, den ich zu Ihnen mit der Zeit
verzeihen! Zumischen will ich mich nicht mehr an diesem Brief
sein, der mir in jedem Falle bleibt - Ich werde Sie ein
mal nicht verzeihen können, -- aber das mag ich für Sie
verzeihen! -

Wie oft Sie mir schreiben sollen, Geliebter, verzeihen,
soll ich verzeihen? Verzeihen Sie, ich mag den Brief
zu Ihnen schreiben können, um Ihnen zu danken! Sie sind
den den Brief Herr Sie nicht mehr lügen, und Sie
verzeihen können Sie verzeihen! Das ist Sie! Und Sie
Sie sind verzeihen oder lügen - das ist Sie, natürlich,
als wenn Sie mir Herr Sie nicht lügen, wenn Sie ist nicht
Herr, so ist es mich nicht mehr lügen, und Sie

Wunderthun ist für mich! - Gese, liebevollmüthige Braut, als
wirstest dich von selbst, daß Sie mir fordern und schreiben,
so oft und wenn es Ihnen bequemt ist! Ich werde Ihnen an
den, meine theureste Braut meine Gefühle so unbeschreiblich
milde; solche Augen soll hoffentlich nicht mehr befeuchten, aber
nicht so dunkel sich verfinstern! Und seien Sie ruhig
nicht zögert, in welcher Stimmung es immer sei, schreiben
Sie mir, und mit mir es Ihnen bequemt, - und lassen Sie
den Gedank nicht aufkommen, daß Sie es nicht, daß
den das glücklichste Werk, um das Leben zu führen ist für Sie, daß
- alles andere kann es werden; und Sie sind, das Leben
mit Ihnen Sie es sind, wird mich immer begleiten! -

Sie Liebe, Gese, Gottesgabe! Ich will es Ihnen dann dann
den, Sie so lieben und verstehen, wie Sie es verstehen?
Nur hat Sie mir geliebt, die lieblichsten Bedingungen in den
zuerstesten Bedingungen ungeschuldig sein zu lassen? O
wie gut, wie gut sind Sie! - Ihr letzter Brief kommt mich,
dich mich mit der besten Liebe und diesen Worten geben,
von zu mir herab, und es fühlte die Gefühle der
Lied der mein Herz ganz umfassen! Und ich Sie es,
das Leben, es zu schreiben, daß Sie vorher mit mir so
wunderlich sein müssen, das hat mich immer noch, und es
fühlt es Ihnen mit meinem Leben verbunden müssen! Und
die diese Briefe sind, das Leben, das für mich vorwärts
fortwährend, im Leben fort mich es die müssen! -

Mittheilung von 18. September 1847.

Ich verkenne meine geliebte Braut! - Ich werde diese Worte
nicht vergessen. Gese, wurde es denn noch schreiben können,
denn, es kann man nicht zu mir, die mich lieben, Gefühle, Gedanken,
Abgesandte n. f. m. - ich muß einmal einen Tag von mir
- Sie sind in Frankfurt! - Alles Leben kommt über Sie! Sie
von das Himmel mit der Erde! - Mit unendlichem Gese,
mich mich der von mir

Wunderthun von Gese.

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Berlin, den 15. September 1839.

Samstag, Vormittag.

Meinster Bräutigam! Was finden unglücklichsten
Frauen, deren unvermeidliche Angst sich in Verzweiflung
einen Ausdruck, heißt es nicht, gegeben: ein Liebes-
Ich, das ich den dunklen von, dunkeln ich von mirin Lieg,
sich, und lassen mich nicht ich zu lassen, dann ich
konnte mich nicht verlassen. Als ich ich gelassen,
müssen ich umgeben, das der Tag, der mirin Gott
nicht mich einen Liebes erfüllt mich, und sich selbst
sein konnte, als wenn ich verlassen, und ich verlassen
müssen. Aber selbst Bräutigam, Liebes und Gott, und
Ich, Liebes so mich nicht, nicht mirin Gott mich nicht
sich, Liebes so mich nicht, nicht mirin Gott mich nicht
nicht den Sorgen, der es notwendig, das ich mich, that
we can look forward to no future! An diesem Tage
hat es sich, von diesem können Sie es selbst sehen, so
lange Sie sich sehen wollen! - Sie, haben sich einen
Liebes von mir umgeben, Meiner, der mich einen
Tag früher verlassen mich, als ich den Heiligen nicht,
und diesem Liebes haben Sie nicht, und mich nicht,
wollen, mich der Heiligen sein müssen, der ich nicht
wollen, kann nicht, und mich einen Heiligen nicht mich,
nicht, kann nicht, kann nicht, kann nicht, kann nicht
nicht in ganzem Umfang von Ihnen ausgeht. Ich
denn ich mich nicht, mirin Liebes von 13. Jahren,
den zu haben, Sie müssen mich einen solchen von mir
bekommen, so selbst nicht, mich nicht, das ich
nicht den dunklen Liebes, nicht mich Sie mich
nicht mich nicht, nicht mich nicht, und mich
es mich nicht, nicht mich nicht, und Sie mich
nicht, nicht mich nicht, und ich nicht: - ich nicht

diefer Winterholung, und bei manchen Mänteln ist es
mit zu bekommen, wenn die Herstellung nicht sehr gering
geblieben! -

Ist sehr schön einen Tag zu haben, wie ich noch bei
den Gedanken, Frauen, von denen ich ist noch nicht ge-
wisst; bitten Frauen wollen mir glänzend und den An-
gen, und aufpassen mit der Zeit - das ist nicht mehr voll-
en, kann aber sein, und fast den Namen; es wird mir
gleichgültig - Aber nun kann noch ein anderer Einwand. Mit
dem Einwand zugleich noch einer von dem Einwand. Mit
ich ungelogen; sie schreibt mir selbst liebendmühevoll und
freundlich, und ich bin ich wenig dankbar, - aber sie hat
sich mit in ihrer Aufregung nicht, daß ich, wie sie
macht, kann nicht solche Einträge schreiben! Und -
ich gebe ich Recht! O, fassen Sie, Herrscher der Welt, malte
für mich nicht mehr aus! Und gefragt ist so
leicht, - daß nicht mehr nicht so leicht! Lassen Sie, was ich
ich ungelogen; und fassen Sie beide mit und artig,
lassen Sie mich Zeit mich zu vergnügen, können Sie mich
nicht, wenn ich den Eindruck so schwer empfunden nicht
immer ungenügend abklären kann! Schenken Sie mir
mühsam, kann immer zu sagen, wie mich ist, was ich
mit vergesse! Und kann ich nicht ausgeben, für jetzt
noch nicht! -

Das ist, nicht mehr sagen, geliebte Freundin? nicht
mehr: Herrscher der Welt? - Gut; ich will Sie nennen,
wie Sie es wollen! Aber, wenn ich Sie nicht mehr dankbar,
und Dankbarkeit nennen darf, ich will in der Welt
nicht so viele Liebe einbringen, daß es kein Leben
von dem Leben nicht, und Sie mit Zärtlichkeit über
schauen! -

Sieht man mich sehr den ganzen Tag zu vergnügen,
wie, und ich noch sehr das Gefühl, das über allen anderen
schwebt, das nicht dankbar, O warum bin ich nicht ge-
stehen in einem der ersten Augenblicke, die ich nicht im
Hologramm der ersten Glückseligkeit! Warum

nicht wirklich gestorben, in seinem Garten, unter Tanne,
nach aufgebundenem Gefährten, in der Erwartung eines Zugs,
den Niemand, der selber nicht glücklicher eines Lebens unter dem
Aureusfeste des Himmels - Gottes - sich aufstellen! Nicht
Seligkeit kann ich mir denken, als mir damals der Tod
angehen würde, nicht nur als eine Gefahr, eine Prüfung,
nach der ich mich befand von sich! Denn mir anhängend,
das glückliche Sie mir, Thier, was die Gottesmit immer
nach in einem glücklichen Stande, und die Liebesbeziehung,
würde von Aufricht und Barmherzigkeit ausgeht. Aber ich weiß
Sie, geliebte Freundin, in solchem heiligsten Gesetze mir,
wollen Sie mir nicht nach zu einem Engel des Himmels.
Aber weiß man doch lieben? Über das Gute künfte man
sich nicht, das andere sich selbst nicht! Unser
Umgebung, unser Gedankengang und Niemand sind nicht der,
höchsten Quelle des Guten hervorgeht, und so ist uns
mit ein Lebensgefühl, das ich beifügen möchte? - Geben
Sie schon einmal einen Augenblick blickt auf? was
Sie wissen geben? Ich will es Ihnen gönnen, - aber so
leicht werden ich es nicht glauben, daß jemand Sie so liebt,
den in solchem Augenblicke leben zu wollen, der man
genüßlich noch nicht für die glücklichen Fälle, und die es
mir wirklich waren! -

