

THE
LIFE AND LETTERS
OF FRANCES
BARONESS BUNSEN

BY AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

AUTHOR OF "MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE," ETC.

"The happiest periods of history are not those of which we hear the most; in the same manner as in the little world of man's soul, the most saintly spirits are often existing in those who have never distinguished themselves as authors, or left any memorial of themselves to be the theme of the world's talk, but who have led an interior angelic life, having borne their sweet blossoms unseen."

Broadstone of Honour.

IN TWO VOLS.—I.

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TO
THE CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN
OF
THE BARONESS BUNSEN
THESE VOLUMES
ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

TO write the Life and edit the Letters of the Baroness Bunsen was a task for which many members of her own family were better qualified than myself, but I gratefully undertook this labour of love in accordance with the strongly-expressed wish of her descendants, having the consciousness that, except her own children, no one could have a more tender and reverent affection for the dear and kind friend of my whole life. The story of her surroundings, of the vicissitudes through which she passed, and of her actions with their aims and endeavours, is told in her own words. With the memorials of one who wrote so much, and who always wrote what was worth reading, the only difficulty has been selection. Thousands of letters have been necessarily omitted, which nevertheless had a charm of their own. Enough, I trust, is still left, to pourtray the continuous chain of her loving and loveable life, and to lift the reader for a time into the pure and lofty atmosphere of her heart and mind.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

HOLMEURST.



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CHAPTER I.

FAMILY INFLUENCES.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

"Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

LONGFELLOW.

ONE of the figures which excited most attention amid the multitude who thronged the terrace of Windsor Castle during the happier years of the reign of George III., was that of the venerable Mary Granville, Mrs. Delany, who resided at Windsor in her old age, as the honoured and cherished friend of the King and Queen. No one then living had more interesting recollections to relate than the beautiful old lady who, as a child, had sat on Lord Bolingbroke's knee, and had been set down as Maid of Honour by Queen Anne ; who had been intimate with the most remarkable characters of the reigns of George I. and George II., and

whose sense, wit, and natural sweetness of disposition, had been wont to gather the most brilliant literary circle in Europe around her tea-table in St. James's Place. It was of her that Edmund Burke said that she was "not only a truly great woman of fashion, but the highest-bred woman in the world." "Time," says Hannah More, "took very little from her graces or her liveliness, and at eighty-eight she had still the playful charm of eighteen, honoured by all who approached her, and loved by all with whom she associated." *

Mary Granville was the elder of the two daughters of Bernard, grandson of the famous Sir Beville Granville, who, in 1643, lay dead upon the battle-field of Lansdowne Heath, with the patent of the earldom of Bath in his pocket, and a letter from Charles I. gratefully acknowledging his services and his devotion. "What would have clouded any victory," says Clarendon, "and made the loss of others less spoken of, was the death of Sir Beville Granville. . . . A brighter courage and a gentler disposition were never married together to make the most cheerful and innocent conversation." At the Restoration, the elder son of Sir Beville became the first Earl of Bath, and his younger son Bernard, who had carried the news of the Restoration to Charles II. at Breda, was made Groom of the Bedchamber. This Bernard had two sons, George, Lord Lansdowne, celebrated for his accomplishments, and as the friend of Pope and Swift; and Bernard, who

* *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, iii. 56.

married the daughter of Sir Anthony Westcombe (Consul-General of Great Britain at Cadiz), and left four children, Bernard, Beville, Mary, and Anne.

The early history of Mary Granville was a romance and a tragedy. As a child she was adopted by her father's only sister Anne, who had been Maid of Honour to Queen Mary, and after her death married Sir John Stanley,* Commissioner of Customs, and received a grant of apartments in Whitehall. Here little Mary Granville became the intimate childish friend and companion of her cousin Catherine Hyde, afterwards Duchess of Queensberry, whose father then resided over Holbein's Gate, and "whose wit, beauty, and oddities, made her from her early years, when she was Prior's 'Kitty, beautiful and young,' to the end of a long life, a general object of animadversion, censure, and admiration."

Under Lady Stanley's care Mary Granville grew up brilliant and beautiful. When she was only seventeen, while she was staying with her uncle George, Lord Lansdowne, at Longleat, he determined upon her marriage—partly to obtain a good settlement for his niece, but much more to strengthen his own political connection in Cornwall—with a Mr. Pendarves, of Roscrow, a fat, disagreeable, ugly man of sixty, of intemperate habits. It was in vain that Mary Granville remonstrated and implored mercy; in those days marriages were seldom questions of inclination; the

* Of Grange Gorman, Ireland, Bart.

consent of her parents was readily obtained, Lady Stanley would not interfere, and Lord Lansdowne was inexorable. "Never," wrote the unfortunate bride long afterwards, "was woe dressed out in gayer colours, than when I was led to the altar. I lost, not life indeed, but all that makes life desirable." For some months Lord Lansdowne attempted to reconcile his niece to her marriage by detaining her under his roof, and endeavouring to make her believe that life was not so much changed as she anticipated; but the time came when she had to accompany her husband into Cornwall, and to take up her abode in his "dark, disagreeable, desolated castle, in which her head could not reach to the bottom of the windows." Mr. Pendarves was almost always intoxicated, and, when sober, indulged in fits of violent jealousy about his beautiful wife, in spite of her displaying perfect willingness to bury herself in utter seclusion to satisfy him. After two years of misery, she hailed with delight the hope of being restored to her friends, by her husband's determination to reside in London, but her pleasure was soon damped by finding that the house he had engaged was in Rose Street, Soho, and that she was doomed to the constant companionship of his sister, who hated her. In London, however, life was more endurable, for amid the many trials which, especially in those days, lay in wait for a lovely and neglected wife, she had the advice of her aunt Lady Stanley—and was always willing to follow her maxim—"Avoid putting yourself in danger,

fly from temptation, for it is always odds on the tempter's side." Her willingness to give up any amusement to stay with her husband, now almost constantly confined to the house by the gout, was invariable, and he so far appreciated her dutiful submission, that seven years after his marriage he made a will in her favour, but on the morning after he made it, his wife found him dead by her side, and the will was unsigned!

Mary Pendarves was only twenty-four, when she found herself a widow. Her connection with Cornwall was broken, her husband's property having all passed away to a niece, so that she continued to reside in London. She had many admirers, but the only person who attracted her was Lord Baltimore, to whom she had nearly given her heart, when she found she had bestowed it unworthily. This disappointment, and the death of her aunt Stanley, induced her to accompany her friend Mrs. Donnellan to Ireland in 1730, on a visit which was prolonged for three years. During this time she became intimately acquainted with Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, and with many other eminent persons, amongst them Dr. Delany, then recently married, whom she admired for his "humanity and benevolence, charity and generosity." With Swift, Mrs. Pendarves kept up a correspondence after her return to England in 1733, when she had the delight of finding in her only sister Anne Granville all that her fondest hopes could anticipate, and of cementing a

lifelong friendship with Margaret, Duchess of Portland,* the "Grace of Graces," who was fourteen years younger than herself, and whom she had known from birth, but with whom an almost unparalleled similarity of tastes and sympathies now united her in the closest bonds of intimacy. In 1740 she witnessed the happy marriage of her sister Anne with Mr. Dewes, of Wellesbourne, after which she found her principal interests in the house of the Duke and Duchess of Portland, till Dr. Delany, then a widower, made her an offer of marriage. This proposal, though opposed by her brother and many of her other friends, she was induced to accept after having been nineteen years a widow, by her high estimation of Dr. Delany, and she was married in 1743. In the following year her husband was made Dean of Down, and she accompanied him to Ireland, where their principal residence was at Delville near Dublin.

In accepting Dr. Delany as her husband, Mrs. Pen-darves had stipulated to be as little separated as possible from Mrs. Dewes, the beloved "sister of her heart." Accordingly, every third year was spent in England, chiefly between Wellesbourne and Bulstrode, and from 1744 to 1746, the sisters were almost constantly in each other's society, enjoying what they called "days snatched out of the shade" of the rest of their lives. Even when in the most thorough enjoyment of her

* Margaret Cavendish Harley, born 1714, wife of William, second Duke of Portland, was the only child and heiress of Edward, second Earl of Oxford, by his wife Henrietta Cavendish Holles, only child and heiress of John, Duke of Newcastle.

husband's companionship, and of his beautiful property of Delville, Mrs. Delany felt a void in the absence of her sister.

"How often," she wrote in 1750, "do I delude myself with agreeable visions. We walk together from room to room, I show you all my stores of every kind; you are most pleased with my workroom and the library within it; the Dean hurries us into the garden, there you are more pleased than with anything in the house; the fine prospect, the variety of walks, the shades, the seats, the flowers, and the deer, all take your fancy; and all our pleasures are heightened by the dear little Mary's running and bounding as we go along, but alas! the vision is vanished, a cloud is come over it for the present, and instead of enjoying your presence I am addressing a letter to you that must go, by sea and land, hundreds of miles before it kisses your hands."

Yet these were the golden years of Mrs. Delany's life, and when her husband was frequently spoken of as the probable recipient of a vacant bishopric, she only dreaded an honour which must remove her from her beloved Delville, and break up a present of which the happiness was assured, for an uncertain future.

"I have often," she wrote in 1752, "thought of late my lot most singularly happy, more so than is generally met with in this world of woe: a husband of infinite merit, and deservedly most dear to me; a sister whose delicate and uncommon friendship makes me the envy of all other

sisters; a brother of worth and honour; and a friend in the Duchess of Portland not to be equalled, besides so many other friends, that altogether make up the sum of my happiness."

In Ireland also, Mrs. Delany had much pleasure in the society of her goddaughter, "Sally Chapone," sister-in-law of the Hester Chapone, who was the authoress of the well-known "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind." This Sarah Chapone was married at Delville to Daniel Sandford, of Sandford Hall in Shropshire; her second son, born at Delville, was Daniel Sandford, afterwards Bishop of Edinburgh, in whom Mrs. Delany always retained an almost maternal interest.

In 1760 the happiness of Mrs. Delany became overshadowed by the failing health of her idolised sister. She joined her in England with the Dean, and accompanied her to Bristol hot-wells, where she had the anguish of seeing her fade day by day, till her peaceful death in the following June. Mr. Dewes was compelled to be absent from his wife's death-bed with his boys at Wellesbourne: so that their only daughter, Mary Dewes, was alone with her mother and aunt at the time, and to her in her desolation Mrs. Delany seemed at once to transfer all the boundless affection she had felt for the sister she had lost. Henceforward the education and the happiness of her niece Mary was the chief object of her life.

The loss of Mrs. Delany's sister was followed in

1768, at Bath, by that of her husband, the Dean of Down, to whom she had been tenderly attached. The then widowed Duchess of Portland immediately joined her sorrowing friend, and accompanied her to Calwich in Staffordshire, the residence of her brother, where she was joined by her beloved niece. In her elder and only surviving brother,* Bernard Granville, Mrs. Delany found little sympathy. He was a high-bred and accomplished person, but stern, unloving, and unloved. He had lived longer than was good for him in the society of Rousseau and others at Paris, and, after his return to England, a disappointment in love had induced him to dispose of that part of the Granville property which he had inherited in Cornwall, and to purchase the estate of Calwich, where he established himself wholly amongst strangers, breaking off all family habits, and caring little henceforward to see any of his relations, except the children of his sister, Mrs. Dewes, who were dreadfully afraid of him. His most constant associate in the neighbourhood was Rousseau, who came into the country, attracted by the society of Mr. Granville, but refused to take up his residence at Calwich, preferring to live in the empty mansion of Mr. Davenport—Wootton Hall on Wever Hill, just above the rich pastures and woods where the monastery of Calwich had once occupied a sunny slope near a small river flowing towards the Dove.

* Beville Granville, second brother of Mrs. Delany, had died in Jamaica (without children) in 1736.

To young Mary Dewes the presence of "Monsieur Rousseau," who used to write notes to her—"à ma belle voisine," had been a relief in her long visits to her formidable uncle, and her partiality for him rather shocked Mrs. Delany, who wrote to her,—“I always take alarm when virtue in general terms is the idol, without the support of *religion*, the only foundation that can be our security to build upon.” Another constant visitor at Calwich had been Handel, who used to play for hours upon the organ there. A manuscript collection of Handel's music in thirty-eight volumes, was written for Mr. Granville under the direction of the great composer himself. On Mr. Granville's death, in 1775, he left his property of Calwich to John Dewes, the youngest son of his sister Anne. Mrs. Delany was at that time resident at Windsor, and on her presenting her nephew to the King, he desired that Mr. Dewes should thenceforth take the name of Granville. This is the Mr. Granville, brother of Mary Dewes, who is frequently mentioned afterwards in these volumes.*

Mrs. Delany purchased a house in St. James's Place, where, in winter, the Dowager Duchess of Portland

* John Dewes or D'Ewes who assumed the name of Granville, married Harriet Joan, second daughter and co-heiress of John De la Bere, of Southam near Cheltenham, and died 1826. The death of his only son John Granville, in 1800, is described in these memoirs. He was succeeded in his estates by his nephew Court (son of his elder brother Bernard D'Ewes and Anne eldest daughter of the above John De la Bere of Southam) who sold the property of Calwich.

spent every evening with her, many other friends dropping in around the hospitable tea-table. The summers were spent with the Duchess at Bulstrode, whither Mary Dewes generally accompanied Mrs. Delany; indeed the Duchess became almost as fond of "our Mary" as Mrs. Delany herself, and from Bulstrode Miss Dewes was married at Upton Church in December, 1770, to Mr. Port of Ilam in Derbyshire, who had changed his name from that of Sparrow on succeeding to the property of a maternal uncle. In the following year, their eldest daughter, Georgina Mary Ann, was born, and obtained her first name by being goddaughter, as her mother was before her, to their cousin Georgina Spencer (afterwards Countess Cowper) daughter of John, Earl Granville, and her second and third names from her aunt and mother. Mary Dewes had many other children afterwards,* but none were so dear to Mrs. Delany as the eldest-born, who was almost equally beloved by the Duchess of Portland

* John, born March 15, 1773, godson of the Duchess of Portland. George Rowe, born August 18, 1774, called by Mrs. Delany from his beauty "my little Vandyke:" who entered the navy under Admiral Jervis, and died at Antigua of yellow fever on board H.M.S. *Reprisal*. Bernard, born March 7, 1776, who succeeded to the family living of Ilam, being the last relic of the family estates in Derbyshire, where he was greatly beloved, and died in 1854. Louisa, born April 7, 1778, who married Mr. Brownlow Villiers Layard, afterwards Rector of Uffington in Lincolnshire. Beville, born January 22, 1780, who entered Lord Howe's regiment of 19th Light Dragoons, and died at Bungalowore in the East Indies, July 6, 1801, of a wound received in action. Harriet, born June 15, 1781, who died unmarried. Frances Anne, born April 18, 1783, who married Mr. Ram, of Clonolten, Co. Wexford.

—“our little Portia” or “our little lamb,” the two old ladies called her—and the Duchess gave her an ivory box, on the lid of which was worked in hair on satin a little lamb sheltered by two old trees, intended to be emblematic of the child and her aged protectresses. When she was six years old, Mrs. Delany, fearing that she might not live to see her great niece grow up, wrote an “Essay on Propriety” for the future formation of her manners. In the following year the extravagance of Mr. Port obliged him to let Ilam, and the “sweet bird” of seven years old came to live altogether as a daughter with her old aunt of seventy-eight. It made the sunshine of her life. “She is everybody’s delight,” wrote Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, “so no wonder she should wind about my heart, being attached to it by the double tie of being the child of my dearest Mary, and I could carry this chain at least a link higher.”* The education of her adopted child was henceforward Mrs. Delany’s chief occupation, and it is touching to read of the stately old lady having procured a master “to teach *us* to walk and curtsy.” Both Mrs. Delany and the Duchess found delight in instructing her in botany and conchology, which were their own favourite pursuits, for the collection of precious stones, shells, flowers, and rare animals at Bulstrode was already celebrated all over Europe: the birth of a new flower was an event of life in the circle of the

* That to her own sister Anne Granville, grandmother of the little “Portia.”

Duchess, and her correspondence is filled with minute questions on botany and natural history. It was a marked day at Bulstrode, when the Duchess, coming into her friend's room, found her surrounded by paper chips, and asked Mrs. Delany "what she was doing with that geranium," when, taking up the beautiful flower lying on the table which had attracted her notice, she found that it was a paper imitation from the hand of her friend. This, executed in her seventy-fourth year, was the first specimen of the wonderful Flora of paper which was the principal recreation of the latter years of Mrs. Delany, and which is still the marvel of all who behold it.*

The letters of Mrs. Delany to her niece have become important as memorials of the personal history of George III. and his family. Their visits to Bulstrode were constant. Sometimes the King rode over alone attended by a single equerry. Sometimes the Queen and Princesses arrived in two coaches and six, accompanied by the King and a number of gentlemen on horseback. To Mrs. Delany the royal personages were ever full of kindness and courtesy. One day the King brought her "a gold knotting-shuttle," and the

* Horace Walpole in his "Anecdotes of Painters," mentions Mrs. Delany, who "at the age of seventy-four *invented* the art of paper mosaic, with which material (coloured) she executed, in eight years, within 20 of 1,000 various flowers and flowering shrubs with a precision and truth unparalleled." Sir Joseph Banks used to say that Mrs. Delany's mosaic flowers were the only representations of nature from which he could venture to describe a plant botanically without the least fear of committing an error.

Queen a frame for weaving fringe upon. They were gratified with the pleasure which she showed in the royal children, and when the Queen remarked that she had not yet seen all of them, the King said, "That is a fault which is easily rectified," and desired that a day might be fixed for Mrs. Delany to come with the Duchess to drink tea at Windsor Castle. On this her first visit, as on many others, the old lady was led about by the little Princes and Princesses. Soon afterwards the Queen was so gracious as to take a lesson from Mrs. Delany on her spinning-wheel at Bulstrode, and to accept from her the present of a spinning-wheel: Mrs. Delany said that she "forgot her infirmities in the cordial of royal kindness." As an instance of the charming manners which characterised the royal children she mentions the little Princess Mary (afterwards Duchess of Gloucester) in "cherry-coloured tabby with silver leading strings," having forgotten her name, and coming up to her with—"How do you do, Duchess of Portland's friend, and how does your little niece do? I wish you had brought her."

In July, 1785, the tender friendship of a lifetime was broken by the death of the Duchess of Portland. Mrs. Delany was then in her eighty-fifth year, and bitterly felt the blow. Her great niece, the little "Portia," was immediately sent to meet her on her return from Bulstrode to her own house in London. All her friends vied in showing her sympathy, but that which touched her most was the conduct of George III. and Queen

Charlotte, who said that they availed themselves of the circumstance that she might miss her summer visits at Bulstrode to present her with a house at Windsor, and to desire that she would always move there when the court moved. At the same time, with that delicate attention which marked their whole conduct towards her, the King presented her with £300 a year, that she might not suffer by the expense of an additional establishment; while to prevent even the appearance of a pension, as well as the possibility of the sum being diminished by taxation, the Queen used regularly to bring the half-year's amount in a pocket-book when she made her a visit. A touching instance of the extreme kindness of heart shown by Queen Charlotte at this time is narrated in a letter from Mrs. Preston to Mrs. F. Hamilton—"As soon as the Duchess of Portland died, Mrs. Delany got into the chaise to go to her own house, the Duke followed her, begging to know what she would accept that had belonged to his mother. Mrs. Delany recollected a bird that the Duchess always fed and kept in her own room, and desired to have it, and felt towards it, as you must suppose! In a few days, Mrs. Delany got a bad fever, and the bird died; but for some hours she was too ill even to recollect her bird. The Queen had one of the same sort which she valued extremely (a weaver bird); she took it with her own hands, and while Mrs. Delany slept she had the cage brought, and put her own bird into it, charging every one not to let it go so near Mrs.

Delany, that she could perceive the change, till she was enough recovered, better to bear the loss of her first favourite."

When Mrs. Delany was about to move to Windsor, the Queen sent to desire that her "dearest Mrs. Delany" would bring herself and her niece, clothes and attendants, but stores of every kind would be laid in for her, and on reaching her new home she was received and welcomed by the King himself.

The garden of Mrs. Delany's house joined that of the Queen's Lodge. On the morning after her arrival Her Majesty sent one of her ladies to know "how she had rested," and "whether her coming would not be troublesome." Writing to Mrs. Hamilton afterwards, Mrs. Delany says, "Her Majesty came up-stairs. Our meeting was mutually affecting. She repeated in the strongest terms her wish, and the King's, that I should be as easy and as happy as they could possibly make me; that they waived all ceremony, and desired to come to me like *friends!*" Henceforward Mrs. Delany usually spent two or three evenings at the Queen's Lodge, visits which were frequently returned without any ceremony by the royal family. The King would lead her about leaning on his arm: the Queen would come, unannounced, to dine with her "on veal cutlets and orange pudding:" she was permitted to have a share in all their sorrows and anxieties, and of their domestic happiness her journals and letters give the most delightful pictures.

"*November 9, 1785.*—I have been several evenings at the Queen's Lodge, with no other company but their own most lovely family. They sit round a large table, on which are books, work, pencils, and paper. The Queen has the goodness to make me sit down next to her; and delights me with her conversation, whilst the younger part of the family are drawing and working, the beautiful babe, Princess Amelia, bearing her part in the entertainment, sometimes in one of her sister's laps, sometimes playing with the King on the carpet; which altogether, exhibits such a delightful scene, as would require an Addison's pen, or a Vandyke's pencil, to do justice to it. In the next room is the band of music, which plays from eight o'clock till ten. The King directs them what pieces of music to play, chiefly Handel. Here I must stop and return to my own house. On the 28th their Majesties, the five princesses, and the youngest princes, came at seven o'clock in the evening to drink tea with me. All the princes and princesses had a commerce table,—Miss Emily Clayton, daughter to Lady Louisa Clayton, and Miss Port, did the honours of it."

"*August 11, 1787.*—At this time of year the evenings are devoted by my royal friends to the terrace till eight o'clock, when they return to the Lodge to their tea and concert of music, and happy are those that are admitted to that circle! The Queen has had the goodness to command me to come whenever it is quite easy for me to do it, without sending particularly for me, lest it should embarrass me to refuse; so that most evenings at half an hour past seven I go to Miss Burney's apartment, and when the royal family return from the terrace, the King, or one

of the princesses (generally the youngest, Princess Amelia, just four years old), come into the room, take me by the hand, and lead me into the drawing-room, where there is a chair ready for me by the Queen's left hand. The three eldest princesses sit round the table, and the ladies in waiting, Lady Charlotte Finch and Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave. A vacant chair is left for the King, whenever he pleases to sit down in it. *Everyone* is employed with their pencil, needle, or knotting. Between the pieces of music the conversation is easy and pleasant; and, for an hour before the conclusion of the whole, the King plays at backgammon with one of his equerries."

These were happy days for the little "Portia," who was frequently allowed the companionship of the younger princesses, Mary and Sophia, while with Miss Emilia Clayton* she made an intimate friendship, which was broken by her first great sorrow, in the death of that young lady of a rapid decline in 1787. Queen Charlotte took a personal interest in the writing lessons of Mrs. Delany's niece, and taught her to imitate her own beautiful handwriting, which is known to have been singularly perfect. The Queen also desired that Miss Port should have drawing lessons from the same master as the Princesses, lessons always given between the hours of divine service on a Sunday, which was considered a proper day for a quiet and interesting occupation which was neither labour nor dissipation.

* Daughter of Lady Louisa Clayton, Lady of the Bedchamber to Princess Amelia, second daughter of George II.

An amusing adventure is narrated in a letter of 1787,* of which Miss Port was the heroine. The royal family were absent at Kew, and as they did not like to live a day without seeing Mrs. Delany, they took her with them. On one of the days of their absence, the King went over to Windsor, and while he was walking on the terrace, thought he would go into Mrs. Delany's, and knocked at a room door. A young lady was sitting in the room, and said, "Who is there?" A voice replied "*It is me,*" then said she "*Me* may stay where he is." Again there was a knock, and she again said, "Who is there?" The voice answered "*It is me,*" then said she "*Me* is impertinent, and may go about his business." Upon the knocking being repeated a third time, some person who was with her advised her to open the door, and *see* who it could be; when, to her great astonishment, who should it be but the King himself! All she could utter was, "What *shall* I say?" "Nothing at all," said his Majesty, "you were very right to be cautious who you admitted."

Surrounded to the last by an atmosphere of affectionate reverence, Mrs. Delany died in her house in St. James's Place on the 15th April, 1788, aged eighty-eight. Miss Port was then only seventeen, and the blow was almost overwhelming to her. Not only did she lose her second mother, the wise and loving companion of her life, but her life itself, in all its surroundings and associations, was necessarily changed hence-

* Mrs. Mee to Mrs. Anne Vincy.

forward.* In her passionate devotion to her aunt, she had imbibed her tastes, and was capable of drawing just comparisons, and of measuring others by the standard of her who had trained her mind from infancy. She had lived in an atmosphere of extreme refinement, as well as of virtue, and although not old enough to be formally presented at Court, she was known to all who belonged to it, and was in the habit of daily intercourse with the different members of the Royal Family. The days she looked back upon had been passed in the most perfect happiness. With the comfort and security of home, she had enjoyed the society of all the great and good who met in Mrs. Delany's house, and though she had never entered the dissipation of the world, she had lived in the constant enjoyment of all the best things the world had to bestow.

In looking forward to the desolate future of her niece, and in entrusting her to the guardianship of Mr. Court D'Ewes, of Wellesbourne, the eldest son of her beloved sister Anne, Mrs. Delany had entirely miscalculated his future conduct. As is too often the case, she fancied that because to *her* he was all respect and attention, he must feel exactly as she did towards his niece. It never seems to have entered into her contemplation that he would not carry out all her desires and wishes, whether expressed or not. In fact she thought

* For almost all the particulars given here of Mrs. Delany, the editor is indebted to Lady Llanover's "Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany."

that there was but one mind between them, and that, for his own sake, he would be, not only the guardian, but the father, and the sympathising counsellor and protector of her adopted child, whose dazzling beauty and remarkable intellectual qualities, Mrs. Delany believed that she placed in the tenderest as well as the safest hands, when she entrusted her to her uncle, and left everything of importance to his decision. But events were very different to her anticipations. Mr. D'Ewes had naturally a cold and ungenial nature, and, from the moment of Mrs. Delany's death, her cherished child had not only reason to feel that she was neither loved or understood, but was treated by her uncle with positive coldness and harshness, as well as with neglect of her worldly interests.

It does not appear that Mrs. Delany was ever as partial to her nephew Granville of Calwich, or as intimate with him, as she was with his brother of Wellesbourne, an estrangement which might naturally arise from her having been herself once looked upon as the heiress of her brother Granville; and having been disinherited in favour of this nephew, probably in consequence of her brother's annoyance at her marriage with Dr. Delany, who was not her equal in birth. Young Granville of Calwich was, however, of a very different disposition to his brother. Full of kindness and geniality, he vied in acts of liberality and benevolence with his wife Harriet Joan De la Bere, who was peculiarly dignified and high-bred,

though her reserve generally caused young persons to stand in awe of her. Thus, in her deep sorrow, Miss Port was thankful when she was allowed to leave Wellesbourne and take refuge with her younger uncle and aunt, and Mrs. Granville, usually so undemonstrative, was soon won by her rare qualities, to regard her with warm affection. She took her to Bath, where, as was then the fashion, it was considered necessary for health to spend some weeks or months every year, and where Mr. Granville had a house of his own : and here, though Miss Port had never been "out" in the common acceptation of the term, she could not accompany her uncle and aunt in their walks and drives, without seeing and being seen.

It is not known that Miss Port ever spoke to the gentleman she afterwards married, before he proposed for her to Mr. and Mrs. Granville, according to the practice then in vogue. There could not have been the slightest intimacy (if any acquaintance) between Mr. Waddington and herself, and the first idea she had of a proposal from him was through some words accidentally dropped by her uncle and aunt to each other, when they were unconscious or unobservant that she was in the room. The effect upon her was electrical. Sensitive and impulsive by nature to the highest degree, the impression made was that her relations could not have her real interests at heart if for a moment they could even recognise the possibility of such a marriage, while the consciousness that the

gentleman in question must disinterestedly care for her to think of it, suddenly determined her to accept his proposal if it was made. Thus, when her uncle considered it his duty to make a formal announcement of the offer she had received, and to request her decision, he was astonished by her immediate acceptance of it. She was entirely engrossed by the torturing idea that those she was beginning to love did not love her. She thought nothing of a disparity of age of between twenty and thirty years—nothing of anything, but that an individual, said to be unexceptionable in character, valued her, she knew not why. Since the death of Mrs. Delany, the world had been a blank to her. She believed it would always remain so, and meantime she would endeavour to make one person happy, though she never expected to be so herself. She married at eighteen in the same state of mind in which a nun takes the black veil, except that there are few nuns who believe none are left to care for them outside the walls of their prison.

Mr. Waddington had a good fortune, and his family was of very ancient origin, though at that time it had fallen into insignificance. Walter de Waddington was lord of Waddington in Lincolnshire, and had a daughter, who in the thirteenth century married Sir Roger Tempest, Knt., of Bracewell. In the eighteenth century there are records of inter-marriages with the families of Beckwith of Aldborough, Tyrwhitt of Stamford, and Cradock of Hartforth in Yorkshire.

In 1740, the Rev. Joshua Waddington, Vicar of Harworth and Walkeringham in Nottinghamshire, married Ann, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Ferrand, Vicar of Bingley. Ann Ferrand was ultimately the heiress of Towes in Lincolnshire, which devolved through her to her son Thomas. Her son Benjamin Waddington married Miss Port.

Upon his marriage, Mr. Waddington rented Dunston Park in Berkshire, but merely as a temporary residence. There, his eldest daughter Harriet was born (1790), who survived only a few months. Her birth was followed, on the 4th of March, 1791, by that of Frances, afterwards Baroness Bunsen. Soon after this Mr. Waddington removed to Llanover, an estate he had purchased in South Wales, where his beautiful wife consented to reside for the next eleven years in perfect seclusion, without even visiting London; where she not only educated her daughter but herself, while accommodating herself to the life which she felt it her duty not only to endure but to learn to enjoy. Her delight in Nature was her greatest consolation in this total isolation from all the friends, associates, and companions of her former existence, and she cultivated this taste to the uttermost, and imparted it to her children.

There were perhaps only two points of resemblance in the disposition of the father and mother of the Baroness Bunsen, and these were generosity in their actions and a scrupulous regard to truth. Being exceedingly phlegmatic, Mr. Waddington was without

the slightest particle of imagination. He was a remarkable instance of a great reader, who had no preference with regard to subject and who kept no particular object in view. He would steadily read for hours with the most perfect satisfaction, and never appeared to skip a single page. Whatever work he began he regularly finished, and he seldom made the slightest comment upon it. Travels, biographies, and also works of fiction, were perused with the same patient attention. If the weather was fine and he could take his accustomed long walks and rides, he was much out of doors, but if the weather prevented this, he would seat himself in his great chair in his own room and read from breakfast-time—8 or 8.30 till 1 o'clock, and again from 2 or 3 till 5 o'clock, which was his regular dinner-hour. He never seemed to know the meaning of the word *ennui*: punctual as a machine in all his habits, he pursued his various occupations like clock-work, and their monotony never seemed to weary him. A good deal of his time was taken up by the business of a magistrate, which was then transacted by each country gentleman in his own room. It has been said that many of them had butlers who were expected to read up the law and answer to certain points when referred to, but it is not believed that Mr. Waddington's well-known butler "Abraham" ever did more than acquaint himself with the persons and circumstances of those who came to seek justice from his master.

Mr. Waddington's time for conversation was after his dinner, when his wife would keep him company, and hear anything that had occurred during the day either to interest or annoy him. If any unforeseen event in or out of the establishment happened to disturb him, he instantly went to her, and she possessed great influence over him, though his routine of life was not in the slightest degree altered by her society. For some time he troubled and worried himself with farming, but finding that it did not increase his happiness and very much interfered with his comfort to see everything going wrong, he gradually put his agricultural affairs into the hands of his wife, who amongst other useful arts had acquired a practical knowledge of the subject, and soon succeeded in establishing order and neatness in the farming department.

Mrs. Waddington was an excellent judge of horses, seeming to inherit the gift of her family in her judgment of those animals, and without ever having been a hard rider or being accustomed to follow the hounds, she was always perfectly at home on horseback—an accomplishment she had been taught by her father at a very early age. As long as her health permitted, one of her greatest pleasures was taking rides in the beautiful country by which she was surrounded. One of her favourite expeditions was to the residence of her old friend and neighbour Admiral Gell, near Crickhowel, whither her little daughter Frances accompanied her when old enough—and often afterwards recurred with

delight to those summer evening rides amid the singing of nightingales.

There was no country paper of any kind published within forty miles of Llanover, and the chief dependence for news was upon the arrival from London of the *Morning Chronicle*, which came in the evening. But, as there was no post-delivery, Mr. Waddington would never accustom himself to look forward to the arrival of letters or newspapers, and unless there was any reason to *expect* letters, the newspapers were never considered of sufficient importance for any one to be sent four miles on purpose to fetch them. Although few men have been more truly, though secretly, a father of the fatherless, or have lent large sums with greater generosity to assist friends in distress, yet he had a peculiar aversion to the expenditure of any avoidable small sum, and he did not conceal that the payment of turnpikes was an object of consideration which often turned the balance against sending to the post office.* His old servants and workmen were, however, much attached to him, and although his temper was very choleric when provoked, he was substantially so benevolent and just a master that this warmth of temper, which was quickly over, was regarded by them more as a peculiarity than a fault.

* On one occasion he lost several thousand pounds which he had lent to a friend, from his determination to save the postage of a letter of inquiry as to the payment of the policy of insurance. The friend died suddenly, the policy was not paid, and the whole sum was forfeited.

The susceptibility of Mr. Waddington to small things in money matters was by no means shared by his wife, who combined equal generosity with liberality on all subjects. To her servants she was a friend as well as a mistress, and she took a personal interest in the welfare of each and all of her poorer neighbours. During the period of her quiet life at Llanover she suffered great affliction in the death of two infant daughters—Matilda and Mary Ann. The latter died of small-pox (1792), at the age of one year and seven months, and her mother could never allude to her death without anguish. The child had been inoculated for the small-pox (vaccination being then unknown), and she was attended night and day by her mother, upon whom the effect lasted for life of seeing her expire under that grievous disease (which had been produced artificially) upon a being previously in perfect health. It is probable that the deaths of these infants and the loss of her eldest child, which she attributed to the ignorance of a professed nurse when she herself was utterly inexperienced, was the direct cause of the extraordinary care as well as knowledge for which she was eminently distinguished in later life as regarded the treatment of children and invalids. She applied her powerful intellect to the subject; and although she neither wrote books nor tormented others with advice, she taught herself by observation to discriminate between good and evil, and became the instructress as well as the mistress of her nurses.

CHAPTER II.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

“Think nought a trifle, though it small appear,
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life.”

YOUNG.

“Il n’y a pas de petites choses dans ce monde, attendu
que Dieu se mêle de toutes.”—MADAME SWETCHINE.

ABOUT four miles from Abergavenny, where the green meadows are divided by the river Usk, nine crystal springs bursting side by side from a rock, beneath a wooded hill, form the holy fountain of Gofer, the hermit whose memory gives a name to Llanover, or the Church of Gofer.* On the left, the thickly wooded valley is girt by the Blawreng, or the “grey ridge:” on the right, above the nearer hills, rises the quaint form of Pen-y-val, or the Sugar-loaf: while, behind Abergavenny, is Scyrryd Vawr, or “the Holy Mountain,” which, like Monserrat in Spain and La Vernia in Italy, is supposed to have been rent asunder

* Gofer is one of the three uncanonized saints of Gwent, Henwg and Gwareg being the two others.

at the Crucifixion, and which still bears on its summit the ruins of a chapel of St. Michael, whither Roman Catholic peasants ascend on Michelmas Eve, and bring away its sacred earth to place in the coffins of their dead, or to throw into graves to keep evil spirits at a distance.

In the midst of the valley, embosomed in trees, stands the White House of Llanover, roomy, simple, and old-fashioned, and surrounded by large shrubberies. A brook rushes rapidly through the garden, forming pools, cascades, and islets charming to children, and imparting a constant freshness to the green depths around. The planting of larches (then a new tree) around Llanover was one of the favourite occupations of Mr. Waddington's life: in 1799 no less than 120,000 larch-trees were brought from Glasgow for this purpose.

At Llanover, four daughters were born to Mr. and Mrs. Waddington, of whom only two—Emilia, born February 3rd, 1794, and Augusta, born March 21st, 1802—lived to grow up.

In her eighty-third year, the Baroness Bunsen, at the solicitation of her daughters and grand-daughters, committed to writing some *ricordi* of her childhood, from which the following notes are extracted.

“The first event in my life of which I have a distinct recollection was sitting for the portrait painted of me, with my sister Emilia, by Mr. Roche, a deaf and dumb miniature-painter at Bath, where my parents staid for

a short time in 1796. My beautiful aunt, Louisa Port was then with us, the charming and lively companion of my mother, of whose presence I was always glad. I remember many walks at Bath with my mother and her sister Louisa, and have indistinct visions of their dress—especially of a purple silk which my aunt called her ‘dignified dress,’ and which was made in the then-beginning fashion of ‘a round gown,’ that is, an entire skirt, not open in front and parting to show the under-petticoat. Short sleeves, morning as well as evening, were then universal, and my mother had long gloves of York tan (as they were called), yellow, and reaching to the elbow, sewed into a cuff of green satin which was pinned on the sleeve: her cloak was of black silk trimmed with black lace, very narrow, and hanging down long in front. I remember a bonnet like that worn by the peasants of the Canton du Valais, black satin with yellow satin bows set all round the rather lengthy crown.

“One day I walked with my mother and aunt to the Sydney Gardens, as they were called. In one part were swings, and one in particular called a Merlin swing, in which the swingers sat two and two, opposite; those at the corners pulling ropes alternately by which the swing was set in motion. Two gentlemen, who had joined us in our walk, acceded to the desire of the ladies in mounting the swing. My little sister and I remained on the gravel walk with the maid, and saw one of these gentlemen become paler and paler, till he almost fainted, and was helped out of the swing by the gardener. This was M. Lajand de Cherval, an emigrant, and a man of brilliant conversation, who had been in the intimacy of

Talleyrand when he was in his ecclesiastical splendour. I saw him once many years later, a specimen of that high-bred old French society which will hardly be found to survive now. I observed his name as one of the intimates of Talleyrand during the visit of Mr. Pitt on that early occasion of his travelling in France before the Revolution; and as having asked a question as to the quarter from whence Mr. Pitt would most apprehend alteration and danger to the English constituted authority as then existing; when Mr. Pitt replied, 'From the democratic power, which is steadily increasing.' This opinion, contrasted with the Resolution fresh in memory, proposed in Parliament by Mr. Fox, that 'the royal authority had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished,' will hardly have failed to impress the mind of the highly-gifted questioner as to the specific gravity of the young man before him, who as yet the world knew not.

"The birth of my sister Matilda (23rd September, 1797) is the first event of which I have a clear consciousness both as to joy and sorrow: to see the baby and touch it, caused a sensation which still thrills through me; and her death (7th October) was a terrible new idea, and caused bitter tears. That morning my father entered the room in tears, and when I begged to know the reason, I heard him speak, but only distinguished the words—'Poor Matilda!' which I supposed meant only that he had found her ill, for I knew that she had been so the day before; and it was not till I had come with my little sister Emily to breakfast with my father, that I understood the awful fact, from hearing him give orders to Roper the carpenter for the coffin! I caught directions for the letters

to be inscribed upon it, which caused me a burst of crying hard to get the better of—which was the duty of the moment, for ‘to cry is naughty,’ in nursery law. I was pained that little Emily could not understand what was the matter, and nowhere did I meet with a demonstration of sympathy: so I had a lesson, often repeated in my early life, that sorrow must be borne alone. My mother was too ill to be visited, and not till long after had I the new pleasure of seeing her up and dressed, and again able to hear me read and do lessons. I can see her now in mind, as I first saw her again then, in a dress of printed calico, with tight sleeves reaching to the elbow, and brown leathern mittens.

“A great event in my early life was a journey made in 1797 to visit a number of relations. Our first station was Derby, where my grandfather Mr. Port had a house, after he was obliged to leave his beautiful residence of Ilam, from the embarrassment of his pecuniary circumstances. My grandfather was a handsome old gentleman, very kind to children. His daughter Louisa was at the head of his household, and a younger daughter Harriet was a piece of still life in the house, overflowing with kindness and devotedness to everybody; but, as the only plain member of the family, not regarded as her qualities deserved. My aunt Harriet is the person in my life’s experience to whom I have felt most bound to bear affection, for she deserved it of me by her unfailing kindness. My youngest aunt, Fanny (afterwards Mrs. Ram) lived entirely with her parents by adoption, my great uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Granville of Calwich.

“From Derby we went to Tuxford in Nottinghamshire,

the dwelling of my father's brother George—a clergyman, who had been tutor to Prince William, afterwards Duke of Clarence and subsequently King—a most uncompromising Liberal, not to say Radical, who had much influence over the opinions of his relations. At York, we were received at the Deanery by the Dean and his daughter, Miss Fountayne. The Deanery was very striking to me, in its antiquated dignity and gloom. The Cathedral is still fresh in my memory! How I have longed to see it again, but that has never happened; only I think I have renewed the very early, but deep and sincere tribute of heart-beating admiration and solemn awe, then called forth, every time that I have seen a Gothic cathedral since. From York we proceeded to Pocklington, where Mr. Baskett, the husband of my father's youngest sister, was the clergyman. I liked the time spent in that curious old house of Pocklington, and remember the party as very lively and sociable, and delighted with my mother. Here too I saw old Mrs. Waddington, my father's mother (who died at the age of 93), on a visit to her daughter. In returning, my parents paused for a few hours at Ludlow in Herefordshire, and I first remember having been excited to strong emotion by scenery, in exploring its old castle and its beautiful river and bridge.

“In the following year, when I was again at Bath with my parents and Aunt Louisa, one of the events was a morning-visit to my mother, on account of old acquaintance from her Windsor-life with Mrs. Delany, from the Prince Ernest, afterwards Duke of Cumberland, later King of Hanover. I was placed with little Emily, to stand in a corner by the window, and ordered to look out—but rather

I looked the other way, greatly curious as to what a Prince might be like, and I believe was disappointed to see him appear much like the gentlemen that accompanied him, very tall, fair, freckled, and flaxen-haired: such is my impression. Another frequent visitor was Tom Sheridan, who interested me far more than the Prince, and the image of his fine face and figure, and the charm of his animated conversation, remain distinct in my memory, though I probably understood very little of the subject of the fun which entertained me: only I know that he teased my mother and aunt by describing how they had tripped over the miry streets with drapery held up, and that he imitated the inevitable hop, skip, and jump: and he blamed himself for out-staying the hour when they ought to have been at dinner, assuring them that the mutton would be over-roasted, the potatoes boiled to rags, and that their plates would scorch their fingers—repeating that they ought to turn him out of the house, but still staying on and making them laugh, as I did in a corner. This was the father of the three beautiful ladies whom later I admired in London and gazed at with an interest independent of their rare perfections.* Later than the date of this vision, so bright to my young eyes, as well as to those of my elders, it was told in my hearing that Tom Sheridan had married a Miss Calendar: and still later came the tidings that Tom Sheridan, in hopeless consumption, had gone to try the effect of a milder climate, at the Cape of Good Hope—where the scene soon closed in death. I hope and believe that he

* The Duchess of Somerset; Lady Dufferin, afterwards Lady Gifford; and the Hon. Mrs. Norton, afterwards Lady Stirling Maxwell.

was happy in the love of his wife, and thus may have known something of the best that life can afford. Could I but remember right, the lines in Crabbe's Gipsy—

“ ‘ Though abused and driven astray
Thou hast travelled far and wandered long ;
Thy God hath seen thee all the way,
And every turn that led thee wrong.’ ”

“ In 1799 my father became Sheriff for the county. There was a general invitation of neighbours of various classes to breakfast, on the morning when he was to drive with four horses and servants in new liveries, to meet and escort the Judges coming to Monmouth. I well remember the unusual bustle, the tables set out, and the farmers' wives and daughters invited in and seated at the breakfast tables, served and attended to by my mother after the cavalcade had departed. The hill-field and its steep ascent gave opportunity for seeing the javelin-men, consisting of my father's servants, labourers and other neighbours, all in his livery and on horseback, who trotted in the best order they could manage, preceding the carriage. My father had picked out the men to whom the handsome new clothing was sure to be the most desirable. He had said, ‘ I told Neddy the blacksmith that he should be one of the javelin-men, if he would but wash his face ’—which rare operation was accordingly performed : and the suit of clothes then given formed Neddy's regular Sunday-attire, as long as I remember him. This was perhaps the first occasion in my life when I had a reason to observe upon my father. I had taken my parents entirely as a matter of fact, and compared them neither with existences or ideals. I now perceived that my father acted characteristically in the

case of selection of javelin-men, on a high motive rather than a meaner one; although there was temptation on the score of appearance and personal effect, to have thought it due to himself to make a first public appearance with a showy troop of men well-grown and matched.

“This year of my father’s shrievalty was marked by the attempt to assassinate the King (George III.) in the Theatre, and the strong revulsion of feeling produced by the King’s noble and manly bearing, standing firm without starting or withdrawing at the report of the pistol which failed to strike him, and bowing graciously to the audience, as though considering (and justly) the act as single, and not the result of conspiracy. The moment was favourable to Royalty, for a burst of rejoicing and congratulation followed, and my father was called upon to convey a loyal address from the county to the King. His journey to London caused anxiety, for the murder of a Mr. Mellish by foot-pads on Hounslow Heath was a recent event, and the roads about London were considered very unsafe: but the mail-coach, where there was a guard in a red uniform with a blunderbuss, was thought less liable to attack than a simple carriage, as in the case of Mr. Mellish.

“During the (very unusual) absence of my father, it was settled that my mother should go to her father at Derby. Much did I like that visit. I slept in my Aunt Louisa’s room, and of the pretty things in it, she had many stories to tell me, for they came from her dear old home at Ilam. Her father’s embarrassments had obliged him to let his beautiful inheritance to the Bateman family. I was taken to see it while they lived there, in the picturesque old family house of the Ports, so much

more suited to the scenery than the overgrown castellated building, constructed by Mr. Watts Russell, who became the purchaser, when my uncle John Port succeeded to the entailed property in 1807.

“Many circumstances marked the bright time spent at Derby. First there was the Battle of the Nile, and the great popular delight, and general illumination, every female of all ranks wearing a bow or cockade of sky-blue ribbon, considered the loyal, ministerial colour. Mrs. Feilding happened to be at Derby, consulting Dr. Darwin for her daughter, and she dined that day at my grandfather's, and was rallied on having forgotten to put on a cockade, which was zealously provided for her. My mother called upon Mrs. Darwin, and thus I saw the three beautiful daughters, whose appearance is still distinct in my recollection. I always delighted to look upon beauty, but took care not to explain why I stared at the objects of my admiration, because I was always reminded of the solemn truth that ‘beauty is of no value.’ The daughters of Dr. Darwin had a right to the inheritance of beauty from their mother, formerly Mrs. Pole of Redburn. In the long course of subsequent years, I have heard with cordial interest that the three lovely girls adorned in life the families into which they married, by merit equal to their beauty.

“At Derby I saw two persons who fixed themselves in my memory as the first French emigrants I had seen. My Aunt Louisa one rainy day looking out of the window exclaimed, ‘There they are, under their umbrella, perhaps they would come in and drink tea with us.’ My Uncle Bernard accordingly went out, and respectfully made the invitation, and re-entered with an oldish gentleman and a

very young lady, pretty, graceful, and of most refined appearance and manners, whose slightly foreign accent seemed to me a decoration. I heard my Aunt Louisa's account another time of the neatness of the small dwelling in which she had visited this lady, finding her in the whitest cornette tied under the chin, and a white jacket over her dark petticoat, busied in sweeping the house, as (she observed) she 'kept no maid,' and to my aunt's knowledge, performed every kind of household work with delicate hands not used to such labour. My mother met her cordially, and had some further communication with her, and a letter in consequence, with the signature 'Praslin du Pont.' The sight and consciousness of this lady, laid an early foundation for the impression I have retained through life of the merit and charm of the ideal of French womanhood.

"Soon after our return home, we received intelligence of the birth of a second son to my Uncle George, at Tuxford, to whom the name of Horatio* was given, in reference to the admired hero of the day—Horatio Nelson. The close of 1799 was marked by the failure of harvest, which brought on a deplorable scarcity, for the relief of which my father's best efforts and continual exertions were employed. He wrote to his brother Joshua at New York, with a commission to send him a quantity of wheat-flour, which he sold in small quantities at cost price to the poor, establishing himself in the servants' hall, seeing the applicants individually, and taking all measures to prevent the approach of such as wished to buy cheap in order to

* Horace Waddington, Permanent Under-Secretary to the Home Office.

sell dear. My father's example was followed, and much more American flour imported. Well do I remember that everybody was exhorted to consume as little bread as possible at daily meals, bread was cut in pieces for each member of the dinner-party, and contrivances were tried to make the flour go farther by adding rice or boiled potatoes in making bread, which was not found to answer, as either of those additions had the effect of increasing appetite and consumption.

"The year 1799 closed in a manner very distasteful to me, in a removal very late in the season, in the gloomiest of weather, to Clifton near Bristol. Here my mother and my sister Emily were always ill, which I had a firm conviction was owing to the daily visits of Dr. Beddoes,* and the prescriptions he sent. At this time John and William Lambton were staying in the house of Dr. Beddoes, and had lessons in French, as I did, from M. d'Estrade. The elder of these brothers acquired an honoured and historical name as Lord Durham, the younger entered the Guards and was at Rome in my time with a beautiful young wife. During this winter also a young genius from the Land's End, Humphrey Davy, since so celebrated, arrived in Dr. Beddoes' intimate circle; and as stories were told in my hearing of his companionship with Beddoes in scientific experiments, I fancied his small person (with a very wide mouth) with King the surgeon, as catching rats with tongs, and subjecting them in receivers to the effects of various vapours, while Dr. Beddoes was counting seconds

* Dr. Thomas Beddoes, 1760—1808, of great learning and linguistic attainments, author of the *Hygæia*, and founder of the Pneumatic Institution.

on the stop-watch, which I had seen him use when feeling pulses. Much were the various gases talked of in my hearing, and many persons amused themselves with being subjected to 'laughing gas,' of which I have heard as of an old acquaintance after the lapse of seventy years! long after the death of Dr. Beddoes, who had hoped much in gases as a means of medical relief.

"The 'Anti-Jacobin,' with Canning's wit, was a great means of animation in the house, in which we children took a full share, repeating the name of 'Matilda Pottingen,' and the 'University of Gottingen,' and lines from the 'Voyage of the Learned to the North Pole.' Once, and once only, have I named the 'Anti-Jacobin' since those early days! for it would have been an unwelcome subject among Germans, even though the absurdities which Canning made fun of, are quite as odious to Germans as to any other nation.

"A matter of life-long interest during this stay at Clifton, was my being allowed to see the inside of a theatre, and the acting of Mrs. Siddons. I then felt my way into the strongest current of sensation independent of reality, which life has ever made to me. I know of no excitement of feeling so absorbing as that produced by the combination of all the fine arts, which brings into actual existence, living and breathing before us, the varieties of human fate and feeling, in more or less gracefulness of form and grouping, more or less of truth and melody of voice and expression. At that date Mrs. Siddons fully preserved her symmetry of figure and perfection of features, her brilliancy of eye and power of expression: I did not see her again till many years later, when increase

of flesh had spoiled the general effect, though the talent remained undiminished.

“It was in the June of this year that the startling news one day arrived of the sudden death of John Granville, the only child of the Uncle and Aunt Granville who fill a great place in my early recollections. In the previous summer he had spent a few days at Llanover, and was as engaging to us children as to all older members of society—beautiful in person, intelligent in mind, everywhere showered upon with ‘golden opinions,’ commended at school, adored at home, having just entered upon his twenty-first year, so that the whole mass of our relations were full of the anticipations of his coming of age. He had gone to Clifton with a cough to have recourse to the two nostrums of the Hot-Wells and Dr. Carrick. His mother was watchful, but not anxious; when in a moment, before her eyes, the precious life was closed to all earthly consciousness. Immediately on receiving the grievous news, my mother went to Clifton, and brought back the bereaved parents to Llanover. I remember how she would walk up and down the gravel in front of the house with her uncle, who was soothed by the tones of her voice, and for whom she always seemed to find conversation by the hour, alternating with long sittings in the little morning-room with Aunt Granville, whose calm and patient endurance of her lot inspired deeper sympathy than the more aggressive grief of her husband. Before the fine season ended, the family of my mother’s Uncle Dewes, the elder brother of Uncle Granville, also came on a visit. The lady was a second wife, Judith Beresford before her marriage, who ruled all around her with the absolute

power usually exercised by second wives. I remember with great pleasure her charming singing, and her duets with her lovely step-daughter, Anne Dewes.* This cousin 'Nanny Dewes' was most attractive in my eyes, and not in mine only, for she was the admired of all beholders. and the darling of her elder relations, while her contemporaries could not help forgiving the homage she received, from the absence of all pretension on her part. Her countenance and demeanour were the effusion of the purest and most perfect feminine modesty, without shyness: she seemed not to fear or mistrust her fellow-creatures, any more than to presume over them. Her voice, in speaking as in singing, seemed to pour forth the melody of the whole being, and each syllable dropped from the lips and the pearls within, as if the purpose of speaking was to show their perfection. Her look seemed to ask everybody to be kind to her, without making demands as of a right. This much-prized daughter, and her brother, Court Dewes, were the only children left of the admired first wife of my Uncle Dewes, who was the sister of Aunt Granville. They were De la Beres, of an ancient family, whose curious old-fashioned residence near Cheltenham was purchased by Lord Ellenborough, after his return from his government of India. The first Mrs. Dewes was very beautiful, in a higher style than her sister (although dear Aunt Granville continued a pretty woman even to old age), yet her features were rather to

* Anne, only daughter of Bernard D'Ewes and his first wife Anne de la Bere, born, 1778, married G. F. Stratton, Esq., of Tew Park, Oxfordshire, and died Jan. 20, 1861, having to the last fulfilled the bright promise of her youth.

be traced in her son than in her far more beautiful daughter. By the death of John Granville, this son, Court Dewes, became the heir of his uncle's property of Calwich, as well as of his father's estate of Wellesbourne in Warwickshire.

"The year 1801 was not far advanced before Clifton again attracted the family for six weeks. Aunt Louisa was again the cherished inmate, with whom I was happy to walk; yet I often was out on the broad sunny pavement of 'the Mall' alone with my skipping-rope, and looking with longing eyes upon the six daughters of Lady Eleanor Dundas, who lived next door, and also came out with skipping-ropes, and with whom I should have been glad to have associated. Two or three seemed older than myself—those who in after years were Lady Carmichael, Mrs. Bruce, and Mrs. Harford Battersby*: the others were younger. I remember now for the first time frequenting with Aunt Louisa the beautiful path along the Avon, under the rocks and woods, which at every subsequent period of viewing them, my expanding faculties have perceived to be more beautiful than before, whereas I fancy in fact their original effect must have been the finest, before many a fine tree was cut away, and many a mass of rock blown up for burning into lime, or other purposes of utility. By-and-by I perceived that we were often joined in these walks by one of Aunt Louisa's partners at balls, by name Brownlow Villiers Layard, a son of the Dean of Bristol, wearing the uniform of a

* Mother of my beloved son-in-law, John Battersby Harford, and of my dear daughter-in-law, Mary Louisa de Bunson.—*Note by the writer.*

regiment quartered on the Downs. I retain much more of the attendant circumstances of the intimacy which led to my Aunt Louisa's marriage, and to my losing her altogether as an ingredient in my life, than I shall care to write down; but the outward parts are so far curious, as belonging to conditions of the times which I believe have altered for the better. The Dean of Bristol was considered a fair specimen of a dignified clergyman, but his advancement in clerical rank and emoluments was attributed to the influence of his sister, then Duchess of Ancaster, though she had passed to that condition through the lower state of governess to the Duke's young sister, whom she had attended when accompanying her brother in shooting expeditions, an over-exercise which hastened her early death. With the dates of these events I am unacquainted, and they are immaterial; but, in 1801, soon after the engagement of Aunt Louisa was concluded with Mr. Layard, under protest of all relations, the Dean of Bristol died, and it was feared that no means of subsistence would remain for his family. Mourning for the Dean was redoubled by the death of the Duchess of Ancaster, which seemed to close all prospects for the future, when some worldly-wise persons suggested that the rich living of Uffington, which had been enjoyed by the Dean, might be bestowed upon his son, were the Duke but so graciously inclined. It was only necessary for young Layard to throw off his regimentals, put on a black coat, go through a short preparation at Oxford, and be ordained, if only some bishop would ordain him. It would have been in vain to ask Archbishop Prettyman (tutor to Mr. Pitt), at the head of the diocese in which

Uffington was situated, for he was strict; but Archbishop Horsley made no objection, and the thing was done: the MS. sermons of the Dean were secured to his son, and at the end of 1803 or beginning of the next year the pair were married. They declared themselves aggrieved at the opposition my parents had made to their union—all intercourse ceased, except by occasional letters; and the intimate connection, which had seemed one of heart and life, was broken. I saw my Aunt Louisa but once again, after many years. Fourteen years of married life were granted to her, and seven sons born; a few days after the birth of the last she expired of total exhaustion of vital powers, on the 3rd of July, 1817, just after my marriage.

“The autumn of 1801 was a very quiet time at Llanover, when my mother was too unwell to leave her sofa, and I wrote all her letters to her dictation, which was a great advantage to me as to the formation of style and language. The winter was to me a happy one, undisturbed by strangers and visitors, so that nothing was in the way to prevent my being constantly with my mother, reading to her, or in one way or other employed by her, and for her; only it was sorrowful to me to see her so ill, and it was not till a light began to break upon me as to the cause that I was told by my mother that she ‘hoped I should soon have another sister.’ This was not long before the birth of Augusta,* on the 21st March, 1802. I cannot express the joy and delight with which I hailed the baby, which seemed to make me amends for the ever-present first sorrow of my life: those who have felt the charm which belongs to infant-life from its very beginning, can

* Now Lady Llanover.

judge how the constant interest of watching such an expanding intelligence filled and animated my every hour.

“The following summer was spent by my father’s sister, Mrs. Monk,* at Llanover. Great was the interest of all we could hear about that which was seen and done, by those who ventured over to Paris after the preliminaries of a treaty of peace had been signed at Amiens! We heard too of the striking appearance of Madame Recamier in London, in the spring of the year, drawing attention not only by the freshness of a beauty which was destined to outlive youth and prosperity, but by the first appearance of a style of dress soon imitated, in which the clothing was as far as possible from a covering, and the wearer, on issuing forth from her door, threw over her head a transparent veil of white muslin, reaching to the knees. The reports of Paris, and of the English who flocked thither, were many and various, and due comment was made on Mr. Fox’s sedulous attendance at the *levée* of the First Consul, on the morning of one of the week days besides the occasions of invitation. Of the conversations that took place, which seemed much sought by the ruling personage, I remember one specimen, which most probably came from Mr. Fox’s own communications. Napoleon observed that he was much taken up by the formation of a ‘Constitution for the Swiss’ :—upon which Fox remarked to his hearers ‘that he was surprised at such a pretension on the part of Napoleon,’ for ‘he must know sufficiently what was meant by a Constitution, to be

* Mrs. Monk, eldest sister of Mr. Waddington, lived to the age of 90. She was mother of the learned James Monk, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.

aware that no individual could be able to construct one, or judge of one, for another nation.'

"Early in the year 1803 we received the melancholy intelligence of the death of Beville Port, my mother's youngest brother, at Bungalore in the Mysore Country, where he had been quartered with his regiment. His appointment to a cornetcy, and being ordered to India, had made him very happy in 1801; and he owed it to an application by letter from my mother to Prince Ernest, encouraged by the proof of friendly remembrance that he had given her by his visit at Bath in 1798. I remember well having been allowed to read the letter, which my mind's eye still beholds, in her beautiful handwriting: and I also saw the Prince's obliging reply, in which he informed her that he had lost no time 'in requesting his brother the Duke of York to consider the matter, and that he was happy to announce having obtained the nomination of Mr. Beville Port to the desired cornetcy.' All accounts that could be obtained from brother-officers proved Beville Port to have been as beloved in that distant land where his young life was so speedily closed, as he was in his own family. The case of the younger sons of my grandfather Port was truly distressing, his broken circumstances never allowing of their being furthered on their way by the advantages of education to which their birth and the position of the families to which they belonged, would have given them a right. Bernard could be supported at Brasenose College, Oxford, because one of his ancestors had contributed to its foundation, and the vicarage of Ilam was in prospect for his life-provision, but for George Port, the third son, and Beville the fourth,

nothing was apparently to be had but scrivener-work at an attorney's-office in a country town. From this repulsive slavery George had run away and taken refuge on board ship, where, after much endurance of hardship of body, and family reproach and unforgivingness, he worked his way in his profession by merit alone, and distinguished himself so much at the taking of Port au Prince, as to receive public commendation, and promotion: but only two days later he was laid low by yellow-fever, and consigned to an untimely grave. This sad winding-up of all that life, and hope, and good gifts could promise, took place before my infant life had ripened into consciousness: but I knew that my mother grieved over the fate of George, and was thus steeled in mind to overcome a just aversion to making an application to Prince Ernest for the sake of Beville.

“The year 1803 was a marked date in my life on account of my being then for the first time in London, where my parents spent May and June. I recall with surprise how gradually and imperceptibly the fact oozed out, that the dream of peace was over, and the horrors of war had recommenced. But young soldiers and sailors hailed the prospect of activity, and however vexatious the idea of new and increased expenditure in a conflict which too many considered to be as hopeless as it would be ruinous, the insolence of Buonaparte and of the French newspapers failed not to arouse the spirit in the nation, which held out so long under reverses and apprehensions: and a great help to this Anti-Gallican excitement among women and children and the ignorant, was the threat of immediate invasion, which I remember in the following autumn to

have reverberated from the Camp at Boulogne over the Channel, into every English cottage and servants-hall and nursery.

“In London I was taken to see the collection of Mr. Townley, which formed afterwards the nucleus of the British Museum, not yet in existence. It was the first time of my seeing antique statues, though the antique was familiar to me through the designs of Flaxman from the Iliad and Odyssey and Æschylus. Of the objects in the Townley collection, now admired elsewhere, I only remember individually the female bust of such surpassing beauty, apparently springing from a flower, evidently a portrait, but the person unknown. I saw too some of the first paintings which were purchased to form the National Gallery, and which were then in the collection of Mr. Angerstein, whose house was in Pall Mall, the windows of the large room which contained the ‘Raising of Lazarus’ by Sebastian del Piombo, opening towards Carlton Gardens.

“I was taken to see ‘The Tempest’ at Drury Lane Theatre, when Kemble filled the part of Prospero, and that of Miranda was represented by the very pretty Miss Brunton, afterwards Mrs. Coutts. One evening also I was taken to Vauxhall, and it seemed to be expected of me to be greatly struck with the effect of the general illumination by coloured lamps, but I had a very mean impression of the evening. A pretended waterfall and the poor performances of songs intended to be humorous, did not meet my pre-estimation of the amusements of a place, which was said to be often visited by this, that, and the other person, who might, I thought, have used better

their freedom of choice. Why not go to the theatre? I thought: for the stage was ever to me intensely interesting, and I could not comprehend the want of enthusiasm for a 'play,' which many persons professed. It was much later suggested to me, that this very real and not fancied idiosyncrasy of a great part of the pleasure-seeking world, is to be accounted for by the general longing to be individually part of the show, to be considered worth seeing or worth hearing, or in short capable of taking part in what occupied all.

"At this time my Uncle William Waddington* was residing in a large house with a garden, called Crescent House, Brompton, and I remember having been surprised at the insight and knowledge he showed in respect to gardening, making a point of having the finest flowers. I heard much of the journey to S. Remy in Normandy, which he and Mrs. William Waddington had made to visit her parents Mr. and Mrs. Sykes: † and she had brought from Paris many things new and admired; I remember a French gauze *fichu* twisted round her head and pinned to good effect. Her health was utterly undisturbed by the rapid production and nursing of her numerous family, to whom she was an indefatigably careful mother, doing by each and all what she judged wisest and best. I am moved to record this last impression I retain of her, although I probably saw her many times later, for although some years of the raging war against Napoleon, stood in the way of

* Grandfather of William Henry, Minister for Public Instruction and Foreign Affairs in France, and of Madame Charles de Bunsen.

† They were still in receipt of a pension, granted to a maternal ancestor, "Trusty Richard," the Penderell who assisted the escape of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester.

the transplanting of the family into France, the urgency of Mr. Sykes was well known as to the necessity of establishing the incomparable energy and intelligence of his son-in-law upon the property which was to be the inheritance of his children.

“I saw many persons who were new to me this time in London, but have no impression of having been especially interested in anyone, except on the occasion of a visit paid to my mother by Reginald Heber and his elder brother. Reginald Heber was then about to set out on his tour, to such parts of Europe as continued open to the English traveller; and his elder brother was still at that height of public estimation, which lasted over the well-remembered Dedication to Heber by Walter Scott, of one of the portions of his poem of *Marmion*. There had been a university friendship between Reginald Heber and my Uncle Bernard, which on retrospect I somewhat wonder at,—so different do the two appear at this distance of time. Uncle Bernard was not only a kind friend to children, but altogether a worthy man, intelligent, high-minded, and not merely proud of his family connexions, but worthy of his place in society. He was a gentleman all over, but though he passed blamelessly through life, he never followed up any of its noblest objects. Though at Oxford he was never entangled in any offence against the moral law, he probably allowed himself liberty to infringe many a college rule. On one such occasion, re-entering the quadrangle from a country expedition in which he had driven four-in-hand, he recklessly retained in his grasp his long-lashed riding whip, and made it smack, when one of the authorities coming out, noticing the misdeed more un-

ceremoniously than the offender approved, endeavoured to wrest the weapon of offence out of his hand. Much did the Oxford youth talk, and much did they laugh, on this occasion; but Reginald Heber did more, in writing a poem called 'The Whippiad'—in which he displayed in flowing verse, a tale exceedingly enjoyable to those who entered into the merits, or demerits, of the case. This MS. was given by the writer to my Uncle Bernard,* and added, it may be supposed, to his éclat, or rather gave him an éclat, new and much prized.

"We all left London about the end of June to proceed to Calwich in Staffordshire, close to the Derbyshire border, and the pretty town of Ashbourne. I had looked forward eagerly to this journey, with my usual desire for further acquaintance with the face of the earth, but found to my disappointment (as I have found on subsequent occasions) that the abundant and flourishing centre of England is invariably dull, and best adapted to railway travelling, and not to the tedious labour of the post-horses, with which I first travelled its many miles.

"The small river of Calwich had been widened by Bernard Granville so as to have the appearance of a lake, with buildings in questionable taste in the Italian-villa style, those at each end serving the purpose of concealing the entrance and exit of the natural stream, and keeping the water high and smooth, while a central building contained a picture-gallery and music-room, in which my Uncle Granville would occasionally practise the violoncello, both he and his brother Dewes having fortunately

* The popularity of Mr. Bernard Port and his remarkable talent for versification is still well remembered in Derbyshire and Staffordshire.

attained the consciousness (so rare amongst dilettanti) that their life-long passion for music was, as related to performance, unfortunate, and thus best exercised out of hearing. The older part of the house was of bachelor dimensions: the library, very spacious, sunny, and sheltered, showed dark rows of venerable books, little used by the modern world since the death of Mr. Bernard Granville, who had been a man of studious habits, and containing besides, a collection of the MS. works of Händel, who often passed his summer leisure at Calwich, and played on the organ in the dining-room, upon which his bust was erected. My Uncle Granville had added much to make the house complete as a residence and I believe with much taste. He had just finished his improvements, which were to be all ready for his beloved son's coming of age, when in June, 1800, the desolated dwelling opened to receive the funeral procession on its way to Ellaston Church, and my cousin, Court Dewes, who inherited at the death of my Uncle Granville, after a few years' possession, sold the last Granville relics, retaining only his paternal Dewes property of Wellesbourne, not far from Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire. Calwich has since been sold to the Dean of York, pulled down, and rebuilt on a higher level, in my remembrance occupied by stables and farm-buildings, and by an ancient walled garden, which dated from the time of the monastery. I am unacquainted with the present aspect of things in this once well-known and admired spot, where many memories are buried, besides mine, but most of those who would have dwelt on them as I do, are now buried also. At the melancholy sale of Calwich, a grand landscape by Rem-

brandt, the gift, or legacy, of Händel, was purchased by Mr. Davenport Bromley.

“I delighted in the woods and waters and meadows of Calwich. Everything within and without was strange and new, and far superior in effect to anything I had yet seen. The afflicted chiefs of the family had resumed the old routine of receiving comers and goers with kind hospitality, and keeping the machine of life in motion, though the mainspring was broken. After dinner (which was considered to be very late at five o'clock), the gentlemen (in silk stockings and shorts) played at bowls in the spacious bowling-green, in sight of which sat the ladies. Before rising, however, from the dinner-table, my Uncle Granville used to ask for a song from whatever ladies were capable of singing, and at this time Mrs. Dewes and the beloved Nanny were there to gratify him. After the song the ladies retired, but speedily reassembled on the broad gravel-walk, for the rest of the summer evening, unless a walk was undertaken, in which I was always glad to follow Aunt Granville. Every flower and tree were then objects of delight. I hope the walk to Cabin Knowle continues as charming as it was to me—a rock partially overgrown with the plants which flourish in limestone clefts, and overshadowed by trees growing up the slope, while an abundant spring gushed up underneath from a still pool, and found its way to the river.

“A custom prevailed then, that after the company had parted, with a general ‘Good night,’ the ladies went upstairs together, and in two’s and three’s adjourned with renewed animation to a confidential talking-over of persons

or things. Is this fashion perennial, or has it become obsolete? At least let it be hoped that persons no longer adjourn to a room where children are said to be 'in their soundest sleep,' as happened to me, who, though tall of my age, was reckoned among 'the children.' A bright light was near my bed, and an animated conversation was begun, of which I heard nothing but the murmur, till my own name was mentioned, and then I started and turned. The movement caused the interlocutors to depart, but I had heard words enough to be engraved for ever; and it was not a renewal of sleep, but a burst of bitter tears, which followed upon the removal of light, and close of conversation. The trace of the tears had vanished next morning: but the internal 'battle of life and fate' was durably aggravated.

"At this time the family were just rejoicing in the engagement of my Aunt Fanny to Mr. Abel John Ram, whose family (from the south of Ireland) was one of those who had sadly experienced the ill-usage then fresh in memory, from Roman-Catholic fanaticism in the rebellion —when the old coachman who had served the family during two generations, at the bidding of his associates, drove off his master's four fine carriage-horses, to draw the artillery collected to war against law and government. Many were the causes of grievance which drove Colonel Ram from his ancestral home, and forced him to bring his family to England, where they hired a beautiful house and garden near Ashbourne, the property of Sir Brook Boothby, who had given up his country residence in despair after the death of an only child, Penelope, of whose infant loveliness, short life, and fine intelligence, Aunt Louisa used

to tell me so much and so feelingly, that I feel as if I had known her.

“Colonel Ram had with him two sons, of whom the eldest and heir attached himself to my Aunt Fanny from the very first time of meeting: the second son was in the navy, and fell little more than a year later, at the battle of Trafalgar. My Aunt Fanny rises before me at this time as one of the rare combinations of feminine excellence that I have had opportunity of knowing as being such, in the course of my life, and I find it hard to give a just view of the degree of merit of which I became gradually conscious. Her true humility and self-abnegation were more especially to be prized in one who had been a favourite, praised and admired on all sides, from her earliest years. She was a beauty without doubt, but I could only acknowledge without admiring the complex of external advantages. Her skin was of exquisite whiteness; her small figure of perfect proportion and faultless modelling; her hands and arms, throat and bust, defied criticism. Devoted through life, to her adopted parents, to her husband, to her children, to every fellow-creature whose needs or sufferings seemed to create a claim upon her, she lived up to her convictions as a Christian, with a fulness of force in acting and suffering, such as is everywhere uncommon. Her husband was an amiable man, and loved her in an idolising manner; he accepted to the full his wife’s estimate of duty, in its height and depth and width and universality, as far as words, and acts of devotion could go, but he had not her powers of self-denial, and followed family habits of expenditure without due calculation of the means remaining to him after the action of various

causes of diminution. I have altogether seen but little of my aunt: and she will have been far from guessing how highly I rated her.

“In returning homewards from Calwich, a visit was made at Wellesbourne, where I saw a garden adorned with all the luxury of showy plants then attainable, grouped in pots to the best effect; for in those days the discovery had not been made of planting fuchsias and geraniums in the open ground. Then too I saw Warwick Castle, of which the vivid impression remains to this moment: for when I had a second glimpse in 1849, the scene appeared as familiar to me, as the reverberation of a well-known melody. The well-preserved, not over-built entrance: the long gallery from the hall, at the extremity of which the Vandyke portrait of Charles I., with his horse, and his spaniel, and the splendid figure of the richly coloured palefrenier, are lighted from the unseen end of a cross-gallery: and thirdly the view from the windows towards the river, showing the broken arch of a bridge now superseded; these are all bright visions which I can at any moment recall from the long past.

“It must have been in this same autumn of 1803, that I heard in the conversation of the Ultra Opposition who occasionally came to my father's house, a testimony which might well be trusted to the insight and energy with which Mr. Pitt (then out of office and residing within the Cinque-Ports) watched over the improvement of works of defence along the coast, and the exercising of the volunteers, in the prospect of the threatened invasion of the French; when the communication concluded with the observation, that ‘Pitt might have proved a great mili-

tary commander, had his faculties been directed accordingly.'

"The excitement against the French which made the public mind roll and roar like a troubled sea, extended even to the usually quiet neighbourhood of Llanover: and we heard families named who had their horses harnessed every night, to be ready for escape at any hour—whither? might be asked. The terror, however, did not last long; for the seeming arbiter of war 'suddenly directed his legions to remove from Boulogne to the high plains of Central Germany, and the surrender of Ulm and of a gallant army commenced the course of calamity which ended in Austerlitz and the ruin of Austria, and finally (in January, 1804) in the death of Mr. Pitt: the battle of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson, having, to the British mind, removed to a distance of comparative indifference the yet more awful concussions of Europe. My father had an interest in the navy and in Lord Nelson which seemed hard to explain. I believe it was in him a reflection from the powerful mind of his brother George, who had sailed much about the high-seas in attendance upon his pupil Prince William, Duke of Clarence, and was much more calculated to distinguish himself in the naval than the clerical profession. I well remember my father's coming in with big tears swelling from his eyes, to tell us of the death of Nelson and the accompanying victory.

"The spring of 1804, spent at Clifton, was marked by a vision of the Napiers. Colonel and Lady Sarah Napier, the parents of that distinguished family, had come to Clifton in hopes of renovating the shattered health of Colonel Napier, whose death, somewhat later, took place

there, where he is buried at Redland Chapel on the Downs. Two of the sons, both very young, belonged to that portion of the army (then reckoned raw, but afterwards so famous) which Sir John Moore was training into due discipline, in a camp near Dover. They were allowed leave of absence to visit their father, whose illness was known to be serious, although not recognised as mortal, for Charles and William Napier called more than once upon my mother, and their appearance and conversation were very striking to me. I had never seen anything like them before, and little have I seen since to compare with them. I was brought to their notice in a manner very trying to my great natural shyness, for I was commanded to recite the poem by Mr. Soame upon Bunbury (elder brother of Sir Henry Bunbury) who had died young in India: but their engaging manners made this exposure less bitter to me than on other similar occasions. They both expressed unbounded admiration of their general Sir John Moore, which they said was not gained by indulgence, for he was very strict with young officers, whom he used to send to drill, to their great surprise, after they had supposed themselves perfect in the military exercise.

“It was in 1804 that an event very material to myself took place, in my being taken by my parents to the triennial musical festival at Hereford: the first occasion of my becoming acquainted with any performance of music beyond a single song, or a wandering band or barrel-organ: which perhaps explains the tender feeling I retain towards the latter, out of gratitude for the rare pleasure they gave me, when at Clifton they were accidentally called upon to stop before the windows: I never could

comprehend the customary fury expressed against them, as 'disturbers of the peace of the neighbourhood,' when I felt, without finding words to express, that they thrilled through the emptiness of the common atmosphere, with a memento of thought or of passion, of absent and distant joy or woe. The oratorio of Sampson, on the first evening at Hereford, and the Messiah on the last morning, are fixed in grateful remembrance. Mrs. Billington was the soprano-singer, and Harrison and Bartleman were the tenor and bass: and did I but possess the musical power, coveted in vain all my life, I could now pour forth from the treasure of song then laid in faithful memory, the strains of the first-named, in 'Let the bright Seraphim,' and in 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' and the deep and mellow tones of Bartleman seem to be still reproduced when I think of them. After the evening performances, a ball took place, which was to me a new sight. The daughters of Sir George Cornwall, most of them still unmarried, occupied my attention. Miss Fanny Cornwall became soon after Lady Hereford, and Miss Harriet became Mrs. Lewis (later the mother of two much distinguished sons, of whom the younger was Sir George Cornwall Lewis). Miss Caroline Cornwall married not long after, and was slightly known to me later as Lady Duff Gordon. Mr. Price (later Sir Uvedale Price) and his fine park of Foxley, are very distinct in my Hereford recollection. The work of Mr. Price on the Picturesque I knew well, having read it aloud to my mother, both of us taking it in *con amore*.

"'Youth looks out upon life, as a distant prospect sun-gilt,' is a remark made by Johnson on a very hacknied

subject, which must present itself to every human being under one or another aspect. With me, the 'sun-gilding' had soon passed away: and only while that lasted, can I discern spots which tempt me to delineation, or tracks which guided to scenes or objects of interest. I was, in a grave and dispirited family, the only piece of health and activity and comparative cheerfulness, and I had to contend against becoming accustomed to the habit of dwelling upon evil whether present or prospective. Four lines (which I believe form part of a sonnet of Miss Seward's) may be taken as the text of most of my unspoken meditations, or reveries—

'Come, bright Imagination! come, relume
Thine orient lamp! with renovating ray
Shine on the mind, and pierce its gathering gloom
With all the fires of intellectual day!'

CHAPTER III.

HOME LIFE AT LLANOVER.

“Le bonheur se trouvait pour elle dans un grand développement de ses facultés, elle résidait dans l'application.”—MADAME ROLAND.

IN the extreme quiet of her life at Llanover, Mrs. Waddington found all-sufficient interest in the education of her daughters Frances and Emilia. But while Emilia Waddington touched all the tenderest chords of her mother's heart by her patient and cheerful endurance of suffering, the vigorous constitution and more advanced age of her elder child rendered her every day an increasingly valuable companion to the parent, whose peculiar system of tuition was certainly eminently successful. She never overloaded her daughter with tasks, but from the earliest age she interested her by reading aloud or by recounting what she herself had read, repeating such parts as she considered would make a beneficial impression. “Whatever you do, do it with all your might,” was a maxim from which she never departed. A great deal of rest was insisted upon, and a great deal of air and exercise,

but when employed, no half attention was allowed or even endured. Idle hands and listless looks were never permitted for an instant. The moment attention flagged, the book was closed and put away, and a habit of self-examination and reflection was engendered, which in general is too much neglected.

In after years, the Baroness Bunsen, when referring to her child-life at Llanover, often spoke of the way in which her early habits of absolute self-dependence were engendered. On seeing how in many families it is supposed that children must be "watched" from morning till night, she used to describe how different was her up-bringing, left entirely without any guidance except her mother's directions, from which she never thought of deviating, as to the employment of her time; without any regular lesson-hours, yet, when in the house, expected to be always busy with one thing or other, and that, not in any solitary retreat, but in her mother's sitting-room, exposed to constant interruptions, and therefore trained to pin down attention to the utmost.

Frances Waddington never was placed under a governess, and till she was fourteen, almost the only instruction she received except that of her mother, was from a female artist (Miss Palmer), who was remarkable for her admirable style of sketching from nature. Before she was six years old the young Frances used to accompany this lady, watching her at work, and very soon beginning to take the same view. Her improve-

ment was extraordinarily rapid, and encouraged by her mother, whose exquisite taste and accurate eye detected the slightest fault in drawing or colouring, she made such progress as very soon to outstrip her early instructress. Mrs. Waddington encouraged her little daughter in the practice of drawing everything that came in her way, whether it was a landscape, a building, a figure, an animal, or a table with a pair of candlesticks upon it. There are volumes of her drawings from nature before she was six years old. She was advised, on looking at any object, to think of how she would draw it, and how the lights and shades fell, and to be able to give a reason for every line she made. Especially remarkable as evidence of her artistic skill, and thorough knowledge of form at this time, are her many cuttings out in black paper—an art now almost forgotten, but which was then greatly admired.

The extreme truthfulness, remembered as characteristic of both her father and mother, is so quaintly evinced in the following letter of their little Frances, written at four years old, that it claims insertion :—

“My dear Aunt Harriet,—Mamma desires me to write to you, and she told me to write to my grandpapa, or else I should not think of sending you letters, as I do not remember either of you. My aunts Louisa and Fanny I do remember, and love very much. My grandmamma Waddington has given Emily and me three guineas. I cannot tell what else to say.—F. WADDINGTON.”

Being encouraged, as early as 1802, to keep a journal of her inner life, Frances Waddington inscribed upon the first page the precept of Dr. Johnson, "The great thing to be recorded is the state of your own mind; and you should write down everything that you remember, for you cannot judge at first what is good or bad; and write immediately while the impression is fresh, for it will not be the same thing a week afterwards."

A great reader, and interested on all subjects which exercised the understanding, Mrs. Waddington possessed unusual powers of expression both in writing and conversation, and had a peculiarly musical voice, which combined harmony with power and flexibility of intonation and was without the least affectation. There are many instances on record of the electrical effect which her voice produced, and one is remembered of her suddenly speaking to a post-boy, who was beating his horse cruelly, in tones which seemed to strike him motionless. Her reading aloud was a special gift. Whatever she read—the Bible, or poetry, or the plays of Shakspeare, her voice and manner were exactly suited to the subject. She encouraged the power of recitation in her daughter Frances, who used from an early age to learn many poems by heart for her own pleasure and that of her mother: this was merely resorted to as a recreation, her retentive memory prevented its being a labour. She also frequently wrote to the dictation of her mother, and they read together continually.

Already in childhood, Emilia Waddington had become the confirmed invalid which she continued through life, and was able to have little share in her sisters' employments, so that, till her fourteenth year, the life of Frances, except for her mother, would have been singularly lonely and monotonous. At that time, she was allowed to have occasional lessons in music and dancing. Amongst the few persons whom she was in the habit of seeing from time to time, were the Allens of Cresselly, who, being natives and residents of South Wales, had frequent opportunities of coming to Llanover on their journies to and from London. The Allen of Cresselly of that time married the daughter of Lord Robert Seymour (then of Taliarris). His only brother, Baugh Allen (afterwards appointed by Mr. Waddington's will trustee for Madame de Bunsen's fortune), was for many years Master of Dulwich College, an office which he resigned on his marriage with the niece of Sir Samuel Romilly. Their sisters, though not celebrated by poets or biographers, were perhaps more worthy of public record than many of their contemporaries whose lives have been written. They were remarkable in many ways. Of eight daughters the greater number were exceedingly handsome, and there was not one who did not excel in conversational powers, or who had not a talent for writing, which though confined, as far as is known, to intimate correspondence, might have been employed on literary productions with advantage to the world. The eldest

married Sir James Mackintosh : another married M. de Sismondi : two married the well-known brothers, John and Josiah Wedgewood ; another the Rev. Matthew Surtees, brother-in-law of the Lord Chancellor Eldon ; and another (mentioned later in these volumes) married the Rev. E. Drewe, Rector of Broad-Hambury, in Devonshire, and was mother of the late Lady Gifford and Lady Alderson.

During the many years of her early married life, spent in the centre of Welsh cottages and Welsh cottagers, Mrs. Waddington did not think of acquiring knowledge of the Welsh language, which had a large share in her occupations, when, after the marriage of her elder daughters, she was only occupied by the care of her youngest child, who from childhood exhibited a passionate attachment for everything connected with the country of her birth. The interest in the ancient language of Britain which her daughter Augusta awakened in Mrs. Waddington was afterwards much increased by conversation with Baron Bunsen and his learned countrymen Professor Lepsius and Dr. Meyer, who proved to her the value of Welsh with reference to philology as well as to historical and antiquarian subjects.

It was in her fifteenth year that Frances Waddington first visited London, when her mother, who had been accustomed to all that was best in the society of Windsor and St. James's in her youth, but who had looked upon herself as a kind of pariah from society in

her Welsh seclusion, and imagined herself forgotten by her former associates, was equally surprised and gratified by the warmth with which she was greeted. Especially cordial was her reception by the daughters of Thomas Earl of Pomfret—Lady Charlotte Finch, Lady Juliana Penn, and Lady Louisa Clayton, who had been amongst the most intimate friends of Mrs. Delany. Her interview with the Royal Family on the occasion of her first visit to London is described in a letter from Frances Waddington to her aunt Miss Harriet Port.

“*June 5, 1805.*—I must begin by telling you that yesterday the Princesses, and afterwards the Queen, on hearing that mamma was with the Miss Fieldings,* sent for her, Emily, Augusta, and me; and, after having given you so great a piece of news, I will tell you the whole story methodically. Mamma went to Lady C. Finch’s to see Miss Augusta Fielding’s and Miss Finch’s dresses, and was a good deal surprised at finding Miss Fielding in full dress, though she was not to go to court, and, on inquiring the reason, understood that she was going to the Princesses, to stay with them till they were sent for by the Queen. After having given mamma this piece of information, Miss Fielding whispered to her sister, and then said, ‘I have no doubt they would send for you if they knew you were here.’ She ran out of the room, and coming back in a few minutes, said that the Princesses desired we would

* Daughters of Captain Fielding, R.N., by Sophia, daughter of Lady Charlotte Finch, who was governess to the princesses.

all come up. Miss Fielding then got for mamma a purple cap and feathers of her sister's and a white muslin gown of her own, which she helped her to put on, while Miss Augusta fastened the feathers in mamma's head, which you, who know what it is to have to dress in a hurry, particularly for Court, where she was forced to go early, will acknowledge to have been excessively good-natured. All this time Miss Fielding's maid trimmed me out in a coral necklace and a worked muslin gown of her mistress's, with a long train. Emily unluckily had left her cap at home and came only in a hat, so Miss Fielding formed the expedient of tying a blue Barcelona handkerchief round her head, and a necklace round her throat, and then, our *borrowed* feathers having been properly adjusted, we went to their Royal Highnesses, all of us, as you may believe, in a pretty good fright, except Augusta, who was perfectly at her ease. We came into a very little room, which the Princesses, with their hoops, almost-exclusively occupied. I guessed at once which was Princess Augusta by her kindness to mamma, Princess Elizabeth by her size, and Princess Mary by her beauty. Princess Amelia was not there, and Princess Sophia I did not much look at, as I was occupied in admiring Princess Mary's headdress, which was a large plume of white ostrich feathers, and a very small plume of black feathers placed before the white ones: her hair was drawn up quite smooth to the top of her head, with one large curl hanging from thence almost down to her throat. Her petticoat was white and silver, and the drapery and body, as well as I can recollect, were of purple silk, covered with spangles, and a border and fringe of silver. Princess Elizabeth had eleven immense

yellow ostrich feathers in her head, which you may imagine had not a very good effect. We had been in the room five minutes, during which time Princess Elizabeth took a great deal of notice of Augusta (who says that 'the lady in a blue gown and hoop took her to the window and kissed her') when Princess Charlotte of Wales came in, dressed in a pale pink frock covered with lace and wearing a beautiful pearl necklace and bracelets and a diamond cross. She is a very pretty and delicate-looking child, and has light brown hair, which curls all over her head. Princess Elizabeth took her by the hand. The Queen then sent for the Princesses, and if they had been anyone else, I must have laughed at seeing them sidle out of the room, holding their hoops with both hands. We were moving towards Miss Fielding's room, when mamma was told that Princess Elizabeth wanted her; so we all followed mamma and Miss Fielding into a room, where we saw Her Majesty with all the Princesses, and Mrs. Fielding and a great many more ladies. Emily and I stood outside the door till Princess Elizabeth called us in, and the Queen made some remarks on mamma's having two such great girls, and she spoke very graciously to mamma, and made inquiries after Madame d'Arblay.* Then she said she would not detain us any longer, so we walked off, and had just put on our own clothes, when Mrs. Fielding came and made us dress again, to go to the Princess Charlotte, who was to remain with Lady C. Finch for some time. We went and

* Because the pension of Madame d'Arblay, which had ceased on her marriage and residence in France, had been restored on the representation and personal influence of Mrs. Waddington, who made known her reduced circumstances to Queen Charlotte.

staid with her Royal Highness for about an hour, who played as good-naturedly as possible with Augusta, who was never better pleased in her life. The Princess said in the prettiest manner imaginable 'Would not Mrs. Waddington sit down?' and in short has quite the manners of a little queen, though she is as natural as possible."

A few days later Frances Waddington was present at the trial of Lord Melville, impeached for having connived at a system of peculation while Treasurer of the Navy.

FRANCES WADDINGTON to MISS HARRIET PORT.

"11 *June*, 1805.—Mamma received, through Lady Albinia Cumberland,* an order from Lady Willoughby for two tickets for the Great Chamberlain's box for the last day of Lord Melville's trial, whenever that should be. We only knew late on Wednesday afternoon that it was fixed for Thursday, when I got up at five, as we were told many people would go at that time, but my aunt Fanny† did not call for me till seven. The doors were not opened till nine, but during the interval Colonel Ram took us into the Houses of Lords and Commons. I never could have imagined what a real squeeze was until I found myself in the passage leading to the Great Chamberlain's box; however, we were soon safely seated, and were exactly in front of the throne. At twelve the procession of peers commenced, the Masters in Chancery in long wigs—some in purple and

* Daughter of George, third Earl of Buckinghamshire.

† Then Mrs. Ram.

gold, some scarlet and gold, and some in black and gold robes; then the Lord Chancellor, the barons, bishops, viscounts, and so on—those of least rank walking first, and the procession ending with the Royal Dukes. Then a man bearing a sceptre, having commanded silence in the King's name on *pain of imprisonment*, the trial began, which certainly was not amusing, as it consisted solely of Lord Erskine's asking the opinion of each peer on the ten different articles of impeachment, and the peer got up in his place and answered 'guilty' or 'not guilty,' putting his hand on his heart. Not one gave the answer really well and gracefully except the Duke of Cumberland; but the Royal Dukes all spoke audibly, which I am sure the peers did not. We did not get home till five o'clock, so I had been twelve hours without eating anything but some sea biscuits.

Dr. Burney dined with us, and at twelve P.M. mamma went to Lady Lansdowne's masquerade dressed as a pilgrim. There were some incomparable masks, especially Sir Walter Raleigh by Mr. W. Lyttleton, who lugged about his *History of the World*, and began reading it aloud to Queen Elizabeth. The Duke of Clarence, dressed as a woman, walked about all night with Mrs. Jordan, and the Duke of Sussex with Grassini, whose delightful acting in 'Camilla' I have not yet told you of."

The kindness of her reception in the preceding year induced Mrs. Waddington to return to London in 1806, when she visited Windsor with her children and Mr. and Mrs. Ram; the King, who was then in his sixty-seventh year, being already virtually under sentence of

blindness, a cataract having formed over one of his eyes, and a second being in process.

FRANCES WADDINGTON to MISS HARRIET PORT.

“30 June, 1806.—Yesterday mamma, Emily, Augusta and I went to Windsor, and staid from six till almost eight with Lady Albinia Cumberland, who told mamma that she had a most warm friend in Princess Elizabeth, and that she had been speaking of her in the highest terms that very day at dinner. We drank tea with Lady Albinia, and then went on the terrace, where the King, all the Princesses except Princess Mary, and the Duke of Cambridge were walking. The first time they passed by, Princess Augusta and one of the others turned out of the line, and came up to mamma, saying ‘How do you do? I am so glad to see you.’ The next time they all stopped for more than a quarter of an hour. The King said to mamma, ‘I did not know you at first, I am grown quite blind lately;’ so mamma answered, ‘But your Majesty looks well.’—‘Yes, I am in perfect health, I have no right to complain.’ The King then stooped to Augusta—‘And who is this little thing?’ Upon which Princess Augusta said, ‘Oh, that is a very beautiful little thing!’ and mamma lifted Augusta up, and the King looked at her and praised her, and Princess Elizabeth kissed her, and then said, ‘These are the two others,’ and she took me by the arm, and put me close to the King, who looked at me through his glass, and said, ‘You are a very undutiful daughter to grow taller than your mother’ (a proof of the badness of his eyes), and he asked me how long we had been in town. Emily was then shown to him, and he asked mamma after Uncle Dewes,

and said, 'Well, and how do you think the old walls look?' and laughed at her expressing her delight at hearing the chimes; and Princess Elizabeth said to me, 'I have such a beautiful drawing of yours.' "

To the SAME.

"23 June, 1806.—I must tell my aunt Harriet and my grandpapa that Pamela, a Frenchwoman, the daughter and élève of Madame de Genlis, is one of the very sweetest creatures I ever had the pleasure of beholding. Last night we went to Lady Sarah Napier, when she ran into the room looking not more than six and twenty. After Lord Edward Fitzgerald's death she married an American merchant named Pitcairne. Her gown was of printed calico, but only came over her shoulders, with two short sleeves: all that was seen in front was a white body and petticoat. On her head was a little black Oxonian's cap, made of black crape and beads which she pulled off to Lady Sarah. Her black eyes are in perpetual motion; she has not a morsel of rouge, and she laughed at the beautiful Dowager Duchess of Rutland for wearing so much, saying 'When I am a grandmother, I will have a clean face, that I may not daub my little grandchildren's noses with rouge when I kiss them.'

"We have been with Lady Stuart and Miss Hobart to see Lord Stafford's pictures. They give tickets for people to see them every Wednesday, when the rooms are crowded like the Royal Academy Exhibition. The pictures are extremely fine, but it is quite ridiculous to observe out of the numbers that came into the room, how few thought it necessary even to *look* at them. I stood very near Mrs.

Siddons for some time, to hear what she said. At length she picked out a painting of some Dutch fishwomen, the last thing upon earth you could call interesting, and 'what a sweet composition is that!' was pronounced in her deepest tragedy tones."

In the following year the Windsor visit was repeated.

FRANCES WADDINGTON to MISS PORT.

"13 July, 1807. — Yesterday we went to Windsor. The crowd on the Terrace was amazing and the heat intense. The first time the Royal Family passed, only Princess Elizabeth spoke to mamma and shook hands with her. The next time they all stopped, and Princess Elizabeth kindly took a great deal of trouble to get the Queen to make out mamma, which she did at last, with some difficulty, and then, to make amends, told her that 'she was not much altered since she saw her last.' Then Princess Elizabeth said twice 'This is Mrs. Waddington's daughter,' and the Queen commented on my looking so much stouter than mamma, then she asked after mamma's health and mamma told her she was very much troubled with headaches. 'Oh,' said the Queen, 'that is like me, I have very bad headaches.' Then the Queen turned to my aunt Fanny and Mr. Ram, and Princess Mary spoke most kindly to mamma, and so did the Duke of Cambridge. The King spoke to mamma, but did not say anything particular: he looked grave, and stood staring at her for near five minutes, but I am afraid he could not see her. The Queen is grown so enormous that she looks as if she carried all the fifteen Princes and Princesses before her."

In the summer of 1808, the family passed a longer time in London, for Frances Waddington was now seventeen, though from her mother's frequent and severe headaches she did not go out very much, and then only under the chaperonage of some trusted friend.