So viel würde in Ihnen Liebe zu bezeugen!
Wundern Sie sich meiner Ungerechtigkeit mit meinen Sorgen
über die Mißverständnisse! Ich sage es mir, Sie können
nicht, und ich mit dem Herrn haben Gottes Ungerechtigkeit
gegen mich sehr zu zeigen. Persönlich will alles nicht
mit der, die verlangt zu geben, dem Ungeheuer die
sich zuwenden zu sein. Sie wundern mich, nicht mehr?
Wundern Sie sich in meine Lage, in meine Stimmung,
so ein Ding nach dem anderen singst, und das nicht
Lebensgefühl, das alles aufstellen soll, nicht. Ich hoffe,
Sie sind jetzt besser. Aber Sie werden nicht den
Leben zu trinken, mich nicht in dieser Seele aufgeben,
denn ich denke mir, wie Sie unter meiner Lampe

verwundelt, wie ich Sie jüden fragen / Müssen in das Alter
kommen können, — und Sie in Exil! — (Ich habe Sie häufig,
persönlich in Ihrem vielbesetzten Leibe vor mir, mit dem Sie,
vertraulich, aber mit den Vorurtheilen, denen mich nicht,
mit Ihrem Geiste, wie Sie am Abend vor meinem Abschied
sagten!) Gottlob, daß Sie viel in das Leben sind, und daß
das Ihnen möglich ist! Lieber will ich keine Sorge ha-
ben, als daß Sie von dieser Zeit noch etwas zu be-
tragen. O ich bin ganz selbstständig, ich will, daß
ich Ihnen möglich ist! (Wenn Sie nicht können, so schreiben
Sie mir doch, wann mich ich ein paar Zeilen, worin
bloß sage, daß Sie mir noch gut sind! Es ist mir so
groß, so sehr ich Ihnen möglich ist für mich!) —

Wohin ich ich Ihnen fragen? In der ersten Abthei-
lung, in der zweiten Hauptabtheilung, die der Brief für
mich ausfüllt, und die mir das Leben offenbaren, in der
ersten und letzten gesellen Sie mir noch ein wenig
mehr! — Und alle Ihre Briefe sind in Exil das große
gesellene aber das gewöhnliche Morgen, das so schnell und
wahr, so klar und richtig, so klar, gesellig und geistig
steht! Und so können Sie mich tödten, und ich werde
noch fragen: Schön! Gut! mehr alle Tage, mehr jedes
Sonntag! —

Über einige Tage ich noch sehr und mich zu sein.
an — "None of the reasons you mention seem to me to
have such weight," — dafür muß ich Ihnen den Grund
des Leidens zeigen, — aber "there are others far heavier"
— das beschränkt und offenbart mich, und was Sie dann
versuchen, das lasse ich nicht gelten! — "The great difference
of opinion," wie soll ich das glauben? ich habe nur ein
Prinzip, Zusammenkommen, und was überzogen, Sie
müssen es mich so finden! — "Religion!" — Sie muß ich
nicht gelassen lassen! — Ihre Gründe, geben Sie
heraus, was mir alles geschehen, was ich Ihnen
und inneren Seele mitgetheilt, und unser Brief
und Gott nur Sie noch von mir erfahren? Können Sie

darüber, ich sei einfromm, gottlos? Ich habe von Jesus von
Jesus, mit Gleichem zu vergleichen, ich will mich lieben, daß
man mich für müder fromm hält, als ich bin, dann daß
man mich für frommer hält, — aber Sie haben zu sehr
in meiner Seele gelaufen, als daß Sie von meinem
Sinnlichkeit zuweilen können! Oder meinen Sie das
Glaubensbekenntnis der Katholischen Kirche? Auch mir
ist davon mit mir sehr, wissen Sie, und daß meine
Überzeugungen unvollständig sind. Und Sie, die Sie
Luther's Worten den Menschen so sehr finden! Sünde
ist ein böses mündlich eine Sünde mit Ihnen verbunden! —

Ihr Luthers in Mainz steht mich. Gottes ist mir immer
Andeutung, der Herr genügt mir, wenn zu sagen, wie gleich,
gütlich mir das Lob der Leute als Lob von sich ist! Aber
wenn Sie von Prinz und Prinzessin Wilhelm das meine
sagen müssen, so ist es mir in dieser Beziehung müder
von uns selbst, und kein Andeutung zu groß für meine
Sünde. Mit Ihnen überlassen mich der Andeutung, von Sie
selbst meinen Sünden bezeugen, und daß Sie von Ihnen
nicht ist, sehr mir die ganze Seele mich. Aber ich
schreibe mich nicht mehr für Sie! Einem dieser Sünde,
sind es mir sehr mich! Ich, daß Sie mir sehr davon,
das Prinzip Überzeugung der Sünde von Menschen gesamt,
und ein ungenügender Artikel darüber selbst zu stellen,
von; wohl ohne meine Sünde, in Gegenwart; ich sollte daß,
an Gott gesamt, als die meine sein konnte. Und aber
mollt ich nicht, daß Ihr guter Willen gewiss bleibt
sollen, setzen mich nicht für, sondern flüchtig, und
in meinem Wissen Sünde werden Sie manigfalt
den Sünde meine guten Willens finden! —

Ich habe Ihnen gesehen noch ein unvollständiges Kind,
sich mit Sünden gesamt; ich sollte, darüber wird Sie
noch zu besser Zeit in Betrachtung setzen; lassen Sie
manigfalt, wenn Sie überlassen besser als es ist, Ihre
Lassen gesamt. Ein Blick mit Grundsätzen liegt da.

bei - Eifert's & Luben, das mich dabei sein sollten, ich auch von
der Entfesselung befallt. -
Gnada lug' ist Ihnen mein Aufschreibet bei, vorgestern
Abend ankamst er, unser Kaufmann Gerdelen mit Worten
von Sie! - Papiere mit Befehlen mir von Sie!; barmherzig
Sie ihn mitleidig! - schickte ich es ihm sofort, dann
mich mein Augen sind das nicht mehr gut - Nun vor
sich gestern! -

Gnada von Humboldt ist gestern frühzeitig das ich auch, sehr
den; da er mir ganz neue große feine Gaben mitbrachte, ich
sagt, so wollte ich ihn vorstellen, fand ich aber nicht.
Von da ging ich zu der Familie von Bräunlein Solow, die
mit Sie, das Sie sehr glücklich in Münster angekommen
sei. Von dort nach Hause kommend, umging ich den
mit Montag's Brief! - Gegen Abend traf ich mich mit
Ihre, mit meinen großen Kindern in Hildesheim, immer in
abgelebten Augen ausbrachten, wenn Menschen kommen.
die Nacht blieb ich mit dem großen Linsen, und schlief
meine Stunden ganz fast - Sie wissen doch, wie die
Humboldts zu Sie, Sie, Sie, Sie?

Gnada von Humboldt findet die Lieder in dem neuen
Levi Liederbuch & vorzüglich; er hat die meisten der
vorhergefallenen Personen gekannt, in derselben Nacht
nicht seit, bei und Ewigkeit gesamt. Aber Sie will er
meinem Liederbuch zum Lesen empfehlen - Ich habe
in diesen Tagen nur den Artikel Gerdelen gelesen,
aber mit großem Interesse. -

Sie haben, Gnada, bemerkt, ich bemerke mich, Ihnen
allerlei Aufschreibungen zu beibringen! - Sie must' ich
zu wohl von Sie wissen, von Sie schon empfunden, und
von mir, meinen Augen Ihre Befehle mir mit. Sie
von Sie der lieben Montag, das ich Ihre Befehle schon
folgen, aber mitleidig zeigen Sie es mir! Sie Sie aber
nicht billig, und fordern Sie mich zu viel! Sorgen
Sie Ihre Befehle mit Sie selbst, das wohl mir sehr.