FRANCES WADDINGTON to MISS HARRIET PORT.

"6 July, 1808. — I must now tell you of yesterday. We were dressed and with Miss Fielding by half-past twelve. We were called in first to see Princess Mary and Princess Charlotte, then to Princess Sophia. The Queen and the other Princesses were so hurried they could not come, but promised to come if possible after the drawing-room. Those two Princesses were very kind to mamma, particularly Princess Sophia, but they both looked sadly ill, and though very smiling and good-natured, I think there is a striking appearance of melancholy in their countenances. Princess Sophia was beautifully dressed in pink and silver tissue covered with blonde lace and wreaths of silver flowers. Princess Mary was very magnificent in white and silver. Princess Charlotte's dress was blue and silver tissue with a white lace frock, a diamond necklace and cross, her hair (which grows beautifully about her forehead) curled in front, and done up behind in curls with a diamond arrow, diamond brooches on her sleeves. The Duchess of Brunswick is quite a vulgar-looking old woman, dressed in white crape, being in deep mourning for her daughter. The Dukes of Kent, Cumberland, and Cambridge, were in magnificent field-

marshal's uniforms. When the Queen and the Princesses went into the drawing-room, Princess Charlotte came back to Miss Fielding, and staid till half-past four, as kind as possible to Augusta, whom she knew at first sight, and seemed to like much better than the other children. Nothing can be more perfect than her manners, her figure and carriage are charming, with a pretty animated countenance, and nothing like pride about her, suffering Lady Robert Fitzgerald's children to take liberties with her, without even *looking* displeased. She is very much to be pitied, for the only amusement she has in the year is coming to Lady Charlotte Finch's, on the King and Queen's birthday; and she does nothing from morning till night but learn lessons which she hears Lady de Clifford say are unnecessary. Mamma spoke to her of Miss Hunt, and she answered with emotion, 'O, I was very naughty when Miss Hunt was with me,' and then mentioned what mamma knew before, that Miss Hunt wrote to her on her birthday. The Bishop of Salisbury, Princess Charlotte's *preceptor*, as they call him, said to mamma—'I wish to God we could have Miss Hunt back again, she cannot be replaced.'"

In 1809 Frances Waddington was dangerously ill at Llanover from typhus fever. In the following November, partly for the advantage of masters, she went with her father, mother, and sisters to spend the winter in Edinburgh—a winter of great enjoyment, as affording that mental stimulus which she so greatly missed at home. It was a pleasure to Mrs. Waddington to recall many old associations in the

society of Mrs. Delany's favourite godson, Dr. Daniel Sandford, then Bishop of Edinburgh, and to her daughter his friendship was of the greatest advantage, as he was able to enter into the many difficulties on religious subjects which presented themselves to her active mind, and to show her how—not to turn away from, but to solve them. His children also were pronounced by Frances Waddington the most agreeable she ever saw. The society of Sir Walter Scott, of Mr. Alison, Mr. Jeffrey, and of the charming Lady Louisa Stuart (granddaughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu)—the life-long friend of Mrs. Waddington, also combined to render the winter most enjoyable. Another delight was the incomparable acting of Mrs. Siddons, who was in Edinburgh at this time. It was during this winter that the attention they excited in others awakened Mrs. Waddington to the superiority of her daughter's intellectual gifts. After her return to Llanover she wrote to her nephew, James Monk, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester:—

“ 3 July, 1810.—I was very much gratified by my six months in Edinburgh. Mr. Waddington certainly was tired of the place, but Fanny was delighted, and had extraordinary reasons for being so,—for never was greater justice done to her talents and acquirements. Professor Playfair said in a mixed company that he never had met with so well-balanced or so elegantly cultivated a mind as Miss Waddington's, and many more similar speeches inevitably travelled to me, made by other men about her. I say *men*

only, for I kept all the boys aloof, not allowing one to enter the house, excepting Lord Glenbervie's son, Mr. Douglas, Mr. G. Rich, and Lord John Russell, who, bye the bye, is the only English young man of any promise at Edinburgh."

Great was the pleasure of a few days spent with the Fergussons of Raith, and the enjoyment of its fine library, its collections of prints, and casts of antique gems. On returning to Llanover, Miss Waddington attended to her various studies with fresh energy, as well as to the education of her younger sisters. She says in her diary:—

"10 June, 1810.—Our books having at last arrived from Edinburgh, I have my Greek, Latin, Spanish, and Italian, Euclid, and Smith's *Wealth of Nations* to go on with, besides drawing, practising, and working, hearing Emily read Italian and seeing her embroider, and watching over Augusta in her mathematics, her drawing, and her music, and doing geography with her. I cannot always contrive all these things in one day, but I endeavour to make up the second day for what I omit in the first."

In July Professor Monk came to Llanover on a long visit, when Frances Waddington took the opportunity of "going on with mathematics and Latin, to the exclusion of most other things." The friendship which began with her cousin over mathematical lessons, led to a correspondence of many years. In Mr. Monk, both

mother and daughter, during the stagnation of their Llanover life, found one who was capable of entering into the books which formed almost their sole interest, and who was always willing to discuss them and advise upon them. The appearance of the successive novels of Walter Scott were at this time the chief excitements of many an English home, but at Llanover were scarcely more of events than the publication of the different works of Madame de Staël, for whose character and writings Mrs. Waddington had conceived the most boundless admiration. "Le talent de Madame de Staël agit comme une sensation," wrote Mrs. Waddington, borrowing the authoress's own words as applied to Claudius, a novel-writer. The appearance of *L'Allemagne* especially excited the most violent enthusiasm. Mrs. Waddington could not find words to give an idea of the "maraviglia, ed amore, la riverenza, mille affetti insieme, tutti raccolti al cor," excited by the first and second volumes. Meanwhile, in the society around Llanover, neither mother or daughter found anything perfectly congenial.—"Fanny and I see too many people *qui occupent le même gradin que nous*," wrote Mrs. Waddington to Professor Monk.

FRANCES WADDINGTON to the REV. J. H. MONK.

"*Llanover*, 15 *March*, 1813.—I make an opportunity, a thing never to be found ready made, to write to you. . . . As I think you will like to hear of the persons that most interested us at Bath, I will begin with Mrs. Frances

Bowdler, sister to Mrs. Harriet Bowdler, who published *Miss Smith's Fragments*, and who is still more known as the queen of a coterie of ladies at Bath. The two sisters differ so completely in character and taste, that they have for years lived separately, though on perfectly good terms. Mrs. Frances has lived in, and enjoyed, the most desirable society in her own country, and has enlarged her ideas and quickened her perceptions, by a long residence abroad; while Mrs. Harriet has remained fixed like an oyster to her rock, receiving, as Bishop Warburton says, foul water or fresh, just as it happened to flow towards her. The consequence has been, that the former has retained the originality of her character, and the acuteness of her understanding, while the excellent talents of the latter have not preserved her from sinking into the insipidity which must ever result from indiscriminate intercourse with the herd of ordinary mortals. Mrs. F. Bowdler's favourite topic of conversation was one particularly interesting to me—the modern inhabitants and literature of that country, which was in ancient days fruitful perhaps beyond all others in worth and genius.

“We have lately been reading Mrs. Hannah More's new work, ‘*Christian Morals*,’ with great pleasure, though we must ever prefer the writings which established her reputation, to those which she has published since it was established, the former having been executed by faculties in their prime, improved by a long residence in the house of Garrick and amongst his associates, and by intimate friendship and correspondence with Lord Orford; whereas the latter have been the production of advanced years, decayed health, and taste vitiated by the society of sec-

taries, and of Mrs. Patty and Mrs. Prue (or whatever may be their names), her sisters. All this being considered, it is only wonderful that she should still be able in the highest degree to 'come with power into the conscience,' and to reiterate truths long since familiar, not only with fervour ever increasing, but with unceasing variety: however, at the same time that we are grateful to Mrs. Hannah More for the publication of this work, it is impossible not to feel indignant at the depravity of taste which has induced her to interlard her most animating passages with offensive allusions, degrading similes, and pedantic words, by which she lessens the effect of her exhortations. Another thing that distressed me in this work was the false reasoning, as I considered it, respecting Providence: for it has always appeared to me that the belief in particular interpositions of the Divine Hand interferes with that fundamental principle of religion which teaches us that 'God works by means, not miracles;' that he sets at work causes, which produce the system of things and course of events we behold; wherefore, in the very effect of those causes, we may with truth say we discern the hand of God, but then it is *mediately*, not *immediately*; a 'special interference' of God would be an interference with his own moral government. Surely the very word '*interposition*' denotes the fallacy of the doctrine; from what should God *interpose* to save us? from another power? But we know that 'all power is of God;' otherwise we should be admitting the *good* and *evil* *principles* of the ancient Persians. As to the consolation which it is urged may be derived from the doctrine of a particular Providence, surely nothing more can be required than the declaration, so solemnly reiterated, in different

words, that 'all things shall *work together* for good to them that love God.'

MRS. WADDINGTON to REV. PROFESSOR MONK.

"I spent the last evening of being in town with Madame de Staël, but in such a state of suffering that nothing but my most ardent desire for years to hear and see the most wonderful woman of her age, could have induced me to struggle thro'. Still, as I went with 'the man in Europe she most admires' (her own words), she thought I must be worth cultivating, and, therefore, in the most engaging manner bid me 'not forget her,' but 'when I could, come again.' In my life I never was so highly gratified by conversation. Her speaking is quite equal to her writing. Indeed Sir J. Mackintosh told me that, except Burke *sometimes*, he never heard anything at all approaching to her dazzling eloquence. Fanny spent several hours on Monday night listening to Madame de Staël, Sir J. Mackintosh, Dumont, and Mr. W. Smith, and on her return home sat on my bed two hours, repeating the very words of many of the sentences of Madame de Staël, and also the admirable and acute comments of the men who drew her out."

"8 December, 1813.—Do not think that I am insensible to public events, because I have said nothing about the astonishing reverses. The altered countenance of Napoleon in the print in Colnaghi's shop convinced me, in July, that he would no longer 'unassailable hold on his course unshaken of motion.' That fat, enervated countenance, so unlike the Buonaparte by Appiani after the Battle of Marengo, was not made to govern the world. Still I

firmly believe within my life he will be again the greatest potentate on earth.

“Poor Emily is much worse. Alas, alas! how exactly does a sentence of Madame de Staël’s paint her situation—‘Terminée comme évènement, mais qui subsiste encore comme souffrance,’ and this at nineteen.”

FRANCES WADDINGTON to PROFESSOR MONK.

“17 April, 1814.—My Mother bids me say that you have conferred the greatest of all possible obligations on her, by having excited for one moment the slightest interest in Madame de Staël for her. For years Madame de Staël has been literally ‘l’objet de son ralle;’ and both my mother and myself felt to so great a degree the irresistible enchantment of her last work, that we both addressed her; but we had not courage to send the effusions of our hearts, every word that we could use seemed so dull, so dead, so inexpressive of the sense we entertained of the inestimable benefit of *De l’Allemagne*; even though she herself has said in her preface to the *Lettres sur Rousseau*, ‘Que le sentiment de sa faiblesse même ne doit pas empêcher d’offrir son hommage à un génie supérieur.’ But one must have her talent to speak of her as she deserves, though happily this is not necessary for understanding and admiring her!—As the Brahmin said to Sir William Jones, ‘The night-blowing Ceres beholds but one moon; but the moon sheds her cheering light on many a night-blowing Ceres.’

“Every word you say about the most extraordinary of all revolutions, the restoration of the Bourbons, we entirely subscribe to; all that is now to be hoped is that

the representative system may atone for the folly of recalling *ces imbéciles*, who were the first, twenty years ago, to desert their country, their brother, and their king, notwithstanding his supplications to them to remain in France. My mother and I felt so much for the French prisoners at Abergavenny on this occasion, that we went over on Monday to see them; amongst our particular acquaintance, the dejection and indignation is extreme. General Rey, late Governor of St. Sebastian, desired the Vicar of Abergavenny to write to Lord Bathurst for an official certificate respecting the events that have taken place, in order that the prisoners may assemble and declare by a public act their adherence to the decrees of the Conservative Senate."

MRS. WADDINGTON to REV. PROFESSOR MONK.

"August 26, 1814.—We have had for almost a month the master who taught me French and Italian to perfect Fanny in those languages. She could not write a line in Italian when Moyon came, and her translations now would surprise you, most particularly the spelling, which she scarcely ever errs in, from her extraordinary attention in reading, never having learnt a word by rote in her life. Moyon says, that excepting the youngest sister of Lord Howick, he never saw a girl at all to compare with Fanny."

FRANCES WADDINGTON to the REV. PROFESSOR MONK.

"Llanover, Jan. 25, 1815.—We have just finished 'Waverley.' It is not surprising to us now that you should have requested *not to be informed, if we did not like 'Waverley'*

—that you should have wished to be spared the painful sensation consequent upon discovering your friends to be incapable alike of the noblest and of the commonest sympathies of human nature. I have thought, and said, that I could never like the person who did not feel like myself about two other works, namely, ‘Corinne’ and ‘Delphine;’ but in those two instances, the unsoundness of the moral principle forms a ground of objection so highly to be respected, as to preclude a very close scrutiny as to the degree of native insensibility which must combine with it to prevent the strong sensations of delight and admiration that I experiencé. But to the case of ‘Waverley’ this observation does not apply, for wherever our minds can for an instant turn away from the consideration of the gay fancy; the sound reason; the sterling humour; the powers of reflection and condensation; the feeling, acute, profound, tender, yet chastened; the very soul and spirit of poetry; the stores of information, the accuracy of observation, which every page of this work summons us to attribute to its author,—we are called upon to admit, that the noblest principles of moral rectitude are throughout inculcated; that they are not merely interwoven into the contexture of the work, but that every feeling that is excited, every impression that is left by it, is of the most salutary nature; the reader is forcibly led by the author to condemn every defect in character, every error in conduct, though combined with the most interesting qualities, though tending to the most desirable results. That our enjoyment might be perfect and entire, wanting nothing, every part of ‘Waverley’ impressed upon our minds the conviction that we owe it to Walter Scott. When first it came out, we were told posi-

tively that he had written it, afterwards positively that he had not; but now, nothing can do away the certainty we feel on the subject—every perfection that shines forth in full splendour in this novel, is discernible in a degree in his conversation.

“We have not yet seen the *Edinburgh Review* of ‘Waverley,’ and I know not when I shall venture to read it, certainly not till I have enjoyed some time longer the exalting sensation of unmixed admiration. The *Review* will probably point out some fault, which I may be compelled to admit, though I have not been able to detect it. How many faults, supposing they existed, might be covered by the single merit of having delineated two female characters so perfect, gentle, calm, *enduring*, yet enthusiastic in sentiment, firm in principle, resolute in action! Ambiguous excellence, though under different lineaments, is, I think, to be found in Dr. Moore’s *Laura*, and Godwin’s *Marguerite*; but in the works of the most distinguished female novel writers there is nothing with which I am acquainted, equal to these masculine conceptions of female perfection.

“But to go on describing the different effects produced upon us by different parts of this book, to tell you how it has made us laugh, how it has made us weep, how incessantly the scenes it describes dwell before my mother’s and my imagination, is out of the question; therefore I will break off from the subject, after saying that we continually and devoutly rejoice not to have lived in the times when the scene of ‘Waverley’ is laid; for to say nothing of the strong temptation to be led into error with the erring minority, in opinion at least, no sensation excited by public

events in these days, can enable us to form an adequate conception of the actual suffering that must have been occasioned by witnessing the infliction of the heaviest punishments, however justly incurred, on noble and interesting characters, for a mistake in judgment, induced by feelings, often amiable, ever pardonable.

“I cannot yet quit the subject of ‘Waverley’ without commenting upon what appears to me a striking peculiarity in those closing scenes of anguish,—that so very few words are spoken, that in the course of those few words, the sufferers barely mention a few of the torturing circumstances of their situation, and then quickly revert to other subjects, as if dreading yet more to agonize and unnerve themselves and their auditor. It has ever been observed that such is the conduct natural to superior minds in deep distress; but every other writer that I can remember has departed from nature in this respect, for the sake of harrowing up to a greater degree the feelings of the reader, and has contrived in some manner, either by means of the principal characters, or of bystanders, to analyse and explain all the causes of misery, lest they should not be fully understood and entered into.”

“*Llanover, August 19, 1815.*—To your question whether we have any schemes for the Continent, I answer that we can at present only think of going to St. Helena. On the subject connected with that favoured island I know not how to go on, as by your not mentioning it, I perceive it has sunk with you into total insignificance, and I cannot solicit your bare approbation of particulars of conduct and demeanour that we admire and applaud. I have always been of opinion that the best justification of Napoleon

might be made by a dispassionate comparison of the actions and circumstances of his life with those of other rulers of nations, contemporary and deceased; and in the lately discovered scheme of our ministry for kidnapping Napoleon, and conveying him from Elba to St. Helena, in defiance of treaties, at the moment that he, in anticipation of his opponents, made his escape into France, I find an additional proof of what I had long believed, that individuals called upon to govern their fellow-men, and consequently raised by their situation above those fears which keep the majority of human beings within the bounds of morality, are, with very few exceptions, arbitrary and iniquitous as far as they have the power of being so."

In 1816, Mr. and Mrs. Waddington decided on spending the winter in Italy. They left England sufficiently late in the autumn to make it desirable to pass by Paris on the outside of the barriers, and not to enter the town for fear of being detained, the delicate health of Mrs. Waddington and her daughter Emilia, and the necessity of passing the Simplon making it imperative to proceed south with as little delay as possible. The father, mother, and their daughter Emilia, occupied one carriage; in a second their eldest daughter took charge of her sister Augusta. By Frances Waddington the journey was hailed with rapture as the opening of a new life; but, when she parted from her home at Llanover, she little imagined that three and twenty years would pass, before she saw it again!

CHAPTER IV.

BUNSEN.

“Let no man out of a weak conceit of sobriety, or an ill-applied moderation, think or maintain that a man can search too far, or be too well studied in the book of God’s word, or in the book of God’s works, divinity or philosophy, but rather let men endeavour at endless progress or proficiencie in both.”

—BACON, *Advancement of Learning*.

“L’homme s’agite, et Dieu le mène.”

FENELON.

AT the end of the last century, on one side of a quiet street of the old town of Corbach, in the little principality of Waldeck, stood a low thatched house of humble aspect. Here, on summer evenings, a little aged man was wont to sit by the window, a picture of peaceful contentment, as he placidly smoked his pipe, and watched the movements of his cocks and hens in the adjoining poultry-yard. His strongly marked features, his resolute penetrating eyes and shaggy eyebrows, indicated a hot-tempered yet kindly spirit within, which despised all distinctions of rank, and measured men only by what they were in themselves. Constantly busied in household cares, his fragile, deli-

cate wife lingered ever and anon to give a glance of respectful attention to each word of her husband, reserving her looks of love for a beautiful, fair-complexioned, curly-haired boy, with bright eyes and finely chiselled features, who seemed out of place in the sombre framework, which was nevertheless illuminated by his presence.

Christian Carl Josias was the son of Heinrich Christian Bunsen's old age, the unexpected gift of God after his marriage in 1790 with Johannette Eleanore Brocken, who was then advanced in life. Heinrich Bunsen was the descendant of a family, who had lived for centuries at Corbach, and filled posts of confidence in the municipal hierarchy of that ancient town. Yet, though one of its members is spoken of as an author, another as a poet, the family generally had never risen above the rank of agriculturists, a calling indicated by the three ears of wheat upon their escutcheon, as it is by the name, for Bunsen means yeoman in old Teutonic language. In his youth Heinrich Bunsen had not been fortunate. He had been induced, by the promise of rapid military advancement, to enlist in a regiment of natives of Waldeck engaged in the service of Holland. But when he returned after twenty-nine years of exile, he found his hopes of fortune restricted to a small retiring pension, and to the produce of a few paternal acres, with the pittance he could earn by making copies of legal documents. During his expatriation he had married his first wife, who died in

1782, leaving two daughters, Christiana and Helene. These children, in the first hours of desolation, he had the anguish of seeing deprived, not only of maternal care, but of the comforts of life, which his scanty means, hitherto eked out by a mother's solicitude, could no longer afford them. But his sister, Helene Stricker, came to the rescue, and received the children into her house at Amsterdam, and Heinrich Bunsen returned alone to Corbach in 1789.

In the following year he married again with Johanne Brocken, who had lived for fifteen years in the Palace of Bergheim, a valued dependant in the household of Christine, Countess of Waldeck. Their only child was born on the 25th of August, 1791, and received his first name Christian from the Countess of Waldeck; his second Carl from her daughter, Countess Caroline of Limburg-Gaillard; his third, Josias, from Count Josias of Waldeck; all three members of the house of Waldeck officiating as his god-parents. At seven years old, little Christian Bunsen was sent to the Gymnasium, or Latin School of Corbach, but continued to reside at his parents' house, which about this time received a visit from his half-sister Christiana, nineteen years older than himself, who "had the power of interesting and attaching her young brother more than any other person, impressing upon his mind the conclusions of her powerful and independent understanding." Bunsen remained at the Corbach school till he was sixteen, "seizing upon information offered as a

property to which he had a natural claim, achieving tasks with power and certainty, as though he already possessed by intuition the knowledge he was acquiring." His voracity for books was insatiable, and having soon exhausted all the small libraries of his parents and neighbours, he used to spend any stray moments in assisting his father in the copying of law-papers, that he might earn some small coins towards their acquirement. It is a proof of his aptitude for languages that as the pastor of a distant village possessed the treasure of Glover's "Leonidas," and a few other English books, he was able while still a boy to teach himself English by their diligent study.

Many pleasant glimpses of Bunsen's boyhood are derived from the recollections of his friend Wolrad Schumacher, who at an early age was sent to the Corbach school from his paternal home in the neighbouring town of Arolsen.

"I left Arolsen," he says, "with extreme sorrow, which was not diminished by the gloomy aspect of my new abode and my new teacher. But my heart did not break nor harden; all at once I found myself sitting beside Christian Bunsen, in the dwelling of his parents, kindly received by them as well as by their son. How this happened I have no remembrance, so suddenly and rapidly did all the late occurrences drag me along with them; but all at once I found myself spending whole winter evenings in that house. The father read the newspaper or a book, the mother sat by him knitting, a female servant was spinning

in the corner behind the stove, Christian and I sat on a bench under the window towards the street, somewhat in the shade. Little do I recall of what was spoken, when suddenly we start up at the sound of a bell which summons me home; the leave-taking at the house-door extended to some length; then he accompanies me to my home; I follow him back to his own; till at last parting becomes unavoidable.

“The dwelling of the family was in a side street; the thatched roof, the threshold at the entrance, the stable on your right hand after entering, reminded you of the arrangement of the abode of a Westphalian yeoman: there was besides a flight of stairs to the upper story on the right, and on the left the outlet to a small garden. The dwelling-chamber, roomy and light, was on the left from the house-door. Christian Bunsen’s own small room was in the upper story, towards the garden. Here, during my Corbach school-years, did I go in and out, finding my friend never otherwise than occupied, full of zeal and earnestness over his books. In the morning he was up with the sun, which shone straight into his window, looking towards the east. During the summer evenings, when I came in the twilight to fetch him to walk, he was reading or writing, but ever turned from his occupation to receive me with bright kindness. Throughout the school, he was admired as a genius. In knowledge and comprehension, no individual could measure with him in any degree, and his laboriousness cast all the rest into the shade.”

When he was sixteen, Bunsen had reached the high-

est form in the school at Corbach, and he was then sent to Marburg University, Heinrich Bunsen having made it possible by excessive industry and economy during his son's residence at home, to meet the expense of giving him a college education. But the University of Marburg was then rapidly declining, and in the following year Bunsen removed to Göttingen, whither the fame of his scholarship had preceded him, and where he was most warmly welcomed by Heyne, then the leading classical scholar of Germany, who soon perceived for himself that he had to do with a student of uncommon gifts, and rendered his future more easy and hopeful by procuring him the work and salary of an extra teacher at the Gymnasium. A few months later, Bunsen's position was further assured by his appointment as private tutor to William Backhouse Astor, son of the famous American merchant.

The years spent at Göttingen were amongst the happiest of Bunsen's life. The ardour displayed in all he undertook was shown in nothing more than in his friendships. The two youths with whom he had lodgings in common were Lachmann, afterwards celebrated as a philological writer, and from his edition of the New Testament; and Lücke, afterwards well known as a theological teacher, and from his critical edition of the Gospel of St. John. Bunsen's room was the largest, and there a noble band of friends was wont to gather, whose bond of affection remained unbroken, till it was severed by death.

“The instinctive discernment of differences of character,” says Schumacher, “of mental gifts and qualities of the heart, for which Bunsen was ever remarkable, his faculty of meeting without artifice or dissimulation every variety of mind, influentially or sympathetically,—was, perhaps, never so powerfully called forth, so brought into living action, as among his friends at Göttingen; Reinhard Bunsen, Thienemann, Ernst Schulze, Ludwig Abeken, and many others, might be named as seeming to correspond to various portions of his intellectual being, and being met by him accordingly. The last-mentioned, in whom the germ of early death was fast developing, was an object of his peculiar affection and attention. How would he carry on discussion with the worthy intelligent friend Agricola! and hold argument, as in the atmosphere of Pericles, with the refined Greek scholar Dissen! With the caustic spirit of Lachmann he hit upon the right stimulus by which to lead him into disputation: to the learned ungentle Dr. Reck he would listen with the patience of an anchorite, ending with proposing to him a humorous toast. In short, he read men as he did books; but, before all things should be noted of him that, having a heart himself, he never failed to do justice to the heart of another.

“Often did he in the evening drop asleep like a child on his seat: but in the morning he rose in summer at four, in winter at five o’clock, and, after a rapid but not negligent toilet, hastened forth with a face of joyous thought to his books and the desk in his study.

“‘*Plus ultra*’ was Bunsen’s motto during the time at Göttingen; afterwards, he chose ‘*In silentio et ope.*’”

We have a later picture of the student band at Göttingen from the pen of Ernst Schulze, the poet, after his return from active service during the campaign against the French in 1813.

“My isolation led me back to my friends. By the untiring efforts of Bunsen our whole circle, consisting of Lachmann, Lücke, Reck, Bunsen, and myself, and further widened by the addition of the admirable Brandis—also in intimacy less close, by that of Brandis’s brother, of Jacobs, Klenze, and Ulrich—was brought together again. A spirit of zealous but friendly emulation arose amongst us; and on a certain cheerful evening, at my suggestion, we made a vow, each to each other and to all, that we would effect something great in our lives. It was a noble circle, in which an oppressed heart could expand and breathe again. Bunsen, the man of kingly and all-ruling spirit, considering all branches of knowledge, all forms of mental exertion, but as means to accomplish a single great object,—who, open at all times to every sort of impression, could with indescribable power appropriate and make his own all that seemed in nature most opposite; who, with the keenest, and at times appalling clearness of intellectual perception, united a depth of sympathising feeling, and who, with an energy, ceaselessly diverted into a multitude of channels, never lost sight of his object;—Brandis, whose cheerful faithful heart beamed from his countenance, and in whom much learning and keen intelligence had not lessened the power of pleasing, and being pleased;—Lachmann, fine-grained, critical, satirical and witty, but with the vague longings of a heart that knew not its will

or way, of irritable fibre, and almost feverish temperament;—Lücke, in all the radiance of prosperous love and of religious enthusiasm, upright, firm, earnestly endeavouring after a sphere of active usefulness, yet deeply meditative, and inclined to mysticism;—lastly, the unimpassioned Reck, ever taking care of his friends, ever provided with good advice for everyone, having a clear and intelligent but always politic view of life, and making amends to his associates by zeal and faithful attachment for his want of susceptibility of the beautiful, and for the absence of polish and refinement. The bond which united us was at this time riveted for ever.” *

Academic honours continued to crown the exertions of Bunsen. In 1812 he was appointed teacher of Hebrew to the highest, and of Greek to the second form of the Göttingen school. In the same year he gained the prize for an “Essay on the Athenian Law of Inheritance,” which attracted so much attention, that the University of Jena soon afterwards presented him unsolicited with the diploma of a Doctor of Philosophy. Meantime his relations with William Astor were of the happiest nature, and with him in 1813 he made a tour to Vienna, Munich, Switzerland, and Northern Italy. In 1814, Astor returned to America, promising to come back and meet Bunsen again in Europe in two years’ time. Bunsen at once took advantage of the opportunity for a journey to Holland to visit his sister

* These paragraphs, from the recollections of Schumacher and Schulze, have already appeared in the “Memoirs of Baron Bunsen.”

Christiana, with whom, as he wrote to Brandis—"a few days filled up the long chasm of eight years' separation." It was then for the first time that he learnt the sad story of his sister's life. The death of her aunt Helene Stricker had deprived her at fifteen of the only protector to whom her independent nature could attach itself, and for many years she had fulfilled the arduous task of companion to an aged invalid lady, who provided for her at her death. Meantime, she had become acquainted with a young officer of good family named Faber, who inspired her with a devoted attachment, and who endeavoured to make her promise to marry him, as soon as his circumstances allowed of it. But when she made his proposal known to her father, he, having been in some manner entrusted with the guardianship of Faber by his family, felt himself bound to put a positive prohibition upon any engagement between the young officer and his portionless daughter, and harshly forbade her ever seeing him or writing to him. Faber was sent away on distant service but, through two and twenty years of absence, remained faithful to his love for Christiana. Then he traced her to Amsterdam, and a meeting took place; but "in the pallid and emaciated woman of thirty-nine he could find nothing of the girl of seventeen, whom he had left in bloom and freshness." He urged her, however, to fulfil an engagement, which, though never formally made, had been faithfully kept by both, and she promised to marry him as soon as he should

return from the Russian expedition, for which the vast army was then collecting. Faber never returned; he fell in Russia. At the same time, the failure of banks swallowed up the whole of the funds from which Christiana had derived her maintenance, and she was left to subsist upon a pittance gained by fine needlework. Then her eyesight gave way, her health failed, and she would have perished from want of care and comforts, but for the charity of two Dutch ladies, who discovered her destitution.

The broken health and sad disclosures of Christiana were an unexpected shock to her brother, but he, who never in after life shrank from a responsibility, at once determined to undertake the cost of her maintenance, and insisted upon reconducting her to his father's home at Corbach, till he should be appointed to a professorship, and be enabled to offer to share with her a home of his own.

In the following year (1815), the desire of acquiring the Danish language and of studying Icelandic, induced Bunsen to accompany his friend Brandis to Copenhagen, where he was received by Dr. Brandis (Physician to the King of Denmark) with paternal love and kindness, an affection ever after returned with filial warmth and recollection. The two young friends settled in the town for the sake of more uninterrupted leisure for study, but daily resorted to the country-house of Dr. Brandis for dinner, and remained there till just before the closing of the city gates at midnight. Many

were the Danish notabilities who at this time eagerly met the acquaintance of Bunsen, and he greatly enjoyed the time spent amongst them. He also crossed the sea to the Swedish coast, and visited the university of Lund. A fortnight passed in the companionship of Chamisso was greatly valued, and left a deep impression of the rare gifts of the poet.* Meantime, Bunsen devoted himself with great success to the study of Danish, and also received lessons from a learned Icelander, with whom he read Snurro Sturlesen and the Edda, &c., in the original.

In the beginning of November, the friends crossed to Swinemünde, and proceeded to Berlin. Here Bunsen continued his linguistic studies, and became acquainted with Schleiermacher, Solger, Buttman, Savigny, but above all with Niebuhr, who was then crushed to the earth by the death of his wife, but roused himself to receive the young students, with the kindness which he was ever ready to show to those who were truly seeking after knowledge and truth. Bunsen at once found his way to his heart, and the relation of master and disciple was then established, which continued through life. "Other visits demand notice," wrote Bunsen to Lücke, soon after his arrival at Berlin, "but I can now only speak of those to Niebuhr. It would be hard to describe my astonishment at his command over the entire domain of know-

* A French refugee, who never spoke German fluently and yet wrote admirable verses that ensured him lasting fame.

ledge. All that can be known seems to be within his grasp, and everything known to him to be at hand, as if held by a thread."

The number of men whom Bunsen found at Berlin with the intention and energy to carry out great plans, and the reception he met with from them, strengthened the wish he already felt to become a Prussian subject. He was encouraged by the advice of Niebuhr, before whom he laid a detailed plan of intellectual labour, in his determination to devote his life to historical, philological, and philosophical research, for which purpose he at that time intended to follow up his study of the northern languages, by a course of Persian at Paris and Sanscrit at Oxford, to be followed by a three years' residence at Calcutta for the investigation of Oriental history and languages.

Bunsen remained at Berlin till the spring of 1816, when he went to Paris to join Mr. Astor. Soon after, Astor departed with some friends for a three months' tour in Italy, leaving Bunsen to rejoin him at the end of that time and spend the interval much to his satisfaction in the study of Persian, under the auspices of Silvestre de Sacy, reckoned the greatest Oriental scholar in Europe. As he found it impossible to understand the writings of the best Persian poets without a knowledge of Arabic, he began to attend lectures in Arabic also. "I work with *fury* and delight," he wrote to Brandis, "because I must get on, and I do get on." "I am perfectly well," he informed his

sister, "and arrange my day as I like; work from six in the morning till four in the afternoon, only in the course of that time having a walk in the garden of the Luxembourg, where I also often study; from four to six I dine and walk, from six to seven sleep; from seven to eleven work again. In that manner I can make it possible to work in the evening, which I otherwise never could."

With July came the necessity for proceeding to Florence to rejoin Mr. Astor. But Astor was already on the eve of departure, having just received a summons from his father for his immediate return to America. Thither he urgently pressed Bunsen to accompany him, but found him obdurately determined to remain in Europe, till he should be prepared for his Oriental journey. Still, the departure of Astor, and the consequent revulsion of all his plans was a great blow to Bunsen. He often narrated afterwards how in the first shock of solitude—without prospects, he sate down "an unprovided wanderer" in the Loggia de' Lanzi,—where, after a time, he took courage again, and proceeded onwards, from a condition utterly desolate, to success and happiness in life. Sunshine first came in the shape of a young Englishman, Mr. Cathcart, who undertook to assist him in the execution of his Indian plans, on condition of his sparing three hours daily for his instruction in French, and becoming his guide amid the treasures of Florence and Rome.

The connection with Mr. Cathcart was one which to the end continued to give Bunsen complete satisfaction. But greater happiness was in store for him at Florence, in the arrival of Niebuhr, who had been appointed Prussian Envoy at Rome, and who was accompanied by Brandis as Secretary of Legation. With these congenial spirits Bunsen drank in the full enjoyment of the art-treasures of Florence, and when he arrived at Rome with Mr. Cathcart, he found Niebuhr and Brandis established there. "There is but one Rome and one Niebuhr," he wrote to his sister Christiana, and again—"Niebuhr is equally sole of his kind with Rome; him alone will I acknowledge as my lord and master; his instructions, and his personal excellence in every respect, as well as in that of learning, stand highest in estimation among all the men I know; he is essentially the person to form me into a thorough man and citizen of my country; moreover, as regards the realisation of my plans to become a Prussian, he is equally the man."

Thus when, on his return to England, Mr. Cathcart wished to have taken Bunsen with him, believing that he might be able, by introductions, to further his Indian projects; Bunsen's strong longing after the East had been subdued by conversations with Niebuhr, who was inclined to think that the same ends of study might be attained within the limits of Europe, combined with which Bunsen felt that an eastern journey must separate him from Niebuhr, from whom, he

wrote, "as a man and a scholar I can learn more than from all other persons put together."

Amid the varied enjoyments of Rome, that which Bunsen most appreciated was the leisure for taking in and digesting the fruit of his former labours. At first he entered little into society, and shrunk from making acquaintances, dreading the uncongeniality of those who seek to renew in Rome the frivolities of the London season. But it so happened that amongst the first people to whom he was introduced, were Mrs. Waddington and her daughters, then occupying the first-floor of the Palazzo Gavotti. Here, while Mr. Waddington pursued the even tenour of his home life, reading or writing in a nook screened off in one of the apartments, and retiring to bed at his usual early hour, all that was best in English, Italian, and German society gathered around his wife, whose noble type of beauty was almost more remarkable than in her first youth, and whose intellectual charm was equally felt by men of all nationalities. At her receptions in the 'prima sera' Bunsen was a welcome and an unflinching guest, rejoicing that he found there few except those who were capable of taking something more than a surface-interest in the scenes around them. The young Emily Waddington, whose whole life had hitherto been clouded by ill-health, had benefited greatly from the Italian climate, and was enjoying a transient happiness in her engagement with Colonel Manley. This circumstance, and a congeniality of interests, combined to

throw Bunsen completely into the society of her elder sister, when he accompanied them to visit the temples and towers of Rome and the Campagna. Already in April, 1817, he had written to his sister Christiana that he was permitted to read German with Miss Waddington, but that he "was a little in love," and that therefore, as a penniless student who could not think of aspiring to the hand of a girl of fortune, he should "no longer go continually to visit the family." Yet Mrs. Waddington so little suspected the possibility of an attachment to her idolised daughter, that she continued to encourage the visits of one whose society and information gave an additional charm to the interests of Rome, and thus, when on the last morning of May, her eyes were suddenly opened by Bunsen's own revelation of his love for her child and his agony at their impending separation, she felt that—while she had every confidence in the man who asked her for the greatest blessing she had to bestow—she could not undo her own work. Mr. Waddington was much startled and appealed to Niebuhr, in the unexpected turn affairs had taken; but Niebuhr only answered—"The talents, abilities, and character of Bunsen are a capital more safely to be reckoned upon than any other, however securely invested; and had I a daughter myself, to such a man I would gladly consign her." That evening, having received the consent of her parents,—on the steps of the cross, which for centuries marked the site of Christian martyrdoms in the centre

of the Coliseum,—Bunsen asked Frances Waddington to become his wife.

MRS. WADDINGTON to the REV. PROFESSOR MONK.

“ . . . I will own to you that my spirits have had a *shake*, and that nothing but presenting to myself the agony of my death-bed, had I left Fanny without a protector, without a person to be to her what I had been, brings my mind into the state of thankfulness and cheerfulness, that it ought to be in, from the consciousness of her being as happy as it is possible for a human being to be: for some bitter must be mixed with the sweet, and she herself says that she should fear that her present enjoyments were too great to last, did not the loss of me, and the banishment from England, cost such pangs, as make her confidently hope to preserve all the blessings that her union with the exclusive choice of her heart, with the object of her utmost admiration and love, has put her in possession of. It is only doing justice to the best of daughters and one of the most perfect of human beings, to tell you that at any moment one word from me would have prevented my dearest Fanny's marriage, and that without a murmur she would have given Bunsen up. But after I had for almost six months afforded every facility for her to attach herself, after I was myself convinced that excepting in fortune and in his being a foreigner he was in every way completely qualified to make her happy, I should have been a monster from selfish considerations to have destroyed my own work. How it was my own work, and yet unintentionally, I have to recount. Bunsen's astonishing self-command had prevented his voice from betraying him,

and the innumerable multiplicity of objects in Rome that we almost daily were together engaged in contemplating, had furnished such an unceasing flow of conversation, that there literally was not time for sentiment to be displayed: while his respect for me, caused him so constantly to offer me his arm, to place himself by my side, that there was no marked attention towards Fanny, though the most unfeigned admiration. The great strength of Bunsen's expressions of astonishment and delight, in Fanny's *mine* of mind and knowledge, I attributed in some part to his never having before met with a well-educated Englishwoman, and the rest, *I quietly took as her due*, having too long been accustomed to her being valued just in proportion to the discernment, virtue, and talents, of the individual with whom she conversed. Security was still further lulled by knowing Bunsen's plans, that to Calcutta, for the purposes of study (the laws, language, and philosophy of the Hindoos being one of the subjects to which he is most devoted, as subservient to the great object to which his mind ever since eighteen has been bent—the affinity of language), he was resolved within two years to set off, and to obtain some previous information he had given me two letters, which Lord Lansdowne at Mr. Niebuhr's request was to present, that I might correct the German idiom But I must not say more about Bunsen, and about Fanny only give the substance, that she declared to me—and *her word is truth*, that till Bunsen proposed to her, she did not know she was attached to him:—that she had delighted in floating on in her present existence, that each moment was filled to her heart's content, and that she never asked herself, how large or how small a share

Bunsen had individually in her enjoyments; that she felt with so sad a sensation that she was going very soon to quit Rome and Emily, that from principle she always drove the thought from her mind, knowing that a calamity is always the better borne, from not being previously dwelt upon; that she never analysed her regrets, and therefore never ascertained the component parts, and that so far from concealing from me her inmost thoughts, she did not know of their existence, till on Saturday, the 31st May, in the Coliseum by moonlight at eleven o'clock at night (having on that very morning asked my permission to speak for himself), Bunsen presented to her view what she should suffer from a separation, how he should be blessed by a union: when every nerve vibrated to the touch, and she was aware that her life would lose half its charm if not spent with him."

CHAPTER V.

MARRIAGE.

"Felices ter et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die."

HORACE.

"Nothing is sweeter than Love, nothing more courageous, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller nor better in heaven and earth; because Love is born of God, and cannot rest but in God, above all created things."—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

ON the 1st of July, 1817, Frances Waddington was married to Bunsen, in the ancient chapel of the old Palazzo Savelli, which rises upon the ruins of the Theatre of Marcellus, and which was then inhabited by Niebuhr. Only her parents and youngest sister, Niebuhr, Brandis, and Mr. Clifford—an old family friend, were present. Bunsen's first gift to his wife was his father's wedding-ring. "It is nothing very beautiful," he said, "but I hope you will let me see it sometimes on your hand—it was given me with my father's blessing, and I transfer that to you with it—it is a good blessing." The wedded pair drove immediately after the ceremony to Frascati, where rooms were ready

for them in the Casino Accorambuoni, one of those charming flower-hidden residences, half stately-villa, half primitive farm-house, which are only to be found in Italy, and only to be found in perfection on the Alban hills. "In the carriage we spoke not a word at first," wrote Bunsen, soon afterwards, to his sister Christiana, "but as we passed the Coliseum and looked towards the Cross at the foot of which we had sat, when we exchanged the important words,—we pressed each other's hands."

It is quaintly characteristic of the hospitalities which were such a leading feature in the family life of Bunsen and his wife, and which were equally continued in all places and under all circumstances, that they should have begun immediately after their marriage. A day or two were scarcely suffered to elapse before Carl August Brandis, Bunsen's dearest friend, came to share his happiness at Frascati. With him, the Bunsens spent the long bright days of the late summer in full enjoyment of the glorious wooded hills which look down upon Campagna, and of the two blue lakes which are set like gems in their midst; together they passed the mornings in the large cool rooms, or in the little garden with its two fountains, in a common reading of Milton, Dante, or Bacon; and together, in the evenings, they went forth on long excursions, lingering till the splendours of sunset had tinged the plain and the distant city with crimson and gold, and returning by the light of the fire-flies.

The glorious subjects in the Alban Hills and at Rome, as it was in those days long ago, gave constant employment to the artistic powers of Madame Bunsen. Thorwaldsen said of her sepia sketches of Rome and its environs that he "knew no artist, whether professional or amateur, who then equalled her in exact representation, from her power of choosing a view which made a complete picture, without adding or abstracting from the reality before her."

From Frascati, Bunsen wrote to his sister, begging her to tranquillise his friends in Holland as to his purposes in life. "When they hear that I have given up my journey to India and am married, they may, like many of my acquaintances (not my intimate friends) in Germany, apprehend that all my undertakings are given up. But my journey to India was only to be a means to an end; and even though it may sound presumptuous that I hope to succeed in forming a clear view of the earliest life of the Oriental nations, without crossing the line—yet do I make that declaration without misgiving." In the autumn, however, Bunsen's tie to Rome was riveted, for Brandis, who had been acting as diplomatic secretary to Niebuhr since his arrival in Rome, was obliged by ill-health to resign and to return to Germany; when Niebuhr invited Bunsen to succeed to the vacant office of Secretary of Legation.

Emily Waddington had been married a few days before her sister to Colonel Manley, who had an ap-

pointment from the Pope, which compelled him to fix his residence at Rome or in the Alban Hills; and in both places the sisters, who in earlier life had not been congenial to one another, met affectionately and often. The trial of separation from their mother was equally severe to both and drew them closer to each other, for a few days after the marriage of her eldest daughter, Mrs. Waddington had set out on her return to England with her husband and her youngest daughter Augusta—feeling that the necessary wrench from her elder children would be the more difficult, the longer it was delayed.

“Only fifteen days after my marriage,” wrote Madame Bunsen to Bishop Sandford, “I parted from her, who has been not only the guide and protectress of my existence, but in such a degree the principal, as to seem almost the sole object of my thoughts and affections—who has been to me far more than any words can express. In the peculiarly close connection that subsisted between my mother and myself, if she had had the shadow of a wish that I should have remained with her till death parted us, it would have been a natural and necessary consequence that no circumstances of unqualified esteem and attachment to another person could have caused me to leave her, even though she had *consented* and *acquiesced*. She who had been ‘my fate, alone could speak my doom,’—and it required her decided will and desire to dissolve the tie that bound us. Her entire approval of Mr. Bunsen will be sufficient to satisfy you, my dear sir, and you will believe that every month, and every

day, strengthens the confidence in his principles and in his affection with which I at first consigned myself to his protection. That he should not be an Englishman—and that, consequently, a great portion of my life must be spent out of England, and separated from my mother—will occasion the admixture of so much positive evil amongst the blessings I enjoy, as almost to be a security to me that I may *hope* for a continuance of that abundant share of good which has been bestowed upon me. Had every circumstance attending my change of condition been exactly as I could have wished, it would have been fearful—for in the natural course of things, some blow utterly destructive of my happiness must have been expected to follow. My life had hitherto been so blest—I had been so nourished on tenderness, so accustomed to talents, understanding, and cultivation, as well as to high religious principle, that the number of essential requisites to enable me to lead anything more than a mere vegetative existence was great, and I never anticipated the possibility of finding them united. For having thus found them, I never cease to be thankful, although I feel that I can never be thankful enough.”

The close tie which had existed between mother and daughter was never weakened by absence, and at the end of twelve years' separation the mother found in her child the same heart-confidence as when they parted. But she found in her also one of the noblest types of wedded love that any country has produced, showing how entirely a woman can fulfil to the utmost the duties of wife and mother, without ever failing in the

least degree to be the intellectual and spiritual companion of her husband.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

“15 July, 1817.—I lay still, and shed a very few more tears, talking to Charles at intervals about my Mother, and her journey, for some time after she left me. Then I went to sleep, and Charles slept too, leaning against my pillow, for he would not leave me. . . . Some few times since, it is true, the tears have risen to my eyes, but they have been driven away; for my Mother’s parting words, though I never have trusted myself to think them over, have literally vibrated in my ears, and ‘lain like a cordial in my heart, sending forth spirits to recruit my strength.’

“I never could have believed, my own Mother, that I could have borne your departure so well, because I could not have known thoroughly, without this trial, how much Charles was to me. He sympathises in my feelings to the exact degree that does me good. It will not do to think and recollect that my Mother has nothing to soothe *her*—but her own reflections.”

“*Frascati*, 20 July, 1817, *Monday*.—Yesterday I read with Charles most comfortably and satisfactorily. After we had finished the prayers, we read different chapters of the Bible, comparing the German and English; and when M. Brandis came, an hour and a half before dinner, to read with Charles, I read to myself in ‘Self-Knowledge.’* After dinner Charles and I read a good deal in Milton and Dante, then walked out, and sat down in the Villa Belvedere, where M. Brandis joined us. We walked to the top

* Mason’s Self-Knowledge, 1786.

of that hill, where the view was most beautiful. . . . As to my spirits—I never could have realised that I should have borne the parting from my Mother so well, for I never could have imagined in what a degree Charles would cheer and support me, how accurately he would observe by my face when my thoughts needed to be diverted, and how well he would succeed in turning the current of my ideas. I know the effect of salutary occupation, but still I am not attributing too much to Charles, because I also know that fulness of employment avails little without the sensation of security of dependance, and animation of mind, such as the consciousness of his presence gives.

“Since I parted with my Mother, some lines of Dante, often remembered before, but never before in sorrow, have often occurred to me—

‘Era già l’ora che volge ’l desio
 Ai naviganti, e intenerisce il cuore,
 Lo di ch’ han detto a’ dolci amici addio;
 E che lo novo peregrin d’amore
 Punge, se odi squilla di lontano,
 Che paja il giorno pianger che si muore.’”

(Purg. cto. viii.)

“*Frascati, August 7, 1817.*—At three o’clock I set off on an ass with the Guardaroba and his wife to see their Vigna, two miles distant, along a beautiful road. The people were very much pleased at my going with them, and talked *d’encie* to entertain me and themselves, and did the honours of their belongings with the ease that we observe in Welsh cottagers. The Vigna is a beautiful sheltered spot, with a great many fruit trees, besides the vines and crop of canes, and a well in the rock, in which they put some of the pears

they had gathered for me to *rinfrascare*. I brought back a great many almonds and pears, and a few peaches. They told me their corn-field had yielded tenfold this year. I returned home at six o'clock, and drew till it was dark, and then read to myself. Charles did not come home till after ten. He brought me from Rome Verstappen's picture from Thorwaldsen and various stores and treasures; among others, Voss's translation of the Iliad and Odyssey, and the work by Neander on the character of Julian, which he had borrowed from Thorwaldsen, who, he says, will come soon and bring some clay with him: he had been working extremely hard lately, and has made two statues as large as life since he finished the Ballatrice—a Ganymede, and a Shepherd with his Dog.

“Charles brought back M. Overbeck with him from Rome, who is with us still, and I hope we shall keep him longer, for he seems to enjoy being here, and he is a very agreeable inmate, thankful for every attention, and constantly afraid of being troublesome; interested in conversation, but nevertheless quite happy to employ himself independently for many hours in the day, either in painting or walking out. He brought his easel and a beautiful little picture of the Virgin and Child, which he is finishing. I have a great wish to attempt copying it, and yesterday morning while he was out I began and half finished the outline, with which he was very much surprised, and told me he could not make such clean and true strokes himself!

“I must mention a letter which has given me great pleasure, from M. Brandis's father.* It is everything I could wish, and gives so pleasing an impression of the

* Dr. Brandis, Physician to the King of Denmark.

writer that it furnishes additional evidence that we may trust to the pledge afforded by M. Brandis's own character, that *good* must necessarily be annexed to his name and blood. The letter begins with an assurance, that he will always hold me in particular regard, as being the first person who has given him the pleasure of knowing he has a daughter-in-law, and that whenever *another* of *his sons* brings him another, he hopes she will have won his son's heart in an equally worthy manner. He says he loves Charles as well as his own sons, but will not praise him, because there is no use in that, as the matter is concluded,—and will only say that it is not merely natural to him to seek after all that is excellent, but that he can only exist in clinging to it. He says that it is difficult to refuse our invitation to Frascati, but that it would be impossible to him to take such a journey: however that he will send one of his sons, who must put on a wig to look as like him as possible,—but he promises me, if I will come to see him at Copenhagen, to take his wig off, and represent his son. He concludes by giving me his blessing."

"*Frascati*, 14 August, 1817.—How intense is the heat! I almost gasp for a tramontana, for even the coolness of the morning is only relief by comparison. However I have nothing to complain of, but the weakness occasioned by the climate. Charles is ever the same,—and if I wanted reviving—which I do not in mind, though I do in body—it would be sufficient for that purpose to behold a being in such full enjoyment of existence—so uninterruptedly gay, busy, animated—and to feel that he loves me every day more and takes greater delight in my presence, and *admits to himself* that he does so. He is

very busy all morning, studying and writing; and reads Plato with Mr. Brandis for the last half-hour before dinner. I always sit drawing, or writing, or reading in his room, but we do not interrupt each other. I have nearly finished my copy of Overbeck's Madonna, and it is a great pleasure to think that my Mother will some time see it."

"19 Sept., 1817.—I can truly assure my Mother, that my mind settles daily to a more full and steady enjoyment of existence. I use that phrase, as implying much more to my Mother who knows me, than if I had merely said I was *happy*—because it proves that the composure of entire satisfaction is my habitual state. I feel continually convinced of being more and more beloved, and in a manner that has fallen to the lot of few human beings, of being prized for *anything* and *everything* that has a pretension to be good in me,—and I have the consciousness of giving pleasure even by my silent presence, and by every word and action. O my Mother, the only risk is that I should be quite spoiled!—it is *too* good for any human creature not to have *unreasonableness* to contend with, and my occupations too are very much what I like, except that I find, as usual, time to do but little of what I wish to do.

"I hope we may perhaps go to Naples next summer. It is curious that the danger as to robbers is not near Naples, but within the Papal frontier, where at present nearly the whole population consists of banditti, very savage in their practices, taking captives, and often murdering them, if not ransomed very speedily. Many of the troops the Pope has sent against them, or rather the Mon-

signore at the head of the Pope's War Office, have deserted to the robbers: the present state of things therefore is so nearly desperate, that I think there is some ground for hoping an amendment,—possibly the poor Pope may die in next Advent's fast, and then the Austrians may establish *some* government,—if it was only a military rule, that would be better than *no* government."

"25 Sept.—I will here assure my Mother, that *never* in any way has my privilege to employ myself *as I please*, *without criticism*, been infringed: and I can safely promise her, that as far as time and strength allow, nothing shall be lost that she has taken pleasure in seeing me acquire. . . . When Charles and I sit together, we neither interrupt or constrain each other. The only thing in which my time is ever spent, in exclusive compliance with a fancy of Charles and Mr. Brandis, is in reading the dialogues of Plato, two or three evenings in the week, for an hour. I read aloud the German translation, and they look at the Greek the while. For this book I confess I have as yet acquired no taste, but it is a very fine practice, not only in reading German, but in fixing attention: and the representation is most curious, not only of the enlightened opinions of two individuals, Plato and Socrates, but of the total want of all fixed principles of belief, on the commonest points of religion and morality, amongst the rest of the Athenians of their time: also, the talent with which the dialogues are conducted is admirable; and if the work did not possess so many merits, the interest that Charles and Mr. Brandis take in helping me to understand it, by giving explanatory particulars as to numberless points on which I am unin-

formed, would be reason sufficient to prefer continuing to read it.

“ On Charles’s birthday,* my dearest Mother, I showed him Patrick † for the first time, putting a mark in the prayer ‘ On the day of one’s Birth.’ He was very much pleased, and the next morning before breakfast proposed that we should read a prayer together, which we have done many times since, and we often before breakfast read some chapters in the Bible. I have constantly more satisfaction, and I feel that he has also, in our regular Sunday readings.

“ We are beginning to experience the inconveniences of a mere summer-house. From the smallness of the rooms, we are either in want of fresh air, or exposed to draughts of wind: still we ought not to complain of Casino Accorambuoni, for it has not let in the rain upon us, that is to say—only a little: but I look forward with pleasure to inhabiting large rooms with large windows. Next Monday Charles will go to Rome, and take Laura to superintend cleaning and to take care of furniture till we come to inhabit. Last Monday we went to Monte Compatri, setting off at eight o’clock, and returning at three to dinner. Mr. Brandis and Mr. Platner went with us, and we took a basket with fruit and cold ham and bread. It rained when we reached Monte Compatri, but we got under shelter, and Mr. Brandis read aloud part of *Göts von Berlichingen*: the views were most exquisite, and I enjoy the thoughts of going the same road again to Palestrina.”

* 25th August.

† The Devotional Works of Symon Patrick, Bishop of Chichester, afterwards of Ely (1626—1707).

"*Frascati*, 2 Oct., 1817.—On Monday morning Charles went to Rome, and in the course of that day, I packed everything. Mr. Brandis came and managed the carrettieri for me, about loading the luggage, and though their delays caused him to lose' three hours of a fine morning, he almost reproached me for having given him 'nothing to do' to help me, according to his own wish and Charles's charge—but I explained that had I been ever so well inclined to give him more trouble than could be avoided, I could not well have contrived to give him either my gowns and petticoats, or the sheets and tablecloths to pack. Indeed, my own dearest Mother, I have so many plagues saved me, of all sorts and kinds, that it is only almost alarming. I have had a long note from Charles' each day since he went away, and I have written to him each day: and these four days that I have been alone, I have not been lonely, for I have been well enough to be constantly busy, have taken three sketches; drawn some dogtooth violets, which are now in full autumnal blow; copied some Handel; and read Machiavel and several chapters in regular progress through Job and Ezekiel. The reason that caused me to begin the latter, was hearing from Charles a comment Mr. Niebuhr had made on the thoroughly Judaic spirit, and narrowness of mind of Ezekiel, as contrasted with Isaiah. I think very likely the observation is just, but I believe the reason I have always felt, and my Mother has always felt, so much delight in reading Isaiah, is that in speaking of the future Redeemer, his soul seems filled with his actual presence, and he has almost imbibed beforehand the spirit of Christianity—he is not a mere passive medium for the transmission of Divine

oracles. One of the plans that Charles has made for the winter, is to read the book of Job in the Hebrew, with a countryman of his of the name of Wolfe, a converted Jew, who is at present in the Roman college, and has made great progress in the Oriental languages."

"6 Oct., 1817.—Mr. Charles Brandis speaks with great animation of the effect that the young Napoleon produced upon him. He said that the child spoke to him, asking him different questions, where he had been, where he was going—'like a little Prince;' that he had a marked character of countenance as well as manner, and that his features were *not like his father's*; that he had beautiful flaxen hair in great abundance. The only anecdote he told me of him was curious. The two young lions that the Princesses of Wales sent to the Emperor of Austria, were conveyed to Schönbrunn, where the young Napoleon resides, and he became very fond of them, and quite familiar with them. When the Emperor came to see these lions, the child thought some signs of apprehension were to be perceived in his countenance; he ran, and clasped one of the lions round the neck, exclaiming, 'Now, grandpapa, you may come near, he shan't touch you.' He can speak both German and French, but sometimes does not choose to speak the former. It is most entertaining to hear that the eldest son of the Emperor mimics the deportment of the young Napoleon, making the clumsiest imitations of gestures, that in the other are graceful, because easy and natural.

"Particulars of the death of Madame de Staël will have reached my Mother from other quarters, but I will mention that though she suffered terribly in body and mind till

within a few minutes of her death, she expired as if falling asleep. She desired her daughter to declare her marriage with Rocca as soon as she was dead, but not to mention it before. Therefore the Duchesse de Broglie collected all her friends around her mother's coffin, the night before it was removed from Paris, informed them of the duty imposed upon her, and then fainted. Madame de Staël has left Rocca and her child one third of her property."

"*Palazzo Astalli, Rome, 11 Oct.*—We profited by the cessation of rain on Tuesday evening to come home, and have ever since been unpacking and settling. I have had some trouble, my own Mother, but no *plague*. I was quite surprised to find how much was done, the rooms painted, all fresh and clean, carpet laid down, and a sufficient number of chairs and tables and other necessaries, to begin with. I have never ceased to be sensible of the freshness and cleanliness, and space, and light and air of these rooms since I came into them. I have got my Mother's picture: sometimes I am hard enough not to trust myself to look at it! Oh it is very like—almost too like!"

"18 Oct., 1817.—Charles is just gone to Mr. Niebuhr's, who has asked several of his favourites to meet at his house in commemoration of the Battle of Leipzig—and, before I go to bed, I may treat myself in expressing to my Mother the continually renewed thankfulness I feel towards her for that all but living image of herself, which now occupies the room I inhabit, receives me whenever I return to it, and—looks so much as if it were going to speak to me—that for a minute together I cannot look at it, but a hundred glances in the course of the day I *can* take without doing any mischief.

"I have called upon Mr. and Mrs. Niebuhr since their return to Rome, when they were both very gracious. I had only an opportunity of exchanging a few words with Mr. Niebuhr, and very much doubt whether I shall ever *get on* with him, but my Mother will agree with me that 'l'on peut très bien attendre,' and that it is not a matter to make violent efforts in."

"30 Oct., 1817.—Yesterday morning Charles and I walked over the Capitol to the Coliseum directly after breakfast, and yesterday evening we took the same walk, returning as the Ave-Maria was sounding. I therefore observed the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius in the same day receiving the first sunbeams, and displaying its fine outline in a mass of darkness against the clear sky after the sun was set.

"I would give the world that my words should sufficiently prove to my Mother how happy I am. I feel myself continually more beloved, more highly valued, more delighted in,—and have an hourly consciousness of the truth of an assurance Charles made to me the other day in these words—'I feel what you are in every fibre of my heart.'"

"11 Nov., 1817.—We have removed to Palazzo Caffarelli, on the Capitol, and how I wish I could send my Mother a sketch of the inside of my room, but still more that I could send the view from the windows, which is a never-failing delight, in all changes of atmosphere.

"I must give my Mother an account of a business that has occupied a good deal of Charles's time latterly, when he was not busy house arranging. Mr. Brandis and he had long talked of contriving some manner in which the Jubilee of the Reformation should

not pass unmarked amongst the German Protestants collected at Rome, as it was appointed to be celebrated throughout Protestant Germany on the 2nd of November, the day on which, in 1517, Luther publicly burnt the papal bull that had been issued to condemn his doctrines, thereby declaring for the first time a positive separation from the Church of Rome. For this purpose, it was to be wished that a religious service could be performed. Charles proposed to translate the service of the Church of England, which was approved by Mr. Niebuhr, and he set to work, and soon finished. Wherever a Biblical phrase was to be observed, he referred to Luther's translation of the Bible, and made use of the original words. In this part of the work I helped him to some degree, as I could generally, though not always, find the place in the English Bible, where a similar phrase was employed, and then the parallel passage in the German Bible was easily found. When this was done, Mr. Niebuhr scrupled having the meeting take place in his own house, because he could not exclude any individual, and there might be some who would write a misrepresentation of the matter, or who at any rate would declare that he had taken a decided part in favour of the English liturgy, which he had rather not appear to do, as the adoption of some general form of worship is a matter of great contention at present in Germany, where nothing is yet established, but every clergyman reads as much or as little as he pleases : but it is, as I understand, the particular wish of the King of Prussia, that something as near as possible to the English liturgy should be adopted, because he was so struck with it when in England. Mr. Niebuhr therefore

expressed a wish that all should assemble in our house, which accordingly took place on Sunday the 9th of November, on account of Mr. Brandis's having been too ill to move the Sunday before. Mr. and Mrs. Niebuhr came, and Madame de Humboldt* and her daughter, and a great many men, in all nearly forty persons. Charles and Mr. Brandis read the translation between them, and their selection did extremely well, for they thought themselves obliged to omit some things, lest the length of the service should frighten a set of people, most of whom were not accustomed to think going to church at all necessary. Mrs. Niebuhr was blooming and gracious, and asked us to come the following evening. I have reason to think that all the trouble I have at different times taken to talk to her is not thrown away, for in her manner there is now something so like cordiality, that I feel *as far as it goes* she rather likes me, and is pleased to see me. Mr. Niebuhr gave me one of his bows and two of his smiles, but nothing more." †

"25 Nov., 1817.—Last Sunday I had the very disagreeable interruption of a visit from Mr. Niebuhr, his wife and child, the last the most pleasing of my visitors, for he was lively and good-humoured. During the whole time Mr. Niebuhr was in the house, he walked the rooms, with Charles and two other men, or stood with them on the

* The highly-gifted wife of William Humboldt, the great statesman and philologist,—"*la première intelligence de l'Europe,*" as Madame de Stael described him at the time of the Congress of Vienna.

† It will be seen how steadily the feeling of Madame Bunsen for Madame Niebuhr strengthened and deepened into a true friendship, and how differently she afterwards regarded Niebuhr himself. Madame Niebuhr was his second wife, Margaret Hensler—"Gretchen"—the niece and adopted daughter of his first wife's sister, Madame Hensler.

loggia—never sat down, or came near me. At last, at the usual *speaking* time, when his wife was fidgetting away, and he was fidgetting after her, he supposed I was going to go into mourning for the Princess Charlotte. I replied with strong expression of regret for her loss. He was pleased to draw an inference from my words that I was a *Tory* and had no confidence for the country's welfare, but in royalty. I denied the inference, as undauntedly as my Mother could have wished, on a ground that I knew he could not object to, that the character of the late King had been a circumstance of great value to his subjects, and that his granddaughter being so young, it had not been forbidden to hope that much might be expected from her."

"19 Feb., 1818.—I have long omitted to tell what my Mother will be pleased to learn, that Thorwaldsen has received an order to execute the bassi-relievi of the Entry of Alexander into Babylon, in marble. The order has been given by the Marchese Somariva, a very rich Milanese, who was a commissary, I believe, for the French army: he has a palace at Milan, another near the lake of Como, and another at Paris. Thorwaldsen is now going to form a succession of designs from the Iliad and Odyssey, for bassi-relievi, for the Crown Prince of Bavaria, who when he passed through Rome originally expressed a wish that Thorwaldsen would make designs from the New Testament, for a frieze to be placed along the top of a double row of columns, to lead up to the high-altar of a church that the Prince intends to build at Munich. From the time this was talked of, it was observed that poor Thorwaldsen was quite dispirited at the thoughts of it, his *soul* did not enter into the idea of the design, and it was an

additionally discouraging circumstance, that his works were to be placed at a height of twenty feet. It is believed that some of Thorwaldsen's friends mentioned this state of his mind to the Prince on his return, and that he has in consequence changed the order,—which I think is very fortunate, for there can be little doubt from the two specimens of *Priam at the feet of Achilles* and the *Departure of Briseis*, that Thorwaldsen will enter into the spirit of Homer. Thorwaldsen has been very busy, and therefore very happy lately, not in consequence of the number of orders he has received, but because his whole mind has been absorbed in a statue of Hope, not quite finished yet, which I think one of his most beautiful works. I do not know anything to compare it with; the figure is standing still, and firm on both feet, but just ready to move: she holds up her drapery with one hand, by which means the form of her limbs is as well to be perceived as if she were not completely covered; the hair is arranged in a manner that appears to me quite original—a quantity of curls brought from behind over the forehead, but supported from falling over the face by a band or diadem, the rest of the hair hanging in curls in the neck. The countenance I think most remarkable: Thorwaldsen said himself he thought 'the expression of Hope ought to be perfect repose,' and such he has made it, but the most *animated repose*."

On the 2nd of April, 1818, a letter from Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington headed "Fanny is well—Henry sends you his love"—announced the birth of his eldest born.

"As to godfathers, I have followed the idea, which I

always had before I was married, and therefore shall first ask my own dear father, whose name the child is to have, viz. Henry or Heinrich; then he who has received me, and treated me, and continues to love me as a father, old Mr. Brandis, whom his son will represent as I shall my father; and lastly, Mr. Niebuhr, because there is no man living to whom, besides the other two, I have more obligation."

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"18 April, 1818.—O my Mother, I need not ask you to bless God for me, and pray to Him to make me thankful: I feel that I can never be thankful enough. My treasure is now asleep in his crib. . . . Angelina's* behaviour has been quite perfect: I could not by any person have been served with more intelligence, activity, and unwearied good humour. My Mother will more easily guess, without being told, what the conduct of friends has been towards me:—in what a degree I feel the tie drawn closer between myself and my dear Emily by the unceasing acts of kindness she has performed, and all the trouble she has taken for me:—how I am bound for life to Mrs. Drewe,† for the tenderness and zeal with which she has attended to me:—how far dearer than ever Charles has become to me, as I feel that I am also become to him."

"22 April, 1818.—The day three weeks that my child was born, I was out for a long time. I went first for a

* The faithful Angelina, frequently mentioned in these memoirs, is still living (1878) in the Palazzo Caffarelli, with a small pension from the Baroness Bunsen, and receiving much kindness from the present Prussian ambassador, as from his predecessors.

† Born Allen of Cresselly, a very old family friend. See ch. iii.

few minutes to Mrs. Niebuhr, who has latterly shown me so many attentions, with so much appearance of interest, that I am confirmed in the belief that as far as she has any feeling towards me, it is a feeling of unmixed goodwill and complacency. Then I fetched Emily, who went with me to the Villa Borghese, which is in the beauty of purple blossomed Judas trees and laburnum. My baby was with me too and slept the whole journey.

“On Thursday we went to Thorwaldsen’s, and saw a fine Mercury upon which he is now working with great delight, and which keeps his spirits in some degree from sinking under the weight of the Crown Prince’s commission: the single specimen he has made of that frieze, the three Mary’s at the tomb, is quite detestable, and I am sure he looks at it with as little patience as anybody else—they are absolutely theatrical figures.”

“1 July, 1818.—Donna Christina Bonaparte is married to Count Posse—a Swede, and Donna Anna to the Prince Ercolani of Bologna. The latter is said to be a great match: the former displeased Madame Mere and the Princess Borghese so much, that they would not be present when the contract was signed; it was reported that they grounded their objections upon the circumstance of the Swede’s being a *subject of a subject of their family*.

“The day before yesterday poor Fohr* was drowned in the Tiber! I cannot describe the shock which this accident has produced, for Fohr’s life was of value to many. . . . He was walking near the Ponte Molle with three

* Carl Philip Fohr, a young painter of much promise. His townsmen at Heidelberg have done honour to his memory by naming a beautiful walk over the hills “Fohr’s Weg.”

friends. One of them, named Bahrtdt, being a good swimmer, resolved to cross an eddy, so well known to be dangerous, that the soldiers stationed near the bridge have orders to warn bathers not to venture near it. Fohr knew but little how to swim, but insisted upon following Bahrtdt, though urged by all three to refrain. Bahrtdt had nearly reached the other side, when he heard an outcry from the two who remained on the bank, and turning round, saw Fohr struggling in the eddy; he seized him by the hair, but the strength of the stream forced it from his grasp—he then swam below the place of danger, and came up again against the current, in the hope of catching him. He was able to reach Fohr's hand, but life was already fled, the hand dropped from his grasp, the body sank, and has not been found again. Fohr's poor dog had four days before been nearly drowned in the same spot, and therefore dared not venture after his master, but ran howling along the bank, and could by no efforts be brought away, till his master's clothes were shewn him, and then he followed the clothes home.

“Mr. Overbeck is going to be married to Mademoiselle Hirtel, the daughter of an Austrian baron, with whom Wilhelm Schlegel was a few years ago so much in love, that he wanted to have proposed to her, but Madame de Staël would not let him. I saw Mademoiselle Hirtel for the first time at Genzano, where she is settled for the summer, with Madame Herz, Frederic Schlegel, and two German misses—altogether a curious coterie, which I should be much entertained to see more of, if we could go again to Genzano. Mdlle. Hirtel is a thorough gentlewoman, very pretty, with a countenance full of feeling and animation, and she

certainly can only be induced to marry Overbeck by being attached to him."

"4 July, 1818.—Last night the remains of poor Fohr were deposited near the pyramid of Caius Cestius. The night before they had been found by a fisherman a mile below San Paolo fuori le Mura. There being no German clergyman in Rome, Charles translated and read the burial-service of the Church of England: afterwards he and Mr. Niebuhr read alternately, at Mr. N.'s suggestion, a fine funeral hymn, contained in a collection of ancient German sacred poetry, and intended to be sung by two choirs responsively. In conclusion, Charles spoke a few sentences relative to the character of the deceased and the feelings of survivors. I wish I could give my Mother an idea of how well this *ever-difficult* duty was performed. . . . A great number of people formed a circle round the grave—the friends and associates of Fohr, the people who carried torches and had conveyed the coffin, and the guard which is always stationed at the Protestant burying-place. The Italians all stood in perfect stillness and fixed attention: it was a dark, but gloriously starlight night, and the flashes of lightning without cloud or storm were frequent."

"8 July, 1818.—My dear Emily has been here. She had just received my Mother's letter containing a summons to England. I cannot describe the spring *that* gave me—the unmixed pleasure. I could not feel disappointed it was not myself that was summoned, having such a fixed conviction of the impossibility of moving; and the loss to myself of Emily's presence did not occur to me as matter of regret, nor does it yet,—though I shall miss her dear face.

"The other night, when we were looking at the view in the light of the full moon, Charles longed for my Mother's presence—a summer night is the time when he wishes for her. The time when I wish for her most of all is when I look at my child: I cannot write anything to give an image of him, and I cannot draw him to my satisfaction."

"1 *Sept.*, 1818.—Charles will look for a lodging at Genzano, that we may go into the country when Emily goes away. My Mother will be glad to hear that we are to have dear Mr. Brandis in the house with us. Charles has *begged him* of Mr. Niebuhr on the plea that in the present low state of his spirits, he ought not to spend so many hours alone as he was accustomed to do in Mr. Niebuhr's house, and that he has long formed habits of living day after day and hour after hour with Charles, as a brother."

"4 *Sept.*, 1818.—I trust my Mother will have made out from my late letters in what perfect comfort and enjoyment I have passed this summer, having had health and strength enough to pass my time as I liked, and being free from interruptions. I shall take care not to forget that some trouble must be taken for society, but that society must be good indeed, which I could feel to be otherwise than an intrusion. There is no conversation from which I receive so many ideas, no mind that communicates to mine such an impulse, as that of my dear Charles: and I have the blessing of feeling that I am constantly more and more prized by him, and that he is more happy in my presence. I am also indescribably thankful to be conscious how much closer the bond has been drawn between me and my dear Emily in these fourteen months that we have spent as it were together, since my Mother left us. I feel her affec-

tion towards me as much increased as mine towards her, and I have received from her little kindnesses and little services innumerable."

After Madame Bunsen parted with her sister at Rome, they never met again. Mrs. Manley, whilst she had pleased her husband by making his house agreeable to his numerous Italian friends, had been exerting herself beyond her feeble powers. Though her affection for him was unaltered, she could not evade an inner consciousness which she never allowed to appear till she lay upon her death-bed, that her marriage had been a mistake. Her early life had been devoted to strong religious impressions of that class which are none the less real because they frequently raise external trifles to the rank of spiritual duties; and, though her husband never interfered with her conduct on subjects of faith, or attempted to influence her belief, she felt ere long that the fact of his being a Roman Catholic, and evading all subjects connected with religion, created a barrier between them on the matters nearest her heart. She had long discovered also that his fortune was far from being that which it had been represented to be before her marriage was allowed by her parents, which she suffered from chiefly because she dreaded the effect of the disclosure upon their minds. When the hour of departure for England was fixed, she concealed from her sister that she knew she was returning to her own country to die.

The fatigues of the journey increased her malady, and when her mother welcomed her at the door of Llanover, it was to hear her conviction that she was dying fast, but that God had heard her prayer, not to be parted from her mother and family during her last days. She expressed herself as being joyful in spirit for almost the first time for the last two years—"in which she had lived as under a mask." She wished only that two requests might be granted—one, that her husband might not be informed of the certainty of her approaching death, but that he might continue to indulge his present hopes of her recovery; the other, that in the prayers offered in her presence, not a word of petition for recovery might be uttered, as she had not strength to endure so terrible a thought. From this time she lay tranquil and resigned, but could seldom speak: all symptoms showed the entire break-up of nature, although she had still strength to endure much pain, and for a longer time than the physician had deemed possible. "I pray for the happiness of my husband," she said; "he loves me, and has ever cared for me to the utmost of his power; but that is now past; all ties are broken, except that which binds me to my Mother, by whom I was taught the knowledge of God."* Mrs. Manley died on the 12th April, 1819. There are few cases in which one may venture to say as positively as in this, that according to human wisdom and perception there was no other way

* Letter of Bunsen to his sister Christiana.

but by the release of nature, for escaping from a really tragical combination of circumstances, not one of which could have been thought of without despair.* Mean-time life continued to glide happily by with the Bunsens at Rome—their only clouds arising from this sorrow, and from their separation from Brandis, who left Rome so ill, and at the same time “so heavenly-minded in benevolence, inward peace and clearness, and so convinced of the near approach of his end,” that his friends, when they parted, could not but fear they had seen him for the last time, though he lived to a good old age.† Long and affectionately remembered were the last afternoons passed by the Bunsens with this brother-like friend, chiefly in the turfy avenues with their glorious mountain-views, which extend from the steps of St. John Lateran to the old basilica of Santa Croce.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

“16 *March*, 1819.—Mr. Hinds and Mr. Thirlwall are here. . . . My Mother, I know, has sometimes suspected that a man’s abilities are to be judged of in an *inverse ratio* to his Cambridge honours,—but I believe that rule is really not without exception, for Mr. Thirlwall‡ is cer-

* See Letter of Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington, in the Memoirs of Baron Bunsen.

† Professor Brandis outlived Bunsen himself. He died at Bonn, where he filled the chair of Professor of Moral Philosophy, in July, 1867.

‡ Connop Thirlwall, afterwards Historian of Greece and Bishop of St. David’s, died 1875.

tainly no dunce, although, as I have been informed, he attained high honours at Cambridge at an earlier age than anybody, except, I believe, Porson. In the course of their first interview, Charles heard enough from him to induce him to believe that Mr. Thirlwall had studied Greek and Hebrew in good earnest, not merely for prizes; also, that he had read Mr. Niebuhr's Roman History proved him to possess no trifling knowledge of German,* and as he expressed a wish to improve himself in the language, Charles ventured to invite him to come to us on a Tuesday evening, whenever he was not otherwise engaged, seeing that many Germans were in the habit of calling on that day, and making the necessary explanations, that a regular assembly was not to be expected, for that I was unable to send formal invitations, on account of being so frequently laid up: and Mr. Thirlwall has never missed any Tuesday evening since, except the *moccoli* night, and one other when it rained dogs and cats. He comes at eight o'clock, and never stirs to go away till everybody else has wished good-night, often at almost twelve o'clock. It is impossible for any one to behave more like a man of sense and a gentleman, than he has always done,—ready and eager to converse with anybody that is at leisure to speak to him, but never looking fidgety when by necessity left to himself; always seeming animated and attentive, whether listening to music, or trying to make out what people say in German, or looking at one of Göthe's songs in the book, while it is sung; and so there are a great many reasons for our being *very much* pleased with Mr. Thirlwall, yet I

* Seven years after this, Thirlwall joined his friend Julius Hare in translation of Niebuhr's History of Rome.

rather suspect him of being very cold, and very dry—and although he seeks, and seeks with general success, to understand everything, and in every possible way increase his stock of ideas, I doubt the possibility of his understanding anything that is to be *felt* rather than *explained*, and that cannot be reduced to a system. I was led to this result by some most extraordinary questions that he asked Charles about Faust (which he had borrowed of us, and which he greatly admired nevertheless, attempting a translation of one of my favourite passages, which however I had not pointed out to him as being such),—and also by his great fondness for the poems of Wordsworth, two volumes of which he insisted upon lending Charles, containing stuff, to my perceptions, yet more contemptible than the contents of that enormous quarto (the eighth section of the second part of an intended poem, I believe) which my Mother and I once attempted to read. These books he accompanied with a note, in which he laid great stress upon the necessity of reading the author's *prose essays on his own poems*, in order to be enabled to relish the latter. Yet Mr. Thirlwall speaks of Dante in a manner that would seem to prove a thorough taste for his poetry, as well as that he has really and truly studied it; for he said to me that he thought no person who had taken the trouble to understand the whole of the 'Divina Commedia' would doubt about preferring the Paradiso to the two preceding parts; an opinion in which I thoroughly agree—but nobody can understand it, without having obtained a knowledge of the history of the times, and the systems of theology and philosophy (which were present to the mind of Dante) by means of studying the

commentators, or being *assisted*, as I was, by the studies of others.

"As Mr. Thirlwall can speak French sufficiently well to make himself understood, and as he has *something to say*, Charles found it very practicable to make him and Professor Bekker acquainted—though Professor Bekker has usually the great defect of *never speaking* but when he is prompted by his own inclination, and of never being *inclined to speak* except to persons whom he has long known, that is, to whose faces and manners he has become accustomed, and whose understanding or character he respects or likes.* . . . In conclusion, I must say about Mr. Thirlwall, that I was prepossessed in his favour by his having made up in a marked manner to Charles, rather than to myself. I had no difficulty in getting on with him, but I had all the advances to make: and I can never think the worse of a young man, just fresh from college, and unused to the society of women, for not being at his ease with them at first."

"22 June, 1819.—All that my Augusta tells me of Calwich has given me a great deal of pleasure. It reminds me of the time when I was there at twelve years old, when my Augusta was only a month older than my Henry is now, when the weather, the flower-garden, the water, the verdure, were all bright and beautiful, and when I very much enjoyed myself.

* Niebuhr said of the extraordinary linguist and philologist Bekker that he was "silent in seven languages" (*schweigt in sieben Sprachen*). In a letter from Berlin of September, 1857, Bunsen speaks of Professor Bekker's peculiarities as still the same—"Madame Grimm told me that she had made Bekker not only speak, but laugh." Bekker once said—"This is the first time I have spoken these three years."

“How I thank my Mother for her gifts to Mrs. Niebuhr, whose behaviour to me has indeed been all that I could wish, invariably—and it is difficult for me to find any means of making a return of any sort, except having made her some *minced-pie meat* at Christmas, and a candle-screen in the autumn, which last has proved very useful, on account of the state her eyes have been in for some time. . . . I must not say anything, and indeed I hardly wish to do so, about my Mother’s extravagance, because I know it pleases her to be extravagant for my sake.

“A few evenings ago I walked with Charles over Ponte Sisto to Palazzo Corsini, for the purpose of seeing the gallery. The custode was not at home, so we went on to Santa Maria in Trastevere, to look at some ancient mosaics, and returned to the Corsini garden, where I have so often been with my Mother. After sitting down a little while, we set off home, but by way of Piazza Sciarra in the Corso, to eat ices. When we had ascended our own dear hill, we found the sweetest boy in the world, greeting us with such joy—well-pleased to be taken in my arms, and afterwards upon his father’s back, and very soon equally well-pleased to be undressed and go to bed, it being Ave Maria, the usual time for dropping asleep. The Campo Vaccino is the place for my Henry when he is out. There he trots and stops, and looks at the oxen lying by the side of the carts, and the flocks of sheep and goats, and the asses.”

“28 June, 1819.—In the course of last week a Lutheran clergyman arrived, as chaplain to the Prussian Embassy, in consequence of Mr. Niebuhr’s representations to the King

of Prussia of the great need in which the numerous colony of German Protestants at Rome stood of having a person among them whose office it should be to keep alive a sense of religion, and counteract the influence of Catholic priests, by which so many conversions have been effected: and service was for the first time performed yesterday at Mr. Niebuhr's, to a congregation of seventy persons, which was more than was expected could have been so soon collected, as many people are gone into different parts of the country for the summer. I have seldom in my life been so deeply struck by a sermon as by that which the chaplain delivered, and I wish I had space to give such an account of his selection of matter, and of his manner of treating it, as might enable my Mother to form an idea of the strength of understanding, the justness of feeling, and the knowledge of the doctrines and spirit of Christianity which he proved himself to possess;—she would rejoice for me and for Charles in the first place, and for a number of unknown creatures in the next, that such an individual should have been induced to come here. The service consisted of prayers and hymns, and two chapters from the New Testament, one of which, containing the parable of the Prodigal Son, was explained and commented upon in the sermon. It has always been allowed to the clergymen in Germany to make what selections they pleased from a vast quantity of materials for forming a Liturgy—a liberty which has been to a fatal degree abused, but which in the present instance was used in the most admirable manner. The prayers were those of Luther, with some additions to suit the circumstances of the congregation. The hymns were all belonging to the period of the Reformation, both

words and music, and one was composed by Luther himself."

"15 July, 1819.—It is a very pretty sight when Henry is with the little Niebuhr's, they have such delight in seeing each other, and the little Amelia and my Henry are so animated and Marcus so quiet, in the manner of showing satisfaction. Marcus smiles at Henry, puts his hands gently on his shoulders, and kisses him on the cheek, as he has been taught to do to his little sister. The little girl is engaging, but not pretty, but Marcus has a really beautiful head, and an expression of deep thought and fixed attention that is still more striking and uncommon than his features.

"The great heat of the weather has so much weakened me latterly, that for a fortnight I have not been out of the house, except on a Sunday to attend the service which is regularly performed at Mr. Niebuhr's, and one glorious night when I drove with Mr. and Mrs. Niebuhr to the Coliseum.

"It is my most particular advice to A. not to allow the young Baron de Hügel to come to Italy, as he is only just come from Eton,—he had much better be sent to Oxford, and perhaps after eight or ten years, when he has learnt a great deal at home, and has become well fixed in English habits and tastes, he may travel, without the certainty of being contaminated by all the evil of the Continent, and confirmed in all that he brought with him from England. It is not that I mean to say there is nothing to be learnt in Italy: on the contrary, the longer I remain, the more I am aware of the abundance of ideas that may be acquired, and the depths of knowledge that may be penetrated here,

—but with no good can anybody come in contact, but by scrutiny into *the past*, of which boys of eighteen have no notion,—they see nothing in Italy but the paltry frippery of its present state, and generally confound in their feelings the noble relics of its ancient and modern greatness, with the *antique Immondezzi* through which it is necessary to wade in order to get at them.

“Amongst the many subjects on which I wish to comment to my Mother, Schmieder (the chaplain) is one of the principal. I am so sure of the pleasure she would have in hearing of a character of so high and rare a description, as his more and more appears to me, the more it is unfolded. He has now been here four weeks, I have seen a great deal of him, and Charles still more—but I have seen nothing that disturbs or alters the first impression.”*

On the 13th of August Mrs. Waddington was informed of the birth of her second grandson, called Ernest Christian Louis, the first name being after his father's boy-friend, the poet Ernst Schulze, of whose death he had heard in the first weeks of his married life.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

“21 Sept., 1819.—If I could but describe how daily more and more engaging my Ernest becomes!—what a pair of blue eyes he opens! His hair is dark, but light

* Dr. Schmieder still lives (1878)—the venerable Provost of the Preacher's Seminary at Wittenberg, a place of residence and tuition for a limited number of candidates for holy orders.

hair is reckoned such a beauty, that the nurses, in short every Italian who has seen him, has endeavoured to console me with the assurance that he will be 'biondo come il fratello'—which amuses me very much, because I have no doubt they know as well as myself that hair is much more apt to become darker than lighter.

“On Sunday the 19th September, my Ernest was christened at Mr. Niebuhr's, after the service—in consequence of Dr. Schmieder's having expressed a wish that the christening should take place in the place of public worship, rather than at home;—as he considered it more consonant to the design of baptism that it should be performed so far publicly, as that the congregation should be enabled to witness it if they chose, and thereby have an additional chance of being reminded of their own obligations. The prayers he read were those of Luther, composing altogether a service not quite so long as ours, but in every respect similar. I was thankful again to be able to attend the service, and to hear Dr. Schmieder preach. During the long interval in which I have not stirred from home, Charles has given me every Sunday a detailed account of the sermon, which always contains an explanation of the Epistle or Gospel for the day, but every time I miss hearing one of his sermons, I feel I have missed an opportunity of real advantage. It is known to Dr. Schmieder's friends that he writes down in the course of the week, sometimes in two or three different ways, his thoughts on the subject on which he intends to preach, but he preaches extempore, without any reference to notes, which certainly gives great additional effect to the words he utters. Every Wednesday evening, he gives explanations of Isaiah, and reads

prayers, to any persons, few or many, that choose to attend."

"8 Nov., 1819.—I must tell my Mother the usual employments of our evenings. On Sunday we read in the Bible, with Dr. Schmieder, of whose soundness of belief, and rectitude of feeling, I am the more convinced, the more I hear of his explanations and comments. The other persons present include three painters. One my Mother will find in the catalogue as *Giulio Schnorr di Carolsfeld*. It is difficult to make an intelligible description of Schnorr, and to depict his power of making such keen, dry, penetrating observations on character, that had circumstances destined him for a fine man of the world, he would have been a consummate *persifleur*. The names of *Olivier* and *Rhebenitz* my Mother will also find in the catalogue.

"On Wednesday evenings, at the Ave Maria, we go to a room at Mr. Niebuhr's where the congregation assemble, to which Schmieder has lately begun to give explanations of the articles of the confession of Augsburg. On Thursday evening we generally go to Mr. Niebuhr's, and I am always glad when I am not prevented from going by any accidental circumstance, for Mr. Niebuhr has been for a long time in a sufficiently good state of health to be infinitely animated and conversible, and when that is the case, I can imagine no greater intellectual gratification than to hear him talk, let the subject be what it may. I have heard him converse on many subjects, but he has such a power of diversifying everything by the originality of his conceptions, and the liveliness of his imagination, that I should think it impossible for the most ignorant listener to consider any topic dry upon which he touched. On Monday

evening we hope soon to contrive at least once a fortnight to enjoy again a treat which we had once a week five weeks last summer—of hearing some of the Motetts of Palestrina executed in the right manner, without instruments, at home. We had long tried to get together some dilettanti acquaintances, who knew how to sing other music, to execute them, with the help of a simple accompaniment; but at length finding that no dependence could be placed on dilettanti, we committed the extravagance of calling in professional aid—and yet no great extravagance, for to our one singer from the Papal chapel we gave 6 pauls a night—or 2*s.* 9*d.* sterling, for singing in six pieces: our contralto, the Maestro Giovannini, was satisfied with an occasional *regalo*, of a few pounds of chocolate, or bottles of wine: our tenor was a Dane, named Bai, late Consul at Algiers, with a most exquisite voice, and great knowledge of music: and for the bass we were rich enough in Sardi, but sometimes Maldura came also. Bai, alas, has now left Rome, therefore we shall have the tenor to seek and to pay whenever we get our musicians together again—for which reason we mean to be economical, and not have the indulgence every week. Charles has often given utterance to the wish that my Mother could be present, when we have been listening to these Motetts. I am sure if anything on earth can give an idea of the angelic choir, it must be the music of Palestrina! and yet I do not forget the glorious effect of Händel—but all music to which instruments contribute, must be a degree more earthly, than that in which human voices are alone to themselves sufficient, where nothing mechanical is needed.

“I have never been able to tell that my Henry can now

pronounce *nonna** most distinctly. He now asks of his own accord to kiss my Mother's picture and he never sees any of his new clothes or shoes without saying 'nonna' and generally 'grazie' afterwards. To-day, I gave him a bit of pear, and after he had bowed his dear head, waved his hand, and said 'grazie' to me, he said 'nonna' and 'grazie'—you may be sure without being bidden, so fixed is his association between *nonna* and things that please him.

"Thank you, my Mother, a thousand, thousand times, for your letter to Charles. I cannot express the joy it is to me, or rather, the foundation of happiness, to perceive that you believe, what I have long been aware of, that it is impossible you and Charles should differ in opinion, if only opportunity is given to make known the grounds of your respective decisions.

"In one of my Mother's letters to me some time ago, she expresses her belief that the image of my departed sister would present itself with peculiar distinctness, and with a saddening effect, when my child was born—that I should then more strongly recall the idea of her care of myself, her love for my first child, and most truly so it was—but yet I was not saddened, for there is no moment of her life, the recollection of which can possibly excite a wish to recall her—not even those moments of comparative enjoyment in which she held my Henry in her arms. Alas! he cannot recollect her, but her love to him, if I can help it, shall not have been thrown away."

"5 Jan., 1820.—Alas, my Mother, this Christmas and New Year will have been saddened to you by many a vision of sorrow!—to me they have been more solemn than usual;

* Grandmother.

and to Charles they have been clouded by the tidings of the death of his mother, whose vital powers failed on the 27th of November. . . . My dear Charles does not think it possible that his father can long survive the death of his wife. He is in his seventy-seventh year, and the happiness of his life has for so great a length of time entirely consisted in seeing her, speaking to her, and feeling her to be near him, that it is scarcely possible he should physically sustain the shock of her removal. He is sure to be carefully attended to by Charles's youngest sister, who lives very near him, and who had wished to prevail upon him to come into her house, that she might have him hourly under her eyes: but he objected with vehemence, and said he would never be conveyed from the house he had inhabited with his wife so many years, except to be buried. Their union had been most perfect, and the affections of their hearts had only seemed to strengthen, in proportion as bodily and mental powers became enfeebled.

“I think that the letter I sent to my Mother about this time last year, was so interrupted that I could not give any account of the Christmas tree that was made, to Henry's great delight, by Charles and Mr. Brandis. This year we made him a still finer tree. . . . Henry was brought in by Angelina. At first he stared, and could not understand what it all meant, but after a minute he made an exclamation of delight, which was continually renewed with increasing animation as he spied the various treasures in detail. Ernest opened his two eyes at the sight, stretched out his fat arms, and jumped and smiled. . . . On Christmas Eve I put Henry to sleep, that I might let

Angelina go to her supper, for as a strange specimen of Italian taste, the servants had not chosen to eat any dinner, that they might have the full enjoyment of a 'cena di Natale'—which I should have understood better, if they had put off the supper till after midnight, because *then* it would have been lawful to eat *grasso*, but as their supper took place at 8 o'clock, they were as much obliged to eat *magro* as at any other part of the day. Henry was not the only person who received Christmas-boxes—his mother too had from Rhebenitz* a drawing of Henry with his nurse, from Olivier a drawing of Ernest with his nurse, and from Schnorr a drawing of Ruth and Naomi. These three artists lodge over us. After our labours were ended, we were very glad of our *cena*, as well as the servants. We had rice-milk, cold ham, anchovies and bread and butter, apples, oranges, and dried figs; the only person present besides those already mentioned was Platner; we should have been glad to have invited Dr. Schmieder and his wife, but they were gone to help to make a tree for Marcus and Amelia."

"21 Jan., 1820.—On Monday the weather was so bright, and I was so well and strong, that I walked to Santa Maria Maggiore, to see, or rather to let the nurse see, the benediction of the animals before the church of Sant' Antonio, and I helped part of the way to carry my heavy Ernest, while Charles helped the maid to carry Henry.

"I have never told my Mother that I have for some time had in hand the 'History of the Council of Trent,' by Father Paul Sarpi, which extremely interests me. It is

* Theodore Rhebenitz, of Lübeck, who, quitting his university studies, had come to study painting in Rome.

one of the books forbidden by the Church of Rome, and with much reason, for every line breathes the spirit of Protestantism. Father Paul Sarpi never professed himself a Protestant, because he hoped the Venetian Government, in which he had great influence, would in time be induced to declare against the Pope, and establish the Reformation throughout their states—an event which was very near taking place, but which was prevented by the unfortunate issue of the battle on the Weissen Berge in Bohemia,* in which the Protestant army was overthrown by the Imperialists. Father Paul was so well known as the declared enemy of the Court of Rome, that many attempts were made by his enemies to assassinate him. His work contains a view of all characters and circumstances which had influence, whether propitious or adverse, on the cause of religion at the time;—the style is clear, concise, simple, and forcible, although the language is very nearly the same with that which the modern Italians so wretchedly misuse, and consequently in itself less energetic than that of earlier Italian writers,—but the mind of the author bestows vigour upon it, and his occasional summing up of the distinguishing characteristics of Popes and their favourites, contains instances of keen and at the same time dispassionate dignified satire, to which I know no parallel. I often recollect with surprise, how often I have been asked, in England and out of England, about books in classical Italian prose, which were worth reading on account of the subject, and never could get any information. Cardinal Bentivoglio's very dry 'Guerra di Fiandra' was the only not-trashy work in Italian prose

* 8 Nov., 1620.

of which I could even procure the title. At last I have learnt, that there is no modern language so rich in historical works of intrinsic excellence, as Italian, and that some of the early historians of Florence approach nearer to the excellence of the Greek and Roman models, than the historians of any other country, or, more precisely speaking, than Hume or Gibbon, whom Mr. Niebuhr rates far above any of the historical writers of France or Germany,—but Gibbon he considers as greatly superior to Hume, in diligence of searching after, and honesty in stating, the truth of facts, except in a very few instances, in which his judgment was warped by his anti-Christian spirit. Varchi, and the elder Villani, are the two Florentine historians whom Mr. Niebuhr considers of the most distinguished excellence, in particular the former. I will mention a passage of Göthe, and of Novalis,—as my Mother says that a word often gives her much matter for meditation:—Göthe says, ‘The history of a man is his character:’—and Novalis says, ‘The mind, and the fate, of an individual, are but different words for the same conception.’