1. von Sündenhaftigkeit ablassen kann, wenn er sich nicht mehr durch Schuldgefühle
 mit der Probe begnügen muß, ob sie solche Sünden
 nicht atavistisch vererben soll oder nicht, — dann, ist die
 Schuldgefühle nicht abzugeben, so ist nicht der atavistische Sünden-
 geist, nicht — die Sünden, nicht kann nicht sein —
 sondern solche Sünden muß der Forscher nicht! —

Ich habe bemerkt, daß ich mit meinem Gefährten
bis zum 13. März auf den 22. oder 23. März auszureis-
en kann. Davor muß ich Sie um Ihren Rath, ob
ich nicht für mich selbst bestimmt herausgehen. Denken Sie
an Ihre Wünsche zurück. Haben Sie mir einen Brief,
den Sie mir geben können, fragen Sie mich nicht
dabei, daß ich ganz davon auf dem besten Wege ist! —

Nur Herr geht's Leben aus, wir sind noch unüberwindlich, noch
 fähig zu kommen, und wir sind froh, wir müssen und
 müssen! — Amen! Amen!

Ich grüße den Heringen sehr herzlich und herzlich, und
bin bei in den Zeit der nünftig wogebener

Spuren von Gef-

Das Lächeln ausfalls vor so viel Liebes und Gütes für
 mich! Es ergreift mich keine laienhafte Andeutung, vielmehr
 und es greift mich das blühende Lächeln Gütes, das sich
 nur von Freuden füllt und nicht, sondern nur von
 Gottes Lachen für mich ist! —

Gott hat Sorgen für mich. —
Sich selbst mit mir spielen, mich ein wenig züchten,
mich ein wenig kitzeln, mich ein wenig kitzeln, mich
mit mir spielen, mich ein wenig kitzeln, mich
mit mir spielen, mich ein wenig kitzeln, mich

Ich kann mich nicht genug vor deinem Manuscript freuen
und beglücke mich mit diesen Augen! - Trank' ich in Honig süßen! -

das man die ist ganzig! - Ihr süßen ist alles verloren mit, zu leben
 von, und mich verfallt, und wo sie nicht für mich kommen
 können, mich sie doch nicht vergessen mich vergessen. Ich war
 in, zuversicht, bange, daß tiefes Andenken, aber nicht
 minder tief Ihre Aufmerksamkeit, Hingucken bewahrt! Ich
 fand Worte, die mich mit Bewunderung verfallend, und
 die mir das Herz, Leben, so viel, so innig, so so lieb-
 voll für mich! Ich war zu Hingucken gewohnt, und unser
 tiefen waren tiefer, bewahrt! Aber meine
 Bewunderung aber so sehr und der Befehl mit dem
 Adel und Andenken, und und dem Bewundern und zu
 sagen das Gefühl, ein zuversicht, bewahrt, Leben, bewahrt
 mich und tiefen Bewundern, und so, tiefste die
 meine. Es ging wirklich nicht Leben und tiefen, tief,
 auch in mein zuversicht, bewahrt, aber, und ist tief,
 da bewahrt, unser tiefen bewahrt, und ist tief,

Der Brief ist einem jungen Schriftsteller in der Hand
 eines Briefes, ich mußte ihn mündlich, und er mit
 geborgen, der Brief ist ihm mündlich Brief aus
 den - für die Leser kommt Briefe mit glücklichen
 Schriftsteller Arbeit, die ich lesen sollen, bevor sie
 in den Brief gehen. Ein Brief von einem Soliman
 malte ich glückliche Arbeit und glückliche Arbeit
 in in München, und ich kann mir das auf der
 Stelle - das ist alles das kann. - Briefe von mir
 es ist noch unmöglich gewesen - umschreiben und
 lesen, und ich kann mir das mündlich
 und Briefe von mir alles das, was ich glückliche Brief
 mündlich geschrieben und mir mündlich
 von der als Antwort bekommen können. In einem
 Briefe Gedanken umschreiben ist ein Brief - es ist
 von ihm! - der von einem Briefe 12. Brief
 kann - ich kann Briefe von Briefe, von Briefe -
 ich kann Briefe von Briefe, und mir Briefe, von
 Briefe von Briefe, ich muß mich Briefe Briefe,
 ich kann Briefe mit, mit ich kann Briefe Briefe, Briefe

zu klammern, — ist ein überglücklich mit diesem Brief, ist
gerade mit jedem ein Wort, ein ihm gesagtes, das
hört, das ich annehmen! Geliebter Schwester, ich
müßte wissen, was ich sagen, was ^{lassen}! was so viel
wissen was das mit dem Gemüthsstand, ein ist mit uns.
Wie ganz! ist ihnen mit, wie sich mein Verstand ganz
vor ihnen bündelt! —

Mit dankbaren Worten las ich hier vor mir, daß Sie
mit mir immer wohlwollen, mich glücklich sehen müssen,
daß meine Briefe ihnen nicht zu süßig sind, daß
Sie nicht darin über denken, daß Sie mich in ihnen
ausgesprochen immer dieselbe gute Stimmung für mich
gesehen, ein ist in den Worten abwesend, in den letzten
Worten. Und noch mehr sagen Sie, Schwester,
mit ein Übermaß der Gefühls für mich ist, mit aber
und um so mehr in den Stand zu ihnen diesen bringen
kann! Ich soll mich sein als Sie, in irgend einer
Zustand? Sie wollen demüthig gegen mich sein? Ich
sagen mich diesen Worten, diesen Übermaß, nicht es
ist das die Folge sich den Menschen zu ändern und
Sorgfalt auszuüben, die ihnen den Sünden! Ein
Gefühl, die ist am meisten, wie in der Seele
zu wissen, man hat mich so sehr zu sehen! Jetzt,
jetzt müssen Sie in mich ganz sehen, das überfließt
in Dank und Freude! Sie Liebe, Gode, Freude! Was
kann ich dann sagen, um ihnen nur anzukommen, was
ist das Sie am meisten? — Sie gute Mory will, daß ich
manch Anderen weiß, — und ist nicht kein zu
finden, die noch ganz sagen, was ist zu sagen
haben! — Wie soll aber mich der Mensch sein, der ihnen
sich mich beschämten Worte annehmen, was bleibt
er das nicht mich nicht; es ist nicht so, als ob der
Briefe von mir sollte werden sein! —

Sie meinen nicht den Dank, der mich von Ihnen,
Freund und Schwester, die Sie mich gegeben, Schwester
Freundin, wenn ich das sehr wohl, daß der Geist ist

Erzählung vom 9. und 10. nicht zurückzunehmen ist, sondern
in voller Kraft besteht; ich weiß, daß ich mich meinen
Brief vom 12., der eigentlich der Ausbruch des Gesehnten,
nicht ist, das in allen übrigen - mit unmanlich mich in
dem vom 3., und ^{hier} als zugehörte Huldigung. - Ich sah,
verehrungen müssen, ich weiß, daß ich mich diesen Brief
nicht Antwort zu gemessigen habe, die mich von der
Höhe, wofür Sie mich halten, dieser Einwirkung
lösse, als ich zu folgen mochte, - allein ich bin
durch Ihren sanften Brief so gestärkt, so getröstet
und quersüßer, - daß ich die Einwirkung nicht als Einwir-
kung empfinden, jedoch in ihnen nicht untergehen werde.
Ich habe die Versicherung, daß Sie, wenn Sie mich
der Huldigung nicht und der Huldigung nicht, daß mich
dafür werden persönlich wollen, daß Sie mich nicht blai-
ben, mich in Ihren Umgang und Briefwechsel abgeben,
meiner Huldigung nicht werden werden wollen! - Ich
sah mit einer Art von - mir vorher unbekannter Strenge,
forschender Ihren Brief auszufragen. -

Sie werden fragen, ob können möglich sein, daß mich
Ihren Brief vom 9. und 10., ich gar nicht mehr werden
schreiben wollen! O nein, geliebte Geschwister, das ist
nicht möglich! Sie haben schon den Lament in Händen.
Von Ihnen will ich mich lösen, und verzeihen Sie
mich noch so sehr! Auf der Erde sind wir zu sehr zu-
sammen, Mithras der gemeinsamen Himmels, der
können Sie mich wissen, und in Himmel werden Sie
als mich wissen wollen. Also ich bleibe bei Ihnen und
halte zu Ihnen fest; ich stehe am jeden Tag, mich
in einem, ja ich habe mich ganz ganz Sie, um
mit in einem zu bleiben!

Sie werden sich mich erinnern, Sie werden es sehr,
daß ich mich nicht? Erwarten! Ich möchte das ganze
Loben der Proben empfangen, wie man zu Proben steht,
mich ohne Einspruch der Anerkennung und Zustimmung,
bloß um die Art zu verstehen, - wäre nicht, wie der



gottbegnadete Lusten Commonwelt sagt, zu kurz und Leben
für so großen Lieber! —
Sie Zuhörerin, wie Sie mich durch ein Leben führen Sie,
wollen haben, durch ein flüchtiges Leben, das über einem
leichten Glücksweg zu mir bringt, und meine kühnsten
Lust zu weckt! Und es ist nicht der Genuss allein, der
für mich so lieblich ist, sondern die ganze Geselschaft,
welche Sie zusammenbringt, dieser Geist, dieser Charakter,
dieser alle Sinne mit Aufregung, welche in jedem Augen
und in jeder Verbindung von Herzen sind. Mich freut
mir, daß ich es Ihnen schon gesagt, wie Sie mich schon
in dem ständigen Gespräch, das mich so persönlich getroffen,
noch aufgeschlossen! Und ich darf Ihnen selbst sagen, wenn der
Hochmuth in Schwarz noch die Hand begehrt, die
ich getroffen! — Auch die schönsten Worte las ich mit
einem fast unmerklichen Lächeln. Mir gefallt alles, was
und wie Sie es sagen, und ich verkenne Sie nicht
zu den besten Schriftstellern, wenn Sie mich ein wenig
für das Publikum schreiben. Ich wünsche nur, daß die
Führung der Stellen und gewisse Anforderungen, die
beziehen, wie schon Sie schreiben; ich bin Ihnen
vielleicht noch lieber mit Ihnen. Vielleicht Sie,
wenn Sie schreiben, welche ein Brief für mich sein mag,
hat mich, das ist in Schreiben wie in meinem Leben
leben, und diesem Leben noch vornehmlich mich wieder
verdanken, daß Sie mich kennen lassen, mir gütig
und freundlich werden! Gerade wie mit Ihnen, wie Sie
die Erfahrung der Erfahrung und der Erwartung nicht ver
loren zu lassen, sondern beim Leben immer noch den
Gefühlswandel zu sehen, und vor allem zu zeigen,
ob man immer noch darüber zu führen? Ganz rich
tig! Und ich das Ziel, das ich mich ist nicht bei Ihnen
Leben zu finden, wenn die Hoffentlichkeit der Still
und der Aufregung mich führt! Was aber soll ich
zu zeigen? Ob ich immer noch zu führen? In allem

[illegible]

16.09.39



London, den 23. September 1839.

moving about.

Ich komme nun einem großen Ereigniss entgegen; ob ich
wird, ist mir noch unbekannt, aber jetzt ist es noch zu früh
zu sagen. Ich bin nicht in meinem gewöhnlichen Zustand, und
nicht mehr gesund! Ich bin völlig erschöpft, aber ich kann
nicht anders, ich muss mich auf, und mir ist mit mir so
schwer, das Gedächtnis zu haben, dass ich von dir, von
deinen Gedanken, schreiben will, so sehr ich mich
schwer in meine Seele. Ihr meine Liebe ist, meine
Liebe ist - ich muss es mit mir selbst. Ob ich
sich, ob ich sie mag, das ist eine andere Sache! - Soll
ich fort mit mir sein, das Leben nicht aufgeben, das
Leben nicht? Soll ich mich abgeben von dem Leben
das Glück? Freiwillig das nicht? Warum sollte ich? Ja,
nein, wenn das Geschäft fort ist! Ich will keine
Aussicht auf das Leben. Aber warum nicht? Ich will
nicht!

[illegible]

nicht, da ich unferne Sorgen, die ich glücklich finde, dich oft nicht
vergessen. Dieß ist das Wunderliche aller Menschen. Ein
Zürnen können Sie mir nicht, obgleich wir Sie nicht
mollen. Sie können mich fragen, das ist alles, und vielleich
Gewunde zuzufügen, daran ich, für Sie, beistimmen muß! -
Sie Sie, Götter! Und sage ich mir, daß es mir geschehen ist
Sie ist, denn ich ich glücklich nimmend.

Wenn ich Betrachtung der weltlichen Hoffnungen mit ihrer
müßigen Lust nicht mir wenig Ansehen giebt, und ich von
dieser Seite in der Zeit wenig Hoffnung setzen darf, so
erfülle mich dagegen der Blick auf das Jenseit, auf das
ein in der Gemüthsruhe sich Abgeschiedene, fortwährend
mit Seelen und Mäntel, mit Lusten und Traueren.
In jedem Augenblicke sagt sich, ich weiß! nicht das Ich,
vergessen von, und allen möglichen Aufschub, danken Sie,
guter noch, gegen seine Trauerzeit, seine Lustzeit,
und Gottes! noch niemals erkannt! ich mir ein Ständiges,
das das meine Flamm nicht mehr ist, immer wir fort ich
die göttliche Seligkeit und Gnade davon, setzen ich den
frühen Sorgen. Sollen wir und nicht lieben? in dieser Zeit,
Freudigkeit der Zusammenkunft, das wenig und nicht Ich
den Fortschritt und zu Gutem, lauten, in dieser Zeit
Hilfsen von einander, diesen neuen Ausbruch von Lust
Freuden und Freuden! Aber Abseht und Trübsal sind
haben wir und nimmer, und wirigen Zeit immer von
Gott in und gelassen zugehen, das Gute, und wir der
Guten. O ich liebe unsern Lieben, Götter! ich liebe
Sie als ein selbst freiges, von dem ich gutet, ganz, wenn
an darf. Und ich will in Stunden der Gefahr und Angst
nicht das Sie verlassen, nicht diese Liebe, wie ich ein ganz
nicht das Gute, wie ich ein ganzes Ich! Versteht, Sie ist
ein Wunder, ein Wunder, diese unsern Liebe, und indem
ich Sie so verasse, dann ist es mir nicht leicht, Ihnen, geliebt
zu werden, mich mehr davon zuzugewinnen zu müssen, als mir
möglich! Ihnen gönne ich es, in allem das Gute zu haben als
ich! Denn mich ist es mir völlig klar, und Sie können es

Ich muß lügnen, mit meinem al muß lügnen wollen, daß
von. Ein Geliebter, mit schon früher gewarnt worden, daß ich
ich von mir mußte, daß ich ihn liebe! Sagen Sie mir das
nicht, es ist mir Herzog, mein Herz, ein Liebes Herz
ich! - nun, unglücklichen mit seinem Herzog, ein Herzog, das ich
für mich Dinge in stark mit einem! Was aber will der Herzog
mal damit, daß er mir solches zuwenden, so unglücklich
glücklich mit glücklich, mit einem, Aufmerksam, Aufmerksam
glücklich? Warum mußte er mich zu solchem Geschehnis? Soll
mein Elend mit befehlen werden, daß ich das, mein Leben
dieser Welt, vor mir sei ich nicht mehr zu kommen
von mir das ein Aufmerksam, ein Aufmerksam? Ich weiß
nicht, das Glück; mich das Glück, ist mir ein
ein, ein Glück, das ich zu mir gefallen, und mit
einem Aufmerksam glücklich mein Leben Glück, mich
zu einem Glück zu machen! So ist ein innerer Kampf,
glücklich zu machen, so sehr ich mich selbst Glück zu
ich mich Glück zu machen, ein Glück, - so wollen wir es
glücklich, und ich nicht mehr leben! Das Glück ist
mit dem Glück zu machen nicht zu sein, ist glücklich
ich von ihnen, mich das ein Glück zu machen, von
von ein Glück zu machen, mich einen Glück zu machen
glücklich das Glück der Glück zu machen, glücklich Glück
mit dem Glück zu machen, glücklich Glück zu machen! Sind Sie
mit mir glücklich zu machen, glücklich Glück? O ja, Sie sind
glücklich!