“Of all the books I have, which both my Mother and I know, Patrick’s ‘Pilgrim’ is that which gains upon me the most. It appears to me the only piece of what Dr. Johnson calls ‘hortatory theology,’ with which I am acquainted, that does not occasionally fall into the error, *in fact*, however denied *in words*, of admitting a species of *dualism* into the definition of that which is needful to salvation—that is to say, annexing at one time a specific value to certain outward acts, although insisting at another time upon inefficiency of anything and everything

but faith—faith in the real, the original sense of the word; too often used to signify *belief*, the assent of the understanding to the dogmas of religion (in which we have no more merit, than in beholding the light by means of the organ which was granted us for the power of discerning it), and it is only when used in this sense (*i.e.* of belief), that it can be said that *faith alone is insufficient*. That faith which is defined by Patrick, which breathes through every line of his book, is a living and active principle, which stimulates all those in whom it subsists to strive against the corruptions of their moral nature, which rouses the best affections of the heart, and diffuses them over all fellow-partakers in the body of sin and death, fellow-heirs of the mercy of God through Christ."

"7 Feb., 1820.—Yesterday, after church, we walked to Santa Sabba on the Aventine, formerly a monastery, whence there is a very fine view, but we did not this time find anybody at home to let us in; we had, however, a delightful walk, in as utter stillness and solitude as if we had been a hundred miles from a great town, and I gathered some wild violets in the lane. During this time my sweet boys had been in the garden belonging to Palazzo Caffarelli. I made coffee in the same garden after dinner for Charles, and Rhebenitz, and Olivier, who accompanied us, and Henry enjoyed himself, running about, scratching the earth with a stick, and rolling an orange. We saw the glorious sunset, and remained till after Venus was visible; then I set myself to play on the pianoforte, and afterwards cut the bread and butter for tea, and then we had our accustomed Sunday readings, with the usual set. I mention all these successive occu-

pations, to show my Mother that I can do a great deal in the course of the day without being knocked up, and I must also mention that a good part of the morning before we went to church was spent in carrying about my sweet Ernest, during the time the nurse dressed herself and went to mass."

"12 Feb., 1820.—Charles has had a second, and a severer shock, in the intelligence of the death of his father, who survived his wife only six weeks. He was in his seventy-seventh year, but retained all his faculties to the last. When the first three or four days elapsed after the death of his wife, he became more composed, but continually grieved after her, always concluding his expressions of lamentation with the words—'She will soon fetch me.' Charles had repeatedly expressed his conviction that the next letter he received from home would contain information of his father's death—but still, it is impossible to be prepared for such an event, and he has deeply grieved, though he has struggled to employ himself as usual."

"3 March, 1820.—O! if I could describe how dear and engaging my Ernest becomes! I wish I could draw him as he is at this moment—playing with a great orange, which he holds between his two fat hands, and tries to put into his mouth. Yesterday Henry walked between his papa and mamma all the way to the Coliseum. Ernest followed, calling after me, and crowing at my red shawl: when we arrived, we sat down upon a stone, while Henry ran about, gathering daisies: he walked about a quarter of the way home, and then petitioned to be taken '*in braccia, a mama,*' and his father carried him."

“ 11 *March*, 1820.—Two days ago, my Mother, I was at sunset in the garden of the Passionisti, behind the Coliseum, where women cannot enter except by express permission from the Pope. It is where Oswald * heard the Ave Maria. O how glorious were the views at that hour. I know no spot so beautiful in Rome. I wish the Pope would give a standing permission for so harmless a person as myself, that I might go daily, it is such an easy distance.

“ On the festival of the Conversion of St. Paul, I walked to San Paolo fuori le Mura. The weather was glorious and I enjoyed the walk extremely. It was sad to observe how few individuals made that day the same pilgrimage with ourselves—for if the Roman Catholics in Italy believe *anything* with reference to religion, they believe that *time* and place add much to the efficacy of devotion. I find that the general effect of the Church of San Paolo always gains upon me, although never to such a degree as to make me cease to feel how defective the basilica form is for a church, when compared to the mode of construction in Gothic churches. I believe the state of neglect in which San Paolo has been left for centuries, contributes much to its effect, for the absence of the tinselly and variegated decorations with which every other Italian church is disfigured, leaves the eye undisturbed in contemplating the magnitude and simplicity of the design of the building, and the real magnificence of its granite and marble columns. I had an additional interest in examining every part of the church this time, from having lately heard a description of the ancient church of St. Peter's, which Platner has been compiling for the work on which he is engaged: the

* In Madame de Staël's "Corinne."

design of both buildings must have been precisely the same, and they were erected at the same period, the foundations having been in all probability laid by Constantine; in particular, by seeing the front of San Paolo, a perfect idea may be formed of the appearance of St. Peter's;—that front, my dearest Mother never saw, for when we were at the church together, we had nobody to tell us that we ought to have a door opened at the opposite extremity to the present entrance. At the real entrance are gates of bronze, the work of Greek artists of the time of Gregory VII., which are very curious, though most assuredly not beautiful: and above the portico on the outside are very ancient mosaics, the greater part of which are in good preservation. This point is to be seen in the distant view that I made for my Mother, with a reach of the Tiber in front. It was taken—with Emily! I have never been at the spot since, and for some time, did not like to think of going, but I mean to go again soon: it is a beautiful spot, and although

‘When the Spring
Comes forth her work of gladness to renew,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I may turn from all she bears to *that* she cannot bring,’

—still, I shall be thankful, that she is not *here*, not in Rome!—that body, which when I last contemplated San Paolo from the bank of the Tiber, shrank with pain from the September breeze of Italy, is no longer susceptible of suffering—and that spirit, which was animated with the hope of being restored to her home, and to her mother, now dwells in the eternal home, with Him, in whom is life!”

“23 *March*, 1820.—Within these ten days I have been to St. Peter’s, to the underground church, into which women cannot enter, unless by express permission, except on Whit-Monday, on which day men are excluded. We took Henry with us, of course leaving him in the light of the sun while we went underground. It was the first time he had ever been in St. Peter’s, and he was extremely delighted, and called out so loud at the sight of the great white statues, that his voice echoed to the other end of the church. He took great notice of the colossal cherubs that support the holy-water, and said, ‘Mama, puppo casca’—Puppo means a little child, and he thought the cherub would fall; he stroked its foot, but complained that it was dirty—‘Piedino grasso,—cacca.’ On seeing one of the statues with his hand stretched out, he imitated it, and said, ‘Zitto tutti’—having often been told by his father, to his great amusement, that his old friend Marcus Aurelius on the Capitol stretches out his hand and says, ‘Zitto tutti—Roma è mia!’ He was very happy at the Villa Pamfili, and it has made a great impression—the tall pines (the poor child has never seen trees anywhere else), the anemones and violets, the fountains, and the soft grass upon which he fell so often without hurting himself—many a time has he mentioned some of the things that he saw and did there, looking up eagerly to have the rest enumerated to him.”

“12 *April*, 1820.—On Easter Sunday, my sweet Henry’s birthday, I had wished to have taken him to St. Peter’s, for it is very unlikely I shall again see the benediction given by the present Pope: but after having been at church early, I was too much tired to go out again. My

Henry however had a great deal of amusement, for little Marcus and Amelia Niebuhr came to see him, and brought him a cake, with a long taper stuck in the middle and three shorter stuck round. It is a German custom to give such cakes on birthdays: the taper in the centre represents the flame of life, and round the cake are placed as many other tapers as the person is years old, with one for the year that is just coming, and the cake is covered with flowers, or sugar-plums, or dried fruits. Then Henry's three friends, Igo, and Doro, and Giu (Federigo, Teodoro, and Giulio *), who lodge over us, brought him a waggon drawn by painted grey oxen, containing flowers and oranges and a piping man and a tumbling man. St. Peter's was illuminated in the evening, which was a great delight to Henry, who stayed up to see the change from lanterns to flambeaux, although just before it he became so sleepy, that he put his arms round his own mother's neck, and his cheek against her cheek, and dropped off.

"I have reason to be greatly obliged to Mr. and Mrs. Niebuhr for continued and increasing kindness in word, deed, and manner."

"15 June, 1820.—On Sunday the 7th we went to Frascati, and next morning drove to the Villa Mondragone. The prospect seemed more magnificent than ever. My Mother will remember how the row of pines, and the avenue of cypresses, and the olive-grounds, appeared from the terrace. On our return we went to our old Casino Accorambuoni, and found the house, and the terrace and the view, looking as they used to look. We dined, and I had a fine sleep after dinner, and we afterwards drove through the

* Olivier, Rhebenitz, and Schnorr.

Villa Bracciano and the beautiful wood to Grotta Ferrata, went into the church, and saw the Domenichino chapel, which pleased Henry very much, but my Ernest not less, and he did nothing but laugh loud, and call after the painted figures on the walls. Next morning very early, we drove to Monte Compatri, which is beyond Monte Porzio, and higher on the mountain, from whence the nurse was delighted to be able to discern Zagarola, and even, as she said, her own vineyard! Often did she assure us it was only five miles further—and we should have been almost as pleased as herself to have indulged her with driving there, if Zagarola was not in a very unsafe quarter as to robbers. After having rested ourselves and our horses during the heat of the day, and had our dinner, we went through Marino, Castello, Albano and L'Ariccia, to Genzano. The drive was most beautiful, and the wood, and the fountain, and the old tower at Marino, in the evening sun, produced their most magnificent effect. On Wednesday morning I sat out a long time, first in a garden in sight of the lake, afterwards in a shady avenue which leads towards L'Ariccia, in which my sweet boys enjoyed themselves extremely; and Charles read aloud to me. Thursday was the octave of the fête of Corpus Domini, which is the occasion of a festival peculiar to Genzano that I had long wished to see, and the effect greatly surpassed my expectations. My Mother will remember the arrangement of flowers in patterns, on the steps leading to the underground church of St. Peter's, on the octave of Corpus Domini three years ago, and that will give her an idea in some degree of what is done on a great scale at Genzano the length of two streets, along

which the procession passes an hour before dark. The streets are on the steep declivity of the hill, and at the bottom is another wider street, where there is a fountain. At the top of one street, terminating the vista, is the church, at the top of the other an altar erected for the occasion, under a high pavilion. Between the church and the altar is an avenue. A narrow space is left on each side the street for foot passengers, and the centre is parted off by what I can only call *columns of foliage*—thin wooden posts about three feet high, with branches of box, rosemary, or myrtle, tied so thick over them, that the wood is not to be seen, and at the top of each, either a flower-pot full of carnations, or a great nosegay of lilies, embosomed in green. The centre of the streets between these two rows is first covered thick with box, rosemary, sage, and sweet herbs, and then divided into compartments, strewed with flowers of all colours in various devices, the possessor of every house taking care to ornament the compartment before his dwelling. It would take too much time and space to enumerate even a part of the devices, but the flowers principally made use of were the yellow Spanish broom, the white matricula, the scarlet wild poppy, and the purple and lilac wild Venus's looking-glass; roses and lilies and carnations, being greater scarcities, were only introduced occasionally, to form wreaths. The procession moved from the church along the avenue, and then *over the flowers* the whole length of both streets back to the church: the crowd which followed it of course trampled and confounded everything, but closed in and concealed the devastation. We saw the procession from our windows, and my Henry

sung 'Evviva la Croce' as loud as he could, every time a cross or crucifix was carried by. I went along the streets to see the *infiorata* as soon as it was finished; Charles carried Henry, and Ernest was carried by his nurse; both were very happy, but the joy of Ernest at seeing so many people and so many flowers, was the most apparent: he laughed and crowed the whole way, and was much noticed and admired. Often did I hear—"Ma, Dio la benedica! che bella creatura!"

On the 22nd of July, the birth of her eldest granddaughter was announced to Mrs. Waddington.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"10 August, 1820.—Oh! it is such a happiness to have my little girl, and hold her, and touch her, and look at her, that I sometimes fancy I must have been unjust to her darling brothers, and that I could not have loved them so much when they were as little, and yet I *did* certainly. . . . I have looked and gazed and examined my sweet girl, till I am convinced she will be like my Mother."

"6 Sept., 1820.—My Mother, I for ever grudge myself the delight my children give me, when I think that you have been for so long a time without an enjoyment that you would live upon—feed upon—I know you would. This feeling more especially occurs to me when I see my Henry's eyes, as they were fixed upon me yesterday morning at breakfast, when he came running to me 'Mama Righetto * rotto un bicchiere'—in a whisper, not to inter-

* The Italian nurse-word for Enrico.

rupt papa, who was reading the newspaper. . . . And I long particularly for my mother to see my Ernest, when he embraces his own mother. He has the most touching manner of clinging round my neck, and pressing his soft face against me. I have not been able for a long, long time to do anything for that poor child, except love him, for he is too heavy for me to carry,—but he is most aware how well I love him, or he would not love me so much. Yesterday I drove out for the first time, with my three treasures. I went along the Tiber, beyond Porta Portese, and afterwards to Villa Borghese. Last Sunday I was at church, and my little angel was christened—*Mary Frances*. I must call my girl Mary, the name that I love so much. I could almost fancy I had heard my Mother called by it, which I never did.”

“24 *Sept.*, 1820.—Yesterday I attended the christening of Mrs. Niebuhr’s little girl, born eighteen days after my Mary, to whom I had been much gratified by being asked to be godmother.”

“3 *Dec.*, 1820.—Alas! I shall never see Bishop Sandford* again in this world!—may I be worthy to be recognised by him in another.”

“*Christmas Day*, 1820.—Before we went to church to receive the Sacrament, Charles and I read together the 13th and 14th chapters of the Gospel of St. John, and I was struck particularly with the words of our Saviour—‘What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.’ It is true that without this assurance, we ought to be equally satisfied that all the circumstances of life, as ordained by

* Bishop of Edinburgh. The old family friendship with his mother “Sally Chapone” is mentioned early in the volume.

God, must be for our good—but the promise of future explanation, probably even in this world, might well operate to tranquillise us, on points the most inexplicable in appearance.

“I can say nothing of my Mary, except that she is always well—what other words could I use to give an idea of how lovely she is? The fact is according to Charles’s words the other day—‘We ought to pray God that we may not quite worship her, lest she should be taken from us as a punishment.’”

CHAPTER VI.

SHADOWS.

“ The mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

“ O, not in cruelty, not in wrath
The Reaper came that day ;
’Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.”

LONGFELLOW.

[N the year 1821, Bunsen’s mind was chiefly occupied with the hope of bringing about the establishment of a common form of worship throughout Protestant Germany, as a means of drawing its various churches into Christian communion and fellowship. With this view, he devoted himself to his *Gebetbuch*, on a plan indicated, but not carried out, by Luther : and to his *Gesangbuch*, a collection of hymns chiefly chosen from the works of the more ancient hymn-writers. Not less was he anxious for the improvement of hymn-music in Germany, and for this object was assisted by his young friend Reisiger in selecting or reforming versions of

the finest chorales. The complete success of some concerts of sacred music which were given by the Niebuhrs in honour of Baron Stein* and Prince Hardenberg, also induced Bunsen to persuade the director of the Papal Choir to allow some of its members to sing on fixed evenings during the winter months at the Palazzo Caffarelli, when his family and their intimate circle of friends had such an enjoyment of the masterpieces of ancient music as is seldom attainable.

Next to the Niebuhrs, the most valued friend of the Bunsens at this time resident in Rome was Augustus Kestner, the Hanoverian Secretary of Legation, "of whose worth and merit," wrote Madame Bunsen, quoting Göthe, "a detailed biography alone can be competent to measure and estimate the full circumference."† Most intimate also, and greatly valued in their house was the fresco-painter, Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld, who lived above them in the Palazzo Caffarelli,‡ and in a less degree Augustus Grahl, the

* Carl, Baron Stein, the minister of Frederick William IV. It was he who introduced the measures which transformed the old into the modern Prussia by advocating the reform of those abuses which had led to the great Revolution in France. After the Battle of Jena, Napoleon insisted upon his dismissal, and he spent some time at the Russian court, where he prepared the way for that understanding between Russia, Austria, and Prussia which caused the coalition fatal to Napoleon. His latter years were spent in retirement on his estates near Nassau, where a monument was erected in his memory by public subscription in 1872.

† Kestner died in 1853, having kept up his faithful friendship for the Bunsens to the last.

‡ He left Rome in 1825.

miniature painter, who inhabited rooms in the left wing of the palace.*

The month of March was clouded by the sudden death, from an infectious fever, of William Waddington, a cousin of Madame Bunsen, who had come to Rome to visit the antiquities. On this occasion the disinterested character of Bunsen was vividly shown in his making no opposition to his wife's strong wish—fearless of the risk for herself—to minister to her dying relative, "dreading nothing," as Mrs. Waddington afterwards wrote to Professor Monk, and "intent alone on robbing death of its terrors, and winning a soul to Heaven."

In May, Bunsen and his wife paid a visit at Albano to the Niebuhrs, who had already removed thither for the summer *villeggiatura*, and they then engaged the apartments, to which Madame Bunsen removed with her children at the end of June. The business of the legation still detained Bunsen in Rome, but change of air had become especially desirable for the precious infant Mary, whose health and animation had flagged with the summer heat. Her mother soon beheld with anguish that she did not amend. On her birthday, the 22nd of July, Bunsen drove out to visit his family, filled with the pleasant tidings of the happy engagement of his dear friend Brandis to the object of six years' attachment. He walked, as usual, up the long hill which leads from the Campagna to the town. Outside the gates of Albano his wife met him, and he

* He left Rome in 1830.

saw in her eyes, what she strove to tell with composure—"She is with God."*

Little Mary had scarcely been laid in the beautiful burial-ground under the shadow of the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, when Henry became alarmingly ill. Then Madame Bunsen herself, worn with nursing her children, fell sick of tertian fever, and, on the 25th of August, Bunsen, coming out from Rome to his sick family, arrived "like a stone," a state which was soon changed to one of burning fever. Five days afterwards, he was in such extreme danger, that he gave his wife what he believed to be his dying directions, his dying benediction; but one of the rapid transitions, frequent in that country, which has as great a power of curing as of endangering, allowed of his removal to his own house at Rome, and by the end of September he began to amend.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"1 Jan., 1821.—The old year has closed brightly upon me, my Mother, to the mind's eye, and the body's eye—and the new year came forth under a glowing firmament. Clouds might perhaps be perceived in the distant horizon, or rather mists, which render all indistinct and uncertain; but those which I see or fancy, may evaporate before they approach, and should they condense in rain, I trust and believe I shall have, as I have always had, a sheltering roof;—and should they burst in thunder, and the lightning-stroke, I shall know that no hand can have guided it

* Bunsen to his sister Christiana.

but the hand of God. Do not alarm yourself, my Mother, with the supposition that these words contain any especial allusion: I foresee no evil—except that I may be detained yet longer from my Mother. That is evil enough, but perhaps the event may yet be better than I anticipate.”

“7 Feb., 1821.—To show how far we have been from feeling in any degree the cold of which my Mother speaks, I have had two pots of heliotrope flowering before my windows the whole winter, the almond trees were in blossom at the end of January, and a few lemon buds have expanded within the last week. We had, I think, three-and-twenty days of uninterrupted tramontana, with the finest warm sun, and the clearest sky, since which we have been shrinking from a keen north-east wind which has frozen the ground, and hung the lioness-fountains at the foot of the Capitol round with icicles, to the great surprise of Henry.

“I have passed a week of such dissipation and disturbance, that it is with some difficulty I can collect my thoughts to give an account of it. First of all, last Friday Mr. Niebuhr gave a great fête. My Mother will wonder, as all Rome has wondered, at such an event, and has conjectured in vain what could be the reason. *We* know it was given in honour of Baron Stein, and not of the princes and ambassadors who were invited besides: a selection of the music of Palestrina, consisting of the celebrated ‘Missa di Papa Marcello,’ and the Motett—‘Tu es Petrus,’—and afterwards the ‘Dies Iræ’ of Pittoni, were performed by the singers of the Papal Chapel, who were stationed at the further end of the long gallery. The effect of the music is not to be described,—often as I

have been in the Papal Chapel, I never heard anything equal to it,—for the singers not having any reason for hurrying, were induced to give every note its due value; and the complication of sound was of that subduing nature, as to make you draw your breath, or lift up your eyes, lest some other object or sensation should divide your attention, and cause you to lose a particle. Oh thus, thus only can the angels sing! Had but my Mother heard it too!

“But I know not how it happens that I have never wished for my Mother more, than when looking at Thérèse de Stein, Baron Stein’s second daughter.* I know my mother would feast upon her face, she possesses what my Mother would call the ‘dignity of beauty,’ of which I had heard much more than I had ever seen in life, till I saw her—but I must not digress upon this inviting subject.

“On Sunday, after church, I went into the garden, but had scarcely entered it, when Charles called to me from a window to come in immediately. He had been at Mr. Niebuhr’s, and brought the intelligence (which I will mention beforehand, turned out to be false, however credited by Consalvi himself) that a counter-revolution had broken out in Naples, and that the carbonari troops, in despair, were advancing through Tivoli to plunder Rome with all speed before the arrival of the Austrians:—consequently that I must pack up, and be ready to set off at an hour’s notice, whenever we should hear that the Pope had commenced his journey to Civita Vecchia. My Mother will easily

* Afterwards Countess Kielmannsegge. Her grandson, Graf Gröben, is now the only representative of Stein.

believe that I had not much appetite for my dinner, which at that moment was brought on the table. It was then about three o'clock, and till eight o'clock in the evening I never sat down, but continued running about the house, collecting things together, and giving directions. About ten, it was ascertained that no counter-revolution had occurred, and that there was no immediate danger of the approach of the Neapolitans, consequently we went to bed, and slept in peace, and I was so fresh again the next day, that I went to a great ball given by Madame Appony* on account of the Emperor's birthday, which was the finest fête I ever saw.

"How little I have said of my darling children. They are well, and merry, and good, and engaging: whichever of the three I look at, I always imagine it is *that* child in particular that I wish most to show to my Mother."

"14 Feb., 1821.—The glorious weather lately has occasioned my being much in the garden with my dear children, weeding, and hoeing, and teaching my lazy boy to carry away the weeds in his wheelbarrow. Then when I have gathered oranges for my boys, and given them to the maid to peel, I sit down in the sun, and read. My darling Mary is happy in the house, and happy in the garden, and thinks nothing so great amusement as being jumped by her own mother, while the nurse plays with her."

"9 March, 1821.—I must try to give my Mother some account of people that I have seen this winter. The family of the Baron de Reden† have been here a year and

* Austrian ambassadress in Rome.

† Hanoverian Minister.

a half. We were introduced to them soon after their arrival, and as they had regular evenings for receiving company, we ought to have gone to their house, but I was too unwell all last winter and spring to take so much trouble, and Charles therefore excused himself.

“When, at length, Charles and I went together to Madame de Reden’s, and were received and attended to in such a manner throughout the evening, that any stranger who had taken notice, must have supposed we could be nothing less than the Prince and Princess of Denmark, of all persons now in Rome. We have since renewed our visits as often as we could, and always receive the most pressing solicitations to continue to do so. With Madame de Reden herself, with her eldest daughter,* and her niece, Mademoiselle Wurmb, I have great pleasure in conversing, particularly with the eldest daughter, who I believe has both heart and head, and whom I wish I had opportunities of seeing otherwise than in a mixed society: we meet Baron Stein there sometimes, and many other people, and there is always music of one sort or other. That there is *something in Charles worth knowing*, all people know in time, and some people find out at once (like Baron Stein)—but to the Redens in the first instance the attraction in us both, was the circumstance of our living to ourselves, and yet not living without society.

“Charles has lately been much occupied with Baron Stein. All who know him, or could imagine his sort of character, would feel that he is one of that class of

* Henrietta de Reden, afterwards godmother to Emilia Henrietta de Bunsen, continued to the end of her life—as a chanoinesse of one of the *Stifte* of North Germany, an intimate friend of the Bunsen family.

persons from whom a request is equally felt to be a command and an obligation, and would not wonder that when Charles each day was asked to make an appointment for the following day, to spend from three to four hours in walking or driving about, for the double purpose of seeing sights and conversing, to comply was a thing of course: and to this sacrifice of time there was no difficulty in being reconciled, as besides the gratification of becoming acquainted with such an individual as Baron Stein, the opportunity was invaluable for obtaining information as to political events in late years, such as few persons can be equally qualified to give. Baron Stein has from the very first spoken to Charles with a degree of openness that could only result from the conviction that the person with whom he was conversing was worthy of the best he had to bestow, and was not to be won with less than the best. At this conviction he would naturally arrive the sooner, from what Mr. Niebuhr must have said of Charles,—for although I cannot know what that was, I am aware that Mr. Niebuhr knows how to praise—knows how to measure his words, so that much may be left to be discovered, at the same time that he discloses enough to prove that the discovery is worth making.

“At Mr. Niebuhr’s fête, when almost everybody removed into the long gallery to take places to hear the music, I remained in the outer room, thinking that the sound in the gallery would be too powerful, and Baron Stein seated himself by me. After speaking very graciously about various things, he said, ‘I think there is a draught of wind here, shall *we* move to the opposite side of the

room?' I assented, and we went across, but that I might not seem to force myself upon him, I moved towards a chair at a little distance from that of which he was going to take possession, but he showed the chair next to his own, and asked if I would not sit there, as I should hear well in that place. Just after, the greater part of the assembly found it better to make their retreat to the outer room,—when Baron Stein said to me '*We* judged right in remaining here.' These are petty details which would seem very empty to anybody else—but I think they will help my Mother to form an idea of Baron Stein's power of conferring an obligation by means of half a word or motion.

"William (Waddington) has been in Rome for some time, and I have that to tell of him, which will greatly shock you. He is ill of a fever with little hope of recovery. . . . Charles intends to watch for a lucid interval, to warn him of his danger."

"10 *March*, 1821.—I did not think my own dearest Mother when I left off writing yesterday that I should see poor William expire to-day at five o'clock! far less did I anticipate the satisfactory feelings with which I have watched his last moments. He received the Sacrament with perfect collectedness, joined in every response, spoke often to Charles of his sins and offences, but reiterated the assurance of his faith in God's mercy through the merits of our Saviour. . . . My Mother will not wish me to write more. I am much worn, but she must not be afraid that I shall be ill."

"14 *March*, 1821.—I have ventured to take off my darling Mary's long sleeves, and have now the constant

treat of seeing her arms. If I could describe anything so round or beautiful as they are!—or anything so beaming as her eyes, or so pretty as her mouth, her chin, her throat, the nape of her neck, her shoulders!—and she is the merriest thing in the world and engaging beyond all conception, and, my Mother, she is eight months old!

“Mr. and Mrs. Niebuhr’s two concerts, one in honour of Baron Stein, the other in honour of Prince Hardenberg,* have excited a prodigious sensation (in all people of surprise, in many of pleasure), and an opening was made for proposing a continuance of the same performances, the expenses to be defrayed by a subscription. All the princes in Rome, and all the ambassadors, immediately subscribed, and, of course, such names as theirs secured at once a more than sufficient number of other names. The tickets were signed and the business managed entirely by Charles and Kestner, the Hanoverian Secretary of Legation (who is, by the bye, the son of Werther’s Lotte—a very excellent person, and very good friend of ours). Two concerts have taken place, and have been a most exquisite indulgence. At the third it has been settled that the society of Sirleti shall together with the singers of the Papal Chapel perform the *Miserere* of Marcello. I have only yet heard the rehearsal—but alas! my Mother, I am spoilt by Palestrina. I am at a loss to conceive how I ever could listen with pleasure to Marcello—it seems to me now so empty, so unconnected, so unmeaning, so unmelodious! But it is nevertheless a great happiness to have heard the *best of the best*, even though I may never hear it more after I have left Rome, for the recollection of it is better than the sen-

* The Prussian Prime-Minister.

sation produced by what is inferior. Oh, if my Mother did but know Palestrina, having only heard the *Miserere* of the Papal Chapel, I fear she can scarcely imagine, however she may believe, of what infinite variety of effect and conception that style of composition is susceptible.

“The Miss Berry’s were at the concerts, and each time happened to sit close to me, therefore I had a full opportunity of observing their behaviour, and hearing their conversation. In the fine and fashionable dress—the toques, and the caps, the satin, the gauze, and the blonde in which they are always attired, it is out of my power to recognise the little woman whom we saw one morning at Mrs. W. Lock’s; but I observe that the Miss Berry who appears by far the youngest, and is the tallest, with a very good and youthful figure, is the person who has the harsh voice, the dictatorial tone, and the keen black eyes. The other Miss Berry looks much milder, is quieter in her manner, and speaks neither so much nor so loud. The first-mentioned attacked Charles at one of the concerts (for her speaking to anybody has the appearance of an attack) to ask the very learned question, whether Palestrina had not lived *just before* Marcello.* Baron Stein mentioned the Miss Berry’s to Charles in this manner—‘There is an old woman who goes about Rome with a younger sister of sixty or seventy years of age. She is always talking about Horace Walpole: I have given her to understand that I despise the man, but nothing can keep her quiet on the subject.’”

“2 May, 1821.—This day se’nnight I went to Madame de Redens. We did not arrive till ten, because Charles

* Palestrina, 1529—94. Marcello, 1686—1739.

had much to write, and we came away at one o'clock, but the greater part of the intermediate time I was waltzing, and was at the last so far from tired, that I could willingly have waltzed longer. Two days after I had a violent cramp, which made me quite lame, so that I hopped and hobbled about the house all Saturday morning, but on Saturday evening, Ringseis* came for his leave-taking visit, and we had some other people to meet him, who by degrees were so wound up by *singing*, that all set about waltzing—and soon I waltzed too—and the end of the story is, had no future cramp or fatigue."

"*Albano, 22 May, 1821.*—We came to Albano last Thursday, Mr. and Mrs. Niebuhr having removed here a few days before, to the villa of Cardinal Consalvi. Immediately after their arrival, Mr. Niebuhr wrote to say that they had wished to invite us to come to them, but had found that although the villa was spacious enough for two families, the number of beds was only sufficient for one. However they hoped that we would take a lodging at Albano, and live with them as much as if we were in the same house; adding that they would send the carriage to fetch us, in case we consented to the plan. We came accordingly, and have taken rooms in a house with a beautiful view, and a garden, at the end of the town nearest the tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii. Were not the present so bright, the multitude of recollections in Albano connected with images of pain,† would be enough to cast a gloom over the place, which, as a place, I never

* A German physician at Rome.

† The greater part of Mrs. Manley's married life had been passed at Albano—in a state of suffering not understood at the time.

liked as well as Frascati or Genzano. Still, if we can find a house to suit us, we shall probably settle here for the summer. Frascati, alas! can hardly be considered as secure, on account of the bands of robbers; that is to say the *town* is no doubt secure, but it would be too tantalising to inhabit it without feeling at liberty to visit my favourite haunts, and the road to Mondragone, and the wood towards Grotta Ferrata, are too little frequented to be safe, since the robbers only the week before last carried off from Camaldoli seven poor monks, in hopes of extorting a ransom from the government.

“In the letter my Mother wrote, on first hearing of William’s death, it struck me very much that she should have commented on Charles’s *fetching* me, without my having said anything to suggest to her the keener sense, or rather the increased experience, I had had of his value—of his more peculiar value to a person constituted as I am—from all the circumstances attending William’s last illness. From the first moment I knew he was seriously ill my Mother will well believe that the wish to be personally of use was perpetually recurring, but as often checked by the consideration that the fever was believed to be infectious, and that with my three children born, and another to be born it was not my duty, to expose myself to any risk. Those feelings were the same, but I was of course more disturbed by the conflict, on the morning of the last day, during the hours that I sat at home,—very glad that I had a frock to make for Ernest, with which my hands could proceed mechanically, and very glad that my children were pleased to run from one room to another, so that I could see and hear them, without being called upon to

attend to them. But I never said to Charles that I wished to go to William, satisfied that he knew my feelings, and that if it was right he would propose to me to go;—though when he came to fetch me, it was a relief which I as it were expected, without having done anything to procure it for myself. In the hurry of spirits in which I left the house with him, I forgot to put in my pocket my little prayer-book, which I afterwards on the way regretted, as I thought it might have assisted me in finding words of consolation; but on consideration of the whole of the dying scene, I am convinced the book would have been of no use. When I made one or two attempts to repeat texts of Scripture, William evidently received no benefit—there was not the look and movement of eager assent, which invariably followed when Charles or I expressed in our own words our own convictions. A remarkable instance was this—I had repeated the words of our Saviour to the penitent upon the cross, and William did not seem to attend. A few minutes after, Charles said to him, ‘Mind that, William,—our Saviour said *To-day*:—immediately, without any interval of time, when this agony is over, you will be transported to His blessed presence, if you do but believe in His atonement, if you do but trust alone in His intercession:’ and then William turned his head and eyes with the greatest animation, as if he was imbibing a cordial from every word. I mention this because everything that marks a state of mind is interesting to my Mother.”

“*Albano*, 16 July, 1821.—My precious Mary has been very ill—but is mending daily.”

“28 July.—My Mother, I wish I knew how to persuade

you that I am a stock or a stone, and that I do not feel!—It has pleased God to take my Mary from me :—could I but spare you the pain these words will occasion!

“On Sunday, the 22nd of July, her birthday, at noon—she ceased to breathe, and seemed not to suffer :—and from that hour, my Mother, my agony has been abating—God has supported me, O how has He supported me! in body and mind. For the last four days of her life, besides the anguish of perceiving that I was to lose her, I feared to become distracted at the thought that I had brought her to this state, by venturing to wean her : but it is the signal mercy of God which has removed from me the sting of that reflection,—of myself I had no power to quiet my own mind, as it is quieted. The meditations of every hour, on what she was, and on the circumstances that preceded her dissolution, strengthen me in the conviction that she was not made for this world, and that no adequate cause can be found for the sudden decay of all her vital powers, except that it was the good pleasure of God to remove her from sin, and sorrow, and suffering, to early blessedness, after a life of undisturbed enjoyment during eleven months, and during the twelfth month of gradual decline, with but little pain, for she never cried, and rarely uttered a sound of complaint. She gently made her wants to be understood, which were to drink, and to be carried about;—and gently, without fretfulness, rejected what she would not have, waving her sweet hand, and turning away her lovely head. A rapid loss of flesh, and an indescribable melancholy from the very beginning, were signs of a degree of illness to which no other signs adequately corresponded, and these indications of danger weighed upon

my heart, and prevented from the very first my entertaining a real hope or anticipation of seeing her again as she was before. . . . I have written without a tear, my Mother; I will now give some details, as many as I can, which will cost me more:—to my Mother it will be a solace to know all:—O did I but know how to prevent at least the bodily suffering which her sorrow for me will cause!

“I have been helped and supported in every way. What my Charles is to me, my Mother now knows, as well as anybody besides myself can know:—and the servants have done all they could, with all their hearts. My Mother will guess, from the manner in which I have ever been served by Angelina, what she has done and felt for me now: and Maddalena, a widow-woman, who has for nine months faithfully tended Ernest, has if possible felt more, as being a mother, and having lost five children, for none of which I am convinced could she have grieved more than she has grieved for mine; the manservant Francesco has children of his own, and has therefore known how to help me, as well as wished to help me. . . . It was very good for me, my Mother, to have a great deal to do for my boys, in the course of their blessed sister's illness, especially for Henry in his threatenings of fever; had I not been compelled at intervals to attend to other things, to behold other objects than her angel countenance, how could I have prevented sinking under the continuance of bodily emotion.

“For two hours at least before she breathed her last—perhaps more, for I knew not how to reckon the time—I perceived what before I could not acknowledge to myself,

that the moment was near at hand ; before that time, I had the bed on which she lay carried into another room, where the air was fresher. She looked up, and around, with full intelligence, and was evidently aware of the change of scene. Before this, I had kissed her cheek, it was the last time ; I had seldom kissed her before in the last days, I could not do so without a burst of sobbing, which it was my duty to avoid. I put my Ernest to sleep, and laid him at the foot of her bed. I then gave my Henry his bark, and as a reward for taking it well, was bound to take him in my lap. I sate by her bed : I glanced my eye from to time, and at length perceived a change of tinge which warned me not to look again. Maddalena continued to moisten her lips. The physician entered and asked me how she did. I answered according to my conviction. After a moment Maddalena supplicated me to leave the room,—I understood her and knelt down by the bed : in another moment all was over, without sound, without struggle. I knelt there sometime longer, all the servants knelt with me—then, I went into the next room, and left her whom I had never left, to Maddalena and Angelina—I dared not remain, dared not look upon her.

“It was my Charles’s severer trial not to be present. The two preceding days he had been bound to labour incessantly at Rome with Mr. Niebuhr. All would nevertheless have been left, however at another time necessary, had he known the real state of his child,—but it was a cruel circumstance, that I had written him word of material amendment on Saturday morning, for so it seemed—some animation had returned, she had taken food, her thirst had abated, she was not restless, she had slept so sound

for many hours! But from four o'clock, when the letter was sent, it became plain, even to me, that the remainder of life would only be measured by hours—although how many hours, my inexperience disenabled me from calculating. By the peculiar mercy of God, I never felt like many mothers in affliction, that I could not bear the sight of my remaining children,—on the contrary, it comforted me. Not long after their blessed sister was at peace, it was time for them to have their dinners, and they dined at the table near which I sat, and watched them. When the heat of the day had abated, I put on their tippets to walk out with Francesco and Annunziata: I myself went with Angelina on the road towards Rome, to meet my poor Charles: Maddalena remained watching by her who no longer needed any of our care.

“That night, my Mother, I did not sleep, but I lay in peace, thinking of her, who was perhaps near me, though unseen. The next day, I was seized with a craving to look at her, which however I would not gratify unknown to my Charles, and he dissuaded me: he was right. That afternoon I drove out with him and the children to Ariccia;—when I returned, I wanted again to see her—and heard that she was enclosed. O in this climate, it gives an additional pang, that all *must* so soon be over—that all, that little, that can be done!

“The next day, Tuesday the 24th, I left my Henry and Ernest for the first time, and went with Charles to Rome—our angel was before us, but we could not see her. After the first pang was over, I passed the drive in great peace. We approached Rome by the gate of St. Sebastian, then drove without the walls to the gate of St. Paul, close to

the pyramid of Caius Cestius ; it was within an hour of sunset, rather before the time fixed, which was good for me. I walked up and down on the grass, and afterwards sat under a tree ; then advanced with Charles towards the spot. Schmieder (my mother knows the name of the chaplain to the Embassy) advanced to meet us. He said, turning to me—‘The Lord support you.’ I said, ‘He has supported me.’ He said again, ‘Let not your faith fail and His grace will never fail.’ I repeated—‘He has been all-gracious to me.’ We came to the spot : to see the bier, the grave, was very bad. Schmieder began to speak, and as he proceeded, I breathed easier ; he said only what I knew before, but it struck me with new force, and all pangs abated as he uttered the prayers. His wife strewed flowers, and then the earth was cast—I thought I could not have borne that, but before it was finished the words of the angel to the apostles struck me—‘Why seek ye the living among the dead ? He is not here!’—and I looked no longer down, but looked up into the clear sky, and again I was at peace. Then, I turned to depart, and was again overcome by the sight of Mr. Niebuhr ; with emotion that I shall never forget—he, who is so often complained of for not showing emotion, after taking our hands, threw himself down, to touch the earth that covered her—then came with us to the carriage, inquired after Henry and Ernest, and supplicated Charles not to leave me, saying if there was business, what he could not despatch alone, should wait. I had not expected to see him ; he had already written to us, expressing from himself and his wife such grief, that I thought, considering their weak state of health, each would work upon the other to stay

away from a scene too agitating. I went with Charles to our empty house. Schmieder came, and we both felt we could let him in: then I went to bed, and slept—I was much exhausted: before daybreak I waked, and thought of my angel, in peace. Next day, between six and seven o'clock, Schmieder was again waiting to see us: then we drove away, and returned to our darling boys.

“My Mother, the paper is almost at an end, and I have yet much to tell you—but I must leave some room, that you may have a line from my dearest, my best. O there is no word to convey what my Charles is!—I will write again soon, and in the meantime, fear not for me. I am in a state of bodily health and strength such as you could scarcely imagine possible—and my mind is in peace; the sting of her death is removed from me; nothing remains, but that which will ever remain;—she is ever before me—every circumstance relating to her passes in unceasing succession before my mind; her loveliness in health!—her heavenliness in sickness! I desired Angelina to cut off her hair, and keep it for me—some time I will send you a bit. I do not yet trust myself to look at it, nor at her clothes—Angelina has concealed all from me. Adieu, my dearest, dearest Mother! Pray for me that the grace of God fail not to support me in the resolutions formed in the hour of sorrow!”

BUNSEN to MRS. WADDINGTON.

“O my dear Mother, that you could be a moment present to see yourself how wonderfully F. is supported by God: nobody can believe it, who has not seen it—nobody, I mean, who knows how to appreciate her loss, who has

seen her sufferings, her grief, her despair, and her moments of agony. . . . O this angel was beautiful, lovely, in death as she was in life, only with that expression of quiet suffering which never left her face in the last six weeks. It was harder than anything that I could not be with her, kneel by her bed and gaze on her, only a few stolen moments! O dearest loveliest face, O mild angelic countenance! now I have felt what it means that a pure spirit returns to God to be a ministering angel to Him. There is no pain, no grief in my heart, but a longing, an irresistibly alluring attraction to think of her, to look up to her, to pray to be with her! It has been only after her death that I have told F. how often, particularly in the last six months of her health, I have pressed her to my heart, and given her suddenly away because I felt we *could* not keep her, because I felt I loved her too much, far beyond any other love, and because she was too like an angel, in beauty and loveliness and still more in every glance of her soul. You could not give her any particular character—lively, serious, sanguine, melancholy, she was nothing but love and loveliness.”

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

“*Albano*, 4 August, 1821.—My mind is tranquil now, and I seldom or ever shed a tear. I employ myself in everything as usual, without effort, and the only thing I cannot do, is to speak of *her*—the thought is ever present, but will not bear utterance. We have here a very delightful sitting-room, where my precious boys play about, and run on the balcony to look at the carts and asses and mules, that pass along the street, while I sit working or

setting work on a small bed that is arranged as a couch. At twelve o'clock the boys have their dinner and afterwards sleep. I then dine, and lie down for an hour, either to read or to sleep. When the heat of the day is past, we walk out; my favourite walk is the Villa Barberini, which I think my Mother never saw. We return home at sunset, my boys sup, and before I go to bed, I write out something for my Charles, when he is not here,—when he is, he reads to me.

“From the time my child expired, it has become more and more clear to me that she was never intended for me, or for this world: she was, in soul and body, too perfect to dwell here. I may believe myself competent to judge of the comparative merits of children, because I have two others, who always were very dear, and very engaging: but from the first they gave signs of human passions, human imperfections, which she never did,—always contented, always happy, though with more animation, more intelligence, than I ever saw in any other child. No words can convey an idea of her sweetness, her affection to her parents, more especially to me. I can for ever feel her arms dinging round my neck, her face pressed against me—O! blessed be God for having granted her to me, though for so short a time!—nobody that has not had such a child can conceive the joy she was—and there is no joy in this world to be purchased without pain, the one exquisite in proportion to the other. . . . I have wished, my Mother, since I lost my angel, more keenly than ever, that you had seen her, but then I have felt that it is better as it is;—you grieve for me, O I know how you grieve for me! but had you seen her, you would so have loved her, so have fed

upon the sight of her, that you would have had a weight of affliction more in her death, and you have already afflictions enough."

On the 4th of November, the feast of S. Carlo Borromeo, described by Bunsen as "the most venerable of all modern saints, and one of the most respectable of them altogether," the birth of Charles Bunsen brought back something of sunshine to the sorrow-stricken household. The extreme sympathy and interest shown by the Niebuhrs at this time, as well as after the death of Mary, made Madame Bunsen most anxious to efface any unfavourable impression she might have imprinted on her mother's mind at an earlier period of her intercourse with them.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"12 Dec., 1821.—Till I have accomplished the point I am quite sure of accomplishing—getting my Mother thoroughly to understand, and value, and admire Mr. Niebuhr, which she cannot do till she is possessed of facts, and details, and explanations, that can never be thoroughly given by letter,—she cannot conceive the pleasure I experienced from the indescribable kindness with which he greeted and congratulated me after the birth of my child."

"New Year's Day, 1822.—The first year of severe trial that I ever passed, is closed,—and I begin the new year in comfort of body and mind, such as I never before experienced;—confidence, that if tried, I shall be supported, as I

have been. I might have known before, and indeed I ever have known, that it is impossible with God to inflict that which it is impossible to bear; but to have had experience of those supplies of strength from above which I know to be promised to all those who crave them, is of more avail to tranquillize the spirit than any degree of belief. My own dearest Mother, Heaven only knows whether I shall be with you, or still at Rome, at the close of this year! and I am satisfied that circumstances, that is to say, Providence, alone can decide our plans—beforehand, it is impossible to resolve, or even to form a wish, where the dangers and difficulties are so evident on either side.

“Most truly do I thank my Mother for the gifts she has sent to Mrs. Niebuhr. She is indeed very kind to me, and I am sure of her regard. I do not think I have ever mentioned how much I was affected by her manner of greeting me on our first meeting after my return to Rome at the time of Charles’s great danger. There was a warmth, an animation of kindness and sympathy that I did not expect from her, however greatly and continually her character has gained upon me, in proportion as I became more acquainted with it;—and it was not a sudden feeling, an emotion of compassion, that was roused in her, for I have experienced in degree the same manner, and observed the same expression of countenance, every time that we have met since.”

“21 Jan., 1822.—To show my Mother how well I am, I must tell of the beautiful walk we took yesterday, with all the dear children, and she will be able to judge by looking at the map of Rome of my strength, and that of Henry, who walked every step of the way—but of the

strength of Ernest, who walked three-quarters of the distance, she could not judge, without *feeling* the weight he has to carry—O if she could but feel it! I know she would delight in his size, however little able to lift him; it is as much as I can do to raise him from the ground, although when he is once up, I can carry him very well on my back.

“ We went to the church of S. Pietro Montorio on the Janiculum, passing over the bridge Quattro Capi,—the nurse carried little Charles, who sat up and looked about him all that distance. Henry and Ernest walked like men, the former with his mother, the latter between his father and Angelina, having need of two hands to pull him on. After looking at the prospect, which was indescribably magnificent, in the finest possible weather, and going into the church, we proceeded to the Fontana Paolina, which extremely delighted the children, and the nurse not less, and then to the top of the hill, where we went out at the gate of S. Pancrazio, and returned down the hill on the outside of the walls, re-entered Rome at the Porta Portese, and came by Ripa Grande, and Ponte Quattro Capi, home.

“ Mr. Brandis was married on the 2nd of September.”

“ Feb. 13, 1822.—On Monday morning I went with Charles to Thorwaldsen’s studio. I had not been for an age, and I saw, with wonder and admiration, his statue of our Saviour—the most difficult object, without doubt, that he ever attempted, and one of the most remarkable proofs of his inexhaustible genius. It was not till two years ago that he ever executed a religious subject, and then, in compliance with the wishes of the Crown Prince of Bavaria, he made a design for a bas-relief of the three Marys at the

Sepulchre which was a complete failure, and he himself felt it to be such, and spoke in a tone of despair of the whole undertaking. Since that time he has been travelling, and doing nothing—but has meditated till he has comprehended the characteristics of that religion: the spirit of which he alas! has never imbibed; and the result has been the execution of colossal statues of Christ, of St. Paul and St. Peter, in a style that his best friends amongst judges of the art never expected him to be able to acquire. The church in Copenhagen in which these statues are to be placed is to be built in the form of a basilica—that is to say, like S. Paolo fuori le Mura—only not so large by many degrees. In front is to be a portico like that at the Pantheon, and on the pediment is to be a bas-relief of the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness, of which Thorwaldsen is to make the design, and which he wishes to have executed in terra-cotta, a material more enduring than marble when exposed to the weather. In the inside of the church, in the centre of the tribune, or semicircular apse at the opposite extremity to the entrance, is to be placed the colossal statue of our Saviour, and in niches in the side-walls of the church, statues of the twelve apostles, also of colossal dimensions. Thorwaldsen explains his own intention to have been to represent our Saviour as recalling to the minds of his disciples in all ages what He had done and suffered for them, and inviting them to come to Him: and dreading the appearance of the smallest degree of theatrical effect, he aimed at the utmost simplicity of attitude; the head is bent forwards, the arms are gently raised and extended on each side, one hand neither higher nor lower, neither more nor less stretched out than the other;

so that if the consummation of ease, grace, and majesty had not been attained, the figure must be stiff and unmeaning. The countenance is very, very fine—to call it quite satisfactory would be saying too much, but what representation of our Saviour could be so?—to my feelings, this head of Thorwaldsen's is the finest with which I am acquainted, except that by Raphael in the 'Disputa.'* Of other new things I was best pleased with a bas-relief representing Nemesis reading to Jove from a scroll the record of human actions—he listens till his wrath kindles, and he is preparing to cast the thunderbolt. I saw executed in marble the Mercury, and the Hope, which I had seen long ago in clay; I am sure that the Mercury is the finest of Thorwaldsen's works.

"After Thorwaldsen's sculpture in the morning, and an historical-philosophical-poetical discussion with Kestner in the afternoon, how do you think we spent the evening? In seeing the Puppet-show, at the theatre under Palazzo Fiano—and indeed, nothing could be better of its kind. Mr. Pertz† accompanied us, a friend of Baron Stein, whom we very much like.

* Thorwaldsen believed himself to have reached the climax of his powers in his statue of Christ. "I never was satisfied," he said, "with any work of my own till I executed the Christ—and with that, I am alarmed to find that I *am* satisfied; therefore, on the way towards decay."

† George Henry Pertz was agent to the association established by Baron Stein for discovering and collecting unpublished materials of German history. In this cause, to the end of his life, he edited "*Monumenta Historiæ Germanicæ*." He also wrote the *Life of Stein*. He was director of the archives at Hanover, and afterwards principal librarian at Berlin. His second wife was Leonora, daughter of Leonard Horner the historian. He died in 1876.

“On Tuesday morning I went to see a large cartoon by one of the three friends who lodge over us, Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld. The design of the cartoon in question is from Ariosto, and is to make part of a series of paintings in fresco in a room of the Villa Giustiniani, opposite the Lateran Palace, belonging to the Marchese Massimo—the same villa in which Overbeck is painting from Tasso, and Veit (the son of Madame Schlegel) from Dante. Schnorr’s cartoon is admirable, and I have indescribable satisfaction in anticipating his complete success in this great undertaking; for I have lately been sorry to see him entirely employed in executing subjects to which his powers are not suited. It is the fashion at present to give orders for nothing but paintings *à la* Raphael—Madonnas, Magdalens, &c.,—and that in a style in which it is not granted to all those who know how to paint, to succeed. Correctness in drawing the human figure, infinite variety of conception in the representation of the human countenance, great skill in grouping figures and still life, the liveliest fancy in the disposition of ornaments, such as draperies, trees, flowers, fountains and buildings—and more especially, the power of colouring with force, brilliancy, and delicacy—to this rare combination of merits Schnorr lays undoubted claim, but where sublimity of expression is required, he degrades the subject by theatrical sentimentality—and the only consolation for his friends is that he has sufficient understanding and taste to be aware of his failure.”

“17 *April*, 1822.—The Pope (Pius VII.) did not give the Benediction on Easter Sunday, nor is he ever likely to give it again; his strength does not return, and it is believed his vital powers are worn out. It was on Easter Sunday that

I first related to my darling Henry the story of our Saviour's life, and sufferings, and resurrection:—and I shall never forget the manner in which he listened, clinging to me closer and closer, and looking up in my face as if he feared to lose a word. It was a natural transition to tell him of his sister, and of the state of the blessed; and he promised that he would be good, that he might go to 'Gesù Cristo.'"

"17 June.—I hope that the Princess of Denmark (I mean the wife of the Hereditary Prince) is admired in England, and I should be much surprised if she was not, for her person and demeanour appeared to me peculiarly admirable. I thought her very English, but reminding one of pictures rather than of life, of those times when the character of the face seemed to be communicated to the dress, not when individuality was lost in fashion. She used at Rome to dress her beautiful chestnut-coloured hair like Sacharissa, but had not features as regular: the tone of her voice is indescribably melodious, and her manner of speaking as agreeable as possible. She is not happy in her marriage, her husband being good for little or nothing, and appearing quite indifferent to her, attractive as she is, now that she is no longer a novelty: though he married her for what is called love; and she has hitherto longed in vain for the charm a child would give to her existence, submitting with a good grace to what she feels to be so empty and joyless as a life of representation. When Mrs. Niebuhr at her command brought her children to show her, she watched them at play with the most animated delight, but at length burst into tears, saying that she envied everyone that had a child.

"At a ball at Madame Appony's the winter before last,

I was mortified to compare the Princess of Denmark, Thérèse de Stein, and a Milanese Donna Camilla Falconieri, with the Englishwomen who were there, although many of them were very pretty, in particular two Miss Howards, but with such a want of individuality, that I should be at a loss to recognise their faces again. I have often attentively contemplated the profile of Thérèse de Stein,* in the hope of recalling it, to be able to send it to my mother, but it is no easy undertaking, and it would at last give no idea of her brilliant dark eyes, or of the fine muscles, or, more properly speaking, as yet dimples, of her mouth. I shall wish, but almost fear, to see ten years hence what expression these muscles have assumed. As yet her countenance has only a general cast of seriousness, although a capability of any expression. I should say that she has already been able to form a sufficient notion of trial, to prevent the most disfiguring of all appearances, that of disappointment: and although with youth, health, beauty, riches, the consciousness of being the delight of her father's life, and the only person who has any influence over him, it might be said she must be too happy, she has a source of trial near to her who must successfully 'dash her cup of brilliant joy.' . . . It might seem strange to write such a number of details of a person my Mother never saw, but it seldom happens to me to see anything that I feel sure would meet with my Mother's unqualified approbation."

"12 *Sept.*, 1822.—Charles is not able to write to you, as he must dine with Prince Henry of Prussia.† That personage I have never before named, yet he has lived in

* Afterwards Countess Kielmannsegge.

† Younger brother of King Frederick William III.

Rome ever since the Neapolitan revolution, and certainly merits mention from singularity. His manner of life is absolute retirement, shutting himself up with his books, and not seeing any of his attendants except at dinner, when it may be his pleasure to dine, but that is not his pleasure oftener than three times a week, when he dines very heartily; the intermediate days he takes nothing but a dish of strong coffee and a mouthful of bread, though wherefore he follows this plan, it has never pleased him to explain. Sometimes he never stirs out of the house for three months, and afterwards takes a fit of walking. He had the latter fit all this summer, and chose the hours between twelve and three for his exercise, probably because at that time of day he was certain not to meet so much as a cat stirring abroad, that could possibly find shelter within doors. He often gives dinners, and listens to conversation with fixed attention, showing approbation and disapprobation, but rarely uttering more than a monosyllable; he once called on Mr. Niebuhr, on his arrival in Rome, but has never called on anybody else, except Cardinal Consalvi, and has never summoned resolution to visit the Pope. He is a man of great learning, and understands a great many languages. He has a universal interest in political affairs, and takes in newspapers from England, France, and Spain, as well as Germany: he has served with distinction in the army, and is said never to have recovered his spirits since he was refused a particular command he had wished to have in the last war. He is advantageously distinguished among German princes by liberality in money-matters, pensioning persons that had been in his service at any part of life, or in any place; always giving, when a claim is made upon

him, more than could have been expected of him, and being very careful at the same time to pay his debts. His dinners, as may easily be supposed, are a great penance, but Charles, although he would wish to avoid his presence, says it is impossible to help feeling a degree of attachment to his person.

“Ernest has just asked me—‘Chi ti ha dato questo pane tanto buono mama—Iddio o Nonna?’”

Bunsen was first brought into personal contact with his sovereign during a visit which the King of Prussia paid to Rome with his two younger sons, in the autumn of 1822. General Witzleben, the confidential aide-de-camp who accompanied the King on this occasion, had been especially employed and consulted in the construction of the liturgy which, by the King's desire, was then in use at Berlin. To him Niebuhr spoke of Bunsen's studies and interest in the matter, and his communications to his royal master led to intimate conversations at the time on the subject which both had so deeply at heart; and thus laid the foundation of a mutually affectionate regard which seldom has the opportunity of arising between king and subject. It was at this time the intention of Bunsen, without regard to his worldly prospects, to throw up his diplomatic employments entirely, and devote himself altogether to the theological studies, by which he imagined that he could better serve not only his own but future generations. But this plan was fortunately rendered

impossible by his duty to his sovereign after his appointment as Counsellor of Legation on the occasion of the King's second visit to Rome as he was returning from Naples, and by his further appointment as *Chargé d'Affaires* on the departure of Niebuhr from Rome in the following March.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"14 Nov., 1822.—Charles is running every day and all day long after Kings and Princes. I am sure I have reason to long for the King of Prussia's departure, for he is in such a state of good-humour and activity, and is so well entertained with everything, that it is his pleasure to run about from eight o'clock in the morning till dark, with only a short interval for dinner. He leads the way, attended by Mr. Niebuhr and Alexander von Humboldt, and the two Princes follow, attended by Charles, who is often called by Mr. Niebuhr to explain things to the King, in particular the churches, which Mr. Niebuhr says he understands better than himself. Charles has every reason to be satisfied that these royal personages like his company, which is some consolation under the bodily fatigue, waste of time and spirits they occasion. I must complain a little of my misfortunes: I am obliged to get up regularly in the dark, and hurry on some clothes to give Charles his breakfast in time for him to be in attendance at half-past seven; then I never know what hour to expect him to dinner, for though the King fixes his dinner-time at two o'clock, he is very apt when busily engaged to make his dinner wait. Yesterday however was the worst day; in the course of the morning the King signified to Charles his wish that he

should dine with him; they continued so late seeing sights that Charles could not even escape to change his dress, and he had nobody to send to let me know, therefore after waiting and wondering till four o'clock, I dined alone. Charles after his dinner drove about again with the Princes, and then attended them to see the illumination of St. Peter's, and the Girandola. After that was over, he was dismissed, but his labours were not at an end, for the King intending to go next day to Tivoli, and requiring *sixty-four* horses (thirty-two to set off with, and thirty-two to change half way, he and his attendants occupying eight carriages), Charles had to drive about in all directions to rummage out this number of horses, some in one place, some in another; then he went to report to Mr. Niebuhr that all was in order, and lastly, at half-past eleven o'clock, did he get home. At five o'clock this morning he went off to attend his Majesty to Tivoli, whence it is the royal pleasure to gallop back this evening at five o'clock. Charles is very much pleased with the behaviour of the King, who is throughout dignified, intelligent, and rational; and he likes both the Princes, but in particular Prince William, the elder of the two that are here; the Crown Prince is not of the party, but is expected in the course of the winter, and probably likes to travel independent of the King, who keeps his sons in prodigious awe: of the Crown Prince all parties and persons unite to speak in the highest terms."

"11 Dec., 1822.—The day after I sent my last letter, we had a visit from the King of Prussia, the two Princes, and their suite, to see the view from our windows, but before I give further particulars of the event of that day, I have to tell that the King, two days before his departure north-

wards, appointed Charles Counsellor of Legation, of his own free grace and favour, without solicitation. This is a considerable advancement in point of rank, and entitles Charles to an increase of salary, and the most agreeable circumstance attending the transaction is, that the King has never been known to grant a similar favour so suddenly to any person, and the whole of his behaviour has shown from first to last the very strong impression that Charles's personal qualities made upon him. He staid at first ten days in Rome, and three more on his return from Naples, and each day took more notice of Charles than the preceding, and the two last days, during dinner, and on every other occasion, might be said to have conversed with him alone, although he occasionally spoke to other people; this I was told by Colonel von Schack."

"16 Feb., 1823.—As I have already told of my boys sitting to hear stories in the evening, I must tell of their present delight; Ernest begs for the Argonauts, and Harpies, and the brazen Bulls, and Henry begs for the Hercules, and the Serpents, and the Lion, and the Hydra; these and many other mythological tales Mr. Niebuhr had written down, in the most charming manner possible, for his own boy, and we borrowed the manuscript, and I have been very busy this last month in copying it, whenever I can find an odd half-hour.

"I had the other evening a long conversation with Prince Frederic of Hesse Homburg, about his sister-in-law Princess Elizabeth. He is a General in the Prussian service, and is longer in proportion to breadth and thickness than anything that ever was seen except a knitting needle, therefore I suppose he must be the very counterpart of his

brother, who is said to be as large as the Princess. He told me that he perceived by my observations on H. R. H.'s pursuits and manner of life in England, that I was acquainted with the interior of the late Queen's house, for they tallied with the Princess's own account of things; and desired to know by what name he should mention me to his sister-in-law. I told him it was better I should name the name of my mother, whom H. R. H. had known in her childhood, and to whom she had ever been very gracious; and he pronounced and *spelt* the name of Port after me, which I thought there was more chance of his recollecting than Waddington. From the wife of Colonel Schack he heard that Princess Elizabeth was universally popular, which is not surprising, and I also heard many of the jokes that have been made about her size; a fat Countess Goltz at Berlin asserted that when one had once made a journey round the Princess, one had had walking enough for the day; also, it was said that the Princess had great difficulty in finding a shawl that reached as far as her shoulders; that it should cover any part of her chest was not to be expected from a shawl."

"4 April, 1823.—Mr. and Mrs. Niebuhr left Rome this day se'nnight—and although poor Mrs. Niebuhr worked herself almost to death before her departure in settling and arranging about sale of furniture, as well as packing and preparing for travelling, for four children and her very invalid self, to say nothing of a husband who needs as well as deserves to be taken care of—a vast quantity of business was left for me to complete."

On the 28th of April, 1823, Madame Bunsen gave

birth to her fourth son, Frederick Wilhelm—who lived only till the following June, when he was laid by his little sister in the Protestant Burial-ground.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

“20 *May*, 1823.—Mr. and Mrs. Niebuhr passed through Rome ten days ago, on their way from Naples northwards, never to return; it was a very solemn parting, on many accounts; Heaven only knows when, where, or under what circumstances, we shall meet again, or whether we shall ever again inhabit the same place, as we have done for above five years, with the possibility of daily intercourse, in which time every successive given period has slowly but surely drawn the bond closer between us. Mrs. Niebuhr is going to a country in which she is nearly as absolute a stranger as I should be (having been born and bred in Holstein, and having spent only the three first months after her marriage at Berlin), with many anxious apprehensions lest a northern climate should prove more injurious to her husband and children than beneficial to herself, for Mr. Niebuhr has in Italy in a great measure recovered his health, and the children have thriven astonishingly in the country of their birth. I must however rejoice on account of their removal, for this last year at Rome she appeared dying by inches. She had suffered much for years without its appearing, but latterly she showed her sufferings to such a degree, that I hardly think you would have recognised her, with hollow eyes and cheeks, her colour gone, and her hair grey. At Naples she experienced some relief from the inexplicable pains she suffers, and therefore recovered a degree of strength, but the air

of Rome had again an injurious effect, though she was only three days here.

“That most attaching child, Marcus, parted from me in a manner I shall never forget, shedding no tear, uttering no word, but clinging round my neck as if he could not let me go. It is in general more especially melancholy to part from children, because you feel that something in your life is utterly at an end, utterly cut off, for even if you can anticipate a time for becoming again acquainted with the child, that acquaintance will be something new, it cannot be considered on the part of the child as a continuation of the former, for he will nearly have forgotten you in the mean time. That is however a feeling that I have not in the same degree experienced with respect to Marcus; that child has a heart and understanding so extraordinary, that it is impossible not to reckon upon him as upon a person of formed character. He entered with his whole soul into the pleasure of seeing the sea, the ships, Mount Vesuvius, &c., at Naples, but though he anticipated great delight from imbibing new ideas on his northward journey, he was nevertheless very sorry to take leave of Rome. His father took him the last day to the Vatican, and observed that he was continually humming tunes, which he for a time disregarded, but at last said, ‘Why are you so inattentive, Marcus? don’t you like to see these things?’ Marcus did not answer, for his eyes were full of tears, which he would not allow to come down.” *

* Marcus Niebuhr was afterwards private secretary to the King, and wrote a book on Babylonian History. He married a Fraulein von Wolzogen of the family of Schiller’s wife, and died in 1860. His sister Cornelia still lives (1878) at Weimar, as the wife of Herr Rathgen, President of the Tribunal.

"14 *June*, 1823.—I drove yesterday evening, my own Mother, to the Villa Albani, with all the children. It had rained in the morning, and therefore the smell of the earth and the trees was delicious. I enjoyed that, and the indescribable beauty of the view in the glow of the setting sun, while Henry and Ernest were happy beyond all happiness in riding upon all the sphinxes and lions they could possibly climb upon. Little Charles's happiness was trotting after and admiring his brothers, and trying to get into all the fountains that came in his way. I always recollect when I go to the Villa Albani having run my last race there with Augusta; I hope she recollects that I beat her."

"26 *June*, 1823.—I wish I knew what words to use, to spare my Mother a part of the shock she will feel, on learning that I have been summoned to resign the treasure so lately granted; and that my precious Frederic rests by the side of his angel sister. Be satisfied, my Mother, that I am not only composed, but thankful; thankful that it pleased God to take so soon the being that in so short a time was become so dear, for every week of added life would have added to the pang of parting; thankful, that I was not thus deprived of my little Charles, that infant preserved almost by miracle from the dangers to which he was exposed by my distress and exertions before his birth; thankful, that it was not my first child who was so speedily reclaimed! . . . It is certain that this infant had a peculiar look, a look of death, which I now find struck everybody that saw him, and which caused Charles and myself continually to feel (though we did not express the feeling) that we should not be allowed to preserve him: still, it is fortunately so difficult to distinguish a decided

anticipation of death from the natural anxiety occasioned by infant life, that I had begun to gather hopes from observing how rapidly he thrived, how fat, and active, and animated he became.

“On Tuesday, the 18th June, he completed the fiftieth day of his life, and was perfectly well. I drove to the Villa Poniatowski, and took him with me on the nurse’s lap. On the following day he was not well, but not perceiving any reason to apprehend serious illness, I left my little angel, and took my other three treasures to the Corsini gardens, from whence we brought flowers, that I little thought to employ in decking the corpse of my little Frederic! When I returned he was better, and slept till four in the morning, after which came twenty-four hours, of which, my Mother, I could wish not to think and yet I cannot help it. When longing for his release, it was hard to help asking why such an infant must suffer so much, why the combat must last so long, but that involves the question why evil must come—that most needless, most impious question, for it implies a doubt of the perfection of God, and I hope I checked the movement as often as it occurred. When the last breath had been drawn, my Charles and I left the precious remains to the care of Maddalena and Angelina, and lay down for two hours. Afterwards we were even more refreshed by Dr. Schmieder: it is true he could tell us nothing that we did not already know, but he reanimated shrinking convictions. Then Charles proposed that we should go into the fresh air in some garden; and we drove to the Monte Cavallo, and walked in the shady walks of the Pope’s garden, and enjoyed the summer breeze.

“When we returned, I went to look at my angel at rest. The look of pain was gone now, all was peace and loveliness. I scarcely left him for the remainder of the day, and there is no describing the sensation (scarcely to be called painful) with which I contemplated that form in the beauty of which I had so delighted in life, from whose earthly development I had promised myself so much: it was a fitly framed vessel for an immortal, early-glorified spirit! But at night I took leave of it—that was a second separation. I could have wished ever to have kept it there before me. My sweet Henry had been very sympathising during the illness of his little brother, and Ernest also, in proportion to his age. Henry would hardly leave him during the first day of death, and begged that he might go to see him buried, and having heard that he was to be conveyed away early in the morning, woke of his own accord at half-past four, was very devout during the service, and has been particularly good, docile, and affectionate ever since.*

“My Mother, I entreat you not to be distressed about me. I assure you that I am very well, and except when I parted with the poor nurse, whose grief was extreme, and to whom I shall ever feel bound, for having performed her duty with her whole heart, I have not shed tears; and I have too much to do, and too much left to enjoy, for it to be possible to feel depressed.

* The touching epitaph of the infant children in the Cemetery of Caius Cestius was written by their mother and rendered in Latin by Bunsen. It concludes with the words—“Hi parentibus non dati, at monstrati fuerunt; ut angelorum imaginem, innocentiae ore expressam, grato animo recordantes, beatæ eternaëque visionis venturum diem lætiore fide expectarent.”

"It is so completely a thing of course, to find in my Charles everything—comfort, support, sympathy, the power of re-animating—that it had scarcely occurred to me to tell my Mother what she has long known. I shall now conclude, that I may drive out with my boys; we shall try to get into the vineyard where the ruins of the temple of Minerva Medica stand; the day is delightful, a fresh north-west breeze, and the distant prospect as clear as possible. To-night we shall take Henry and Ernest to see the Girandola: it is Saturday, the 28th of June, the vigil of St. Peter."

"18 July, 1823.—The destruction of S. Paolo fuori le Mura, which took place three days ago, has been so unceasingly matter of thought and conversation ever since, that I can scarcely write of any other subject. My Mother saw that church only once, and had nobody with her, as I have had since, to show every part, and enable her to become attached to the building as I have become; but yet I am quite sure she will be shocked to know that it has been seen for the last time, that the fire has spared but little, and that little left in a state in which it is impossible to restore, or even preserve it. In proportion as the walls and columns cool, they crumble and fall in large masses; and Charles, who made his way in this morning, says that it is really inexcusable in the guards who are stationed there to give anybody leave to do so, for it is not possible to answer for the life of any person that ventures under the porch. On Tuesday, the 15th, some masons and plumbers were at work on the roof of the church, which had long wanted a thorough repair. They were observed to be drunk when they went up after their dinners, and a

quarrel took place amongst them, in the course of which one of the plumbers threw his pan of burning charcoal at one of the masons, and so utterly were they deprived of reason, that so far from collecting the coals, or in any way guarding against mischief, they did not even bring away the pan, which has since been found among the ruins: these facts the culprits have confessed. It was not till two o'clock in the morning that the monks of the monastery adjoining the church received the alarm from some country-folk travelling along the road, and as they had to run to Rome, and rouse the watch to open the city-gate, to awaken the Governor, and to collect the firemen, two hours were unavoidably lost before the latter arrived from Rome with their one engine and their water-carts—so little is the danger of fire provided against in Rome. It is needless to say that they came too late to be of any use; till the fire had accomplished its work in consuming the whole of the roof, it raged unabated. The greater part, and the finest of the columns, fell in masses of lime, and more that remain standing are so calcinated, that they will probably at the longest only wait for the storms of autumn to be laid prostrate. The mosaics of the ninth century are yet standing, but one of the prodigious columns of white granite that support the arch on which they are fixed, is split from the summit to the base. The mosaics produce a wonderful effect, being now laid open to the glaring sun, whereas they were formerly dimly discovered in the twilight of the church. The beautiful tabernacle that covered the high altar, a work of the thirteenth century, is also yet standing, although damaged. It was an extraordinary circumstance, that on the night of the burning of St. Paul's we went to bed at

ten o'clock, having for a fortnight before daily complained that one cause or other had regularly kept us up till midnight. Had we that night staid up, from our high situation in the Capitol we could not have failed to have seen the fire, and Charles would have taken care to have routed guards and firemen. That old dunce Laura, who lives in the apartments over us, did see the fire at midnight, and had not sufficient wisdom or activity to give the alarm, although she knew that two years ago Charles had not thought it too much trouble to give assistance in saving some hay-barns at that hour, which were perceived to be blazing. But it is perhaps in a double sense useless to regret that assistance was not more speedily sent, for when in this climate at the driest season of the year, a roof entirely composed of wood, and at the lowest computation a thousand years old, had begun to burn, I cannot conceive how even London fire-engines and firemen could have stopped the progress of the flames.

"I am sure my Mother will be grieved at the extraordinary accident by which the few remaining days or months which the venerable Pope could have had to live will probably be abridged. Happily he does not suffer pain. The accounts given of the delirium which followed his accident* are quite affecting; he continually recited psalms and prayers, and the only difficulty his attendants had was in preventing his attempting to get up and say mass; he always knew Cardinal Consalvi and never failed to answer

* On the 6th July the aged Pius VII., who was far advanced in the twenty-third year of his pontificate, had received a fatal injury from a fall in his own room in the Quirinal Palace—the same room which, on the same day, fourteen years before, had witnessed his seizure by General Radet.

him rationally, but when not spoken to by him, he returned to his psalms."

"29 August, 1823.—The death of Pius the Seventh has made a great impression on the children, when they are at play they often begin to talk about him; 'quanto io volevo bene al Papa! e adesso è morto, non vede più, l'hanno messo sotto terra; ma è andato in cielo, da Iddio, e da Gesù Christo, è vero Mama?—e c'è pure lì zia Emilia, e la sorellina, e il fratellino.' I took them to see the remains of the Pope conveyed by night from Monte Cavallo to St. Peter's, and they were perhaps the only persons not disappointed by the spectacle. I had supposed that the procession, consisting as I anticipated of priests, and monks, and friars, and cardinals, chaunting and carrying torches, could not fail to produce an impressive effect: but there were neither monks, nor friars, nor cardinals, and only half-a-dozen priests; the remainder of the train was made out of detachments of troops, and four cannon and ammunition waggons; and the torches were so thinly strewed, that in narrow streets where the light of the moon could not penetrate, the procession seemed to be groping its way in the dark. The most plausible explanation of this most *unpontifical* manner of constituting a funeral procession, is that in times past, when there were so many popes of an utterly different character to that of Pius the Seventh, precautionary measures for defending the corpse against the apprehended marks of just abhorrence on the part of the populace were absolutely necessary; it being well known that a large band, after having been disappointed in their intentions against the remains of Paul the Fourth, of the Caraffa family, proceeded to knock off the head of one of

his statues, and after parading it about the streets, threw it into the Tiber.

“The remains of Pius the Seventh lay in state one day at the Quirinal, and three days at St. Peter’s, but only for a few hours of that period was the face really visible, having been afterwards covered with a mask. I had wished to have seen his countenance in the serenity of death, but was prevented going when it could be seen. Although so advanced in age, and reduced in strength, Pius the Seventh had a hard struggle to enter into his rest; his death, after life’s longest date, was similar to that of my blessed infant on the threshold of existence; his chest continued to pant with convulsive strength, after every other vital function had ceased! On Sunday the 17th (it was on Wednesday the 20th that he was released), he said to his physicians, ‘Perchè fate tutte queste cose? io vorrei morire, sento bene che Iddio mi vuol richiamare’: and till speech failed him, he was heard to utter supplications for release. He was often delirious, and his ravings were those of devotional exercises, from which no voice but that of Consalvi could rouse him: Consalvi watched by him for the last three nights, as well as days, though his own state was obviously so precarious, that it is inconceivable how he can have survived his fatigue and agitation: he twice fainted in the course of the last night, and could hardly be brought away from the corpse. It might seem to many people absurd to sympathise in the grief of a prime-minister for the death of his sovereign; but I know not why one should be denied the satisfaction of supposing the grief of Consalvi to spring from a legitimate cause; to have lived more than three and twenty years in the confidence of such

an individual as Pius the Seventh without becoming attached to him, would have required the insensibility of vice or folly; and Consalvi is neither a hard nor a weak man; he labours under the misfortune of habitually mistrusting his fellow-creatures, but there are many instances to prove that where sufficient evidence has been given of moral excellence, he is as capable of doing justice to it as any other intelligent being.

“The obsequies are to continue till the ninth day from the transportation of the body to St. Peter’s, and the day after their termination, the 2nd September, the cardinals will be enclosed in conclave—literally, for all the entrances to the Quirinal are walled up, and provisions for the cardinals and their servants are put in through holes in the wall, which holes are sentinelled by prelates, to prevent communication; and yet, with all these precautions, there never yet was a conclave in which the state of parties did not become public before it closed. There are persons who assert that there are as many candidates as cardinals, but certain it is that on the most moderate computation there are not less than eight ‘*che passeggiano*,’ as the Romans call it, that is, who seek after the Papacy, wherefore a tedious conclave is to be apprehended. I wish they might elect the Pope in time to allow us a breath of fresh air at Frascati before the winter; Charles will hardly think himself at liberty to move as long as the conclave lasts, and to us it would be no pleasure to go without him.”

“20 *Sept.*, 1823.—On Monday, the 1st September, I attended in St. Peter’s the last and most solemn requiem-service for the deceased Pope, and was much gratified; the greater part of it took place in that chapel into which I

went twice with my Mother to hear vespers after our arrival in Rome. I sat in the gallery appointed for the chiefs of the mission and their wives; all other persons, strangers or not (the good days of Cardinal Consalvi being past) might take their chance as they could in the body of the church, which was on this occasion literally full, and filled with all that variety of costume which gives such a peculiar effect to a Roman crowd. Into the chapel nobody was allowed to enter, except the cardinals and prelates; the service was therefore undisturbed, the buzz of the multitude seeming more distant than it was. After the conclusion of the mass, in which the exquisite requiem of Pittoni was sung in even greater perfection than usual, the ceremony of absolution was performed five times, by five several cardinals; for Pius the Seventh as Pope, as Cardinal, as Archbishop, as Priest, and as Deacon; the five cardinals went in procession into the body of the church, followed by the papal singers, who performed a passage of a psalm or an anthem, after each absolution. These exquisite pieces of music were heard in perfection where we sat, but were nearly lost to persons who, though nearer, stood in the confusion of the crowd. The next day, we went to the apartments of Cardinal Consalvi at the Palace of the Consulta, opposite the palace of Monte Cavallo, to see the cardinals walk in procession into conclave, and it was one of the really fine sights to be seen. The piazza was as full as it could hold of people, and two lines of soldiers formed a passage for the cardinals. In the centre the two majestic statues, with the obelisk between them, appeared more colossal than ever, from the opportunity given of measuring them with human dimensions. Just

before them there is now a noble fountain, formed of the enormous granite crater which my Mother may remember lay broken in two pieces under the Temple of Peace the winter she was in Rome; the water, springing into the air, and falling into a lake rather than bason, glowed and sparkled in the sun's rays, while the statues stood aloft with their shady side towards us, and casting a long shadow over the crowd; behind, the fine cypresses rising above the walls of the Colonna garden, and the cupola of St. Peter's in the distance, completed a picture, which as to forms, lights, shades, and colours, was exclusively peculiar to Rome. The cardinals walked two and two, from a little church at the other extremity of the summit of the Quirinal, with one of the Guardia Nobile on each side, and preceded by all the attendants who were to be shut up with them during the conclave, also by the singers of the papal chapel, who performed the *Veni Creator Spiritus*; the effect of this might have been as fine as possible, but a noisy and dissonant military band at the close of the procession disturbed all. Within the first three hours of the entrance of the cardinals, the diplomatic body, and the ecclesiastics and nobiltà, are allowed to visit them, and Charles was much amused to hear the various ways of expressing the compliments of etiquette on the occasion; each several person wishes each several cardinal a happy conclave, concluding with some expression to signify the hope of seeing the cardinal next time in a different dress, that is, as Pope. The votes of the cardinals are collected twice every day, and within a few days after their entrance they were disturbed in this operation by the discovery of a profane spectator, namely, of an owl, which had entered through

the chapel window. With much trouble and exertion the cardinals contrived to drive the bird of wisdom from their assembly, but not without damage to the panes of the chapel window, to repair which damage became matter of much consultation. Should it be done in broad daylight, it was feared many strange suppositions as to the cause might ensue, and that it would appear as if the cardinals had quarrelled, and thrown their inkstands at each other's heads; wherefore it was judged prudent to issue orders to their Eminences' plumber and glazier to proceed with ladder and lantern at dead of night to replace the broken panes. One piece of policy however was forgotten, that of giving notice to the sentinels, who, as it happened, were not asleep when the work was commenced, and suspecting that incendiaries were coming to destroy the whole conclave, were upon the point (as it is said, but that is certainly a calumny, the Papal muskets never being arranged for murderous purposes) of firing upon the workmen, when the matter was explained to them. I give the story as one of those current in Rome, but cannot vouch for its accuracy, any farther than the circumstances of the operation by midnight. One of the jokes to which the story has given rise is truly Italian—that the owl must have been 'lo Spirito Santo mascherato.'

“From what transpired in the first week, it was feared that Cardinal Cavalchini would have the majority of votes, and the Romans were in a great fright, for it used to be his custom to declare during Lent that if ever he was Pope, he would erect a gallows before every public-house, and hang first those who ate and secondly those who cooked anything but meagre diet on a fast-day: and to persons

who came to him on business, he used to give notice that he was not in a good humour, or disposed to attend to them, by threatening that if they did not instantly retire, he would throw them down the staircase, or out of the window. He was for a short time governor of Rome, when by acts of tyranny corresponding to these 'façons de parler,' he made himself deservedly hated; and yet, such is the bigotry of a certain set of cardinals, that he has obtained votes merely because it is certain that he will rather burn than conciliate heretics: however, there is no danger that he should be Pope, for even if it were possible that he should obtain a sufficient number of votes, he would without doubt be excluded by the veto which by long custom is allowed to the three courts of Austria, France, and Spain. Cardinal della Somaglia is reckoned likely to succeed, and he would be a very respectable choice: but according to the example of latter conclaves, the fortunate candidate is never found among those who at the beginning or towards the middle of the period of conclave collect the greatest number of votes: two or three parties in general mutually defeat each other's views, till the patience of all is exhausted, and then they all agree to choose an individual, obnoxious to none, but who has not been the peculiar choice of any.

"It is an indescribable gain to me to have now the daily use of a carriage, for if I had to drag my three boys out walking, as I did two of them last summer (Charles then gave me little trouble, being carried by his nurse) I should not very often get out of the house, having eighty-two steps to descend, and then the hill of the Capitol, both of which must be re-ascended when we return tired from

the walk and the heat. . . . My letter is interrupted by my having to interfere with Ernest's resolute determination to help the archangel Michael with his fist to chastise the devil, for my two big boys have got a great picture-book, reared up against my couch, containing engravings of the noble compositions of Luca Signorelli at Orvieto, with which the children are always greatly struck."

"8 Oct., 1823.—On the day of the election of Pope Leo the Twelfth,* Sunday, 28th September, we went to St. Peter's, and had the pleasure of standing two hours and a half to see him carried in, and placed to sit upon the high-altar, to be *adored* (that is the literal expression) by the cardinals, during the Te Deum. M. d'Italinsky† remarked on this most extraordinary ceremony, 'Il est vrai que je suis schismatique, et n'ai pas le droit de juger des choses catholiques: mais ce qui me paraît extraordinaire, c'est que le Pape a mis le séant là où l'on met Jésus Christ.' We afterwards had a still closer view of the Pope as he drove away from St. Peter's, and were struck with the contrast between his emaciated features and death-like colour, and the brilliancy of his eyes, and almost too youthful animation of his countenance: but his is a face which can only by contrast recall the venerable visage of Pius VII.: in looking at him I felt that the sight as it were slid down his face as from the sharp extremities of a mass of ice, not finding a resting-place: not that the Pope is plain—on the contrary it is easy to believe what is asserted, that he was twenty years ago a very handsome man.

"It is impossible to deny that the first measures of the

* Cardinal Annibale della Genga.

† Russian Minister at Rome.

new Pope's government have been wise and salutary, if the execution only proves suitable to the design; they have consisted in the remission of taxes, and diminution of expenses. The new Secretary of State is a very respectable man, both as to understanding and character, but it is feared he will not at the age of eighty long endure the weight of business. The Pope was crowned last Sunday, the 5th, and the spectacle was really magnificent; we had full opportunity of enjoying it, being amongst the few entitled to posts of honour: there were no places reserved except for the Corps Diplomatique, the present Pope being resolved to do away with the long prevalent abuse of giving as it were exclusive attention to strangers: it is said *veils* are to be enforced with great strictness, and even that hats are to be prohibited in churches."

"31 Oct., 1823.—For the latter half of this month the weather has been beyond description vivifying, and we have reason to be thankful for having been able to make the most of it: we have daily spent several hours in one beautiful spot or another, and the revival of spring-verdure in inanimate nature, and of carnival-merriment in animate, has completed the effect of weather and prospect. Every tolerable afternoon at this season of the year, every villa, vineyard, and garden to which it is possible to obtain access, and the roadside to a certain distance out of every gate of the city, is full of people of the lower and middle classes, and most certain it is that general merriment has a most inspiriting effect, when one has no weight on the heart to counterbalance its influence. The marked character given to the different periods of the year is one of the things that I shall most miss when I am no longer in

Rome ; and only those who have experienced the effect of the annually recurring mandate, by all understood, by none pronounced, to be serious at one time, and gay at another, can be aware how far this apparently arbitrary custom is from being frivolous in itself. Among the places that my Mother knows, we have been in Villa Pamfili, Villa Albani, the garden of the Vatican, and Villa Borghese : nothing out of Paradise was ever more exquisite than the Villa Albani, in the sun and air of last Sunday. Among places that my Mother does not know, we have enjoyed none more than the vineyards on the side of the hill behind the garden of the Vatican, and another situated within the ruins of the once magnificent Villa Barberini, on a little hill between St. Peter's and the Aventine, from whence one of the finest panoramas might be made. We have also been on Monte Mario, where my Mother knows the cypress-avenue. What I regret continually when I go to spots in Rome which my Mother has visited, is that she should have seen so few, if any of them, in the degree of beauty in which I have known them ; the splendour of the summer-light and colouring is needed even by the scenes of Italy. I recollected the other day by the lake in the Villa Borghese how chilling the wind was when I was there with my Mother, and wished she had experienced the charm of the scene, in sunshine and stillness.

“ We have usually been a numerous party, for as Dr. Schmieder is on the point of departure, we have made a point of enabling him and his wife to see as much as possible of places scarcely accessible to them without a carriage ; and as they have two children, whom they as little like to leave as I like to leave mine, you will easily

imagine that it was both convenient and agreeable that Charles should on such occasions go on horseback, there being five children in the carriage, one merrier than the other. My little Charles is always the best behaved, for however lively by nature, he always in a carriage sits quite still, watching the monkey-tricks of the others; in a garden he helps to play, but is very good, except that he expects his own Mother to carry him, and will not allow anybody else to perform that office."

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAPITOLINE COLONY.

“ Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows.”

MILTON, *Par. Lost.*

IN the preceding letters, allusion has often been made to different members of the colony of German artists in Rome, of which Cornelius and Overbeck were long the guiding spirits. Dissatisfied with the state of art in Germany, and participating strongly in the religious reaction which took place at the beginning of this century against the unbelief and revolution of the last, they had come to settle in the Eternal City, in the hope of initiating there an art-future for the Germans. Being essentially *outline-men*, in opposition to the mere colourists, the artists at this time went hand in hand with the sculptors, whose leader and king was Thorwaldsen.

During Bunsen's residence in Rome, the German painters and sculptors included Cornelius, Overbeck, Koch, Führich, Veit, Schnorr, Wilhelm and Rudolph Schadow, Wolff, Schwanthaler, and Kaulbach.

Niebuhr and Bunsen considered that amongst the living occupants of Rome in their time, the German artists alone had any worth; and that in their society, as far as their sphere reached, they could sometimes transport themselves into a better world.* The catholicism of Overbeck and the two Schadows excluded many subjects of conversation; and, besides Schorr, Theodore Rhebenitz, a young student from Lubeck, the Tyrolese Koch—"an eccentric, petulant man, full of just thoughts and bitter sarcasms"—and Platner—"made a painter by an unlucky accident,—whereas nature intended him for a scholar and historian"—were perhaps most intimate in the circle of Niebuhr and Bunsen. "That the modern German school alone had struck out the right path, and was pursuing the proper aim, could not but be recognised by Niebuhr, who had already so early perceived and admired in the great historical artists, from Giotto to Raphael, the compeers of the ancient Hellenic schools of art,—brethren in spirit of Dante and Goethe. In spite of the individual defects and incompleteness of the early works of this modern school, Niebuhr perceived in its founders and their productions the vital principle which animated them in their opposition to the spirit of the age, and had confidence in that creative power which had united itself with a clear insight and a determined will." †

* See Bunsen's Essay on Niebuhr as a diplomatist at Rome, in the *Lebensnachrichten*.

† See Niebuhr's Letters. 1816.

The great works of the modern German school are now to be found in Munich and Berlin. Two important examples, however, remain in Rome. The house of the Zuccheri (64 Via Sistina) has a room decorated with frescoes by Cornelius, Overbeck, Veit, and Schadow, the order having been given by the Prussian consul Bartholdi, uncle by marriage of Mendelssohn. A room in the Casino Massimo, near St. John Lateran, is a more important work; Cornelius and Overbeck were employed upon it, but the former was obliged to throw up his engagement for the sake of making designs for the Glyptothek, the latter by ill-health. The casino, however, contains a beautiful ceiling painted by Veit with visions from the *Paradiso*,* and an entrance hall by Schnorr: the whole was finished by the inferior hands of Führich and Koch.

The first settlement of the German artists in Rome was at the Convent of Sant' Isidoro, where they lived for their art, generally without any system of worldly prudence or reflection. "Cornelius is very poor," writes Niebuhr on Christmas Eve, 1816, "because he works for his conscience and his own satisfaction, and purchasers who would or could measure their remuneration by the same standard are not to be found."

But after the Bunsens settled at the Palazzo Caffarelli, the attraction of their society and kindness, the beauty of the situation, and its comparative economy,

* There is a noble fresco by Veit in the side chapel of the Church of the *Trinità de' Monti*.

drew into their immediate neighbourhood many of the artists who would now rather be sought in the Via Margutta and the streets near the strangers' quarter. The little German colony upon the Capitoline Hill then occupied almost an insular position in the centre of Rome. It was a world within a world. A bond of mutual kindness and sympathy seemed to draw the dwellers on the Capitol into a great family, which regarded Bunsen as its head.

One of the most valued residents on the Capitol for five years had been the excellent chaplain Schmieder, who left Rome in the autumn of 1823, to undertake a master-ship in the great public-school of Pforta near Naumburg in Prussian Saxony. His departure was greatly felt by the Bunsens as a present loss, though his future post seemed to promise an amelioration of the trial of parting with his boys, when it should be necessary to send them to a distant school for education. The successor of Schmieder in the chaplaincy at Rome was Richard Rothe, who was afterwards Professor of Theology at the University of Heidelberg, and who there continued a friendship with the Bunsen family, which had its strong foundation in the intimacy of Roman life.*

Amongst the friends whose lives at this time became enwoven with those of the Bunsens, were the Baron Heinrich von Arnim and his charming wife, who were twice at Rome in 1823 on their passage to and from

* Dr. Richard Rothe died at Heidelberg, August 13, 1867.

Naples, where he was attached to the Prussian Legation, meetings which resulted in the almost parental kindness, afterwards shown by these valued friends in the north, to the sons of Bunsen, when sent away from home for their school-education. In 1824, another intimacy was founded with General von Radowitz, a devout Roman Catholic, who in that year accompanied Prince Augustus of Prussia to Rome, and who then became, as it were, domesticated in the home-circle of the Bunsen family. "On later occasions, when Bunsen was summoned by his royal master for consultation from England, he may be said to have crossed the track of Radowitz, as he was called upon in more than one instance to consider a subject, and give an opinion, in matters previously submitted to Radowitz by the King; but, however various may have been the impulses given by the two favourites, naturally so different, and however varying the lines that each may have drawn over the chart of the royal lucubrations, it would not appear that jealousy or mistrust had ever arisen between them; so strong was the conviction in each of the integrity and absence of all party-views or of any crooked line of policy in the other."*

In the month of December, 1823, the thoughts of Madame Bunsen were more than usually carried back to Llanover by the marriage of her younger sister Augusta—in infancy and early childhood an object of her tenderest affection—to Mr. Hall of Abercarne and

* "Memoirs of Baron Bunsen," i. 233.

Hensol Castle, afterwards Sir Benjamin Hall and Lord Llanover. The attachment which preceded this marriage had commenced, as boy and girl, years before Mr. Hall attained his majority. After his marriage he purchased a portion of the old Llanover estate, which his father-in-law had never been previously able to obtain, on which were the picturesque remains of an ancient mansion called "the Court." On this newly-purchased property, Madame Bunsen heard with constant interest during the next few years, that a third Llanover mansion was rising within sight of her old home, her brother-in-law having decided to make the place to which his wife was so deeply attached his permanent residence, and Mr. Waddington having made arrangements by which his eldest daughter, whose fate seemed indissolubly connected with Germany, would receive the value of the moiety of his landed property after his death and that of her mother.

MADAME BUNSEN *to her* MOTHER.

"8 Jan., 1824.—My own dearest Mother, I have begun the new year with a degree of cheerfulness of spirit which I would not by any considerations contrive to lessen, wherefore I have allowed myself to enjoy unrestrained a feeling which I am thankful to say grows upon me every year, of confidence, not in the prosperity of life, but in the power of going through, with God's assistance, whatever life may bring: going through, not as a beast of burden, groaning under the weight imposed, but as a joyful bearer of the ark of the sanctuary: human strength alone is as insuffi-

cient to support the weight of a feather as of a mountain, but with that aid which is ever granted to them that ask, the mountain will not be more oppressive than the feather.

"I have some new acquaintance this winter, my own Mother, who are people I know you would like: General Dörnberg, his wife (who is a niece of Count Munster's), their son, and two daughters.* The general has in several instances in the war shown himself quite a hero, and belonged to the Duke of Wellington's staff at the battle of Waterloo. It may truly be said that in person, manners, and conversation, he most completely answers his reputation; so fine a figure, or so commanding a countenance, with such handsome features and mild expression, I am sure I never saw: his manner has the dignified seriousness of a thorough English gentleman, but at the same time a degree of warmth and cordiality which is in England more to be found in the lower classes than in those of polished exterior; but which I cannot but believe must also have existed among English gentlemen and gentlewomen in better times, when the gregarious mixture of all conditions in society had not compelled the higher classes to be habitually armed at all points in defence of their dignity. Madame de Dörnberg has the remains of much beauty, or (to quote an expression of M. de Lageard) she was probably "plutôt excessivement jolie que belle;" she is a thoroughly pleasing and well-bred woman, and the whole family have shown me from the first a kindness of manner that has truly gratified me.

"Of General Dörnberg I must tell you an anecdote.

* General Dörnberg was at Rome for the health of his only son, who died there July 17, 1824.

After the battle of Leipzig, when Davoust was retreating towards Hamburg, General Morand was commanded by him to collect contributions in Hanover: he occupied with a force of four thousand troops the fortified town of Lüneberg, and kept as prisoners there the richest citizens of the town and country-gentlemen of the neighbourhood, from whom he had extorted by threats all they had to give, but whom he afterwards sentenced to be shot on a given day, provided they did not procure him in addition a sum of which it was not possible they could furnish a single farthing. General Dörnberg received intelligence of the sentence only four and twenty hours before it was to have been put into execution: he was forty-five English miles distant, in a country in which the roads were seldom good, and at that season, the end of October, after heavy rains, nearly impassable. His force consisted of fifteen hundred troops of the Landwehr, which answers to militia; nevertheless he formed his resolution, and proposed to his small band to make a desperate effort to march to Lüneberg to liberate the prisoners. His troops assented with acclamations, the forced march was commenced, and completed just as the night fell which was to be the last of the prisoners' lives. There was no time for a moment's repose after so violent an exertion, General Dörnberg instantly stormed the fortifications; the French supposing by the desperate courage with which they were assailed that their antagonists must have been supported by a powerful army, and dispirited by the fall of their commander Morand, gave way with precipitation, and left the town: when General Dörnberg and his gallant band took possession of it, and found the graves already dug in which seventy

individuals, most of them fathers of families, were to have been interred after having been shot, at five o'clock in the morning!"