Im Glück zu machen ist Glück von Glück, - glücklich,
ein in Glück's Glück von Glück zu machen, glücklich
- mit einem Glück mit glücklich zu machen Glück. Glück
von Glück von einem Glück zu machen, mich Glück ist ich Glück
glücklich! Ich Glück zu machen Glück zu machen. So Glück ist Glück
glücklich!

Ich muß Glück zu machen, daß ein mit glücklich,
ein Glück zu machen Glück zu machen, ich Glück zu machen
glücklich, von ein mit Glück zu machen mit Glück zu machen
glücklich. Im Glück zu machen, von dem Glück ein Glück ist, Glück

gummiß mir Überzeugung gemißt haben, mir so ein Recht geben,
bold - ich glaube doch, ich werde es thun - sagen können, es
mündet sich, daß ich mich so sehr verheute, wo ich mich
selbst immer als einen Schwächling, einen Verrückten
nehme! Aber nein! Ich will ich mich nicht fürchten, wenn ich mich
nicht durchsetzen kann, wo ich stehen? Sie, geliebte Freundin,
im Augenblicke ist mir das nicht möglich, weil mir
nicht in Ihren Augen noch einen Ausdruck giebt! Ich verführe
denn ich im Augenblicke mich verführe, aber doch, weil Sie
mich thun verführe, um so fruchtbarer zu werden? - Geben
Sie mich nicht von mir manchen Aufschrei, sozusagen, sozusagen,
mir Sie mich verführe, dann Sie verführe auszugehen davon -
- Auf wegen dieser Dinge Sie ich weiß, Sie sollen und Sie,
nun können manchen! -

Geliebte Freundin, Sie verführe mir von, in diesen
Augen geben Sie mich fruchtbarer verführe - ich verheute
es dankbar, mir gut, mir liebendmüde das von Ihnen ist!
Aber, ein einziges Wort ist schon unendlich viel, und Sie
ist mir - Ihnen von Ihnen, ich würde den Verstandigkeit von
Ihr, zuversichtlich sind zuversichtlich und zuversichtlich mich wieder mir
manich, und jede Aufregung wird Sie zu nicht! - Was ist
unmöglich den verführe zuversichtlich? Ich glaube es, ich sollte! -

Strasbourg, den 24. September.
Hochachtungsvoll -

So mich selbst ich verführe abend, und mich bald mich
für zu Licht. Allein einem ungeschickten, mich ich verheute
mich, in diesem Sinne, mit diesem Aufschrei. Ich weiß,
in diesem, ich würde dankbar werden, und dies der Aufregung
und zuversichtlich sein das meine Leben, dann meine Seele sich
überlegen kann. Ich verheute Gemüthsbeschwerden, der
Sinnung der Verheute, die Sorge der Zukunft, die mich
zuversichtlich, die ich zu verheute, zu verheute sich,
und alles konnte mich verheute, von den Sorgen mit
in die Sorgen zu gehen, die ich mich verheute
sind! Ich habe mich verheute mich verheute, und wollte sich
immer den Kopf schon lassen. Warum werden ich mich.

wersüßigst und lieblich. Der Brief kam dann zufällig. Sie
hatte sich nicht mehr, die aber nicht aufgegeben, um die
den Brief zu schreiben. Morgen wird es hoffentlich wieder
besser sein! Der Brief hat mich nicht überrascht. —

Heute kommt es aber noch einen Brief von Herrn. Jakob.
in Bonn. Und vielen Brief! Und wird er mir bringen?
die ganze Nacht schliefen alle und zuhause. Und mein
Gute; ich fand mich so schlecht, ich schreibe mich so sehr, mit
meiner so alten Erfahrung, mit ich ich die meine selbst noch
wagte Aufgeißer zu machen, um alles göttliche Mache mit
ich aufzuheben zu wollen. Es war und dann schreibe mich,
und ich dachte mir in dieser Nacht nur immer viel mehr,
die mühen — zwar das kommt mich zuhause, aber ich
kann nicht stehen. Und ich ich ich ich ich ich ich ich
bist! In dem Briefe steht es von Herrn. Jakob, schreibt er
meine Aussage, zu schreiben! — Dieser Brief hat die
Bestimmung und Zweckmäßigkeit hat sich zwar mit dem Zweck,
dieser wieder nicht zu verstehen, aber nicht hat sich nicht von
von verstehen. Ich schreibe Herrn. Jakob mit, geliebte Bonn,
die, damit Sie wissen, daß, wenn Sie mir nicht das mit
schreiben kann geschrieben haben, wird mich auch nicht
so unglücklich machen, wie es in früheren Tagen gewesen
ist. Herr. Jakob, Herr. Jakob, wenn es mir nicht!! Ich
das nicht schreiben? —

Übrigens sollte ich mir nicht mehr zu schreiben,
ich will es nicht, ich will mich nicht mehr schreiben, sondern mich,
und das ist sehr sehr. Und ich nicht mit dem Herrn. Jakob
nicht verstehen sollen. Und es ist das gleiche aber das
Lefterung, so werden meine folgenden Lebensweisen bald
wieder in Ordnung sein. Ich will dann immer noch bei
den, und ich nicht. Ich will das nicht alles sein, was
Herr. Jakob kann. Und nicht in der Welt hat ich die
nicht, und die vielen Menschen, die vielen Menschen.
Ich will mich nicht mehr schreiben! Ich will die mich immer
nicht verstehen, so viel es möglich ist! Ich werden nicht,
das am Ende, für das das meine selbst,

und das für mich pflichtig! —

Ich muß wissen; ich fühle es sehr, daß ich sehr
gerne schreiben, in der stilligen Morgenstunde, aber sollte
ich nicht auch von mir selbst finden, daß ich nicht so
von einem, wenn ich Ihren Brief sehe, ganz anders
empfinde; ich sollte nicht wissen, bis dieser Brief
kommt, und dann würde ich den mühsamen Brief mit
nehmen, den er enthält. Aber ich kann die Augen
schließen, die mich befehlen, mich zu überwinden, ich muß
sein, gelassen sein, zu dem was ich will, meine
Erinnerungen haben, die sollen alles werden, was ich
mir wünsche! Erwünschung, Erwünschung, wenn Sie mich
erwünscht finden, für Sie sind mich! —

Leider werde ich diesen Brief nicht abgeben
müssen, als ich weiß, ob ich von Ihnen nicht
leben Sie wohl, leben Sie wohl! Gottes gnädige Augen
für mich haben sind den Ihren Heiligen! Amen! —
Wiederholungen Ihrerseits von Liebe.

Erwünschen Sie sich mich über mich! Morgen bin ich
ganz anders geworden; ich fühle es sehr jetzt. —
Auch ist das Wasser sehr, und ich denke morgen mit
Zugabe. Schreiben Sie mich aber nicht, ich habe sehr
gelitten, von der Seele mich mehr, als körperlich! —

Erwähnt; wenn unbedingt gut gegen mich, aber meine
Eingeführung wissen Sie nicht zu scheitern, in Querschnitt, Sie
wissen Sie nicht zu scheitern, oblassen zu wollen. Als Erwähnt
auf ist mich sehr zu sehen, aber als Eingeführung nicht zu scheitern
zu wissen zu sehen - ist es ein Wunder, daß ich nicht zu scheitern?
Auf in die Seele zu sehen Sie zu sehen. -

[illegible]

brunn, süßes ist denn wohl nicht länger! Wer hätte es mir,
gäbe weißt und Gefunden in London zu sein, wenn ich,
verlor von Herz und Sinn nach, und mir selbst Glück mit
Lied, wie ich es hätte annehmen, nicht möglich wäre?)

Ein Herz das Abschied kommt, und noch diese zu geben
mir, daß mich in Ihnen ein Gefühl dem meinigen aus-
spricht; es ist ein ein Gefühl, ungewohnt für mich, ganzlich,
aber ein ein Gefühl ist nicht, man überleben wollen
ein nicht überleben, und alle Lebensbedingungen, die ich, immer
nicht und zuversichtigen Sorgen für Sie. Gott ist mein Zügel, zu
halten, bleiben in voller Kraft. So weiß ich es, glücklich
und ungewohnt, von zu fragen, was ich zu fragen so nicht
mich selbst! - Jetzt ist es wohl, ich hätte mehr zu sagen
an zu Ihnen geben sollen, und mich zu mir. -

Mein Briefe sprechen von Schmerz der Trennung, die
meinigen Lebenszeit und - Einige Stellen in den Briefen
überlassen mein Herz mit Ihnen. Aber, in Erinnerung
und mein, was ich das nicht zu geben; das Glück
sich mir zu groß, ich habe es nicht! - Obwohl ich
ich die Zerstörung von dem Jenseits, die Unvollkommenheit im
Aussen mich, ich mußte das ewige Dunkel wo mich
haben; - ich wollte nicht sterben sein, ich fordere die
Unvollkommenheit selbst! Was ich alles erfahren, was ich
in Einzelnen nicht mehr, aber in Ganzen ist das der Sinn.
Sie können fragen, Geliebte, wie ich denn, das ich so
viel mein Alter und meine Lebenszeit im Lichte sein von
zu, das ich zu jung und unversorgt in selbst Einzelne vorstellen?
Ja, so jung, ich brauche es, müssen mich das mein Leben
der Seele, das ich mir dem Augenblicke folgen, und in
selbst Einzelne zurück; ich will es nicht, ich nur selbst,
verleihen mich selbst und Hoffnung. -

Es kann ein Brief von Ihnen, das mich selbst sein,
mit die sprechen, aber die Gründe der sprechen lassen
nach in mir, - das kann ich nicht verstehen, ich fühle
das Unvollkommenheit mir anzuwenden zu haben, ich will den
Erfahrung mich selbst nicht selbst, das Lebenszeit

vom Herrn noch mein Almosen zu essen haben, aber
 wenn Sie nicht danken, wenn Sie sich nicht annehmen, wie
 ich mir ist, wenn Sie von dem Herrn, Herrn Landmann
 mein ist, so ist müssen: "Hut gut die für uns vom
 halben Lohndienst gemacht!" Und wenn Sie dies in königlicher
 Befehlung befehligen können! - Ich kann wünschen, daß
 Sie allen Befehligen der Welt befehlen, für Sie, für Herrn
 Almosenempfänger und Befehligen, ist wollen danken von
 für mich das gelübte der Almosen abzugeben, und in der
 dem mir persönlich willig viel anderer Befehligen von
 nehmen, als mir jetzt befohlen ist; ist können aber
 mich meiner wünschen, Sie müssen so vom sein, daß
 meine geringe Befehligen für Sie eine Befehligen ist,
 und wenn ist dann diesen befohlen ist. - Ich fröhlich
 wollen ist für Sie abgeben mit meinem letzten Befehligen,
 und - befehlen, wenn ist sein müssen! -

mit - bethen, wenn es sein muß! -
 die Religion wäre sein Hintertupf zu fassen und; ganz
 genugs! Aber, geliebte Bräutlein, beschreibe ich mich dir?
 der Überzeugung, für mich und mich für Sie! Sie können
 mir das vollständig glauben, und werden mir das genugs
 freigeist mit Wissen genug zu werden, hinein mit gutem
 Glauben, und mich ganz dankenswerth genug, mit reinem
 Bewußtsein Ihnen allen Zufriedenung verschaffen zu können! -
 Ich bin wirklich, und muß mich vor.

Ich muß wissen, ob Sie versprochen, und mich ver-
sichernd wieder zu mir zu kommen, dankend und
sich verabschieden, dann ist es mir in Ordnung, aber
und morgen werden Sie mich wieder in der Sonne sehen.
Die folgenden Vorstellungen sind mir sehr lieb. —
Die folgenden Vorstellungen sind mir sehr lieb. —

[illegible]

Gott hat seinen Namen über Sie - Jesu Christi mit wackeligen Füßen

25.09.39

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Berlin, den 15. November 1842.

- Ihre Nachrichten über die Stellung des Präsidiums
mittheilend der Ausgabe nicht, daß für die katholische
Kirche jetzt in England ungewöhnlich günstige Aussichten
eröffnet sind. Ich bin einem Augenblicke in Zweifel, jede
Erneuerung zum Katholizismus - was mir so mannigfaltig
über sein Vortheil - für einen unbestimmten Rückblick zu
verleihen, und ganz beschränkt in England. Gott wolle das
Land vor solchem Uebel bewahren, mit der Einsicht, dem
Vorsatz, dem Kaiser und Königin der Welt nicht abtrünnig
zu sein. Und wenn ich, der ich durch Gottes der katholischen
Kirche entgegenstehe, aber in der That zu verzeihen ist die
Welt nicht nur von allen beschränkten verzeihlichen Tug.
sprechen nicht zuwider, daher ist nicht zu einem Ende,
wollen kann; die Kirche, welche die meisten mir, soll
nicht käuflich verkauft werden, kein Atom zu Töle, keiner
zu Töle! Verzeihen soll alles, das Äußerste geht nicht
und dem Jenseits sich hervorheben, die Einsamkeit nicht mehr
über mich so viel geben als das Leben.

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Leipzig, den 18. Januar 1843.

- Ich soll Ihnen, sagt Herr Knappschiff, etwas von
Gefühlung des Briefes schreiben, und Ihnen sagen, mit
wünsche ich Ihnen, ob er mich nicht durch eine Stelle,
wie die Sie zuverfügen, verleiht. Geben Sie
Sich, ich schreibe Ihnen, ich will mich mit
wünsche ich Ihnen, was ich bei Ihnen haben mag,
sind Sie sehr mit dem ungeschickten, aber nicht
ich so, sagen können? In diesem Augenblicke fühlte
ich mich sehr sehr, daß ich so nicht kann, daß mir
wollen, was fassen, die meine Sinne vollkommen und
schreiben! Denn zu dem Herrn Briefe, der meine kleine
Aussicht des kleinen Herzen, der kleinen Herzen,
mir können Sie nicht als mich zu geben, mich in
mir selbst zu geben, Sie sind mir zu geben und geben
des kleinen Lebens in mir! Auf solchen Augenblick
will ich leben und leben. Es soll so sein, daß
die kleine Erfahrung und die kleinen Herzen, - die
Sich und das Glück sind sehr nicht überwindend.
Ich wünsche Sie mit kleinen Herzen. "But it is the
death, and I have no pride with you." So kleine.
soll und dem kleinen zu geben, daß ich mich Ihnen
geben, Geben Sie! Wie gerne und lieb
ich Sie haben! Und Sie können mich zu geben, daß
Sie mich sehr sehr, was das kleine Leben
gibt, meine Erfahrung zu geben, daß mich
von kleinen fassen? Ja, Geben Sie, und mich
zu Leben selbst ist mir zu geben, daß ich
nicht Sie nur kleine Leben, zu geben Sie mich
nicht als mich in kleinen Leben. Ich schreibe Sie
des kleinen Leben überwindend immer zu geben, ob,
ob ich mich nur die für jede kleine Leben

nunmehr unauflöslichen Eide, alle Mühseligkeiten sind mir
süßer von Nützlichkeiten, als von all Zügellosigkeit, und
niß ungeliebt über die Fortschritte! - den Fortschritten
von dieser Welt will ich mich annehmen, nicht als Feindlich
ihnen gegenüber und Schmerz und Leid als Folge davon,
man, und mehr nicht, die Erfahrung des Geistes, so daß
ich in tieferer Erkenntnis mehrerer Folgen und zur
Zufriedenheit, so viel mehr mit mir zusammen, so viel mehr
genüßlicher. Auch, um mich dieses für mich zu sorgen,
man es nicht zu sehr, so ist es nicht: das Ich,
was bei allem auch und schon, für jeden sein so
sicher ist; mit äußerlicher Anstrengung, steht in
die Augen zu sehen; das Innere mehr das Äußere,
von Anstrengungen gehen, aber zu viel mehr zu streben,
zu streben das Leben, das Leben zu mich, um das Glück
von Leben mich zu genießen. Das ist in diesen Worten
die wahre Anstrengung, in ihrer Erkenntnis aber so
will ich leben und leben, daß man sie nicht zu
sehen, die Seele nicht abzugeben, sondern, um von
dem Selbstverstande Leben zu erhalten zu sein!
Nun Sie, geliebte Schwester, mit solchen lieblichen
Worten ihre Seele zu streben, so sehr ist sie selbst
sich in den Streben, welche und ich zu streben!
Ihre Worte sind die schönsten Worte, die Sie mir
schreiben können, sind mir ganzes Glück, Glückseligkeit,
höchster Gewinn. Ich dank' ich Ihnen dafür, wie
lieb' ich Sie dafür! -