"28 *Jan.*, 1824.—Of the many things of which I have to write, the principal is the death of Consalvi, who was taken off by fever very suddenly, just six months and four days after his venerable master, but whose life for the last year had been matter of wonder, such was his complication of sufferings, while his incessant exertion of body, and unavoidable agitation of mind, would have been sufficient to have exhausted a man in health. His conduct since the sovereign power fell from his hands has been perfect; there has not been an instance of meanness, not a symptom of querulousness or discontent, he has been throughout dignified, courageous, and consistent, although the party that throughout his reign was adverse to him has taken care to put the strength of his mind to the test; not that the Pope has suffered himself to be made their instrument to that effect, on the contrary, although circumstances had occurred to render him and Consalvi decidedly adverse to each other when they were equals, on his elevation he gave a strong proof of his just estimation of the character and principles of Consalvi, by bestowing upon him the situation of Chief of the College of Propaganda Fede, a post of honour and of influence, to the boundless astonishment of most of his own most zealous supporters. After Consalvi had received extreme unction, about two hours before his death, he gathered sufficient strength to desire that the Pope might be informed that he lay at the point of death, and entreated his benediction; the Pope was himself ill in bed, but received the message with emotion,

and despatched Cardinal Castiglione to confer the requested benediction in his name, and Consalvi was still in a state of consciousness when the Cardinal came. I went with Charles to look at him 'ere the first day of death was past;' and his aspect was indescribably affecting; his features were always too fine to be fit for the company-expression which they were most generally made to assume, as if to conceal the conflict of emotions within; but now that all pain and passion had ceased, it seemed as if the soul shed more of its influence when its presence was removed. Yesterday, Charles and I, with Dr. Nott, made our way into the crowded Church of San Marcello, to attend the obsequies, which were performed impressively by Cardinal Bertazzoli, the personal friend of Consalvi; and I was more than ever affected by the *Dies Iræ* of Pittoni."

"19 Feb., 1824.—Besides several balls, I have been lately at a very pretty fête, given on Madame d'Appony's birthday, at which a French comedy and a vaudeville were acted by her friends. A niece of Madame Récamier* played the part of a soubrette with such extreme grace and animation, and spoke French with that inimitable charm, possessed only by some French women, so that the rest of the performers would have been wise not to have admitted her amongst them, to set off their defects, for they acted and spoke French *very well*, when she was not on the stage. Between the two pieces were represented tableaux, and I had thus an opportunity of seeing for the first time what everybody has so long heard of. The charade which was to be represented was *Délire*. To

* Afterwards Madame Lenormand.

signify the first syllable, *Dé*, a set of players at dice, from a picture of Paul Veronese, were represented in very picturesque dresses, the wife and children of the principal player, forming a side group, being the beautiful Princess Razumoffsky and the two little Apponys. The second tableau was *Lyre*, Sappho playing on the lyre, surrounded by Grecian nymphs, a collection of magnificent beauties. Sappho was Lady Frances Leveson Gower—a statue of Parian marble, with limbs and features of the finest workmanship; the nymphs were Mrs. Dodwell; a resplendent Miss Bathurst; Miss Walker, a daughter of General Walker's, with a fine, intelligent, true English face of the right sort—the Mrs. Hutchinson sort; a perfectly lovely Italian, of the name of Bischi; and others. Then, to represent *Delire* all together, King Saul played pantomime, with Jonathan and Michal, and David sang to him—what do you think—a scene of Rossini's, from the *Lady of the Lake*! The Princess Razumoffsky looked very handsome as Michal, but the whole of this pantomime was to my perceptions very absurd. At this fête I saw Madame Récamier, who has long been in Rome, but who keeps very much to herself; she is still handsome, large—but not out of shape; and she has a good and mild expression of countenance. She is a person of whom everybody speaks well, although she has for years had no riches wherewith to buy 'golden opinions.'"

"1 *April*, 1824.—The week before last, I may fairly say, all Rome, all nations, classes, and conditions, were occupied by the loss of Miss Bathurst, the beautiful girl whom I mentioned in one of my letters as contributing to form a tableau at Madame d'Appony's. She was riding

out with an uncle and aunt, and the Duc de Laval-Montmorency. The latter offered to guide the party, and accordingly conducted them along a road, or rather narrow foot-path, beyond the Ponte Molle, having on one side the Tiber, and on the other a high steep bank. He got off his horse, and advised the others to do the same, but Miss Bathurst preferred remaining on her horse, saying she could trust to his quietness. The way every step becoming narrower, her uncle became alarmed for her safety, and in order to secure her, attempted to lead her horse; the horse threw up his head, as many horses do when seized by the bridle from beneath, and at the same moment his hind feet slipped down the shelving and undermined bank.—He struggled in vain to recover himself, the bridle naturally broke with his weight, Miss Bathurst fell backwards into the water, and the horse over her; her uncle sprang into the water, but while he swam about in vain, she was seen by the bystanders to rise, and then she disappeared for ever:—and though the most active search was at once commenced by boatmen high and low in the river, the corpse has not been found. Her mother is at Turin; her father in the year 1809 was travelling with despatches through a part of the Prussian dominions occupied by the French, when he suddenly disappeared, and no particulars ever have been obtained of his end, nor has a trace been found of his corpse, the probable conjecture being that he was murdered by the French for the sake of the despatches:—singular that both father and daughter should thus suddenly be summoned from life, and their remains be consigned to the elements, without the rites of Christian burial. I could not help relating

the story, because the fate of Miss Bathurst has dwelt on my mind, she having been a thing I delighted to watch, as much as I could without ill-breeding, whenever I had an opportunity of seeing her. She was not only more complete in respect to beauty than anybody I ever met before, but she had an expression of animated delight in everything she saw, a freshness and fullness of youth and health, with an utter absence of self-consciousness, that made a most engaging contrast to the majority of fashionable beauties. I have mentioned her before as deficient in expression,—that certainly was the case, but in her it was scarcely to be called a want, everything about her bespoke the freshness of existence, untouched as yet by care, sorrow, or passion. The most dazzling complexion and colour were relieved by dark hair, and animated by dark eyes; and fine, full-grown proportions of figure were rounded off by just the right degree of flesh, and harmonised by natural ease and unstudied grace.

“The Duchess of Devonshire* died three days ago, and though I cared little about her when living, I am thankful to know that she expired in faith and peace. She sent for Dr. Nott † three days before her death, and assured him that she was ‘perfectly composed,’ that she had offended greatly, but that she had repented, and that it had been her habit of mind for years to seek pardon through Christ, through whose merits and intercession she could alone hope to obtain it. She has had cause to bless the memory

* Elizabeth, widow of the fifth Duke of Devonshire and daughter of the fourth Earl of Bristol. Her first husband was John Thomas Foster, Esq.

† Dr. Nott, Canon of Winchester, remarkable for his devotion to the Fine Arts, was an intimate friend of the Bunsen family.

of her mother ; * had not notions of religion been instilled in childhood, after the life she has led, she would hardly have been able to imbibe them."

"24 April.—I three days ago saw a bas-relief of Thorwaldsen's, only just designed, about which all the world is mad. It is the Sale of Love, quite original—but that it is needless to particularise. First of all, beginning on the right hand, is a market-basket full of Cupids, packed one over another like chickens in the Roman market; and next the extremity of the marble, stand a girl of about twelve years old, and a boy about seven, touching and feeling and peeping, with vacant, indifferent curiosity, in utter innocence and ignorance as to the nature of that sort of fowl: on the other side of the basket stands a girl, who has taken possession of a Cupid, and holds him up on high, but the fellow has no fancy to stay with her, and is stretching his arms and legs, and fluttering his wings to go to a sitting girl, who with extended hands is inviting him to come. Next stands another female figure, hugging her Cupid, who is giving her the softest kisses in the world; then comes a great sulky girl, walking away from the basket, looking vacantly before her, and swinging her purchase by his wings at her side, like a hen bought at market. Next is a man, sitting on the ground, with his elbow resting on his knees, and his head bent down, in listless endurance, while just on the nape of his neck sits a saucy fellow, looking triumphantly round, as if to bid defiance to all efforts that may be made to shake him off. Finally, over the head of the last, a Cupid is flying away, after

* Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Jermyn Davers, Bt.

whom a decrepid old man is hobbling on a stick, with his hand stretched out after the fugitive. Another recent work of Thorwaldsen is the bust of Consalvi, which is inconceivably fine; there is no perfection in the bust, either as to form or expression, which was not in the living countenance, and yet the countenance in life seldom appeared so full of everything that is good, great, intelligent and energetic: but the marble cannot give the brilliant and penetrating eye, which in Consalvi was such a distinguishing feature."

"12 *May*, 1824.—We have spent four delightful days at Tivoli, which place was more magnificent in verdure and vegetation than I had ever seen it. We left Rome early in the morning and arriving at twelve, went immediately to the Grotto of Neptune, and after dinner to the Villa d'Este, where the magnificent cypresses have diminished in number since my last visit. The next morning we set off after breakfast to accomplish the Giro. My Mother will remember the beautiful walk that is thus designated, going out of Tivoli by the gate nearest the Sibylla, and returning by the other gate, and the Villa of Mæcenæ. I went the greatest part of the way upon an ass, from which I dismounted to scramble down a path only made for goats, lately discovered by Charles in his expedition with the Prince of Orange, leading to a spot on the bank of the river just opposite the Cascatelle. Henry and Ernest each had an ass, and were very happy. My little darling Charles I left with Angelina, to take a less laborious walk nearer the inn. After dinner we went to the Villa of Hadrian, in which there were not any girls gathering mulberry-leaves, but which in everything else

appeared as it did seven years ago in June. The next day, before six o'clock, we were on our way to Vicovaro, ten miles from Tivoli on the road to Subiaco. The drive is beautiful, leading along the banks of the Anio in a narrow and constantly ascending valley, the mountains having the character of those about the lakes in Westmoreland. At Vicovaro we saw the remains of the ancient walls, built of enormous fragments of stone without cement; and a beautiful old chapel,* a most perfect specimen of Italian-Gothic, a style of architecture differing, but not radically, in conception and execution from the Gothic of England, France, and Germany, at the same period. The chapel was erected at the expense of one of the Orsini family, and that name, being inscribed within and without, has been retained in the knowledge of the inhabitants, every other circumstance relative to the foundation being related in the most absurdly fabulous manner. One account is, that it was a heathen temple, which once stood in another place, and was *transported piecemeal* and put up there. The clergyman of the parish did not insist upon the accuracy of the latter supposition, but was nevertheless convinced that the long, slender, Gothic cluster-columns were remains of an ancient Roman edifice, and observing us admiring the statues of saints and prophets in the niches of the portal, said, 'E queste figure erano fabbricate dagli *schiavi* della famiglia Orsini'—imagining that the Orsini had been ancient Roman patricians in heathen times. We drove a mile and a half beyond Vicovaro to the monastery of S. Cosimato, situated

* Built by Simone, a pupil of Brunelleschi, who, says Vasari, died when he was employed upon it.

on a rock, rising to a great height perpendicularly from the Anio, which rock is perforated into cells, made by the original monks of St. Benedict in the sixth century. The prior of the monastery received us very goodnatureedly, he could not of course let *me* in, but showed us everywhere about, and took us a most broiling, but beautiful walk; and afterwards in a room next the sacristy (which was not forbidden to women, the entrance being from the church) gave us a most excellent luncheon, of ham, salad, omelet, eggs, and cheese. In the same manner these monks receive all strangers that come, and single men they allow to lodge in the convent as long as they please, expecting of course a trifling present, under the name of alms for the use of the church: but travellers have reason to be very glad to be so received, there being nothing like an inn for many miles round.

“The fourth day we again visited the Grotto of Neptune, and sat a long time in the Villa d’Este, and after dinner returned to Rome, driving half a mile out of the way to see the lake from whence the sulphur-stream flows, in which every year large incrustations form, which gradually collect together, swim a given time about in considerable masses, then attach themselves to the bank in a sufficient state of solidity to bear the weight of a man, although still in a floating state, and at last diminish the circumference of the lake, which in the memory of man was twice as large as it is now. It is on record that the ancients found the water to possess healing virtues, and the Emperor Hadrian built baths close to the lake, which have long been nearly levelled to the ground.”

“21 July, 1824.—Two days ago the post brought the

long-wished for, but I had almost said no longer expected, official intelligence from Count Bernstorff,* that Mr. Niebuhr not returning to his post, and the King not intending to make another appointment, Charles was desired and authorised to continue as hitherto in the management of business, with an increase of salary which will make up our income in all to a thousand pounds sterling a year. For this we are both indescribably thankful, and I am sure my Mother will join in our satisfaction, when she knows that as we *start clear* upon the new salary, we shall be very well off, not having to incur any extra expense in our manner of living. . . . Mr. Niebuhr will probably remain settled for the present in Bonn, or some other place on the Rhine. It is to be regretted for the sake of public business that he should not continue concerned in it, as he has an astonishing talent for dispatching affairs, as well as judgment in directing them; otherwise we could only rejoice in his being left undisturbed to continue his Roman history, in which he has made great progress in this winter of leisure.

“About our being thus fixed here, probably for two or three years longer, my own Mother, I have said nothing, not because I have felt nothing; during the summer and spring I was anxious to hear that another appointment was made in Mr. Niebuhr’s room, so that we could be left at liberty to quit Rome at a time when our journey could have been commenced and accomplished; but now, circumstances over which we had no control, have altogether changed the case, I am no longer physically able to undertake the labour of breaking up housekeeping, and under-

* Prussian Minister of Foreign Affairs.

taking even the half of the journey to England, leaving out of the case the present season, in which the risk of removing the children would be too great to be incurred, if possibly to be avoided; and should I here await the birth of another child, if it please God to grant me its life, I am equally bound to this spot till it could with safety be weaned, probably not till this spring twelvemonth: when that time is arrived we shall see what it brings with it. The period I have mentioned, of two or three years, is stated at random, for Count Bernstorff specifies nothing, and we have no other data to judge from, as to what future resolutions he is likely to form. . . . My own satisfaction rests upon the fact that our remaining here is not our own act and deed, it has been determined by circumstances independent of us, and therefore we may gather that it is the will of God thus to dispose of us; could I think we had brought about the decision, I should be full of fear and dread as to the result, and should feel the bitterness unallayed of hope deferred: as it is I will believe, that what has been so long delayed, will not finally be denied."

"13 *August*, 1824.—I enjoy indescribably the summer-stillness, the freedom from interruption, and the glorious weather. I continue to drive out at six o'clock in the morning to the Villa Borghese, where I find a place to sit down, under the pines, while the children play about. At that hour, the air is invigorating, and although fatigued, I am never exhausted by going out then; in the evening, the atmosphere is never sufficiently refreshed to be enjoyable till about a quarter after dark, when I enjoy it upon our own loggia. My darling Ernest completed his

fifth year in most perfect health and had a very merry birthday. We went down to breakfast in the garden at half-past six, and there it was very delightful till eight, when we brought the children in, and produced some play-things for the amusement of all, which Ernest was to divide as he pleased. . . . After I had helped them to put in order a fortress in iron-work, and a Turkish caravan (all Tyrolese toys), I left them to arrange or disarrange at their pleasure, and went to lie down in Charles's sitting-room, to enjoy rest, and quiet, and an Italian translation of Thucydides."

In September, 1824, Mrs. Waddington was first informed by her daughter of an approaching change in their family arrangements. In his unmarried life, the ideal of Bunsen's future had been to make a home for his unmarried half-sister Christiana, and one of the charms of his Indian project had been that she would have accompanied him to the East, and that her health would have benefited by a tropical climate. His real intercourse with Christiana had however been confined to a few weeks in 1814, when he saw in her the long-suffering victim of oppression, and when his chivalrous spirit was roused by the desire of putting an end to her sorrows. Since then she had been maintained by his remittances, and cheered by constant letters, in which his whole life, with its occupations, cares, projects, and aspirations, was ceaselessly poured out before her, as before a superior being capable of guiding and advising. Now that his residence seemed likely to be

fixed with certainty in Rome for some time to come, his earnest desire was that his sister should leave her home in Holland, and come to Rome, where he thought that she would be the maternal-friend of his wife, the presiding genius of his home-circle. He believed also that his boys would not only find in her, who had been the object of chief reverence during his own boyhood, the wisest monitress of their youth, but that her presence would have the desirable effect of naturally leading them to talk German, as she could speak no other language, except Dutch.

The mistake made in the invitation to Christiana, was bitterly repented of. Her presence, joyfully hailed at first, soon proved a burden almost unendurable. Nothing pleased her. She had come to Italy expecting to find everything perfect, and she found everything imperfect. She immediately wished to return, but she had given up her own house, and the expense of the journey back, in those days of vetturino travelling, was not easy to meet. Thus, for seven years and a half, she continued an element of the household, "a ceaseless trial, putting feelings and principles to the severest test, and acting as a 'refiner's fire' upon all sterling realities."* And, though the chief struggle of endurance under the strange vagaries and even violence of an imperious temper, rendered more wayward and irritable by constant ill-health, fell upon her sister-in-law, daily contact with his sister dispelled

* "Memoirs of Baron Bunsen."

from Bunsen the darling illusion of his life, which had represented her as the model of female excellence.

With the arrival of Christiana was anticipated that of M. Simon, as a tutor for the boys, whose connection with the family for seven years—during which he was “an instrument of moral flagellation to parents and children”—proved almost equally unfortunate.

The next winter, however, was a happy one. Familiarity had not then rendered the Bunsens conscious of the thorns which were in store for them, and the presence of Mr. and Lady Emily Pusey* at the beautiful Villa Mills on the Palatine, gave a charm to the English society which it had never possessed before. In the spring, also, the Bunsens formed their first acquaintance with Neukomm, the composer, who continued till his death one of the most valuable and valued of their friends. A great personal sorrow to Madame Bunsen was the death of her mother's unmarried sister, her beloved aunt Harriet Port, of whom she frequently spoke as one “in whom the energy of a loving nature, the enthusiasm of self-sacrifice, and the ardour of devotedness, existed in ceaseless outpouring of its heart's-blood upon fellow-creatures, without the due response in kind, without receiving from others that which it gave so freely of its own.” The death of

* Daughter of the second Earl of Carnarvon.

another dear aunt, Mrs. Granville of Calwich, in the following year, loosened for Madame Bunsen all immediate ties to England which were not connected with Llanover.

MADAME BUNSEN to MISS PORT (the last of a series of letters to this beloved aunt, written before the news of her death, which had already occurred, reached Rome).

"2 Oct., 1824.—My own dearest Aunt Harriet. The Sunday before last, I longed to begin a letter to you, as I came out of church, to give some idea of a sermon I had just heard. It is the general practice of our clergyman, Mr. Rothe, to preach on the gospel of the day, and the gospel of that day contained the account of the *ten lepers* who were cleansed, of whom only one returned to give thanks. Mr. Rothe observed, that it being the universal custom of our Saviour to require of individuals for whose benefit He intended to exert His healing powers, a certain degree of faith in those powers (for reasons not expressly stated, but easily to be gathered by attentive consideration of His modes of dealing with mankind) it is certain that even the nine ungrateful lepers were not destitute of faith. This may also be proved by collateral circumstances, first, their having supplicated for relief; secondly, their having instantly obeyed when bidden to '*go and shew themselves to the priests,*' instead of waiting to see whether their journey would be of any use, or whether the command was a mere mockery—for it is said, not that their cure was performed the moment the words issued from our Saviour's lips, but that '*as they went, they were healed.*' Therefore the question is, how should they have been capable of faith in

any degree, and yet so stupefied, so hardened, as to be incapable of thankfulness for the mercy received? And it may be supposed, in explanation, that they argued as follows: 'We have suffered severely, have suffered long, have suffered patiently, although we have never done anything in our lives to merit punishment so severe; we have not been worse, perhaps better, than our neighbours, whom we see in the enjoyment of health and of society, but God saw fit to afflict us, we know not why; it is easy to understand why He now withdraws the affliction; we may be glad to be relieved, but in receiving relief, we have received no more than our due.' But the Samaritan joined to his faith in Divine power and Divine mercy an utter self-renunciation; his mind had been so penetrated with the consciousness of sin, that he had not an idea of possessing a right, or making a claim, to the mercy for which he entreated; and therefore on receiving it, instead of being bent like the others on hastening to obtain from the priests the temporal advantage resulting from his cure—of re-admission into society—he was irresistibly urged to return and proclaim aloud the glory of God and his own thankfulness. Of the eloquence with which this was stated, the consequence drawn, and the application made to the soul of every Christian, it is not in my power to give any idea; and having in my own mind the impression made by the whole together, I cannot in the least judge whether, in the bald account I have given of the substance, it will appear to you as original and as edifying as it did to me.

"This view of the subject has led me to reflect on the apparent inequality of God's dispensations to His creatures on

earth, a matter even more difficult to those who do not suffer by the inequality than to those who do, that is to say, when the latter have the spirit of the Samaritan leper; but which need not stagger or disturb, any more than any other difficulty of the sort, when we consider that it is probably intended, amongst other good ends, to serve the purpose of reminding us of that spiritual world, in which the hardly tried (that is, the highly favoured) in this life, are to meet with full and overflowing compensation; from which, even here, they receive their hidden supplies of strength; and of which, even here, they have probably a clearer sight and perception than can enter into the conceptions of those who, even without forgetfulness of God, are in full enjoyment of the best share of earthly comfort."

To her MOTHER.

"23 Oct., 1824.—I need not tell you how incessantly my thoughts beat round and round like a bird against the wires of a cage till I heard from you. But do not suppose that I have been depressed, or have spent the days in tears since the arrival of your letter. I shed a few tears, and very few, when I went to tell Charles in his room that my Aunt Harriet was dead—and I shed a tear, but not more, on telling of my poor Augusta's delight at the birth of her child. . . . My box has arrived in perfect safety, and well might I complain of my Mother's too great magnificence in loading me with such a provision of things. . . . I shall not allow myself to say anything of the feelings with which I looked upon my dearest Aunt Harriet's gifts, although I did not know when I received them that her warfare was accomplished! Perhaps she now knows my

feelings towards her, better than she would have done had she remained on her bed of martyrdom long enough to receive my written expressions."

On the 7th of November, 1824, Madame Bunsen gave birth to her fifth son—George Frederick.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"24 Nov., 1824.—I may now allow myself to write to my Mother of my little angel. I am sure that in loving children, as in other things, one improves by practice. I loved the others from the moment of their birth as well as I was capable of, but I never had as much delight in anyone as this. . . . We intend to christen our new treasure George, after one of my own dearest Mother's names."

"30 Dec.—I long to describe the appearance of my little angel, but of that I can give no idea: so lovely an infant I never saw, except my Mary, and though his features are not like hers, his sweet smiles, his early intelligence, his perfection of temper, his rapid growth, and undisturbed enjoyment of existence, remind me of her continually, and that being the case, it is no wonder that I rejoice over him with trembling."

"1 Jan., 1825.—The new year is begun. Last night Charles and I sat up together till the clock of the Capitol had sounded the close of a year, so marked with blessings to us both that it is impossible not to look forward to another with more than usual mistrust—mistrust in the changeable course of human things, not in the mercy that has ever hitherto in joy or sorrow accompanied us. Those who possess so much, have much to lose!—and the side

may be pierced by the very staff that supports. But, blessed be God for his inestimable gifts, even though it should be, in the secret dispensations of His providence, that they should to-morrow be withdrawn!"

"27 *Jan.*—I have been seeing much lately of Lady Frances Sandon.* I think her quite charming. She is in the first place very pretty, and would be beautiful, if it were not for her mouth: otherwise her features, the shape of her head, and her throat, are perfect, and she has a good figure and fine complexion. But if she had been less pretty and pleasing, she would have bribed me to like her by her evident delight in my children, whom from the first she desired to see, and from whom she could hardly take off her eyes."

"15 *Feb.*, 1825.—Our two new inmates arrived on the 1st of February. It would be too sudden to attempt to give you a full description of my sister-in-law after a fortnight's acquaintance; suffice it to say, that I have nothing to tell now that is not in the highest degree satisfactory, she seems to answer in every respect the idea I had formed of her, from her letters, and Charles's description: everything that I have seen denotes the clear head, sound understanding, and high principles, which he always attributed to her. She has many of Charles's peculiarities, without being in person like him. Her exterior and manners are perfectly gentlewomanlike. She has a very good figure, and a mild and intelligent countenance; her features,

* Lady Frances Sandon, afterwards Countess of Harrowby (fourth daughter of John, first Marquess of Bute) continued an intimate and valued friend of the Bunsen family till the end of her saintly life in March, 1869.

which must always have been too strongly marked, appear much too large for her face, owing to its thinness, the result of long and severe suffering, but the expression is not harsh, although the lines have all a tendency to be so. She has a sensible manner towards children, but Henry is the only one to whom she can make herself thoroughly intelligible, though the other two are already fond of her, and get on in speaking German. She has been tried in life more hardly than anybody whose well-attested history I ever yet heard. I trust and believe that it will be possible for us to make her happy and comfortable here, although with a terribly suffering body, a house in Rome, even arranged as well as it can be, is a bad thing at last; and a person used to Dutch neatness must I fear be in hourly penance when waited upon by Italians."

"17 *August*, 1825.—The death of my Aunt Granville and the desolation of Calwich, dwell upon my mind with a degree of pain for which I can scarcely account, considering how long I had been accustomed, and I had supposed reconciled, to the idea that I should never see her again in this world; and considering how much the pleasure which the face of nature, and her kindness, occasioned me in Calwich, was counterbalanced by other circumstances:—but on opening Göthe's '*Torquato Tasso*' the other day, a well-known passage met my eye, which suggested an explanation to my feelings. I must surely have translated at the time of reading it that passage to my Mother—'The spot trodden by the virtuous is sacred; and their words and deeds re-echo there to the ears of posterity.' Now I believe it is the very reverse of this being the case, which makes those feelings bitter, that

ought only to be sad and solemn, not even mournful—for, to her, death was rest and reward, the prize obtained after the fight well fought, the race well run, the burden nobly sustained!—But that those who inhabit the place of her abode, who possess what once was hers, what her care embellished, in which her eye delighted, that they all should forget her ‘as a guest that tarrieth but a day,’* is the intolerable sensation: foolish to be sure, for to the blessed immortal spirit not even the folly and wickedness of men, any more than their pains and sorrows, can be a disturbance: her will, so resigned even in life, is now wholly merged in the will of God, and she knows what we can only believe, that all evil shall work together for good at the last; she beholds in the spirit, the destruction of the last enemy:—‘The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.’—O my Mother, I cannot suppose that the death mentioned in that awful passage can mean anything so comparatively insignificant as the mere separation of soul and body:—I must look upon those words as a ray of light disclosing depths of mercy even for the most perverted: devoutly as I believe at the same time that the tremendous threatenings of God in the Scriptures are to be taken as literally as His glorious promises, and that a soul without relish for God and goodness, incapable of faith and humility, and thus self-banished in the time of mortal life from the presence of God, will be equally self-banished in another state of existence, and that in that banishment consists the condition of torment, described under so many pœtical images, and generally

* Calwich was afterwards sold, and became the property of the Hon A. Duncombe, Dean of York.

received as a place of imprisonment and arbitrary punishment. Every individual figures to himself his proper heaven; and those who have in their time of trial formed no taste for the Heaven of God, such as it exists, would remain dark and frozen even in the midst of its glories, if they could be transported there: on the other hand (to borrow the daring image used in a most extraordinary book, published by Luther, but written a century earlier), could Satan himself be capable of a longing, an aspiration after the joys of Heaven, he would at once be there! his pardon would be sealed, because his nature would be changed!"

"18 *August*.—Last night, an unusual hour of quiet after putting the children to bed enabled me to dilate on a subject on which I little thought to touch when I began to write; and now at last it is most unconnectedly and inadequately stated. Without attempting to explain it better, I will only tell my Mother the course of my reflections upon it. I never doubted that the literal meaning of the Divine threatenings was to be received undoubtingly, as matter of faith, however difficult for human powers to reconcile with the equally certain matter of faith that the mercy of God is infinite; and I well remember in our first summer at Frascati expressing that conviction in a conversation with Charles. About a year after that conversation, I read the extraordinary work to which I have alluded, which consists in a small number of very short, very concise, most comprehensive essays or chapters, of which every sentence is an ingot. It was written, of course, in what are called Catholic times, but the author was a Christian, and no Romanist. All that is known of

him is that he was a Teutonic knight of Frankfort on the Oder, his history and earthly distinctions are 'lost in the abyss of things that were.'* The work was published by Luther, since the age of the Reformation has been out of print, and was republished a few years ago: a Latin translation was made of it at an early period, through the means of which it was known to many English divines in the seventeenth century. This book, my own Mother, contains much which made to me as clear as daylight the great point, that what is called hell is, no more than heaven, confined to place or time, but is a condition of the soul, into which the soul degrades itself, which may well begin even in this life, although here its torments will be lessened by that same veil of flesh, which the joys of heaven cannot pervade: it is a natural consequence of the order of things by God established, a natural consequence of the rejection of offered salvation; and if the expression may be used, it is impossible even for Omnipotence itself to grant that which his creatures have become incapable of receiving. With Mr. Erskine† I had much conversation on this subject; and as well as I remember, it was he who suggested the possible interpretation of the passage—'The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death'—as the other member of that mighty paradox, the solution of which is not for us in this world—into which even the angels desire to look! A similar view of the world of spirits I found implied, strange to say, in a Spanish poem

* This book "Theologia Germanicè" (this is the correct title) was translated into English by Miss Catherine Winkworth.

† The admirable Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, now well known from his Letters.

of the fifteenth century:—perhaps the author might be one of the many thousand Spaniards who had to expiate in the flames their aspirations after purified Christianity.”

“*Rome, 30 August, 1825.*—On Charles’s birthday, the 25th, we had delightful weather, the sky being clear, the sun bright, and the air delicious. We began at seven o’clock by breakfasting in the garden. At dinner we were fourteen in number, besides children. Before dinner, some favourite hymns of Charles’s were sung, arranged for four voices, which had been composed (by Reisiger) and practised by the singers without Charles’s knowledge, and were therefore an agreeable surprise to him; after dinner we went to Villa Lante, and took our dessert with us, and enjoyed the view and the garden most exceedingly.

“The presence of Reisiger* in Rome has been and is a great source of pleasure to us. I wish I could pack his music, composition and execution, in my letter, how my Mother would enjoy it! He is a young man, but has already celebrity as a composer.”

In the middle of September the family removed for the refreshment of country air to the Villa Piccolomini at Frascati.

“*Villa Piccolomini, 13 Oct., 1825.*—I did not think I should again have dated from Frascati, yet I am well reconciled to remain by the unequalled beauty of the weather and country, although out of virtue I should have returned, to put an end to the confusion of the divided

* The popular composer—Kappelle-Meister at Dresden.

household, and get something done of the much that is wanted to cover the children's nakedness this winter. They have in the villeggiatura so torn and worn the remains of their summer clothes, that I shall not be able to show them in Rome till I have bought and cut out and had made something new. However that is a trifling distress, a much greater, resulting from our absence, is the death of my canary-bird, which was announced to me yesterday. My Mother will wonder at my having such a favourite, but I must surely have mentioned, now four years ago, the bird's having flown in at the window. It sang most sweetly, and was quite tame and happy, and therefore it was no distress to see it in a cage.

"I have only to tell in Frascati of uninterrupted enjoyment. The quantity of exercise I habitually take is to myself inconceivable. I will give an account of what I have done this morning, as the most recent occurrence. We got up an hour before day, and went up to the tip-top of the hill of Villa Aldobrandini, where we walked up and down till the sun was pleased to rise; then we saw it gradually illuminate the Lateran and the Vatican, and other buildings in Rome, the mountain casting a long shadow over the campagna. We had ordered the servants to bring our breakfast after us to the top of the hill, but I proposed going down again to meet it, and placing ourselves in the beautiful hall of the Palazzo Aldobrandini; and it was well we did so, for it was eight o'clock before fresh milk was to be had, and the gentlemen set themselves to playing at bowls, the children led the ass (which had carried their aunt) about to graze, and I betook myself in the corner of a delightful old-fashioned leather couch,

and slept most comfortably till the coffee came. After we had made an enormous breakfast, the bowls were again put in motion, and I, and the children, and the ass, and the servants, and the baskets with empty cups and plates, went home, and I set myself to write,—and after dinner I shall be quite fresh and ready to take another walk or ride.

“Yesterday we were equally in movement the whole day. In the morning I was sketching, and after dinner we rode on asses to Grotta Ferrata, and saw the chapel of Domenichino. We came home after dark, and then received an invitation to hear an Improvisatore at the Casino Piccolomini. The name of our host is Angiolotti, a rich *possidente*, or farmer, from whom and his wife we have received great civilities. We were the day before yesterday at their farm, or *tenuta*, where the vintage is going on. They gave us ham, and cheese, and *frittata* and *pizza*, and wine, and grapes as much as we could eat. We had our friend Reisaiger of the party, and he played, and sang German, and the vigneroles sang Italian. We had the nurse with us, who rode like a man on an ass, with my darling before her, who enjoyed the party as much as anybody: my little Charles rode before his papa or Simon: his two brothers ride independently.

“Some days ago we made an expedition to Monte Cavo, the highest point of Monte Albano, where there is a monastery. The monks gave us bread and wine, and we had cold meat and grapes with us. We rode down on the other side of the hill towards Albano, where the carriage met us in the *Galleria di sopra* by the Capuchin convent: we then drove to Castel-Gandolfo, whence we went down to the brink of the lake to see the emissary, and returned home to dinner

at five o'clock. Another day we drove to Genzano, Charles and his sister and Simon and myself and the three boys packed in the carrettella: my darling was left at home with his nurse and Angelina, and Kestner rode on horseback. My Mother will remember the name of Kestner, whom we now value more than ever, since he has been our constant companion on parties of pleasure for many days successively, without ever giving opportunity for an observation as to his character that was not to his credit. We had provisions for dinner with us, and our servant Antonio to cook, therefore all we wanted in Genzano was a kitchen and dining-room; but on our arrival we found the rooms of our old acquaintance all occupied, and were glad to be conducted by Kestner to the house of a *possidente* whom he had formerly known, whose wife in the most obliging manner granted us all we wanted; she was a very handsome woman, and in deportment, I had almost said, a princess. While our dinner was preparing, we made the tour of the lake of Nemi on ass-back: that *mirror of Diana* as it was called (the woods and a temple on its banks having been in ancient times consecrated to her) never appeared to greater advantage, for there were light fleecy clouds in the clear October sky, which produced those occasional false shadows which I must always long for in mountain scenery, from recollection of the lakes of Westmoreland.

“I shall be glad at last to return to our own dear home, and yet our pleasure in Frascati has been so altogether without drawback, that I could almost find in my heart to be afraid of what may follow a change of abode. I have had time to read here too, and enjoy most extremely

a German translation of Herodotus. I have also enjoyed reading in the Bible more than I have time to do at home—I mean, time uninterrupted, and to read with interruptions is of little avail. I have been greatly struck with many historical parts of the Old Testament, which in connection I have not read for years; and must ask my Mother whether she does not think the narrative of Nehemiah most particularly touching.”

“*Rome, 19 Oct.*—We returned home on Sunday morning, the 16th, and find our own dear house very delightful. My boys are all as well as possible, and, at present, very good.”

“*14 Feb., 1826.*—I have to communicate the intelligence of the King’s having bestowed upon Charles the order of the Red Eagle, a distinction which is a matter of much satisfaction, as indicating the favourable dispositions of the King and his ministers, for there are few if any examples of a person not belonging to a privileged class receiving it after so short a period of service. The first intelligence was communicated by the good Baron von Reden, now Hanoverian Minister at Berlin; the nomination took place on the 18th January, and last week the cross and ribbon were delivered to Charles by General de Lessel, the Aide-de-Camp of Prince Henry of Prussia, who had travelled from Berlin with great speed to return to his post. Only the day after the arrival of this decoration, arrived the intelligence of the failure of the banking-house of Benecke in Berlin. They were Charles’s agents for the reception of his salary, and had only eleven days before received for him his quarter’s allowance, for which they had transmitted a bill of exchange, which bill of course there had not been

time to negotiate, before it became of no avail. . . . I wish that I may prevail upon my Mother to be as little disturbed by this piece of ill-luck as I am myself; I cannot possibly deny, when I state the case to myself, that it is a very serious thing, and that as we have never yet had *more than enough* with our whole year's income, I cannot explain how we are to have enough when the quarter's salary is wanting; yet I cannot get rid of the feeling that we shall not *need the lost sum*, whether it shall be made good, in some unforeseen way, or whether we shall be able to do without it. All accounts, from the Baron von Reden and others, tend to prove that Count Bernstorff, as well as Prince Wittgenstein, uniformly speak of Charles with strong expressions of esteem for his character and conduct, and something approaching to admiration for, not mere commendation of, his talents for business; and also that the great liking which the King showed towards him in Rome, has been kept up more than could have been expected, by what I may call *correspondence* since, for the King reads everything he writes to Berlin, and you may readily believe that what he writes is worth reading. So, my own Mother, pray hope the best with me, and do not be more distressed than I am.

“Lord Sandon left Rome on Thursday, taking for my Mother a sketch-book, and for my father a Latin document, which was a *petite attention* of Monsignor Marini to me. He found the original in the Papal archives, and thought I should be overjoyed with a proof that a person bearing the name of Waddington held a situation of credit in the Church in the early part of the reign of Henry III., for that is the date of the document.”

"*Easter Sunday, 26 March, 1826.*—M. d'Olfers is here, with his amiable wife, on his way to the Brazils as *Chargé d'Affaires*. He has been for two years attached to the Prussian Legation at Naples, his connections at Berlin having reckoned upon getting him into Charles's post at Rome, an arrangement which the circumstance of his being a Catholic would at any time have rendered impossible, for the business of the Prussian Legation here could not in many respects be well got through by a person in any way hampered by private ties to the Church of Rome, without considering the important point of the Protestant Chapel, which could not be kept up under a Catholic *chef de légation*. On his way through Rome to Naples with Count Fleming two years ago, he and Charles formed a personal acquaintance as cordial as if they had not stood in the relation of a sort of rivals to each other, and they have kept up from time to time a degree of correspondence, which I hope will continue, for Olfers's letters are always indescribably entertaining. He is one of the sort of men that I know my Mother would like, of sound and sterling attainments, and polished but inartificial manner, with a great deal of quiet fun, and a stillness of deportment not the least resulting from phlegm or insensibility.

"We have lately to our great pleasure formed a new musical acquaintance of the name of Neukomm, who is come to Rome for, I am sorry to say, a very short time, after a singular course of travels. He was born at Salzburg, and became a pupil of Haydn at Vienna; his first removal from Germany was to become *Maestro di Cappella* to a Russian prince, and he spent some years between

Petersburg and Moscow; after which he became *Maestro di Cappella* to the King of Portugal when in Brazil, but the Court having a decided passion for *walts-masses*, Neukomm was not satisfied to remain where his style of composition was not approved, nor satisfied to adopt a style such as could have secured approbation, wherefore he returned to Europe, and has ever since been attached to the Court of — Talleyrand!!—who is said to rank music amongst the luxuries which he considers worth possessing in the highest perfection. With Talleyrand Neukomm set out towards Rome, but the former having found the weather not to his taste, remained by the way at Nice, allowing Neukomm leave of absence to proceed to Rome and Naples.

“On Wednesday in Passion Week Neukomm returned home with us from the Sixtine Chapel, and played to us in a manner that could give delight even after the Miserere. To give an idea of his playing, I must describe the course of my own feelings,—I was at first sorry for the arrangement to bring him home with us, not wishing to be disturbed, and only reconciled to it on the ground of giving pleasure to M. d’Olfers, who had known and valued Neukomm for years as a man as well as a musician; but from the moment he began to play, I was thankful to have the state of feeling protracted, which had originated in the Miserere. He played airs with variations of his own composition (amongst others ‘See the Conquering Hero comes’), and afterwards gave an idea, as far as one pair of hands and a very feeble voice could give an idea, of passages in an oratorio which he has this winter composed, but which has never yet been executed.

The words are selected from Klopstock's *Messiah*, and the chorus he played to us is grounded on the passage in Isaiah, 'Who is He . . . that is glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength?—I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save!'—the whole to be performed by a choir in two divisions, answering each other in the manner of Handel's 'Who is the King of Glory?—The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory!'

"O my Mother, how I wish you could see Lady Frances Sandon, and still more, know her: I am sure you would think her 'a thing of other times.' She seems to me to realise things I have known in description—a class of women to which the finest ladies I see are not fit to be chambermaids. She goes away for good the end of next month, and Heaven knows where, or when, or how, we shall meet again, but I shall always rejoice in the indelible image she leaves, of a species of creature from which every-day women are as different as negroes from whites.

"The more I see of Lady Bute, the more I am convinced that she is a thoroughly kind-hearted and well-principled woman, but in the scale of human beings I am sure she takes an inferior rank to her daughter, who is almost an angel."

"25 April, 1826.—The presence of M. Neukomm in Rome is a very great pleasure to us, and we make the most of it by seeing him daily. Independent of his most extraordinary, and to me unequalled, musical talent, he is of a most attaching character, and has those sort of placid manners, combined with rationality and intelligence on all subjects, which make a person a welcome inmate at any time and at all times. Charles takes advantage of

this delicious weather to go about Rome with him, and I join the party whenever I can. This winter Charles has formed several very agreeable English acquaintances, all through the Sandon channel; first and foremost Lord Binning, with whom he has had much intercourse, and for whom he has a great liking and value. Further, Mr. Egerton Vernon, a son of the Archbishop of York's; two Mr. Smith's, one John Abel, the other Augustus, both related to Lord Carrington; and a Mr. Bramston, are all persons we like in different ways."

On the 1st of June, Bunsen joyfully announced to Mrs. Waddington the birth of a daughter, who received the name of Frances from her god-mother, Lady Frances Sandon, and that of Helen from her father's half-sister, Madame Müller. At the same time he had the gratification of telling the ever-kind mother-in-law, who, as usual, was wishing to make up the loss he had suffered, that the sum swallowed up by the Benecke bankruptcy, had been graciously made good by the King.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"12 July, 1826.—I have a mind to write down some of the interruptions of the morning, to give my Mother an idea of the day; a thing I should often attempt, were it not for the long notes of explanation, which ought to be appended to each name that will occur. I was up at six o'clock: while I was dressing, Charles slept on, and I would not rouse him, because for the last few days he had rested too little and run about, or in some way or other

been too busy in the heat and sirócco; as soon as I was dressed however, he got up, and went out on horseback. Of all the children, Charles alone was awake and up: I therefore proceeded to open my writing-desk and begin my letter, in the *camera gialla*, with the windows open and green blinds closed, to keep out the sun and let in the air: but soon Henry and Ernest made their appearance, and I broke off from my letter to hear them say their prayers. Then Charles returned, and we went to breakfast, with Neukomm (my Mother will remember the name of the musical composer, whose company, as well as his music, delighted us so much at Easter—he has since been at Naples, and is now with us again, day after day, as before, and every part of the family looks upon him as belonging to us). The place where we breakfast I must draw sometime for my Mother, I can now only describe it as near the loggia where the water is drawn up,—a partition has been made in the mangle-room which reserves to us a delightful little gallery, with a magnificent prospect and fine air without the morning sun. After breakfast I went to dress my little angel, but by the way met a messenger who announced that a certain Klitsche was seized with a fever. This person is established in the house of the late Bartholdy, to mount guard upon the valuable collection of antiquities, until the heirs shall otherwise have disposed of them. Klitsche came to Rome a year and a half ago with the false notion by which many people at a distance from Rome are possessed, that here institutions accessible to strangers for the study of theology were to be found: that not being the case, his condition here was pretty nearly destitute, and Charles has in one way or another

helped him forward (sometimes procuring him employment in transcribing deeds) awaiting a favourable opportunity of finding a better provision for him. These few particulars may account for his so far, after a fashion, belonging to us, that it was necessary I should leave every other business to perform the most needful, of procuring him attendance; wherefore I left my little angel to wait in her night things, and after ordering the carriage, went downstairs to Madame Eggers (whom the children call Signora Elisa *—and who is always willing and able to give counsel and assistance, to ask whether she supposed I could obtain the help of a woman, of whom she knew more than I did, and settled that we should go together to fetch her; then I came up again to make a hundred arrangements to keep the wheels of government in motion during the interregnum, and hold seven hundred and one conferences with Antonio about dinner, with an interlude of rummaging amongst the dust of the bookshelves for a pamphlet for Charles, 'Sur l'Orgue expressif de M. Grénier.' Then I packed Charles the less with Madame Eggers and myself into the carrettella, in order to lessen the number of jarring elements left at home, and proceeded to bespeak the physician, fetch the woman as nurse, and establish her by the sick person. Then I proceeded to one or two shops, being on the way, and returned home at twelve, found a new cap which my sister-in-law had ordered, and went up to her bedside to explain and interpret, and hear whether it was right, after listening to the narrative of the manner in which she had passed the

* M. Eggers, the landscape painter, afterwards settled in Berlin. His sons were the authors of a *Life of Rauch the Sculptor*.

night—the heats, and the chills, and the ups and downs. Then I dressed my sweet girl, settled her three eldest brothers to sleep (George was put to bed by Angelina), and was thankful to lie down on my own bed. At two o'clock with some difficulty I waked, and before three collected the whole family from all corners of the house at dinner; after dinner, consultations with Antonio about things to be sent to Klitsche, directions to Agnese about work, part the first of a discourse with my sister-in-law about a ruff and a hat, luckily broken off by Neukomm's offering to hear me practise, an offer I am always rejoiced to accept. I excused myself from driving out, having been out already, sent Charles the less and George with my sister-in-law and her friend Augusta Klein, and Henry and Ernest into Madame Eggers's garden. At eight o'clock everybody returned, I gave the children their supper, heard their prayers, and took them to bed: and at last came to my corner of the couch, the rest of the party being my sister-in-law, Charles, Neukomm, and Kestner. I sat lazy, instead of working as usual, with my Mother's candle-screen, with impressions of leaves, before me, to save my eyes, which were quite tired with puzzling at the score of *Judas Maccabeus*, which Neukomm had insisted on my making out. After looking at the moon, the two glorious planets, and the Mont' Albano in the summer night, at a quarter past ten I went to bed."

"16 August, 1826.—I have a long story to relate to my Mother, which I have as yet delayed, from not liking to tell her that Charles had committed an act which I considered imprudent and extravagant, but I will now state his sin in all its magnitude, and leave her to find an

excuse for him. He has thought proper to order from Paris what is called an *orgue expressif*, the new invention of M. Grónier, having fallen in love with the description made by Neukomm of this extraordinary instrument. I stated my opinion that the measure was imprudent, because it was highly improbable that after Neukomm had left us we should ever hear the organ again, for it would be difficult to find a dilettante who understood the art of managing it, and as for me, in my old age, with five children, it was too much to expect that I should accomplish learning to play upon a new instrument, never having yet been a proficient in playing on the old one. Further, I insisted that it was extravagant, to incur a great expense, calculating upon being able to save it up in the course of the year. To all my wisdom Charles replied by a number of sophisms, but maintained the point 'that once for all, we *must have an orgue expressif*, and that if we must have one, it was the best economy to have it at once, for then we had more time to enjoy it in our lives.' Wherefore I withdrew my opposition, the organ was ordered in April last, but having first a packing to undergo, and then a long journey to make, did not arrive till Tuesday the 8th of August. Neukomm delayed his journey for the sake of enabling us to hear the organ once in perfection, although thereby greatly diminishing the time he had allotted for the north of Italy and Switzerland, having fixed to be in France at latest the end of September. The effect of this instrument is beyond description, it is capable of unlimited expression, the sound being produced by the gradual pressure of the feet alternately upon two pedals, and the tones are soft and

swelling like those of the human voice when in great perfection, or like the most exquisite wind instruments. When hearing Neukomm play, I continually caught myself holding my breath, as when listening to the *Miserere* in the Sixtine Chapel. As to my own prospect of learning to play upon it, I am happy to say that in these ten days I have already surmounted some part of the difficulty, which consists in the movement of the feet, and have good hopes of proceeding further; and the delight of touching it is so great, that I shall only be in danger of giving up more time to it than I really have to spare. It has made *furor* in Rome, the Cardinal Secretary of State was enchanted, and began to *sing* himself from excess of delight: the Maestro di Cappella Baini said it brought him into a cold sweat and that he could not stand it if he was to hear it every day; Monsignor Capaccini (who was private secretary to Consalvi and wrote all his dispatches) ordered such another organ full speed for himself: and the Corps Diplomatique was out of its wits for admiration. I must not forget to state that the expense did not turn out as great as I expected, for, including the carriage from Paris, it amounted to ninety pounds sterling: yet the instrument is as perfect as to make and materials, as a piece of furniture, as in sound."

"6 Sept., 1826.—I wish I could here give a shadow of the darling figure, in a great brown pinafore (sent by grandmamma for Ernest), that is now trotting near me, enjoying in stillness the condescension of his brother Charles in playing without plaguing him, as is too often the case; to me it is a great gain when Charles is so gracious, for then I can keep both my little boys with me (the

elder brothers are with Simon), otherwise I am compelled to interpose and part them, and at length banish my George to the maids, who *can* sometimes keep him good and happy, whereas Charles is nothing less than 'the Deil himsel' with people whom he does not acknowledge have a right to direct him: I maintain my sovereignty after a fashion, but it costs me many a hard battle. My George, and his little sister, are the matter of unmixed delight; there never was any creature more alive to all impressions than that dear boy, he shows me the clouds when the sun is setting, points to the river and gazes at it, watches the course of a flight of birds overhead, and his great enchantment is a herd of oxen grazing: he strokes and caresses his little sister, laughs loud at her motions, and shows her to everybody. He cannot bear to hear one of his brothers cry, and the only thing he takes very ill of me is punishing Charles. I begin to expect that in process of time he will speak, for he now utters all sorts of sounds, and seems to have attained the idea that by means of sounds as well as signs he may make himself understood.

"I had not time in my last letter to make a statement in qualification of the impression I produced by mentioning playing in score: my Mother must not form too magnificent notions on the subject, it is like a child's spelling out words in a language it does not understand; to be able to give to the words their proper tone and accent, and to the sentences their meaning, it would require to be much further advanced than I am; still, although it is a great matter of doubt whether I shall ever find time fully to turn to account the instructions of Neukomm, the

trouble he took with me has been of essential use. As of late years we have many times made attempts to get people to sing, I have often practised writing out parts in the different keys, and therefore could read them: but when Neukomm insisted upon it that if I would, I could play a piece of music in which the notes were to be sought out of four different sets of lines, and written in four different keys, I never believed it would be possible in any degree; however, a few days' practice convinced me of the contrary, and I hope in time to learn at least to play what I have picked out with him: even should I never do that, the practice of the score has had the advantage of making other things appear comparatively easy. My obligations to Neukomm are very great in enabling me to enjoy, and making Charles enjoy, the delicious organ: I get to it at odd half-hours often in the day, the pleasure of touching it is greater and greater, and I obtain great praise for my progress: I must tell my Mother that M. Neukomm always insisted upon it that I should play well upon the organ, although in the three days which elapsed between its arrival and his departure, I was far from producing a tolerable tone: as he is a great *Gall-ist*, perhaps he was led to the conviction by having detected (as he asserted) the organ of music plainly in my forehead. I wish my Mother might ever know Neukomm, as well as hear him play; his gift of producing music I know would be a feast to her beyond everything, but I cannot doubt her liking himself. He has stood the test of being our daily inmate for two months at a stretch, without reckoning the time of his being in Rome at Easter; and at last all of us were as

melancholy at his departure, and missed him as much at breakfast and dinner, in walks and drives, and in quiet evening conversations, as if he had belonged to us for years, so perfectly did he suit every individual of such a set of creatures as we are: all our acquaintance, however dissimilar, delighted in him, and Thorwaldsen in particular quite worshipped him.

“I have this year made the acquaintance of Sir William Gell: Charles had known him longer. He is a cripple from gout, and was obliged to be carried up our staircase: he however causes himself to be lifted upon a horse, and then takes enormous rides of discovery in this most undiscovered country. He has found many interesting ruins of ancient cities, hitherto unknown to antiquarians, is actively engaged in making a map of Latium, and interests himself greatly in the study of hieroglyphics, according to Champollion.”

“16 Nov., 1826.—From the quantity of things I have had to do since we returned home on the 1st of November, accounts to be put in order, a few visits made, an immense number received, and an expedition to the Papal Chapel to hear the *Dies Iræ* of Pittoni,—have so filled up the short mornings, that I scarcely know when I have been more hurried to less purpose, for so much remains to be done, that I feel as if nothing was done. And in the evenings we have so seldom been free from casual visitors, that it is not often I have accomplished playing on the delicious organ,—but it goes on well, my Mother, and I can play some things upon it with satisfaction to myself. How I thank my Mother for enjoying the accounts of it, it is indeed a great delight in life.”

“ 14 *March*, 1827.—I had last week an impediment in writing to my own dearest Mother, of which she will be surprised and pleased to hear,—a journey to Orvieto, resolved upon in a moment, executed at once, and which turned out admirably. We had spoken of going there pretty nearly every year for the last five, but the difficulty of moving all together, or of separating, always prevented our doing so, and the distance being seventy miles, we should probably never have accomplished going there, had we not made up our minds to leave the children in the care of Simon, and set off as a trio with post-horses. On Wednesday, 7 *March*, we left Rome at half-past six, Henry and Ernest accompanying us as far as the door, Charles in his shirt and muffled up in a shawl causing himself to be carried to the staircase window, my darling George asleep, and my angel of a girl sitting upright in bed, with two eyes wide open, waiting for the nurse to dress her. As far as Montefiascone, our road was the same as that by which my own dearest Mother travelled away from Rome, and I think however little in a state her mind then was for enjoyment, she must with her eyes have observed the beautiful situation of Ronciglione, where the road begins to ascend the mountain on the other side of which Viterbo is situated, and have taken in the exquisite expanse of the Lake of Vico, which is for a long time visible during the passage of the mountain; and then she will the better guess the sensations of pleasure with which I viewed them; pleasure resulting from many causes, the sensation of breaking the ice as to a journey, such as in ten years and a half I have not made, not to be forgotten amongst them. We arrived so early at Viterbo that we might have pro-

ceeded further, but preferred walking about to see the churches and prospects, while our dinner was getting ready, and remaining in the very excellent inn that night. The weather was delightful, but like that of a fine early spring day in England, the sky not being in a state of Italian clearness; and the sort of air, the outline of the hills about the Lake of Vico, the effect of the unclothed woods, casting a shadowy brown tinge, altogether brought me back not less than twenty years!—to the journey from Tenby just at the same time of year, and the effect of the hills of Dynevor, Dreslin Castle, and the Towy in the vale of Caermarthen.

“At Viterbo we found two friends, one of them Maytell, whose name I may perhaps have mentioned as a person whom we greatly valued. He is a Russian subject, but of German extraction and education, and had the day before taken leave of us to return to his native country, the province of Liefland (also the country of Baron Stackelberg); and his intention of going to Orvieto in the first place, was the reason that pinned us down to this precise day for our expedition. On Thursday morning at sunrise we proceeded from Viterbo to Montefiascone, where we walked about to see the churches, and the exquisite prospect from one of the gates towards the Lake of Bolsena, and then went on to Orvieto, which is eighteen miles distant, magnificently situated on an insulated hill in the midst of a valley, which appears like a park surrounding a castle, and is enclosed by most picturesque hills, surmounted in the distance by snow-capped mountains: the town is mounted on a perpendicular rock, and has no need of other walls of enclosure. We spent the whole remainder of the day in

and about the magnificent cathedral, which even surpassed the expectations we had formed; the next morning we were there again by seven o'clock, returned to the inn at nine to breakfast, and spent the remainder of the time till we left Orvieto at two o'clock, in re-examining the paintings of Luca Signorelli, Fiesole, and Pietro Perugino, in one of the chapels of the cathedral. The weather, which had hitherto favoured us, now changed for the worse, and we returned to Viterbo through an absolute hurricane. After resting there that night, we reached Rome in safety and prosperity at three o'clock on Saturday the 11th, although the prospect of the Lake of Vico, so peaceful and sunshiny three days before, was obscured by a storm of rain and wind accompanied by thunder, lightning, and hail, through which we traversed the mountain of Viterbo. I came first up the staircase, in the midst of which Henry met me, a little further stood Charles, waiting till I came to him, then came Angelina with George, and the nurse with my darling. Ernest had not been allowed to move out of his room, for he is suffering from his eyes, which has been a great means of preventing my writing since my return home. I am accustomed to scramble on with various employments with *only* Charles and George to interrupt, but the addition of a third, between whom and each several brother I must keep the peace, and for whom I must find occupation without exertion of the eyes, is a great addition to the *distraction* of attempting any occupation requiring the *thoughts*. Independent of children I have had a succession of things which have scarcely left me breathing-time. Some of these interruptions I shall try to note down, because I know my Mother likes to have

that sort of peep into my daily existence. The first thing after breakfast, when I was about to take out my letter to write, I found I had three or four notes or packets, books or newspapers, to write or fold, seal up and dispatch; each was nothing, but all together made something as to time; that ended, kitchen discourse; then, interview the first with the Banderaro, or upholsterer, about a leather cover for the organ, about which the Banderaro ought to have come before, but it is a rule, that everybody is sure to come on the morning when I have to write. I had dispatched the Banderaro, when Charles called me to a consultation, about a letter to be written, a plan to be formed and an appointment made for going out, and an invitation to be sent for next day: the consultation ended, I was in full retreat towards my writing-box, when it was announced that the milliner was waiting, having brought two caps for me, one for my sister-in-law, and a wadded quilted white silk bonnet for my sweet girl; I might to be sure have bid her leave the things, and said I would send the money, but knowing her to be a widow, and poor, I felt bound to examine, speak, hear, and pay; had just finished when my sister-in-law came down—a narrative of health, or I should say sickness, but *short*. In the midst of this, a poor Swiss with three children announced—and thereby hangs an explanation. This individual, of whom I knew nothing before, belongs to a class of the necessitous that particularly excite my compassion, and have for the last two years been extremely numerous. In some of the Swiss cantons, and many of the southern parts of Germany, the philosophers who speak so wisely about checking the increase of population, have brought about a law prohibit-

ing marriage unless the parties can prove themselves possessed of a certain capital; the consequence of this law has been in the countries themselves, as I have heard, that couples come together as before, but in most cases, hold themselves exonerated from the marriage ceremony: in those cases when a scruple of conscience occurs after the connection has been formed, they have nothing to do but to expose themselves to the complicated distress of a distant journey for the purpose of being married, and just because they have no means of subsistence but their daily labour, with other details, it may be guessed what cases of misery occur—the risk of sickness and absolute destitution in every instance, not to mention the degrading necessity of begging, for persons whose appearance and deportment denotes their having been accustomed to honest independence. I was glad the other day to have expatiated on this philosophical iniquity to Mr. Empson, the successor of Sir J. Mackintosh in the East India College, who seemed struck by the details I gave. To return from this digression, the Swiss was to be spoken to, and some odds and ends rummaged out for her and her children; then came the Banderaro again, in superfluity of zeal to show patterns of leather for the organ-cover: then the children's dinner was ready, then I ran to help Charles to seal for the post, then in all haste ate my bason of gruel with the yolk of an egg and sugar beat into it—my usual luncheon: then put on my hat and pelisse, at the same time keeping the peace during the toilet of Charles and George, who went with me to form their taste (or more properly to be kept out of mischief) at the Vatican; heard that Charles was engaged with a Mr. Middleton, who had brought him a letter from

Sir W. Gell, and went in to show, not myself, but my hat and veil, and to give Mr. Middleton a hint to go: the hint after a quarter of an hour took effect, and then we set off, Charles on horseback with Kestner, the rest in the carretella, Henry on foot with Simon, Ernest provided with company in Albert and George Eggers: my sweet girl dispatched to walk with Angelina. The day was glorious, and the Vatican beamed and glowed in sunshine. I could not however get far in the gallery, so was I fagged with the morning's scramble, at which you will not wonder."

"31 *March*, 1827.—I wish beginning to write so many days before the post-day might secure my dispatching a letter with somewhat fewer omissions of things I wish and intend to say, than usual.—The sentence, thus begun, is finished to-day the 3rd April—a plain proof how far I can reckon upon my days; since the first words, I have driven through the time that has elapsed, or more properly been driven, with the sensation of passing from one necessary division of the day to another with such rapidity as to become dizzy and scarcely recollect what is the most necessary thing to be done next, so rarely is my occupation a matter of choice and selection; this I do not state as matter of complaint, but matter of fact and of self-justification, not towards my Mother, who does not require it, but towards myself, who often unjustly complain of myself for leaving undone so much that I wish to do. My present vexation is, that I do not expect to be able to manage to give any sign of actual existence, in the shape of scratch or smear on paper, to be conveyed to England by one who could have taken it safely. What I wanted to have done, and considered most feasible, would

have been a coloured sketch of the inside of our sitting-rooms, which I think would enable my Mother more than anything else to figure it all to herself. On two different mornings, when I felt as if I could 'catch a minute by the tail and hold it fast,' I began to cut a sheet of drawing-paper, and look after pencil and crow-quills,—but as if the said minute had been resolved to laugh me to scorn for pretending to dispose of it at my pleasure, not till late the same evening, on the way to bed, did I secure the needful number of seconds to settle the litter I had then made—far enough from executing the intention with which I had made it.

“Mr. Erskine has been some time in Rome, and I was greatly gratified to find that he met us both just at the point where we parted, though we have had no communication with him in the interval; he is a very remarkable and most interesting person, of whose individuality it is difficult to give an idea by description; there is a sort of high-wrought spirituality about him, without a shadow of affectation of singularity; he never dwells for a moment on mere decencies or commonplaces, but proceeds naturally and at once to matters of thought and feeling. But he is at present quite *forastico*, and not to be caught.”

On the 29th of May, 1827, Madame Bunsen gave birth to her second daughter, christened Emilia, after her lost sister, Mrs. Manley. It was at the same time that Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, paying a short and hasty visit to Rome with some pupils, laid the foundation of his great friendship with Bunsen. Later in the summer the family moved to Castel Gandolfo.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"15 August, 1827, Castel Gandolfo.—The idea of the bare possibility of my seeing here all those beings, who have so occupied and do so occupy my thoughts, but who for so many years have existed to me but in the visions of recollection and imagination—has scarcely been out of my thoughts: I have not looked at one of the children, without considering how they are likely severally to strike my Mother: I have not looked at Charles, without endeavouring to measure the alteration (even to myself a very sensible one) which ten years have brought about; I have counted the lines in my own face, as far as I could with such a looking-glass as our present residence affords; I have not looked within at the rooms, nor out of the windows, of our present delightful place of abode, without speculating on my father and mother inhabiting it with us, with Augusta Charlotte and Hanbury.*

"An accident befell Ernest on the 4th of August, which I will begin with saying, passed off most happily, and then my Mother will feel a less shock on hearing that he broke his arm. We set out very late (from Castel Gandolfo), that is to say a short time before sunset, on account of the heat, to walk in the *Galleria di Sopra*, the shady avenue which leads to Albano along the ridge of the basin of the lake. Our party consisted of Charles and myself, Mr. Erskine, Mr. Simon, and the four boys, followed by the servant Nicola. We had just passed the gate of the Villa Barberini, when the three eldest boys

* The infant children of her sister, Mrs. Hall, afterwards Lady Llanover. It was November, 1829, before the meeting really took place.

ran with Nicola a few steps down a narrow path going from, or rather lower than the main road, having called upon him to make them whips; we then perceived some loose horses coming after us, and the man who was with them answered to a question of Nicola, that they were to go along the narrow path which the children had entered wherefore we all at the same moment summoned the children to come out of their way. My attention was occupied by George, who stood just at the entrance of the narrow path, and just before the horses' feet, but Mr Erskine was quicker than myself in springing to seize him. In the meantime the other three boys were making their escape up the bank to get into the main road, Nicola helping Charles as the youngest, and supposed more helpless, when Ernest's foot slipped, and he fell, upwards. The whole was the occurrence of a moment, and when I turned my head from witnessing the safety of George, I heard him scream, and while seeing him lifted on his feet by Nicola, *saw* what had happened, so that I answered Charles's exclamation of 'What's the matter?' by saying 'He has broken his arm, I see it.' Nicola took him up in his arms, and I made a sling of the silk handkerchief I had in the bag which contained my sketch-book: he continued to scream and I said to him, 'My boy, God has suffered this to happen, and God will help you, don't you know that?' upon which he became quiet, and from that moment never cried or complained: a circumstance which I can never recall without the tears starting to my eyes, from thankfulness that he should already be capable of being quieted under suffering by confidence in divine support. As we passed through the street of Castallo,

people without end wanted to help to carry Ernest, but Nicola would not give him up. The operation of setting must of course have been very painful, but it was over in a moment, and he only uttered a sound at that moment. . . . The surgeon said at the end of a week, which was on his birthday, that he might be allowed to leave his bed, and walk about with his arm in a sling."

CHAPTER VIII.

• ABSENCE.

“They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.”

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

IN September, 1827, Bunsen left Rome on his first official journey to Berlin, suddenly summoned on the ostensible reason of conveying thither a noble work of Raphael—“*La Madonna della famiglia Lante*”—which he had been enabled by a happy accident to procure for his country; but really, that his knowledge of the intricacies of the Papal government, acquired during a long residence at Rome, might be made useful in difficulties which had arisen with dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church in Silesia and other parts of the Prussian dominions.

The distinction with which Bunsen was received at the Prussian court, the favour of the King, and the friendship of the Crown Prince, drew forth such universal courtship of the man, who appeared for the time to be in the very brightest sunshine of royalty, as was excessively trying to one who was still only entering

upon his thirty-seventh year, and who since his marriage had always been satisfied with a quiet life of laborious duty and usefulness in the animated solitude of the Eternal City. It was observed on his return to Rome that his appearance was changed and that the period of youth was passed. The chief subject of the royal conversations with Bunsen was that which the King had most at heart, his anxiety to heal the religious wounds of his own dissevered dominions, and to promote peace between the Reformed or Calvinistic, and the Lutheran Churches. For this purpose, with the assistance of General Witzleben, he had long since put together a form of prayer for his private chapel, which had gradually become the authorized form of worship for the "United Evangelic Church of Prussia."

Repeatedly commanded to prolong his stay, Bunsen lingered at Berlin till the beginning of March, when, before taking leave, he considered it his duty to submit to the King the form of Liturgy which he had drawn up, with the assistance of Rothe, and to reveal that this, rather than the form enjoined by his sovereign, was already in use in the Protestant chapel at Rome. Many of Bunsen's friends considered that by this act he would utterly forfeit the King's favour. At first it was evident that Frederic William III. was displeased, but he received Bunsen's explanations with the kindness which he had always evinced towards him, and eventually not only permitted the use of the Liturgy, but made a public acknowledgment of its merits, by causing it to

be printed, with a preface by his own hand. Bunsen was himself enjoined to correct the press, so that his return to Rome was delayed till May, 1828.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"*Palazzo Albani, Castel Gandolfo, 1 Oct., 1827.*—I have to communicate that on the 8th Sept., the day I dispatched my last letter, the post brought Charles royal orders to travel to Berlin as soon as the vacation in the Roman tribunals should leave him at liberty to quit Rome without occasioning interruption in the dispatch of business; (you will remember that the greater part of Charles's occupation here consists in transacting the business of the Catholic dioceses in the King of Prussia's dominions with the Pope, they not being allowed direct intercourse with the court of Rome). On the 24th September he accomplished getting ready to set out, and at five o'clock in the afternoon of that day we saw him drive away from his own door, with post-horses, in a well-closed travelling carriage, with an excellent and agreeable travelling companion, and an active and clever servant; the carriage so constructed that he could lie down at length in it, which was very necessary, as the plan of the journey will make it often indispensable to travel through the night as well as the day. His travelling companion is an architect of the name of Stier, whom we have known for years, and have every year seen more reason to value, and that he is useful and agreeable in travelling, we all know by experience, from having had him with us at Orvieto last March. You will remember that some time ago Charles hinted at the possibility of this journey, which we afterwards had

reason to believe would not take place, and therefore wrote to Berlin for leave of absence to go to Naples. In answer, he was told that the ministry had need of personal conference with him, with respect to some difficult points which yet remained to be arranged with the Pope; and on which (I believe) the ministry do not know what to demand, until they have heard from Charles what, according to the system of the present Papal government, can be expected to be obtained. This opportunity for Charles of seeing Berlin, not as a mass of building or a mass of population, but as a centre of intellectual movement,—of again seeing the King—of being made personally known to the Crown Prince, who is highly prejudiced in his favour—of forming the acquaintance of Count Bernstorff, who has already shown him all the personal interest that can be shown to a person unknown—of feeling how he stands with his old and constant protector Prince Wittgenstein, and measuring the degree of toleration felt for him by the King's private minister, General Witzleben; cannot but be felt to be highly important: and may God direct him and direct them, so that this crisis may tend to establish, not to shake his position in life. I hope and believe I do not deceive myself in saying that I have no feelings of ambition on this occasion: most certainly do I fear and dread that which many people expect, that the predilection which the King showed for Charles when in Rome will so far strengthen, as to induce him to desire his presence at Berlin, in some post of trust and honour. If such a distinction was to be inflicted, I trust in Providence that the requisite strength to endure it would be granted; but humanly speaking, there is nothing I could so earnestly wish to avert as any

circumstance that should lead Charles, with his acute feelings and irritable fibre, into the midst of court-cabals and city-intrigues; the happiness of life would be the least to be sacrificed: only thick-skinned and phlegmatic people can get through such an ordeal without a material change for the worse in character. But I trust I shall see him again, at the end of November or beginning of December, with much increase of knowledge of the state of things from the near view he will have been enabled to take, and with no other alteration, either in plans, wishes, or situation in life. At Berlin he hoped to arrive on the 12th or 13th October, and if not detained by express commands, would not stay longer than to the end of the month; but his journey back would take more time than the journey there, because he would of course profit by the opportunity of being in Germany after eleven years' absence, to take a glimpse of several friends whom he might never have the opportunity of seeing again, in particular his remaining sister, Helen, Madame Müller, who lives at Corbach, where he will also visit the graves of his parents. If it is possible, he will go to Bonn, to see Mr. Niebuhr and Brandis. The latter is as happy as possible in his marriage, but his wife is almost always ailing: God grant her life may be preserved, for the calamity of his losing her would be too terrible. Mr. Niebuhr wrote Charles a very long letter lately, very happy in the gradual and complete development of his Marcus. Mrs. Niebuhr drags on a suffering existence, never well, and never in danger."

"10 Oct., 1827.—I have had a long and delightful letter from Berlin, where Charles has met with the most gracious of receptions from King, Princes, and Ministers. The birth-

day of the Crown Prince, three days after his arrival, was celebrated by the King at a little country-house, which he inhabited when he was Crown Prince, twenty miles from Berlin; and Charles was invited, although no other person was there except the Royal Family and their attendants."

MADAME BUNSEN to her HUSBAND.

"*Palazzo Albani, Castel Gandolfo, 26 Sept., 1827.*—Having been busy all morning looking over papers, and putting accounts in order, I may now allow myself the refreshment of beginning a letter. My own Dearest and Best! it is a strange sensation that my thoughts have such a long space to travel over before they can reach you: but most thankful do I feel that this separation should take place now, instead of at any other time,—this year, instead of last. On the past summer my thoughts will repose as long as I live with thankfulness, at no time did I ever feel you so near to me, at no time did I ever feel so fully how much you loved me, at no time did I ever feel so much satisfaction and delight in you: so it was just that a period of privation should follow one of fulness. I assure you I am not depressed: I am serious, but not melancholy, at your absence, and in the consideration of the very important crisis that this journey must form in your life.

"The morning after you left, I unceasingly despatched business till half-past twelve, when I set out for Albano, with your sister, the four boys, Augusta Klein and Albrecht, and Giovanni's brother as lackey. Not till four o'clock did we arrive, for they had given us tired horses, however we had no distress, except the hunger of the children, and I enjoyed sitting in quiet in the delicious air.

After dinner the children enjoyed a game at Boccia with Augusta Klein. Before they went to bed, I examined Ernest as to his studies in the absence of Simon, and received from him a compendium of the history of Moses: with such exactness of detail, such accuracy of chronology, and such choice of language, as confirms me in the hope that whatever knowledge he may acquire, he will fairly possess, it will not be as it were lent for a time.

“27 Sept.—Yesterday we made an expedition to the outward extremity of the Emissary, *alle mole*, which we found an easy distance, and a very beautiful road, and the spot itself is well worth seeing, though there is nothing of antiquity visible. The post brought letters from Niebuhr with commissions for Latin books, and for an antique brick for Marcus.

“28 Sept.—To-day we have been at Marino, and Frances was with us, and enjoyed greatly riding upon an ass on the old woman’s lap. My George rode also, and was the happiest of human beings at being held upon the ass, but he and I have had many a dispute.”

“Castel Gandolfo, 4 Oct., 1827.—On Monday we profited by the fine day to go to L’Ariccia with all the children, who rode alternately, Frances and Emilia of course with their accompaniments of nurse and waiting-maid, and George with one of his brothers behind him. We fell like a flight of locusts upon John Veit, who sent for his wife from her devotions to receive our visit.

“On Tuesday we drove to Genzano, and afterwards proceeded to Nemi, and there visited the garden of Palazzo Braschi, which is really enjoyable—being contrived upon the steep descent of the rocks under the palace.

"Your sister is on the whole surprisingly well, though she has daily fever, and often severe rheumatic pains. Judging by her feelings, she is of opinion that the bad weather is drawing to a close; if it should do so soon, it would be worth our while to remain here longer, and to go to Monte Cavo, Grotta Ferrata, and the Centroni. Yesterday I had a great battle with George, to whom I found it necessary to refuse *Butterbrod* at breakfast. After urging his right and privilege to it for some time, he resolutely exclaimed, 'Giorgio prende butiro, ammazza Mama me!' You may believe I kept my countenance till I had done whipping him and putting him in prison, but then allowed myself to laugh."

"7 Oct.—I hope before I leave to have dry weather and leisure combining to make some sketch or another as a record of my dear Castel Gandolfo, a place that I shall ever remember with gratitude, and which can in recollection stir up no feeling but what is soothing."

"*Palazzo Caffarelli, Rome, 14 Oct., 1827.*—I had the comfort of your letter, my own Best and Dearest, on the evening before my safe and happy, but somewhat wet return from Castello. There had only been an interval of rain for two days, in which your sister made her escape very wisely to Rome. I never felt so much alone as in the day and half I was at Palazzo Albano without her, and was quite happy to find her again in our own dear house, where everything renewed to me the idea of your absence. The day before I left Castello, besides packing up, I went in the morning to visit the Marchesa Coosa, and then to take leave of the Villa Barberini, where I greatly enjoyed a solitary walk, after establishing the children at play,

along the long avenue as far as the pines: the Libeccio blew a tempest, but the sun shone, and the wind spent its fury on the summits of the trees, the walk itself being sheltered; all which circumstances assisted the solemn, but not melancholy state of mind, in which I bade adieu to Castel Gandolfo. Afterwards I took leave of the Pope's garden, and after dinner went down to the lake, and as far as the Emissary, where my George was much pleased with the sight of the swimming lights, which curiosity was not new to his brothers."

"*Rome, 15 Oct.*—I had on Saturday evening, and again to-day, a long visit from Mr. and Mrs. Shirley,* the former the same that we ever knew him, and looking the picture of happiness: the latter has produced on us the most agreeable impression, I am quite rejoiced to know her, and wish more than I can describe that she might still be here when you return."

"*20 Oct.*—My thoughts are much occupied by your description of Cornelius's paintings, and a spirit of criticism will rise in spite of me against the manner in which he has treated the taking of Troy. I think there is much cleverness in the combination of means to produce strong emotion, but that real genius would have been more sparing in the representation of human brutality. The art of painting had better not exist, than that it should be exercised to display the degrading side of what is noble in the ancient world and in human nature; and in the honour

* The Rev. Walter Shirley, afterwards Bishop of Sodor and Man. He married a first cousin of Madame Bunsen, Maria only daughter of William Waddington, who was naturalized in France in consequence of his marriage with Miss Sykes, heiress of St. Leger near Ronen.

that we pay, and that we owe, to the memory of Homer's heroes, we should as much as possible keep out of sight and out of recollection the fact that they were ignorant of those refined humanities which Christianity has taught; and the taking of Troy might be represented, and truly represented, without the introduction of those images of passion and atrocity which lower the Grecian heroes to a band of wild beasts, who, after wearying themselves with slaughter, are ready to contend among themselves about the division of the defenceless remainder of their prey, each thinking the other has the better portion. The idea of Cassandra prophesying the vengeance to come, is very magnificent, and the escape of Æneas must be a point of consolation for the eye to rest upon; but I could wish in the other Trojan princesses somewhat less of 'female noise, such as the majesty of grief destroys.' A calamity, for which a number of preceding sorrows had prepared the way, would, as it were, condense the feelings into composed endurance; and historical painting has no need of theatrical emphasis to be intelligible.

"I have been at the Villa Spada, the Villa Pamfili, and the Villa Borghese; at St. Peter's, and S. Maria del Popolo. Rome is very delightful as well as Castello, but one has less leisure here."

To her MOTHER.

"23 Oct., 1827.—Mr. Shirley and Maria are here, and enjoying Rome most thoroughly. When they wrote me word they were arrived, I felt as odd at the idea of encountering them without Charles, as I used to do years ago at the thought of forming new acquaintance without my

Mother ; it seemed as if I wanted him to make amends to people for the trouble they took in knowing me. . . . I am disappointed in Mr. Shirley's not speaking German enough to converse with my sister-in-law, for I am sure it would be a pleasure to both ; and I always wish to everybody capable of appreciating intercourse with the extraordinary mind of my sister-in-law, the refreshment and invigoration I have experienced myself from her consummate originality. I do not mean originality in the commonplace sense of the word as implying mere singularity ; but to signify, that whether she communicates the plainest or the most refined result of intellectual or spiritual experience, it is always in such a manner as conveys an absolute conviction of its being self-derived and not received from without for the purpose of transmission. When I recollect the hints I have from time to time given you, my Mother, as to this very uncommon person, I am struck with the idea of their apparent discrepancy, and yet cannot by letters undertake to reconcile them : all are true, however paradoxical."

To BUNSEN.

"24 Oct., 1827.—The company of the Shirleys, whom I see here, or go to, most evenings, is a great gain to me ; it is a refreshment to come in contact with people so right-headed and right-hearted, and with whom mind, principles, and feelings, are all sound and healthy."

"7 Nov.—Every sentence in your last letter leads me to ejaculate, to you, my Dearest, to myself, to all of us, 'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation,'—temptation to self-satisfaction, to self-gratulation ; tempta-

tion to worldly ambition; temptation to forgetfulness of God and His Providence! Surely, it is an awful trial to which you are exposed, but may the grace of God brace every sinew of your soul to resist unto the end, that you may neither fall into the error of contemning His favours, nor that of looking upon them as your due.—The full tide of gratification beyond wish or expectation, I am called upon in some degree to check, by communicating to you the intelligence of Mr. Cathcart's death. . . .*

“This is the birthday of our darling George, as last Sunday was that of Charles. A whole set of treasures awaited them both, and the little Eggers' came both days to help to make a noise, and a fine noise was to be heard the whole day long.”

“17 Nov.—I have just been in the Campo Vaccino with your sister, my George, and the nurse with Emilia. We saw a number of men at work, excavating opposite the Coliseum, at the foot of the temple of Venus and Rome, but could discover nothing new, except that some archways appear since the removal of the mould, under the subtraction of the steps that surrounded the portico of the temple. My George picked up pieces of stone, repeating with great satisfaction ‘*questo è bello, 'tico,*’ meaning *antico.*”

“19 Nov.—May God guide and protect you! is my prayer now and continually:—if it is His will, your going to Berlin, and remaining in Berlin, will be good for yourself and others; and then I shall not regret your prolonged stay. Your purpose, to attain the point of being well understood by those persons who direct the spiritual existence of your

* Mr. Cathcart was the friend of Bunsen's early life, who had been the means of bringing him to Rome.

country, thus stated in general terms, I greatly approve: but I wish I knew who those persons were . . . and, till you give me more data, I know not how to assent to your assertion 'die Reise war die Mühe werth!' I wish you may not awaken mistrust and suspicion by all your liturgical conferences. O the gossip of Berlin!"

To her MOTHER.

"26 Nov., 1827.—My own dearest Mother's letter was written on the 7th November, my darling George's birthday. O! could but the spirit of joy and satisfaction which was diffused thro' this house on that day, have spread to my Mother, how it would have cheered her gloom, how it would have renovated her weariness, how it would have soothed her spirit! The child is and was the same child on that day as on other days, but that day all were happy in the privilege of doing something or another to make him particularly happy from morning till night, and he was so happy, and did so enjoy himself! I do not love him better than my other children, my own Mother, but he is altogether the one in whose promise I have the fullest satisfaction: there is such a vigour in him, moral and physical,—such proportion, such fullness, such intelligence, such tenderness of nature. Oh! how you would delight in him, and be refreshed by the sight of him! My Mother, it is indeed more and more necessary, as you say, that we should meet, but how?—When I think of the risk about my Father, I dare not allow myself to wish that you should come to Rome, so entirely do I feel what you express, that any degree of illness would cause the bitterest self-reproach. But, blessed be God, it is God alone

that can bring us together, it is God alone that keeps us apart,—therefore the prolongation of trial must be best for both and we must by no forced measure attempt to put an end to it, lest the trial should take a still worse shape, and turn to punishment. . . . With regard to my troubles, one cannot be thirty-six years in the world without having anxieties of some sort or other, and I always think, with respect to them, of my Mother's expression when sending me of an errand—'Gallop up stairs again, and give such a message—it's all in your day's work.' That idea of a *day's work*, as much as one's strength can perform, and not more, but also not less, but limited to a term, the day—was always fully satisfactory to me, at those times; and it is equally so now. I am well content with my present portion of the day's work, my own Mother, and you would be so too, if you knew it, that is, if you knew the whole of my situation, in all its bearings, of which it is so difficult to give an idea in letters written at scraps of time, and amidst interruptions. And as to the future part of the day's work, I do not fear getting through with it.—How should I sink under discouragement, who have the everlasting arms under me, the wisdom of Heaven to direct and guide me, and the infinite treasures of goodness to supply all my necessities?

"I have constantly the same accounts from my dearest husband, of his receiving unceasing and universal marks of grace and favour at Berlin: may the Providence that brought him to this situation of honour and danger, defend him from the envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness by which he must be surrounded! From the spiritual dangers of his situation, I have the fullest trust that the

mercy of God will protect him: He who 'granted the early will grant the latter rain,' and bring His own work to perfection."

"29 Nov.—I have seen the Allens often, morning and evening, and the company of Mr. Allen* is a real pleasure to me. I am more than ever aware of all that is good and excellent and respectable about him, but his foibles have grown old with him as well as his good qualities, and he is as fond as ever of repeating anecdotes of Brooke's: he has however changed the chit-chat of Holland House for that of Woburn, and the names of Scarlett, Brougham, &c., for those of the Russells and the Seymours."

To BUNSEN.

"14 Dec., 1827.—On Wednesday, our new carpets being down, I invited several people whom I thought myself bound to ask in some form or other. Therefore I got together some musicians. Sardi was pleased to come, and to sing admirably something from the Creation of Haydn: besides him there was Röstell's little Corinaldesi, whose singing was much admired, and a harp-player named Fraziani: the Vannitelli played admirably on the piano-forte, and altogether it was an abundant feast of music, so that the evening passed off extremely well. I took care to have *un rinfresco sufficiente*.

"My George last night jumped up in his sleep and said 'Papa, papa via, papa torna.' On coming down-stairs this morning, Charles related that he had dreamt of his Papa: and Henry, on hearing it, said that he had often dreamt of his Papa's return. Last Sunday I had a long

* Allen of Cresselly, brother of Mrs. Drewe.

walk with the four boys, Giovanni holding my George's hand, and carrying him part of the way home. It was one of those delightful Roman winter days, in which every object seems illuminated and ennobled by the atmosphere, and every breath of air inhaled seems to invigorate soul and body. We went by the Coliseum to S. Clemente, where we examined paintings, monuments, marble-enclosures, and mosaics, to the gratification of all the children. From thence we proceeded to the Baptistery of the Lateran, where the words *Indulgentia Plenaria* gave Henry an opportunity of asking particulars as to the belief of the Catholics, which he received much to his satisfaction, wisely shaking his head. We then went through the Lateran, looking at everything, and issued forth by the main entrance, where Santa Croce and the Porta Asinaria, and the range of mountains behind, with the green meadow before, burst upon us in full splendour of sunshine and colouring.

“At Lady Compton's I have made acquaintance with Mr. Hallam and his wife. Mr. Hallam is not exactly agreeable, but he looks like a person made of sterling stuff.

“My Best-Beloved! the year will be at an end when this letter reaches its destination: probably you will not open it till the new year has begun. May it be to you a year of new blessings, a year of sobriety of spirit, a year of self-resolution, a year of advance in spiritual life! As to all that is temporal, it is impossible for me to form a special wish, lest it should be either granted or rejected in wrath! I can only pray for myself, for you, for our children, for all those we love best, that the power of God may be granted, to enable us to support the will of God! The past year is

one I look upon with peculiar thankfulness, for the renewed and strengthened assurance of your love that I have received in it: for the peace and enjoyment of our summer residence: for the progressive improvement in mind and body of our precious children. Again and again, God bless you, my Dearest! It is nine o'clock, and Kestner, Hensel,* and Grahl† are sitting in expectation of me."

"17 Dec., 1827.—My Best-Beloved, what ticklish ground you are standing upon! So useful to each and all, so indispensable where advice on given points is wanting—where all are in a scrape, and all would be glad of a suggestion how to get out of it, but trust you rather than any one else, as being believed to understand the subject better! Oh what shall save you from splitting on rocks, or running aground on shoals! And yet, there are no rocks, no shoals, for him whose steerage is ever regulated according to the true compass of the soul:—who with singleness of eye and heart marks alone the noiseless vibrations of that needle of conscience, which ever points to the pole, the one fixed point round which all that is earthly revolves. My Dearest, shall I admit that I did not like your exultation in *la difficulté vaincue*: were you not too full of self-confidence in your own powers?—If you have, as I trust and believe, laboured not only faithfully but efficiently for the peace and welfare of the church of Christ, I shall indeed be the last person to grudge you the praise you deserve, but I wish you had not taken so much to yourself. That Providence which brought about your journey to Berlin, may make use of you 'to produce public

* An eminent Prussian artist.

† The well-known miniature painter to the King of Prussia.

benefit: but to be the instrument of good will not make you better, unless your inward abasement before the cross of Christ is proportioned to your external exaltation. My best-beloved, most precious, will you forgive my preaching? If you have not needed it, you will not take it ill! You are placed on a pinnacle, and you will not wonder that I call to you from a distance, supplicating you to keep your eye still fixed aloft, lest, should you cast it below or around, you should grow giddy and fall."

"26 Dec., 1827.—On Christmas Eve I took care to ask all the stationaries, Kestner, Platner, Rothe and his wife, Hensel, Grahl, the three Eggers and their children, which with the standing-dishes of Simon, Röstell, and Rhebenitz, and the new acquisition of Herr Georg, made up a tolerably large party, and we put up Rhebenitz's transparency between two beautiful trees. . . . My darling George had a hammer and a pair of pincers, and was the happiest of God's creatures, lugging about the two treasures, one in each dear fat hand; after looking at everything, and enjoying everything, he took them with him to bed, and slept with them under his pillow. For everybody else present I got some suitable Christmas-box."

"5 Jan., 1828.—My Best-Beloved, your view of the state of people and things in Berlin is made in *your* temper of mind, and I must consider it with *my* temper of mind, which was always one of fear and trembling from my childhood. When anything looks very bright, I always expect a reverse, and so it is in the present case. However, be that as it may, let the will of God be done! I fear not to look forward to a change of fortune, knowing by experience how little outward things have to do with

the satisfaction one may feel in existence. When we were in the narrowest circumstances, I had less of care and more of enjoyment, than I have had since what are called our days of fortune. . . . You, as the acknowledged favourite of everybody, are now flattered by everybody (I mean the world of distinguished beings in the first place, and the world of little beings in the second) and therefore *all* people can scarcely show themselves to you in their true colours.

“On the last evening of the year I sang ‘Gottlob, ein Schritt zur Ewigkeit’ alone: I wonder where you were, and who sang a hymn to you!”

“*Jan. 17, 1828.*—My Dearest, I cannot express the pleasure your account of your Christmas gave me, nor what affection I feel towards the Gröbens* for making you such amends for not being at home. I also feel real affection towards the King for the regard he showed you. That invitation on Christmas Day, and the yet more flattering arrangement for your hearing the Russians sing, I take to have resulted from the pleasure which your letter accompanying the Raphael on Christmas Eve gave him. I doubt not that letter was written with all your heart, and so it reached the King’s.”

In the beginning of February, Madame Bunsen received the news of her father’s death. He retained

* Count Carl Gröben, of Neudörfohen in East Prussia, had been Blücher’s aide-de-camp during the late campaigns, and held the same position at this time towards the Crown Prince, afterwards King Frederick William IV. He lived to an old age, a splendid specimen of the last generation. His wife was a daughter of that General Dörnberg described in a former letter from Madame Bunsen to her mother.

his active habits and his systematic application to reading, to the last, and walked in snow and frost the day before he died. He retired to bed as usual, while on a visit to his daughter Augusta at Abercarne, and the next morning was found by his servant speechless, having been struck with apoplexy. Mrs. Waddington was immediately summoned from Llanover, 13 miles distant, but he was never apparently conscious of her presence. He expired the 19th January, 1828, in his 80th year, and was buried at Llanover.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"6 Feb., 1828.—My own Mother, I experience that for a shock of this sort there is no preparation: I had thought myself prepared for it, with such certainty that I anticipated it;—but that does not alter the fact, or the impression made. My sensation in reference to myself is that produced by the idea of a ship let loose from its cable, and drifting before the wind:—the longer I was separated from the only *home* I ever knew, the more I have ever clung to the idea of having one fixed point in the world, the abode of my parents; and shall that perpetually recurring vision now be incomplete? must I figure to myself the empty place, the deserted room? must I give up the waking dream of showing my children, of hearing the comments made upon them—must I give up, worst of all, the hope cherished of being myself, of being through the means of my children, some gratification, some occupation, some amusement, to him whom I must look upon as a benefactor for whom I have never done anything—

towards whom I might have appeared as a mere thankless receiver? Perhaps these dreams might never have been realized, but to have had them cut short by death is the same pain as if every probability had attended them, and we that are earthly must cling to what is earthly, must suffer from what is earthly. But if all this touches me, my own dearest Mother, and touches deeply, what have you not to feel, to be bowed to the ground by? and am I never to be with you at such times?—a foolish thought, for what could I do for you? You are strong to endure, strong in the aid which has never failed you. ‘’Tis dread Omnipotence alone can heal the wound he gave;’ your trial and your comfort must come from the same source. O my Mother! how my soul is penetrated by your self-accusation!* and what can I say, how shall I contradict you? I can but remind you of what you know, that you were, and had been, the sole pleasure of his life, the sole occupation, the sole subject-matter that mixed with his thoughts and plans; the thing that he looked for at every period of the day: that you made all his happiness: can you not rest upon this fact? O no,—at first I know you cannot ward off that self-reproach which pours poison into the wound, and converts sorrow to anguish. But you will in time, I trust and pray, feel the practical influence of what your understanding admits. From the blackest stain of sin of which human nature is capable, down to

* This alludes to the distress of Mrs. Waddington because she had remained at Llanover when Mr. Waddington, by his own wish, went for a few days’ visit to Abercarne. His death was quite sudden, but he had the affectionate attentions of his youngest daughter and her husband, who were with him.

the faintest shade of wrong which a tender conscience can perceive, all must be brought to the 'one fountain opened for all sin and uncleanness:' there the one is obliterated as well as the other; and He who rebuked the winds, and bade the waves be still, can also quiet the human spirit, and bid it cease from troubling the defenceless heart. I am thankful for the circumstance of a precious note being written to you! the very fact of *writing*, of performing that act of all then the most irksome, tells worlds as to the feelings of tenderness towards you that occupied him. And that you were away from him at that moment, was for his satisfaction; he did not anticipate his end was so near, and therefore it was his wish that you should arrange his affairs, in order to forming a plan for the future. You made a sacrifice to his wishes in that short separation. My own dearest Mother, I have no conception how you should ever keep your promise of giving me an account of what took place from the time the chaise came to fetch you, till the note was put into your hands; but if you ever could tell me anything of that time, the comfort would be great indeed: my thoughts wander to it in unceasing conjecture.—That solitary return to Llanover! I had almost said, I cannot bear to think of it: but that is a manner of speaking, my Mother has to bear the reality.

“All Charles's letters contain accounts of the King's unceasing kindness to him: even to *favouritism*: I mistrust all these flowers growing on the soil of a court; they will all have their thorn, although that may later be discovered. . . . My own dearest Mother, I know not how to bid you adieu!”

To BUNSEN.

“14 Feb., 1828.—I feel my father’s death most for my mother, but also as a great personal shock. . . . My mother attended the funeral. It must have been a most affecting scene: more than four hundred farmers and country people present, and yet all as still as death, though many children were amongst the crowd. Ever since I received on the 20th of December a drawing of my father by Augusta—the most incomparable of all likenesses—I have felt as if that gift was sent to prepare me for his death: yet, when it was sent, he was in perfect health.”

“19 Feb., 1828.—I have had an interruption which gave me much concern, the necessity of breaking to our excellent friend Kestner the news of the death of his mother, who was Werther’s ‘Lotte.’ She was from all accounts a very estimable person, and never deserved in any other respect than being attractive to be raised to the ‘bad eminence’ of a heroine in a novel.”

“20 Feb., 1828.—Of your long-delayed return I can say nothing more than what I daily pray, God grant a good issue! God bless your going out and coming in! Heaven knows of your *coming in* we feel a great need, but I see we shall have much longer to wait. As to other matters, the principal ones in your letter, I pray in the words of the hymn,—

Lava quod est sordidum,	Flecte quod est rigidum.
Riga quod est aridum,	Fove quod est frigidum.
Sana quod est saucium.	Rege quod est divium.”

“7 March, 1828.—We spent my birthday with as much satisfaction as we could, under the consciousness of your

absence, though that was indeed a great weight upon me. That morning I was in some danger of breakfasting alone, for I could get nobody in the house to come, for all the children, with Rhebenitz, Hensel and Grahl, were collected in your sister's room, where she made them wait for Kestner, who was late, in order to come to me in grand procession, the least first. My two sweet girls carried flowers and *roba dolce*, my George a pair of gloves, my Charles a ribbon, my Henry and Ernest each a flower-pot with a flowering-plant in it; your sister brought me a canary-bird in a cage, Grahl a picture of my Frances, Hensel a copy of verses, Rhebenitz a very beautiful drawing from a painting of Pietro Perugino, and Kestner a copy of verses, with a drawing of your sister, which is very like. Afterwards came the Rothe's, she having embroidered a ruff for me: then came the Eggers' procession, Albert with a flower-pot, Georg and Otto with a basket lined with green silk, the gift of Augusta Klein. As soon as the children had dined, we went to see the wild beasts, now outside the Porta del Popolo, and then to the Villa Borghese."

To her MOTHER.

"1 March, 1828.—My dearest husband is still at Berlin, and God grant it may be to good purpose. During this long stay at Court plentiful seed of future trial will have been sown—that is certain: but be it so; 'it is all in the day's work,' and there is but one thing good or evil in life. What I cannot understand is the possibility of people's *seriously* congratulating me (as they do) upon the advantages to be derived to the children from Charles's present favour. One should suppose nobody had ever heard, or

read, what a Court is. I have more hope of the children's doing well in life, from good instructions begun, continued, and ended in faith and prayer.

"The boys are now very busy *cutting out* at one table, while I am writing at the other. They were at first all about my table like bees, for they always suppose where I sit must be the most convenient place. After we have dined about five o'clock, and the children at the conclusion of our dinner, have had mashed potatoes, or stewed fruit, or bread and butter, for their supper, they play about a little, and then go up to Simon, who, as I understand, speaks to them about their conduct during the day, then reads a hymn, and prays with them, and then they return to me. Rather more than a month ago I began the practice of cutting out for them (without moving from my great chair) something from a card, that they might trace it round, and cut it out for themselves—there being no end to my drawing things for each of the three to cut; and this has proved a delightful occupation, to which they return with fresh zeal every evening from seven to eight o'clock, when they go to bed. The things most usually cut out are from my Mother's book of horses, and birds from Bewick, and beasts from Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*.

"Henry and Ernest have their regular drawing lesson every day, and singing twice a week—the drawing makes progress, but not so striking as the singing. Rhebenitz keeps them to making out outlines for themselves, from real objects, and Henry has begun to draw from the window; but this method, which is laying a solid groundwork, cannot at first make a show. With their progress in singing I am quite astonished—that those two little things

should keep firm at their posts, and perform their part of the Psalms of Marcello, while the tenor and bass, and the accompaniment are going on at the same time, is what I witness with surprise, for the quantity of teaching they have had has been really very small, and subject to many interruptions. Their master has accustomed them to writing out their own parts, and it is most amusing to see the important faces they make, when copying out music like great grown-up people, and I am never obliged to remind them of doing it, they always find time, altho' the business is not allowed to encroach on lessons of any sort."

"19 *March*, 1828.—Maria (Shirley) has left me a legacy of 'pious acquaintances' in Rome, amongst whom I have had an opportunity of learning more of the way of the world than I knew before, and really I am not edified with what I have learnt. . . . Do you remember a little book which my dear aunt Harriet sent me, the *Memoirs of Mrs. Mary Cooper*? There was much in it to me a subject of melancholy contemplation, as to the seducing spirit now going about the world, of 'Pride dress'd like Humility.' The heroine of the book, I doubt not, will be received among the pardoned and accepted; but I maintain that nevertheless it implies doctrines, and suggests sentiments, more mischievous than anything in Delphine. Mrs. Cooper quotes from a favourite preacher, and often repeats with high satisfaction, 'Do not be satisfied with your religion till it makes you happy.' This implies, first, that it is lawful for you to be satisfied with your religion, that you are allowed to consider it possible to be so religious as to be enabled to say 'It is enough.' Secondly it implies, that we may expect and require to be

happy, in this world, thro' religion. O my own dearest Mother, what do people mean by such suppositions? Have they ever thought or reflected? Is not the first step towards religion to acknowledge yourself less than the least of God's mercies, and not only dust but sin—and when any step is made in religion, does it not lead you more and more to wonder at the desperate wickedness, the deep deceit of the human heart,—to feel 'the iniquities of your holy things,' and renounce with abhorrence even what the world may call your good deeds, as knowing them to come from the same source, to be formed of the same stuff, as your sins, and therefore unfit for the sight of a God of purity, however they may take forms useful and convenient and fair-seeming to men? the result of which is and must be, the reception, as a matter, not of dogma, but of deep and heart-felt conviction, of the truth that thro' all-sufficient merits, not our own, if claimed by humble faith, we are assured of acceptance. Maria once talked of feeling great happiness since she was convinced of the vanity of everything earthly, a sentiment I do not understand, but which I found no opportunity of expressing my dissent from. I do not comprehend what is meant by the *comfort of a good conscience*, although I well understand what Jeremy Taylor calls 'a false peace, and a silent conscience.' My own Mother, it is risking a good deal to begin on such topics with my Frances sitting on the table *mending my glove*, and my George building a house and chattering opposite: but I believe you will understand what I mean, however incoherently put together; and not suppose that I have learnt of Dr. Nott to cast a sweeping sentence of excommunication against sectaries; on the contrary, I

believe my tendency *was* the reverse, that of over-rating their merits, nor will you suspect me of requiring everybody to 'bow their heads like a bulrush' and expect to rise to Heaven only from the depths of despair."

To BUNSEN.

"20 *March*, 1828.—This day I receive my Best-Beloved's letter announcing a yet longer absence.—But, God grant his blessing to the cause, and then, whatever the result, it will be satisfactory: the result to yourself must probably be trial, of some sort or other, but if all consequences are encountered with singleness of heart, strength will be given to endure them. My Dearest, it is hard work to be patient; could I but believe the delay would only be for ten or twelve days, or only for any given time, I could then make up my mind to the necessity. But the mischief is, that after having been so often disappointed, one has no confidence left. . . . I thank God for the gracious treatment you receive, and for the fine mind, the candid spirit, and exalted views of the principal person you have to deal with. And I thank God, my very Dearest, for all the love and affection you express towards me: it is my trust in your love that alone makes it possible to endure this piecemeal penitence of your lengthened absence."

"9 *April*, 1828.—It continues to seem odd as well as disagreeable to me to have to see all sorts of things, and take part in various *passatempis*, according to the different seasons of the year, and that you should still be absent; and you too go on, through business and pleasure, through labour and refreshment, between friends and enemies, through the disturbances of men and the festivals

of the Church—and all without me! I was with your sister on Good Friday in the Sistine Chapel, as well as on Thursday, and thought much of my dearest Charles on both days, in our own chapel and in that of the Pope; but what day is there on which I do not think much of him! The sun is shining in at the open window, and the breezes bear all the freshness of new vegetation to every organ, and I feel health and strength and spirit to enjoy, but it is tantalising to feel that the principal means of enjoyment is far away.”

To her MOTHER.

“18 *April*, 1828.—I must answer my dearest Mother's question, whether I ought not on account of my health to come with my children to England, very decidedly in the negative. My health is really very good, the illness of this winter was an accident . . . indeed I consider that I have many grounds for apprehending that my health will not be as good as it is, when I shall be exposed to the intense cold of a German winter, or the continued raw damp of an English one: however, let that be as it may; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and if a burden is sent, strength to bear it will be granted. When I consider the wear and tear I have gone through in the birth of so many children, and the cares and anxiety, the exertion of body and mind, inseparable from the happiest earthly condition, I am only astonished that in these last almost eleven years I should not have experienced a more sensible decay of powers. I know that I am older, and that I look older, but I believe not more so than I should have done from the simple effect of years, wherever or in whatever circumstances passed. Further, my own Mother, even if I did

not decide the question so positively against a removal on account of health, I should in no case be satisfied to leave Charles. He has been called upon to leave me, and the journey and protracted absence having been brought about by circumstances quite independent of us both, we were both bound to acquiesce: but we ought never to bring such a separation upon ourselves; I certainly never shall, and I am convinced he will not; whatever might have been his feelings before, as to the practicability of living without me, I have every reason to imagine he has found the reality of absence worse than the anticipation. As to the reasons of his detention, I must explain a long story as briefly as I can. He was in the first place called upon to discuss a matter of great importance in the relations of the King of Prussia with his Catholic subjects, namely the terms on which mixed marriages (between Catholics and Protestants) may lawfully be contracted; the Court of Rome, as things now stand, giving no dispensation without an engagement that the Catholic party will enforce the education of *all the children in Catholic tenets*. This is of course a state of things which cannot go on, but it is not easy to guess how the parties are to be conciliated: however Charles went away from home with a contrivance in his head, by which the matter was to be accomplished, and the result time will show. Then he has had much to do, in speaking and writing, with respect to a difference between the Catholic Bishop of Breslau and his own Diocesans. But the third thing was the principal. The King of Prussia when he was in Rome established in the Chapel of the Legation the liturgical form which he had been endeavouring to induce his subjects generally to adopt, and which in many congre-

gations of the Prussian dominions has been adopted. To this liturgy serious objections have with reason been made: it was put together by persons little suited to such a business, in compliance with the King's desire for something like the mode of worship of the Church of England; and consists of fragments strung together, each good, but wanting a principle of connexion for the furtherance of devotion. This liturgy may be said to require a regular choir, and such was actually got together in Rome, amongst the Painters and Sculptors, to very good effect. But in the course of the second summer after the King was here, many of the principal members of the choir travelled away, and their places were not to be supplied, and therefore Charles, with Rothe the chaplain, availed themselves of the pretext to *re-model the whole*: and they introduced a form, in every thing material the same as that of the Church of England, though varying in arrangement. I was amused, and so will you be, to think of the liberties which the subjects of a despotic monarch sometimes take! Of course no report was made to Berlin, for that would not have done:—and Charles now being at Berlin, had every possible reason to hope for an opportunity of communicating the matter, in such a manner as to ensure its not being quashed at once by Royal displeasure. This opportunity was at last found, and on the 28th January the form of divine service here in use, with accompanying treatises and elucidations, was laid before the King. An awful pause ensued, in the course of which Charles learnt that the King had shewn himself much displeased, but had said 'that he would leave the congregation at Rome at liberty to do as they pleased:' he laid aside the papers, and there seemed

no hope of his entering into the subject. However he bethought himself, had the papers brought before him, read and explained by his private secretary, General Witzleben, and at last, had Charles summoned to a private audience, in which the business of reconciling him to what had taken place was completed. So far all was well. Charles was invited to a farewell dinner on Thursday, 28 Feb., after which he was graciously dismissed. On Friday morning he was in the act of taking leave of the Crown Prince, his horses having been ordered for the next morning, when he received the King's command to come to dinner at 2 o'clock. On entering the King said to him, that he wished him to delay his journey a little longer, and that General Witzleben would explain the reason. The reason was accordingly explained, that the King was resolved to have the whole printed: and that Charles must superintend the printing: for that it was to appear in the world with the Royal approbation and recommendation. Upon this business he has been detained the whole of March, but his last letters lead me *really* to believe that he will have begun his journey on Easter Monday the 7th April. In that case, he may be here the middle of May."

To BUNSEN.

"23 April, 1828.—My own Best-Beloved! the idea of your certain and near return now blends itself with every thought, and gives importance to every action: for almost everything is done or let alone with a reference to it. . . . You will tell us the dear bright day of your arrival, and then we will drive in a great troop to meet you, at least as far as La Storta, and bring you home in triumph, and feed

you, and let you rest, and I shall place a sentinel at the door to say that nobody shall dare to come in. And then the next morning, before the enemy has time to make his approaches, we will put ourselves into the Carrettella, and run away to Tivoli, with the object of freely and confidentially speaking, hearing, discussing, and being mutually understood by each other, at this recommencement of our conjugal existence. For you must admit, that if you stay in Rome in your own house only one day, a regular plan of siege will be formed, and all the outlets barricaded, so that you can no longer escape, and even if you escape as easily at the end of four days as at the end of four hours, the best and freshest hours would be past, and your head so full of Roman cares that you would not be able to belong to yourself and to me, as exclusively as I want and expect and desire and require. The eight months of your absence have been marked by joy and grief, pleasure and plague, which we have each had to go through alone: those circumstances will have left their results, and produced their modifications in both of us. And after we have spent our days of enjoyment at Tivoli, where we shall sit out of doors, and saunter, and dawdle, and talk all day, we will send out a grand invitation to everybody we know, to come some evening, and then announce and give out that you are every evening to be found between seven and nine o'clock, but never in the morning."

Bunsen returned to Rome on the 21st of May, and in June the whole family moved to Frascati where the first floor of the Villa Piccolomini was now engaged for their occupation, and continued to be their happy

summer home during all the rest of their stay at Rome. In a glorious situation, close to the magnificent Villa Aldobrandini, the Villa Piccolomini, embowered in groves of bay and ilex, looks out on the changing glories of the view which is unlike any other in the world, over the vast expanse of the historic Campagna, in which the world's capital alternately gleams white in the sunlight, or is lost in the luminous immensity of the pink haze. Happy were the long succession of bright summers spent here; "happy was Bunsen in the undisturbed exercise of his faculties in productive labour, in teaching his elder sons and superintending their studies; happy in the relaxation and recreation furnished by that beautiful neighbourhood; happy in the society of chosen friends."*

A welcome addition to the daily society of the Bunsens at this time was given in Herr von Tippelskirch and his wife, *née* Countess Kanitz. Tippelskirch was appointed to succeed Rothe in the chaplaincy at Rome, and both there and at Frascati lent his cordial assistance to Bunsen in the education of his sons.†

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"*Villa Piccolomini, Frascati, 6 July, 1828.*—Our spare room here is at present occupied by Tholuck, a clergyman who is here as temporary successor to Rothe, till now chap-

* See *Memoirs of Baron Bunsen*, i. 357.

† Herr von Tippelskirch afterwards had a living near Halle, and in the latter part of his life was chaplain of the great government hospital at Berlin, called "La Charité."

lain to the Legation, but who has had an appointment at Wittenberg, and was therefore relieved at his post till his definitive successor can arrive, which will not be till Easter. Tholuck's presence is a great pleasure, and I trust will be a great benefit to us, at least he has greatly the gift of instructing, as well as of interesting and entertaining. He has distinguished himself by one or two works, and is a great orientalist: he has been in England, I believe chiefly amongst the *liberal* Evangelicals (I would not use that name, if I knew by what other to call them). Lord Bexley and Sir George Rose are the only names I know amongst the people he was much with. The summer is delicious, and the children, more particularly the three little ones, enjoy the exercise in the villas, which they have such constant opportunities of taking. . . . My own Mother, I hope to draw and do all sorts of things while I am at Frascati, so much am I impressed with the delightful sensation of the possibility of *employment*, not *hurry*. Since we have been here Charles has at least once a day wished you were here with us to enjoy it: that he always does when he is very happy."

BUNSEN to MRS. WADDINGTON.

"*Villa Piccolomini*, 6 Aug., 1828.—My dear Mother. It would have been my duty, and it has been continually my most earnest wish, to communicate to you immediately after my return from Berlin the result of this in many respects most important period of my life. God knows that I have not found time to do it as early as I intended, but at Rome I was from the first moment to the last overwhelmed by accumulated business and never-ceasing visits

of old and new friends, and here in the country almost three weeks have been required to secure to me that external and internal repose, without which I strongly dislike to write letters, destined, as this is, to convey a lasting image of one's own life, and to serve as a fixed point and a sea-mark, as it were, to look upon till the long period of separation is at an end, and more satisfactory explanations can take place.

"I will now begin the account I owe you ; not of the detail of my Berlin life, because that is impossible, but of the results of the journey as to my situation in life, our prospects and our plans for the education of our children.

"You are aware that hitherto I was, as it were, a stranger in the interior of the State, whose service I had embraced. Risen to a high station in the diplomatic line, I had no *root* in the country where my children were to be established. Firmly resolved not to die a diplomatist and exile, if I could help it, I was unable to form a positive plan, as to my further career in the King's service. God be thanked, that both these inconveniences have disappeared, and given room to prospects, and, humanly speaking, certainties, far beyond all my wishes and expectations. A stay, three times protracted to the extent of six months, not only without my instrumentality, but on the contrary against my decided wish and intention, was at last found to have been necessary to call forth those proofs of confidence of the King, the Prince Royal, and the ministry, which enabled me to establish my *character*, in the moral and intellectual sense, and to mark out to myself the point, upon which, under the present circum-

stances, I was to bring to bear those powers and acquirements I may possess to serve my King and benefit my country. These results have been as decisive as favourable.

“ Having thus, to a certain degree, the free option of preparing for myself either a speedy return to Berlin, or an establishment at Rome more fixed than before, my decision was and remained, to keep and to fortify that station, where more than ever I thank God to be placed. It is its retirement, leisure and independence, which has enabled me to pursue those studies which at once have placed me so high in the Royal confidence, although I never contemplated in their pursuit anything but my own information and the discovery of truth for myself and my fellow-creatures. Moreover, as its independence has given weight to all I had to say on the momentous subjects under discussion, thus it enables me now quietly to wait for the right moment of acting. When therefore towards the end of my stay all eyes were fixed on me, and some considered it likely that I would remain at Berlin, as one of the King's Ministers, questions were put to me from many sides. My open declaration was that I claimed no favour of the King's, besides that of keeping the place, where my services had given satisfaction to His Majesty: and I did not conceal from those, who had a right to more, that should ever the King claim my services in the administration of the church and public instruction, I would be unable to withhold from His Majesty that I concurred entirely in the object which his government wishes to attain, but that I did not think the means employed, in any way proper to this great object in view.

“All my friends, and amongst them my present chief, Count Bernstorff, approved the view I had taken so decidedly of my situation. The Count therefore directed his kind care to the amelioration of the post entrusted to me. I was given to understand that after having executed some commissions of importance, I was to be made Minister Plenipotentiary with an increase of my appointments.

“When you now look back to the precarious nature of our establishment hitherto, and when you consider the impossibility resulting from it, to pursue a regular system of studies and researches, and to form a steady plan of education for our children: when on the other hand you present to your mind the unparalleled enjoyment of a situation like mine, on the Capitol, or the delightful hills of Tusculum, having six months the choice of the most interesting society from all parts of Europe without the turmoil and noise of other great towns, and the remainder of the year leisure to live as a philosopher and a good father of my family—when you take all this into due consideration, I am sure you will be fully impressed with thankfulness for the immediate result of my journey. You will be still more so, when you see our mode of life, our domestic customs, our place in society, and our quiet enjoyment of the united beauties of Nature and fine arts, in short all which I know and feel to coincide so entirely with your natural taste and the wishes of your heart and mind.”

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

“*Rome*, 12 Nov., 1828. . . . Most assuredly religious party spirit is the worst of all bad things! The spirit of the most bigoted Catholics towards those they called Heretics,

is completely reproduced in the sentiments of Evangelicals towards such of their Protestant brethren as do not tie themselves down to a certain ceremonial law, or think themselves better than others for not going to balls! It is however a comfort to hear that there are still such people in the world as Lady Louisa Stuart! how I rejoice in the idea of your having had the refreshment of her presence.* Mrs. — will have observed very soon that my Mother and Lady Louisa were above using the despicable Shibboleth of a certain party, and having at once concluded them not to be of the Evangelicals, and *therefore* of the reprobate, will have been frightened to death at the thought of the contamination, and felt herself bound in conscience to hurry away.

“The state of my sister-in-law is now most extraordinary and melancholy. She continues seriously and alarmingly ill, and will not see either myself or Charles. I have the comfort of knowing that she wants for no care or attention at the hands of Louise; but last week when Louise was confined to bed with an inflammatory fever, I went to see her uninvited, to know whether the Italian girl who waited upon her in place of Louise did her duty; and persisted in returning again and again: till at last, not satisfied with merely repulsing me, she drove me from her with a degree of fury that I do not consider myself justified in again exciting, and Heaven knows when I shall see her again, for not having done anything to occasion

* There was a very close tie of friendship between Lady Louisa Stuart and Mrs. Waddington, which originated in the almost motherly protection and kindness shown by the Countess of Bute (mother of Lady Louisa) to the heart-broken and desolate niece of Mrs. Delany after the death of her aunt and adopted mother.

this fit of humour, I can do nothing to undo it. The advantage of this misfortune is, that I have my time at my own disposal, for the first time for three years and a half, with the exception of the first six weeks at Frascati this summer: and that is an indescribable relief, from which both body and mind gain.

“I have lately had curiosity gratified, but nothing else, in the sight of Chateaubriand, who is a vain creature: thinks himself handsome, and really speaks French so that it is a treat to hear him. The sentiments he utters are as yet a sort of mask, perhaps the time will come when he will utter opinions, supposing he has any.”

CHAPTER IX.

ROMAN SUNSHINE.

“Beholding the bright countenance of Truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.”—MILTON.—*The Reason of Church Government.*

IN the autumn of 1828 Bunsen went to Florence to meet the Crown Prince, afterwards Frederic William IV. of Prussia, and to conduct him to Rome. He arranged that he should enter the city by that descent from Monte Mario, dear to all Roman pilgrims, by which the whole glories of the Eternal City are gradually unfolded to the traveller who follows the windings of the long descent; while, instead of gloomy walls and a poverty-stricken suburb, the first buildings he reaches are the Vatican, and St. Peter's, and the pillared piazza which two gigantic fountains illuminate with their silver spray. The fortnight of the Crown Prince's stay was delightful to all who came in contact with him. Whatever he visited, he saw with indescribable enthusiasm. “His soul is filled with the highest and most splendid designs,” wrote Bunsen to Schnorr von Carolsfeld, “and with an amount of knowledge and

of capacity for entering into details, of contemplating an object on all sides, of weighing and balancing, and then holding fast the best—such as in a sovereign, present or future, will hardly ever be found.” When the Crown Prince left Rome, he was accompanied by Bunsen as far as Venice and Verona.

The next few years—in which the chief outer events were the death of Leo XII., the short reign of Pius VIII., and the accession of Gregory XVI.—were passed happily by the Bunsens, between their Capitoline home and the Villa Piccolomini at Frascati. The duties of the Legation were however so onerous as not to leave much time at the disposal of Bunsen for his literary pursuits, the interest of which was so fully shared by his wife. One object which he had at heart, urged thereto by his friend Edward Gerhard,* was the establishment of an Archæological Institute,† for the assistance of representatives of all nations, who might be interested in the study of ancient Italy. This was accomplished amid many difficulties, and the Institute, liberally endowed by Frederick William IV., not only still exists upon the Tarpeian Rock, but is now very influential. At the same time, by the unremitting exertions of Bunsen, amid endless opposition, the Protestant Hospital (Casa Tarpeia) arose by the side of the Institute, and the *Collegium Preuckianum*, an old Roman

* Then “an early pioneer, and long an honoured centre of antiquarian studies in Germany.” Dr. Gerhard died at Berlin, May, 1867.

† Istituto di Corrispondenza Archeologica.

Catholic establishment, founded by a Baron von Preuck, for the assistance of young Roman Catholic students in Rome, was unearthed and brought again into working order, two cherished inmates of Bunsen's intimate circle being the first to profit by its restoration—Ambrosch, who died many years later as Professor at Breslau, and the young student of history, Papencordt, early snatched away from a life of unusual promise.

The time of study which Bunsen could retrieve from the "Description of Rome"—which he always felt burdensome, but to which he considered himself bound by an arrangement (detailed in an after letter) with the publisher Cotta, for the assistance of his friend Platner—was now devoted with hearty enthusiasm to Egyptian research and the study of hieroglyphics. He was the first to urge the importance of such investigations upon Richard Lepsius, afterwards one of his most valued friends, whose expedition to Egypt, undertaken at the expense of the Prussian Government, was crowned with important success.

Madame Bunsen's own days were increasingly occupied by the care and education of her children. She had a peculiar talent for making her lessons interesting by illustration, and for fixing the facts of the world's history in the minds of her sons, by connecting them with the scenes they visited with her. Their Scripture lessons were often alike recalled with pleasure by mother and sons. "All my children knew and loved their Bible early," wrote Madame Bunsen

long afterwards—"my Ernest, when driving out with me in the carriage, would sing to himself the history of Abraham, or some other part, language and tune being alike an improvisation."

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"8 Jan., 1829.—Charles and I have had much pleasure in seeing Mr. Gally Knight. We were brought together by Mr. Wilmot Horton, who consulted Charles on the subject of his plan for a bill in favour of the Catholics. Charles, at his request, wrote a memoir on the subject of the negociations of Protestant Powers with the Court of Rome, which, as Mr. Horton left Rome three days after Christmas, was sent after him by courier to Florence. The courier was to be sent off on New Year's Day, and Charles had not been able to begin his memoir till three days before. In the afternoon of one day, and the morning of the next, he finished it, to my amazement, considering the bulk and the importance of the matter; then he gave it to me to read, and, as far as I could, correct, in what leisure intervals I could make in the afternoon of the second day: then came the grand business of transcribing, which I alone could undertake for him, as neither of the two Secretaries possess more than a very slender portion of English, of accuracy, or of speed: and this business I began upon at eleven on the last day of the year and finished writing sixteen folio pages by two o'clock on the morning of the New Year,—not having of course written without intervals. First I wrote from eleven till half-past three, then Charles took me a walk in a bracing north wind, which was very refreshing: we came back to dinner

at five, after dinner rested, let the children sing a hymn suited to the close of the year, sent them to bed, and at eight o'clock set to work again: at eleven we left off, rested, and, together with his sister, read, spoke, or meditated on the *tide of time*, and *time of tide*, till the bell of the Capitol announced the end of the old and beginning of the new year; soon after which we set again to work, and the writing and dictating were at an end before two o'clock. I had great satisfaction in this undertaking from the idea that thus a quantity of very necessary information, such as English Statesmen do not possess relative to the Court of Rome, and are not in the way of acquiring, and such as on the whole nobody is so qualified to give them as Charles, should thus be conveyed into a channel, in which, please God, it may serve to ward off much evil."

"6 *March*, 1829.—Since I sent off my last letter we have had for the first half of February such intense cold as I never felt in Rome; in one part of our own house, the water froze indoors, and when, on the 15th, we went to the Villa Pamfili, after the weather had been milder for forty-eight hours, we nevertheless found every fountain, and the surface of the pool, still incrustated with massive ice, to the great delight of the children. This degree of frost having been accompanied by the keenest north wind, was more penetrating to the human system than a far greater degree would have been in a northern climate, and the sicknesses and deaths that have taken place in consequence have been innumerable, to begin with the Pope and Torlonia, whose deaths have produced the most singular contrast in public feeling, the latter death having been as generally lamented (on account of the extensive

alms by which he endeavoured to buy off his offences) as the former was indecently rejoiced over, nothing but the season at which it took place having been contrary to the wishes of the Romans. In their sentiments it is impossible rationally to participate, as their hatred is grounded on those parts of the character and conduct of the Pope for which posterity will applaud him, and not his defects; but his merits were displeasing and inconvenient to them. Charles sincerely regrets Leo the XII., from his experience of him in the transaction of business, and it is a great question whether his successor (whoever that may be) will possess that knowledge of the state of public spirit in foreign countries which rendered it so easy to argue with him, and get him to understand reason. Humanly speaking, it was most unfortunate for Charles that the Pope did not live a few months longer, as he was upon the point of completing an important negotiation relative to the mixed marriages of Catholics and Protestants in the Prussian dominions, the decision of which is now of course rendered not only distant but uncertain.

“On my birthday we went to the Villa Pamfili. The day was delightful, and we enjoyed ourselves most thoroughly; and the quantity of flowers was so great, that I broke my back with stooping after them, for although I had assistants enough, there was no prevailing with myself to pass by a red or purple anemone. But the greatest enjoyment of the day was seeing my sweet Emilia insist upon walking, and scolding Angelina for holding her hand. When Frances saw her walk, she also set off leisurely, having before seated herself on the grass, spreading out her pocket-handkerchief to put the flowers

in, as she had once seen me do when I had forgotten to bring a basket.

“While Charles was laid up with a cold, a friend brought him ‘Tom Jones’ for his amusement, and I was induced by observing how he laughed over it, to make a trial myself; and I confess the spirit of the narrative led me on for some chapters, but then I remained sticking in the mire, and I much doubt whether I shall ever read further, and most cordially do I apply my dear Father’s favourite epithet, ‘Tis a blackguard book.’”

On the 11th of June a fourth daughter was born in the Palazzo Caffarelli and christened Mary Charlotte Elizabeth.

BUNSEN to MRS. WADDINGTON.

“26 June, 1829.—I did not mention in my last letter a most entertaining journey I have taken to the sea-shore, with Dr. Nott, a German professor, a German painter, and M. Kestner—the Hanoverian Chargé d’Affaires, as my companions. We proceeded first by Civita Vecchia to Corneto, where the site of the most ancient city Tarquinii, the seat of Tarquinius’ ancestors, of Etruscan origin, and the common cemetery of that town, have lately been discovered. This cemetery has an extension of six miles, and presents a natural plain covered with innumerable smaller and bigger hills, that mark the site of the tombs. These tombs are all hewn in the rock that lies under the surface, and formed in two or more chambers, some of which are still found to contain the bones and the finest vases, arms, &c., that the deceased possessed: some of the paintings which abound on the walls are likewise pre-

served. Imagine that many of these tombs are of an antiquity of 2,500 years and more, and show a high civilisation, although the fine arts were also here an importation from Greece. From thence we proceeded to Musignano, near Canino, the present residence of Lucien Bonaparte, who has established here his head-quarters in order to survey the most interesting excavations which are going on in his territory. Imagine a wide plain of three or four miles in circumference, entirely filled with tombs, hewn into the rock. In the midst of this plain there rises a hill, 60 feet high, and 200 feet in circumference, which has been found to be wholly artificial. It was originally surrounded with a fine circular wall, of huge square stones, with an entrance paved with slabs of *gilded bronze*. The inside presents chapels, towers, rooms, &c., all destroyed and stripped of their costly ornaments, and the whole was undoubtedly the sepulchral monument of the royal dynasty. The tombs are for the greatest part still filled with the most beautiful vases, of which Lucien already possesses 2,000 at Musignano, among which there are 200 of the first rank, whereas in the whole of Europe there are not twenty others of that merit. Now imagine the odd way in which he lives there and in which we found him. About two miles from his castle he has erected two tents, in the one he sits himself, with his old Franciscan friar, who always accompanies him, surrounded with inscriptions, papers, and books: the other gives shelter to the horses who are always ready to carry him or his aides-de-camp to any point of the field. Now and then one of them comes in to say: 'Eccellenza, a new vase has been found,' or 'a golden ring is here,' or 'an inscription,' &c.

If the object is small, it is brought to him to be registered, and if gold sent to the Princess, who has a rich collection of gold *parure* of God knows how many and how old Etruscan queens and ladies, some of which she wears herself, as bracelets, chains, &c., of most beautiful workmanship. If it is a vase, he goes himself to the spot, and gives his directions how it may be removed, washed, and sent to Musignano. We were ourselves present at such a discovery. It was a great and beautiful vase, all covered with mud. When brought to the light, it was washed, and one figure after the other, witnesses of the once active genius, came out of darkness and mud. Then we went with him to his castle. Before it there are two winged lions, of natural size, sculpture work of the Etruscans: twelve such stood as guards at the entrance of the royal tomb before described. The family life of Musignano is very good, simple, and worthy. Lord and Lady Dudley were present. Ladies and gentlemen speak of nothing but vases, Etruscan arts and kings; no politics, no regrets. The Franciscan friar is the master of the house. The young princes seem modest and good-natured. We dined there and then went to Canino: in the morning we returned to see the collection a second time. What a curious spectacle to see Napoleon's brother, as busily employed among the tombs of Etruscan kings and lords, and roaming about the monuments of past ages in a deserted country, as once among kings and princes of the day."

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"22 July, 1829.—This the anniversary of the birth, and of the death, of my first precious Mary, who has now been seven years 'set free from sin, and sorrow, and mortality.'

—and I am now blessed with a fourth girl, and a second Mary, as perfect and as full of promise as an infant can be: and if the remembrance of what has been experienced checks the flow of sanguine expectation, the conviction, which all experience hourly strengthens, that mercy alone dealt out the pain, as well as the joy, leads to the tranquillising result, that to rejoice in hope is not only permitted, but commanded: and that, on the ground, that even should the gratification of hope be denied in things human, the denial will be the more abundantly compensated in things divine. My own Mother, the feeling that arose in writing the date, I wished to communicate, but I know not how much of it is expressed, or how much you will have to guess, for George is by me, writing on the slate in great capital printing-letters, a Latin declension, at every stroke of which I have to hear and answer some question or observation: you will be amused at this branch of study, which is a most delightful occupation: Mother and son go solemnly together to *fetch* a word from Papa, because if I was to send George alone, he might forget some *case* or other, and then I should not know how to put him in: and then he writes his slate full, which, what with getting the word right, and the spelling right, and the letters as right as he can make them, lasts a long time, during which period I have, many days, cut out several frocks and such like things, but writing does not go on quite as well in his company, and I should choose another time, were not choice of times and seasons a matter that with respect to me is a manner of speaking. Besides George on one side, I have my poor sick Frances on my lap, sometimes with her head on a little pillow, and some-

times on my left arm, which will account for scrawling; but an interruption I cannot call her, for she is still too unwell to be capable of being amused. Emilia is very engaging and attaching in her behaviour since her sister's illness, so full of concern to see Frances lie down and be carried about; rejoicing to see her eat again with a *spoon*; caressing her and stroking her on all occasions, and what most of all delights me, showing no jealousy of her sister, altho' a great anxiety not to be forgotten by me: for when I am busied about Frances she never teases to come to me, but whenever I try the experiment of sending Frances to Angelina, she sets off, and comes to me, and stands modestly by me, fixing her large eyes on my face, and silently begging to be taken in lap; and when I take her, there is nothing she does not do to show her quiet happiness.

“My own dearest Mother, my precious Mary was baptized on the 12th July, and received the names of Mary Charlotte Elizabeth, Mary being the name of my own Mother, and of my sister-in-law (also godmother) who held the precious darling's heavy weight. I stood to represent my Mother, and two acquaintances of ours represented the Countess Bernstorff and her mother the Countess Dornath, who were the two other godmothers: Charles represented his friend M. Strauss (a celebrated preacher and theologian in Berlin), and our friend Major Scharnhorst arrived in Rome in time to represent Count Grüben, the other godfather, the excellent and gallant son-in-law of General Dörnberg, whom Charles saw more, and delighted in more, than anybody else, when he was in Berlin, and with whom I became acquainted

when he was in Rome — aide-de-camp to the Crown Prince."

"15 *August*, 1829.—My Mother expresses surprise at hearing of Charles's being engaged in a work on Rome, and I am still more surprised that I should never have written her word of it; but still, on reflection, I can account for not having done so, from Charles's only having become entangled in the business, so that it was an old story as relating to other people, before it became a new story as relating to him; and it has now for many years been such an old story altogether, that I must have supposed I had related it to you long ago. The commencement of it dates from the first winter after our marriage, when Mr. Niebuhr and Mr. Brandis, in conjunction with Charles, were puzzling their heads to find out an occupation for Platner, by which his talents and knowledge might be made to turn to account for his family, Platner having till that time been by profession a painter, in consequence of his Father choosing to make him one, whether nature chose it or not.* At last Mr.

* The father had been forced against his will to become Professor of Latin and Greek at Leipsic, when his own longing was for the life of an artist. His son Ernest was consequently forced to an art life, though he was naturally a bookworm, and could not paint. He executed a cartoon of Hagar and Ishmael represented at the two opposite ends of a vast canvas, the space between being intended for the "stone's throw!" The German artists in Rome had agreed that when any of their society finished a work, the rest should see it and give a candid opinion of it. Cornelius expressed his opinion of the cartoon of Platner by leaping straight through the canvas and saying, "Now, if you will join the two ends there may be some composition." The obligatory system of education in the Platner family was carried on into the third generation, in which a young man whose natural tendencies were all towards the life of an artist, was compelled to classical studies.

Brandis suggested his undertaking a new edition of Volkmann's and Lalande's Description of Rome, for which he believed him well qualified, from his very complete knowledge of the arts, and of the antiquities of the Middle Ages, and of the history of Italy altogether; but as from not possessing the Latin language, Platner was disqualified from going farther back than Italian would carry him, Mr. Niebuhr and Mr. Brandis promised to manage between them the classical part of the work, and Charles promised to help Platner whenever he should have need of reference to Latin works in the execution of his portion of the undertaking. Cotta the celebrated bookseller was that winter at Rome, and entered with the greatest alacrity into the plan; the work was to be executed on his account, he was to pay two louis d'or for every printed sheet, and gave *carte blanche* for the purchase of the necessary books of reference. This was very liberal, but at the same time a good speculation, for Cotta judged, and judged rightly, that a work for which Niebuhr and Brandis were the vouchers, would be worth his money. The contract was made just a month before Henry was born, and Platner set to work in the first place, to make a historical account of the Basilicas, or principal churches, of Rome. But here he was every moment at a stand without Charles, from the quantity of Latin necessary to wade through; and came about three evenings in every week for advice and correction of style—the latter being with Platner the most tedious of all matters, as he considers it his duty to fight tooth and nail for his own arrangement of materials, and his own use of German words. Nearly three years passed before anything was considered so far finished as to be shown to

Mr. Niebuhr, but when he saw at last a description of the Lateran, which had cost Charles *time* and *breath* not to be calculated, and patience more than I should ever have thought that he possessed—his exclamation to Charles was, 'But can you, my good friend, for a moment imagine that what Platner has here written can be sent to press?' This was a comforting decision! but one against which Charles could not protest: he answered Mr. Niebuhr, 'Then I must write the thing myself! for I cannot do more than I have already done to help Platner to write it.' Wherefore Charles began at the beginning—and soon brought Mr. Niebuhr a history, description, and a detailed criticism of the Lateran, and of S. Paolo fuori le Mura, which obtained not only approbation, but high commendation: and now it was settled (as it ought to have been at first) that Mr. Niebuhr was to keep to ancient Rome and its vestiges, Charles to the Middle Ages and their remains, and Platner to the Museums and Galleries—to which he has proved himself fully competent. Mr. Brandis had been long since 'over the hills and far away!' and the time soon came when Mr. Niebuhr was also to depart, without having contributed anything to the work except a short dissertation, small in bulk tho' great in importance, on the history of the building, improving, increasing, diminishing, and destroying of ancient Rome: he was very sorry not to have done more, but his having been prevented from fulfilling his promise originated in one of the weaknesses of his character. He had promised Gau the architect to be Editor of some inscriptions found by Gau in Nubia, which the latter wished to publish together with engravings from his drawing taken in that journey,

but which could only be published after the revision of a critical scholar. But Mr. Niebuhr never intended to do this till after he had finished his portion of the work on Rome. Gau, however, being at Paris, published an advertisement of his work, mentioning Mr. Niebuhr's editorship, and promising all *within the year*, and thus entrapped Mr. Niebuhr, who felt himself bound to enable Gau to keep his word, which I do not think he was:—and as soon as he had laboured thro' his Nubian inscriptions, the time of departure was come, and he left Charles alone with the weight of the Roman work on his shoulders, and the whole business of the Prussian Legation, for which Mr. Niebuhr and Charles together had not been too much! Since that time, he got rid of a part of the antiquities to Professor Gerhard, an excellent as well as learned person, and our very good friend: and a part of the Middle Ages to our good Röstell, now for the last year attached to the Legation. These two persons will derive from Cotta the payment for the sheets they write, which Charles does not, as he works for Platner: in addition Röstell, has undertaken to *correct* Platner, and *dispute* with him."

"*Frascati*, 19 Oct., 1829.—My own dearest Mother! and are you indeed on the road to me! and will this letter find you within a few days' journey of me! I write the words, think the thought, and feel—but cannot yet believe the fact!

"And now, my own Mother, a new set of anxieties arise, which I try to keep as quiet as I can. What will you think of the *new-old* thing that you will find in me? Judging by myself (for I have not the power of fancying either

you or Augusta a day older than when I last saw you) I doubt not that you will be struck, and shocked, at my aged appearance,—not considering that 12 years are 12 years, which besides *tell* more after six and twenty than before: and if their ‘times, their seasons, and their change,’ operate on the *physique*, not less does their weal and woe, their rough and smooth, their sweet and bitter, affect the *morale* whether by relaxation or tension, whether parching or chilling, whether furrowing or obliterating. And then, my own Mother, what will be your feelings towards my heart’s treasure, my delight, my comfort,—I had almost said my idol—perhaps the expression is more just than justifiable—my Charles! If defects should strike and displease you, will you make allowance for the severest of trials thro’ a long course of years,—the gratification of every wish—the flattery of the great—the love, adoration of the good—the admiration, applause of the intelligent—in a word, the favour of fortune in its most seducing form? and will you then instead of counting up human imperfections, only wonder at the sterling worth that has remained so unspoiled? and if at last something remains to be covered, will you take my love, my admiration, my approbation, as one grand mass of conclusive, comprehensive evidence, and consider that as I am the nearest and know the most, I must be able to judge the best?

“And then, my own Mother, will you take my children for such as they are, and not wonder and be displeased at finding, generally speaking, but common-place sort of things?

“My sister-in-law bids me say for the thousandth time

how tantalising it is to her to think of seeing you and not being able to converse with you. That vexes me as much, or more even than it can vex her—could you quite form the acquaintance of that astonishing, unique person, it would be a key to many an enigma, with respect to me, and to her resistless influence over everybody with whom she has to do.* My own Mother! is this the *last* letter? when I think of that, I am half blind, and my hand trembles, and why need I write on? To be sure I have a world to communicate; but soon I shall not need ink or paper."

In the beginning of November the meeting so often deferred, but looked forward to with such ecstasy, really took place, and Mother and daughter were united after twelve years' separation, finding that absence had rather strengthened than weakened the bond between

* Christiana Bunsen was believed to possess the powers of second sight to an extraordinary degree. On the occasion of the visit of the Crown Prince (afterwards Frederick William IV.) to the Palazzo Caffarelli, when all were filled with admiration of his natural charms and predicted for him the most brilliant future, no one paid any special attention to the weird and unprepossessing woman who sat in a corner, grim and silent, but all-observant. Afterwards her brother asked her what had been the—apparently engrossing—subject of her thoughts. "I was thinking," she said, "of the words in the 12th verse of the 8th chapter of the 2nd Book of Kings, 'I know the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel.'" In later life Madame Bunsen frequently described Christiana's strange insight into character:—"She used to give me descriptions of all the different persons who came to the house, not gathered from their conversation, for she never understood a word they said, but yet, whenever I knew the facts, her descriptions were quite correct, and where I did not know them—why, it was very amusing and interesting for me to hear what she had to say."

them. Mrs. Waddington remained at Rome till the following July, and thus enjoyed the happiness of obtaining something more than a mere nominal relationship to the many young lives which had sprung up unseen by her; while her ever calm judgment and bright intelligence rendered her a most welcome addition to the circle of friends who formed the society of Palazzo Caffarelli. Madame Bunsen, on her side, rejoiced to make the acquaintance of her brother-in-law Mr. Hall, of Abercarne, and to renew her relationship towards her sister Augusta, whom she had last seen as a child, and who was already the mother of two children, to whom a third was added at Rome in the summer of 1830. .

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

Villa Piccolomini, 14 July, 1830.—My own dearest Mother! in the unceasing bustle and fatigue of the last two days, it is not yet clear to me as matter of feeling that you are literally gone, and that I have it not in my power to go and see you! Oh I am thankful indeed for having had you so long near, for having seen you so much! But I will say nothing of feelings, for I would not for the world cause a tear. I wish I could think my own Mother had shed as few as I have done since we parted! I have had so much to do, and have been obliged to think of so many fiddle-faddles, that I have in general succeeded in avoiding thinking over what will not bear thinking of.

“At half-past four in the afternoon Charles and I, with nurse and baby, Frances and Emilia, and Angelina in the

carrettella, set out from Rome, having before sent off three cart-loads of belongings, to follow up the three cart-loads sent on Monday. The drive was intensely hot; we arrived however safe, and it was with a peculiar feeling that I commented to Charles on our doing so, having had on my mind all day an apprehension that we should not get to Frascati without an accident. We began arranging beds and couches with great activity, and were agreeably surprised at the appearance of our carts at nine o'clock, which we had feared would have kept us up longer, as without some of their contents, there were not mattresses enough for all the family—eighteen souls and bodies. About an hour after ourselves, the second carrettella arrived, which contained my sister-in-law, Simon, and the four boys. As I was in incessant movement from one end of the house to the other, and only still when I was feeding others and myself, it is to be accounted for that I never uttered the usual question 'Are you come safe?' Wherefore guess my sensations to-day, on hearing from my sister-in-law, whom I asked the reason of a terrible bruise, that they had been overturned by the way, and all pitched out of the carriage like so many balls! but how can we be thankful enough, that nobody was hurt but her unfortunate self, though she fell with her head against a stone, and was for a long time senseless. The coachman's supplications to my sister-in-law were the cause of their not telling of the misfortune till he was clear off in the morning, and had received his *mancia*. It was rather hard work to George to be silent, and he asked Mr. Simon if he might not at least tell the nurse."

"15 July, 1830.—Charles has had a number of the *Edin-*

burgh Review lent him by Dr. Wiseman, in which I have read, to my information and amusement, a long article by Dr. Hahnemann on the Homœopathic system; it is evidently written by a person more taken by the new theory than he thinks proper to admit, for fear of being ridiculed, and I wish what is there stated, for and against, by the head of the party and his antagonists, may make upon my Mother the impression it has made upon me, confirming what I had been inclined to think before, that altho' the abuse of this and of all modes of practice is and must be most mischievous, yet *there is something in it* of more than plausibility.

“I wish my Mother could have seen this house, that I might make her comprehend how comfortable we are now in it. We have contrived lying-down places for everybody, the luxury of which we fully feel, now that the heat is so intense. On Thursday evening we drove down to Grotta Ferrata, and enjoyed an approach towards coolness in the air: afterwards, in the short interval between feeding the children, letting Henry and Ernest sing their hymns, dispatching all to bed, and going to bed myself, I read the newspaper accounts of royal exits and entrances, and was surprised at the *Times* article on the history and character of George IV. I was so afraid of being disgusted by the common practice of canonizing the dead, merely because they are dead, that I was gratified by the unsparing reprobation, without bitterness, of the private character and habits of the King, altho' I thought his political conduct rated too high, and could not but be offended by the continuance of the tone of unqualified approbation applied to Queen Caroline. Yesterday morning Charles went with

his boys between six and seven to the Villa Conti. After breakfast, George read one of Watts's Hymns out of his Grandmamma's book, and was greatly delighted to ascertain that it was given to himself; and then wrote a little, but the heat was such, that I would not let him do more, in the intervals of being with Simon. As to myself, except cutting out a frock for George, I did nothing all morning but what could be done lying down, so utterly inert had the heat made me. I am reading the Life of Columbus, by Washington Irving, a book in the style of a book-maker, full of words, and with a great pretension to the communication of new information drawn from manuscript documents, which, however, as far as I have proceeded, I do not detect. My Mother, at every turn I find some little thing or another that you or Augusta have left me, which is always a new pleasure."

BUNSEN to MRS. WADDINGTON.

"*Frascati*, 17 July, 1830.—My dearest Mother. I was very sorry that a first sheet went without a line from my hand, because I really *wanted* to write to you, as I have always wanted to *speak* to you, to open to you my heart, to gaze upon you and catch every glimpse of that countenance full of benevolence and kindness. The more I feel this, the more I feel thankful for the great blessing conferred upon us by your kindness in coming over to see us: the heart has so much to feed upon, and the mind has enjoyed so much *reality*, that all farther wishes, ardent as they may be, are in comparison thrown into the background and vanish. I never loved you enough, nor do I so now, when I contemplate all I admire, respect, and love in you;

and I feel more than ever that so noble a soul, so generous a heart, a mind so entirely occupied with the happiness of others is never known nor loved as it ought: but that feeling again is happiness."

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"*Frascati, 17 August, 1830.*—My children are all well. Mary in particular is the wildest of the wild, and is the most amusing, droll, saucy thing that ever was, insisting upon having her own way in everything, and sometimes most exceedingly *naughty*, scolding, demanding, insisting, and triumphing when she gets the better. You will be surprised perhaps that not one of the children has oftener spoken of you since your departure, than Emilia, who often alludes to 'quella Nonna di noi.' Charles had a letter the other day from Sir William Gell, in which he says, 'I charge you and Mrs. Bunsen to beware of eating pears, for his Britannic Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires for Hanover has made the observation, that *one very fine young lady eat one pear, and immediately had strong dollars in her boddles*': dolori nelli budelli.

"I hope and believe that you have had newspapers, and that you may not have been without particulars of the revolutionary state of France, and to enable you to admire the conduct of the people of Paris: God grant that the bloodshed may have had an end, not to be renewed, and that the spirit of moderation may continue. I wish the Duke of Orleans was of a character suited to his high destiny, but his conduct appears to me wholly without dignity; he is no William of Orange! I have stupidly forgotten who said of the late era of the world, beginning

with the fall of Napoleon, 'Les évènements de nos jours ont été grands—mais ils ont trouvé les hommes petits.' Charles was told, two years ago, by a person well informed, that the Duke of Orleans had been thus addressed, by a member of the *côté gauche*—' Monseigneur, soyez tranquille, nous ferons la révolution pour vous, et malgré vous.*' We have been and are in such a state of excitement in anticipation of political news, that I hardly know how the time passes, and forget the days of the week and month. Charles works like a horse, at his collection of hymns, and the introductory essay on that description of sacred poetry in Germany. I read with pleasure in Coleridge's book, which I think is of the class that are a gain in one's existence. I have been one evening at Cardinal Weld's; they all seem to me very good, kind people."

" *Frascati*, 30 July, 1830.—O my own Mother! how enjoyable is our existence here! and O if you could but have been with us! I will not say that again, but could not help saying it this once, under the fresh impression of your journey. We have established a porter at our gate, as usual when we are settled here, and thereby keep the ragged population of Frascati out of our garden, having enforced the stopping up gaps in the hedges. As a characteristic trait of this nation, I must mention that when we were deliberating about the choice of a porter, great interest was made by people resident close by, who got our own servants on their side, to induce us to choose a

* Mrs. Waddington and her youngest daughter were in considerable danger at this crisis—being surrounded by a mob in a French town they were passing through, in consequence of the fleur-de-lis on the arms of their carriage leading to the suspicion that some of the family of Charles X. were in it.

man, represented as possessing every desirable quality and qualification, who is in the awkward predicament of not being able to be with his family at Frascati except by night and by stealth, from having some time ago stabbed a man in a quarrel, which man died of the wound! and the murderer of course has reason to fear that the vengeance of the relatives of the murdered man would stimulate the reluctant police to seize him, if he should reappear in his native town without sufficient protection, which sufficient protection the Italians think Charles would be doing a most benevolent action in affording him! As a pendant to this story, our present porter (who really as yet has never murdered anybody) the day after he was installed, asked Charles in a supplicating manner for permission to wear 'questa piccola arma.' Charles was about to examine the thing he produced from under his coat, when he cried out, 'Bada, bada, c'è la palla dentro.' It was only a loaded pistol, which had he entrapped Charles into authorising him to wear, he would most probably not have borne in vain, had any object of his spite come near him."

"16 *Sept.*, 1830.—Your box is arrived, and its greatest delight is the books, many of which have come into immediate use for the children. The most perfect of all things is 'the Boy's own Book': I enjoy the clear-headed description of the games, the execution of the vignettes, and everything: I wonder who wrote it. Dame Dumpling, Dame Trot, and the rest, have all furnished amusement of all sorts to all sizes and descriptions of persons.

"To-day Charles is gone to Rome, to return to-morrow. After he drove off, we set out on a walk, my sister-in-law

on an ass, Simon and myself, with all the children, nurse, and Angelina on foot. As we meant to make a good circuit, I intended to have sent back the little girls after they had accompanied us a little way, but they walked with such spirit, and were so delighted at making a part of the company, that I resolved to try to take them on, and with a very little help, each of them being carried alternately by the servant, they accomplished the whole way, Emilia singing for joy, and Frances running and chattering, and my Mary doing everything that was sweet and delightful; choosing to walk, to hold her sister's hands, then to be carried by Henry, then calling after each of the party, then wondering at seeing her aunt upon the ass. Heaven grant a continuance of health to these precious little things, that I may not bitterly repent leaving them to go to Naples! I have taken myself to task often and often as to the motives of this journey—for mere pleasure, I doubt whether it would be justifiable: but I look upon the complete change of scene, of thought and occupations, as quite necessary for Charles after the unremitting labour he has had here, and previous to entering upon the life of interruptions, labour, and various excitements which awaits him in Rome. Then—our four boys we can take, they are all old enough to enjoy, and profit by the journey.”

“*Rome, 5 Oct., 1830.*—We have been enjoying ourselves very much to-day, going in the delicious October afternoon to the Villa Borghese, where the verdure is now more beautiful than in the spring, and which at this season is every day full of gay groups. Yesterday I went on foot with Simon and the four boys to the Monte

Testaceo, where we saw the sun set gloriously: I took my Frances and Emilia with me, having them carried by turns, and they walked nobly, and were delighted to belong to such a grown-up party. We left our dear Villa Piccolomini on Michaelmas-Day, and I have to look back upon the time spent at Frascati with great thankfulness: we had the enjoyment of much leisure, and yet of much social pleasure; and altho' Charles laboured so much for himself, seldom, if ever, has he been able at the same time to busy himself about the children so much as he did this summer, by means of the morning walks regularly taken before breakfast with them and with me. The beauty of nature, of the walks and views about Frascati, strikes me each time of being there with such added force, that I could almost suppose I had been before insensible."

"*Ischia*, 15 Oct., 1830.—If it was only for the sake of the date, I must make the beginning of a letter to my dearest Mother, in the midst of a state of enjoyment which seems at the time a dream, and will probably appear so when past. O that I could by words give an idea of all that I have *drunk in* during the last seven days! It is a line I think of Sir W. Jones's—'He was all eye, and saw thro' every pore!' This is a new world—much too luxurious, too intoxicating, to wish or even to consent to *live in*;—but to gloat over, to expatiate in for a time,—and 'then back to busy life again,'—is *rapturous*, no common word will do."

"*Naples*, 24 Oct.—Being now established in a lodging, and calling myself *at home*, I feel almost as if I could write a regular letter, and yet it will perhaps at last be nothing but a bundle of unconnected scraps. Before I begin at

the beginning, I will state the blessed fact, that all of us are well, and have passed through the manifold risks of so much journeying by land and water unhurt, and that the three sweet angels left at home are also well. I had a letter from Simon the fourth day after I left home, which would have delighted my Mother—so detailed that it was a picture of the existence of those darlings—the behaviour, the looks, the occupations, the *words* of each, all characteristic,—even the words of my Mary, when seeking the whole house for her Mamma, her Papa, and *Giorgio*. Then I had to fast for twelve days, employed on our coast and island tour, and on returning to Naples on the evening of the 22nd I was cheered by a laconic assurance in a letter from Rhebenitz that all were in the most thriving state.

“The day after my last letter from Rome, we breakfasted at Velletri, having beforehand run to the Palazzo Lancellotti, where we saw the sun rise from behind the splendid mass of the Volscian mountains on the left, while the sea became visible in the distance on the right, with the beautiful outline of the Monte Circello, formerly island of Circe. The staircase and gallery landing-places of the Palazzo Lancellotti I think the finest I ever saw. From Velletri we flew rather than drove over the finest road possible thro’ the Pontine Marshes, delighting in every mile of the way, and wondering what can cause people to call them tiresome. They are enclosed on the right by a range of mountains (ornamented with picturesque ancient towns) such as the eye might feed on for ever without fatigue: and whatever luxuriant vegetation, expanses of water peopled with wild birds, and the effect of an inter-

minable avenue of trees within which the road passes, can do to obliterate the recollection of an unwholesome flat, is done. Terracina struck me rather less than I expected, and yet it is most picturesque: on the other hand, I had never heard enough of the mountain-pass between Fondi and Itri, where the hills to the very edge of the road are full of myrtle, *lentisca*, *cefalia*, intermingled with heath, the first I had seen since England. I wish you may happen to know the two shrubby plants of which I have given the Italian names—the former, between glossy evergreen leaves, has small coral berries growing thick round the stem like holly; the latter, a tough slender stem with sea-green spear-like leaves, has at the extremity berries of cornelian, heavy enough to curve it towards the ground. How many vignettes did I make in idea for my intended letter to my Mother in driving along! But people who draw, and who keep a journal in travelling, cannot be such as have to pack and unpack, take care of and provide for, a husband and four children. But my own Mother, I do not know what travellers are made of, who do not talk of Mola di Gaeta. I doubt whether anything in the world can exceed the view from the inn called Villa di Cicerone. We arrived there when the sun was setting, and saw it rise next morning over the Gulf of Gaeta, reddening the smoky column of the far-distant Vesuvius. From thence every bit of the way is beautiful, except from Capua to Naples, where the uninterrupted succession of tall abeles, connected by garlands of vines, concealing the soil and the distant prospect, is as tiresome as in Lombardy. Professor Gerhard drove to meet us the first stage, and we entered

Naples by the splendid new road made by Murat, on Saturday the 9th. On Sunday, after church, we went in a boat, the thing I entreated to do first of all, along the shore to Posilipo. Monday we resolved to set off on the island tour with Count Platen,* and drove off to Pozzuoli: here the inn was full, but on inquiry we found a private house, which pleased us much better, though there was no pretension to refinement of accommodation. While our dinner was getting ready (which consisted, besides soup and fresh fish, of two such haycocks of macaroni that we could have played at hide and seek under them) we drove past the Lake Avernus, within sight of the ancient Cumæ. Next morning our eyes opened on the Gulf of Baiæ!

‘ Bear me, some god, to Baiæ’s gentle seats,
Or bury me in Umbria’s green retreats!’

are two sufficiently prosaic lines of Addison’s, which have chimed in my ears some twenty or five and twenty years ago, and now I know what moved the mild-spirited Addison to that vehement ejaculation. We embarked in a large boat, and coasted along, landing at all the spots where antiquities were to be seen: in the first place we went on asses by the side of the Lucrine lake to the Avernus, and there saw the Cave of the Sybil, as it is

* Count Platen Hallermünd, the fertile lyric and dramatic writer, remarkable for his warm efforts in behalf of the liberation of the Poles. He was a celebrated but not a popular poet, and he died forlorn and poor, at Syracuse, in 1835. Many instances are remembered of his wonderful insight into national character. Of these perhaps none were more remarkable than his remark to Bunsen—“In Germany we say, ‘he is a priest, he is a judge,’ in Italy they say, ‘*fa il prete, fa il giudice.*’”

called—a subterranean passage probably for communication the nearest way between the ancient Cumæ and Misenæ. Having crossed at last the promontory of Misenæ at Bacoli while we sent the boat round, we embarked on the other side, and pushed off from the main land to Procida, walked across the island, and again embarked for Ischia, where we arrived at sunset, and found most comfortable quarters in the Sentinella, an inn formerly a villa, delightfully situated. At Ischia we remained three days, one day longer than we had intended, on account of the sea being too rough for our more considerable voyage to Capri. But we enjoyed every hour spent in Ischia, and could with pleasure have stayed longer; we made the entire circuit of the island, and ascended the Epomeo. We were seven hours on the sea from Ischia to Capri, however all was enjoyable, and half seas over, I obliged Charles to hear, and be delighted with 'He who has bent him o'er the dead:' in the sight of such shores and such a sea, one has need of the words of inspiration, one's own words will no longer do for one's feelings. That passage is a description, and the only description, of Magna Græcia, as well as of real Greece—it is not Italian. I do not despise nor reject, for I love what is Italian, but what is Grecian is another thing: and no enumeration of objects, no geometrical elevation of rocks and hills, can communicate even a shadow of the reality, they give ideas of other things. Capri I think yet more beautiful than Ischia, and in Capri I felt at home, whereas the volcanic mass of Ischia conveyed in every part the impression of a soil and nature foreign and heterogene. From Capri the second day we rowed to Sorrento, floating over the smooth sea, close in sight of a

coast diversified with every species of beauty. At Sorrento we slept and got away next morning as soon as we could, for it was the only place on our tour that we did not like. Mr. W. described it to me literally—'the most beautiful prison in the world, but I don't like to be imprisoned.' We rowed to Castellamare and drove thence to Salerno through the valley of La Cava—indescribably beautiful; and were utterly astonished, after all that we had latterly seen, with the view that opened upon us on descending from Vietri towards Salerno. There we inhabited an inn which had been a bastion of a fortification, and we issued from each of our rooms upon a broad terrace, looking on the sea, over which, three mornings running, I saw the morning star, the break of day behind the coast of Pæstum, the first rays of the sun gleaming on the cliffs on the right hand, stretching from Vietri towards Amalfi, by the clearest and most tranquil atmosphere. The situation of Amalfi, my own Mother, and the valley behind it, is striking beyond description. At Pæstum also all expectation was exceeded by the temple of Neptune: the desolation is frightful, and the asphodel, ever found 'within the place of thousand tombs,' grows all over Pæstum. We saw Pompeii on the way to Naples. The impression which it makes must always be peculiar to itself, and I was not insensible to the effect of places of abode as fresh as if inhabited yesterday, the inhabitants of which have yet been for 1700 years mouldered into dust: but Pompeii is the thing I least of all enjoy, or rather do not enjoy it at all: it is so *petite* in every sense of the word, so completely *dans le style de boudoir*.

"The rooms which Count Pourtales has taken for us

in Naples are beautiful, with a range of windows looking on the sea. At the Palace of Portici, I was delighted with a whole grove of *Georginas*.* I hope my Mother knows the flower, brought by Humboldt originally from the Brazils; it grows very tall in a bush, and the flowers are every variety of the colour of the ranunculus, with more outline and light and shade. The bronze statues in the Museum are inconceivable! With all marble remains of antiquity, one puzzles to make out what is ancient and what has been injured by restoration: but the bronzes are perfect throughout, fresh and uninjured. There would be no end to enumerating objects of delight, but a bust of Julius Cæsar, of consummate workmanship and undoubted authenticity, is an object to feast upon in recollection, as communicating a fund of new ideas. Even the marble cannot quite deaden 'that eye whose bend doth awe the world;' while the fine chiselling about the mouth marks it irresistible in words and expression. The people of Naples are most hideous and uncivilised, so that the Romans appear princes on recollection: but I delight in what I have seen of the country-people and the islanders. At Procida and Ischia I have again seen *feminine* creatures in petticoats, with soft voices, speaking Italian with a melodious cadence, and looking upon you with a melting gaze, instead of the brazen stare of Rome."

"*Naples*, 6 Nov., 1830.—Although Count Pourtales was a new acquaintance, his sudden illness and imminent death touch us very nearly, and turn to serious sadness the dream of enjoyment and idleness in which we have passed the last five weeks. We found him here in the

* Dahlias.

prime of life and possessed of everything that youth and health and friends and fortune can give to make life desirable. On the 25th he was with us in the palace and gardens of Portici, and we little thought that the hand of death was so soon to touch one of the party, and still less that the lot was to fall upon him. He is the fourth person amongst those whom we may call our associates who have been carried off by sudden illness within the last three months, as if we were to be allowed every possible warning, without being afflicted by actual distress !”

“ *Rome, 16 Nov.*—Count Pourtales breathed his last on Wednesday the 10th, and on Thursday, 11th, Charles saw him buried. On Friday at four o’clock in the morning we left Naples. We saw Caserta and the amphitheatre at Capua, and before seven on Saturday evening had mounted our own Capitol, and found our darlings grown, and fattened, and well, and merry! How is it possible to be thankful enough! Mary came to me at once, but looked at me with fixed eyes, as if trying to recall an image of the past, and did not for the first five minutes smile or rejoice—at the end of that time however all was clear to her, and she embraced me, and clung round me, and then sate on my arm gazing at me with a look of sweetness never to be forgotten. Her father in his travelling cap frightened her, but her *mustering* her brothers is not to be described :—George, ever her great delight, was the first that she took hold of by the neck, and kissed, and called by his name, which, as the easiest of pronunciation, she then applied to each of the other brothers, stroking and kissing each at the same time, but when

corrected she took all possible pains to repeat the right names : then gazed at each brother, saying ' Bello ! '—and when she lost sight of any one of the four, she would hunt about, and call for whichever was missing, as if she was afraid of losing them again. My Frances was most affectionate, and in different ways she and Emilia have not known what to do to show their delight, ever since I came back.

" I must not forget to tell my Mother that our expedition up Vesuvius turned out very well ; we had the finest weather, and the volcano in great activity : it is an inconceivably magnificent spectacle, but which could not so far absorb me as to prevent my often turning my back upon it, to gaze upon the exquisite outline of coast to be traced far below—the three successive bays, from the promontory of Gaïeta to the extremity of the promontory of Sorrento, called Capo Minerva ; and the unequalled islands of Ischia and Capri, so distinct tho' so diminished. The day at Pompeii was very enjoyable. After witnessing an excavation, we dined with Professor Zahn, who has been for a time resident there to make drawings for the museum at Berlin : he caused the custode-population of Pompeii to assemble and dance the Tarantella for our amusement after dinner, on a terrace with a view of Vesuvius and the sea, and one of the sub-directors of the excavations sang buffo songs to our great delight. At the excavation before dinner, Sir William Gell was present. Pompeii itself will not please me, I cannot help my vulgarity, but I must think of calf-sheds and cow-houses and hen-roosts, and everything that is not refined, when I see such narrow spaces, let their elegance of decoration be what it will !

What is really striking is the street of tombs. We contrived to spend another day between Pozzuoli, Cumæ, Baia, and Misenæ, to renew the most delightful images of the whole journey. Now, my own Mother, I wish I may have forgotten nothing essential to be told—thousands of things I have got to say, but between children, visitors, household affairs, and settlements, have not a moment left for recollection, and as the children's dinner is coming, I will close my letter. O my Mother! how dreadful is the state of the world. We all cry 'Peace! peace!' and there is no peace to be hoped for.

"Pray tell Neukomm that we have Felix Mendelssohn here, and that I have already heard him play a Fantasia of Beethoven, and the Preludi of Sebastian Bach, and he will then tell you what enjoyment that is. Felix Mendelssohn's adagio-touch is the only thing I ever heard like Neukomm's."

In December the Bunsens again witnessed a papal funeral, for Pope Pius VIII. expired on the first of that month, after a reign of little more than a year and a half.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"Rome, 26 Dec., 1830.—I have not for many years felt so well and strong as since the thorough refreshment of our delightful journey to Naples; but last Christmas my Mother was with us, and so many others were also wanting, that Christmas Eve would have been melancholy from recollection, had not the three eldest boys imagined, con-

trived, and arranged something for the pleasure of their sisters, which amused everybody, and pleased me I believe most of all, from the thought and its execution. I believe the separation occasioned by the journey to Naples had its beneficial effects, in proving to the boys that they really had pleasure to gain by the presence of their sisters, for I had observed ever since I came home that they were caressed and played with, instead of being teased, as was too often the case formerly : and for the last three weeks I had seen the boys at work at all sorts of things at all odd times, wanting paste every two or three days, and scattering snippings of old visiting cards about all my tables, to say nothing of using all my scissors, &c. ; and when I asked what it was all about, I was told it was for their sisters at Christmas, but a great mystery was made, and George was not let into the room behind the nursery for some days. At last, after my arrangements had been seen and admired, and they had received their gifts, we all went in procession to see their devices, and were really surprised at the good effect they produced. They had converted my dearest Mother's fire-screen into a tree, by dint of green twigs and garlands, and connected it with a real tree on each side, formed of a branch of bay planted in a garden-pot, by festoons of green tied together ; the whole stuck full of wax tapers, a picture in the midst of the screen, and in front of the screen a little table with gifts for their sisters and for the maids, made or bought by themselves, out of their own pittance. They afterwards sang their hymn, had their tea and cake, and went to bed, but as Henry well observed, 'Last year we were so many and noisy !—this time we could make no noise.'

“One of our new acquaintance this winter is Madame de Staël,* the widow of Auguste, *your* Madame de Staël's only son. She is a very charming person, mild and intelligent, but deeply afflicted, having lost her only child the year after she lost her husband. She is, according to the laws of Geneva, the heir of that child; and possesses Coppet, but her riches can give her little comfort. Her delight is my Mary, and when she comes here, she can scarcely take her eyes from her: she fancies her like her own child.”

“*Rome, 24 Jan., 1831.*—My own Mother, the newspaper will have told you of the death of Mr. Niebuhr! and you will in part have imagined the shock it has been to both Charles and myself; but quite the degree of shock you cannot have imagined. Charles's feelings have been of the same kind, but even keener than when he lost his father, for the relation of the heart was the same, and with respect to Mr. Niebuhr existed in full force and vigour, whereas from the decays of age, his father had long been dead to him before he expired. And then, the loss of Niebuhr was so unforeseen! he was in the best years of a man's life, not more than fifty-five, his health had strengthened of late years, and tho' he was often ailing, he had no complaint to threaten life. His illness lasted only eight days: from the third day, he asserted that he should die, but till after the fifth, no other person saw cause to apprehend danger. A violent inflammation of the throat was the last death-stroke, but it was without a struggle, or apparent pain, that he expired in the night between the

* Madame de Staël, often mentioned in these volumes, died at Geneva in 1876.

1st and 2nd of January. His mind was clear to the last. Oh! what I would give to know that the highest grace had been granted to him which I think can be granted to a parent on the verge of the grave—that of yielding up a set of unprovided children into the hands of the common Parent, satisfied that God is not bound to any given means for securing their temporal and eternal interests, and that whether he himself had lived or died, their welfare must equally have been the gift of Providence! Mr. Brandis in his kindness wrote many and full particulars, but did not mention anything *said* by him in the prospect of death. But I will comfort myself with the belief that the power of composure and resignation—the most at variance with his anxious and agitated nature—may have been communicated in his last moments by that Voice which rebuked the winds and bid the sea be still. Oh! my own Mother! think of Mrs. Niebuhr! I cannot even think of her yet without tears: and yet I will answer for her bearing her affliction as she ought, that is to say, without complaint or murmur. I answered for the manner in which she would bear the burning of her house,* and every account of her corroborated my supposition; she has ever by principle and habit accepted what came from the hand of God, without pitying herself. But how is she now tried! her *all* is taken away—the object of every thought and action, of every feeling, of every exertion! for even her children

* Niebuhr's new house at Bonn, in the arrangement of which he had taken great pleasure, had been completely destroyed by fire on the night of the 6th of February, 1830: but his books were for the most part saved by being thrown out into the snow from the windows of the second story, and the MS. of the 2nd volume of his "History of Rome" was found amongst them.

were so united with him in her affections and occupations, that their existence will be at first but aggravation of misery to her. She was ill when he was taken ill, and not having left him day or night for six days, was then compelled to take to her bed, and when he expired, her fever was so high that she was considered in great danger! However, when Mr. Brandis's letter was sent, on the 4th January, she was recovering.

"I know not how to be thankful enough to Mr. Brandis for having written so immediately, for the death of Mr. Niebuhr was in the newspaper of the same post by which his letter came, and had Charles seen that, without having a letter of particulars and certainty, I think he would have been half distracted. Charles had a long letter from Mr. Niebuhr not three weeks ago, very remarkable in many respects: he was quite wretched at the state of the world, and the prospect of the breaking up of governments and of society, without the chance of a better order of things coming out of the anticipated chaos. Time must prove whether his anticipations, or those of more sanguine politicians are just; but in the meantime we are not authorised to condemn as absurd the apprehensions of a person, the study of whose life had been history and politics, and who therefore could see events in their causes more than ordinary mortals. The third volume of Mr. Niebuhr's Roman History he had shortly before prepared for the press, whither he had sent it with a short introduction relative to passing events, written with a freedom that had startled the few people whose comments have as yet reached us. One of the expressions was quoted in a letter to Charles from the publisher of his hymns—'The foolhardiness of the French

Court has broken the talisman which held in thrall the demon of the Revolution.'

"Mr. Brandis's letter contained besides details of his own afflictions. Last summer, a fire broke out in the house of his only and most beloved sister, and consumed in a few hours the whole abode, and a manufactory, which was her husband's sole property and dependence, and that husband, and her eldest son of seventeen, perished in the flames! She has six other children, and the eldest daughter sickly! My Mother, what afflictions fall upon other people! Poor Mr. Brandis received the intelligence when about to go and recruit his debilitated body at Carlsbad, after having endured not only fatigue from long exertion, but affliction from the loss of his second boy. He gave up the water-drinking at once to go to his sister, and found that, before he arrived, a subscription had already been made by the inhabitants of Kiel in Holstein, where she resided, to form a fund for her and her children's support. He however nobly declined this generous proof of the regard in which she was held, saying that he, with his father's assistance, engaged to provide for her. He then went on to Copenhagen to arrange with his father. What proportion the father gives he does not tell, but he mentions that his wife having in his absence made a contrivance to do without half of their house, and let the other half to a friend, they would be enabled by the rest to make good the obligations he had entered towards his sister.

"25 Jan.—And yesterday's post brought the news that Mrs. Niebuhr was released from her sufferings just one week after the death of her husband! The letter did not

come to us, and my sister-in-law concealed the intelligence till this morning, that we might not have to think of it thro' the night. Nothing could be less a surprise. I have never felt it possible that she could long survive. But think of those children! the eldest fourteen, the youngest nine years old, all of an age to know what they have lost, bred up with such extreme tenderness, with only too much indulgence, shut up from the rest of the world, and now at once to be cut off from the whole of their past life; to come into the hands of persons to them unknown, even tho' kind friends of their parents! The report conveyed by the letter from Bonn was that they were to go immediately to Kiel, to the sister-in-law of their father, and guardian-aunt of their mother, Madame Hensler, a very superior and excellent woman; and I hope the plan would soon be executed, for to remain in the house of death and desolation might produce a terrible effect upon them. It was the house of which greater part had been burnt in February, and which had been built up in the summer, and in which they had settled themselves again since September! Charles and I wrote to Mrs. Niebuhr last week: I had a feeling that she would not be able to read the letters.*

"Last week we passed several fine afternoons in seeing sights, Charles feeling the need of something to divert his thoughts from the subject to which they ever revert. We went with the four boys to the top of St. Peter's, and even into the ball, one day, and another to the Galleria Borghese. My own Mother, I will conclude. Do not

* Niebuhr and his wife rest together in the same cemetery at Bonn, in which the Bunsens also now repose.

think me melancholy, but I cannot help being sad. O what things are passing in families and nations, and we are spared ! ”

“ 10 *March*, 1831.—We are all recovering, my own Mother! (after an attack of scarlet-fever) and I have driven out to-day in the most delicious weather, and it is not to be described how beautiful everything was—the abundance of spring blossoms, the brilliancy of sun and sky.

“ I am delighted, but not surprised, at the manner in which Neukomm has *attracted* you (though people would laugh if I was to speak of *attraction* as belonging to Neukomm). He is a most extraordinary person, possessing a few more senses and powers of perception than anybody else, and employing them with consummate skill to give pleasure, and avoid giving pain, to those persons whom he likes ; and even those whom he dislikes (and he *can* take in utter aversion) he never offends. No cat walking and winding between wine-glasses without touching or causing to vibrate ever exceeded him in the talent of going *his own way* amongst all sorts of clashing characters, without dislodging anyone, or discomposing the frame of society. He is a person whom when once you know, it is impossible *only to like*, you are compelled to have an *affection* towards him, to feel, not a common-place wish to see him again, but a *want* of his society, a consciousness that what he was to you, nobody else can *exactly* be, that his place is only to be filled by himself. I should not have used these expressions to my Mother before she *knew* Neukomm, as I perceive she does now know him, otherwise they would seem too paradoxical, *now* I am sure she will enter into them.

His affectionate disposition, his power of strong attachment, stand in contrast with a power of calculation that never was exceeded: never, I suppose, did he do anything but what he intended, and never was he taken by surprise. To enumerate the apparent contradictions in him would be endless: all that is most exquisite in art or nature is matter of his chief enjoyment; and the female character, and the character of children—the flower and quintessence of creation—are his especial delight and study, while for the Creator he can find no place in creation! This is a fearful fact, my own Mother, only ascertained after multiplied opportunities of nice observation; for Neukomm scrupulously avoids *speaking out* as a general rule, but more particularly uttering anything to shock his friend's opinions. He is a deeply unhappy person; the keen susceptibility of his feelings is misery to him, for no wound that his heart receives can ever heal—the arrows of death, the deaths of his friends, are ever rankling there, and reminding him of that termination of his own existence, of which he *will not* think. I should be interested inexpressibly to know his history—I never met with anybody that did: and he never tells anything himself but *dotted* facts here and there without connection. It is my belief that a fund of religious conviction in the hearts of his friends, forms to him, unknown to himself, an additional attraction. One evening, when he was going away late, having worked himself into deep melancholy with music, he said (I forget in answer to what) in the words of Hamlet—‘When we have shaken off this mortal coil, what dreams may come?’ &c. in the manner of a question.—Charles answered, ‘Then, I think, we shall

awake from all dreams.' But he did not assent. I could fill pages in commenting on this most singular of all human compositions, but I must make haste from this subject.

"I hope and trust, my own Mother, that you never believe a word of newspaper or private accounts of disturbances in Rome. Here we have *none*, but the stories that are every day fabricated, and written from Rome, are beyond all belief. A sentinel in the Campo Vaccino went to sleep over his musket, which went off and shot him dead; and a poor dog was shot in the dark for not having answered to the cry of 'Chi viva'—but this is the only blood that has been shed. To be sure the Romans have almost died of fright to hear that some insurgents were advancing on Civita Castellana, but then the Grand Army of the Pope, consisting of one thousand men in uniform and five hundred ragamuffins (who being nearly *in buff*, should be denominated *the Buffs*), have frightened them off.

"I am enjoying Major Napier's 'War in the Peninsula,' it is indescribably interesting; but what a fearful picture of a demoralised nation do the Spaniards present! What self-deception, faithlessness to themselves, and treachery to others! Wherever *exclusive* and *ultra-Catholicism* has robbed a nation of the right use of its moral faculties in the most material point, the moral and intellectual sense becomes blighted and inefficient."

In September, 1831, as will be seen from the letters which follow, Bunsen, on the urgent advice of his friend Herr von Tappelskirch, suddenly determined to relieve his wife, who had latterly spoken of her pecuniary trials

as "only a feather in her burden," from the twofold domestic incubus which had weighed upon her for so many years. "I had once or twice said to Charles," she wrote to her Mother afterwards, "my thoughts start back from the subject of our life this winter: all I know is that help always comes, when help is indispensable. He never could make any answer, his distress was equal to mine."

Yet the parting with Christiana was affectionate on both sides, and many friendly meetings afterwards took place. "I could not write before on the subject of my sister-in-law," wrote Madame Bunsen when she was gone. "She had not chosen for months to speak to me, drove me from her room when I attempted to visit her, and abused me and her brother to every one she saw. Yet we parted on the most affectionate terms, and about me she has cast her spell."

BUNSEN to his WIFE (at Frascati).

"Rome, Sept., 1831.—I have taken a great resolution, because we live in a moment of crisis.

"The enclosed to Christiana will explain to you everything. I have received an invitation to come and see her in her room. I shall be firm and inexorable as to the execution of the plan.

"I am meditating to propose to Simon this afternoon whether it would not be better for himself to give up his situation and return to Germany.

"God give us the right resolution, and bless what we do. I expect to hear your unbiassed feeling and opinion."

"26 *Sept.*, 1831.—Christiana has become an angel: she has cried—accused herself—complained of herself—but *still* she goes, for you might consider from this that she does not intend to go.

"She goes next Thursday week. Simon goes with her.

"Everything is settled."

MADAME BUNSEN to BUNSEN.

"*Frascati*, 27 *Sept.*—Your letter has comforted me indescribably, in every way—most of all with the intelligence of that softened state of spirit, which I anticipated would take place at the last, but I had supposed not *till the last*. O I wish that softening might extend further than your person! but although it should go no further, it is still a balm to one's heart that the parting so far should be without bitterness of feeling.

"I have passed a happy day, happy in seeing and feeling that a *real education* of our poor boys is taking its commencement. Henry is to-day as if he could leap out of his skin for joy! and knows not what to do, to show his affection to me, and to Ambrosch. With Ambrosch, after the boys were in bed, I have had the most satisfactory conversation; and I must form the most cheering hopes, from his evident insight into the manner in which not only our boys are severally to be *taught*, but in which their characters are severally to be worked upon and formed. The boys, all four, little guessing what *journies* are projected, use for ever at intervals a *certain name*, as of a phantom the return of which is expected.

"Adieu my own very dearest! I feel such a super-

abundance of happiness that I must fear a reverse of some sort."

BUNSEN to his WIFE.

"27 Sept., 1831.—This is the week of surprises and changes. You will not have dreamt probably of what I am to write to you, viz. that next Saturday Christiana and Simon and I shall come out to Frascati, and that you will be begged, as you are now, to return together with the boys the same day here, that we may have four quiet and happy days together.

"So it is. Last night she began to speak on the subject. We planned to invite the whole family here: then, we bethought ourselves of the impossibility of placing them for want of beds, and she resolved to go to Frascati to take leave of the dear girls, and to propose that the four boys might come here with you, sleeping on their paillasses.

"All is arranged to mutual satisfaction, and it becomes clear to each of us that the only remedy was the plan proposed by me—God be thanked for it now and ever.

"You may, I think, announce to the boys Simon's departure."

MADAME BUNSEN to BUNSEN.

"*Frascati*, 28 Sept.—The blessed intelligence in your letter had not been out of my *hopes* since I received the account last night of the happy change in your favour—but again, I did not think it would have taken place so rapidly. Thank God for it! Pray give to your sister my kind love, and tell her how I shall rejoice to see her, and

pend the last few days with her. I cannot write to her to-night, being quite knocked up, for the measure of motion being full, I fancy the body is rather giving way, having participated beyond its present powers in the elasticity of mind within the last two days."

On October 6, a letter from Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington announced that his sister and Simon had that morning set off—"an awful moment, after seven eventful years!"

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"Rome, 30 Nov., 1831.—Before we left Frascati, we spent a day at Marino, where I stayed and went about with the boys, while Charles went to wait on the Pope* at Castel Gandolfo, who desired him to stay to dinner with a Cardinal, Maggior Domo, and others who were with him. The Pope himself came in at the desert, for altho' he may in the country dine with ordinary mortals, he nevertheless takes his meals alone, not to make ostentation of keeping to his monk's fare. He was very cheerful, and the whole party so full of October merriment, that it was quite an original spectacle for M. de Sydow,† just arrived in the country.

* Gregory XVI. (Mauro Capellari), who had been elected in the preceding February.

† Herr Rudolph von Sydow, a man of intense religious fervour, to the end of his life a faithful and devoted friend of Madame de Bunsen. He was Secretary of Legation in Rome, and after filling several diplomatic posts, became Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in Berlin. After his retirement from office, he was President of the Association of the Red Cross under the Queen of Prussia.

“ On the 20th I made a visit, the first of the kind I ever made ; odd as it may seem, after having been fifteen years in Rome, and Charles accredited to four successive Popes, that I should never have been presented to any Pope. The Prussian Minister at Florence, Baron de Martens, and his wife, being for a short time in Rome, Charles had made an application to the Pope to receive them, and thought it right that I should not stay away on the occasion ; and we were appointed to come on Sunday afternoon, 20th November, to the Pope’s pavilion in the garden of the Vatican, the place appointed for receiving ladies. When we had accomplished the long walk along the terraces of the garden, and were thinking (I at least for my part) of taking breath before the ascent of the staircase of the casino, we found, issuing from the hall-door of the said casino, actually on the steps before it, nothing less than the Pope himself, only *devancé* by his monsignor in waiting, and two or three other *gentiluomini* to the right and left ; —he had chosen this manner of reception in order to cut off the ceremony of curtsies and obeisances ; and saying ‘ Siamo in campagna,’ he led the way up the stairs, and himself showed us into his saloon, where he caused us to sit down with him on chairs placed round a table at one end, and there being one chair too few, he was about to reach one himself, but that Charles got it instead. He kept us with him more than half an hour, and was very agreeable, with real *esprit de conversation*, showing neither the embarrassment of a monk, the obsequiousness of a secular ecclesiastic, or the assumed dignity and extravagant condescension of a Cardinal—one or other of which extremes I should have thought scarcely avoidable in a

person called upon to play the part of a temporal and spiritual sovereign. He began by speaking of the improvements he had made and should make, in the garden and casino of the Vatican, giving his reasons for fixing upon the Vatican as his principal residence, founded upon the far greater importance of the presence of the court in that forsaken quarter of the city, in giving employment to the lower class of inhabitants."

The 3rd of January, 1832, greeted the birth of the twins, Theodore and Theodora, who, in their joint life, were to shed joy over the lives of their parents, and who, from the first, were equally welcomed with the large circle of their predecessors—"the two blessings of God are thriving wonderfully; we almost see them grow," wrote Bunsen on the 14th.

BUNSEN to MRS. WADDINGTON.

"24 Jan., 1832.—The twins were of course to receive one and the same name. After having balanced between Cornelius and Cornelia—Constans and Constantia—Theodor and Theodora—we decided on the last as expressing best our feeling in being so richly blest, for the meaning of both names is *God's gift*. Nothing can be more touching than to see the two dear little angels lying by each other's side in the cradle, and they are the object of interest and admiration to all the Roman *principesse* and English ladies who come to visit Fanny. Among these ladies there is one whom we feel particularly attached to, the French Ambassadress, Comtesse de Ste. Aulaire. She is one of the most distinguished, and at the same time most unassuming

ladies I ever saw. I knew her already in 1825, during her first stay in Rome. Since then she has made great progress in the knowledge of Christianity, I mean of that real, inward religion which is founded on an internal evidence of the grace of God in the salvation through Christ. She had already in 1825 a decided tendency towards the religion of *the Gospel* (she is, as well as her husband, of one of the most ancient Catholic families): and her intimacy with the Duchesse de Broglie, to whose brother, the Baron de Staël, she had an early attachment, sanctified by religion, has developed and directed her religious feelings and principles. She has written a really Christian Preface to the *Extraits de Lettres Chrétiennes*, which she published last year anonymously at Paris. These are letters of Madame de Guyon, in extracts, divested of all that was extravagant and enthusiastic in that distinguished and really Christian woman. It is very extraordinary that such a person should be French Ambassador to the Holy See! She and two other Catholic ladies are members of a society of about sixteen persons, who meet every Thursday in the afternoon to read the Bible together. Nothing can be more touching and edifying than her domestic life. The whole family read every morning a chapter of the New Testament, and when she is alone with her three daughters, models of simplicity in their manners, she makes them write down their explanations and meditations upon the same. Of course all this is concealed from the world, and done as in time of persecution. Strange compound of human things in which we live! The other day she was distressed by the news that the eldest daughter of the Duchesse de Broglie, of fifteen

years, was dangerously ill and near her death. Madame de Staël (the widow) and the Duchess wrote to her in the most edifying manner. Then came letters that gave some hope, but a fortnight ago a courier arrived with the news of her death. I have since read the letters of the Duchess and Madame de Staël. They would be more worth printing than any histories of saints. Madame de Staël describes the agony of the last night. Then, when death was approaching, and the child began to comfort her father and mother, saying: 'Je meurs en paix, ne pleurez pas?' the Duchess, overcoming her feelings as a mother, rose and pronounced these words—'Mon enfant, va en paix: ta foi t'a sauvée; laisse nous ta paix que Dieu t'a donnée.' After this benediction the girl expired, smiling."

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"24 Jan., 1832.—My own Mother, to-morrow it will be three weeks since I was blessed with two more dear treasures—more prized and delighted in, I think, than any before, not because the preceding ones were less valuable, but because by practice one learns to enjoy, and learns to be more thankful. . . . Their father has high satisfaction with the progress the boys are making. Oh my Mother! what a blessing it is to see these boys, indeed all these children, as happy as the day is long, and going with spirits and gaiety from one thing to another."

BUNSEN to MRS. WADDINGTON.

"9 March.—Last Sunday our dear babes were baptized, in our chapel, where a very considerable congregation had united to see the twins with their two nurses, and their

seven brothers and sisters, whom I made to stand in a line on one side of the baptismal font: * a sight which touched me so much when I saw it that I was quite overcome during the ceremony. The afternoon we spent all together, with the friends of the house, in the Villa Pamfili: it was the first perfect spring day, the clearest sky, the sweetest air, and the meadow of the Villa quite covered with thousands of anemones and violets."

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"Rome, 10 May, 1832.—My own Mother, I have lately written a few lines to you, and if they should ever reach you, I hope you will kindly receive for my sake—who do you think—a Frenchman! and no common Frenchman. It is M. Rio, of Vannes in Bretagne, whom we have seen much of this winter: he glories in being a *Breton*, in having spoken all the years of his childhood exclusively the Breton language, but as this is preserved in Bretagne in much less perfection than the Welsh in Wales, he makes it the principal object of a journey to Great Britain to study his native language at its source. He was overjoyed and astonished at my promising him a letter of introduction on the Welsh frontier. I hope his being a man of distinguished talents, and heroic courage, and sincere devotion to his opinions, will gild over to you all the circumstances of his being an *Ultra-Royalist*, an *Ultra-Catholic*, and ready at any moment to shed the last drop of his blood in defence of the Drapeau Blanc and the

* This font was first used on this occasion. Its pedestal, with designs by Thorwaldsen, was the gift of Mr. Pusey; the vase of gilt bronze, executed by Hopfgarten, was the gift of Bunsen.

sovereignty of the Pope! I do not most assuredly approve of his creed either religious or political, but his sincerity, and commanding character, enforces respect. He speaks English very well, and also Italian and German, is possessed of a quantity of information on all subjects, and has so much interest in the fine arts, that conversation may be held with him on a variety of matters, without touching the dangerous point of politics: but yet I hope when you see him you will set him to relate the remarkable history of his own campaign at the age of sixteen, during the *cent jours*, when he helped to organize an insurrection against the authorities constituted by Napoleon.

"We saw a great deal of Sir Walter Scott the first week of his being here, and he once dined with us: the first time of seeing him was quite a shock to me, for though I had been told how infirm he was become, I was not prepared for his difficulty in speaking. But tho' his articulation is gone, his conversation is much of the same sort as formerly, and his expression of goodness and benevolence really venerable, in the midst of physical decay. He is very weak in body, and I am afraid not well managed by his daughter, who is nervously anxious about him, but does not influence him. He is going away next Friday, provided he is not knocked up by an excursion to Bracciano, on which Sir William Gell is taking him to-day, intending to set off at ten o'clock, and drive in the burning sun twenty-five miles. I am sure they ought not to have kept him so long in the south, for heat cannot be good for him: I fear he will not live long." *

* Madame de Bunsen ever remembered Sir Walter Scott's touching last words to her on leaving Rome—"I hope and believe *your own*

“*Frascati*, 29 June, 1833.—I must tell my own Mother something of our delightful and throughout fortunate expedition to the mountains. We drove on Tuesday morning to Cavi, four miles beyond Palestrina. At Cavi we stopped to bait the horses, and got out of the carriage without knowing where in the little town we should seek a resting-place for ourselves better than the stable into which the horses were conveyed: we sent Franz to examine the room that was offered us in the Osteria, but he came back and reported that ‘it was used as a henroost, and the people were just driving out the hens’; so we asked a man on the piazza whether there was not a private house where we might be let in to rest for an hour or two, and he answered—*perchè non entrate là?* pointing to a palace, to which we had not dreamt of aspiring. But we took the hint, and sent up Franz to make our request, which was no sooner uttered than granted, the *Guardaroba* and others came to receive us like expected guests, we found clean rooms with excellent new furniture, beds, and couches, placed at our disposal, a well-provided kitchen, and such a cordial welcome, that we might have been tempted to consider the whole as a dream, having been five minutes before in an unknown place, not knowing where to enter. Upon inquiry, it came out that the possessor was a neighbour of ours in Rome, and his *Guardaroba* and *Ministro* well acquainted with Mary’s nurse and her husband, and other families of our nurses, in the neighbouring town of Zagarola, so that we were not so unknown as we had supposed. We brought some *provi- feelings* prove your reward for the kindness and hospitality you have shown me.”

sions with us, and the people of the house furnished us with so much besides, that we made a great dinner, and having enjoyed the view from the terrace into a beautiful rich valley, bounded by steep and wooded hills, and opening to give a prospect of the clear blue Volscian mountains, we set off again, refreshed and pleased, at four o'clock, and drove six miles further along a good road, which then came to an end, so we left the carriage to return to Cavi, and went the remaining two miles of steep ascent on foot to Olevano, where we were cordially received by Signora Costanza Baldi,* an old acquaintance of many years' standing, who possesses a casino in a delightful situation out of the town; in short, every situation in that country is beautiful, where the view is not shut out by walls. I had heard much of the neighbourhood of Olevano, but had not fancied anything so fine as it is—such an assemblage of the finest materials of landscape, so consummately grouped, and so continually varied—mountain and plain, bare hills and woody knolls, green patches and wild thickets, rugged rocks and rich vegetation, chestnut groves, vineyards and cornfields: and the numerous towns either perched like eagles' nests on the summit of mountains, or fastened like pigeon-houses to a precipitous declivity, or rising in the shape of ant-hills on a rock of their own, in short situated as if the eye of the painter had been more considered than the convenience of the inhabitants, which is to be explained by the circumstance of their having been all originally fortresses, the position of which

* The delightful though primitive casino-inn of Olevano—one of the most gloriously situated in Italy, is still in the hands of the Baldi family.

was selected *on account* of the difficulty of approach. The next day we remained at Olevano, going out in the morning early, in one direction, sitting in the shade to draw when it grew hotter, and after dinner being conducted by Signora Costanza and Signor Giacomo the organist of Olevano on the other side, first up to the ruined castle, then thro' the town to the Vigna dell' Arciprete, a beautiful spot which we had often seen in the sketch-books of painters. We had observed by the way that we were followed by the Signora Costanza's maid with a covered basket on her head, and on our arrival at the Vigna the materials of a *morenda* were produced, Signora Costanza having been quite distressed at not having prevailed upon us at dinner to eat as much as she thought necessary. On our way back, she sent Signor Giacomo up a high cherry-tree, from which he broke off whole twigs loaded with cherries, to the exceeding delight and enjoyment of the boys. The Signora Baldi is a *possidente* of Olevano, who lets her spare rooms every summer to painters, who come to study the scenery and the features of the inhabitants, who are a very handsome race—the women with a Vittoria * cast of features, but taller and with better figures. It was a treat to see some of the saltarello-dancers: and all or most belong to a class of which much is heard in novels and poetry, and something in books of travels, but which are rarely seen in reality—country-people not rich enough for luxury, but sufficiently well off to afford themselves leisure for amusement. In the Casa Baldi we lived as if on a visit, but the Signora had a present for the food and lodg-

* Vittoria was a beautiful peasant-girl of Albano, discovered by Kestner, and often painted by him and other artists.

ing she had afforded us, reckoned according to what would have been fair at an inn, if there had been such a thing.

“ We set off before six on mules and asses to go across the mountains to Subiaco, a distance of twelve miles, along the most rugged roads, but presenting the finest variety of prospects. Subiaco is situated in the valley of the Anio, 27 miles above Tivoli; therefore here we had river-scenery, and abrupt mountains, the character of which reminded me of those which rise above the Rydal Lake in Westmoreland—indeed this tract of country being limestone and not volcanic, may by nature bear a similarity to home-scenes; and our great enjoyment was the observation of the wild flowers, among which, at a certain elevation, for the first time in Italy I found my Mother’s favourite veronica, and also *leaves* of primroses, it was of course too late for flowers. The beauty and variety of flowers in these regions is not to be described, numbers growing wild that we cultivate in gardens,—Venus’s looking-glass, devil in a bush, adonis, lupins, and a quantity more of which I do not know or have forgotten the names. The unusually long continuance of cool and rainy weather had preserved everywhere the freshness of the verdure, and the ripening corn completed the effect, so that it was more like an English June, but with the high colouring of Italy. The early part of this day was overcast, and we had a storm or two while passing chestnut woods, and a more serious shower which obliged us to shelter in the village of Rocca di S. Stefano—but as we did not get wet, the clouds did us good service in protecting us from the sun. At Subiaco the day cleared up and we went after dinner to see the celebrated convents of San Benedetto and

Santa Scolastica. . . . In returning we slept again at Olevano, and intended to have seen much more of its walks, but were detained at the Casa Baldi by a merry party of the inhabitants, who sang national airs, accompanying themselves on the guitar and mandoline, and afterwards danced the saltarello in every variety. We staid another night at Cavi with the same hospitable people who had received us on our entrance into the town, and on the following evening before dark we were safe at home at Frascati, and found the dear girls and sweet babies well and brisk: and having enjoyed our five days' idleness and exercise, we now set in good earnest to our regular, quiet, and busy summer course of life.

"Oh my Mother! I wish I could describe how delightful the twins are! the boy in particular—the manner in which he opens those big sensible eyes, and fixes them upon somebody he knows, and then bursts into a smile and trembles with delight! The dear little girl is also full of smiles and intelligence, but in a quieter way, and does not *crow* as much as he does."