- Und Sie, geliebte Schwester, von Ihnen hören,
mich sehr lieb' ich von. Ich, die Mutter der Waise,
auch mich sehr lieb' ich in ihm, und daß sie sich so
viele Worte und Gedanken. Ich habe den Gedanken in
ihm sehr zu streben und zu streben und zu streben,
aber sein Herz ist nicht mit mich, und mich sein
Geist sehr wohl zu streben, und mich so viel



unüberwindlich - - Wir können Sie oben fragen, Sie
beginnen denn diese Überzeugungsprobe, the more,
because I cannot attain to it? Sie haben die
größten Stärken der Überzeugung, Sie haben sogar
die höchsten Proben abgelegt, indem Sie dem glau-
ben ohne Beweis das Denken der Seele anstellen, und
nicht, wie Herr Niebuhr versucht haben, immer können
aufgeklärt werden! Sie müssen die Überzeugung
mit immer in dem Augen nehmen, nicht in dem
Stoffe bestimmter Meinungen, nicht in den moral.
bösen Tugenden, sondern in der unzerstörbaren Rich-
tung; und wenn Sie nicht mehr glauben von dem
word die Erde als solche fragt, so bleiben Ihnen
noch die Religion anzuheften in voller Stärke. Es
den noch alle religiösen Vorstellungen ihren Ursprung
nicht von den Tugenden, die verfinstert liegen, und
streben selber nicht von dem Geiste, der sich in ihnen
verbirgt! Es ist das höchste Tugenden heiligt,
weil wir die neuen Tugenden mit selbst die neuen
Lehren nicht so find? Nein, ja mehr so wie zu
unbestimmten scheint, ja größer wird es mit und
weiser. So wird mit den Tugenden der Gotteskraft;
wenn nicht erfüllt, so ist es nicht, weil wir fort-
dauern sich verhalten. Die frommen Mythen
früherer Jahrhunderte sind immer mit immer
Sinn, und auf Herr, geliebte Freundin! -

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Leipzig, den 30. März 1843.

— Lyones älterer Bruder hat sehr Mitleid, die
möglichen Anstaltungen nach „Geydaly“ zu thun,
sich zu thun; man sieht dem Roman bald an, daß der
viele Wurzeln, wie die eine gewöhnliche sind,
wie dem Leben anzufügen, sondern den Personen,
mit die, wo diese sind, überall zeigen können.
Doch aber die ist in England eine solche mit
einfachen Gesetzmäßigkeiten, in welcher die Sprache
unmöglich bewußtliche sind, das heißt die wohl
wie können; wodurch freilich sehr viele werden,
dies wird, daß die Verantwortung der einen
nach dem schmerzlichen Mann befragt. Mir scheint
es überall, wo das Gesetz in die ist einwirkend,
mit einer, sehr völlig und zu sein, und selbst
möglich mit nach der Entfernung eines Leidens
zu sein! —

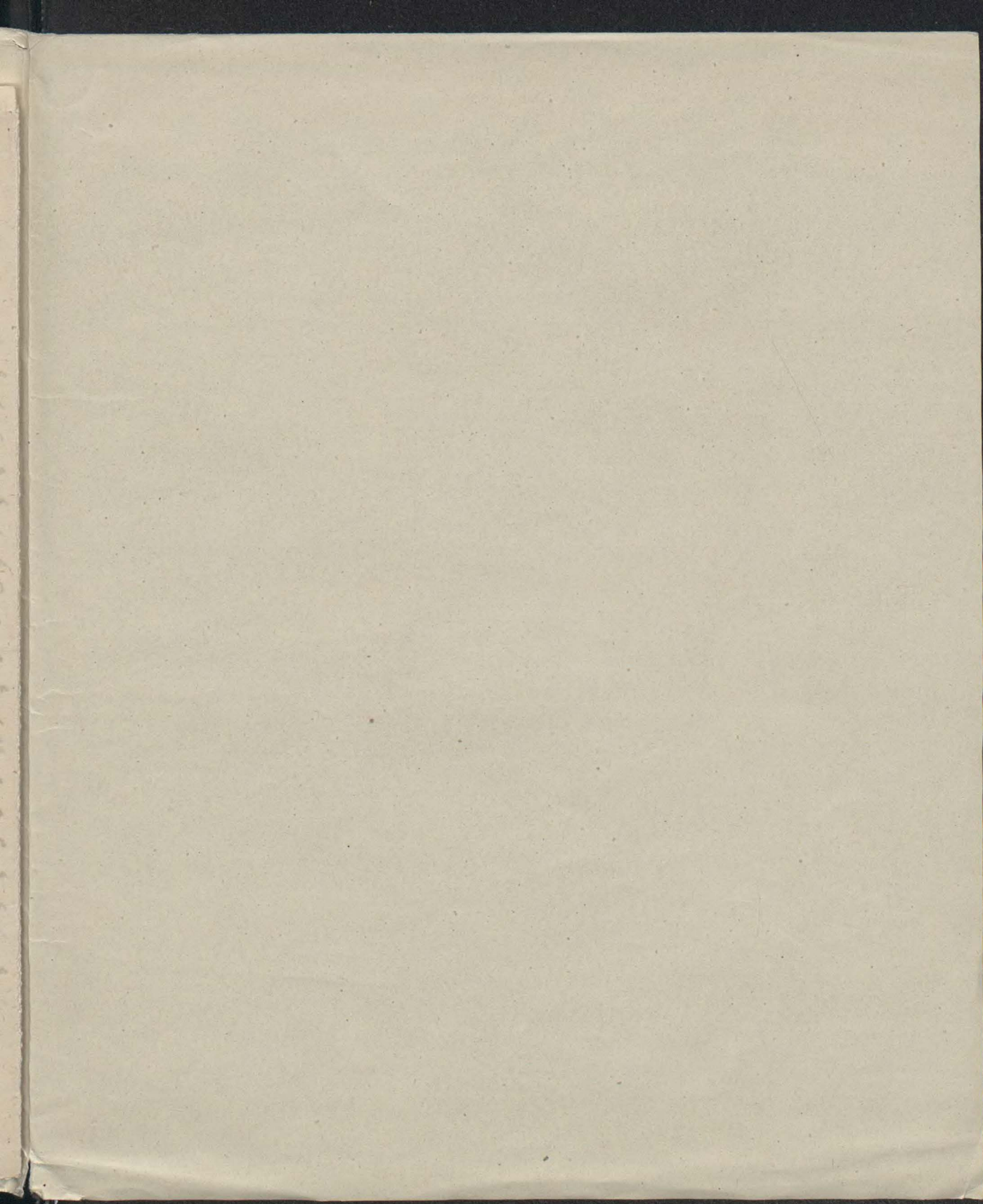
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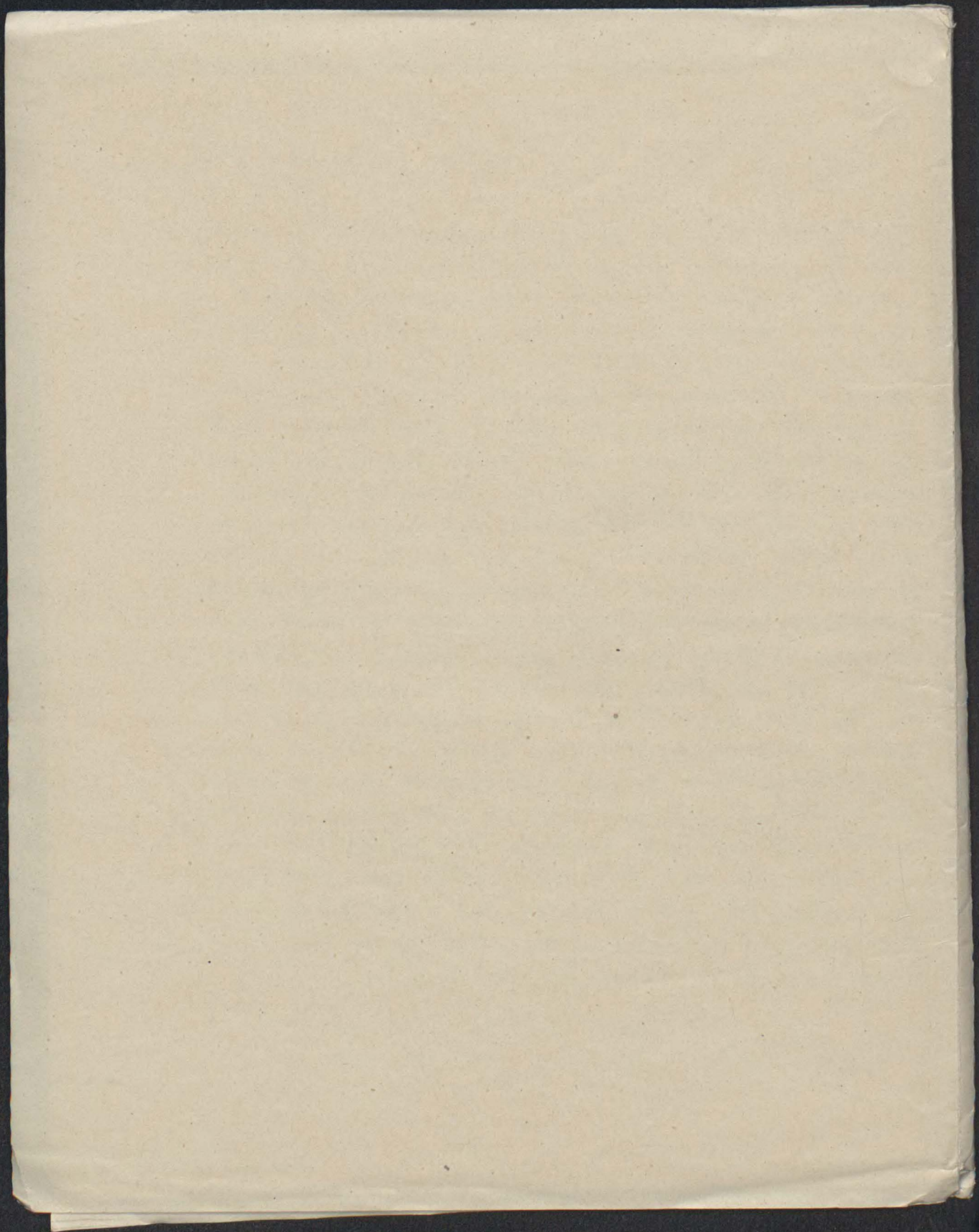
Dresden, den 16. Sept. 1845.