"*Frascati, 24 July, 1832.*—This year our summer existence is unmixed enjoyment, without having anybody to plague, or thwart, or disturb us. Having allowed the boys and ourselves the refreshment of the journey to Subiaco, on resettling at Frascati they were settled in a regular plan of lessons, so contrived as to economise time and strength as much as possible, in order to make the most of this invaluable season of relief from interruption, in which their Father can urge, aid, and enforce, as well as instruct. They get up at five o'clock, and we breakfast at eight, and between those hours they prepare themselves for lessons, and walk out

with us for half an hour. At nine o'clock they set to work again, and are kept to it in good earnest till twelve, when we *drive* them all to lie down on their beds, where they have no difficulty in sleeping till dinner-time at one o'clock, except indeed that Henry often gets up before that to practise on the pianoforte, for which he has little or no time except on Sundays. After dinner they play at ball till three, when they set to again, and work till six, and then walk out till dark, sup, and go to bed. What the lessons consist of Charles will best explain: that of which I take cognizance is their English, in which the younger ones spend two hours every day, and Henry one hour; besides which, two days in the week, Charles and George read with me in the English Bible chapters relating to the portions of ancient history which they have gone through with their father. My dear Henry's state of constant activity and strenuous exertion is an indescribable blessing. Ernest and Charles too make evident progress, altho' with them it is against inclination: George in the act of acquiring is in his element, and he has a natural instinct for going to the bottom of a thing. I have the comfort of seeing my own dear Frances and Emilia steadily advancing in good habits. My little sweet Mary gives me more trouble and anxiety than her sisters, she is so *very* often so *very* naughty—so resolved to establish her own absolute dominion, and to be herself exonerated from all observances and obligations."

"*Frascati, 16 August, 1832.*—You suffer more, my own Mother, in the anticipation of my dear Henry's departure to school than I do—that is a fact upon which I entreat you to rest for your comfort. The explanation of so strange a fact is my over-filled life—filled to overflowing; which

leaves so many *present* matters of attention to occupy my thoughts in the narrow intervals of engrossing occupations, that the idea of the parting—the first separation—the *chaos* on which we stand, only casually recurs to make my heart swell; and I have hitherto succeeded well in driving it away, for it will not bear dwelling upon. Whatever *is* to be gone through, *may* be gone through: and therefore all will be well when the time is come and gone: but there is no *imagining* the possibility. Well do I remember how I was struck long ago, when little C. and F. drove away from Llanover, at your saying, ‘There! that is at an *end!*’ It is an idea quite foreign to a young person that anything can *end*, but which the experience of years renders familiar. When my dear Henry shall have been launched on the ocean of a great school, afterwards to go to a university, after that to enter upon a profession, I may have, I have the greatest hope that I shall have, the satisfaction of knowing him to be advancing in every respect as I can wish; but the period, in which he belonged to myself, will belong to the past and exist but in grateful recollection. But this is as it ought to be: he was not given to me for myself, but I was allowed to have the care and enjoyment of a child of God, to help him on his way to the best of my power: and now my power will—not end altogether—but give way to one more efficient, the bracing influence of a social system. But although this last year of being at home is in many respects a most important and useful year to him, I have hourly opportunities of observing that it should be the last: if he remained longer he would be partially matured before the time, he would be brought too far into life, he would imbibe too much of other people’s expe-

rience : it will be good for him, or rather essential for him to be kept back among boys for a given time, in which the body may be strengthening, and the mind acquiring the materials of knowledge. In his present scrupulous and indefatigable attention to a succession of duties, he is already too little like a boy. . . . It is already a subject under consideration whether when we send Henry to Schulpforte, we ought not also to send Ernest—probably to the military school at Berlin !

“ My own Mother, think as little as you can help of the parting of next spring ; but think rather that there is no knowing what a year may bring forth, and that if it is best for parents and children, we too may soon have a summons to follow them northwards. If I was to say what I don't know how to bear in the business, it is our not being near enough to have them in the holidays, and the risk attending those holidays if they are allowed to leave school to go elsewhere.

“ I have less leisure than ever this summer, altho' now always well and brisk ; but the *reason* is what I rejoice in, that I have this year *much* to do with my children, and I trust to some purpose. . . . My dear George is in his best state, well in health, mild in temper, and taking in knowledge at every pore. Of my sweet twins there is so little to be said, and so much to be felt ! they are always well, always growing, and increasing in intelligence. And how little in every day can I manage to nurse them ! but I enjoy the sight of their enjoyment of existence.”

“ *Rome, 5 Nov., 1832.*—My own dearest, dearest Mother ! I received five days ago your letter of the 15th Oct., and hard it is to know how to begin an answer,—hard to

check and choke down all that multitude of insufficient expressions of love and thankfulness, which as being insufficient, I will not write

“I have never yet told you, my own Mother, that I shall *not*, as I believed, have to part from Henry next spring, though Ambrosch cannot remain with us after next February. We were at Frascati in habits of daily intercourse with Abeken, the nephew of one of Charles's earliest and dearest friends, who had been in Rome ever since last winter, and became convinced that he was not only in character, principle, and acquirements, fitted for becoming the successor of Ambrosch for a year, but that he was well inclined to take the office. This being the case, Charles made up his mind, after much consideration, and consultation with Tippelskirch and Sydow (who both have the kindness to give very material assistance in the instruction of the boys), that he would be doing right by both Henry and Ernest to detain them another year, and then send them both away together. There was always an objection to sending Henry without Ernest, as the spur of emulation would then be removed from the latter. And as to both of the boys, it was an awful circumstance to put them, so soon, out of reach of all paternal influence—for it must be considered that being obliged to settle them in public schools at such a distance, is throwing them off like a ball that cannot be caught again. We may perhaps not see them again till they are fixed in character as men; wherefore, if it could be made clear that in their learning they would not be kept back by a year's longer detention at home, in other respects it was evidently right to detain them:—and, *with* this conviction, you may conceive how

our feelings are relieved by this change of plan. . . . Charles has begun again to give lessons to the boys, who in the remaining days of October after our return, went over their summer lessons by themselves, and yesterday stood an examination in form by their father, Ambrosch, and Abeken, which on the whole was very satisfactory."

"Rome, 12 Nov., 1832.—I will at last begin to tell my dearest Mother of our late journey in the Abruzzi. . . . The threatened arrival of Prince Augustus of Prussia in Rome, made it necessary for us to conclude our *villeggiatura* by the middle of October, that we might be settled before he was likely to come upon us: and it had long been our intention to spend our last days in the country in a little tour, that the boys might have a thorough refreshment after the very good earnest studies of the summer, before the studies of the winter should begin. Many were the directions in which we might have found objects of interest, fine tracts of country, and mountain air, but we decided upon the province of Abruzzo Citra, and the Lake of Fucino, or *Lago di Celano* as it is called in the maps. Kestner, who in all his travels in Italy had never been there (for near as it is to Rome, it is out of the common beat), resolved to be of the party with his nephew—Kestnerino.* So, after having on the 30th of September, taken leave of Monte Cavo and Nemi, by riding on asses, *en masse*, including the little girls and Miss Thompson (the governess), over the mountain, dining at Nemi, and then driving home by the direct road—we spent Monday and Tuesday the 1st and 2d of October in packing and arranging the awful breaking-up

* The nephew of M. Kestner, Hermann, went by the name of "Kestnerino."

of our *villeggiatura*—awful in joke, as comprising such a quantity of trouble, such cart-loads of luggage: and awful in serious feeling, as closing a period of four months spent in peace, in the enjoyment of all the splendour of nature and climate: of all the comfort of leisure for important duties, and without any drawback from sickness on our part, or that of the children.

“ Being at Rome, on Friday, the 5th, at half-past four in the morning, we packed our party into our own open-carriage, three boys sitting opposite their parents, and the fourth—the very substantial George—being crammed in between: the servant Franz on the box. Travelling dress whether to wear or carry was a difficult question, but as many things as were indispensable for the boys were crammed into bags hung generally on the outside of the carriage, it is hard to be explained where; the small carriage box under the front seat having enough to do to carry the indispensable for the chiefs of the party. We were very proud of being at the Porta Salara before Kestner; day broke as we reached the Allia, where the Fabii perished; and by ten o'clock we arrived at the Passo di Correse, where an osteria is situated, at which our horses were to bait. Near this spot a river joins the Tiber, formerly called the Cures, and held sacred by the ancient Sabines, and though every trace of their city of that name had disappeared even under the Roman Emperors, the *name* of Correse still remains: it is a beautiful stream, alternately glassy and broken by pebbles. Here we left the Campagna di Roma, and entered the defiles of the Sabina, where the country is beautiful—narrow vallies and steep declivities, and a number of little towns or rather fastnesses, a great deal of wood, and the road good, tho'

hilly : we slept at Poggio S. Lorenzo, where there is no inn, but we obtained clean beds in a private house, and the use of the kitchen, where Franz and Kestner's servant (called Vincenzo di Annovera) cooked our dinner. The next day we arrived before noon at Rieti, situated on the same river Velino which afterwards falls over the rocks above Terni, in a valley as luxuriant as the country about Naples, and in the same manner disfigured (to my perceptions) by a continual vegetation of tall trees with festoons of vines, which in a small number are beautiful, but when spread over a whole expanse of country destroy all beauty—the undulation of ground and variety of cultivation being concealed, and nothing but the summits of the hills seen over them. However we climbed up the tower of the Cathedral, and the hill of the Capuchins, and thus discovered all the fine forms of mountains from which we had come, and to which we were going. Charles called upon the Bishop whom he had known in Rome, and the Cardinal Delegate : and before he could return from the latter, the former came to return his visit, and to bring him a packet of letters of recommendation for the journey, which gave me an opportunity of seeing Monsignor Ferretti,* who distinguished himself last year in the time of insurrection, by being the *one* faithful of a thousand, and not merely passively but actively ; for by his resolute manner of dismissing the messengers of the insurgents, and by putting his own hands to the preparations for defence, he made the people of Rieti understand that it was out of the question to show their ill-will or faintheartedness, and that resistance *must* be made, even tho' they had but *one* piece of

* Afterwards Pope Pius IX.

ordnance, no ammunition, and on one side of the town no ramparts. He related to me himself how he fabricated musket-balls, and parcelled out his few materials of resistance, altogether putting so good a face upon the matter, that with the assistance of a tremendous storm of hail which pattered in the faces of the insurgents, the latter were so disconcerted, that Rieti was enabled to hold out until the arrival of Colonel Manley, who made a forced march to come to the rescue with a body of Papalini. But he did not tell me himself what he had once told Charles, that when the messengers of the insurgents came to summon him to surrender; he first admonished them solemnly as to the great sin of rebellion, and assured them, *in termini da vescovo*, that he should not be guilty of it: but finding that he had not thereby succeeded in convincing them he was in earnest, he took off his Bishop's cap and gown and took out the cross of the Legion of Honour (which he had obtained in the time of the French), stuck it in his button-hole, and then poured forth against them, *alla Romana*, all the terms of vituperation which the Italian language affords: which made them comprehend he was not to be dealt with. He belongs in appearance as well as character to earlier times, and has the finely chiselled features and powerful colouring of an old Italian portrait. He was accompanied by the Principe di Francavilla, who was just returned from Aquila, and a relation of the Governor, who informed us of two things, one that permission had been sent from Naples for the entrance of our horses at the frontier, and the other, that the Governor expected us at his own house—which second piece of intelligence was as embarrassing as the first was satisfactory.

“ Sunday morning, the 7th, we proceeded on our journey thro’ the celebrated pass of Antrodoco, which the French forced with great loss of life in the time of the Revolution, tho’ only defended by half-armed peasants, and which it was supposed would have entirely checked the Austrians in the year 1820, so great is its natural strength : but the latter met with no resistance. The scenery is magnificent every step of the way from Rieti, and in addition to the more usual ornaments of the Italian landscape, I saw ash-trees of the finest form and growth, in natural woods, such as I had never seen out of England. At Antrodoco a friend of the Bishop of Rieti asked us to partake of ‘ *un brodo, e qual-cosa,*’ and startled us by the immense dinner of which we were called to partake. Night closed in before we perceived the shadowy forms of the buildings of Aquila. We intended to have slipped into the town unperceived, and avoid the Governor’s house, there being in Aquila an inn, which in no other place after Rieti was to be found ; but a servant of the Governor (Prince Capece Zurlo) was stationed at the gate to show us the way, and therefore we saw no way of avoiding this *troppa gentilezza*, which we had been far from intending to bring upon ourselves : but it seems that instead of the simple notice to be given to the Custom house to let our horses pass freely, orders had been sent to all possible officers under government to assist and further our progress, which they interpreted into receiving, lodging, and feeding us. If we could have guessed beforehand that the Neapolitan government would have been to this degree obliging, we could never have made up our minds to give all the quantity of trouble we thus occasioned : but as we *had not* the fault upon our consciences, and as we *had* health and

spirits to go through with the undertaking, we enjoyed the opportunity of taking a view of Italian manners and character, such as no other set of circumstances could have afforded. The Prince Capece Zurla was fortunately alone, his Principessa having gone to visit a married daughter: he gave us an apartment which he had fitted up for the King when he came last summer, and scarcely could he have treated the King himself with more attention or a more sumptuous ceremonial. When we came out of our rooms in the morning between 7 and 8 o'clock, he was already in the ante-room waiting for us, and after giving us breakfast, he went about with us to see sights the whole of the first day, which put us into utter despair, and we told him we must the day after proceed on our journey. But he made such a point of our staying a second day, that we gave way, on condition of his not interrupting his customary occupations. We should indeed have been sorry to leave Aquila after only one day's stay, for it is a most interesting town, full of fine architecture and fine pictures, and in a most striking situation, on an elevated plain of the finest forms,—not a dead flat, but full of undulation and highly cultivated, bounded by hills of exquisite outlines, not rugged, but covered with short fine grass for sheep, behind and above which tower the barren summits of the Gran Sasso d'Italia, the Majella, and other of the highest of the southern Apennines. We were guided on the second day by the Marchese Dragonetti and the Marchesi Torres, who had also been of the party the day before: the former was an old acquaintance, and is a very superior man, of talents and acquirements most astonishing, considering the absence of all advantages under which he

has laboured—except indeed that greatest of all advantages, the desire of improvement, and the consciousness of surrounding ignorance. The two brothers des Torres are much more *des nobles de Province*, but intelligent and well informed as to everything that has come within the sphere of their observation, and obliging beyond description. Both they and Dragonetti are of Spanish origin, and Aquila altogether, the manner of our reception, and the high ceremonial in deportment and language, reminded me of descriptions of Spain in former times. The Prince Capece Zurla, for instance, proposed to return from a drive by saying,—‘Adesso, se comanda, torneremo a *casa sua*,’ meaning his own house,—and the des Torres in taking leave, and in urging our return to Aquila, to make a longer stay, said, ‘Si ricorderà che avrà sempre in Aquila *una sua casa*, almeno una capanna!’ meaning the Palazzo Torres. During those two days, we went from one fine church, from one fine painting, to another, and returning within doors when it was dark, had such French cookery and French wines, that it was a matter of alarm for both grown-up people and children, for all, as you may suppose, were famishing. In our second day’s sight-seeing we were introduced to the house of the Marchese Dragonetti, and kindly received by his handsome pleasing wife, who in the desire to be hospitable, ordered ices for us, when, being extenuated with fatigue and hunger, a morsel of bread was the luxury intensely longed for; as Kestner observed afterwards, the offer of ices under such circumstances was like ‘giving one’s stomach a cruel box on the ear.’

“On Wednesday, the 10th, we got under weigh, and

thought that at last we should *levare l'incomodo* from our good Prince: but he having a journey of a few miles to make, to inspect some public works going on in his province, declared he should go with us part of the day in his own carriage, and there was no begging off. When we got to the end of the first post, where he was to change horses, he represented to us that the post-house, where our horses were to bait, was an uncomfortable place for us to wait in, and insisted upon cramming us all *into* and *upon* his large travelling carriage, and carrying us on eight miles further, to Popoli, where the Signor Sindaco (a sort of chief magistrate) fed us most amply. Popoli is in a luxuriant valley, where the river Aterno, which rises in the plain of Aquila, becomes a considerable stream. From thence we drove on to Rajano, taking leave of the Prince, whose last care of us left the most pleasing impression of all, for it seemed an act of freewill and kind-heartedness: at Aquila we might believe him to be only actuated by scrupulous notions of his *dovere*, but once on the journey, as he had made all possible arrangements for us, he might with a safe conscience have left us to our own inventions. At Rajano we were lodged and most hospitably received at the house of a *giudice*, a droll old bachelor, who was greatly distressed that we could not eat all the supper he had prepared for us. Rajano is beautifully situated on an elevated plain, the site of the ancient Corfinium, smaller than that of Aquila, surrounded by fine mountains, in which the Aterno flows in a deep bed; but its waters are of no avail to the plain of Rajano, being on a so much lower level, and it would therefore be barren, were it not for an antique canal, which perforates the ridge of hills, and

brings water from a higher valley, so that the whole surface is carefully irrigated and wonderfully fertile. From thence we crossed the lowest part of the ridge of mountains surrounding the Lake of Fucino, called *le Furche*, which is an ancient name for a mountain-pass: and descended to the town of Pescina, in prospect of the lake, at two miles distance. Here a most comical scene took place on our arrival. We were going to Don Giuseppe Melchiorri, an antiquarian friend of some friends of ours, who expected us, and came to meet us: but the Sindaco and the Bishop also sent emissaries to insist upon our coming to dine with Monsignor Vescovo; we however made good our entrance into the house of Melchiorri, but were then obliged to give way, and go and eat the Bishop's dinner, and I was greatly entertained at sitting by the side of a Roman Catholic country Bishop, who had probably never seen such a number of heretics together in his life before. He was a venerable-looking and well-bred old gentleman. After we were released from the dinner, we rode with Melchiorri by the side of the beautiful lake, and saw some antiquities, less worth seeing than land, water, and sky, and came back to endure the infliction of a great supper. Next day was Friday, and we supplicated Melchiorri not to make any alteration in the meagre diet of the day on our account, but he replied—'Sono gli Speciali che hanno gli *scrupoli*, io no'—and I fancy was glad of an excuse for not eating meagre, for he had served in the French army at Marengo, and had *seen the world*. After visiting the site of the ancient Marubium, and riding about near the lake, we returned to dinner at one o'clock, and while we were in the middle of a course of dishes *alternately* fish,

fowl, and meat (the greatest abomination to strict Catholics), a visit was announced from Monsignor Vescovo, who must have been much edified by the spectacle: this misfortune might have been supposed precluded, as Charles had taken care to call upon him and take leave that morning, but there was no help, and he came in, with his suite of two or three priests. After dinner, we made our escape with difficulty from Pescina, for our host declared he required a *month* to show us the antiquities properly—altho' to judge by the samples he did show, there is little remarkable on that score at this end of the lake—and drove on to Avezzano, where we were recommended to the Casa Mattei, by Cardinal Cappelletti, the Delegate at Rieti, Donna Chiara Mattei being his cousin, and we were glad not to *incomodare* the Sotto-Intendente. From the house of the antiquarian gentleman-farmer and former officer at Pescina, our removal to Avezzano brought us into a new world; the family of Mattei were thorough gentlemen and gentlewomen, of old-fashioned formality, but not awkward, and their house was a palace, in every respect handsomely arranged: and it was to be felt that Donna Chiara managed her own house. This was the first time of our journey that we had seen a *padrona di casa*, elsewhere either there was no such thing, or she kept out of sight. We spent Saturday in seeing the Emissarium of Claudius, which a number of workpeople are employed in excavating; we entered it from the side of the lake, and then rode over the mountain which it perforates, to see its outlet in the deep valley of the Liris, afterwards called Garigliano. From this side the excavation has been effected to a considerable distance, but the point of difficulty will be just under the

summit of Monte Salviano, and there some people doubt whether further progress will be possible, and others do not wish it should, fearing that too much water would be drained from the lake, which now furnishes fish to an immense extent of inland country, and thereby supplies food, and the means of earning necessaries, to a great multitude of the poor inhabitants of its banks. All that it is to be wished the Emissary should effect, would be the prevention of those overflowings of the lake, taking place at intervals of centuries, which occasioned its original construction in the time of Claudius, and latterly, in 1816, devastated a great quantity of cultivated land. Nothing can be more beautiful than the valley of the Liris above the outlet of the Emissary. I made a sketch there of the Liris rushing at a great depth at the bottom of the defile, the steep sides of which were chiefly covered with chestnut wood, while a magnificent mountain in front bore the name of *Serra di Sant' Antonio*, called *Serra*, in the sense of closing up the valley. Much was the Signora Mattei astonished at our admiration of the country, and when I showed her the point of view that I had delighted to draw, she observed—'A me! mi pare tanto brutto!' The next morning produced a real embarrassment: it was clear from many circumstances that the Mattei had no idea of looking upon us as anything but Roman Catholics, for they regarded with a sort of reverence those who lived in sight of the Pope and could give accounts of him, so I was urgent with every member of the family to be up early as well as myself and to mount our various steeds before the hour of mass; but as everywhere in Italy the difficulty was great of get-

ting off, and while we were waiting for our animals, Don Ladislao Mattei came up in all ceremony to ask, 'se vollesse vostra Eccellenza esser servita di sentir la messa,' the fact being that they had a private chapel and chaplain. Nothing remained for it but to plead haste, and the threatening condition of the weather, and thus hurriedly to say farewell with an unpleasant sensation of having disappointed our kind host. After seeing the wonderful Cyclopean fortifications of the ancient Alba, we proceeded to Magliano, where we were most kindly received by Don Giovanbattista Masciarelo, of a long-established family of patriarchal proprietors, having 6,000 sheep, and I know not how many head of cattle: living in an immense palace full of expensive furniture, but not so well arranged as Palazzo Mattei, because Donna Pepa Masciarelo was a sort of Roman, a native of Rieti, whose notion of life was taking her ease, and nothing was in order but what her husband's good head could regulate; otherwise she was a goodnatured woman, and they had both less ceremonial and more natural instinctive good-breeding than we had anywhere found, and therefore we felt quite at our ease in their house. The day we spent with them, snow fell on the lofty Velino, which rises close to Magliano, and we visited under umbrellas the ancient Alba Fucinense—a hill artificially levelled into three terraces with fortifications far older than the Roman time. From Magliano we saw at a distance the plain of Tagliacozzo, and, on the slope of the hill, the church of Santa Maria della Vittoria, built by Charles of Anjou to commemorate his victory. In that battle, which crushed the descendants of the great Emperor Frederick, seven members of the great Ghibelline family

of Capyx or Capece were present : these the Guelfs showed particular zeal in destroying, and six fell, but the seventh being only a boy, was concealed from the pursuers. From this boy seven families called Capece have descended : one was that of Capece Zurla our hospitable host at Aquila, another that of Capece Latro, Archbishop of Tarento, a fine old gentleman whom we saw at Naples. It was he who had the large Angora cat called Portaleone, who used to sit on a particular stool and cushion close to his master, and whose manner of receiving strangers was supposed to influence the estimation in which they would be held.

“The 16th and 17th October we spent in crossing the mountains where there never yet was a road, yet, in one of the many villages of the Cicolana we were received by an ancient feudal lord, not only with hospitality, but luxury. Our guide was a smuggler by profession, who on being asked whether he knew the road, said by day he had never passed it, but often enough by night. We were expected to stay at the house of a landowner in a village called San Pietro, but it was resolved to ignore this invitation, and we rode straight on unchallenged, to Rieti. Our intended host has since been in Rome, and when I answered his eager questions as to our route and party, and described our numbers as consisting of three gentlemen and myself, with four boys of different ages, a manservant, and a guide of the country, mounted in part on horses, the boys on donkeys, myself on an English saddle and in an English riding-dress, he started up exclaiming that then indeed his messengers had seen us, for he had placed one at each end of the village, but they had brought him word that no signori whatever

had passed, but only a company of strolling players—*comediante di campagna!* We came home from Rieti by Terni, that I might see the waterfall, which we did in the greatest perfection, with the finest weather, the finest tints, and the heath in blossom. On Friday the 19th we were in Rome again, after a journey without any disaster and having found the Kestner's the best of travelling companions."

"12 Jan., 1833.—The old year closed upon me, my own Mother, and the new year began, only too well, in fullness of blessings, and with a sensation of satisfaction, a consciousness of present comfort and enjoyment, of the degree of which, if I could give an idea, I might (strange to say) on one ground be afraid of doing so, lest you should suspect me of being indifferent to the *one* circumstance of distress in our present situation. But as you will *not* suspect me of such indifference, I trust this statement of feelings will be a matter of unmixed comfort to you, and perhaps even tend to communicate to your mind that hope for the future with which mine is filled. Amongst the wishes, for the gratification of which I felt most urgent, and in which I could *allow* myself to be urgent, during those three last hours of the old year, in which Charles and I sate together and for the most part silent, was that my Mother's mind might be relieved about our worldly condition: and I feel as if that prayer would be granted. The removal of all embarrassment in circumstances is one of those things for which I dare not ask in prayer: I can ask, and do, that I and mine may be provided for the future, as we have been in the past, with all that is needful; relief will come *when it is good for me*. For my dear

children's advance in the course of the last year I cannot be sufficiently thankful."

"*Rome, 5 March, 1833.*—This winter has granted us much social enjoyment. Lady Raffles is the widow of the Governor of Java, and is one of our new acquaintance of the winter who will not be blended in the mass of those seen for a moment and thought of no more: the combined impression produced by her manner, countenance, and conversation, prepares one to believe, or even guess beforehand, all that is great and good attributed to her. She brought us a letter from Madame de Staël, whom she had known long and well at Geneva. She has an only child, a girl of twelve years old, the wreck of a large family which fell a sacrifice to the climate of Java. Mr. Julius Hare, one of the translators of Mr. Niebuhr's Roman History, has been here, and is a most sterling person; we have also seen much of Mr. Walter Kerr Hamilton, a nephew of the Mr. Hamilton whom we saw in Rome many years ago on his way back from being minister at Naples: and he with his cousin Mr. Farquhar, and Mr. Hare with his travelling companion Mr. Worsley, came to us many an evening, when there was no other person present but M. Turguéneff, who had been Minister of State under the Emperor Alexander, but is now a voluntary exile from his native country, owing to the implication of his brother in the conspiracy against Nicholas. He is a person whom it would take pages to describe, so little does he belong to any of the common denominations of society: a Tartar Prince, and looking like one, yet of the most polished manners, and most consummate talent for conversation; knowing almost everything, having read almost every book, having been in

almost every species of society, having worked his way through all sorts of opinions, and yet retaining an unspoiled taste for what is good, and an unwearied longing for what is best. How much I could tell you of him that would be interesting as a picture of human nature! We have also had great pleasure in the society of two Americans, one of the Episcopalian Church, and one a Baptist—Mr. Burgess of Providence, and Mr. Chase of Newton near Boston. One person of whom we see a good deal is the Grand Duchess of Baden—Stéphanie Beauharnais: she is a widow, and is here for the winter with her very pleasing daughter. She has remains of beauty, and is in manners and conversation very attractive; she has the tact of a Frenchwoman in softening off form, instead of liking it as a *parvenue* might be expected to do. She sings very sweetly, and is full of talent; and her conduct thro' life in a difficult position, having been forced by Napoleon on a family that did not wish to be degraded by an alliance with his *fille adoptive*, is said to have been thoroughly meritorious. Dear Mrs. Stuart and Lord and Lady Northland are on the point of departure: they have been a great pleasure to us."

"*Frascati*, 11 June, 1833.—To-day is my Mary's birthday and she is four years old, and a most engaging creature; I look upon her with a singular and indescribable compassion, for she seems to possess the gift of attraction—every stranger takes notice of her, and she delights in being taken notice of: she can interest, please, and obtain caresses, without the slightest effort, and therefore, how doubly hard her task to attain to moral worth—to doing right for the sake of right!

"We continued to see a great deal of Mr. Hare till he left

Rome, and with continually increasing regard and esteem ; he is now gone straight back to England to settle down for life in a country living in Sussex in the gift of his family. He is a great friend and admirer of Dr. Arnold. Our old friend and favourite, Mr. Christopher Wordsworth, passed through Rome on his way back from Greece, and we saw him with much pleasure. On our return from a most interesting little tour to Toscanella, Viterbo, and Orvieto, a new social gratification awaited us :—our friend Turguéneff had returned from Naples, accompanied by a very remarkable person, Joukovsky, celebrated in Russia as a poet and in every respect intellectually distinguished, who has been some years tutor to the young Hereditary Grand Duke,* and greatly favoured by the Emperor and Empress, without having become a courtier. His health being very precarious, he had been allowed leave of absence to travel, but being in haste to return to his important post, he had but very few days for Rome, and those few days Charles helped him to enjoy most thoroughly, in showing him objects of interest, which he had looked at before in part, but without the consciousness of all that was to be seen and felt in them. He has much of the manly, kind-hearted simplicity of manner of Walter Scott, with of course difference of national characteristics ; in conversation perfectly unpretending, but yet never letting fall a commonplace word ; and I have seldom met with a foreigner, to whom I felt myself from the first so much drawn, as if there was in him nothing foreign or strange. Turguéneff and Joukovsky and a very distinguished German officer in the service of Russia, de Reutern, were with us the other day, with Thor-

* Now the Emperor Alexander.

waldsen, Cornelius, and Overbeck—the three first artists of the age: it was one of those remarkable combinations which scarcely any place but Rome can offer. All were very animated, and increased the social spirits of the others, so that it was a day to remember. The Russians I have mentioned have been with us most evenings, and often in a morning, and besides a sculptor, Woltreck, who has wanted to model some of the children, and as it is not an *order*, but a thing done for his own pleasure and my profit in the end, I could not send him away.

“I have lately read the ‘Meditations de Fénelon’ with great satisfaction: few indeed are the passages exclusively for Catholics, it is truly a Christian book.”

“24 August, 1833.—It is little use beginning upon so interminable a subject as Madame d’Arblay’s nonsense*—but surely such a quantity of unmixed nonsense never was written before as her book. Still, I do not wonder that people have found it entertaining, for so did I, if reading a thing intently, eagerly, and greedily, being provoked and in a rage at every page, can be called being entertained. The book is gossip itself, though not clever gossip: and gossip is the great thing needful for pleasing people. If anybody—a valet or a lady’s-maid—will in any way write down anything that they have heard and seen of such characters as Madame d’Arblay treats of, it will always be sure to be eagerly read, as long as there is a presumption that the writer does not wilfully deceive, and gives the objects with

* Madame d’Arblay had been well known to Madame Bunsen in early life, through her mother’s intimate acquaintance with her as Miss Burney, when residing in her girlhood at Windsor with Mrs. Delany, by whom the authoress of “Evelina” was first introduced to the notice of the Court.

all the truth of which the medium is capable. But will you explain to me, my Mother, how the Dean and Chapter of Westminster could admit that blasphemous unchristian epitaph, with which she in so self-satisfied a manner winds up her book? Generally speaking, everything in the work may be tolerated and swallowed (although a good gulp it would often require) except her defacing the subject of religion: to be sure she meddles with it little enough, but when she does, it is in a manner that makes one shudder, to think that a person so near her grave should see even in that nothing but a matter to turn a sentence on, and make a sentimental face about. Worst and most painful of all, the letter to 'mon ami' about Dr. Burney's last moments—when she regrets not having been able to cheer the soul passing from time to eternity, by making him understand the cause of the bonfires and illuminations for the victory of the Allies—gives, unconsciously, a soul-harrowing picture of a human being, at the extremest verge of life, yet clinging to mortality, and agonised with the physical fear of dissolution, incapable himself of spiritualising his thoughts or feelings, and having no one to help him to a happier frame!—while the image with which she wishes and endeavours to harrow up the soul, is that of herself, called upon most inconveniently to grieve for the death of a father, just when she wanted him to rejoice with her in the destruction of Napoleon and return of her husband. In short, surely never was such self-idolatry as hers! and we might be tempted to pity her for having been exposed, with so weak a head, to the intoxication of so much applause, were it not for the proof she gives of indiscriminating appetite: being as self-satisfied in the homage

of Pamela, and taking it as much for sterling coin, as in the praise of Burke or Johnson. But she is herself *une comédienne*, nothing else: her mind was evidently formed by the impression Garrick made upon her: she had the gift in youth of entertaining people: and the equally useful gift (which she has lost in age) of not committing herself and discovering the poverty of the substratum; and thus alone can I account for a character so insignificant having been so valued. But I wish I could talk instead of write: my Mother would help me to construe her, which I am very curious to do."

"*Frascati*, 14 Oct., 1833.—To-morrow we intend setting off on a scrambling tour to the neighbouring mountains, of which I greatly enjoy the thoughts: we do not intend to be away more than eight days, but when we return we shall directly pack and return to Rome, as to which I feel as if I was about to plunge up to the neck in a torrent, where I should have to struggle hard to keep swimming for a given number of months, until I reached this quiet shore again. We returned on the 11th from a three days' expedition to Cora and Norba in the Volscian mountains, by way of Velletri, as far as which place we went on Wednesday in the carriage, that is, Charles and myself, and the four boys: M. de Sydow and M. Abeken accompanying us on horseback. At Velletri we procured horses to ride to Cora, which has no carriage road as yet.* I requested that mine might be at least a quiet horse, and was assured that it belonged to a convent of nuns, which was to be

* There is now a railway to Velletri and an omnibus to Cora!—so that this exquisitely beautiful place may be visited in one day as an excursion from Rome.

taken as a proof of good education : I must say from this example I should be inclined to trust the proof in future, for the horse was a pattern of good behaviour. The boys were happy beyond expression at riding 14 miles. We slept at Cora, after having seen a beautiful temple in great preservation, and other remains of antiquity, and the next day undertook a ride to the ruins of Norba, a Cyclopean city in a most picturesque situation, by a most dangerous mountain track, in which however the horses kept their feet admirably : but we returned by the town of Ninfa in the plain, by a longer but safer road, having had enough of the sensation of danger. Friday morning we rode back to Velletri, by the same rich and beautiful country by which we came.

“There is no describing how engaging my Theodore becomes : I certainly have valued the other children enough as babies, but I think nothing was ever so delightful as he is.”

“*Rome, 4 Dec., 1833.*—Not to have written before is one of the privations that I have, and must have, in the bustle of a Roman winter. But when I speak of bustle, you must not suppose the causes of the bustle to be disagreeable. As usual in the winter at Rome, the number of things to be done makes quiet impossible, and enjoyment difficult, but yet *much is enjoyed*. We have the most delicious season, and I have been often in the garden, having it put in order, and making a hedge, or rather reforming a hedge, which I have replanted with roses, oleanders, volcamerias, and geraniums : it is not to be described how geraniums have flourished in the garden in the short time I have had it to myself—a set of short slips put in.

in March have become almost trees in the course of the summer.

"I have strength now for all I have to do, go from one thing to another throughout the day, and have no need to lie down: and in the evening, if we are at home and have not too many visitors, I finish up my sketches. For this I had a bit of praise from Mr. Clifford which greatly pleased me. The day after he had seen me thus employed, he said, 'How I like that making the most of odd times! it is what everybody ought to do, and what *I* never do! and thus I have done nothing, and learnt nothing, in my life.' Mr. Clifford's being here is a great pleasure to us: he is really a delightful person, entering into everything and enjoying everything like a child. Lady Northland and dear Mrs. Stuart* have also been here since the 2nd November, and Lady Northland† has been kind enough to desire me to be godmother to her baby, who is to be christened to-morrow."

"14 Dec., 1833.—I have been writing to the Comte de la Ferronays‡ for a letter which may have influence on the fate of M. Rio.§ I wish — may know in some measure who

* The Hon. Mrs. Stuart, a very early friend of Mrs. Waddington, daughter of Lady Juliana Penn (see Chapter III.) and widow of the Primate of Ireland.

† Afterwards Countess of Ranfurly, daughter of the Primate of Ireland and Mrs. Stuart.

‡ Described in the beautiful volumes of his daughter, Mrs. Augustus Craven, called the "Récit d'une Soeur."

§ A. F. Rio, the well-known author of "The Poetry of Christian Art." He had gone to Llanover with letters from the Bunsens requesting Mrs. Waddington to give him introductions which might facilitate his Welsh studies. In Wales he made the acquaintance of Apollonia (aunt of the present Mr. Herbert of Llanarth) to whom he was eventually married.

and what la Ferronays is—that they may be assured that *nobody's* approbation could have more decisive weight. He is the only Frenchman I ever saw who had consummate English dignity of appearance and manner, and this appearance in him is the shining forth of the inward character. How high he was in office under the former government is probably known, and how uniformly conscientious all his acts of public and private life. The last period of his public life was being French ambassador at Rome, and he gave up the post as a point of honour after the Revolution of the Three Days: though a devoted adherent of the old Bourbons, he is a yet better Frenchman: and though a man of very decided religious opinions, he never was an ultra in religion any more than in politics.

“Our last winter's friend, Turguéneff, the Russian of whom we saw so much with such pleasure, is just returned, but for a short time: as yet there has been no other person of the sort that greatly interests us, and whom we wish daily to see, except Mr. Clifford, who is the picture of enjoyment. We have nobody like Mr. Julius Hare, or Mr. Kerr Hamilton, or Mr. Christopher Wordsworth as yet. Yesterday however I had a great pleasure—seeing again Lady Boyle, formerly Mrs. Courtenay Boyle. She received me most affectionately and has always the same engaging manner. She had her youngest daughter with her, and her son Captain Boyle; her daughter the Maid of Honour will join her in the spring.”

“*Rome*, 31 Dec., 1833.—On this last day of the year I begin a letter, before sunrise, to my own dearest Mother, who will easily guess that the close of the present year is unusually solemn to me, but to detail all that fills my heart

at this time would take up pages. I look back upon a year most particularly marked with blessings, in which I have been allowed a quantity of enjoyment, and growing satisfactions of many kinds—first and foremost that of more and more loving and approving him whom I have so long loved and approved, whose character ever rises upon me, and continually ‘works itself clear, and as it runs, refines.’ Then, the improvement of all my four boys, which in different ways and degrees is equally certain; in particular the increase of character in my dear Henry, who is the only one at all *maturing*. Then the thriving and promising state of the twins is a great joy—and if the three little girls are not yet all that I wish them to be, yet must I not be unmindful of the text—‘Shall I receive good from the hand of the Lord, and should I not also receive evil?’ and *receiving* from the hand of the Lord means *receiving thankfully*, as what is a certain good, because coming from Him, although it may seem ‘no way joyous, but rather grievous.’

“We have had a great pleasure in the arrival of Mr. and Lady Emily Pusey, who are more like a brother and sister than merely friends. This evening we are to part with Abeken, who has been with us ever since the departure of Ambrosch.”

“7th Jan., 1834.—And now. I will let you know that Neukomm is come back at last, and the pleasure is very great of having him here. We have found him a quiet corner and a writing-table in Charles’s room, and he has composed one of a series of Practices for the organ this morning, and since dinner has been explaining to me the grounds of thorough-bass: in short he is already in full activity in the

house, and every person in it seems to feel as if he either had been, or ought to have been, always there. He is come just at the right time, to animate us all after the departure of Abeken, who left us in the night between the old and new year. There are so many things inefficiently and superficially detailed in my letters, my own Mother, which yet occupy my time, thoughts, and feelings, that it is no wonder amongst others that you should have heard so little of Abeken: of whom perhaps I might have mentioned two years ago, that a nephew of Charles's most beloved college friend was come to Rome, with a brilliant reputation for classical attainments and abilities in every way, who had been from the first moment very much at home in our house, Charles having at once felt him to be of the right sort, and having even used jokingly the expression—'Kestner shall not be the only person that has a nephew—I too have found a nipotino for myself.' But I must admit that Charles was the only person who from the first justly estimated Abeken, for tho' I admired his powers, and was aware of his superior understanding, sterling principles, and warm affections, I could not for a time like his company, because he overwhelmed me with his superabundance: having in a high degree the want of tact of many fresh fish from the universities (even in well-mannered and regularly drilled England) and never knowing when to have done with a subject that interested him, and speaking too loud, and without modulation. This time twelvemonth, when Ambrosch was about to leave us, Charles determined to ask Abeken to fill his place in our house, and assist him in the care of the boys; the whole first year of our acquaintance, spent in close contact,

having continually drawn him nearer to us. He accepted gladly, tho' utterly objecting to receiving any other remuneration than what he was pleased to consider as such in becoming a member of the family. During the year that he has thus been in the house, his instructions to the boys have been invaluable, and not less invaluable his assistance to Charles in every possible pursuit: in every respect the favourable impression he made at first has been confirmed, and the roughnesses that at first disturbed have been wearing off, so that nobody can prize him more than myself; and as he likes reading aloud in the evening, I have had a degree of pleasure in that way which was quite a new thing to me, and has procured me a good deal more leisure for drawing, than I should otherwise have had, for if he had not read aloud to me, I should probably have thought it right to read to myself. On the journey that we made in October, the people with whom we lodged used to take Abeken for my eldest son (which he might be in point of age) and it struck me they had well hit off our mutual relation, for he used to attend to me, and consider me as Henry does, and it has long seemed to me as natural to think of his pleasure and indulge him, as with respect to my dear Henry. He had long chosen the profession of a clergyman, and Charles obtained some time since of the King that he should be appointed the successor of Tippelskirch, who will leave his post in the spring: Abeken is now gone to Geneva, to study the state of religious feeling and opinion there, and will then proceed to visit his family at Osnabruck, but will meet Charles at Berlin, and return hither in May. As a substitute for Abeken, we are very fortunate in having Kellermann, a

Dane by birth, though his breeding has been German, a very distinguished scholar, and besides a man of principle and character. He is an acquaintance of two years' standing, so we can hardly be mistaken in our estimation of him, and it is a great comfort to me to think I shall have an efficient person to manage the two boys, in Charles's absence, at least as to learning; for they have long had a great respect as well as liking for him. But Kellermann is not as an associate what Abeken was, and therefore Neukomm appears the more a person to fill the void, and besides comes opportunely as an additional help to me to avoid thinking of the parting now so very near."

CHAPTER X.

LAST YEARS AT ROME.

“Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.”

MILTON, *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

IN March, 1834, Bunsen set out for Berlin, taking with him his two elder sons; Henry, to the great school at Schulpforte, of which one of the masters was Dr. Schmieder, late chaplain to the German Protestant Chapel at Rome; and Ernest, to the military college at Berlin. At the Prussian capital Bunsen was as warmly received as ever by the King and the Crown-prince—but manifold troubles were in store for him, through the question of great importance for Church and State, which was then in full agitation—that of mixed marriages. (While, according to the law of Prussia, a father has the sole right over the education of his children, so that all stipulations before marriage are forbidden; according to the Roman Catholic Church, no marriage can be celebrated unless a promise is given that all children shall be brought up as Roman Catholics, and in the newly annexed but almost entirely Romanist

provinces of the Rhine, the clergy absolutely refused to perform a marriage under other conditions. While Leo XII. and Pius VIII. lived, the court of Rome was pacifically disposed, and would have been willing to enjoin priests in Germany to grant their *passive assistance* in case of a mixed marriage, refusing only the usual nuptial benediction. But, in an evil hour, Prussia insisted on the full marriage ceremonial; delay ensued, and the chance of compromise was lost. Thus, on his return to Rome, the feeling shown against Bunsen as representative of its Protestant antagonist was so bitter, that he implored to be released from a position which he felt to be scarcely any longer tenable. To this he at that time received the flattering reply that his services at the court of Rome were indispensable to his country.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

“*Rome, 1 April, 1834.*—On the 13th March I parted from my dear boys and their father. My own Mother, I believe that you have suffered and will suffer more pain from this parting than I have. I say that to you, who will not suspect me of not caring for our boys, and who know that my husband is the thing *par excellence* that I live for. I have so much to do, so much more, literally speaking, than I *can* do, that I have no rest for thought, no interval for dwelling upon what is painful; and that is what stands me in stead, my strength would be worth nothing if it was to come to a combat with the pain. I cannot help going into Henry’s empty room on some

errand or other, but I generally get away without a tear. The worst thing is, not remembering, but catching myself at forgetting: the other day I called to Henry at dinner, and was only reminded by the sound of my own voice what name I was naming. He writes to me, dear boy, that he cannot yet believe that he is parted from me, that when he packs or unpacks he thinks 'it is a task I have given him to do.'

"This morning at six o'clock Neukomm left us. These three months' intercourse have been very delightful to us, we have enjoyed his company and valued his character more than ever. I say *we* in full plural, for all our friends and associates have been drawn towards Neukomm as we are ourselves. He has been in full activity, and has composed many fine things, and played to us a quantity of his compositions. I think his style of composition ennobled and improved since he was here before: the oratorio of Mount Sinai and that of David appear to me splendid works of genius. I wish I could hear them executed."

"2 April.—This is my dear, dear Henry's birthday. My Mother will remember it. O how thankful I am to have him at sixteen what he is! My dear Ernest too, my Mother would find greatly altered to his advantage. Charles the less has been very good since his brother's departure, exerting himself to fill Henry's place, taking care of the babies, liking to do anything for them, showing the greatest alacrity in helping me, and more than all, bearing reproof humbly and being very pains-taking with Kellermann. . Doing lessons with George is as usual my most agreeable occupation: we read French and English, and he repeats the lessons of geography to me which he

used to receive from the invaluable Abeken; whom we none of us know how to do without, I as little as anybody else: all long for his return, though when he returns we cannot have as much of his time and company as we had before, because he will have to take upon himself the business of the Chaplain to the Legation.

“I have gone through worlds of thought and feeling since I sent my last letter. By this I do not mean distress, but subjects which take up one’s whole mind for the time being, and make the admeasurement of time very difficult. One of these subjects is Mrs. Augustus Hare; I have seen her much, and feel that it is no common connection. . . . I have enjoyed the society of Mr. and Lady Emily Pusey: they are real friends. Good and sensible and well-principled people are often alike in the serious business of life, but in the choice of pleasures and recreations there is a grand difference between people—therefore with the Puseys and the Hares and some others, I can go on, and I shall always get on and come nearer, but with others I am at a stand-still at the first step.”

To her SON HENRY.

“*Rome, 5 April, 1834.*—My dear, dear boy, how much I have thought of you on your birthday! That day will have marked the period of the greatest change in life that you perhaps ever can make, at least the most absolute change of all surrounding circumstances. I have prayed, and do pray, that God may be with you—that you may feel yourself ever in His sight! and then you will proceed securely, whatever trials may be in store for you in the course of life. My dear boy, this separation is bitter, and yet we

must not forget that the probabilities are that we pass our lives in separation: it is highly unlikely that you and your Mother should ever again live much together. Therefore let us make the best of separation, and not put off communication to the uncertain time of meeting again. Tell me always as much as you can of what you think and feel, my own dear boy; that is often matter of effort in absence and distance; but it is difficult to begin again if once discontinued: and if long discontinued, estrangement is almost unavoidable. Yet you must not take time from exercise or sleep to write to me, and your day will be taken up in study. But I wish you would take a sheet of paper, and write a bit at a time, just when you have time, and send the sheet off without minding whether the letter has beginning, middle, or end."

"6 *May*, 1834.—My heart has been with you most constantly during the late important period, and the many particulars which your dear Father has made time to write to me, have been matter for continued thought and thankfulness,—indeed for continued prayer: for what can be the issue of every reflection, the outlet of every feeling, but a supplication that God would render us all more fully sensible of the unbounded mercy of His dispensations towards us, and that He would give us a heart capable to accept from Him everything that He may send, with willingness and thankfulness, even though it may not always be, as now, that which we most desire? It makes my heart full to overflowing when I think to what a degree all that I can most desire has been granted to me as to you, my dear boy: your situation in Dr. Schmieder's house, the whole arrangement of the school, above all the manner of

your entrance, and your being yourself satisfied to have entered in that manner. I was thinking of you more especially on the 18th, which I supposed to have been your critical day: and most assuredly my wish floated between two points—the one, that you might do yourself credit, the other, that your entry might not be a brilliant one—in the fear that you might be tempted to feel yourself secure, and as if anything less than your best, most urgent and unremitting endeavours could be sufficient to enable you to attain to the point which you are called upon to reach, in the time that you will enjoy the advantages of Schulpforte. I have seen and known on many occasions that succeeding too completely is a bar to future success, and the greatest possible evil that can happen to any one, is to have his energies lamed, and his activity checked, from within. Therefore, my dear boy, though I think with pain of the terrible puzzle you were in, when called upon to put Schlegel's *Dramaturgische Vorlesungen* into Latin, I most cordially rejoice in the result, which had the effect of detaining you in that lower class in which it is so necessary for you to feel yourself at home, before you can with any freedom move in a higher sphere. I am very thankful to be informed that you judged rightly of yourself, and had no wish for the present possession of honours which you did not feel competent to wear. May you, by God's grace, be preserved through life from the misfortune of over-valuing your own powers or attainments! or imagining the circumstances and qualities which make us accepted and valued amongst men, to be always a standard of intrinsic worth."

"9 June . . .—It is most useful to be among a number

of youths of the same age, in order to become conscious that man was not made to stand wholly alone, that he must combine with one or other class of his fellow-creatures, and that if he will have nothing to do with the ordinary herd of the insignificant—who go to the business of life like slaves to their daily task, and submit to laws and regulations only in so far as they fear the rod of retribution—he must in his actions strive to belong to those whose conduct is regulated by uncompromising principle, and whose guiding-compass points ever to an immovable ideal standard of excellence, higher than any real one that the experience of life will show.”

“25 July . . .—The beginning of your school-life, my dear boy, has been so prosperous, you seem to have enjoyed and profited by the good with so little mixture of attendant evil, that I fear your worst trial may be yet to come, at the important crisis of the ushering-in at Oxford. But yet grown-up men must be less rough and uncivilised than when in school-boy years : and whatever the conflict of antagonistic elements of society such an university may present, I must believe it is yet ever possible for one who acts in singleness of heart, with no object but that of doing right, to pass on unharmed by all the various powers of evil which present themselves in forms of seduction or intimidation. The worst of trials is the trial of faith : but through that also, when it comes, the same singleness of heart will lead you. The conviction, if a difficulty arises within, or is suggested from without, that it is not the fault of Christianity, but your own fault, that it appears such,—that the mote is not in the glorious sun, but in the glass of the dim telescope through which you are viewing

it,—will always give time for help to arrive: and such help will never fail those who encourage the action and long for the presence of the Holy Spirit of grace in their minds.”

To BUNSEN.

“7 April 1834.—Yesterday I had a visit of an hour from Mrs. Augustus Hare, whose conversation transported me into another world—a world of soothing and edifying contemplation. It does one good to think that in the case of her married life, two people so calculated to love and benefit each other were brought together by Providence, even though it pleased the same Providence to allow them but five years of mutual enjoyment. They had been attached for five years before their marriage, and their acquaintance was of seventeen years’ standing. Much has she told me that was deeply interesting, and she has promised to come again. Her plan is to take a cottage in the parish of Julius Hare, or as near to it as possible, that she may have the comfort of seeing as much as possible of him who was dearest to her late husband, and of endeavouring to assist him among his parishioners, which will be a continuation of the habits of her life in the parish of her husband. Is it not a blessing when the laws of a country hallow the relation of brother-in-law and sister-in-law, and make it as sacred as the tie of blood between brother and sister? Were it not for this both Julius Hare and his sister-in-law would be too young to venture upon this plan of near residence and future co-operation, for fear of the comments and suppositions of the world.”

"15 *April*.—Yesterday the Hares went away. I saw them on Sunday, poor Mrs. Augustus Hare feeling more than anything having to part from the room where she had watched her husband to the last, and go far away from the spot where his remains repose. I feel that next to God's words she will find His works her best comforters. She begged me to visit her husband's tomb. I cannot express how much I have been gratified by her manner and expressions towards me: and those of Marcus Hare. She showed me a letter of Dr. Arnold's, in which he compares you and Augustus Hare, and says no two could be more similar—concluding with, 'God grant to me to resemble them' in the nobleness and beauty of their goodness.'"

"21 *April*.—I wish you could see how delightful the darling twins are: they are now singing about me like two little birds, waiting for their breakfast. You have no idea of the enjoyment we have from the garden, and as we have water in the fountain we keep it watered—but I cannot yet get over looking at Henry and Ernest's deserted gardens."

"*Villa Piccolomini, 16 June*.—What pleasure it is to be again in this delicious place, where I arrived yesterday evening, a few minutes before the most glorious sunset, together with Kellermann, Charles, George, and Emilia; Miss Thompson and the rest had arrived the evening before. I had feared the entrance into this house, where the want of so much that I was accustomed to enjoy here appears new and fresh: and most certainly it was very sad to see my Henry's desk and Ernest's, and to pass your empty study."

To her MOTHER.

"*Frascati*, 19 June, 1834.—We have been enjoying ourselves here since last Sunday, the 15th. I had almost dreaded coming, or rather not almost, but had quite an absurd aversion to resolving on leaving Rome, apprehending the first impression of the absence of so much that I love on coming to this place, where we have all lived so happily together. But that was a morbid vision, and has given way to the actual reality of so much good as I am allowed to possess and enjoy here. Miss Thompson and Kellermann and I, with the five children, breakfast and dine at a smaller table and in a smaller room, that we may not be reminded in the great hall and at the large table how many places are unfilled: but still we occupy the hall to our great comfort as a sitting-room. *Frascati* never was more beautiful; after all the fears entertained from the drought, all is fresh and green, in the most delicious summer-weather, without any heat to complain of."

To BUNSEN.

"*Frascati*, 3 July.—We all go down after dinner into the shady alley and enjoy the *aura estiva*: the girls play and talk much with Adèle Volland, Kellermann draws Theodore in the little cart—he whipping as hard as he can to make the horses go on, I sit with Theodora in my lap till Hannah has dined, Charles shoots with a bow and arrows of his own making, and George climbs trees at Kellermann's bidding, from which I turn away my eyes, though well aware it is right he should try."

"8 July, 1834.—When you are not here it seems to be

such a clear case that nothing can be more than a quarter enjoyed, that I am much too apt to make all days working days, all hours working hours: it occurred to me yesterday that I scarcely take the requisite time to stand and enjoy the view out of the window, as I used to do last year. The season is indescribably delicious! yet I could find it in my heart to wish that it would rain, that it might be fine when you return. I am just returned from a drive to Marino, with both the dear twins. Whenever I can take up a book (mostly when one of the twins is asleep on my lap) I read Evan's 'Church of God,' given to me by Mrs. Augustus Hare, and reckoned by Julius Hare to be worthy of Hooker."

"25 July.—Kestner went yesterday afternoon to Rome, and Miss Thompson and I drove with him in his *scapparia*, down the hill to the place where I had long wanted to draw that Casino with the pine that you remember: the boys were also there, playing at Piastrella, and we walked home."

"11 August.—The last letter of Abeken, our Geneva son, touched me as usual from the extreme affection which it expresses. I sometimes take myself to task for not being angry at being canonized, or whatever I ought to call it, as I am by him: but it is so impossible to doubt the reality of the filial-regard which he proves to me at every opportunity, and I am so conscious of deserving by the regard I feel for him, that I cannot but be gratified by the expression of it, however well aware of being enormously overrated. How I have been spoiled for the last three years, my Best-Beloved! To the iron rule of your sister and Simon has succeeded a period, in which I

have been drawn closer and closer to you, my own dearest; in which you yourself, being relieved from an intolerable household burden, surrounded by associates and helpmates that answered to your needs and tastes, in full and suitable and not exhausting activity, could for the first time in the whole period of our married life thoroughly expand and develope on all sides, and be yourself entirely and uninterruptedly, to mine and everybody's enjoyment. Then as household-friends I have had Ambrosch, and Sydow, and Abeken, to spoil me, and indulge me, and praise me, and approve me—and, as dear Lady Raffles said, 'I do so love to be spoiled by those I value!' And now, whereas during your former absence at Berlin I was a ball thrown from one to the other of the two spikes of your sister and Simon, never finding a resting-place, and worn out of all independence of judgment and self-possession, in your late absence I have had no creature to control or thwart me. I have had Sydow's constant support and counsel and sympathy, Tippelskirch's kindness and friendship, Miss Thompson's* grateful attachment—and if I have had cares, which felt the heavier for your not being present, yet with the help of homœopathy to procure me the undisturbed possession of my own physical powers,† nothing has been overwhelming. And now I conclude with the delightful idea that I am writing to you for the last time, and that, please God, I shall pass but one more Monday

* The governess of her daughters, afterwards Madame Abeken.

† Madame Bunsen had been subject to violent headaches, which, occurring sometimes two or three times a month, deprived her in each case of at least a whole day's usefulness. By the advice of Neukomm, she tried homœopathy, with excellent effect, owing much to the advice of Romani, homœopathic physician to the Queen of Naples.

without having been reunited to you. Farewell, my Best-Beloved, may God please to grant his blessing to the end of your journey, and to the re-commencement of our home-life! May you not have so idealised your wife in absence, as to be less satisfied with her in presence!"

To her MOTHER.

"27 August, 1834.—Charles returned safe and sound last Thursday. On Monday, the 18th, I went to Rome with a carriage-full, sent the carriage back on Tuesday morning to bring the rest on Tuesday evening, that we might all be ready to drive out on Wednesday evening on the Florence road, which we did, but in vain, as he did not come till Thursday morning. He arrived accompanied by Abeken, the general favourite, and Dressel, a person of much promise, whom he has brought as tutor to the boys. On Sunday afternoon, the 24th, we all moved to Frascati."

"26 Sept.—Nothing was ever so strange, so unnatural, and apparently impossible, as that I should not till this day write a line to my own dearest Mother to express some part of the feelings which have occupied me so unceasingly since I received the letter, which told me she would come here, and that she would come into my house. My own Mother, there is no describing the happiness of every hour and every moment in the consciousness that I shall have you here, that I shall really be able to enjoy your presence!—to know that I am again to live with you! to have you always at hand! to have again my own place in the room you inhabit!—to have my husband, my children, known to you in their daily habits, not as visitors at set times!—to have the opportunity, the means, the time, as

well as the will, to make my whole heart and my whole life known to you! All this comprises such a fullness of happiness and comfort, such a realising of wishes and desires, as I can scarcely believe or comprehend. My own dearest Mother! how I ought to thank you for overcoming all the many difficulties that stood in the way of my gratification, and yet, how strange, that the last thing that occurred to me was to thank you! It is such a fact, such a thing understood, that you always do, and always have done, everything possible, almost what was impossible, for my comfort and benefit, that to thank you is rather a part of my love for you, than a separate act and sensation.

“ Charles enjoys the idea of my Mother’s coming, almost as much as I do—he is for ever speaking of it, morning, noon, and night. And good Kestner is so heartily pleased! I told him of it one evening, and he came the next day, saying, ‘ I cannot think of anything but that your Mother is coming.’ ”

To her SON HENRY.

“ 6 Dec., 1834.—I hope you will receive this on Christmas Eve, that you may not on that day be without an external mark of the feelings with which you will be recalled, in the far-distant place of your birth. May God’s blessing be with you, my dearest boy, as on every day of your life, so more especially on the first Christmas you will have passed without your parents, and sanctify the feelings with which your heart will be filled: make you serious, but not mournful: reminding you that to those who strive to be united in His faith and fear and love, *the past and the distant* are not lost, and the future, in whatever external

form it may come, will abound in good, and ripen into glory and blessedness."

"19 *March*, 1835.—I hope this letter will reach you on your birthday, and convey the heartfelt prayer of your parents, that every blessing may attend you throughout the year upon which you will enter. You have hitherto been blessed indeed, with health and every advantage to further your progress, and enable you to qualify yourself for a situation of usefulness: and may it please God to continue them to you, and more particularly to give His grace to the religious instructions, or recapitulations, that you are now going through, and to the whole preparation you make for the most solemn act of your independent existence, by which you as it were confirm the Sacrament of Baptism received in a period of unconsciousness, and solemnly undertake to be a 'doer of the word,' and not merely a hearer; an actor, and not merely a recipient. My dear, dear boy, may God help you to become indeed independent! to feel that you are come to an age of self-responsibility, in which, from this time forth, the guiding advice and directions of others may be sought as an assistance, but not trusted to as a support: in which you are introduced to 'the glorious liberty of the children of God,' and called upon to act as 'free, but not using your liberty as a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servant of Christ.' In your intellectual acquirements, as well as in your moral consciousness, you are equally called upon to develop an individual existence, and I trust that your best endeavours will not be wanting, and then the blessing of God will not fail. I know, and have experienced, my dear Henry, that is a difficult step to take in life, to resolve to look upon

it as one's duty to judge for oneself, not in the sense of opposition, but in the sense of independence. In the law of Christ is given us 'an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast;' and that is what is to keep us firm, however the winds and waves of this troublesome world may buffet us."

Mrs. Waddington's projected journey was delayed for some time by her own alarming illness at Llanover. But she arrived at Rome in the late autumn of 1834, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Hall. When they returned to England with their infant Caradoc—being recalled by the sudden general election, and posting in eleven days from Rome to Boulogne, Mrs. Waddington, with her little granddaughter,* accompanied the Bunsens to Frascati, and spent the summer in the ground-floor of the Villa Piccolomini, of which the first-floor was occupied by the Bunsens, the whole family living in ever-increasing enjoyment of the view, as well as of the fine airy rooms of the old country palace. At this time the upper-floor of the villa was occupied by M. de Sydow, and M. Abeken, who had been recently married to Miss Thompson, the valued English governess of the Bunsens, after her recovery from an alarming illness, which had at one time seemed hopeless. Madame Bunsen was especially thankful for her mother's presence and advice during this summer, in which the increasing lameness of her second daughter, Emilia, now almost

* Now the Hon. Mrs. Herbert of Llanarth.

entirely confined to her couch, began to cause her great anxiety. In June the sad news of the death of Mrs. Hall's youngest child, Caradoc, nearly caused Mrs. Waddington to set out suddenly homewards, but the risk of travelling with her young granddaughter was so strongly represented to her, that she was induced to put off her departure, and was eventually led, by the urgent solicitations of her daughter and son-in-law, to remain in Rome another winter, in the Palazzo Caffarelli.

Mr. Pusey having promised a living to Henry Bunsen, and his own decision being quite formed for the life of an English clergyman, it was decided to remove him from Schulpforte, and send him to Rugby and Oxford. Meantime he was allowed to return for the winter of 1835—36 to the land of his birth, proceeding in the following April with his grandmother to England, and to Llanover, before going to Rugby.

MADAME DE BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"24 April, 1836.—Having drunk tea, sung a hymn, accompanied by myself instead of Henry, seen Emilia and Mary into bed, and heard them say their prayers, I sit down to write to my dearest Mother, in a place in which she never knew me sit, in the first window of the yellow room, at the round table which used to stand before the corner-couch, and which has been removed to make room for the sofa-table, till now used by my Mother. After you left we set off to Fiumicino, having settled Emilia in the garden, dressing dolls with Angelina, and Mademoiselle

cutting out a doll's frock, the dear twins *à la chasse des Escargots*, picking them off the lilies. The road to Fiumicino is very prettily varied the first half of the way, hills and dells, brooks and meadows, cultivation and country-houses; the trees all out, even oaks and walnuts, a quantity of asphodel in blossom (surely Henry will see, and show that classical plant, the flower of death); several views to draw, particularly looking back from an ascent at S. Paolo and the broad reach of the Tiber and Mount Albano, which I hope to drive to some day, for it is not far. When we reached the sea-shore, the waves were dashing very tolerably for the Mediteranean, and surprised the children much. Sir Thomas Acland and Lord Clifford packed us into two boats to go to his yacht, where we staid till nearly dark.

“My own, own Mother, you blinded yourself by your (farewell) words of tenderness, and they must remain un-commented upon, lest I blind you again; but they are treasured up. Your expressions of approbation revive all those feelings of penitence, which I think were the ruling ones at, before, and after the parting with you, my own Mother. If sin and wilfulness did not mingle in everything, even the best of what is earthly, how much more might I have been to you, my own Mother! if you were to seek to blame, as you seek to be satisfied, how would your approbation have been qualified! But all I could say on this topic shall be unsaid, because it would upset us both. To be able to feel through all that deserves to be felt, to think through all that deserves to be thought, to live up to the level of the situation in which the soul is placed, must be the happiness of a better state: here it is only by

dint of avoiding what we cannot bear, that we prevent being shaken to the foundation: and perhaps everybody's experience tells, that the most intense feelings, of whatever description, never are and never can be communicated."

"7 *May*, 1836.—Mr. Meyer and Dr. Braun* dined with us yesterday, having returned from their archæological tour of nine days. They brought a terrible story of the Princess Canino's sons, Pietro and Antonio, who have been roving about the country, performing all the atrocities of banditti, robbing, carrying off women, and at last committing murder. This murder was on the person of a man almost as bad as themselves, and Meyer, who had been told that one of them had, *per disgrazia*, shot a robber, took it into his head to compliment the Princess upon her son's having rid the country of a public nuisance! The unfortunate mother answered with embarrassment, said she was greatly distressed by the accident, but probably took comfort from the idea that the deed could be represented in the light of a public benefit. However, scarcely had Meyer and Braun left the castle of Musignano, when they learnt that one of the Bonapartes, the guilty one, had escaped, but that the other had been arrested, after having killed on the spot one of the Pope's officers and mortally wounded another, of those sent to arrest him. He is now in the Castel S. Angelo, and the opinions of the Romans are divided as to the manner of the death, which it is supposed he cannot avoid: whether

* The well-known archeologist, who was nicknamed "Storto Collo," from the way in which he held his head on one side to examine coins, &c.

'to save public disgrace,' he will be privately executed, or poisoned!! It seems that 17 years ago such a means of *preserving appearances and satisfying justice* was had recourse to. But that poor unfortunate mother! Whether she has or has not done her utmost to teach her children religion and morality, in any case, how tremendous is the visitation!

"I have profited by one of your injunctions in letting Meyer get me the 'Heart of Midlothian.' Reading it has done good, first by taking off the edge of a curiosity to read the many *later* and unknown works of Sir Walter Scott, based on the merits of the few *earlier* ones known to me. I now know him as a book-maker, as which I never knew him before. It is a proof to me of the present idle taste of the multitude, that so many people have told me this was the very best of the novels! To my feelings it is the very worst I have ever read—without one merit to redeem it, except being founded on a fact in real life, more affecting and more admirable in its real circumstances than in his working out. It is *remplissage* from first to last, mostly or entirely unreadable, but from curiosity; and I am sure the public only like it because they want *goats' flesh and asafetida sauce* to stimulate their pallid appetite. There is advantage taken in this work of every circumstance of natural interest to harrow up the reader's feelings,—instead of sparing them, with the good taste of 'Waverley.' Then the improbabilities are not to be swallowed—the contrivances clumsy and commonplace beyond description.

"We have had much pleasure in seeing Mademoiselle Calandrini, who has had such an astonishing success,

though a Protestant of Geneva, in establishing schools for children of various ages at Pisa, beginning with places for receiving and training infants of from a year and a half to two years old, and proceeding to regular schools for the same children when older. I have not seen for a long time a new acquaintance who so much gave the impression of the head and heart being both right; and she is perfectly natural and pleasing, not the least *apprêtée*, as the Genevans are apt to be.

“Dr. Arnold has sent a short specimen of the style of his Roman History. O were it but finished and published! It will be a treasure to children and to everybody.”

“12 *May*.—Lepsius has been here since Monday. He makes a very satisfactory impression as to character as well as talents, in short he fulfils the expectations created by his letters, which were clear-headed, straightforward, intelligent, full without overflowing. He has a natural polish of manners, but no ceremonial, and is neither forward nor shy: it is inconceivable what materials he has collected for the study of Egyptian antiquities, and his drawings are admirably executed. You may suppose that Charles is very happy to be able to talk of Hieroglyphics, but it does not make him idle: he is very busy all day, and only gets to his treat at meal-times, and in the evenings.”

In the month of June, Bunsen and his wife, with four of their children, enjoyed a carriage-tour to Gaeta, Benevento, Avellino, Salerno, and Naples—“a journey filled with enjoyment, bright with cheerfulness, unembittered by distress or inconvenience.” The later

summer was saddened by the lingering illness of Madame Abeken, who had removed to the rooms in the Villa Piccolomini recently inhabited by Mrs. Waddington,—“her powers of resistance and endurance inconceivable, and her state of mind most edifying, full of faith and hope, and anxious to be gone.” She died in the middle of August, commending her heart-broken husband to the Bunsens in her last moments, so that he became even more than before an object of solicitude and affection to them, and she was buried in the cemetery of Caius Cestius, near the graves of William Waddington, of Augustus Hare, and of Bunsen’s infant children.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

“27 Oct., 1836.—An event in Frascati the week before last, I must now detail: it was nothing less uncommon than the passage of the Pope on the way to Camaldoli, but the circumstances were unusual. Charles had been told of the Pope’s having let fall expressions to the effect of ‘Bunsen keeps quite away—I have not seen him these two years’—which suggested his doing something to prove that his having refrained from seeking opportunities of personal interviews had not originated in any want of respect, but rather in delicacy, from the nature of the negotiations and correspondences going on all that time. He therefore sent an official letter, stating that he had been informed by the Governor of Frascati that his Holiness would come there one day, as usual in passing to Camaldoli to dine; and that he hoped he would take breakfast

by the way at the Villa Piccolomini. You may suppose that he wrote this in his best manner, and also you will imagine that although, all things considered, it was not very likely we should have to go through the undertaking, yet still I was somewhat in hot-water till the answer came—gracious beyond expression, though *for this time declining*, as having promised to stop at Cardinal Pacca's and the Villa Falconieri. At the same time Charles was informed that this *personal* attention had given great pleasure, and when he went over to Castel Gandolfo the day after the Pope arrived there, to wait upon him, he was overwhelmed with caresses. The Pope dwelt with emphasis on his owing his cure* to a Prussian, and said further '*E proprio un suo fratello il quale è venuto per guarirmi*'—from a likeness, real or supposed, in person, between Dr. Alertz and my husband. A day or two later, when the intended visit of the Pope to Frascati took place, it had been settled that Charles should take the opportunity of presenting to him several Prussians, mostly Catholics, when he was in the sacristy, as being far less troublesome than such presentations in Rome, and accordingly he appeared with his train, two ladies and four men, in the small sacristy of the church of Frascati, and was made to approach close to the Pope's chair, on one side, in order the better to make his presentations. The Pope spoke to each of the three Catholic young men (one of them Urlichs) and expressed himself pleased with them—'*Buone faccie, mi piacciono!*'—and after the whole set had retired, Charles prepared to retire also from his post of honour, but the Pope said, '*Restate, restate,*' and went on talking to him,

* From cancer.

so eagerly that he could not move, all the while the Pope remained there, having his foot kissed by a crowd of friars, ladies, and persons of all sorts, as fast as they could come in and go out.

“Alertz has received princely rewards for his cure of the Pope.”

To her SON HENRY.

“19 Nov., 1836.—At present there is no prospect of the gratification of our wish for removal to the south of Germany: I must be satisfied that when God sees it good for us, it will be contrived, for your Father has done all he could to further it. The reasons for wishing it are very decisive—not that an unknown country can in itself be an object of desire to me, and probably neither he nor I will ever have elsewhere the enjoyment of existence that we have in Rome and Frascati; but to be established in a really cheap country, where we could feel that our income was *enough and to spare*, would be an enjoyment such as I have never known yet: and to be within reach of Ernest, and not to be compelled to cast away Charles and George like balls to such a distance as not to be able to catch them again, is the first and most pressing of all reasons for desiring a removal to the north of the Alpine barrier: which, if we had once crossed, there need be no impossibility of our visiting England, and seeing my dear Henry: although, so great is the comfort I experience from having been allowed such a renewal of intercourse and as it were acquaintance, in the last winter, that separation is now comparatively nothing to me, compared to what the separation from Ernest is becoming. When you both went with

your Father to Germany, I parted from you as children : now I have seen you again, in comparative independence and fixedness of character, you understand me, and I understand you, and your letters I can take as really reflecting the state of your mind and thoughts. But each year seems to make Ernest more a stranger, and I confess, not to be enabled to see him, is gradually becoming heavier and heavier to me.

“We have seen much of Papencordt this summer—a first-rate being and a real acquisition. Lepsius is also much here, and helps your Father to refresh himself with Hieroglyphics : indeed your Father is calculating Egyptian chronology (which you know was an old passion) and is making out delightful things. Lepsius is a person of astonishing mental gifts, and of all sorts of talents,—amongst others, musical : he sings and plays delightfully. He is busily engaged, in short there never was such a working colony as that of Frascati.”

“19 Nov.—Dr. Arnold has written to us his decision for your going to Oxford as soon as Easter. . . . I have only therefore to remind you that nothing is demanded of you that is not within reach of straight-forward industry and application, and that it is a certain fact, nothing of lawful and laudable attainment can resist the human will, if only strenuous and unremitting. I think it was a maxim of Maupertuis, ‘Qu’est ce que c’est que *bien vouloir* ? —C’est ne vouloir qu’ une chose, mais la vouloir toujours, dans tous les instans de la vie.’ ”

On the 5th of January, 1837, a twelfth child was born to the Bunsens, making a tenth in the large family

of living children. She was baptized by the names of Augusta Matilda, Dr. Arnold being her god-father.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"14 Feb., 1837.—I have nothing but causes of thankfulness to communicate. My darling baby thrives and grows fatter and heavier every day. . . . One thing that I have long had to tell, and yet have not written, is the satisfaction I feel in the growing *practical* affection I experience from my children. I have felt, more than I could or would tell them, how eager all have been to help me, to be of use to me, to do anything with me or for me—in their various ways."

"22 April.—The Cliffords have had a great loss, and Rome too, in the death of Cardinal Weld, who has died probably in consequence of mistaken treatment. To-day the English College has celebrated a mass for him, in which the music was Mozart's *Requiem*. Monsignor Wiseman held a funeral sermon, in which he introduced a sketch of the Cardinal's life.

"We have parted with the Seymers with great regret, having found them continually improve on acquaintance. I have quite a regard for Miss Seymer,* and hope not to lose connexion with her altogether."

"*Frascati*, 3 July, 1837.—Fancy, my dearest Mother, if you can, anything so extraordinary as our having now a diplomatist-courtier by profession as our daily inmate! You will say how can that be, with the scrambling arrangement, the make-shift furniture of the Villa Piccolomini. Because the Baron de Buch is a good-natured person, with

* Afterwards Mrs. E. Denison, wife of the Bishop of Salisbury.

straight-forward understanding, and perfect good-breeding. He has succeeded Usedom, to whom we had constantly become more and more attached, for he is a most valuable character, with first-rate abilities."

In the three years which had elapsed since the last visit of Bunsen to Berlin, the differences between Prussia and Rome had remained unsettled, and in the meantime the gentle Pius VIII. had given place to Gregory XVI., and the Archbishop of Cologne under whom hopes of conciliation had been entertained had passed away, leaving his place to be filled by the strange appointment of Baron Droste von Vischering, an uncompromising zealot, who, with the character of Thomas à Becket, was resolved to yield no atom of his spiritual power. Still, in June, 1837, hopes of conciliatory arrangements were again entertained at Berlin from the expected arrival of Monsignor Capaccini, the confidential secretary of Consalvi, who since his death had been the one great statesman possessed by Rome, equally "the faithful servant of his Government, and the faithful friend of humanity, which he desired to serve by promoting peace and a good understanding among all sorts and conditions of men."

That Bunsen should again be summoned to Berlin was natural, especially as he had long lived at Rome with Capaccini in relations of personal friendship and mutual esteem. He was desired to come as quickly as possible, so as to arrive before the Papal envoy, and to

use what pretext he chose for his journey. The pretext was found in his taking with him his third and fourth sons, Charles to be placed at Blochmann Institution at Dresden, and George to the school at Schulpforte. When he arrived at Berlin, Bunsen found the King already determined upon the arbitrary removal of the obnoxious Archbishop, who was accused of having entered into the Ultramontane combination of the Belgian bishops, and had given further offence by having proscribed the theological teachers in the University of Bonn, which had been endowed and was supported at the expense of the Prussian Government. Accordingly, on the 20th of November, 1837, the Archbishop was arrested, and conveyed away from his diocese, never more to return. [It was a rash act of despotism, and as such aroused the indignation, not only of the Catholic, but of the Protestant population of Germany.] Its imprudence was afterwards felt by the Government. Bunsen, who had been employed at Berlin to draw up a statement of the whole quarrel between Church and State, was unjustly pointed at as its instigator, although his liberal wishes might have been conclusively proved from his having recently by his personal influence with the King obtained that Catholic soldiers after parade should be held excused from attending the Protestant service, which had hitherto been compulsory.

During his stay at Berlin a way of escape from the difficulties of his position at Rome had seemed to open

for Bunsen in the vacant place of Director-General of the Royal Museum, and in September he sent positive directions to his wife to pack up and prepare for instant removal with the whole family to Germany. But cholera was then raging both at Rome and Berlin, the cordons and quarantines between the two places rendered an immediate journey impossible, and before it could be carried out, Bunsen had discovered that the museum directorship was to be united with other duties which rendered his acceptance of it most undesirable, so that his wife received directions to unpack again, and await further directions. Her calm courage in danger of pestilence, and imperturbable patience amid so many wearisome changes of plans, will be apparent in her own letters, where least of all she sought to exalt herself. Amid the agonizing suspense of the cholera period, surrounded by so many young children, and hearing daily that some valued friend had fallen a victim, she had the support of her son-like friend Heinrich Abeken, whose noble exertions during this trying period were afterwards rewarded by the King of Prussia with the Order of the Eagle, the royal munificence at the same time paying off all debts on the German Hospital at Rome.

In the beginning of December, a Commission was established at Berlin for transacting the affairs of Rome, and immediately after this grand mistake, with enmity behind him, and hostility before him, Bunsen left Berlin. He passed through Vienna, where, owing

to the friendship of the Comtesse Ste. Aulaire, he was kindly received by Prince Metternich, who urged him to delay his journey till the arrival of a fresh courier with some indication of the state of feeling at Rome; but, being overruled by other advice, he proceeded to Trieste. Here letters from his wife awaited him announcing the declaration of the Pope that he would never receive him again. Still, instead of returning to Berlin to defend himself, or awaiting directions from head-quarters, he imprudently pushed on, and he arrived at Rome just before Christmas.

MADAME BUNSEN to BUNSEN.

“17 July, 1837.—It costs a sort of effort to begin to write to you, because it presupposes the certainty of your total absence!—which as yet I can scarcely comprehend. Frances and I breakfasted in inconceivable solitude, and then went to church, which was an inexpressible comfort: in no other way than in taking part in public devotion as a means of edification, could the troubled waves have been equally brought to rest—even had it been possible, by any efforts, to procure two hours of equal quiet in one’s own room, in which to meditate on all that could compose and strengthen the mind, yet just at the moment of need, the mind is not, with me at least, independent enough to find what it most needs, and would either prey upon itself, or at best fall into unprofitable stupour. Abeken chose the hymn ‘In allen meinen Thaten,’ which was just what I could have wished: and his sermon, saying that all fears and exaggerated anxiety as to the future is a sort of denial

of God and his providence, such as those who call themselves Christians should see that they correct and conquer, if they will deserve that name, was peculiarly what I wanted. After church, George's and Charles's poor nurse came, ready to break her heart that she had not been able to take leave of them. At half-past five we set out to return to Frascati, and had a most delightful drive."

"*Frascati*, 13 August, 1837.—I have little to communicate except what is not new, that home and daily occupations, and home-objects, and walks, and drives, and what not, are all very different without my Best-Beloved, to what they were with the addition of his presence. This *worky-day* world, as Shakspeare calls it, never puts on a festal garb, when you are away; there is nothing, thank God, to complain of, there is as yet no distress, but I have not the sensation of enjoyment.

"There is no cholera in Rome, at least I believe not: but there are *algide perniciose*, and *gastriche colerische*, which those who have a mind to be frightened suppose to be only thin disguises for the dreaded monster."

"21 August, 1837.—Thank God, all is well with us, although the storm which has so long been gathering has burst over Rome, and the cholera is an admitted fact there. What the mortality really is, it is difficult to know, but no doubt greater than it need be, if help was granted, and rational measures taken. Monsignor Marini and Monsignor Morichini are said to be very active in distributing food and other assistance to the distressed in Trastevere, but in other quarters of the city it does not seem that anything is done. In that part of the Quirinal occupied by Monsignor Capaccini there have been four cases and two

deaths. The Pope does not leave his apartments. Prince Henry is as yet well, that is, in his usual state. Vollard* is firm at his post.

“As to myself, what should I tell you but that I want you every hour of the four-and-twenty? God bless you and keep you in health of body and mind, guide your steps, and rule your actions.”

To her MOTHER.

“*Frascati*, 22 August, 1837.—The cholera is at last in Rome certainly. The Princess Massimo † had her usual Saturday evening party and was dead on Sunday morning. The dreadful idea of poison possessed the ignorant savages of Rome, and in the Piazza Montanara (very near the Capitol) they fell upon a poor Englishman, a master of the language, who it is said had the imprudence to caress a child, and give it a *ciambella*; he received eleven wounds, was with difficulty dragged away by the soldiers, and brought to the Hospital of the Consolazione, where it is feared that he is by this time dead. This occurrence has startled the Roman government, and a proclamation has been issued announcing summary and severe punishment to anyone who shall dare to speak of poison. It is said the women were more savage than the men. A report went about that the wounded man was a *Prussiano*, and he was even improved into a *Maestro Prussiano*—*il Maestro del Ministro di Prussia*, so that Bravo ran in a fright to the Capitol to know if it was indeed Urlichs, Abeken, or

* An intimate friend of Bunsen, private-secretary to Prince Henry of Prussia.

† From the terror which pervaded all classes, the body of the Princess Massimo had to be carried to the grave by galley-slaves, as no other persons could be found to perform the office.

Kellermann. A priest has also been ill-treated by a *limonaro*, for giving sugar-plums to some girls of his acquaintance, but carabinieri were luckily near enough to save his life. In Trastevere there is considerable mortality, but then no physician dares practise there, the temper of the people is so savage, and the idea of poison so general. Tremendous was the uproar of devotion on the Madonna-festival; processions barefoot and howling out litanies crowded the Gesù-church, whither the wonder-working image has been brought from Sta. Maria Maggiore. Of these processions it was observed that the one from Monte Caprino out-screamed two or three others. In the evening there was a general illumination to propitiate the Madonna, and the whole population paraded the streets in their best clothes.

“Here in Frascati we have as yet no cholera, tho’ much sickness, as usual when the heat bursts out all at once after a long period of unusual coolness. Frascati is apparently rational and enlightened, as being the only town around Rome that is not closed against all that would enter. Albano, Marino, little Grotta-Ferrata, &c., let no creature in, but Frascati trusts in — S. Rocco! He is the patron-general of *pestiférés*—he saved Frascati from the plague in the 16th century, when it was just at the gates, and caused a miraculous image of himself to be found, which is still in his church, *noi siamo divoti di S. Rocco*, and how should the cholera get here? So they let all fugitives in, and such carriages-full come from Rome, that I cannot guess where they sleep. I confess I cannot manage to get frightened, which I really think must be stupidity and want of imagination.”

To BUNSEN.

“26 August, 1837.—So I have passed your birthday without yourself—for the first time for twenty years: I wish it may be the last. I asked Papencordt and young Abeken* to dinner, and treated all with some ice, which made the children exceedingly happy. In the evening we went to the Villa Muti, and returned late enough for Theodore to see to his satisfaction the *Miloh Strasse*, which he has learnt to pronounce in German, and had asked to be shown many evenings when the moon had been bright. After dinner I allowed myself also an amusement—which you know to me is a great one, though rare—that of reading a novel of Walter Scott’s—‘*Quentin Durward*.’

“Abeken will give you the details of the awful scenes going on at Rome—the death and burial of poor Houseal, the murdered Englishman, and the death, alas! by cholera, of the Norwegian from Drontheim, who was such a faithful member of our congregation, and of the choir. Such a scene of misery and confusion and terror and unreasonableness as Rome at this moment, can I suppose hardly be imagined:—nineteen galley-slaves, employed to form the new burial-ground near S. Paolo, have seized the arms of the soldiers when piled, and made off: some have escaped, and others were taken:—there have been two attempts at insurrection in Rome, to prevent the establishment of cholera-hospitals within the town, the fools not considering that the only chance for the life of those attacked is to have no long journey to make. But each several individual of this

* Wilhelm Abeken, first cousin to Madame Bunsen’s “son-like” friend. His first writings on the “Remains of Etruscan Civilization” were much applauded. He died young.

enlightened population, as long as not attacked himself or herself, considers every cholera-patient as an excommunicated being, of whom it matters not what becomes. The Princesses Massmio and Chigi have been conveyed to the same public burial-ground with the rest near S. Paolo. All Rome is sighing after the Austrians, that is, that class which has property to protect, and believes the Pope has begged them to come: but I daresay that is not true. The convent of the Trinità de' Monti was among the first places attacked, although hermetically closed: several nuns have died, and the report goes that Lord Clifford's daughter is ill. But this proof that nunneries are not safe, is of no avail; every private house that possesses the means is closed against all comers."

"28 Aug.—As yet Frascati is not attacked, except by fear. Hitherto the *divozione a S. Rocco* keeps up such a degree of courage, that free passage is allowed to all such as do not confess to having had deaths from cholera in their house at Rome: only everybody is fumigated at the entrance of the town, to the great suffering of the daily-passing *vetturini*, some of whom are said to spit blood from the quantity of Chlor they have inhaled. At Monte Porzio they now let no one pass, as Urlichs and Papencordt experienced, who rode yesterday to make a visit to Monsignor Wiseman, and could not get the guard to receive their cards. The reason of this proceeding is said to be, that having formed no idea of fumigation but making a great fire before the gate, and then driving people round it or through it, they scorched a woman and burnt her ass, to a degree that made it clear the practice must be abandoned. Thus as the neighbouring *passi* will let nobody in

from Frascati, Frascati has established a system of reprisals, and has guards at every corner to keep out all that are from the neighbourhood. At Albano, where they were so savage in exclusion from the first, cholera has appeared.

“ My Best-Beloved, I write on other things with a sort of shuddering aversion to communicating what is uppermost—that Tommaso* has been seized with the cholera! It was in the night of Saturday, but not till Sunday morning did he send for a physician: every care has been taken of him, by Abeken’s kind superintendence, but as the second stadium had commenced before the medical assistance could be given, there is little hope. Before this letter is closed I shall be able to tell you whether this severe loss has befallen us or not. He at least has not wanted what most of the poor patients have been deprived of—care and kindness. Angelina and Pietro are most zealous and fearless, and also Rosa from the hospital. Pantaleone has attended him, and the advice of Tagliabò was asked. I have the less hope that he can get over it, because he had been long in a state of spiritless terror, which gave him no chance. . . . All are yet well in this house, and I feel thankful for every day passed in health, which one ought always to feel, but it needs a nearer threatening of the horrors of pestilence to be reminded of mercies daily received.

“ 28 August (Evening).—My Best-Beloved, our faithful Tommaso is indeed lost to us. He expired on Sunday evening, 27th, at sunset—before I had received the first tidings of his illness, which was of 24 hours’ duration. I

* The Bursens’ house-steward, husband of the faithful Angelina.

can write no more now, for I am obliged to take to my bed, by an unusual degree of migraine: it was aggravated, no doubt, by the great shock I have received. But you know I always tell you the truth, so that you will not apprehend anything more or worse. . . . I am indescribably thankful now that you are not here, you would feel bound to go to Rome, and what a misery that would be."

"*Frascati*, 30 *August*, 1837.—What shall I say of the turmoil of thoughts and feelings, caused by your letter of the 14th?*" But all that I can think or feel is absorbed in one feeling, in the conviction, that whatever you decide upon, I shall be satisfied with. Causes of anxiety I have enough, as to the fulfilment of all you write of, because you know not the present awful state of the country: but all may yet be well. If it please God to save us from the pestilence, He can do so under any circumstances—here at *Frascati*, or through the bustle of packing and settling affairs in Rome."

"2 *Sept.* 1837.—Yesterday Kellermann breathed his last! O my Best-Beloved! it is indeed walking in 'the valley of the shadow of death:' and I feel so relieved that you are not here in the midst of the danger, that I know not how to wish for the speedy return that your last letter promised! But if things are wonderfully so arranged as to enable you to realise your plans, it will be a sign that it pleases God to take us away from hence, and then He will help us through. We are, thank God, all well as yet, and the pestilence has not reached *Frascati*: but if you come, you will find all looking less fresh than when you

* A letter desiring Madame Bunsen to pack up and come to Berlin, with full directions, soon afterwards contradicted.

left us. The season, independent of the pestilence, must have been a trying one. You will believe we take all care as to diet: no fruit has been touched by anybody this long time.

“Poor Abeken asserts that he is well, and as he is in the active discharge of duty, I trust he will be supported: but it is indeed a hard trial, with weakened health not half recovered, to stand alone in the breach. Lepsius is daily expected, but I write to day to urge his coming here to inhabit Abeken’s vacant room, and not risking remaining in Rome, coming as he does fresh from Tuscany. His presence might be a comfort to Abeken, but also an anxiety, for he has no sound constitution to struggle with. Kellermann sent for Abeken at five o’clock in the morning—he was already very bad: Pantaleone came directly, afterwards Dietz (celebrated for successful practice), he wanted no help that could be given, but at one o’clock he had expired. The burial was to take place this morning early.

“The poor people at Monte Caprino are now crowding round Pantaleone, when he comes up to the Capitol, and some have asked for medicine from our Hospital. This is indeed a satisfactory circumstance—and this is after people about Piazza Montanara and the Consolazione had uttered threats to burn the Hospital—the day of the murder of the Englishman Houseal, and when the first report existed, that it was a Prussian who had been seized as a prisoner. I would not write this in my first letter—now the storm may be considered to have blown over. Abeken caused alms to be given to the most distressed about the hill, by Don Felice: but of course could not venture to give

either soup or food. Everything is getting very del Rome. A conspiracy has been discovered, of wred who intended to burn and plunder the palaces of sud they supposed might have deposits of money—Borgd Piombino, Banco S. Spirito, &c. Wild stories are tol a plan of seizing the Pope and changing the governm probably not true. My Best-Beloved! I will close report of death and distress, in thankfulness that we as yet personally spared. Were we but re-united!”

To her MOTHER.

“5 Sept., 1837.—Frascati has as yet been spared t awful scourge, and though, the season being an unwha some one, there is much sickness, independent of t worst: the children have been quite well, and myself a Abeken has been fixed in Rome ever since the disor was declared to exist, and he is wonderfully supported unceasing exertion and anxiety. But we have had severe loss in Tommaso, which I have not felt the la because I anticipated that he could make no resistance the poisoned atmosphere. He has served us ten years, a never abused the most implicit confidence;—and I ne not tell my Mother that if I knew of twenty people co petent for his place (whereas I know not of one) n sorrow would not be diminished. The 1st Septemb Kellermann was carried off in eight hours, which Abek will not easily get over. He too was close at hand, a help and remedies were had without delay. A Norwegi cabinet-maker we knew and valued died in the hospita two other cholera patients there have recovered: but a such of course keep Abeken in continual exertion. In o

person who has taken up much of his time and received much comfort from him, I have taken great interest since I made her acquaintance in May last—Mrs. Vaughan, young widow, with a fine boy of four years old, who is now an orphan. She was a niece of Mr. Craven who lives at Naples. I never heard the name of her family, but her father had a place in the Mauritius, where she was born and bred. She married at sixteen against the will of her parents, and at nineteen was left a widow immediately after landing at Leghorn among strangers. She however found kind-hearted people to help her, and came on, with an old Scotch lady as a protection, to Florence, where she had a dangerous illness. From Florence I received a letter about her, and since she arrived in Rome I have seen her as often as I could. From a strange irresolution, she staid on in Rome, till she got a dangerous fever: from that she was recovering, when the cholera exhausted the remains of vital strength. Abeken sat by her for hours, many days together, and says the struggle was hard for such youth to part with life: she did at last overcome, and was not only resigned but full of joyful hope. She and Mr. Burlowe the sculptor are the only English who have yet fallen victims to the cholera. Lord Clifford and the English College are said to have exerted themselves to do good to the sufferers in this time of complicated misery: also the Jesuits; Alessandro Torlonia has distinguished himself by increasing the number of his workmen, distributing to the poor, and fearlessly driving out. Almost all other persons of name have shut themselves in their palaces, but they do not shut the cholera out: many individuals of rank were among

the first victims, and if they were to be so, it is as well that it was at first, to help to quell the dreadful suspicion among the people, that there was a conspiracy to poison the poor. The Princess Chigi has followed the Massimo, and Monsignor Chigi, for whom the Prince had to borrow the hearse of the Protestants! that he might be taken *con decenza* to the cemetery at S. Lorenzo. The young Duke of Fiano, and Conte Bolognese, husband of the young Brancadoro, are among the dead."

"*Frascati*, 15 *Sept.*, 1837.—Thank God all about me are still well, not only free from the dreadful visitation, but even from the fevers of the season. But, my own Mother, I have received a summons from my husband to follow him with all the children to Berlin, as soon as possible!!—and therefore have more upon my hands than you can quite imagine, or I enumerate. The embarrassment is increased by the present state of Rome, for everybody cautions me against going from the uninfected air into the contagion, until it is more nearly abated, and I can do very little as to preparation till I am on the spot. But the disorder is abating fast, and the season has changed into the finest autumnal weather, and I have hopes that I may speedily remove and set to work, for the time is short to get to Berlin before it is complete winter. From several letters I perceived that plans were in agitation to detain him, although he could not write plainly, under the consciousness that the letters would be opened: nor has he explained anything, but the matter of fact necessary for me to know—that his present post in Rome is continued to him, that a very large sum was to be advanced for his expenses in the removal of his family, besides the continu-

ance of his allowance: which I am soon to receive. His having had a long personal conference with the King, on the business in which he is engaged, was mentioned by the way, and was a very satisfactory circumstance to me. I have always been reminding him, that he could never hope for success, unless he made out that his communications with the King were to be immediate. The whole matter is to appear as if provisional, but I cannot think, that when once over the Alps, we shall return.

“My own dearest Mother, I write, as you see, the most dry unsatisfactory account of this most important crisis, that can be conceived: but I must keep feelings out of the question, that I may if possible continue fit for action. Reflection tells me how highly satisfactory this change is, on the whole,—how highly necessary in short: and I must not set about objecting to some attendant circumstances of hurry and plague, fatigue and responsibility, which if I had a choice should have been otherwise. To have to think of taking leave of these beloved and lovely scenes only so short a time before I leave them, is a great advantage. The children you may suppose, are all spirits—Emilia quite wild. The twins take it the most quietly, tho’ Theodore says, ‘Je suis bien aise que je vais vois la neige!’”

To ABBEKEN (at Rome).

“*Frascati*, 13 August, 1837.—When you communicated your intention of passing in solitude the solemn anniversary,* I so fully understood and sympathised in the feeling which prompted you to seek, not uninterrupted indulgence

* Of his wife's death.

of sensation, but undisturbed converse with your own soul and with God, who did not send a warning so awful but for his own purpose of universal good,—that I could not utter one word of objection, feeling as if I should indeed be counteracting great things by insignificant ones, if I sought to withhold you from the *geweihtes Manna lesen** by anxiety for your health: but I have since felt that I ought to urge upon you the duty of circumscribing your stay in Rome, and though I cannot expect of you to give up Tuesday evening, yet at latest on Wednesday morning you should in regard to your health return here. As twelve months ago, at my request, you were induced to leave those remains of what had so recently been life and feeling and intelligence, in order to give your exhausted body the needed rest, for the sake of that affectionate father who has been bereaved of so much, and to whom nothing remains on earth but yourself,—so I hope you will now renounce your intention of remaining in Rome over the funeral anniversary which I have only just learnt to be your purpose.

“Most earnestly do I pray that every blessing you need may attend the season of awful retrospect. Ever yours with maternal affection, F. BUNSEN.”

“23 August, 1837.—If you could make it possible to see the Platners again, I should be much obliged to you if you will explain that I can contrive seven beds for them, and the *bianchi* and *tavole* for an eighth, and that I have *coperti di lana* for the beds, but not *biancheria*. Change of air would do them more good, than exposure to the air can do evil.

* This expression occurs in a hymn of the 17th century.

"Were it not for the fumigating apparatus, I should ask whether you think you can be spared to spend my husband's birthday with us: and yet you must judge yourself whether it is right to be out of the way—perhaps not: the more because if any German should be taken ill, there is nobody to secure his being brought to the hospital if you should be absent. We are all well."