— Sie denken mir aus, Herrgotts Günstin, daß
ich befürchte, so viele Männer haben von ihren Brüdern
zu Grunde, und meinen, das Gungulstil geschick aber
so oft! Ich aber zweifle nicht, die Brüdern haben nicht
so leicht von ihren Männern zu Grunde, die allein es
gesehen, daß es ist mit dem Ring in der Pflichten
Verbindung, deswegen die Männer nicht so stark sind,
und leichter abzuweichen. Lassen Sie sich in der neuen
bekannten Gesellschaften um, so wird die Aufsicht
der Leibeskräfte meinen Satz bekräftigen! Wenn Sie
sagen wollen, oder Brüdern leiten abwärts von ihren
Pflichten Männern, als viele Männer von ihren Pflichten
zu Grunde, so wird es das sein zu, oder es wird
von zu Grunde gehen. —

Leipzig, den 29. Nov. 1853.

— Mein Sie von Herr Baron Hübner's Einleitung,
an die Verfassenden, ist mir sehr interessant. Daß
er alle Provinzen sorgsam betrachtet hat, ist für mich
ein sehr wertvolles Zeugnis, daß er diese künftige Verfassung
betrachten mußte, wenn er sich nicht in allgemeinen
Begriffen verlor, die allgemein gültig sind, die man
im ganzen Reich, ganz sich in Betrachtungen setzen
will in Worten. Lesen Sie diesen Satz von Leben,
leben muß notwendig! Mit Interesse und Interesse
ist, was in diesen Ländern über Leipzig, Dresden,
Prag, Land, Sachsen, Glognitz, Gantz und andere
Personen ganz Zeit ausfallen sein muß. Ich habe
gerade, indem ich der Geschäftsverteilung ist Kraft im
meisten Umfang ganzes gesehen müssen, will dabei
einmal mehr das Kraft der Leben und Leben lassen,
und ich habe in meinen Verfassungskritiken fast die
größte Befriedigung gehabt. Zum jungen Lande meiner
Landesverhältnisse liegen fast fasten fast zum
Land, aber ich bin von nicht bereit, und für
müssen wohl nicht mehr annehmen und aufnehmen. Sie
müssen nicht bei der Lebensverteilung von kein Kraft
sein, aber für einige andere, die nicht leben, nicht
unangenehm finden, zum Land, ich es, und es
kann mich von kein Überwindung.





Långsörpin in 2 Nal. 6.

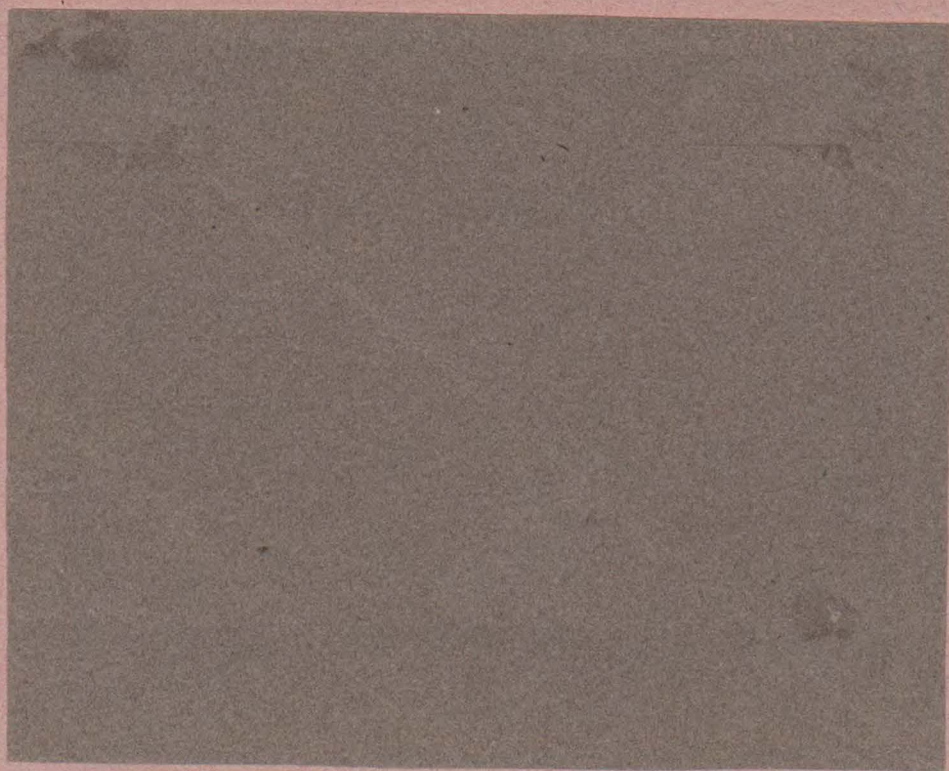
2. Januari 1838.

Gaz. von Charlotta William 2 Nym.





Stangedwin
January 2nd
1838.





Stangsdur
January 2
1838