"24 August.—You will be assured of the sympathy with which I have read your truly melancholy accounts, and I should not have hinted even at your coming over here, had I known of there being a case in our hospital. . . . Yet pray have a regard to your own health and do not go on sitting up all night with patients. I do not complain of your doing so in the first instance:—it was necessary to watch over physician and attendants, as much as the patient: but when you have broken them in, you can economize your own strength, and must do so, if you would not be exhausted."

"August 26.—At the gates of Frascati admittance has been refused to the Ciampi family, because a death from cholera (of a blooming daughter) had taken place among them. I cannot therefore help being alarmed lest the Platners should be sent back, because two of the party will look as if recovering from the cholera. It occurs to me that it might be good for Platner to write beforehand to the *Governatore* of Frascati, enclosing a certificate from the physician, that in his house there has been nothing but *febbre intermittente non contagiosa*. He had better also mention that he is coming to inhabit *in caso del Ministro di Prussia a Villa Piccolomini*."

"August 27.—I must write, but know not what—except

my most heartfelt thanks for your care of Tommaso. I have no hope of his recovery. How little I can spare him, I scarcely was aware before: I ought not to be so overset—I ought only to be thankful that *as yet* nobody still nearer has been touched. For God's sake take care of yourself. . . .

“Or if, what I cannot hope, Tommaso should yet be alive when this note arrives, say to him, or let him be told, all he can bear of the shock I have received in the anticipation of his loss,—even to the tears, which I reprove myself for shedding because they can do him no good, and myself only harm: and let Angelina be assured of my most affectionate sympathy, and have a charge to take care of herself all she can.”

“31 *August*.—I have been busy this morning with poor Tommaso's papers, and wish his example may take effect in proportion to the emotion it has occasioned. How it does strike me to see that paper of accounts again, which I had received and returned to him three days before his death, and on which with such admirable exactness, he had, to the last, noted down sums! It is an example not to forget: for though possessed by the general fear of death, he could have thought as little as any of us that he was not to see the next week.

“The anecdote of Prince Chigi and the hearse is most remarkable! as is also the confidence of the poor people at Monte Caprino. As to the giving of soup, I should think it was too great a risk, unless to individuals who should make a special request for it, and then as quietly as possible.

“That the body of Monsignor Chigi should have no accompanying clergy, is beyond conception!”

To ABEKEN (on the news of Kellermann's death).

"1 Sept. 1837.—Alas! what shall I say, when I feel so much! May God support and strengthen you! He does, and He will: that is so entirely my confidence, that, most strangely, as it might seem, I cannot be alarmed about you, altho' the circumstances of danger in which you are placed are for ever present to me:—the will of God is inscrutable! but of His dispensations we see but a part—they must be completed elsewhere, in fulness of justice, and perfection of mercy. 'Ese cuerpo fué depositario de una alma en quien el Cielo puso infinitas partes de sus riquezas!' on this fact let us rest—leaving what we valued to the will of God, who has not created any man 'for nought.' He has but taken that away, which in this mortal state was incompetent to farther progress towards the end and object of moral existence. That we do not know what the divine mercy has in reserve for such as have not complied with the only conditions on which we believe it can be granted—need not distress us: God has ways of helping that we know not of.

" . . . To walk thus in the valley of the shadow of death is an awful thing! to see the destroying angel almost in visible form, and his shafts flying in every direction—a thousand falling in our sight, and hundreds at our right hand! If indeed *we* at last are spared, should we not look upon ourselves as consecrated by the fiery ordeal to work the work of God in the remainder of life, more especially?

"May God's grace be upon you—better than I can wish—above all I can conceive!"

"Sept. 2.—Should Lepsius arrive, will you not offer him to occupy your vacant bed at Villa Piccolomini. Pray

assure him of being very welcome to me—and surely after the wholesome air in Tuscany, he should not brave the pestilence in Rome. If you could come for a night, you could get sleep here—but I cannot be of opinion that you ought—I believe you would drive back to Rome more susceptible of poisonous air for having inhaled better. And somebody might, like Kellermann, send to you at five o'clock in the morning! You see how I reckon upon your not wanting Lepsius to stay with you. I think the increase of anxiety would do away with all comfort from his presence, and an occasional hour of solitude must do more good than harm, for in such solitude you can go to Him who alone can give strength for the hour of exertion.”

“5 Sept., 1837.—What you say about the *frische Lebenshauch* that you experienced in the presence of Lepsius, struck me with reference to myself. I am used to inhale nothing *but* that atmosphere of life, and now, unless Lepsius brings it, where should I find it? When my husband is at home, all that lives in his neighbourhood must be *alive*.”

“7 Sept.—I was affected indeed by the account of the two deathbeds. What scenes you had to go through! It is self-evident that one has only to thank God for having graciously removed Mrs. Vaughan from a world with which she could not contend: and that we do not equally feel the reasons for thanking Him for the removal of Kellermann, is owing to our short-sightedness.”

“10 Sept.—In the first place, I am well—weak to be sure, but already stronger than when I rose this morning, from the delicious air:—the weather was to-day so glorious, the country so beautiful, that it gave a sensation of melan-

choly—I do not mean quite that, but a sobered and serious consciousness of beauty and splendour not intended for the every-day use of this ‘worky-day world.’ Secondly, more thanks than I can write for your kindness and anxiety, but you must not distress yourself so much, any more than write yourself dead. Remember the favourite proverb, ‘Die Suppe.’* Pray do not let them call you up in the night every time a sick person gets a fancy—*Sie sind auch ein Mensch*. Good night! God bless you!”

“12 *Sept.*—God support and comfort you! and further, rouse and stimulate you to the fulfilment of all He will have performed by you! of all, for which He granted you the powers and gifts you possess! They were not intended for ornaments, nor playthings.

“Meyer frightens me with accounts of the threats of burning the hospital.—But, God can help.”

“23 *Sept.*—God bless you! do not be in any alarm about me, because I tell you the truth, that I feel neither active nor cheerful.”

To her MOTHER.

“25 *Sept.*, 1837.—On Thursday I went to Rome to make preparations for packing, &c. . . . I returned quite depressed by the melancholy state of everything—Angelina coming to meet me on the stairs, like a ghost—Tommaso not there, who was always there on previous occasions—Pietro greatly altered by what he has gone through: everybody I saw grieved at our departure, which as far as Angelina is concerned, is really the greatest misfortune,

* A German proverb, “Soup is never eaten so hot as brought on the table.”

apparently, that could happen to her, as to which I know not how to offer her consolation."

"*Rome, 2 October, 1837.*—Here I have been, my own dearest Mother, since the day before yesterday, and I am, and have been, in such a whirl of business, that only for moments can I be conscious of the sensation of leave-taking. I know as a fact that I have left Villa Piccolomini, probably never to see it again: but having no leisure to dwell on the feelings and reflections called forth by that fact, I have been enabled to avoid all enervating emotion. How I am to give you an account of what I have done, or am likely to do, I know not: for how I am to finish what is to be done in ten days, is beyond my conception. Packing up is the least part. The most necessary part for you to know is that I am well and strong, which is more than I have felt for near a month: just the last four days I have experienced a vast difference, without knowing why or wherefore except that one must never doubt having the strength granted that is necessary, whether of body or mind."

It was after all this that Madame Bunsen heard, and received with equal equanimity, that all was changed, Bunsen was to return to Rome—the departure was indefinitely deferred.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"1 Nov., 1837.—I have read some part of the 'Life of Sir Walter Scott,' with the greatest pleasure and interest: though it is often a very melancholy pleasure; it is something like watching a boat riding on the smooth surface with swiftness imperceptibly increasing, knowing as we do

that a few miles further on is the waterfall, down which the same current will dash, carrying the same frail bark to unavoidable destruction. He was reserved to do bitter penance for the political and literary pique which tempted him to engage in booksellers' speculations, and render his talents mere instruments of trade and profit. I often think, in considering life and biography, of a verse of Göthe, signifying 'Every error finds its retribution on earth.' I firmly believe this to be true, distinguishing error from sin: for sin the Christian dispensation offers an all-sufficient atonement, to those who will become partakers of it, but that atonement applies to another state of existence, and cannot shield us from the consequences, which in the scheme of God's moral government of the world are inseparably annexed to certain courses of feeling and action. It is not often that we can know enough of the history of our fellow-creatures to trace this: but reflection upon our own, when we try to tell ourselves the truth without self-deception, will often reveal the fact, which I think Madame de Staël had in her mind when she wrote—'Vous souffrez longtems, vous prospérez longtems, sans l'avoir mérité, quand tout à coup la scène se change, le mot de votre énigme se révèle; et le mot, la conscience l'avait bien dit, avant que le destin ne l'eût répété.'

"After tea, Abeken reads to me, and I work cross-stitch on week days, and treat myself to drawing on Sunday evenings. What he reads is generally Niebuhr's 'Roman History,' which he helps me to understand: for though an inexhaustible mine of information to the learned, it is too full of the language of allusion and suggestion to be accessible to the ignorant."

BUNSEN to MRS. WADDINGTON.

“*Berlin, 12, Oct. 1837.*—Six weeks ago it was almost decided that I was to remain here, as the King’s Envoy, but with a special commission for a year. This has been one of the most trying epochs of my life. I *could* not obtain decision *before* the 25th of September, and this was evidently the last time to write to Fanny and bid her come over the Alps with all our treasures. What was to be done? To tell F. to prepare for the *probability*, do every thing preparatory for the journey, and still be not disappointed if at last the thing was settled definitively for the contrary. I knew her great soul could bear such an uncertainty, such a trial. No sooner had she received the intimation (without the reasons, for I was not allowed to write them) in the midst of cholera and quarantines, and stoppages and cordons, and all sorts of disorders, vexations, dangers of life, murders, &c., than she settled every thing at Frascati and at Rome, packed up, made arrangements for everything, and still did nothing that could commit her, if we did not go. But, what is more admirable still, is that she does not complain any more of the *hardness* of uncertainty, than of the difficulty of overcoming trials which men declare insurmountable. Her letters state every difficulty, but each statement is followed by such expressions as: ‘Never mind—*vedremo* and I shall get through it—all will be done that must be done—I feel as high-spirited as ever,’ &c.”

MADAME BUNSEN to BUNSEN.

“14 Oct. 1837.—Lord Clifford has called. He spoke of the dreadful period that Rome had passed through,

in which his active benevolence has been universally acknowledged; and said justly, that the death of about ten thousand people who had not the means of living (the whole mortality is estimated by moderate persons at 12,000) is not the calamity: but rather the difficulty of providing for the four thousand orphans left—that there had been an immense sum collected for the sufferers in cholera, and a number of plans made for disposing of it, but not one of those plans executed, and therefore little or no help had been received from it. He related anecdotes proving the sacrifice of lives occasioned by the brutal removal of the sick from their own beds, at a moment when they most required medical treatment, and transporting them to hospitals miles distant, often to one or two in succession, until a vacant bed could be found, which bed received the patient but to expire. In short, the whole substance of his communications proved a state of vicious disorganization everywhere.

“I hear of one Pasquinade, and but one as yet, about the cholera. Pasquino says—‘Ma come, Signor Abbate cholera, le abbiamo ricevuto in Roma con tante cerimonie, con illuminazioni, processioni, feste, e lei non ha avuto tanta creanza chi di far visita nè dal Papa, nè dai Cardinali!’ The cholera answers ‘E vero,—ha mille volte ragione; per questa volta parto, ma poi *tornerò*, e riparerò il mancamento!’ It is a fact that the Pope refused to let his physician, who was shut into the Quirinal, go to a choleric patient.”

“18 Oct. 1837.—They now assert here, *in the face of facts*, that the cholera has ceased—having on Sunday sung a Te Deum at Sta. Maria Maggiore, in the

Pope's presence, for the removal of the scourge, and Monday a Requiem at St. Peter's for those who had died under it. We went to St. Peter's where the *catafalco* we raised in that arm of the cross were the Lavanda take place, and it had a fine effect: but there were no benches for the Corps Diplomatique, or for anybody but the dignified clergy, and altogether not many people were in the church, the rest of which was decked out in preparation for a Beatification, which is to take place next Sunday. Various miracles of the Beato were painted in the church, with different inscriptions, one of which is that verse of one of the Psalms, with which you have often been edified, and once together with Chateaubriand. I shall write the Latin wrong, but you will recollect it—'quod non cognovi litteras'—*therefore*, I enter into the kingdom of heaven!"*

"23 Oct. 1837.—Your dear letter containing so many proofs and expressions of your love, might well make all the amends possible for the tidings of new delay as to your return. May you but be here at Christmas, my Dearest! I thank God for the assistance granted to get us out of our difficulties, but am lost in conjecture *how* you could contrive to obtain it! now that we do not make a journey: but I will be contented in this matter, and so many others, with the fact, until I can get the explanation. What you

* A few days after the Polignac Ministry had been established by Charles X., Bunsen was visiting the Sistine Chapel. He had been conversing with one of his colleagues on the most unexpected appointment which had taken place, and the collocator had just remarked upon Polignac's unfitness and almost entire want of the most ordinary knowledge, when the choir set in. The first Psalm sung contained the words quoted. Bunsen pointed them out to his neighbour, who tried in vain to look serious for the rest of the service!

of a '*sorgenfreies Leben*' would be a great comfort to have verified, but unless the *habitual state of things* is to be placed on a different footing, leaving the circle of receipt always a little wider than that of expenditure, we shall be only *ausser Sorgen* for a given time.

“ My Best-Beloved, there is nothing more certain than that, if one did not ungratefully forget the gratifications one is allowed, a harmless wish is sooner or later gratified, oftener in life than one is apt to think. How often I have wished that I could ever be allowed a time to enjoy Rome in! and regretted never being there at a period when weather, season, and leisure were together favourable to a free and comfortable existence. Now this month of October is of real perfection, the sky clear, the air fresh, the sun brilliant, no strangers here to take up one's time, no social trammels to prevent the free disposal of it. So I go out daily, and every day see something interesting: there is one great want, that you are not here, but whatever I see, I live in the hope of seeing it again with you. I was the other day at S. Lorenzo, and after dinner Abeken read what you have written about it. The aspect of the burial-ground is comfortless, but yet more shocking is it to see, that those who have died of cholera are treated there as excommunicated: a hole broken in the enclosure-wall, serves as a passage to the open, unenclosed, uneven field, in which long rough furrows, covered with loose earth as if by the plough, show where the human seed divine has been deposited. Tommaso however was laid in the consecrated ground of the cemetery, intended for those *morti di mali pii*, for that is the phrase, to distinguish cholera as *male impio*:—the heathen had juster notions, for they

thought the special scourge of God had a sanctifying influence. The reason that Tommaso and many others came into the more decent place, was the creditable one that '*quelli bughi per li colerici non erano allora terminati*,' and, as you know, the date of his burial was the 28th August, eight days after the existence of cholera was admitted, and four weeks after it had begun. It is a most extraordinary fact, that as far as I can procure information, he was the only sufferer who received decent burial, always excepting the Protestants. Pietro accompanied the funeral procession, and assures me the priests, ten in number, with the Archiprete at their head, followed the corpse to the grave, where the absolution was performed by the Archiprete according to rule; whereas Monsignor Chigi was followed only by two empty carriages, two *torci a vento* being borne by the side of the *borrowed* hearse containing his remains, and not a single priest was there. The impression must have been, that as the Protestants bury their own dead reverently, you would expect that your servant should be interred with decency, as it was done at your expense: and Pietro's witnessing the whole probably did much to secure the performance of what was undertaken."

"26 Oct., 1837.—My Dearest, it has been an event in my life to become acquainted with the tragedies of Sophocles, which Abeken has been reading to me. O! I cannot wonder at the enthusiasm these ancient Greeks inspire, it would only seem as if not half enough had been said of the sublimity of their conceptions. There is an intensity of beauty and grandeur in the two *Cedipus*-pieces, to which only that of the remains of their sculpture can be compared: with all the interest attending individuality, with

all the greatness of abstractions!—all the tenderness for others, of which the human heart is capable, with all the fortitude of self-sacrifice to religious convictions; none of that weakness of feeling, which after all is grounded in selfishness or self-compassion!—the laws of God throughout held paramount to all, no rebellion against eternal, immutable truth! in short, in the real sense of the word, religion, and true religion: although but the dawn, yet awaiting the perfect day. These readings take place after tea, whenever Buch and his satellite Urlichs go to the theatre together.”

“22 *Nov.*, 1837.—Yesterday your youngest son, my most particular delight, asked to go up the tower of the Capitol, and your eldest daughter condescended to wish to see a gallery. So we enjoyed ourselves amongst the Corsini pictures, and then walked in the Corsini gardens to the top of the Janiculum, the prospect glorious, the air clear as crystal, the Velino and Leonessa each one mass of snow. I have been lately, with the children and Abeken, in several vignes on the Aventine, from each of which there is a new and beautiful point of view: and enjoy the thought of making Sunday walks thither with you, my Dearest, whenever you are really here again: the time grows more and more tedious, the more the time, please God, approaches.”

“25 *Nov.*—Frances and Mary, Theodore and Theodora, with Abeken, have accompanied me to the top of the tower of the Capitol, where we long enjoyed ourselves, basking in the sun, and beholding the prospect. Afterwards we went into the Museum for a short time, and concluded with the garden.”

"27 Nov., 1837.—I have been reading the *Life of Walter Scott*, in which I have an indescribable interest. But Walter Scott was in a melancholy manner, the *man of his own time*—a time in which men made use of their powers, and gifts, and qualities, to produce effect, attain an end, among their contemporaries, in short, made a gambling speculation with their talents, instead of aiming after an ideal standard, and seeking to satisfy their own conceptions of excellence. Walter Scott did not like his own writings, in particular his own poetry, but he wrote with spirit, as an actor performs a part in which his feelings have no share, enjoying the sympathy and applause of the public: and afterwards reckoning upon that sympathy and applause as a ground of speculation, to help him out of pecuniary difficulties into which he had unnecessarily fallen. Yet his was a fine mind, and his letters, which express his feelings and affections, have an indescribable charm: his liberality of sentiment, and delight in the writings of contemporaries, is most amiable, but he does not appear to have had any more critical judgment than Overbeck as to the works of contemporary painters, and probably for the same reason, supplying by his imagination all that was wanting.

"I have now proceeded with Abeken to the end of Niebuhr, and can conceive what you must feel at the melancholy and sudden break at the end of the third volume: it gives an awful consciousness of what death is, that breaking off in the midst of the fullness of life, when the current of thought seemed setting so strong. But nobody can ever continue that work,—his mind was a magic mirror that reflected the very *form and body* of

ancient Roman time; and that magic mirror is broken, and the vision ceases."

"9 Dec., 1837.—I have nothing to tell, but *das ewige Lied*—will you indeed return? can you return? can you be on the way? The one thought of your being, comparatively speaking, so near, confounds all other thoughts! and yet there is enough to write about besides. The Pope has called a Consistory, and held an Allocution, on the subject of late events: the language of complaint and condemnation is as strong as possible, with the highest praise of the Archbishop of Cologne, and approbation of his sentiments and conduct. But from the tone of the whole, it might be supposed that the question of the mixed marriages was the sole point at issue, and that opposition to the wishes of the King's government on that head was the sole offence of the Archbishop. It is made a great ground of complaint that the intentions of the King's government were not made known here until after they had been executed."

To her SON GEORGE (at *Schulpforte*).

"Rome, 9 Dec., 1837.—Your three letters received the same day, by myself, by Abeken and Urlichs, gave, all taken together, a very complete idea of your present situation; and it makes me sad enough to think how little comfort you can have in it. But the object of human existence is not to be as comfortable as possible in every stage of its progress, but to make every advantage possible of the circumstances, whether pleasing or unpleasing, into which the path of life may successively bring you. I can well guess how peculiarly bitter must be the want of sympathy among companions in study and play, who

having all to go the same way, and all to combat with the same difficulties, might be supposed willing to show others the kindness they must be conscious of wanting. But a school is the image of life, schoolboys do but show what the natural man is, before he has been worn smooth in some degree by the world's rough billows; or what is not only higher and better, but alone efficient, before the discipline of the cross of Christ, received by a free and willing spirit, has subdued the native powers of hatred and selfishness, which lead the natural man to delight in giving pain rather than pleasure, because he looks upon everything desirable which another enjoys, as stolen from himself. The advantage, however, and an inestimable one, of the foretaste of the world which is experienced in a school, is the being habituated to a steady course of conduct, with responsibility to your own conscience alone: '*fais que dois, advienne que pourra*'—as the old French motto of, I forget what French king says. It is well to have experience early of the uselessness of endeavouring to please the multitude—who ever follow those who do not run after them, but show themselves independent in doing right.

“Dass dieser Aufenthalt Epoche in deinem Leben mache, konntest du nicht verhindern; dass sie aber deiner werth sei, hängt von dir ab!”—I trust I shall find my George again, having by God's assistance held fast and improved the notions of right and wrong that he brought from home, and being confirmed in habits of conscientious activity and self-responsibility.”

Just before Christmas, Bunsen returned to his family.

It was then hoped that the strong feeling evinced by the Pope against him—as the supposed instigator of the Archbishop of Cologne's arrest—would abate with time, but Gregory XVI. kept his word, he never could be induced to receive Bunsen again. Meantime the letters which Bunsen had written requesting leave of absence had been forwarded to Berlin, though from his strong faith in the King's friendship he did not expect that the permission, which it would have been a mark of confidence to withhold, would really be granted, and when on March 4, Madame Bunsen's birthday, the whole family, surrounded by a band of devoted friends, went to spend the afternoon under the pines of the Villa Pamfili, and returned with "loads of anemones and sweet-scented iris," they little imagined that they had looked upon its loveliness for the last time. But there were those in Berlin who had long been watching for the destruction of Bunsen's court-influence, and who hoped to raise themselves by his ruin.

To her MOTHER.

"12 *March*, 1838.—I have now to inform you of a plan, which I delight to tell, and you will like to hear: only I beg you, as I charge myself, not to reckon too absolutely upon its execution, that I may not have to blame myself for causing disappointment by a premature communication. Charles has actually written to ask for leave of absence to spend the summer in England! I know not how to believe this while I write!—The prospect of such a summer, passed with my Mother at Llanover, is

almost too ideally perfect: Charles would go to London, visit the Puseys and Arnolds, and come back again, and my dear Henry would come to Llanover too, if his grandmother can make room for all.

“O my own Mother, how much I have to tell that there is no time to write! Charles is now in a state of active energy, which is more consonant to his nature than the passive state in which he has spent the last few months: but you would have been pleased with him and proud of him, if you had witnessed all as I have done. And his case is a hard one! to have worked so hard for peace for so many years, to have had his plans defeated by the dilatoriness of his own government (you know when—in allowing the former archbishop to die without having brought the system agreed upon into practice), and now, having done more than the world will ever know or believe to prevent a rupture, to be publicly accused as the principal enemy to peace! But though the case is hard, it might be yet harder, for he has always the comfort of enjoying the confidence of the King and Crown Prince, and of the very Altenstein, who might be jealous of him as his supposed successor, if he was of a little mind: to say nothing of the public applause that has been granted him in Protestant Germany, for having been the cause of rigorous and decisive measures—though that sort of applause he mistrusts too much to overvalue it, being caused in part by a mistaken notion as to his opinions, or as to the system upon which he would act if uncontrolled.

“We have gone on as quietly as before, except one day, when we had here to breakfast the Duke Bernard of Saxe-

Weimar (the same whose travels in America were published), Prince Liwen, and the Count and Countess Panin, who are Russian subjects, but he a Greek, and she a German: after breakfast, which was at half-past twelve, Charles took them a walk to show them the Forum.

“I have always omitted to tell of the Baron de Thile, whom Charles brought back with him from Berlin as attaché, and to succeed the Baron de Buch as Secretary of Legation, in short, to be an efficient labourer in the office. He turns out all that could be wished in application to business, as well as intelligence, and is a most agreeable inmate, full of information and interest in everything worthy to interest an intellectual being.* He is the son of a general officer, whom Charles had known for years, and a very distinguished person; and he has an uncle, another General Thile, who is very kind to Ernest. He said to Charles, on taking leave of him at Berlin—‘I give you my boy (being very fond of this nephew) and I take yours in exchange’—and accordingly we have heard that he has the kindness to let Ernest come to him in an evening, with one or two young officers of his own family, when he reads with them the history of some military campaign, with remarks and explanations, that he is highly competent to make interesting as well as instructive.”

“2 April.—Until we know that our wishes are not to be granted, we may continue to hope they will, but Urlichs has not been sent back from Berlin yet, and we

* M. de Thile was afterwards Secretary of Legation to Bunsen at Berne and in London, and later became Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs under Bismarck.

shall know nothing of what is determined there till he does come. . . . We have been enjoying ourselves at Tivoli: we all went thither on Wednesday morning and returned Thursday to dinner. Emilia was with us, and was conveyed on an ass to see the rocks and cascades, to her great delight; the Baby was there too, and enjoyed her existence, and the sight of the world, as usual. Nothing could be more beautiful than the spring-green, the trees everywhere bursting out, and thus presenting a variety of tints greater than could be furnished at any other time before the autumn; the dark ever-green oaks, and pines, and cypresses, and the silvery olives, contrasting with the deciduous trees, particularly in the Villa Adriana, which I had never been more struck with. Charles enjoyed himself as usual, in being allowed such an interval of rest from care and trouble, and such an opportunity of air, and exercise, and peace: Abeken and Kestner were there also. We dined by the Temple of the Sybil in the open air, and remained till the sun had set, then went in, and during and after tea read Göthe and Shakspeare—in the latter finishing *Hamlet*, which we have been reading together in an evening occasionally of late.”

It was on Easter Monday, as Bunsen and his family were emerging from the Protestant chapel where they had just received the Sacrament, that Urlichs met him with dispatches from Berlin. The news they contained was a practical dismissal, though the lingering kindness of the King caused the notice to be so worded as to give least possible cause for mortification—Bunsen

was *permitted* to make use of his oft-requested leave of absence for a journey to England!

Short indeed was the time for which it was possible to stay in the Palazzo Caffarelli—the happy home of twenty-one years—“the dear Capitol, the one idolised spot on earth,” as Bunsen called it in a letter to Arnold. On the 29th of April, 1838, he quitted it with firm step and unbroken spirit, saying to his wife, “Come, and let us seek another Capitol elsewhere.”

MADAME BUNSEN to her SON GEORGE.

“It was impossible for me to go, as feeling would have prompted, to look for the last time at objects of interest without end, endeared by long recollection; only, in the last hour of daylight, two evenings before we set out, I went with your Father, Abeken, and Theodore, to visit the graves of your little brother and sister that lie near the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, where I gathered the first sweet-scented rose of the year; and in the way home we entered the Colosseum: and the very last evening, your Father and I went to take leave of Valentini,* whose grief at parting with us I shall never forget, any more than the faithful friendship he has shown us for so many years. By accident I went into the garden, to look out some pots of flowers to send to Kestner—and felt that it was well that business called me away, and that I had no time to indulge in feelings which can do no good.”

To her SON ERNEST.

“We left our beloved Rome, the home of so many

* A Roman Banker acting as Prussian Consul.

years, endeared in so many ways, on the 28th of April, at half-past 6 in the morning; not having received till Easter Monday the 16th, through Dr. Urlichs, the requested leave of absence to go to England. I think you will give us credit for having got ready in so short a time, considering that before we got into the carriage everything belonging to us was packed—not only the comparatively small mass that we carried with us, but thirty large cases-full: what remained was either the *Eiserne Bestand* (that is furniture paid for by the King, and belonging to the Legation), or set apart to be sold after our departure by the care of Abeken. The same day that we departed, the Baron de Buch brought his single person to occupy our room: poor Angelina remained established as *Guardaroba*, and Pietruccio as *Portiere della Legazione*.

“It was the most beautiful, calm, sunny morning on which we beheld Rome for the last time: and we drove from that abode, so long our own, but now ours no longer, a large party; our own open carriage was put into requisition to take Dr. Franz as courier to Berlin, and as we supposed, your Father with him; a large vetturino-carriage, with a French vetturino, was to take me and the six, with the maid and Caspar, and Dr. Meyer to take care of us in your Father’s stead: and further, Kestner’s carriage with our own dear horses and Luigi, went to convey Abeken and Lepsius, who wished to accompany us as far as Monterosi, and that we might have an opportunity of seeing those two friends for the last time, I went in Kestner’s carriage with Abeken, and your Father took Lepsius, and Dr. Franz went with Meyer in the cabriolet of the vetturino carriage. At last we parted at Monterosi

with the last remnant of our daily life at Rome—Abeken and Lepsius—but hard as it was, it cost far less than to leave what we shall never see again: we may hope to see *them* again, and we are sure of their affectionate remembrance wherever we are.”

With the royal sentence of removal, Bunsen had received a letter from the Crown Prince, written with his wonted kindness, and urging that if Bunsen were to hasten at once to Berlin, and make his personal explanation to the King, all might yet be well. Advice so kindly given, could not be neglected, and Bunsen determined to turn towards Prussia rather than England; but the desire to linger with his wife on this their first and last journey together into Tuscany, so far overcame his usual promptitude of action, that he did not fairly set out on his journey to Germany till a week after leaving Rome, when he parted with his family at Florence. Thus the precious chance for personally establishing his own justification was lost, for at Munich he was met by what amounted to a prohibition to approach the presence of his sovereign, and was desired “*at once* to make use of his leave of absence for his journey to England.”

MADAME BUNSEN to ABEKEN.

“*Florence, Saty. Mornng., May 5, 1838.*—Not till this moment has it been possible for me to attempt to write, and now the words will be few, and probably the fewer because the world of matter, of thoughts and feelings,

threatens to choke utterance. That I should really have left Rome, not to return, is still an idea that I do not compass. I have seen at Siena and here, wonders of ancient art that deserve more days of contemplation than I have had minutes to give them : but general impressions I hope to bring away, and some individual images will not leave me ; in particular of the Chapel of Orcagna in Sta. Maria Novella and some of the pictures in Palazzo Pitti."

" *Sunday, 8½ P.M.*—Here I sit alone—the children gone to bed, and their father gone away :—another event, another parting, in this time of events and strong sensations. I have to be most thankful—may I but feel so as I ought !—for the gift of those eight days spent with him as I have seldom been allowed to spend any—in undisturbed comfort and enjoyment. He has been in perfect health of body and mind, in full energy and calmness, and I rejoice to see what a refreshment this journey has hitherto been to him.

" I cannot thank you now for your letter, nor for all the feelings expressed in it, and in your whole life for some years, towards me. But I am conscious of not being ungrateful, and accept as a free-gift what you confer, wishing that I was what you believe me in excellence, and very sure that my affection *only* is not overrated by you. God bless you ! Be assured, that I cannot pray for my own children, without your being joined in idea with them. Much I could say on the text you start, of not being separated by absence, when habituated to hourly communication of thoughts and sympathy in pleasures. I have often felt during this journey as if you were near, and wondered at the dead silence, when assured of your feeling as I felt at the sight of objects of nature and art."

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIRST RETURN TO ENGLAND.

“Brama assai—poco spera—nulla chiede.”

TASSO.

MADAME BUNSEN to BUNSEN (after he had set out for Munich).

“*Pianoro*, 18 *May*, 1838.—Before I go to the rest I much need, I must have the satisfaction of addressing a word to my Best-Beloved, and more than ever dear—to thank him in the first place for being what he is, for giving me ever fresh reason to love him, for satisfying my wishes and expectations from him—although they are not trifling;—for my soul demands of him to grow with the occasion, and rise with the opportunity, to bear a moral proportion to the dispensations of Providence he is called upon to pass through: and this he has hitherto done, and may God give his blessing to farther progress! may He give wisdom to meet the conjuncture, and patience to take everything in good part!

“We are happily arrived on the northern side of the Apennines, having crossed them prosperously. Pisa, Lucca, Pistoia, Prato, are all so abundant in objects of interest that it was hard to get away even from the few that we could allow ourselves to look at. The cathedral of Lucca

delighted me—grand, simple, the utterance of one idea, not overcharged with decoration. There I made acquaintance with the sculpture of Matteo Civitali and saw a glorious painting of Fra Bartolommeo. But in another church of Lucca, St. Frediano, the frescoes of Buonamico, and a painting of Francia, perhaps claim the first notice, and the works of the former will remain with me. In Pistoia the frieze of the hospital, by Luca della Robbia, is alone worth a journey. What would I not give that you had seen it, or could see it! But believe my assurance, that it is the finest of his works that I have seen—finer even than that over the door of the Cathedral of Pistoia. At Prato we only saw the cathedral, which is in itself a museum, containing the finest of the works of Lippi, and treasures of sculpture: the building also is fine.”

“*Rovigo*, 14 *May*.—We had time to see everything well at Bologna: the Raphael, the Francia’s, the Perugino, the Timoteo della Vite, are indeed treasures. At Ferrara, only in the sacristy of S. Andrea did I observe anything that could dwell with me—the painting attributed to Bonifazio, of the Flight to Egypt, and a small piece by an unknown author, representing the Flight on the Nile, the Holy Family in a boat steered by angels, which I never saw but in a drawing of poor Lotsch. The sculpture over the door of the Duomo is also very fine. I saw other pictures of merit in the churches of Ferrara, but altogether the best of the Bolognese school appear tame and lifeless, with little variety of composition, though their colouring is fine, and their style sober and dignified; so that one is gradually screwed down from the heights of Tuscany.”

“*Venice*, 18 *May*, 1838.—Your letter is indeed a surprise

to me, in which I try to dwell only on the desirable part, our speedy reunion, for which I am most thankful. As to the cause, whatever it may be, I repeat to myself that being in the ways of Providence, all can but be for the best.

“The quantity of objects of high interest that I have seen and daily see, is so great, that it will be well if I can preserve general impressions clear. I am astonished at the riches of the Venetian School, in which I have made acquaintance with a multitude of painters whose names I never knew before—and the architecture is an unceasing delight.”

“*Spresiano*, 21 *May*.—We are advanced into the last portion of our pilgrimage. O how deliciously we floated in the ‘heilige Frühe’ over the lagune! leaving Venice and its dependent islands behind, and seeing before us, on one side the Alps, on the other the Euganean Hills, rising over the green coast. O why were you not with me! But you were not, because it was not in the way of Providence that you should be, and because nothing is, or ought to be perfect in this world.”

To **ABERKEN**.

“*Venice*, 19 *May*, 1838.—Venice equals any expectations I could have formed, but the general impression is much what I expected: being a work of art, art *can* give an idea of it—not like Naples, the effulgence of which ‘Earth, air, and sea,’ no hand of man can imitate: but the Canaletti’s prepare one for Venice, without lessening the effect of reality. For the riches of art that exist in Venice, I was not prepared: I am astonished at the early Venetian

school of painting—a set of names which I for the most part had never heard before. Then the abundance of sculpture, the treasures of architecture: the absence of commonplace in building (for everything is picturesque, everywhere I should be glad to draw), all things contribute together to present a scene of *geistiges Schwoelgen*. We were half a day at Padua, where I should have liked to have staid at least a whole day. But Pisa! Lucca! Pistoia! Prato! I had not anticipated such treasures as I found in a mere glimpse at the three latter: and the first-named is beyond all that one could imagine of it.

“A letter received from my husband from Munich gives me the most unexpected intelligence that he will there await my arrival! and that we travel on together. I hope he will have written himself to you or Kestner, and then you will know as much as I. I need not say that I am lost in conjecture: only very decided instructions could have caused such a change of plan. It must be for the best, because Providence would have it so: but you will believe that my satisfaction in the speedy reunion with him is not unclouded.”

“*Munich, 3 June.*—I despair of giving an account of Munich, for I am kept in such continual movement and occupation, that I shall esteem myself lucky if I get time enough to pack up before I am called upon to get into the carriage. This has been a time of uninterrupted enjoyment, for which I am very thankful: I have not had a care or an anxiety, the children are well and happy. I met my husband here recovered from his fatigue and exertion, and enjoying as I do the kindness with which we are received by every one with whom we had to do, and

the magnificent works of art that are here in progress. I am astonished at the effect which Munich produces, coming to it as I do from the wonders of art in Florence, Pisa, and Venice. I had imagined that all must seem flat, but that is not the case. The Last Judgment by Cornelius gains greatly in the execution, and is a noble work, the greater part finished; other parts of the church are also in rapid progress, under the hands of his scholars, executed after his designs in very different degrees of excellence—those by Hermann are admirable. The Basilica (Ludwigskirche) I do not admire as a whole, it is heavy and bald. The Allerheiligen Kapelle is so admirable, that all propensity to discover blemishes in it is stifled: I have been there twice, and long together, with increasing admiration of the effect, both in general and in detail; being a work of human skill, I suppose there must be faults in it, but I gladly leave those to other people to discover, and rejoice in the gold ground (which pleased me so much in S. Marco), in the proportion of the figures to the whole, so thoroughly enjoyable, being seen without difficulty: in the selection of subjects, giving a complete view of the Old and New Testaments, in the designs and their execution; in the adaptation of ornaments and subordinate parts—and in short, in the completeness and perfection of taste which pervades the whole:—the merit, as I am told, of Hesse, who, as a man of character, controlled the architect in many matters not generally the concern of the painter. The powers of Schnorr have developed most satisfactorily. A great discovery has been made of the method of painting in encaustic, practised by the ancients, and the frieze of the hall of Rudolph of Hapsburg has already been finished accord-

ing to that method—the effect superior to fresco, as admitting of the employment of all the resources of art, and yet possessing all the advantages of fresco. Hesse's designs for a cyclus representing the conversion of Germany to Christianity, are most satisfactory.

“4 *June*.—We were at church twice yesterday,—the sermons very good, Edelmann and Wagner: the effect of the voices of a whole congregation in the singing had a fine effect, which brought tears into my eyes, unused as I am to hear more than our own small handful in the Capitol. The liturgy I missed much, as you will easily believe. To return to the account of things—the painted glass windows are fine in design, arrangement, and colour, and the effect of the Auer-kirche—already finer than any of the rest—when they are all put up, will probably annihilate the other churches, with all their merits. The creations of Schwanthaler are everywhere—nothing ever equalled his productiveness, and everything he makes has life and spirit and beauty, although of course his creations are unequal in merit. The head of his colossal Bavaria is worthy of Magna Græcia: as fast as he models, his colossal statues are cast in bronze, by a man full of spirit and intelligence. The effect of the Thron-Saal—columns of white marble, every alternate intercolumniation being filled by a colossal statue of gilded bronze—the ancestors of the royal house, will confound the tinsel splendour of most other royal apartments.

“While I am writing, my husband is closetted with Schelling,* who has been here three hours, and with whom

* F. W. J. Schelling, a metaphysician of great celebrity in Germany, known to English readers of the time through Coleridge's writings,

we are to dine. We were at a supper at Maurer's the other evening, in honour of King Otho's birthday, and met many remarkable persons there. I have great pleasure in the renewal of intercourse with my sister-in-law,* who is in better health than I ever yet saw her. . . . The children, as well as ourselves, have been received with such eager and animated kindness here, by everybody with whom we have had to do, that I have been inexpressibly gratified, and shall always retain a most cheering recollection of Munich.

"6 *June*.—To-day we have seen the royal apartments—which it would take long to speak of as they deserve. This is truly royal magnificence—all expense being lavished upon works of real art, and real taste, and nothing upon mere upholstery and hangings. The designs of Schnorr, and Kaulbach, and Schwanthaler, are very admirable."

"*Munich*, 1 *July*, 1838.—I have just finished reading your letters by the Verona courier. . . . To give vent to all the feelings and thoughts they have given rise to, would require the writing of at least as much as I have received, and how am I to manage more than one line per cent.? But luckily in feelings such mechanical admeasurement is impracticable, and I need not distress myself with anything I hate as much as arithmetical calculation: for as you will not even be *thanked*, I can but say I accept most affectionately all you give. Only, whether you will or not,

was then in his 63rd year. Bunsen had sat at his feet when very young. He was so fascinated by Schelling's grand attempts and by his manner of unfolding them that he prolonged his stay at Munich chiefly to enjoy his company.

* Christiana Bunsen.

I must thank you, praise you, approve you, what you will—for giving me the details of what you do, whom you see, and where you go—details not only of persons, but of places. How I feel the mention of spots that I have enjoyed, I will not say, because I cannot yet refrain from tears when I think of them, but pray continue to look at them for me, and tell me when you have done so.

“To-day is our wedding-day: we received the Sacrament at the early separate service beginning at half-past eight, and returned later to the principal service at ten, and heard an excellent sermon from Dr. Fuchs. You will not doubt that my thoughts reverted often to Rome, and to the last time of receiving on Easter-Monday—since which so much has happened, both of fact and feeling, and at which time so much evil was apprehended, which it has pleased God to avert. His praises are yet sung upon the Capitol.*

“Pray go soon to Aquila. It is so cool there on the high plain, that you might even make a summer journey of it, though September or October would be better. I am glad your cousin liked it so much. It was a pleasure to me even to read the names of some of the places he had visited, and to think that he had admired the oaks of the Cicolano. But again farewell to the past! and hail to the present!—to the past *χαῖρε*. . . . The beautiful season, and the glorious Tyrol, were a fine introduction to Germany, and nothing could be more pleasing than the first impres-

* This refers to a fact which Abeken's letters had disclosed, viz. that the Papal government attempted to close the Protestant German Chapel at Palazzo Caffarelli within a few hours of Bunsen's departure. However, a very decided protest on the part of the chargé d'affaires, Baron de Buch, caused the carabinieri to be withdrawn from the chapel-door.

sion: then Bavaria and the Bavarians do but confirm the prepossession I always had in favour of southern Germany. The aspect of the people here is most refreshing, all seem well off and comfortable in their existence, and when I pass through crowds amusing themselves on a Sunday in the 'English garden,' I delight in the good-humoured, tranquil, cheerful countenances, in the neat and decent clothing, the abundance of blooming, well-cherished children (who seem inseparable from the pleasures of their parents), and in the lower classes the number of pretty faces—not handsome, or beautiful, but *pretty*, and only in the middle or lower classes, for the higher classes are decidedly plain and ungraceful. I have only seen two exceptions, the only daughter of Staats Rath Maurer, and Julie, the youngest daughter of Schelling. You ask me *versängliche Fragen*, as to the female part of Munich in general, which, in general terms, are not answerable. I am very grateful for the kind reception I have met with everywhere, but I think the only woman I *like* (except those two or three girls) is the wife of Professor Hermann, a droll, original, piquant, kind-hearted, fanciful Bavarian. We all enjoy our existence in Munich, the fresh mountain air and the numerous gardens make amends for not being in the country, and the environs are very attractive, as is the society of the distinguished persons here to my husband, who is very busy, and very much in his element. The dear Baby flourishes, and runs alone, and grows every day fatter and merrier; it was a great gain to her to remain quietly here. . . . I write now on Sunday evening, after having been at the dwelling-place of Claude Lorraine, Harlachen, and the Nockerschweig, along the

elevated bank of the Iser. The afternoon was beautiful, a sky, clouds, and sunset—of Italian brilliancy; wood, meadows, and river—very picturesque; and the steeples of Munich crowning the distance. I can make but one objection to the environs of Munich; the impossibility of being in any pretty spot otherwise than in a crowd and the being able to find something to eat and drink just everywhere. These are recommendations to most people, but to me they would be reasons for not wishing to live here—however I suspect that in many things the South of Germany may be more to my taste than the North. What a contrast is the walk you describe, thro' the vigne of the Aventine! and how many such have I made in Rome! To-day, from old habit, I took with me a drawing-book and the little Dante—but what use could be made of the latter but to show it to Schnorr, who thought of other days—it could not be read in as we sate at one table on the grass, while so many other tables on the grass were filled with company, very quietly and harmlessly amusing themselves with eating and drinking and smoking! But while I communicate this feeling, I admit that it is very unfair, for why should not other people enjoy a pleasant spot as well as I?—but this shows that I have been spoiled, by having what I liked in Italy all to myself.

“I have drawn here and there upon the journey, very little, but still something. The first night's lodging after Innsbruck was a village at the entrance of the Zillertal: and from thence I have a memorial. On Ascension Day we were at the beautiful Pusterthal, before and after Brunecken: after having slept, for the first time in Germany, at Walschberg, indescribably caressed and made

much of. We read the Collect and Epistle and Gospel of the Church of England, and the exquisite hymn—'Ihr aufgehobenen Segenshände:' and that my thoughts reverted to Rome is most certain. Pray distribute my affectionate remonstrance to Kestner, Lepsius, Papencordt, Urlichs, Abekino, Angelina, &c. The children are writing to Abekino—a work of time—and send their kind Grüsse."

The Bunsens proceeded by Ulm to Frankfort, where they had the happiness of spending some days with the sympathising friends of Roman days—Radowitz and Sydow: from Frankfort they followed the Rhine to Rotterdam.

MADAME BUNSEN to ABEKEN.

"*Frankfort, 13 August, 1838.*—We had good weather at Heidelberg, and thus opportunity of enjoying the views from and of the castle, and certainly, much as I had heard of the beauty of the situation, I think enough has never been said of it. I regretted only that time did not allow of our going up the hills behind the castle. We took Emelia up to it on an ass; and in the two days we spent at Heidelberg, my husband had full opportunity of discussion and explanation with Rothe, much to his satisfaction.

"It is sorely against the grain that I compel myself to write you a lecture, but I have long had the reproaches of my conscience for not doing so. I delayed it for some time, making allowance for the disjointed and shaken state of thought produced by our departure: but three months are past, and the matter does not mend. When I

thanked you for mentioning the places you walked to and looked at, because their names recalled to me a world of pleasing images, I did not mean to be accessory to your writing whole pages of description. It is not for my own sake that I complain of the descriptions, because it is one of my sins to be fond of descriptive poetry, and therefore to be able to swallow more descriptive prose than canonical rules will admit of: but they do you nothing but harm, besides consuming time that you know well how to employ. You should, in every sense, besides the highest sense of the word, 'forget those things that are behind, and stretch forward towards those that are before: ' make use of to-day 'while it is called to-day.' You possess gifts that if well employed, will obtain you a hearing: and those who can raise their voices in support of the good cause, are forgetful of their duty if they do not. You have powers to discover and point out to others where the truth lies, and why will you let the right moment go by? I know, you *will* not, it is not your will that is in fault: but time and moral strength are absorbed in sensation, and I wish you would make it one of the daily points of self-examination what portion of the day you have spent—*prodigè*—upon sensation or effusion of feeling. I seem to myself in a merciless mood, but I must further protest against confession of sins, and communication of self-reproach! I *speak by experience*, that no self-reproach serves the purpose, but that which is close bound in rigid silence upon the conscience, admitting no alleviating air to lessen the smart. All oral confession partakes of the evil which the Catholic Church has brought to perfection: we ever practically confound confession with atonement, and feel lightened of our

burthen after apparent humiliation, as if we had great things towards getting rid of our offences, by having admitted their existence.

“ Now pray, in your future letters tell me of the *done*, and not *felt*—and inform me of the portion you accomplished of your projected work. I think your going to Frascati to work in quiet an excellent plan, for in Italy you hardly can be undisturbed: but if you bathe in the lake at sunset, you will soon have the fever of last summer back again. Now I will close my scold.—Ever affectionate Mother, F. B.”

“ *Rotterdam, 20 August, 1838.*—The banks of the Rhine from Mainz to Bonn, equalled anything that I could have anticipated in beauty and interest; and we had a fine view to behold from the roof of the cathedral of Cologne from whence the picturesque outline of the Siebengebirge announced their volcanic origin, and reminded me in miniature, of the Euganean hills, as they appear from Venice. Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein form the bright passage in the fleeting vision, which I can yet believe I have otherwise enjoyed than in sleep, with the irresistible rapidity did the images glide by.

“ This steam-travelling is one of the first in the catalogue of necessary evils: it serves the purpose of traversing a large extent of country with a certain economy of time and money, but certainly no economy of strength. I am well, but I have never been so tired, and these quiet days in Rotterdam, have not yet rested me. We leave, by God, to-morrow in the Batavier. We met the General Rath v. Voss at Frankfort and had his agreeable conversation in the steamboat: where we also found Mr. Robert

berforce, and had much pleasure in making his acquaintance. My husband has just returned from Leyden, whither he went yesterday, delighted with the Egyptian curiosities. Good night, God bless you!"

On the 25th of August the family arrived at the house of Mrs. Hall in London, whence Madame Bunsen proceeded to Wales with her children. Her mother and sister met her at Abergavenny, where her arrival was also eagerly awaited by the venerable Mr. Powell, always known as "the Vicar," who, himself a man of remarkable intellectual acquirements, had longed to see again one whose dawn of excellence had excited his regard and admiration. At the principal entrance of Llanover, the avenue was hung with garlands from tree to tree, and crowds of people, amongst whom many well-remembered faces greeted Madame Bunsen's return to her early home after an absence of nearly twenty-one years. The thing which she spoke of as striking her most in Great Britain, after so many years' absence, was the smallness of the rivers, after the wide streams of the continent. "Comme c'est petit! cela parait un ruisseau," was the remark of the little Theodore upon the Severn at Gloucester, and the Wye and the Usk near Llanover.

A visit paid to Mrs. Waddington by Lepsius was a great delight to Bunsen during his stay in South Wales. The friends used to walk for hours together upon the hills in eager discussion of Egypt and its

antiquarian records, or to sit in deep converse in the churchyard of Llanffoist under the yew-tree of a thousand summers. Another of Bunsen's intimate friends who visited Llanover at this time by Mrs. Waddington's invitation, was Bethmann Hollweg, afterwards one of the personal and most influential friends of Frederick William IV. and a member of the liberal ministry of 1858, 1852, and 1860.*

The children of Madame Bunsen have a vivid recollection of the quiet following winter passed with their grandmother in the old-fashioned "Upper House" of Llanover, and the first taste of English country life and its simple interests and pursuits.

MADAME BUNSEN to BUNSEN.

"*Llanover, 5 Sept., 1838.*—We are arrived safely. All possible pains was taken to welcome me. My sister rode out to meet me at Abergavenny, and fetched me in her own carriage with four horses, and my dear mother was ready to receive me, with her carriage for the children and maids; the bells rang at Abergavenny and Llanover, and at the entrance gates were garlands, and musicians, and people waiting. . . . Yesterday I was greeted with *vaterländische Regen*, but to-day it is fine. I have found the country very beautiful, and the hills higher than I ex-

* M. Hollweg took the name of Bethmann—German-fashion—on his marriage with a daughter of the head of the great Frankfort banking-house. He was Professor of Law in Berlin and Chancellor of the University of Bonn. With Dr. Wichern, he was Founder of the Inner Mission. He died at his beautiful castle of Rheineck on the Rhine, in 1877.

pected, but I am surprised at the narrowness of the spaces, in the haunts of my childhood, which I had supposed much wider. The lowness of the rooms astonishes me, and the smallness of the windows, which are not suited to so cloudy a sky."

To her SON ERNEST.

"24 Sept., 1838.—In beautiful autumnal weather, this country appears to the greatest advantage, and although I retrace everything as well-known objects, I pass judgment on all things as new, and find this country will show well, even after all the fine scenery I have viewed elsewhere. The works of nature have always such individual attractions, that the sight of one more need never be spoilt by the recollection of another, even though on a greater scale, and of more manifold attraction. I am much struck with the luxury in garden cultivation that is everywhere seen in England, far different from poor Italy, where everything might be in far greater perfection, were nature only a little assisted by industry. It is a most curious sensation to me, to find Henry more at home than myself in my own country, and able as well as willing to help me everywhere. I am sorry, my dear Ernest, to think that another year will end, and another begin without my seeing you; but I hope and trust the consciousness that your parents are not near enough to you, to exercise an immediate influence to urge or restrain you, will be one stimulus more to induce you to act in all things as they would wish to see you act,—seeking the best things, and the best people, and being in all points actuated by a sense of duty. 'Whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are

lovely or of good report, wherein there is virtue, wherein there is praise, think of these things, and do these things.'”

To ABEKEN.

“*Llanover*, 17 October, 1838.—Although I have millions of things to write, I must spring forward to the present moment, and beg you to fancy us all together with my dearest Mother, Henry included, and Lepsius in addition. In two days Henry must return to Oxford, and in a few days more Lepsius must set out on his southern pilgrimage, and then we shall be reduced to ourselves. Just now our enjoyment is complete, the *Cymreigyddion** uproar being past, and the milder autumnal sky having again shown itself, after some threatenings of snow on the 13th, to enable us to see the beautiful country to advantage. I am surprised at the beauty of this neighbourhood, seeing it as a novelty, though so well remembered. Lepsius has won the first place in the heart of my Mother, and has been praised and admired in various degrees by everybody else. The children are all well and are much out of doors. The darling flourishes under the peculiar auspices of the dear grandmamma, whose delight she is.

“Henry came to us in town the 26th August: the 4th September he helped me to convey the whole troop down to *Llanover*, leaving my husband in London, as he wished to spend some days longer in the British Museum, which we had visited together with admiration and astonishment. But it was otherwise decreed, for a rheumatic pain which had begun in the horrors of the sea-voyage, improved

* A Welsh Society which then met at regular intervals at *Abergavenny* for the distribution of prizes for Essays and Poetry in Welsh, and for the competition of Welsh harpers.

suddenly into such perfection of sciatica, that he was obliged to take to his bed. On receiving this melancholy account, I set off with Henry, leaving the six children with my dear Mother, and returned to London, where I found my husband up again, but not out of pain. . . . So he dispatched business, and we saw again the British Museum and Westminster Abbey, and on the 22d September placed ourselves in the steam-carriage, and were transported 80 English miles in four hours and a half, to Rugby, whither the kindest invitations and our own inclinations urged us. Here we spent five days of great enjoyment, rejoicing to find visions realised, and expectations surpassed, in the general impression made by Dr. Arnold, his wife, and family. The 29th September we reached our present home, passing through Worcester and over the Malvern Hills, and I was glad my husband made his approaches to Llanover through so beautiful a country. Jane Arnold, the eldest daughter of our friends, accompanied us, having been invited by my mother and sister, and I was glad to have her longer with us, having a regard for her as a sort of daughter.

“I am afraid Marcus Niebuhr would just miss you at Rome. I never had time to write to you of my meeting with him at Munich, or of the indescribable pleasure I had in what I cannot but call a *renewal* with him, for I have ever thought of him with such interest, that little as can now be traced of the child that I was so fond of, and that was so fond of me, the connection seems not broken; but I have a satisfaction analogous to that of seeing a son grown up in a long absence as wishes might have formed him. Marcus Niebuhr is not as he once was, attractive to

the eye, but the mind seems to me of sterling stuff, and to have taken a fine polish, and I should have been very glad to have had the means of knowing more of him through you : for my own opportunity of observation lasted but one morning."

To her SON GEORGE.

" *Llanover, 24 Oct., 1838.*—May God grant his blessing, my dearest George, to the various reflections to which you will be led at your confirmation! *He* knows indeed that I pray for you in my heart, but you know that well as your parents love you, *He* careth for you with a love of which this human frailty is incapable. May you hold fast that most consoling truth, that God is love, and yourself an object of that love as peculiarly as if you were the sole object. The time may come, my dear George, nay may have been already, when you may be tempted to scepticism, for it is a trial that many have to go through. . . . In itself there is nothing sinful in an inclination to weigh testimony, and take nothing upon trust, on the contrary, it is praiseworthy, and considered so on the high authority of the inspired historian of the Apostles, who says of the Bereans, 'These were more noble than they of Thessalonica, for they searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so—therefore many of them believed,' &c. Doubts or difficulties can never offend the God of light and truth, if accompanied by a sigh after that truth, and a prayer for more of that light. Do you remember, my own boy, the last conversation I had with you and Charles, when we looked at the view from the Capitol for the last time together, in the glorious moonlight of the night

between the 15th and 16th of July, 1837? I remember well telling you how many difficulties in understanding the ways of God to man may be allowed to weigh upon the mind for years, but if that mind waits in patience and uncomplainingly for the moment of being enlightened, using every honest endeavour, but not rebelling if such should be ineffectual,—the light will break in, and the difficulties will be removed, when and in the manner least expected. 'I am assured that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any living creature, hath power to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus!' May the comfort of that assurance, my beloved George, be ever with your spirit."

To ABEKEN.

"*Llanover*, 18 Dec., 1838.—To give an account of the impression that England makes upon me, and to describe my actual situation and occupations, would be more easy in ten pages than in the space I can spare. First I will tell you of the present moment, which is a very satisfactory point to start from—for we have a sun as bright, an air as mild, and a sky as clear, as ever yours can be at this hour—by exception, most certainly; for the standing rule is a sort of wet blanket of sky, letting through neither sun nor rain, under which the surrounding fluid which we inhale, whatever you are pleased to call it, gives no symptom of life in good or evil sense, but is a sort of negation, moving not, warming not, chilling not. My husband is just returned in best spirits, better health, and vehement activity, from his most interesting journey—of which I *can* only tell you the bubbles! but those even

are bright of hue, and not the result of the turmoil of cross-currents. Henry is just arrived from Oxford, after a happy and industrious term, disposed for an industrious vacation, and increasing the enjoyment of all about him. Theodore is well and merry, and now at a table with his father and brother, making a practice of Latin declensions with pasteboard letters. The girls are doing examples of arithmetic, to be looked over by Henry. Thus I obtain this writing time, for darling Baby is driving out in her carriage, the picture, or rather reality, of thriving health and gaiety, the delight of the house, the peculiar happiness of her own grandmamma: intelligent as may be, making herself understood by all, but troubling herself little with any language such as other people speak.

“After I received your request for what you call ‘ein Wörtchen’ on the impression England makes on me, I thought over my answer in a solitary walk of half an hour, and many a page might it occupy. . . . The time spent with the Arnolds will remain among the brightest in my recollection, and the whole state and order of their house and family, the spirit that moves themselves and their children, that regulates their plans of education and plans of life, is of ideal excellence: it does one good to think that such a family exists, and the pleasure is increased by the thought that we are allowed to call them friends. I believe there are other such families in England, and two or three such my husband has visited—the Harfords near Bristol, the Seymours in Dorsetshire, the Courtenays in Devonshire, and our own Aclands. I hope to inhale an atmosphere of the right sort myself with him at Pusey next month—perhaps too at Lord Harrowby’s.”

"*Llanover, 3 Jan., 1839.*—Before the Christmas holidays are over, I must accomplish at least the beginning of a letter to you. . . . My husband and Henry and I remained together to the close of an eventful and important year, and to the beginning of one that can hardly fail to be equally so: the bells of Llanover church showed that a few poor people near us recollected that those hours deserved to be marked, and our thoughts were with many friends at a distance, whose thoughts we were assured of meeting ours. . . . You wish to know the hour and circumstances under which I write—the hour is the first of the night, and the children are dancing in the room under me to the Welsh harp. On New-Year's Day I gathered two monthly roses in my Mother's garden, not as bright of hue as those you will have gathered, but still existing in the open air: and you can hardly have had a clearer moonlight than we had the last evening of the year. My husband is hard at work, writing and rejoicing in freedom from disturbance. Lepsius was detained at Paris and could not come to spend Christmas with us. Our Christmas tree was accomplished very satisfactorily, and decorated with a Virgin and Child that I had copied in water-colours from a small picture of Overbeck's, in the summer of 1817, when he was with us at Frascati—the only picture of the sort to be found here. The twins have had a happy birthday, the elder girls are well, and Augusta Matilda is one of the happiest and most flourishing of God's creatures, the picture of health and enjoyment, and occupies as great a share of her fellow-creatures' thoughts, affections, and attention, as any little thing ever did.

"We are reading Niebuhr's Letters, without you! but

never without thinking of you: it is in this manner that my husband and Henry and I close the evening, and I am the reader. But there is a sad difference as to the pleasure given by the two volumes: in the greater part of the second Niebuhr is seen in his weakness, as he was before in his strength, and it is plain that the death of his first wife was his death-blow, though he so long survived it. I am continually and painfully reminded of all that was morbid in the mind of Niebuhr, by the letters from Rome: and yet his sister-in-law has without doubt made great and important omissions. I wish she had left out more, but still the work is invaluable. I am sorry indeed that Marcus Niebuhr missed you at Rome: it was one of the things I had reckoned upon, to have heard the impression he made upon you and others. It is a thing that does one's heart good, apart from all considerations of private friendship, to think that a child so prized, so delighted in, should turn out as his parents might well desire to see him. In these Christmas holidays I have nearly read a book, by no means new, which is one of a class that forms an event in my life, from the quantity of matter of thought and edification it furnishes—Southey's 'Life of Wesley.' As a piece of biography it is most valuable, and yet far less in that respect than as an historical picture of the operations of the Spirit of God, when setting powerful though merely human instruments at work to awaken the slumbering church. What will the next year bring forth?—No matter, we know in whose hand it is, and may undisturbedly await it."

"*Llanover*, 6 Feb., 1839.—After an absence of three weeks, just returned to my Mother and my children, having

parted at Pusey with my husband,—I give myself leave to take a quarter of an hour from the due time of going to bed to make a beginning of a letter, which would be too full if anything like the multitude of thoughts and feelings could be communicated, to which the packet it is intended to answer gave rise! On Saturday last I was breakfasting for the last time with my husband and our kind friends at Pusey, when the packet came in, and I kept the horses waiting for an hour, to enjoy with my husband part of the contents: the rest addressed to myself, I read in the course of the first solitary stage, after leaving him to go to Oxford with Mr. Pusey. Most deeply was I affected by the passages written on the various festal and devotional occasions, on which we have been almost constantly with you, or near you for many years. You were certainly present to our thoughts and prayers on each and every one, as I hope you never doubted.

“Now I will tell you how the late period has been passed. On the 24th January we set off from hence, my husband and I, with Henry and Frances, and made our first station at the house of Mr. Clifford, near Ross, having spent three hours by the way in seeing antiquities of the Middle Ages, and eating a welcome luncheon, at a finely situated modern Gothic castle of Sir Samuel Meyrick, Goodrich near Ross. A day and a half were passed delightfully in the enjoyment of cordial hospitality, and most agreeable society, Mr. Clifford being perfect as host, and his nieces coming forward to great advantage as hostesses: the country too is beautiful, and the weather was so ideally fine that you could scarcely have had it more brilliant, though it might be warmer in Rome. Mr. Clif-

ford has a fine library, his youngest niece plays surprisingly on the pianoforte, he has Italianized his garden—what would you have more? Gladly would we have stayed longer, but we were expected on the 16th at Gloucester, where a kind welcome awaited us at the Bishop's palace. He is a first cousin and an old friend of mine, and having been among the visitors at Llanover during the *Welsh week*, had already made the acquaintance of my husband, as I had that of his wife. It was a great pleasure to me to see how kindly my husband and my former—playfellow I had almost said (*con rispetto parlando*) took to one another; but the day and a half we passed at Gloucester gave us scarcely any leisure for conversing with the good Bishop, whose mornings are nearly engrossed by the concerns of his diocese. A Bishop in these days sleeps not on roses; but some of the evils attending his position, hemming the usefulness of the best-intentioned—must, one should think, now be remedied, as a prodigious spirit has been aroused for the defence and renovation of the Church of England, in a very considerable and weighty part of the nation, which is at work on various points. The idea of the possibility of your coming to England while we are here, is a very delightful one, and for few things can I answer more certainly, than for my Mother's being very glad to see you. But you must do that which is good and right for yourself, and your own prospects in life, and your own serious occupations, and depend upon it, England would be to you a place of 'geistigen Schwelgen.' ”

“*Llanover, 4 March, 1839.*—I will not let my birthday pass without addressing some words where my thoughts have

often been, well-assured that I have not been forgotten in the beloved home of the best years of my life, but that your thoughts have traced the same path as mine, and your prayers have implored for me all I may need. The sun shone bright upon this day here too, and many flowers had opened to deck out the table covered with gifts, although not anemones and sweet-scented Iris, such as we fetched this day twelve months from the Villa Pamfili—the last time I ever trod that ground, though the enjoyment of it was not marred by any such consciousness. This morning my children and my niece Augusta Charlotte had prepared each something for me, helped and directed by their dear grandmamma; my sister had added a piece of her beautiful embroidery, and her sister-in-law Mrs. Berrington * a painting of an anemone and cyclamen: but what rendered the scene quite original and unlike any other such morning, was a set of humorous verses, concocted by the two last-named ladies, explanatory of the qualities of the gifts, and intentions of the various donors, recited by my sister in the name of each, not omitting Augusta Matilda, who enjoyed bringing me a bag, after all the rest, as much as anybody. Afterwards the twins, Mary, Augusta-Matilda and I, had a drive in an open carriage, and since that I have been out a long time, seeing my Roman ranunculuses planted in my Mother's garden.

“It was on the 18th January that we went to Pusey, where we found our kind friends such as they ever were towards us, and rejoiced to witness the effects of their beneficent and Christian spirit on all around them, as well as to experience those of their good taste in the

* Only sister of Sir Benjamin Hall.

selection of society. But I wish there were any means of infusing into that family some of that physical health and vigour which many people know not how to use, but to purposes of evil! they have so much moral soundness and Christian strength of mind, which it is painful to see is only just enough to support them on the defensive against the daily trials of their lives. . . . Mr. Pusey has a fine new-made Italian garden, with the inherited decoration of noble forest-trees: but that part of England has no beauty, except from fine cultivation. As for the skirts of hilly tracts! like Monmouthshire, not to go farther!—it will be hard to live without seeing barren summits rising over cultivated undulations—*Ma tutto si fa*.

“I made for the first time in my life a journey alone, that is, with Frances and a maid, from Pusey home, and divided it by sleeping at Gloucester, where I stayed over Sunday at the Bishop’s, saw my good cousin, in robes, lawn sleeves, and wig, go into the cathedral, and enjoyed the cathedral service in perfection in that magnificent building. The organ was fine, the choir good, and the chaunting left nothing to wish but that it had been (after the fashion of S. Salvatore in Maximis) much slower than the custom retained with too much exactness from Roman-Catholic times. During this visit I had the pleasure of much conversation, and of a very satisfactory renewal of intercourse with the really good and estimable Bishop, who alas! in the prime of life is threatened with blindness, but bears his deprivation with exemplary resignation and cheerfulness. On reaching Llanover I found that the children had all been well and good, under the care of dear grandmamma, and most dutifully put off being ill

till I returned, but no sooner was I back, than one after another began to ail."

○: "*Llanover*, 15 *March*, 1839.—Whether or not there will be any certainty on the point that most interests me,—my husband's going directly to Berlin, or remaining some months longer here, before this letter is sent, I know not. Had he leisure to give you only the rapid view of the passing events of his London life which he sends me—only a list of engagements and interviews and conversations, and of names of his associates—what a rich treat it would be to you! It must have been a period of as much interest and high-strained intellectual activity, with enjoyment, as any he ever passed through. The quantity of *work* he has done, besides being on the full stretch of observation, conversation, and locomotion, is beyond my comprehension; even though I know he has accomplished the apparent impossibility in London of early rising. His contribution to the biography of Niebuhr is *one* of the works begun and completed within a few days' time, since he has been in London. He is continually meeting Gladstone, and for hours together. Lady Raffles he often sees, and she remembers you with great affection: she has brought my husband and Mrs. Fry together, and they have had a memorable conversation. His being in England will leave its traces, I believe! and his reception is such as perhaps no foreigner ever met with before."

Many were the long absences of Bunsen, in London, and on visits to the Aclands, Puseys, and to Mr. Harford of Blaise Castle—to whom he was introduced by Sir Thomas Acland, during the time spent by the

family at Llanover. He was welcomed, both in London and in English country-houses with an enthusiasm, which could little be anticipated for one who had arrived, "to all appearance, a man supposed to have no chance for the future but through the favour of his own Government, which he seemed to have forfeited." His simple and ever hopeful nature, gave him a peculiar charm, which is well indicated in the farewell words of his Russian friend Joukovsky, who had been much with him in London—"Conservez toujours votre coeur d'enfant! vous êtes le premier enfant de cinquante ans que j'ai jamais rencontré."

During the earlier of her husband's absences Madame Bunsen remained at Llanover in the happiness of once more uniting the duties of mother and daughter, but in May, 1839, she joined Bunsen in London.

To her MOTHER.

"London, 19 May, 1839.—Endless dinner-parties and visits: I know not how much I shall be able to collect to communicate out of the turmoil of my thoughts. Last night we found a card from Lord Palmerston, inviting the Chevalier Bunsen to his dinner on the Queen's birthday. This it is decided must not be declined. I know not what people mean by pre-supposition of doing what they intend: we do in general everything *but* what we first intend. I saw yesterday, besides the old pictures and old friends at Bridgewater House, a modern picture that astonished me, by M. de la Roche, a Frenchman: I had not supposed anything so classical could come out of the present day,

much less out of Paris. . . . O! I long to be back with you all! I shall breathe next week at Lady Raffles's. This is a strange life to be called amusement."

"Cambridge, 22 May, 1839.—We had the pleasantest journey possible yesterday in the fly-coach, sat at our ease in the delicious refreshing air, saw on all sides flowers and verdure, and on arriving at Chesterford by way of Epping—all unknown regions, found Mr. Herbert's phaeton waiting for us, which brought us to Ickleton. Here we were received with a kindness which quite touched me. The house is one of those whimsical old ones, added to and modified by successive possessors, which bear all the marks of having been lived in and hallowed by human existence and human feeling: nicely fitted up, much old furniture, and a fine library. This morning we set off early for Cambridge. . . . In the quadrangle of Trinity we met Mr. Whewell, whom I like very much and who conducted us most kindly till he was called away, and then Mr. Flint brought us to evening service at King's College Chapel. There Mr. Townley had offered to bespeak an anthem such as we should admire, and the choice fell upon Haydn's 'Let there be Light,' with the succeeding air and chorus—a singular and most unsuitable selection as a part of church-service, though in itself beautiful, and sung by very fine voices, accompanied by an exquisite organ. King's Chapel is indeed magnificent; but altogether I am surprised and delighted with the Cambridge buildings, which I think are in general *dénigré*—and such grouping of buildings with fine trees, turf, water, and blossoming shrubs, I do not remember to have seen. Many a point did I long to draw. Mrs. Herbert planned showing us

Audley End, but we must be satisfied with the view from the road, which I was inexpressibly struck with—building, trees, green inequalities, river, and bridge. The river Cam surprised me among other things—a very pretty river, clear, and full up to the green margin.”

“*London, Trinity Sunday, 26 May, 1839.*—Many are the people I have seen, and most obliging the recognition I have met with, from many a person where I have not expected it. I wonder at it, considering what the world is, and that I am neither my husband nor my sister. But before I tell any more of our evenings, I must speak of this day, when I went with Charles to Guy’s Hospital, to hear Mr. Maurice preach. I cannot describe the refreshment to soul and spirit of this quiet place of worship, the congregation consisting of few besides the sick of the hospital, Mr. Maurice not ‘performing the service,’ not ‘reading the prayers,’ as it is generally termed and done—but *praying* with an intensity of seriousness, that would make it hard indeed not to pray with him. His sermon had of course a reference to the Trinity, but instead of being a discussion of abstract orthodoxy, he impressed upon his hearers the all-pervading nature of Divine Love, which as the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—the Creator, Mediator, and Sanctifier, had followed us all, and would follow us, in every stage of existence, as it had accompanied and surrounded our fathers before us. He was calm and persuasive at first, but at the close had a passage of great eloquence, evidently extempore. After church, he and his sister came to ask us to their house, and here again I was met as an old friend. Miss Maurice is a great friend of Mrs. Augustus Hare, and I think a worthy

one: she struck me much, as not speaking an insignificant word."

"*Highwood, near Hendon, 31 May, 1839.*—A thousand thanks for the detailed accounts of my dear children, after whom every day I long more, and know not how I am to go on much longer without seeing them, and enjoying them. How very kind in my youngest darling to 'want Mamma!' when she never wants for anything that Mamma could give her—neither care, kindness, nor amusement.

"My own Mother, this is a delightful place, and I wish you could witness the dignity, the order, the quiet activity, the calm cheerfulness, with which Lady Raffles rules the house, the day, the conversation. Yesterday we were taken to drive out, and saw the church at Cannons, the place where Handel was so much with the Duke of Chandos, but the fine house has been pulled down since the extinction of the family of the late Duke. The old clergyman showed the grave of the blacksmith from whose harmonious anvil Handel took the hint of the air in that beautiful Clavecin-Lesson."

"*London, 4 June.*—The 'Messiah' was glorious, and it was a true enjoyment to hear it with my husband and Lady Raffles, who felt it as I did. Braham performed the opening piece, with the same power as ever! The preservation of his voice is wonderful; but he sung nothing else."

"*7 June.*—Yesterday the effect of sight and sound at St. Paul's was beyond all description that has been given of it—above all was my astonishment great at the accuracy in time and tune of *eight thousand* children: the crash of their voices was thrilling.

“The Seymers are in London and I am often refreshed by the sight of Louisa.”

“*Oxford, 10 June, 1839.*—Nothing is like the *absorption* of this place. After breakfast Henry Acland took me to the Christ Church service—wretched music, quite disgraceful—and to his rooms. Then to call on Dr. Buckland, where I could hardly get up the staircase for stuffed animals and fossils. Miss Buckland, aged nine, had been helping her papa to dissect a cat that morning: Mamma tried to prevent its being told, saying it was a shame, but Dr. B. *would* tell. After luncheon we went to Blenheim: the Raphael is alone worth going for. Several people came to dinner, amongst others Mr. Keble the poet. This morning I went to early chapel in an invisible seat, behind not only a grating, but a glass window! that the monastic assembly might not be disturbed by the sight of ladies! Mr. Newman preached, in honour of St. Barnabas’ day, but not a word could I understand, so read in the Bible. We went to a breakfast in the beautiful hall at Merton: Mr. Wordsworth was there, grown much older.”

“*Claydon, 16 June, 1839.*—I have felt every moment that this is a house I should like to stay in: that I felt too at the Provost of Oriel’s, for he and his wife are both good, and kind, and intelligent, and there is no tittle-tattle in the house, and much lively interest in all good things. But *here* there is more freshness of existence: Sir Harry and Lady Verney are both so happy in bodily and mental activity. There is a small, reasonable establishment, no display in anything, but every comfort and rational refinement. . . . This morning opens beautifully on fine trees, turf, a piece of water, and an old church. I close to go to morning-prayers.”

"*Fozhow, 21 June, 1839.*—Here I am, my own dearest Mother, at the end of the world! It is so like a dream, that this immense journey should have been performed in so few hours, that I am obliged to recall my thoughts to be sure what the details were. Sure it is that, after luncheon at 12 at Rugby, we walked to the Railway Station, I in state, having one grown-up son to carry my shawl, and another still taller to carry my basket. Not till two did the hissing dragon drag us forth in his tail; but we could have been at Preston much earlier, if it had not been that the dragon got loose, and slid on by itself to Preston, leaving his tail to follow as it could, which it did by means of the impulse already communicated, as long as there was slope downwards, but stopped at last, when, after half an hour's trouble, the dragon was harnessed on again.

"After breakfast yesterday, our immense caravan of twenty-two persons was forwarded in different carriages or by canal-boat. The journey was delicious—and my Mother will guess how it struck me to see that fine Lancaster again, with the noble church and castle on its hill, the fine solid grey-stone buildings, and the broad river and sea: and she will imagine how beautiful the country was, in this season, gradually entering the defiles, and at last coming upon all the beauty of Windermere. At a quarter before five, we reached this beautiful spot, and could sympathise in the joy with which it was greeted by the Arnolds.

"26 June.—I have had a beautiful walk this evening, to drink tea with the Wordsworths, when Mr. Wordsworth took us to see the Rydal waterfalls in Lady Fleming's park. This country is most enjoyable, and I shall ever

look back with pleasure to the last week, in which I can only say the impression before made by Dr. and Mrs. Arnold has been deepened, not altered. Their charms stand the test of a journey together, and very close contact in a country-residence: and the good temper, good dispositions, habits of activity and obedience, in the children, deserve all credit."

To ABEKEN.

"2 July, 1839.—I am at present transported about from place to place as if upon the enchanted carpet of the Arabian Nights, and have to reflect where I really am, lest I should write the wrong date. To the best of my judgment and recollection, I am just now at Foxhow, with the Arnolds in full number, and my own George, who has made out his own long way from Schulpforte to Berlin, to Hamburg, to London, whence after having been received and shown about by Lepsius, Gerhard, the Puseys, and my sister, he was accompanied by Caspar to meet us on the railway between London and Rugby. Henry enjoyed being at Claydon with us, not only because it was a most enjoyable thing in itself, but also because he was glad his Father should see a Whig family in every respect exemplary, and filling every relation to God and man, as completely as any Tory family by which he has been edified since we came to England. We are all of opinion that you did not say a word more than the merits of Lady Verney's talents and agreeable qualities deserve, and Sir Harry pervades his household and family with a spirit of order, harmony, and kindness, such as can issue from no commonplace mind. He has the

immense charge of a large estate (30 English miles square), an enormous mansion, and three villages thickly populated with the poorer orders: nothing is sacrificed to mere show, and there is every sign that the indulgent master not only commands, but directs the whole—another proof of what I have always heard, that military persons always keep up the habits of order and arrangement in their families, whereas naval officers, when once the strict rule of ship-discipline is removed, know not how to keep anything within any bounds whatever. The dear little Lady looks like the elder sister of the three lovely children she so carefully manages. . . . Claydon is a fine park, with a piece of clear water—artificial, but not appearing so, noble trees, and fine turf, but no other beauty of country. Now I must leave this attractive subject, to tell you of another house in which you are most affectionately remembered—that of Lady Raffles, in which we spent almost five days. She looks down from a height, over green slopes and fine groups of trees, upon a broad and fertile expanse of wood and cultivated ground, bounded by the heights upon which Harrow is situated and which are crowned by its church spire. We had the most delightful weather, and those days, in her society, were perfectly ideal. She ever deepens the first impression she made, and the more opportunity one has of contemplating her on all sides, the more perfect is the effect produced of completeness of grace, dignity, and proportion. Ella is good and pleasing and her head very handsome.

“Of Cambridge, I must say that it is traduced, when people place it so far below Oxford; the general effect is certainly inferior, because the town is shabbier, and

the situation uninteresting: but the fine things of Cambridge are finer than anything in Oxford, and the view of the principal range of colleges from the gardens and avenues quite unparalleled. At Oxford we staid a week—enjoyed a quiet Sunday, and had time on Monday to go to Blenheim, and see the Marlborough Raffaele, before the Commemoration festivities began. Of these we only attended one concert of Sacred Music, besides the grand day in the Theatre—but daily dinner parties and luncheon parties kept us on the full stretch, and if Claydon had not been in itself so delightful, it would have seemed so as affording rest and quiet. The Theatre at Oxford was a grand sight, independent of the extreme interest to myself of witnessing my husband's reception, with the loud-repeated and continued plaudits of the university-public. Only Wordsworth met with more applause than he did. I must try to give an idea of the originality of the scene. Imagine the Theatre a fine building, by Sir Christopher Wren—middle galleries filled with ladies, all with fine clothes and many with fine faces: upper galleries filled with under-graduates—*Studenten*, in picturesque black gowns: ground-floor full of masters of arts, men-strangers, and a remnant of ladies: raised semicircle of doctors, behind which ladies admitted to posts of distinction—*fra l'altre, serva sua umilissima*: among the doctors, Sir T. Acland, Lockhart, and others, sons of the University, and returning *per il bacia-mano dell' onorata Madre*,—in other words, making their visit on a gala-day. Some time were we assembled, however, before the doctors in procession, headed by the Vice-Chancellors, took their seats: and that time was employed by the undergraduates in showing

themselves to be at home—cheering ‘the Ladies—all the Ladies—the blue bonnets—the pink bonnets,’ &c., with deafening clamour, turned afterwards upon public characters, who fared ill or well according to the Tory estimate. When the doctors marched in, our excellent Dr. Arnold was greeted as he deserved—a great triumph in the Tory-university. Having taken their places, the Vice-Chancellor made a Latin speech, proposing the various candidates for honours, and when he had finished, the said candidates entered in procession, headed by Dr. Phillimore, Professor of Civil Law, who spoke himself hoarse in Latin, presenting each person and his merits to the notice of the University. Lord Ripon, Sir J. Herschel, my husband—were the first: then followed others, military, naval, and poetical; all with uniforms, if they had such, and the scarlet doctor’s-gown put on under their epaulettes, enveloping them with the dignity of Rembrandt’s Burgomasters. The Vice-Chancellor, after hearing the introductory speech, rose and announced to each favoured person in turn the honour granted, and thereupon that person took his place next to the other doctors. The Vice-Chancellor is a fine-looking man and of graceful deportment. Nobody advanced, bowed, and took his place, with so much dignity and composure as my husband. The new doctors having been admitted, the young men who had obtained prizes recited their poems and essays—one of a sort, Latin and English. This was rather long, for those already fatigued with over-excitement: but the English poem interested me, on the Superstitions of India, and their fall before the Cross—by Ruskin, a young man of promise. They tell me too the Latin was good, by Arthur Stanley, a pupil

of Arnold. That Oxford is a wondrous place, and it is indescribably interesting to be there some days, in that college-stillness, surrounded with noble buildings."

To the quiet time of her sojourn at Llanover, belong the following fragments of letters from Madame Bunsen :—

To her AUNT, MRS. RAM.

"I value old friends more than I ever did—for I have, in the last few years, lost so many of those I on all grounds loved ;—and at my age, I get no new friends. The younger people are not looking back to those they think are near the close of their course. This is right. It is well that one tie after another should be cut, that we may be the more ready to fly up. It helps us to realize the coming world, when we think of those we loved and valued that are gone before. We know them to be where Death does not separate them from the Love of God, which is in Christ Jesus ; and we can say of them, as Jesus said of Abraham, and ' God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.' They live !—that knowledge strengthens our apprehension of the country, to which we are all journeying. And whilst our chief desire should be, to be with Jesus, it is a feeling of the same kind which leads us to hope to be with those beloved ones, who in company with us, joined Jesus here."

"It is in vain to speak against feeling. To lose a person that has ever loved one, during the whole of a long connexion, is always most bitter, however many be the hearts that still remain : but perhaps the bitterest of all sensations,

on such occasions of separation by death, is the renewed consciousness of other similar separations,—the rousing of sorrows that slumbered,—and the being reminded how many connexions of friendship and affection belong altogether to the past,—and as far as this world is concerned, are at an end! The sting of grief indeed is taken out by the consideration that those connexions which had an everlasting basis, may well be reckoned upon to endure everlastingly: but the grief itself remains, only He, who was made like unto us in all things, sin only excepted, has sanctified it,—by His sympathy.”

END OF VOL. I.



Frances Barbara Chandler 1870

THE
LIFE AND LETTERS
OF FRANCES
BARONESS BUNSEN

By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

AUTHOR OF "MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE" ETC.

"The happiest periods of history are not those of which we hear the most :
in the same manner as in the little world of man's soul, the most saintly spirits
are often existing in those who have never distinguished themselves as authors,
or left any memorial of themselves to be the theme of the world's talk, but who
have led an interior angelic life, having borne their sweet blossoms unseen "

Broadstone of Honour

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

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CHAPTER I.

BERNE.

“‘Live while you live,’ the epicure would say,
‘And seize the pleasures of the present day.’
‘Live while you live,’ the sacred preacher cries,
‘And give to God each moment as it flies.’
Lord, in my views let both united be ;
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.”

DODDRIDGE.

IN July, 1839, Bunsen mentions in the “notes” of his life that it was owing to “the pressing solicitations of the Crown Prince for an appointment for him, the persevering hatred of his opponents, and the faithful goodwill of the King,” that he was nominated to the post of Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the King of Prussia to the Swiss Republic, the remarkable direction for his conduct, annexed to the appointment, being, that he was to do—*nothing*. On the 28th of October he left England with his family to take up his residence at Berne, where they were fortunate in being able to obtain, through the then English Minister, their valued friend David Morier, a home at the Hubel—“a solitary country-house, situated upon

its own hill, looking across richly-wooded and cultivated tracts of country towards the entire group of the summits of the Bernese Oberland, in their eternal snow."

MADAME BUNSEN to ABEKEN.

"*Berne*, 4 Jan., 1840.—I can now tell you something of the state of things surrounding us. The present is a glorious winter-day. The sun shines into the well-warmed room, the sky cannot be clearer with you: this morning I saw, at half-past six, the day break behind the range of the Alps, Venus, and the Comet, all together, all brilliant, but the new appearance not worth the old ones. I am very thankful for our present establishment here, and there is nothing disturbing about it but the idea of its being only provisional, and destined to short duration. The house is very comfortably arranged, and the smallness of the space is a thing one gets accustomed to: we receive all the sunshine, have dry gravel-walks within our own grounds, and delightful walks and drives in various directions. We have our time almost entirely to ourselves, with scarcely any interruption from visitors or invitations: the little we have seen of the Bernese patricians we like, but we are not likely to be much disturbed by them, as they are greatly out of spirits from their present state of proscription: the members of the present government seek not after strangers, and one great *diner diplomatique* given by the Landamann (an extraordinary occurrence in honour of my husband) is the only official meeting, besides morning visits, that has taken place. We find here masters for the children, and Charles the younger is with us and in very

good hands, having four days in the week lessons from the Pfarrer Ziegler, an old friend and fellow-student of his father's, and a very distinguished man. In a few days more we must part again from my dear Ernest, whom it will be very hard to do without, he having twined himself closer than ever round our hearts, and being the sunshine of the house, ever gay, good-tempered, affectionate, and helpful.

"The last night I passed in England was at Salisbury, in the Bishop's Palace, close to the fine cathedral, having the pleasure in that short visit, of seeing our dear Miss Seymer, as Mrs. Denison, situated as we could wish her to be, and with every prospect of happiness. My Mother took charge of the children and accompanied us to the place of embarkation. In the sorrow of parting, we had the comfort of feeling that we should not be so far off, but that we may anticipate her coming to see us. My sister and Augusta Charlotte saw us on board, and I was much touched with my sister's kindness. Between Havre and Paris we spent a day at Rouen, and enjoyed the sight of much fine gothic architecture, with a renewal of acquaintance with two good cousins of mine,* whom I had not seen since their childhood. At Paris we passed twelve cheerful and untroubled days, and took in a store of images for agreeable recollection in the Bibliothèque, the Louvre, St. Denis, and Versailles: my husband found in the library manuscripts and works of the greatest liturgical interest, and he and Lepsius worked hard together. A

* Thomas Waddington, the elder of these two brothers, who resided at St. Léger near Rouen, and died in 1868, was father to William Henry Waddington, French Minister of Foreign Affairs.

richly-stored year has now closed upon us: we watched for the beginning of the new one, with Ernest and Charles, and the clocks of the towers of Berne announced that moment to us, instead of, as last year, the bells of Llanover church, and for many years before, the bell of the Capitol. You were present then to our thoughts, and we reckoned upon not having been forgotten by you. May the new year give, strengthen, and preserve in us all the power and will to profit by its lessons and warnings, to enjoy its sunshine, and face its storms!"

"*Berne, 23 March, 1840.*—The winter has been so fine, and our situation and position in every respect so ideally desirable, that I could wish to fix and hold fast the passing week and passing month more than ever: and much as people talk of the beauty of summer in this magnificent country, I never felt less longing after it, or less to miss verdure and foliage, the charms of which will possibly be at the expense of the crystal-clearness of the Alps, which we have enjoyed for near two months. We have at last jumbled ourselves and our belongings into proper places, so as to be quite happy in this house: my husband never was so comfortable before—his library all arranged in a sunny room that just holds it, with sofa, table, and standing-desk for himself and his literary occupations; while another room contains all that belongs to official business and correspondence. He is full of activity of head and hand, taking full advantage of this delicious quiet."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Easter Monday, 20 April, 1840.*—I trust my dear George has not been so exclusively occupied by tasks and study,

as not to have had leisure during the last week to follow the history of our Saviour step by step, and keep his heart and mind open to all the healing influences of such a subject of contemplation, assisted by those beautiful hymns which he has so often sung with us. May a blessing be granted to your best endeavours after 'that holiness, without which no one can see the Lord,' my dearest George,—and may the feelings excited during the late period of serious application to things sacred, become a habit of your mind, and not matter of transient excitement! In particular, I wish you, for your earthly happiness, as well as for your Christian perfection, to be enabled practically to exercise that humility of spirit, which is the only antidote to the miseries of self-compassion; which calls nothing its own, and accepts everything that life brings as a boon from the hand of a merciful Father, intended for your good, and which can only fail to benefit you, if perverted by your own misuse: which will ever make you, not only in word, but in fact, pronounce yourself, 'less than the least of God's mercies, and greater than the greatest of His judgments.' This appears in words very simple, but to the proud heart the practice of it is difficult. What Christian can dispute the fact, that at the hand of God we deserve only judgment, and can lay claim to no comfort, pleasure, alleviation, credit, honour, or whatever it may be that our soul longs after? what Christian, I mean, who has ever looked into his own heart, examined the springs of his own best actions, and scrutinized the 'iniquities of his holy things'? And yet, whenever we complain, are cast down, or discontented, we sin against that conviction: and when that conviction becomes the ruling temper of

our minds, nothing else is wanting to make us not only satisfied, but full of courage and thankfulness, under whatever dispensation: for as soon as the paternal character of God is once fully and freely acknowledged, we also know that He 'does not willingly grieve the children of men,' and that as soon as the object of trial is attained in us, the trial will assuredly be taken away."

To ABEKEN.

"21 *May*, 1840.—You will have learned before this reaches you, that Lady Raffles has been deprived of her last treasure! her last tie to earth!—Next week a year will have elapsed since we passed five happy days with her at Highwood—when her precious Ella, though serious to an unusual degree for a creature so young in health and happiness, yet appeared as likely to live as any one of the party there assembled! and equally well did she continue the rest of the year, and with equal prospect of lengthened life. In February she broke a blood-vessel, and her case from the first seems to have been hopeless: it was less disease than a cessation of vitality. We heard of this, and wrote to her dear mother, whose letter expressed all the wretchedness, and all the perfection of resignation, that we anticipated. Ella suffered little, and expired without a struggle on the 8th of May. Since then, we know little of Lady Raffles, but what we should have been sure of without a letter, that she submits and resists not. . . . Perhaps you have not heard that Sir Harry and Lady Verney have lost their infant daughter. I saw the name casually among the list in the newspaper and wrote to Lady Verney, from whom I have had an answer worthy

of herself, feeling deeply and not shrinking from the smart, bringing right convictions practically to bear upon the real evils of life, neither pitying herself nor seeking to be compassionated. Our visits to her and Lady Raffles are among the bright points in my last year's recollections, and alas! death and sorrow have overcast each friendly roof since we left them, while we are spared, and allowed this delicious place of rest, refuge, leisure, comfort, and enjoyment!"

To her MOTHER.

"*Berne*, 30 *May*, 1840.—At last M. de Thile* is returned, having been as usual long detained at Berlin, from whence nobody gets away as soon as they intend. He has brought a *unique* packet from the Crown Prince—incribed 'A long letter and a short one for Friend Bunsen,' containing twenty closely-written pages! and enclosed in a leather portfolio, with a lock, which he sought out among his things in M. de Thile's presence, by way of an envelope, and charged him to tell Charles was sent him into the bargain. The letter is a commentary on the volumes sent by Charles at the end of last year—inimitably clever, and satisfactory beyond expression, as showing his satisfaction: and there are expressions of general convictions and views, that would do my Mother's heart good if she could hear them, to say nothing of the kindness.

"M. de Thile brought a confirmation of all the reports that have lately reached us of the very precarious state of the King's† health, the more alarming, because there is no tangible disease, but absolute loss of strength, in a person

* Secretary of Legation.

† Frederick William III.

formerly so robust. He is said to be under a strong impression himself that he will not outlive this year, probably from the general impression that the year '40 cannot pass without some remarkable event to the Prussian monarchy—as it has been a fated year for the dynasty ever since the thirteenth century: the event of the last century having been the accession of Frederic the Great.”

“13 *June*.—You will have received the intelligence of the King's death as soon as we have done. I shall not attempt to express the world of feelings which the near anticipation of this event has caused, for my Mother will rightly judge of them. But we feel, what we have experienced before, that however death may be anticipated, one is never prepared for it: and the consciousness that the eye is closed, which beamed in so much kindness; the hand cold, from which so many benefits have been received; and the spirit fled from this earth, which operated much good, and willed nothing but good, during the long course of its union with the body, fell with force undiminished. Charles feels that a period of his own life is closed, and any crisis which calls upon us to be aware that the past is quite *passed away*, is awful! He has lost not only his beneficent sovereign, his paternal benefactor, but the *Crown Prince* whose friendship equalised the difference of rank and condition: for whatever the present King may be to him, he must in the nature of things be somewhat different to what he has been. The value is, if possible, increased of that unequalled letter, or rather volume, received only so few days since! and to various parts of which Charles had been writing a succession of letters in answer, up to the day which announced the necessity of

a close. Everything we have learnt of the King's last illness has been most edifying : the most perfect mildness and composure, and kindness to everybody, and constant consideration of others, desiring that nobody should be disturbed or inconvenienced. His physicians had ordered, to prevent the King's being disturbed by the noise of a pump in the courtyard (much frequented on account of the good quality of the water, by the King's express permission), that the public should be excluded from it. He immediately observed that the well-known creaking had ceased, and desired nobody should be prevented fetching water there, saying 'those that liked the water, might have what they liked, as much as ever.' The guard had been ordered to be relieved without the usual music, but he immediately commented, and desired that the band might regularly play as before. Only a day or two before he was confined to his bed, he found fault with the person authorised to lay petitions on his table, on account of the unusually small number, saying he was sure they were kept back, in order that he might not be fatigued with hearing them read, but that he would have them presented, as long as he was able to hear them. His last act of government was ordering the whole ceremonial of laying the corner-stone of an equestrian statue of Frederic the Great, on the secular anniversary of his accession, the 31st of May—on which day however the King was too weak to view the procession from his window, as he had intended, and was obliged to remain in bed. Shortly after this he desired the Crown Prince to take every measure to prevent any delay in the disposal of public business, thus solemnly resigning it into his hands. His last act of

visible consciousness was at two in the morning of Whit-Sunday, 7 June—he stretched his hand out towards the Crown Prince, laying it flat on the bed: the Crown Prince laid his hand upon that of his father: the King laid the other hand upon that of his son, looked at him, raised his eyes to heaven, and then closed them for ever in this world: though death did not take place for twelve hours afterwards. He had been aware he was dying longer than any one else, and every word and act indicating the state of his mind, was such as might prompt the ejaculation, 'Let my last end be like his'—it was 'the death of the righteous' in a Christian sense. He said on the 4th June—'I know in whom I have trusted—I resign myself into the hands of my Saviour and my God.'

"My own Mother, we always want you, but never more desire your presence than in these times of deep emotion, knowing how you would enter into all that moves us. M. Hollweg is come to us from Geneva for a day or two, the same agreeable inmate as ever, wanting to talk over with Charles all that interests both, as much as C. wanted communication with him: otherwise we have enjoyed the perfect quiet in which we have been allowed to remain during this important period. O! what glorious summer weather! what perfume of acacias, syringas, and hay-making! I wish I could draw all the subjects I see worth drawing, and most of all the scene yesterday afternoon in the garden—a seat all round an enormous apple-tree, which casts a shade all round—and partly on the seat, partly on the grass, were, your queen*

* Mrs. Waddington's term of endearment for her infant granddaughter Augusta Matilda.

dividing her attention between the education of her dolls and three puppy-dogs ; Emilia and Theodore each with a rabbit ; Mary and Theodora busied with the ass fastened to the little carriage ; Mrs. Adler,* two maids, and a great dog, mother of the aforesaid puppies. At present your queen is putting dandelion-leaves and grass and stones in the dolls' plates, and offering that to the dogs for their breakfast."

To ABEKEN.

" 23 *June*, 1840.—We have been, and are living in oscillation of emotions. You will judge of the multitude of feelings called forth by the good King's last illness and death. I trust all the touching and edifying circumstances attending it will have reached you, and then your sensations will have kept pace with ours. Truly thankful we have been for the perfect quiet in which we have been allowed to pass this period of internal agitation—which never happened to me before. I have gone through many an occasion of strong emotion, under the continual incursion of things indifferent and external, which compelled a divided attention ; but this time we were in peace the most perfect, in an enjoyment of summer such as we never had before, not having been withheld by fear of atmospheric influences from sitting out in the garden, enjoying the perfume of blossoms, and the magnificence of forms and colouring in landscape."

" 4 *August*, 1840.—A trait of the late King not generally known, dates in the year 1821, when after having

* A native of Llanover, the nurse provided by Mrs. Waddington for Augusta Matilda.

trees, planted to hide the houses : there is a large garden or rather pleasure-ground, so thickly planted that in damp weather there can be no air, but with no prospect and not even a path leading towards the lake. Thus, though the rooms are good, the whole has an air of gloom, and of want of taste and judgment in the original possessors. The gallery of family portraits forms a most striking assemblage ! Old Necker and his wife, as prosaic and full of *morgue* as possible—the lower part of his face so weak as to be offensive, while the upper is chiselled in the manner of that of his daughter. Madame Necker in full dress, showing herself and her arms with perfect satisfaction :—an old lady who had known her, said to Madame de Staël—‘ Elle était déjà ainsi dans une telle toilette, à huit heures du matin—jamais de sa vie n’a-t-elle eu un instant de négligé, ni pour son corps, ni pour son esprit, ni pour son âme.’ A finely painted portrait of Madame de Staël when young, but the countenance less interesting than when we saw her : M. de Staël, the Swedish diplomatist, in full court dress, with a face suited to the costume. Then the images of those in whom the stream had ‘ worked itself clear, and as it ran, refined : ’ the Duchesse de Broglie finely painted by Scheffer, and Albertine de Staël in a bust, just as we remember her—very different from the picture : Auguste de Staël, and the Duc de Broglie, the latter a fine countenance, more Italian than French.

“ On Saturday, 29th, we went on by steamer to Geneva, whence Mr. Tronchin’s carriage fetched us to Bessinge, in a fine situation, with the view of the lake on one side, and of the Mont Blanc on the other. We passed Monday

morning in seeing Geneva, which is a very fine town, much handsomer than I expected, independent of the magnificent lake, and the volume of blue waters, pouring forth as the Rhone. The image of M. and Madame Tronchin's life, their quiet unostentatious activity in all that is good and useful, dedicating time and thought and their large income altogether to the best objects, sacrificing neither to self nor to vanity, will remain with me. On Tuesday morning we parted with them and with Mademoiselle Calandrini, and floated upon the lake to Beaulieu, M. Eynard's place near Rolle, where we dined, and proceeded in the evening by steamer to Lausanne. Beaulieu deserves the name—the house and gardens complete in the luxury of nature, arranged with a great deal of taste. The Eynards have no children of their own, but have built houses on their grounds for three married nephews, and a spirit of cheerfulness and benevolence prevails all around them; it is the same M. Eynard who supplied the Greeks in their great distress in such a princely manner. From Lausanne we had a delightful journey to Neuchâtel, the greater part on the steamer upon the lake, the banks of which I think are not celebrated enough: I half filled a sketch-book as we floated on. We had the great pleasure of finding a son of Count Groeben by the way and we were in the steamer from Yverdun to Neuchâtel with him and Valette.* Thursday we remained at Neuchâtel and dined with the Governor, General Pfuël.† Friday we returned home, seeing the

* Valette, a French Protestant Minister, for many years at Naples, was an intimate friend of the Bunsens. He died as Pastor in Paris, much beloved by a large circle of devoted hearers.

† It will be remembered that Neuchâtel was then and remained

Moravian establishment at Montmirail by the way, and the Roman ruins at Avenches near Morat, and also making a visit to the Count and Countess Pourtales, and seeing another highly-finished country house and garden, with a view of the Lake of Morat."

To ABEKEN.

"19 Nov., 1840.—We have Neukomm in the house, and he supplies our one want, of music, most abundantly. We enjoy ourselves every evening, and I profit by the leisure to finish up old Italian views, that have waited for such an undisturbed time, while he plays on the organ. With what feelings I resume such drawings, I might say, if I was not writing to you,—but as you are *capable* of writing to me,—‘Sie müssen Italien vergessen haben, sonst würden Sie die Schweiz nicht so schön finden!’—not one word shall you hear from me of what I like or love in the way of country: only I repeat with *Naohdruck* that this is a glorious piece of creation and that I enjoy the sight of it indescribably—and England too I think beautiful, as bearing in parts the traces of the Creator's hand, not yet washed away and deformed—though the scenery there is not so much to my taste as this.

"We are now living in hopes of getting dear Henry here, after his examination, and are trying too to get a leave of absence for Ernest to come here for the winter;—it would be a great gift on the way of life to have them

till 1848, a principality by itself, the sovereign of which was the King of Prussia. General von Pfuel, eminently distinguished in the French Campaign of 1813—15, was a man of great general culture and strong liberal aspirations. He was for a short time Prime Minister in Prussia.

all together, while we yet can! for when Henry is fixed in England, and Charles at Bonn, we shall again be all astray over the world. Our summer days in the neighbourhood of Geneva were of ideal enjoyment. We made the acquaintance of many admirable persons, known before by name—Galand, Merle d'Aubigné, Gauthier—besides Tronchin, whose character, habits of life, family arrangements, made a strong and delightful impression upon us. At Neuchâtel too we became acquainted with Pettavel,* Agassiz the naturalist, Dubois the traveller—in short those ten days were rich in matter of delightful remembrance.”

To her MOTHER.

“ 20 Nov., 1840.—Alas! my Mother, for all that loved the young Princess Borghese.† I saw the account of her death in one paper, and next day in another that her parents had set out towards Rome to spend the winter with her. I trust the Princess Doria will have the care of the poor little children, who of course will soon be blessed with a stepmother, and who knows what sort of a one!

“ Your darling is well and good, and cultivating her musical talents—and when alone, teaches her dolls to sing, setting them opposite a stool, with printed papers spread out before them.”

* Father of the well-known Swiss Pasteur in London.

† Lady Gwendoline Talbot, daughter of the 16th Earl of Shrewsbury, first wife of Marc-Antonio, Prince Borghese. Her three sons died within a week of their mother. Her only surviving child, Agnese, afterwards married Rudolpho Buoncompagni, Duke of Sora. Her elder sister, Lady Mary Talbot, was the wife of Prince Doria Pamfili.

To ABEKEN.

“13 *Jan.*, 1841.—I have long looked with an anxiety that I could not altogether account for, for your letter which within this half hour has reached us, and now I learn from it that your Father has been called away! I was far from anticipating such a blow—the severity of which, even in the anguish of the fresh wound, you hardly can estimate. I speak feelingly in that, knowing by experience that time, which is said to wear away the consciousness of most privations, rather increases the sense of the loss of a parent. The death of my Father was a great shock to me, but at the moment of the shock, I was not aware to what a degree and in how increasing a degree, I should miss him:—worst of all, how little I should get over the pain of having no further opportunity for offering—not requital for the kindness of a life, for that were impossible—but at least those tokens of grateful affection which are accepted in place of deeds. This is a case, indeed, in which I can but grieve for you!—in which I know not how to offer consolation, except that derived from the consideration that the harder it is for you to bear a stroke so sudden, the easier it was for *him*: that he was spared all lingering suffering, all previous decay—‘one moment perfect health, the next was death’—that you too were spared lengthened anxieties, the harder to bear under the consciousness that your Father had no child left to watch over a long, last illness. I have but to wish and pray for you, that you may have grace to make the use intended of the present bitter dispensation. May you never again be tempted to contemplate your own position with the sentiments which prompted your writing ‘mein Leben

ist geknickt!' Believe me, *you* are not at liberty to say that! I doubt whether the Christian really deserving that name, ever can use the expression: at least only then, when bodily infirmities have combined with mental convulsions to check or prevent all wholesome activity of life. But *your* trials,—even including this last bitter one, have been the clearing storms intended to dissipate earthly vapours from your horizon—to remove the many-coloured exhalations that take such varying visionary forms, and enable you to behold 'God alone still visible in heaven.' Do not, pray, think me harsh or unsympathizing: indeed you would be doing me wrong if you could think that; I do but as I would be done by, in reminding you that the balm of healing must not be converted into a poison, and that which should be for our good, must not become an occasion of falling. I thought of you indeed in the solemn hour that divided the old and new year—but little guessed what gloom enwrapped that period to you. Had I however been aware of your new title to my affectionate sympathy, I could hardly have prayed more earnestly, that you might be enabled to work out to the full the large measure of gifts, of opportunities, of qualities, of abilities, that has been meted out to you!—and this is but a gift of God, this affliction,—it is his 'visitation' to 'the preserving of your spirit'—it is a new opportunity granted you to do what He would have of you!—Deeds, not intentions,—facts, not feelings—a steadfast will, not acts of volition,—a life, not the aspirations of moments or hours, a striving forward, not looking back.—But alas! what am I that seem thus to preach? I am covered with my own confusion, and can but entreat you to accept the

fragmentary effusions of most sincere maternal affection : which it might often have seemed that I had communicated too unsparingly, but that your continued affection has encouraged, and emboldened me.

“ May you be guided to form a resolution for your future life, such as may be good for you, in these hours of melancholy reflexion ! May you perceive that the time is come for forming a plan, and acting up to it—for deciding that your life shall be one tissue, not put together in a succession of broken portions of various colour and texture : and may you, to that end, direct your views to a position where it shall be in your power to execute your own determinations, instead of having the best part of days and months stolen from you by the irruption of foreign elements, &c. I speak from a strong impression of experience—it is good, morally good, to live out of Italy : the *charm of life* that one has found there, *one finds nowhere else*—but if one would be forwarded on the way of duty, the atmosphere of a Christian country, of a German country, is *necessary*. I mean German in a wide sense, as opposed to Romaic. Heaven knows the country I am now in is far enough from possessing the moral excellence, or the intellectual elevation, that it should have, favoured as it has long been with evangelic light : it falls far short of what England is, and the better parts of Germany must be : and yet, even here, one is within reach of those whose examples make one look back with inward shame on one’s own practice.

“ I would once again urge my old arguments, that you are staying too long in a state of expatriation—that a man expatriated is ‘shorn of his beams,’ despoiled of half his

powers of usefulness, checked in his development, nay perhaps warped in his moral growth, and becomes not that which he was intended to be. You have need too to live among your equals, not your inferiors: and much as you have to give, and richly as you are able to communicate of your fullness, yet were it well for you to be sometimes on the receiving side!"

The letter just given is peculiarly characteristic of the intimate relation of "mother" and "son" existing between Madame Bunsen and Abeken, which enabled her to speak with such marvellous openness to him, and induced him to accept from her reprimands conveyed with uncompromising severity, because he knew the sentiment from which it sprang. This perhaps is the right point for mentioning how it was a source of especial delight and satisfaction in Madame Bunsen's later years, that she had lived to see Abeken at the post of eminence for which his talents and attainments fitted him; that he *did* work out all that was good and great in his character; and that he died in harness, labouring, with an earnestness and intentness rarely equalled, for his country's good, as his Sovereign's much-valued servant and Bismarck's confidential helpmate.

MADAME BUNSEN to ABEKEN.

"4 *March*, 1841.—In receiving on my birthday the demonstrations of affection of all those dear ones that surround me, I know that your thoughts and prayers are

blessing me from a distance. . . . All my children and my husband had presents for me. Neukomm gave me a composition of his own to some pretty lines expressive of what my feelings might be on this day, and it was sung by Frances and Emilia, accompanied by him on the organ.

“5 *March*.—I have much more to tell of the remainder of my birthday, in which I heard some charming music, due to a party of singers conjured together, and another composition of Neukomm's, of which I had known nothing. Afterwards he and the Countess Mortier, the French Ambassadors, played a duet, he on the organ and she on the pianoforte—a quintett of Mozart's, arranged by him for the two instruments, in which the parts originally intended for wind-instruments fall to the share of the *orgue expressif*: and the effect was delightful. The last surprise for my birthday was furnished by Lepsius, who copied for me a drawing of his own from the Turin-Papyrus, the subject of which had amused me, being a caricature 3,000 years old, of the same sort as that picture of Teniers representing monks as monkeys:—this is a mockery of musicians, an ass playing on the harp, a lion on a sort of lyre, a crocodile on a non-descript, a monkey on a double trumpet: Lepsius had written in hieroglyphics a birthday-greeting, supposed to be sung by these performers, and Neukomm had composed it, and the notes are written as a frame round the drawing—and were sung as a finale.

“Neukomm has borrowed the poems of Silvio Pellico, in the wish to find something Italian to compose. I looked through the volume at his request, and found but one thing

to serve the purpose, the rest being perfectly disgusting, from the sentimentalising on the mere externals of devotion, gnawing the shell, and never proceeding to anything like 'worship in spirit and in truth.' It has left a melancholy impression upon me, that such perversion should survive a period of such trials as Silvio Pellico's, and that a mind touched with a certain degree of real religion, should yet rest so self-satisfied in supposed merit before God, from the endurance of chastisement, as to grovel in chains worse than those of Spielberg, instead of attaining to 'the glorious liberty of the sons of God.' There is a poem to *Santa Filumena!** containing controversy in defence of her worship, and not satisfied with that, he sentimentalises also on *Santa Fortunata*, whose skeleton and name, it seems, are all that he knows of her, she not having found a setter-forth of miracles like Filumena. The most melancholy part of all is however, that this book has found enthusiastic readers; it is just fit for half the public of the times we live in. Morier says that the *Edinburgh Review* has a good article on the famous Tract, No. 90—and that it will seem Newman wrote it to keep back a whole troop of his followers from making the *saut périlleux* of going over to the Church of Rome, which they were 'consequent' enough to intend!"

In April, 1841, Bunsen was summoned to Berlin to

* One of the favourite saints of Southern Italy. In the year 1802, the skeleton of a young female was found in one of the sepulchres of the catacombs of S. Priscilla, and above it was an inscription—"Lumena pax te cum fi"—of which the beginning and end were lost. Out of these materials rose the devotion to "Santa Filumena." The body found in the catacombs was carried to Mugnano, twenty miles from Naples.

receive the instructions of King Frederick William IV. for proceeding to England on a temporary mission connected with the institution of a Protestant Bishopric of Jerusalem.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"5 April, 1841.—I have to send you a piece of news,—that Charles is coming to see you. He has received the King's orders 'to come to Berlin, for instructions to proceed to the court of Great Britain on a special mission.'—My Mother will see that there must be a mixture of feelings, but satisfaction is the result. Besides the 'especial mission' (we know not what it is, whatever we may conjecture) it is no doubt the King's intention, by ordering him to Berlin to receive instructions, to have an opportunity of speaking with him of many other things, and in particular of his own future sphere of usefulness. I need not tell you that I enjoy the thought of his coming to England *this* time in all the *éclat* of high favour, after his having had to appear there the first time under the cloud of ministerial disapprobation, and *yet*—and *yet*—having so made his way, and been sought after, and made much of, by all those he most valued, although a private individual unsupported."

To BUNSEN.

"15 June, 1841.—After reading for the fourth time your delightful letters from Gotha and Potsdam, I must write a word before I sleep. I feel that though my heart overflows with thankfulness, I am yet not half thankful enough, for the succession of mercies and blessings, for the

perpetual 'meeting of the heart's desire,' for the preventing of wishes, for the pouring of balm into old wounds, for the letting the '*latter rain*' follow the *early*—where should one find words for enunciation of the mercies of which you have been the object!—

'O dass ich tausend Zungen hätte
Und einen tausendfachen Mund,
So stimmt' ich damit um die Wette
Aus allertiefstem Herzensgrund,
Ein Loblied nach dem andern an,
Für das was Gott an mir gethan.'

And most of all do I bless God, my Best-Beloved, for the spirit and temper of mind in which He preserves you, and pray that He will still supply you with His grace to 'refrain your soul, and keep it low'—and so shall you show, and feel, that '*nothing is impossible to them that love Him*'—as it is even possible for you to pass through all that is most trying to the weakness of the flesh and pride of the spirit, without intoxication—without turning into evil the choicest gifts of Providence.

"Surely it will please God to work good to His church by the designs of such a King and such a man!—or one must fear for his life—he is too perfect for such a world and such an age. I must ever think of Madame Vernet's words, '*On devrait vivre à genoux*'—if it was only to pray for him. Often indeed, does my heart rise to Heaven for him, but yet I reproach myself that it does not call for blessings upon him every instant."

BUNSEN to MRS. WADDINGTON.

"*Mivart's Hotel*, 1 July, 1841.—It is a most solemn moment to me in which I address you. It is the 24th anniversary of

that day on which your precious Fanny became my wife at Rome. You then, and your excellent husband, gave her to *me*, to a stranger to you in blood and in nationality, a young man you had fallen in with on the high road of life, in a foreign country, without fortune, and without any other place in society, except that which the education he had received entitled him to. To him you confided what was most precious to you, not unconscious of the blame your friends would cast upon you. That man now addresses you as the envoy of one of the great Kings of this world, a King who calls himself his friend, and who has proved to him a brother and a father : an envoy sent to your country, on an object of peaceful magnitude. If I was left to my own evil dispositions, I should say, I was *proud* of being on this day here, to address to you, my dearest Mother, the expression of unspeakable gratitude for the trust you reposed in me, for the affection you bore me, for the benefit and blessings you conferred upon me. But I hope, I may say, by the grace of God, in truth, I feel *thankful*, humbled to the dust by the recollections attached to this day in my mind, and by the feelings engraven on my heart. Receive then, dearest Mother, the effusions of a heart you adopted four and twenty years ago, and which you never misunderstood since ; the thanks of a man, who, in the midst of a life of almost miraculous blessings, every day of his existence, feels more and more that your daughter is the centre of all of them. May God bless you, my dearest Mother, here on this earth, and eternally, for all your maternal kindness to one who will never cease to be your most devoted son—
CHARLES."

MADAME BUNSEN to BUNSEN (in London).

“ 20 July, 1841.—That I read your letters with thanksgiving, with tears of joy, you will believe! There are no words to express what I feel of the grandeur of the prospect opened, of the greatness of the mercy and grace shown to yourself, to be enabled to become the instrument of such things, of the wonders of Divine Power and Providence that seem displayed before us in the turning of men’s minds to do a thing most contrary to their own habitual views of duty!—I had been anticipating the difficulty of following up principles, and fearing that the Bishops might at last find it impossible to reconcile their views of right with what you must demand—even while rejoicing in the manner in which they met your first overtures;—but now it would seem indeed as if something is to be done for the Church of God. The Archbishop’s words I have read and re-read, with the feeling with which one listens to the voice of prophecy: it is as if the venerable old man were over-ruled to utter words not his own, and lay hand on a work greater than he was capable of conceiving.

“ When I learn that the English society for Missions in Europe has been obliged to restrict its operations *for want of funds!*—how grievous it seems that *good* people, who have means and good-will, should not be roused to help. . . . The accounts in the *Feuilles Mensuelles* make one *restless* to have all the good done that can be done, while there is time—so many nations are holding out their hands in supplication, like the man of Macedonia to St. Paul!—and the enemy is growing so active in sowing tares amongst the wheat, since Louis Philippe has had the weakness to become

an instrument of the Church which, if it had power, would destroy him.

“We have had a delightful excursion to the lake of Lucerne, meeting dear Lady Raffles there. You will guess our enjoyment in the lake, mountains, rocks, woods! Neukomm got us a carriage at Fluelen, in which we proceeded to Andermatt. Of the effect of this whole valley, all its grandeur, all its beauty, I shall only say that it surpassed all expectations I could form, highly as those had been raised. I enjoyed it thoroughly, and the solemn calm of Andermatt—the plain of flowers, the grassy slopes, the tranquil river—was not less striking than your frequent quotation of the favourite passage from Schiller led me to expect. We were all three glad to come exactly the same way back, to strengthen the impression of what we had seen.

“You will believe that Lady Raffles’s company here is an inestimable pleasure and edification. I only grudge it to myself alone, and long for you, or for my dear Mother to enjoy it too. Lady Raffles is an astonishing person—I wonder and admire the more I see her, and I have the comfort of feeling that it is soothing to her to be here.”

To her MOTHER.

“*Berne, 10 August, 1841.*—My mind is full of the image of a saint, if ever there was one, now gone to her rest—Madame Vernet, the mother of Madame de Staël and Mademoiselle Anna—through tortures beyond description, but which never troubled her heavenliness of mind, her love and sympathy and charity of spirit. She has left

‘surviving Friendship’s breast
Warm with the sunshine of her rest!’

I have had a visit from her eldest son, and her daughter-in-law, who is an Englishwoman."

To BUNSEN.

"*Lausanne, 14 August, 1841.*—I have come here to see Mayor, who advises the Baths of S. Maurice for Emilia. . . . As I was sitting on the terrace, a lady came up, and told me she was Mademoiselle Charlotte Kestner! She came afterwards to tea, with her lame brother, and I had very great pleasure in the conversation of both, finding *Kestnersches Gemüth, Stimme, und Redensarten.*

"Before leaving home I was greatly interested by a visit from the Vernets, from whom I have the most invaluable anecdotes and details of their really saint-like mother—whose life and character, if a little vanity and love of effect were added, would have furnished one half-a-dozen *Beati* of the Church of Rome."

"*Lavey, 19 August.*—This morning, from six o'clock till eight, we had a delightful drive in an *Einspänner*, in the shadow of the mountains. I cannot get over my astonishment, when I recollect that I drove through this magnificent country twenty-five years ago, and saw it with those two eyes that are yet in my head, and did not make out how magnificent it was! One has many things to learn, and many more things, it seems, have been matter of learning, not of intuition, than I had supposed. I could hardly believe my eyes, when I took in to-day the beauty of that Pissevache which I had looked upon before through so prosaic a film. Of the baths of Lavey I had heard the position was uninteresting. I believe the Swiss suppose high cultivation necessary to make out beauty:

for my part, I find so many requisites, as to experience no want. If there were nothing but the view from the windows, it would be enough; but a walk of a quarter of an hour, in every direction, offers new and grand combinations."

"7 Sept., 1841.—To all your wishes on the subject of the future I say, Amen!—considering your being appointed to England (which everybody would suppose the most desirable thing in the world for us) just as you do, as an episode, as resting by the way, rather than moving towards the end: and in short, as that which only a sense of duty to the King, if he should finally desire your service there rather than elsewhere, should move you to accept. I cannot think the King would fix you beyond seas from his own inclination—he must see pressing need if he were to require it of you: and in that case I believe the expression of his will must be regarded as a sign from Providence of what you are called upon to do. I hope we are not always to be wanderers, in provisional habitations! but if the sign is given for such another remove, we must only try to profit by the practical instruction that 'here we have no abiding city, but seek one to come.' If you are obliged to accept this appointment, my Best-Beloved, I must come back to my old proposal of our having a house in some quiet sea-place, so near a railway that you might in a few hours pass and re-pass to London: to the neighbourhood of Southampton I should incline for the sake of Mrs. Denison, or to the Sussex coast, where being near Julius Hare would be a pleasure too. Whatever the arrangement, I trust we may never again be parted!—indeed it grows worse and worse to live thus separate—to

have *Freud und Leid*, for months together, to experience alone!—God be praised for the mercy that he has given us so little of the latter.”

In September, 1841, died Mrs. Denison, the lovely and beloved first wife of Edward Denison, Bishop of Salisbury, who from her first acquaintance with the Bunsens at Rome, as Louisa Ker Seymer, had been closely entwined in their sympathies, and for whom in the last few years they had felt an almost parental affection.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

“3 Oct., 1841.—I cannot express what the intelligence of Mrs. Denison’s death has been to me. As each day passes since I received it, I become more aware how she was incorporated with my habitual thoughts and recollections—how I lived with her, though with so little prospect of a renewal of personal intercourse: and how the bright vision of our last interview was for ever recurring, and shadowing forth a prolongation of the life and love and happiness that I had been allowed a glimpse of in those last twenty-four hours spent in England.

“My dearest husband is deeply grieved—and now I know not how to bear his lengthened absence; I can feel so well that now he wants me, as I want him, more than ever: for as that dear and lovely creature was neither our younger sister nor elder daughter, who is there that can understand the loss she is to us both? Her case gives me again opportunity for preaching on a text, which I leave no occasion unimproved of urging on my children and

friends ;—that it belongs to the duty of good Protestants to be independent in the case of the body as well as of the soul, and that as the blessed Reformation set us free from the Confession, so we are bound to use judgment to defend our lives and those dear to us from physicians.”

To BUNSEN.

“ 29 Sept., 1841.—The varied emotions excited by your letter received yesterday almost strike me dumb. Louisa’s death ! I can hardly yet conceive it : and am conscious that what I now feel is little to what I shall feel, when day after day I shall become more aware how her bright soothing image was blended with the whole of recollection and anticipation,—and find the shadow of death where so lately was the fairest image of earth’s happiness!—Yes, she was too good to be left here longer, she had fought her fight, and overcome, she had attained the end of human existence, her whole being was spiritualized, and took part in the things of earth by love, not by sense!—that love which remains in strength, when Faith is lost in sight, and Hope has received its accomplishment !

“ I do not grudge her the share she had of your love, my Dearest, or you the share of hers : I know she loved me, and most warmly did I love her : and *do* I love her : for in reference to the dead, we are in the eternal *present*—those feelings which are not to pass away, even with life, belong not to the past. Her life, her lovely appearance—belong indeed to the past ;—and that is the bitter truth that will force itself on unwilling consciousness. Alas ! for the excellent Bishop, and for those sisters to whom her higher nature was a converging point.”

"3 Oct.—Daily, morning and evening, and often between other thoughts and employments, the image of death meets me, and yesterday in particular I knew not how to bear the thought of your pilgrimage to the spot of desolation, which only a little before was gilded to our thoughts with every species of brightness! and will my Henry be ordained to-day, and his Father stand by, within sight of that unclosed grave? The world of spirit is not restrained to place, any more than to time—we do but step out of the barrier of sense and we are in it. Can she not be conscious of what is in our spirit, though we are unconscious of the highest perceptions of hers? Have you read to yourself 'Die Seele ruht in Jesu Armen'—that hymn is such an unspeakable comfort.

"It is hard to think, or to write of other things. How I feel your longing after country life. May God give us grace to be satisfied whatever is decided for us: never could we more completely feel ourselves in his hands, for as you truly say, we know not where to find a place to rest in your wandering.

"My best-beloved, the state of things as to Emilia is, that I feel as at the end of a long, very long avenue, the object at the other end of which is—her recovery of the power of walking: the object is dim from distance, but I have every reason to believe it is no deception."

"18 Oct., 1841.—Alas! if you could only get here for Christmas. Indeed it gets harder and harder to bear this lengthening of separation: and hard as it is for myself, I would willingly bear more, to be sure that it did not fall still heavier upon you. I am deprived of *you*, and that is an immense want, greater than can be expressed, felt in

everything, and at every moment; but I have my children, and home, and quiet—whereas you have not only not *me* (whom I know you love, and want) but you have not home and quiet! Well do I comprehend the grief of Louisa's loss falling upon you with fresh weight in the change of scene, and comparative solitude: to me it comes back ever new, and at every ebb a flow of the tide of thought: I cannot learn yet to leave it alone, as a fact not to be got rid of. 'It is enough—she died—what recks it now.' Henry believes she wrote to you the last words ever written by her—how I long to see those words."

CHAPTER II.

CARLTON TERRACE AND HURSTMONCEAUX.

"Life, I repeat, is energy of love,
Divine or human; exercised in pain,
In strife, and tribulation, and ordained
If so approved and sanctified, to pass
Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy."

WORDSWORTH.

IN November, 1841, Bunsen received from his beloved King the appointment of Minister at the Court of St. James's, to the great joy of his friends and confusion of his enemies. Madame Bunsen at once prepared to join him. It was a time of infinite labour. Alone and unaided she had to wind up their affairs at Berne, to let the Hubel, dismiss the household, sell furniture, pack up library, give orders for England, and above all manage the tedious journey with all her children, of whom three were intensely delicate, in the depth of winter, when the Rhine was blocked by ice, with narrow means, and ever contradictory letters to act upon.

MADAME BUNSEN to BUNSEN.

"24 Nov., 1841.—I need not enlarge upon the feelings

excited by your letter of yesterday. The Lord be with you, and with us all, in the brighter as in the darker dispensations, and as He has 'taught you to be abased, so teach you also to abound.' There is no romance like that of real life and nothing can be fancied so extraordinary as what happens. My Dearest, it is my comfort that you will take this, as everything else, at the hand of God: or else the cup of triumph would be enough to intoxicate you. . . . I say nothing, and do nothing here, that looks like a breaking-up, till I receive your letter from Berlin, announcing that the matter is public."

"*Carlsruhe*, 30 Dec., 1841.—God be thanked that I am on my way to you! That is my constant comfort—a sort of guiding-star. Some day I hope to look back from a safe shore, upon this late stormy time. Often I have the sensation as if I was at an end, but then God gives refreshment, and above all, trust in His help and Providence."

To her MOTHER.

"*Ostende*, 4 Jan., 1842.—It is as a dream, and I can hardly conceive what yet is true, that the difficulties of such a long journey, with such a troop, at such a time of year, have been got over, or rather, I should say, have vanished as we approached: for everything has passed off well; and without delay, or stop, or hindrance, have we got on from one conveyance to another—trotting on the road, swimming on the Rhine, whirling on the railway, and now it remains to roll and rock on the sea. At Bonn good M. Brandis* came to us on board the steamer, and went on with us to Cologne, from whence he saw us off by

* Charles Augustus Brandis, the early friend of Roman days.

the railway: it was a great pleasure to see him once again, after 22 years! Urlichs did the same, and young Wurstemberger from Berne, came after us to Cologne, and went on with us to Aix-la-Chapelle. I was much gratified by these glimpses of kind persons by the way!"

"5 Jan.—If I do not dream, my own dearest Mother, here I am—in London—with my dear husband—having all my treasures safe—in a palace—after the most prosperous passage."

The residence of the Bunsens at the Prussian Legation, first at No. 4 and afterwards at No. 9, Carlton Terrace, occupied one of the most charming situations in London, being perfectly open on each side, and having a view across St. James's Park, with its trees and water, to the towers of Westminster Abbey. The house became what the home on the Capitoline had been, an intellectual centre of the most interesting kind—first to foreigners, gradually to Englishmen. All who were connected with what was best in theology, history, philosophy, in poetry, music, or painting, seemed naturally to gravitate towards it, and its cosmopolitan gatherings, in which the foreign element always predominated, were the greatest possible contrast to the parties usually endured by those who drink a London season to the dregs. The host and hostess had the gift of putting all their guests at their ease, by being perfectly at ease themselves, with every nationality, with every phase of interest or opinion. It became to many

English men and women a real repose even to call to mind the countenance of the Prussian Minister and his wife in the midst of the ordinary turmoil—he beaming with vigorous animation ; and she, full of sympathy and benignity, always perfectly self-possessed in the midst of strangers, in the imperturbable dignity of the simplicity of nature. The hospitalities of the legation in Carlton Terrace were initiated on the occasion of the visit of the King of Prussia to England, which took place immediately after Madame Bunsen and her family arrived from Berne.

Madame Bunsen never could accustom herself to the whirl of London life, and its destructive night-work and late hours, which her numerous household and its requirements rendered especially overpowering. “I do not suppose people grow old in London any faster than they do elsewhere,” she wrote, “but they certainly lead double lives—something beyond working double time, in keeping even with the daily demands of life.” Perhaps the social gatherings which gave her greatest pleasure were those of the poet Rogers. More than thirty years afterwards she spoke of “his house, his collection of works of art of every sort and kind, and his perfect little breakfast-parties,” remaining in recollection as things quite unique, and never to be seen again. But the chief attraction which London had to offer to the Bunsens outside the walls of their home, was the opportunity of renewing of such English friendships formed at Rome, as those with the Countess

of Harrowby, Mr. and Lady Emily Pusey, the Ker-Seymers, and the Countess of Ranfurly and her daughters. Madame de St^e. Aulaire was also in London, where her husband represented the French Court, and they were, of all Roman Catholics, the persons for whom Bunsen and his wife entertained the utmost regard and affection.*

“ *Carlton Terrace, 7 Jan., 1842.*—I am congratulated upon the happiness of my change. Now I know but two things, that I am happy to be *with* my husband, and *near* my Mother: all the rest is a change for the worse, unspeakable:—my only comfort is, that neither my husband nor I have *sought* or *wished* this splendid misery, therefore what is in the ways of Providence must be right. I trust God may grant me a *home* on my native soil, though how the necessary ingredients should come together in London, I am at loss to conceive. I am so home-sick after my dear Hubel, that I can hardly look at my elder girls: they do not complain, but their faces show the depression produced by the gloomy change, from everything they wanted and enjoyed—to—*nothing* enjoyable. My own Mother, this will mend; but it will I think do me good to have *sfogato*.”

It was during the stay of the King of Prussia that

* The Comte de St^e. Aulaire was the model of a perfect French gentleman of the ancien régime. His youth had been spent as a fugitive emigré at Vienna, and his beautiful mother had to earn her living in the capital, where he afterwards appeared in all the splendour of ambassador from Louis Philippe, by taking in fine washing! After the fall of the Orleans dynasty, the St^e. Aulaire's lived quite quietly in Paris.

Madame Bunsen was invited to pay the first of many much-valued visits to Windsor. "I always liked the visits at Windsor," she wrote years afterwards,—“the comfortable quiet and independence in which one could spend as much time as one would of the day in one's own comfortable rooms, where I have written letters and read books for which I had no time in London: if the Ladies in Waiting were agreeable, one could walk or drive with them, go to see the Queen's dogs in their establishment, or the exquisite poultry-yard, or the beautiful dairy-house, and I had a favourite haunt on the summit of the Slopes, and made particular acquaintance with Australian pines which were very flourishing and securely sheltered from winds by the Castle:—and the period of state-stiffness was, after all, restricted within the narrowest imaginable bounds!—from 8 to 11. Such a visit was always a rest instead of an extra exertion.”

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

“*Windsor Castle, 28 Jan., 1842.*—I was at work till three, then came by railway to Windsor and found that in the York Tower a comfortable set of rooms were awaiting us. The upper housemaid gave us tea and bread and butter—very refreshing. When dressed, we went together to the corridor, soon met Lord Delawarr, the Duchess of Buccleugh, and Lord and Lady Westmoreland: the former showed us where to go—that is, to walk through the corridor (a fairy scene—lights, pictures, moving figures of courtiers unknown) to apartments which we passed

through, one after another—till we reached the magnificent ball-room, where the guests were assembled to await the Queen's appearance. Among these guests stood our King himself, punctual to $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7; soon came Prince Albert, to whom Lord Delawarr named me, when he spoke to me of Rome. We had not been there long, before two gentlemen, walking in by the same door by which we had entered, and then turning, and making profound bows towards the open door, showed that the Queen was coming. She approached me directly, and said with a gracious smile, 'I am very much pleased to see you;' then passed on, and after speaking a few moments to the King, took his arm, and moved on, 'God save the Queen' having begun to sound in the same moment from the Waterloo gallery, where the Queen has always dined since the King has been with her. Lord Haddington led me to dinner, and one of the King's suite sat on the other side. The scene was one of fairy-tales—of indescribable magnificence, the proportions of the hall, the mass of light in suspension, the gold plate on the table, glittering with a thousand lights in branches of a proper height not to meet the eye. The King's health was drunk, then the Queen's, and then her Majesty rose and went out, followed by all the ladies. During the half hour or less that elapsed before Prince Albert, the King, &c., followed the Queen, she did not sit, but went round to speak to the different ladies. She asked after my children, and gave me an opportunity of thanking her for the gracious permission to behold her Majesty so soon after my arrival. The Duchess of Kent also spoke to me, and I was very glad of the notice of Lady Lyttelton, who is very charming.

“As soon as the King came, the Queen went into the ball-room, and made the King dance a quadrille with her, which he did with all suitable grace and dignity, though he has long ceased to dance. . . . At half-past eleven, after the Queen had retired, I set out on my travels to my bed-chamber: I might have looked and wandered some miles, before I had found my door of exit, but was helped by an old gentleman, I believe Lord Albemarle.”

“3 Feb., 1842.—On Monday we dined at Stafford House, where we were received with the greatest kindness. I was presented to the Duchess of Gloucester, who called me ‘the daughter of her old friend, Mrs. Waddington.’ Being taken to dinner by Lord John Russell, I found him a most agreeable neighbour, in no common way: he is one of the persons with whom I find it possible at once to express what I think, with whom I get directly out of emptiness of phrases: my Mother will know what I mean. The house is beautiful, the staircase especially, and a fine band played the whole evening, concluding with a composition of Prince Radziwill, never before heard in England, which was an attention to the King. The Duke of Sussex and Duchess of Inverness spoke to me, and asked me to their luncheon the next day, given to the King.

“On Tuesday the way to Kensington Palace was lined by schools with flags, and crowds of people: the Duke of Sussex received me, and brought me into the Library to the Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Sophia, who spoke most kindly, and made me sit between them, asking after you. When they rose to speak to somebody else, I alipt away behind the Duchess and got to a modest distance.

Lord Lansdowne spoke to me—in short, people enough—there is nothing like the Bude-light to make one conspicuous, and sharpen people's memories! The Duchess of Sutherland followed up her kind beginning, and came and sat by me;—so, after speaking of other things, I ventured to tell her that I was in a difficulty about the Duchess of Cambridge, not having been yet to wait upon any of the Royal Family, as it was not to be done till after I had been received at Windsor, the other members, including the Duke, being pleased to notice me from former recollections. Whereupon the Duchess was so good as to speak to the Duchess of Cambridge, and present me to her. At the table I sat between Humboldt and Lord Palmerston, whom I also found very ready to talk.

“I returned from the Duke of Sussex's at 6, and at 10 dressed again for the Duke of Wellington's. There was music—selected as unseasonably as could be, things the King might have heard better at Berlin, except, to be sure, that one was a composition of Lord Westmoreland's! poor Miss Kemble, &c. straining their voices to be heard above the buzz of company: and the unequalled tones of Dragonetti and Lindley degraded to commonplace accompaniment!

“The King's visit to Lambeth on Wednesday was perhaps one of the most suitable and most agreeable to him of any that he has made, from the magnificence of the building, the historical associations, and the admirable choice of the company—bishops and clergy, and few besides; no ladies but Mrs. Blomfield, and one relation of Mrs. Howley's. The King enjoyed himself, and sate for some time after luncheon was over, talking to the archbishop. He

took leave of Lord Ashley with much kindness, and told him he must come and visit him at Berlin. At six I got home, and at ten dressed for the Duchess of Cambridge's, where the King had dined, and whither he returned after midnight from the play, having enjoyed the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and a most heart-cheering reception. I passed my time very agreeably here, owing to Lady Denbigh,* with whom I had much interesting conversation.

"Then Thursday, the opening of Parliament, was the thing from which I had expected most, and I was not disappointed; the throngs in the streets, in the windows, in every place people could stand upon,—all looking so pleased, the splendid Horse Guards, the Grenadiers of the Guard—of whom might be said, as the King did on another occasion—'an appearance so fine, you know not how to believe it true,' the yeomen of the Body Guard: then, in the House of Lords, the peers in their robes, the beautifully dressed ladies, with many, many beautiful faces—lastly, the procession of the Queen's entry, and *herself*, looking worthy and fit to be the converging-point of so many rays of grandeur. It is self-evident that she is not tall—but were she ever so tall, she could not have more grace and dignity, a head better set, a throat better arching:—and one advantage there is in her looks, when she casts a glance, being of necessity cast *up* and not *down*, that the effect of the eyes is not lost, and they have an effect both bright and pleasing. The composure with which she filled the throne, while awaiting the Commons, I much admired: it was a test—no fidget, and no apathy.

* Lady Mary Moreton, daughter of the 1st Earl of Ducie.

Then her voice and enunciation cannot be more perfect. In short, it could not be said she *did well*; but she was *the Queen*, she was, and felt herself to be, the descendant of her ancestors. Stuffed in by her Majesty's mace-bearers, and peeping over their shoulders, I was enabled to struggle down the emotion I felt, at thinking what mighty pages in the world's history were condensed in the words, so impressively uttered by that soft and feminine voice. Peace and war—the fate of millions—relations and exertions of power felt to the extremities of the globe! alteration of Corn-laws! birth of a future Sovereign!—With what should it close, but the heartfelt aspiration, God bless her and guide her, for her sake and the sake of all!”

“14 Feb., 1842.—In London I live in a state of fever and do not comprehend how I go on. . . . The bright moments of last week were seeing Lady Frances Sandon, Lady Emily Pusey, Madame de Ste. Aulaire: those were great gratifications. . . . On Saturday evening we had the great treat of hearing the music of the Holy Week performed here in our own house, by a small number of good voices, Germans and Danes—found out by Neukomm and Moscheles.”

“17 Feb.—How I wish I may *get under* the mass of elements I am contending with—for though a quantity of things and persons, the best and most interesting, are to be found in London, one has but one life, and the day and hour will not carry double and treble. My present feeling is—*how long?*”

“3 March.—We have had a most agreeable dinner-party at Lord Stanhope's, just such as I enjoy, few people and

conversation. Lady Wilhelmina is a very fine creature, externally—and a most agreeable converser, full of intelligence and information: but I was not prepared for the genius which her drawings denote—groups from subjects that interest her, with extraordinary conceptions of beauty and grace without distortion, and a correctness of outline and proportion very rare in possessors of the art—at the same time no scratching and blotting to hide defects, no colour and light and shade to give effect.—Her outlines are in pen and sepia like Flaxman's, only not like the antique, her subjects and costumes being of the Middle Ages, from Percy's Reliques and other ballads, Italian tales, &c. Two things I saw coloured, and those, sketches, from memory, of Mademoiselle Rachel, were also admirable: but no subject was treated that was not a good subject, no quotation written by the side that was not poetical. I long to see more, and shall bear in mind to obtain further opportunities. I was very glad to make acquaintance of Lady Mahon,* whom I think quite *charming*—intelligent and conversible, natural and gay, giving the impression of a mind and character as well-proportioned as her pretty face and figure. I have as yet seen but little of Miss Stuart's† drawings, but those I saw showed talent of an even higher order than Lady Wilhelmina's, in the same proportion as her Grecian outline and eye of soul denote a higher order of being—without meaning to criticise the other, whom I like

* Emily Harriet, 2nd daughter of Sir Edward Kerrison, Bt., and wife of Philip Henry, afterwards 5th Earl Stanhope.

† Hon. Louisa Stuart, younger daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, who afterwards married Henry 3rd Marquis of Waterford.

really—only Rubens is not Raphael. I know my Mother will sympathise in my pleasure in these persons and things.”

“19 *March*.—To-day we were invited to luncheon to meet the Queen—at Lambeth—the whole most beautifully arranged, with luxury of flowers and plants.”

“8 *April*.—O! when one thinks of distress, how it does go to one’s heart to spend money in a fine court dress! and how depressed and ashamed I felt yesterday morning, put out of countenance by my own conscience. But I was obliged to say, royalty is a thing most useful and necessary in the world, and if one is pushed close up against it, one must show the respect one feels in the manner appointed. I was extremely struck with the splendour of the scene at the Drawing Room, and having an excellent place, near enough to see everybody come up to the Queen and pass off again, I was very much entertained, and admired a number of beautiful persons. But nobody did I admire more than Mrs. Norton, whom I had seen before, and Lady Canning’s face always grows upon me.”

To a SON.

“13 *May*, 1842.—I thank God for your tenderness of conscience, and for your strictness of hourly self-examination, the only sort that I believe can avail, for I cannot conceive how anybody can execute what so many recommend, the passing over in a preparation for evening devotion the events and feelings of the day: either it is impossible, and a self-deception, or it leads to a very unedifying state of mind, which will get more entangled in the trammels of bye-gone hours, than free for heavenly

meditation. But while I recommend the speedily passing judgment upon the offences of the hour and the moment, I recall for your guidance a sentence of Bishop Patrick's which, early-read and long remembered, has often stood me in good stead,—'It is not by long poring over the wounds and bruises that we get on in the daily journey of life, that we find means to advance farther: instead of prying into our sores, let us leave those things that are behind, and stretch forward after those that are before.' I quote from memory, and incorrectly, but that is the substance, and a great truth lies at the bottom. Another passage I cannot recall verbally, but it distinguishes between a true and false humility, and makes the former as rather attainable in devout contemplation of the perfections of Christ our Saviour, such as 'quietly sinks us down to the very bottom of our being,' than by the consideration of our own infirmities, which ruffles and disturbs the mind to its lowest depths, and renders it unfit to reflect the heavenly image.

"My dearest Son, all that you describe I have passed through so often, that in reading your letter, it was as if the secrets of my own soul were laid open. To be cheated of the comfort of the Lord's Supper, and by one's own vanity and emptiness, how painful that is! and how well do we deserve our own reproaches! But let us beware lest we place bounds to the mercy of God, and let the mists and vapours of our own souls obscure and intercept his rays, which are always shining, and ready to communicate vital warmth and light!"

The illness of her daughter Emilia induced Madame

Bunsen in the summer of 1842 to take her to the baths of Aix in Savoy. The journey was one of much suffering both at the time and afterwards, another daughter returning almost as ill as the one for whose sake they had gone abroad. It was during this absence of his wife, that Bunsen decided upon a country-home for his family at Hurstmonceaux Place, a large country-house about ten miles from Eastbourne in Sussex, situated in the parish of his friend Archdeacon Julius Hare, and upon the edge of the picturesque deserted deer-park, which contains the immense ivy-covered ruins of Hurstmonceaux Castle.

MADAME BUNSEN to BUNSEN.

"*Aix, 16 August, 1842.*—I hardly know how to believe in the prospect of Hurstmonceaux, that just all I wished, in the most desirable form, attended by every most desirable circumstance, should at once be granted! Indeed I may say, I rejoice with trembling: for it is as if an angel from heaven was visibly before me, bringing me the assurance of being dealt with according to my heart's desire, and mildly reproaching me with the impatience and want of faith with which I have craved that bread of life, which God has never suffered me to want in any possible shape, for myself or mine. My thoughts had often turned to the coast of Sussex, as the part of England most desirable for us, on account of its neighbourhood to Julius Hare and Mrs. Augustus Hare—now that death has closed upon us the once bright prospect of Salisbury and Southampton.

"It is another gift of Providence, that when it has taken

from us Dr. Arnold, it has drawn us nearer to another friend, the only one to be named near him. . . . O! the delight with which I think of having a garden. The only pang, is the thought of the distance from my dear Mother; in all else I feel thankfulness for a promised place of refuge and quiet, where we may live with our children, ward off as may be such influences as we cannot measure, and as far as in us lies cast in such seed as we know to be good, trusting to Him who giveth increase in its season as He judgeth fit.

“We have driven in the evening to the Lac de Bourget, and staid rowing upon it till after the moon rose. Oh! this lake, and sky, and moon, are so Italian!—and the calm dreaminess of this summer life is a clear reminiscence of a past that I thought gone for ever!”

BUNSEN to MRS. WADDINGTON.

“*August*, 1842.—On arriving at Hurstmonceaux I found that the inmate of the manor (once the place of the Hares’), who has a twenty-one years’ lease of it, of which two years are remaining, wished to go to Italy for this time. The house is well furnished throughout, has seventeen bedrooms besides dressing-rooms, beautiful gardens, meadows, &c., and is only four miles from the sea. You will think it wrong if I do not seize this quite unexpected opportunity, as a providential solution of a most difficult problem.”

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

“*Aix*, 31 *August*, 1842.—I have not forgotten that objections are everywhere, that trial is everywhere—that

'man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward'—but still, I see sunshine in the prospect of Hurstmonceaux, just as, in the close of last year, I saw gloom in that of London. My feeling (no, not feeling, I have no gift of presentiment, but calculation) proved true in the one case, and God grant it may prove true in the second."

To BUNSEN.

"Geneva, 16 Sept., 1842.—Many things in life turn out all the better, for not promising much at first; and so it may be with this bathing-journey; but I certainly came away from Aix under circumstances seemingly more dispiriting than those under which I arrived—Mary scarcely able to stand, Emilia much as she was, and Theodore not by any means well.

"This has been a busy day, and much could I tell of the kindness of the Vernets, with whom I dined at Carra, of the Tronchins, whom I visited on my way back; of Mademoiselle Calandrini, who was with us a long time; and of Madame de Staël, who came hither from Coppet to see us."

It was in October that the Bunsens settled at Hurstmonceaux Place, where Madame Bunsen left her children for the next two years, during her frequent necessary absences in London. At Hurstmonceaux also, she herself often obtained a much-needed reprieve from the choking and crushing fullness of her London life. When obliged to be in London, the nearest compensations for separation from her children were found, not in the usually credited advantages of the metropolis,

but in such tranquil moments as she was able to pass in the society of Lady Raffles, or amid the interests of the British Museum.

MADAME BUNSEN to her SON GEORGE.

"*Hurstmonceaux Place*, 16 Nov., 1842.—You will be glad to see the date of this place, which will contain an evidence of our being in comfort. If anything besides clothes and food are necessaries of life, it is certainly what we acquire by our country-establishment,—quiet, leisure, command of time, consciousness of possessing the day as our own,—and air, *real air* to breathe, not a mixture of fog and smoke; means too of taking exercise, which is not merely fatigue without refreshment. This house is the early home of Archdeacon Hare and his brothers, and is very large—really large enough for us!—the rooms very cheerful, basking in the sun, with high windows letting in the light. A park with fine trees slopes away from the house, and the church stands on the brow of a grassy hill just opposite, and at the end of the park—which is no longer so termed, as no longer containing deer, but partitioned off into fields with sheep and cows in them.

"Our gardens are delightful—with large trees, planes and chestnuts, a cedar, and an evergreen-oak, the latter the finest I have seen in England. A flower-garden and greenhouse are near the house, and, at the distance of three-quarters of a mile, through the park, is a large kitchen garden, walled in, and belonging to the old Hurstmonceaux Castle, originally dating from the Conquest, but rebuilt in 1440, a fine and very large fortress, like Raglan Castle, inhabited till eighty years ago, when Mr. Hare's

grandfather was persuaded to build the house which we inhabit, and dismantle the castle for materials!—much to be lamented for the sake of the castle, which remains an ivy-mantled ruin, likely to outlive many a younger edifice: and for the family, who by building the house brought on the need for selling the estate. From our upper windows we see the sea, with Pevensey Bay, where William the Norman landed. There are good roads and paths in all directions, and Emilia and Mary enjoy driving out in a low phaeton with two little ponies, a late very agreeable and useful acquisition. Archdeacon Hare and Mrs. Augustus Hare are all kindness and cordiality. . . . This has been a year of distress, trial, and unsatisfactory unavoidable expenditure of time and money, such as I hope and pray not to be called upon to live through again! But it has pleased Providence to bring us in this place, to the haven where we would be, before the close of it: and I am hourly thankful.”

To ABEKEN.

“*Hurstmonceaux*, 13 *March*, 1843.—Your letter, abundant in delightful matter, leaves me (independent of its exciting interest) the consoling impression that your way through the desert* is not, will not be, a wandering out of the right way, neither for forty years nor for two. The kingdom of God may be forwarded, laboured for, in one position as in another, if it is but kept as the first object, and never

* Abeken had now left Rome and his vocation as Minister of the Gospel. The Prussian government, at Bunsen's request, had allowed him to accompany the expedition to Egypt undertaken at the country's expense by Lepsius, to whom his rare scientific, geographical, and linguistic acquirements were most valuable.

lost sight of: for those who have 'zur Kreuzfahn durch dein Blut, o Jesu, lassen schreiben'—must not fight under another banner.

“The winter here has been to us all a time of quiet, and health, and enjoyment; and for myself, I cannot be sufficiently thankful in the hourly consciousness of stillness and undisturbedness, enabling me to get through my day's work as the day comes. It is not leisure for choice of occupation that I am at liberty to wish for: change of exertion has been for years my appointed means of rest: but I must crave, as being necessary as daily bread, such freedom from disturbance, during certain periods, as may enable me to go on in consciousness that the chief labour of life is not neglected:—which freedom from disturbance in London was impossible at any season of the year. Of my husband's full activity he will tell you himself: it is wonderful how much he has found it possible to do, under the necessity of perpetual change of scene, which however I believe has operated refreshingly. We have a great acquisition in Otto Deimling, the brother of Lina, who is taking Theodore in hand, and is of a nature that amalgamates most happily with all the other portions of the household, while his musical talent is a matter of general delight. I hope soon to receive here a Miss Cecil, as governess, and friend and guide to my girls during my unavoidable absence in London: she lived long with Lady Inglis to bring up the Thornton family, to whom Sir Robert and Lady Inglis in the early years of their marriage supplied the place of parents.

“I have only one book to name that I have read this winter, but that is a sort of event in life—Tieck's *Vittoria*

Accorambuona. It is the grandest delineation of a female character, under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty, that I know: and I never should have supposed Tieck capable of such a conception. It is also a picture to the life of Italian character and manners. Ernest's voice and Deimling's violin, with Frances and Lina to accompany, seduce us into enjoyment of music almost every evening, so there has not been much reading aloud; indeed your place has never yet been supplied, nor is likely to be, as a means to me of this kind of intellectual excitement."

To her CHILDREN at Hurstmonceaux.

"*Carlton Terrace, 19 April, 1843.*—This house looks very nice—but I feel as if in an enchanted castle—or in a dream—all is so strange and still; and I find it very hard not to be idle, going about and looking at things, to see if they stand in their place. Only one consciousness is constant, that I am thankful my dear little girls are not here, but established where I trust they are better off."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"*London, 30 May, 1843.*—I had at breakfast an American who has been teaching the poor blind and deaf! and then I went to the consecration of a beautiful church by the Bishop of London—fine sermon, fine service, fine organ, fine chanting, and, lastly, had a walk home through the park with my dear George. I have passed an uncommon morning, with thoughts and feelings and senses occupied by anything but common London objects: and now I come home and find Ernest practising singing accompanied by an Italian, and ten notes that have to be answered—but before I set about this work and thus am screwed

down to the common London level, and become quite stupid, let me remember what I want to say to my own dear children—but it will not be much, because to-day we are to dine with the Bishop of London, and I must dress beforehand, and I must rest beforehand, and I must write my notes before I rest. . . . Your dear Father has had a great loss, in the death of his admirable friend, old Mr. Perthes* of Gotha; I assure you I have wept as if I had known him by sight, and yet I only knew him by his letters, and his life's conduct."

To her DAUGHTER FRANCES.

"*Blaise Castle, 20 July, 1843.*—I wish I could write details of my enjoyment in being here, to make you understand how your Father and I are refreshed in body and mind, that is to say, to me the bodily refreshment must come afterwards, for I have been seeing pictures and walking about the grounds incessantly. Yesterday was uninterruptedly prosperous, and filled with matter of agreeable recollection; but to-day is the real refreshment; the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Harford, the beauty of the place and surrounding country, the taste and feeling which has guided and governed the decoration of everything, which pervades the house, household, establishment, furniture, manner of reception (a refinement which is not superinduced, but results from sound views and principles in life) constitute and create a consciousness of well-being, a reality of pleasure and satisfaction, to which one does not often attain anywhere, but hardly ever elsewhere than at home.

* The life of this admirable man, a publisher of eminence, has been written by his son Clemens Perthes, and gives, perhaps, the best insight into German domestic life in the middle classes.

“ We arrived at Bristol soon after one, and soon met the Harfords and Mrs. Miles of Leigh Court, at which place we were invited to dine with the Harfords in the evening. Soon we sate down to the banquet, and I was placed, to my alarm, next to Prince Albert: however, he did not *eat* me, nor even *bite*, but was very goodnatured, and of course I had the best view of the long tables filled with guests, and I was at the fountain-head for hearing the speeches. After this was over, all followed the Prince to the covered gallery, high along the edge of the water, prepared for seeing the *towing-out* of the great ship—of an inconceivable length—into deep water; for that was the launch. It was fine to see the great vessel put in motion, but finest to see the hills of Clifton, the shore, the boats, the ships, covered with thousands of spectators, in bright sunshine.”

Madame Bunsen, on her last return from Germany, had brought back with her to England, as teacher of music to her daughters, Caroline, daughter of the Rev. Ludwig Deimling, Court chaplain (Hofprediger) to the Grand Duke of Baden, and sister to the tutor of her youngest son. This young lady by her gentleness, sweetness, and her great patience in a long and suffering illness, endeared herself to each member of the family and household. She died at Hurstmonceaux Place in the middle of September, 1843.

MADAME BUNSEN to ABEKEN.

“ *Hurstmonceaux*, 22 *Sept.*, 1843.—A scene of long sorrow and suffering closed yesterday, in our following the remains of Lina the lovely and gentle, to their resting-place in

Hurstmonceaux churchyard,—she having breathed her last on the 16th. The last time she had quitted the house was on Easter Sunday, when she dragged herself along the same way that now she was borne, to the Communion. During the whole of her long illness she was an uncomplaining sufferer, and full of thankfulness to all who surrounded her.

“ You will have received Carlyle’s ‘ Past and Present ’ in the course of the summer, and Pusey’s Sermon, and thus you will have been going over the ground we have been treading. I hope at least that there is a growing consciousness evinced by the Press of the miseries and perils that surround us: but oh! for that singleness of perception, for that instinct of truth, for that consciousness of the needful for self-preservation, for that hallowed fear of the invisible, present, imminent, irresistible reality—which has existed in times of the health and youth of nations, but which ceases in their sickness and decline. Unless God work a miracle, what is to save, what is to renovate the nations of the earth? I think you will read ‘ Past and Present ’ as breathlessly as I did. I am not equally sure of your partaking the feelings with which I laboured through Pusey’s unutterably dull sermon: you probably will join in the German-Professor sympathies of Archdeacon Hare, who (strangely to my perceptions) thinks the dullness of the sermon sufficient antidote to its poison, and regrets that the teacher of heresies should have been put to silence. O! had people not been more straightforward in the days of James II., we should have been quibbled into a Papist government for good and all.

“ You do not say enough to please me of the stupendous

beauty of the character of Vittoria Accorambuona, one of the grandest of the creations of genius—the female Being in its highest perfection, leaving out of the question *Christian perfection*. She is everywhere calculated to produce the effect she is intended to produce: the reader does not take her upon trust. But I do not wonder at her not being to the public taste, which is much too artificial. Those who are used to delight in the outline produced by whalebone and buckram, cannot honestly admire (though for fashion they may say they do) the real flesh and light drapery of the marbles of the Parthenon.”

To her MOTHER.

“22 Sept., 1848.—Dear Lina has left behind her ‘an odour of a sweet savour’—a soothing image of much human excellence and a high degree of Christian perfection. During the last hard six months, there never has been a murmur against God or man shown either by word or demeanour: abnegation of self, the not demanding anything but what was given, and being thankful for the smallest service or demonstration of a will to help, were become the habit of the mind. And she has met with much love and sympathy from everybody that had observed her, when she glided about in unostentatious activity in the time of comparative health, or when she lay on the bed of pain and death. . . . I cannot regret the circumstances which brought her to us, nor regret anything but that I could do no more for her: for to love her was no effort, but impulse: and she showed me only love and trust and thankfulness, and never caused me a moment’s sensation of disapprobation.”

To ABEKEN (in Egypt).

“*Hurstmonceaux*, 29 Nov., 1843.—You can scarcely have a clearer sky, a more unclouded sun, over you, than I now behold—and when you looked last night (as no doubt you did) upon the crescent-moon grouped with Jupiter and Mars, you saw these planets with no other radiance than met my eyes. So it is with supernal objects of other and various kinds—they are the same, but our eyes behold them modified by varying media. . . . In the spring, there is every probability that we shall remove from this place, to which for so many reasons we shall ever be attached: the society of the Archdeacon will be a great loss, and we shall probably miss the quiet of this perfectly retired situation, so far removed from social interruption: but on the other hand, the evil is great of the continual separations and expense of journeys, to which we are subjected at this great distance from London, and we shall be thankful if the prospect now opened of obtaining a country residence within ten miles of town, should be realised. Lady Raffles has been with us twice lately, and we hope she will come again at Christmas: and it is ever matter of new admiration that she should be so full of love and sympathy for those who float in the full tide of life, while she is personally cut off from its dearest interests, and perpetually reminded that all she loved are in the grave, or rather gone before where she is ever ready to follow, though by a singular dispensation, still bid to wander on the ‘bourn.’ Neukomm is still here, and I hope we shall keep him long. He calls forth music in the house, as well as performing it, and we thus live in a medium of sweet sound.”

CHAPTER III.

IN THE TURMOIL OF LIFE.

“Je vous conseille de ne jamais porter votre vue au-delà de la journée même. Lorsque vous vous auriez habituée à regarder chaque jour comme une existence distincte et séparée de ce qui en suit, le fardeau qu'il apporte, tel qu'il soit, sera supportable, et la vie entière vous semblera bien passagère.”

Written in Madame Bunsen's Prayer-book.

MADAME BUNSEN to ABEKEN.

“4 *Carlton Terrace*, 6 *March*, 1844.—Such a number of things press upon me to be communicated, in this earliest and quietest hour of the day, that will become busy enough as it rolls on, that it is a puzzle where to begin. To speak of the affectionate interest with which my thoughts ever follow your wanderings, and my cordial thankfulness for the prosperity which has been granted to yourself and to Lepsius seems to me wasting time and paper in *remplissage*, for surely you know it and doubt it not. . . . We spent the winter at Hurstmonceaux with much of desirable and enjoyable—almost all we could wish, except one prime requisite, being all together. My husband in general was no sooner arrived from town, than something occurred to make it necessary for him to return: in six months, from August to February, he made but four visits to Hurst-

monceaux, and only once could protract his stay beyond three weeks. This must explain the necessity, which went very hard with us, of breaking up our establishment there, and finding a place nearer London—Oak Hill, near Barnet, four miles from Lady Raffles. So I have just finished devastating the fabric of family-comfort that we had been forming and enjoying for a year and a quarter. . . . Such periods of inordinate labour and trouble, eating large pieces out of one's life to no apparent purpose, must no doubt be very good for me, as they have recurred so often in the latter years,—and as there is only prospect of such in the following. Here in Carlton Terrace I begin to feel a little as if at home: but am reminded there is no being, or fancying myself settled, even here: and Oak Hill may soon be costing us as much trouble to get out of, as in to. I have seen the place and am much pleased with it. Had I seen our dear Hurstmonceaux before it was taken, I should not have consented: but it is all well that we have been there, and we carry away store of valued remembrance from the place and its inhabitants. Our last act was to place a stone with a cross and a short inscription to mark where 'the human seed divine' was deposited, which our thoughts will often revisit."

In March, 1844, Bunsen was summoned to Berlin, where he was joined by his wife in the following July. She then for the first time became acquainted with her husband's country, and rejoiced in seeing many of the places and friends connected with his earlier life, though she could not but experience the mentally as well as physically chilling influence of Germany as

compared with the Italy of her heart. As the water-cure of Marienberg near Boppard was prescribed for Emilia Bunsen, her mother accompanied her thither from Berlin, and while there, had the comfort of a cordial and friendly meeting with her sister-in-law Christiana, so intimately connected with her earlier married life. Bunsen returned to Carlton Terrace to receive the Prince of Prussia on his visit to England. Many circumstances of that visit are recalled which are characteristic both of Prince and Minister. Royal carriages had been sent to meet the Prince on two successive days on which the possibility of his arrival was anticipated, and had returned without him. On the third day Bunsen would not be induced to believe in the possibility of his arrival, and, instead of going to meet him, remained engrossed in the last chapter of his work on Egypt, and was thus surprised by his royal guest, who kindly entered at once into the temptation which had led to such a dereliction of duty on the part of his Minister Plenipotentiary! In the absence of Madame Bunsen she was represented by her sister Lady Hall, who arranged with Bunsen the different dinners and evening parties which were given for the Prince. Afterwards Bunsen accompanied the Prince on a tour of country visits in the north of England, and thoroughly rejoiced in the opportunities afforded of conversation with one whom from his earliest years he had known and loved, but from whom he had in later years been somewhat alienated by events.

MADAME BUNSEN to her SON HENRY

"Hamburg, 22 June, 1844.—We arrived here safely (Frances, Emilia, Miss Bromley, and I) at 7 o'clock yesterday morning. We were admiring the banks of the Elbe from the deck of the steamer after a miserable passage, when, I saw a boat approaching from the shore, and asked myself whether that could be your Father, which was so like his outline, and himself it was. . . . We were refreshed by a good breakfast at 8 o'clock, and while we were about it, *auf gut Deutsch*, began the visits: first Senator Abendroth, then Syndicus Sieveking, followed by the Prussian Minister, Senator Jänisch, Amalie Sieveking—the remarkable woman who has accomplished here a society of Protestant Sœurs de Charité, &c."

"June 23.—Yesterday and the day before we dined with the family of Syndicus Sieveking at his country place: and we have all enjoyed those two afternoons, more than I can express, from their great kindness and agreeable society. On Friday, we saw on our way that admirable institution for the reclaiming and training of wicked boys and girls, *das Rauhe Haus*; and made the acquaintance of that really great and gifted man, the clergyman Wichern, who has created and still carries on the whole. To see such a monument of Christian love and Christian wisdom, as that whole establishment, and know that wonders can be brought about, even in these dry and hardened times, by the union of those powers, is affecting and edifying beyond description! The children whom we saw happy and useful, had all been such as their own relations could not get on with, from their frightful development of wickedness at so early an

age. Yesterday we saw one of Amelia Sieveking's establishments, in which twelve sickly children are taken care of by two *Sœurs de Charité* from Gossner's Deaconess establishment at Berlin: the sister who received us and showed us the children (some of them orphans, and all of the poorest and most needy families) was a farmer's daughter of the Mark Brandenburg, and has been two years following this calling, after passing a six months' noviciate—her name is Antonia. I shall never forget the expression of cheerful goodness and sense, with dignified simplicity, that marked her whole demeanour: nor the unostentatious manner of answering our questions as to the weight of care and duty she constantly bears. These two young women have no under-strappers to take off the heavy work from them—they watch and attend to these twelve sick children night and day; teach them what they can be taught, cook for them, and keep order in the whole house, the remainder of which is divided into neat dwellings for respectable poor families, who pay a rent so low as to be nearly nominal. Besides the children of the house, they have also a Sunday school for some from the neighbourhood. All this is under Amelia Sieveking's superintendence, and she is about to add to the establishment, not by enlarging this, but by having other houses similarly constituted. The Sieveking's are rich and generous, and thus she obtains pecuniary help, besides her own private fortune: but more important still are the understanding, and the Christian spirit, which she brings to the work. She is a highly gifted person, and has the gift of speech, and of expressing herself in writing. We saw that fine picture of Overbeck's—Christ's Agony in the Garden—presented to

the hospital-chapel by the Godefroy's. Yesterday evening was beautiful: and the effect of sky, and lights, and people, and boats, and a singing-party in one large boat, on that fine piece of water—the Binnen Alster, reminded me of Venice.”

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

“*Berlin*, 28 June, 1844.—Yesterday morning I had the great pleasure of spending three hours in the Museum, seeing the exquisite collection of pictures of the ancient Italian masters, which were shown me by Mr. Waagen, whose books about pictures in England you may have heard me speak of. Then we drove to Charlottenburg, which is a little town of itself collected round the palace, something in the manner of Hampton Court; thither your Father was gone to hold a liturgical conference with Strauss and Snetlage, for the sake of having a quiet corner (for in Berlin he never has), and we came after him that we might dine all together, and see the Mausoleum in which the late King and his Queen are buried. The building was erected by the late King for the tomb of his beloved Queen, but the present King has made an addition in the form of a beautiful chapel, in which the two tombs stand side by side. The walls are wainscoted with marble, and adorned above with cherubs' heads in relief, and texts of Scripture in large letters like mosaic—the texts all chosen by the present King, and beautifully selected. The tombs have recumbent statues of the King and Queen, and it is not to be described how beautiful that of the Queen is: that of the King is not yet executed in marble, but the same sculptor,

Rauch, is at work upon it. The sight of the whole is most solemn and affecting. I saw afterwards the apartments of the present King and Queen, where they often live in the spring, beautiful rooms, fitted up with taste and comfort, and looking as if they were lived in and enjoyed."

To ABEKEN.

"*Marienberg, bei Boppard am Rhein, 23 July, 1844.*—I am fixed here, for how many weeks I know not, to try the effect of a water-cure for Emilia in this ancient monastery, by command of Dr. Schönlein, whose advice I went to seek at Berlin, a journey which further accomplished another desirable object, that of my being *at last* presented at the Prussian Court. . . . I hope to learn to like this country, by means of drives on the river banks, but alas! it still seems to me that I am in a trench, and I long to knock down the barrier, so as to have a peep out somewhere into the distance.

"I rejoice to have been in Berlin, where I saw many people whom I was very glad to see. Good Schelling was all cordial kindness to me and mine; he is well-preserved, and is really likely to work in retirement during the holidays in one of the King's country-places. The Eichhorns, mother and daughter, I much liked. Greatly did I enjoy the Museum, in which Waagen showed me the collection of pictures and Gerhard the other antiquities: also Cornelius's new designs for the Campo-Santo, and his Glaubenschild, the baptismal gift of the King to the Prince of Wales. It is a great satisfaction that Cornelius is as fresh and full of power as ever. I saw the Antigone,

the effect of which was beyond all my expectations: and there were hopes of the Trilogie of *Æschylus*, compressed into a piece in three acts, being made equally enjoyable by Mendelssohn. My husband suggested, and Franz executed, the arrangement,—Tieck read the piece thus arranged to the King, and the manuscript, approved, was conveyed by me to Mendelssohn at Frankfort. I saw the Queen and Royal Family at Potsdam, whither I was ‘zur Tafel befohlen’—the opportunity being past for presentation in town. It was on the day of the great military festival, when the King has a portion of every regiment in the service to dine in his presence at the ‘Neue Palais,’ and I am glad to have seen the fine sight. Altogether the days passed at Berlin have left a multitude of recollections, but no satisfaction was greater than daily seeing my dear Charles and George, and having opportunity of knowing how well they are going on.”

To her SON GEORGE.

“*Marienborg*, 30 July, 1844.—On Sunday we had a delightful drive to St. Goar, and fully experienced what I have often supposed, that no idea can be formed of the beauty of the banks of the Rhine, by being upon the surface of the river, that being just the position from which the surrounding objects cannot be seen to blend to advantage. The whole way to St. Goar is a succession of complete and varied pictures, with *most* of the features that combine to make such scenes charming—not all—for I cannot but deplore the want of wood. At St. Goar was a concert of amateurs, for the benefit of a village that had suffered from fire—a good selection of music, and a good

performance, in an unpretending place and company. We came back by a glorious moonlight.

“Last Sunday I had another pleasure, in a visit of Thile and his father; and, further, I saw an old Swiss acquaintance, brother of our friend Madame Pettavel of Neufchatel, who informed me of a congregation of German Protestants, having a Christian preacher, meeting in a private room at Boppard:—which I shall rejoice to seek out next Sunday. I can make no pretence to belong to those independent spirits, who believe themselves strong enough to rise to heavenly contemplation on their own unassisted opinions.—to me the opportunity of prayer and praise and edification, in the company of brethren in the faith, is a most needful assistance to my easily-flagging powers. My dear Emilia and I read together in our books of devotion: but I shall still feel that to join the congregation of the faithful, in fact and not merely in idea, fills a void which else would remain unfilled. . . . Whatever the prosaic state of modern minds in Germany may be reduced to, the ‘Communion of Saints’ signifies a high reality: and ‘where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them,’ remains the avowal and promise of Christ. ‘Lord, teach us to pray,’ expressed the wants of the disciples, and the ‘ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God,’ are bound not only to declare to us the doctrine entrusted to them, but to be our guides in approaching to God,—to *teach us to pray*, as well as to understand,—to guide our thoughts and feelings in the right channel by a well-chosen form of words which shall *remind us what we have need to pray for*. The prayer must be our own—it cannot be prayed for us: but the

greater the need we have of it, the greater we shall generally find the difficulty of hitting upon the subjects that would bring our souls in the temper of prayer. On this subject I speak with such clear experience of fact, that I feel entitled to be positive."

To ABEKEN.

"*Marienberg, 29 Sept., 1844.*—We are at length gladly and wistfully looking to the opening in our horizon, which shows us the homeward way. An agreeable surprise has been a visit from my sister-in-law, full of spirit and strength and intelligence, unimpaired by her 72 years: I was truly glad to see her, for I have ever considered a heart and affection like hers to cover her undesirable qualities. Meanwhile in England an active time has been passed, Ernest and his Father receiving and entertaining the Prince of Prussia, who it would seem has derived a very satisfactory impression of England. My husband had good opportunities for important conversation with him, and the visit seems to have gone off as prosperously as possible. Now has my husband again leisure to send to the press (which is waiting and gaping wide for its prey) the two volumes of his Egyptian work, and the new edition of the 'Gesang und Gebetbuch.' How I enjoy the thoughts of the quiet months we may now hope to have at home, at Oak Hill, you may guess, but I cannot say.

"This long stay in an Ultra-Romish country, where yet the people are truly serious and devout, has furnished many new and curious subjects of observation and reflection. These people are of a good stuff—goodnatured, intelligent, lively, and laborious, and sparing no effort to

wring from the surface of the naturally unproductive soil their scanty maintenance: the influence of the clergy must be great, and unceasingly exercised to fanaticize the flocks which have been driven in crowds to worship the 'Holy Garment' at Trier—being the 'coat without seam' for which the soldiers cast lots;—and not satisfied with this severe effort, to people who live by their labour, and can ill spare four days' travelling, and the bodily fatigue of a foot-pilgrimage through sun and rain,—processions without end go along the banks of the river to Bornhoven, where is an old church and wonder-working Madonna, the alcove in which the image stands being entirely tapestried with votive pictures. But these processions differ strangely from those we used to see at Rome, being real *Bittfahrten*,—the pilgrims one and all singing litanies and German hymns without ceasing, one division taking up the strain when the other is out of breath:—and I understand the clergy are very strict as to admitting individuals to the privilege of attending the processions, not letting those go who are suspected of having no other object but amusement and sight-seeing. The spectacle of such a procession is most striking—a double line, of men and women indiscriminately, bearing flags at little distance one from another, a cross belonging to each line, their Pastor walking in the centre between the two lines,—the voices sounding in solemn harmony. Why have we not such singing in procession, there where we might have it, without any corruption of our worship, in baptismal or marriage processions, or at funerals? I felt painfully, this time twelve months, when following the remains of Lina up the hill to Hurstmonceaux Church, how the long-protracted silence

sunk gloomily upon the spirit, which might have risen upon the pinions of song above death and mourning.

“A Countess Droste zu Vischering, for years obliged to employ crutches, and who had been using the baths of Kreuznach for three consecutive seasons, was seized some time since with devout longing after a sight of the Holy Garment, and conceived that she might thereby recover: whereupon, having been conveyed to Trier, while upon her knees before the object of worship, she declared that she could walk,—and accordingly, without crutches, she walked out of the church and down a flight of steps. How many days or hours she remained capable of the same effort I do not know, but she is now again at Kreuznach, and using her crutches: which has prevented great use having been made of the miracle.”

To her SON HENRY.

“4, Carlton Terrace, 28 Oct., 1844.—Our time at Marienberg was in many respects remarkable and interesting to me: it was a period of much rest and quiet, which was refreshing after the peculiar bustle of the time spent at Berlin, and the regular bustle of my habitual life. Then I enjoyed seeing the beautiful country, and forming a real notion of what the banks of the Rhine are—walking by the side of Emilia's ass, or driving out with her: and much and gladly did I draw, more than I have time to do elsewhere, and I had leisure for reading, such as I have not at home. I was very glad to have a happy and comfortable meeting with your good Aunt Christiana, who is in a state of health, of calmness, content, goodwill and affection, such as I never saw in her before: there was not

a cloud in the whole time, about three weeks, that we were together.

“At Cöln, Liphart* and Urlichs went about with us, and under Liphart's guidance I saw more interesting things than would else have been possible in the time: the fine old churches, and remarkable pieces of sculpture and painting that they contain, particularly the *painted sculpture*, that singular art, of which one must see the possible perfection in order to believe in it. The cities of the Netherlands have so early and constantly been matter of interest to me, that I am glad at last to have seen two of them—Ghent and Bruges.

“I have been enjoying Ranke. He is an historian just such as I delight in following, like a good guide in a picture-gallery, who groups and classifies and orders, what else when received into the mind as units, would remain a crude mass, and make no due impression.”

To ABEKEN.

“4, *Carlton Terrace*, 30 Oct., 1844.—I write on the point of leaving for Oak Hill, where we shall find the rest of the family, headed by my dearest Mother, governed by Ernest, influenced by Neukomm. On the 18th we reached London, in time to witness the opening of the New Exchange by Queen Victoria in person, when holiday was made in the City, and such a mass of human beings crowded the way she passed, even to the very roofs of the houses, as I never saw together before,—all in the best humour, cheer-

* Baron Liphart, a country-squire from Livonia, and a connoisseur in the fine arts, had lived on terms of intimacy with the Bunsens when at Rome.

ing the Queen, who was greeted with the crash of all the church-bells, with the singing of the school children of the two churches in the Strand, and again with a band stationed before the Exchange, where after receiving an address, and making a gracious reply, she accepted a luncheon, of which 1,200 persons partook, and then retired with the same plaudits as when she entered."

During the summer of 1844 the sisterly sympathy and affection of Madame Bunsen had been painfully aroused by the long illness in London, of Hanbury, the eldest and then only surviving son of her sister Lady Hall. In October he was removed in a bed-carriage to Llanover, where he expired on the 11th of February, 1845.

MADAME BUNSEN to her SON GEORGE.

"6 Nov., 1844.—I think sadly but not sorrowfully of the trial you are called upon to endure from the state of your eyes: and earnestly should I pray for the removal of this 'thorn in the flesh,' did I not ever feel, when moved to petition for any earthly good, or for relief from any earthly evil, that my mouth is closed by the consideration of the reply given to the chosen apostle himself—'My grace is sufficient for thee.'—Yet does the same apostle say to us, 'In prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God.' And that I think is a different thing. I am sure there is no wish of the heart,—let it concern what it may, that we may not, nay ought not, to lay before God, as a child before a parent of well-known and often-experienced indulgence:—we need

not fear to weary the Lord with our *wishes*, it is only our sins,—discontent, mistrust, murmuring, &c. that weary Him. I have had myself the experience many times in life of the gratification of a wish that I had never supposed could be gratified, at the time I least expected: and I daresay I should find many more such instances, were but the habit more constant of referring every occurrence to the highest cause instead of to second causes, were we not all so apt rather to reckon up desires crossed, than desires fulfilled.—But such wishes must be laid before Omnipotence without claim, without irritation, without impatience—and we must be content to await the appointed time.”

To ABERKEN.

“*Oak Hill*, 29 Dec., 1844.—I only wish such an inclined plane could be laid under the Puseyites, as should oblige them one and all to slide into their proper place! instead of remaining long enough nominal members of the Church of England to upset it entirely. The prospects of the Church of England are most melancholy, and if the heads of the Church do not take warning in time, and use measures to exclude false brethren, nothing can prevent a secession, or some national measure against Anglo-Popery. The mistrust of John Bull has once been excited, and he is most justly resisting novelties harmless and indifferent in themselves, but not indifferent as regards the source whence they come. The Bishop of Exeter has been causing such a spirit of resistance in his own Diocese, that he has actually retracted the very orders he had issued: moved, it is supposed, to such humiliation, by a hint from the highest quarter that he would not be supported. May it please

Providence to infuse rational and liberal sentiments in time, for the better confounding and dismissing of all Romanising members of the Church of England! or they will again rouse the spirit of destruction, and we shall have to mourn over the second act of the Cromwell-spoliation of Gothic buildings, painted windows, and decencies of worship. Much has been done and said of late, that finds its exact parallel in the deeds and words of Laud and his adherents. 'O wenn sie in der Stille und Zurückgezogenheit sich läutern und kräftigen, so steckt in ihnen doch ein edles Element, das der Englischen Kirche nicht verloren gehen sollte.'—Are these your dreams in the Egyptian wilderness? How far different from the reality! Instead of a life-pervading element, it is a canker in the tree. . . ."

To her SON GEORGE.

"4, *Carlton Terrace*, 28 Jan., 1845.—This has been no quiet winter to me; after my dearest Mother's visit was over (a time I shall ever remember with thankfulness, as of unclouded sunshine), we received a succession of visitors at Oakhill. . . . On Thursday Sir Harry and Lady Verney came to us, whose company we enjoyed truly: they love German, and music, and are interested in all that interests us, and your Father could therefore pour forth and communicate unchecked. At the same time we saw for one day a remarkable man, Thomas Carlyle, not the author of 'The French Revolution,' &c.—but a member of a new sect,* and called the *Apostle of Germany!* You would expect an impostor or madman, but we found

* Viz. Irvingite.

neither : a man and a gentleman, amiable, intelligent, and I believe truly pious and well-intentioned ; suffering from the common English distemper of *half-learning*, when nothing else is half : there is a whole man, a whole intelligence, a whole resolution, unity of intention,—and thus is half-learning the more dangerous, in destroying the balance. This Mr. Carlyle has been in Germany, known many people at Berlin, and has written a book on Germany, containing more truth both in praise and censure than has been told, I should think, by anybody who has yet treated the subject. But curious are the glimpses which the book affords, of the new church by which the author would supersede all existing forms !

“How busy have Frances and I been in the garden, and how have we had roses replanted, clumps improved, and flower-beds arranged ! I have had a household to arrange too, and in a great degree renew and replant. I wish it also might turn out a flower-garden, and not a thicket of thorns and nettles : trouble enough, time enough, anxiety enough has it cost me.

“I trust that for the sake of your eyes, you will submit to a certain dose of *Lançense*. . . . If it be too much to pretend with the old song ‘My mind to me a kingdom is’—yet surely there might be some independence of outward circumstances accomplished without demanding too much. I wish for you and all my children few things more than to be kept out of the necessity of enduring ennui, of which I have had much to go through in different periods of life. But as bodily fasting may sometimes be useful, so perhaps is mental fasting, when submitted to, and not kicked against.”

To ABEKEN.

"4, *Carlton Terrace*, 4 Feb., 1845.—To-day I have been witnessing for the second time the opening of Parliament. The first time I was present on such an occasion, three years ago, you too heard the weighty words, containing the germ of events affecting the fate of millions, uttered by that clear, melodious, and feminine voice: and you participated in the feelings which the spectacle produced in me. This day the Queen has had much of good existing or anticipated to comment upon, and well might she congratulate all upon the commencement of benefit to Ireland, in the carrying out the propositions of the Act relating to charitable bequests: but the most material feature of the present time, and the most alarming, is one upon which she could not comment, the state of the Church of England, its divisions, and its danger, in the loss of confidence on the part of the great mass of those who though preferring its forms to those of any other denomination of Christians, yet prefer the Evangelical and Protestant principle to any and everything external."

To her SON HENRY.

"10 Feb., 1845.—I am much concerned at to-day's news, that the Proctors have been weak enough to prevent the condemnation of Tract 90—at least for the period of their reign. It is strange that all those who do not wish the destruction of the Church, should not perceive how critical the times are, and that the present moment may be the last opportunity granted for rooting out weeds peacefully: if the opportunity is allowed to pass, a power may arise

by which weeds and flowers together may be turned up by the plough-share."

"*Carlton Terrace, 2 April.*—We have been enjoying calm and cheerful days at Oak Hill, and have plunged back again into threefold disturbance. Yesterday we were obliged to have a dinner-party of dullness and dryness: but it is well over. To-day we refresh ourselves with dear Madame de Ste. Aulaire. On Saturday we are to have the Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden at luncheon, and many people to meet her. Meanwhile we rejoice in the presence of the Arnims, and I enjoy seeing London with them. Yesterday I was at the Tunnel, and to-day St. Paul's, the Exchange, and the National Gallery."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Carlton Terrace, 24 June, 1845.*—What a glorious summer morning! It is not yet seven o'clock—at six Westminster Abbey and the New Parliament Houses, the trees, water, turf in the park, were all clear in outline, illuminated by the morning sun from a cloudless sky, and showing a mass, substance, modelling of surfaces, which now are fast vanishing under the increasing smoke, and becoming a succession of shadows *en silhouette*, darker or lighter according to the distance. . . I must write to you before the day's business quite runs away with time and power . . . for my head and heart are often and often full of things that I want to say to you, just when I cannot write, only think.

"We have had two nice days at Oakhill—Caroline Bromley and her sisters, Count Groeben, and Professor Steinhart, with whom we are delighted. What a glorious

summer!—the *aura estiva* blowing as fresh as the *ponente*, the sun too hot to remain in, the ground dry, the orange-flowers perfuming the whole house."

On the 5th of August, the whole Bunsen family collected at West Ham Church to witness the marriage of Ernest Bunsen with Elizabeth, daughter of the excellent Samuel Gurney. The service was read by Henry Bunsen, and it was the first occasion on which the ten brothers and sisters were united, for it was twenty-one years since Henry and Ernest left the Roman Capitol, when their youngest sister was still unborn. Immediately after the wedding, Bunsen set out for Germany, having been summoned by the King to Stolzenfels, to be present during the visit of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. On this occasion he received from the King the honour of Privy Councillor of the First Class (*Wirklicher Geheimer Rath*), which gave to him and Madame Bunsen the title of "Excellency." After leaving the banks of the Rhine, he visited his birthplace of Corbach and his sister Helen, and had also a joyous meeting with Schumacher and many other friends of his youth.

MADAME BUNSEN to ABEKEN,

"*Carlton Terrace, 6 August, 1845.*—This morning I returned from Blackwall, after seeing my husband safe on board the Antwerp steamer, on his way to meet the King on the Rhine, whither Queen Victoria will proceed immediately after the closing of Parliament. He was appointed

to be of the party to receive her, first at Brihl, then at Stolzenfels, and it was therefore necessary he should be off before her, as her motions are more rapid than those of other people. This necessity drew with it another necessity more agreeable, nothing less than hastening the celebration of Ernest's marriage, which took place yesterday—the bride being Elizabeth Gurney, one of the nieces of Mrs. Fry, and the same who with her father Samuel Gurney accompanied Mrs. Fry to Berlin in 1840. . . . Seldom can it have happened in life to have a connexion, in all its circumstances so entirely satisfactory—contemplated from any and every side, so perfect, matter of such unmixed thankfulness. My ten children were collected at the marriage, for the first, perhaps the only time that may be possible.”

“29 Sept., 1845.—It was a great comfort that my husband should have been enabled to pass his birthday at his birthplace, and see his sister, and rejoice the hearts of so many old friends! but that was the only pleasure he had from the whole journey, except feeling the King's personal kindness as great as ever, and returning to his post and comfortable nest here!”

“Oak Hill, 23 Oct., 1845.—Ever since the return of my husband on the 9th September, he has been fixed by business in London the whole heart of every week, only beginnings and endings being left for Oakhill: a division which suits him far better than it does me—for he finds in one place such different calls upon time and attention from those that offer in the other, that the change only proves a refreshment, whereas with me the business of life is one thread, which such frequent changes of habitation render

it very difficult to spin evenly, or indeed spin *on* at all,—the best I can do is to keep it from breaking. When you return, you will find me better off than when you left me in London. I can more overlook and discriminate the nature of surrounding life: but I have not yet attained to a command over it. I can never feel as if I was quite at home here, such an unsettledness have the frequent changes produced in my consciousness: and though well knowing what causes of thankfulness I have, yet I cannot help the wish, that, as years roll on, the wheel might be allowed to abate the rapidity of its whirling, and give me time and quiet, to recollect and contemplate,—move by an act of volition, instead of being driven. On retrospection I feel a double thankfulness for that which I enjoyed at the time—the intense yet animated stillness of the Villa Piccolomini.

“The King’s birthday was celebrated in England by the opening of a Hospital for the German sick, which has been in agitation for three years, and has given my husband much employment. A vast number of persons have interested themselves for it among the merchants of London, and also of Hamburg, but the King of Prussia’s contribution is the largest, though several royal personages are among the contributors. The population of poor Germans—mostly artisans—about London, amounts to above 20,000!—therefore it may well be conceived how far the over-stocked London Hospitals must have been from answering the needs of such a mass of foreigners, though never *as such* excluded.

“I think you knew Mrs. Fry?—if so, you will feel what it is to know that her eyes are closed, and that her voice

will no more on earth 'vindicate the ways of God to man,' and effuse around that love to God and man which was her animating principle. The latter years of her life had been somewhat less heavy upon her than the two years preceding, in which there had been little hope of preserving her life thus long:—and she had rejoiced in the happy marriage of her youngest son, and hardly less in that of Ernest and Elizabeth. But much pain, and helplessness, and incapability of active occupation, made her life a load, such as those who best loved her could not desire to see continued and rendered heavier, as it must have been by growing infirmities. On the 12th October she sank down suddenly and expired within a few hours, having been heard to utter ejaculations in prayer, but having given no other sign of consciousness. We shall not look upon her like again! and must try to preserve the impression of her majesty of goodness, which it is a great privilege to have beheld. I never wished more for the possession of the accurate memory which once was mine than after hearing her exhort and pray, particularly on the day of Ernest's marriage. When we were at her house on the 3rd July, on taking leave she said 'May God bestow upon you his best gifts! the fatness of the earth is good, but the dew of Heaven is better.'"

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH (then travelling abroad).

"6 Nov., 1845.—I have been constantly anticipating with sorrow the moment when a cloud would come over your happiness, of which I have long known, but of which distance made you unconscious; and I do feel that such a piece of intelligence is the beginning of a sorrow, or

regret, that will not end but with life! because what your blessed Aunt must have been for those who had the privilege of approaching her continually, can in some degree be felt, even by us who only occasionally had felt her influence, and been aware of the degree in which her whole self seemed to realise the life of God in man. She met everybody in every human sympathy, but of sin seemed to take no cognizance except in compassion. I have been much edified by seeing how your father and sister take the privation, realising indeed the idea of those who sorrow not as 'having no hope,' but as *being full of hope*. As the beautiful hymn says:

'Kummer, der das Herze bricht,
Quält und ängstigt nur die Heiden:
Der in Gottes Schoosse liegt
Ist in aller Noth vergnügt.' "

To her SON GEORGE.

"21 Nov., 1845.—On the 10th we set out on a peregrination round the county of Norfolk, in search of the various Gurney connexions,—first, to Earlham Hall, the residence of John Joseph (the brother of Samuel) and his American wife, and the birthplace of Mrs. Fry. It is a delightful place, just one such as I like, old-fashioned, a building of complicated form, with Elizabethan chimneys, the garden, grounds, trees, all in English perfection, but with pleasing marks of a much earlier date than the last new fashion. It would take much description, and the attempt at last would not succeed, to give you an idea *wie es uns hier wohl war*. Master and mistress and surrounding circumstances formed an harmonious whole, though each individuality was strongly and peculiarly

marked. We saw John Gurney and his dear little wife in their nice abode, and were taken to visit Hudson Gurney and his wife. On the third day we were conducted on our way by Mr. Joseph Gurney, who took us to see Blickling, a fine old place, which once belonged to the father of Anne Boleyn, and where tradition says she was born: the present house is not as old as that, but dates from the year 1627, and has been preserved nearly unaltered. The old library is invaluable, and some curious manuscripts were shown us. But the whole place is delightful and is kept up *con amore*. From thence we went on to Northrepps, the dwelling of Lady Buxton, sister of Mrs. Fry, who has lost her precious sister and her admirable husband within this year, and is an edifying pattern of a Christian mourner: all her sympathies alive, none blunted by self-compassion, but living in recollection of those who are gone before. With her we found a large party, her two sons with their wives, the sisters of Elizabeth; her daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Gurney Hoare, who generally live at Hampstead. Near Lady Buxton lives Anna Gurney, a really admirable and wonderful person, the sister of Hudson, who exemplifies the talents and various gifts of this remarkable family under circumstances of great hardship, having been paralyzed at ten months old, and having never known what is meant by health or freedom from suffering: still her animated and placid countenance shows not a trace of the struggle against pain, and, besides her continual and active exertion for the welfare of the poor and distressed, she has had the commanding freedom of spirit to cultivate a remarkable linguistical talent, and astonished your

Father by the sort of questions she was enabled to put to him and by the knowledge she had acquired of the philosophy of language. As she was eager to ask your Father about his Egyptian work, we left him with her, and had a delightful walk to the top of an eminence from whence I enjoyed a splendid view of the sea, all blue, with waves crested white and a quantity of vessels glittering in the sun. Miss Gurney's cottage is in a sheltered dell, with woods on each side, an opening at the end disclosing the blue sea. I was not prepared for such pleasing spots in this generally uninteresting country: but the great interest is seeing such good and superior people.

“From this place, near Cromer, we went across to Runcton near Lynn, the residence of Daniel Gurney, youngest brother of Samuel, where we found Miss Catherine Gurney, the eldest sister of these brothers and of Mrs. Fry.

“A visit of two days at Addington has been very agreeable, and the mildness and clearness of judgment, and constant benevolence of the Archbishop (Howley) and his wonderful memory, with the state of preservation of his body and mind in such advanced years, make out a most satisfactory object of contemplation. There is abundant matter to write about of interest attending our present life in London—of the many of the worthy and distinguished on earth with whom we have communion; and of much, of which we must try to make the best use while we can. The difficulty is, to avoid dreaminess; I always wish I could mark down the passing objects, and retain even their shadows, but time seems always to be wanting.”

To ABEKEN.

"London, 2 April, 1846.—Not long since T. Acland took me to hear the *performances* at St. Mark's College-Church, the place where there is a training-school for schoolmasters: nothing new to others, but it was new to me. The boys are taught to sing, and the whole service of the Church is gone through by them in a fine style, musically considered: the chanting of the Psalms being *only by them* performed quite as it ought. That chanting is to me very satisfactory, and I would wish it everywhere: but to have the Venite, the Te Deum, the Jubilate, all in *canto figurato*, though ever so good, and a long anthem besides—converts the whole into a performance little to be distinguished but by localities from that of the Sistine Chapel: well suited to the æsthetical system of religion—(a compound of music and painting and architecture and embroidery, and decent solemnities, and regular attendances, and high professions, and strict exclusions)—now in fashion, but which the very name of the Gospel—of good tidings of great joy, preached, that is addressed to the heart, of the poor and needy, the spiritually destitute—dissipates into air and nothingness. I am, and ever have been, much attached to those external decencies, now become the very idols of worship; but if they are to become all in all—if all churches are to become what many are, I shall end with following the 'Ultra-Protestants' to field-preaching."

In the summer of 1846 Madame Bunsen went to Neuwied to take her youngest daughter Augusta-Matilda to school, and afterwards proceeded to Wildbad for the

benefit of her daughter Emilia. In the same autumn the death of the Baroness von Arnim was felt as a great sorrow by the family.

MADAME BUNSEN to her DAUGHTER FRANCES.

“*Wildbad*, 15 July, 1846.—I have received a visit to-day from Elise Fellenberg of Hofwyl. She told me of the death of her sister Adèle, whom she described as having been afflicted with *Rückenmark-schwindsucht* and *Gemüths-krankheit!* and as having found peace of mind and relief from pain in the house of Pfarrer Blumhardt, in a village of the Black Forest near Calw,—of whom she proceeded to give the following extraordinary particulars. It seems that he has been known for many years as a truly Christian preacher, who laboured faithfully to revive religion in a parish where it had become matter of much indifference,—but for a long time there were no visible fruits of his ministry. I think after four years he began to observe that his parishioners were almost all coming to him by degrees, seeking private conference to confess sin and obtain spiritual consolation and advice, and soon after this revival, I believe, it occurred to him that if “prayer and laying on of hands” had caused the relief of bodily disease in the time of the apostles, there was no reason why, if done with the same faith, the same effects should not be produced still. It seems there have been cases of cure, and still more of relief obtained, which now cause crowds to collect, many coming from a distance. Elise urged me to go and see and hear the good Pfarrer—to be present at his Saturday evening service, and stay over Sunday—and indeed I have so great a desire to do so, that I hope it will be

practicable. The Pfarrer has many sick in his house, particularly *Gemüthsranke*, and the numbers that collect to hear him preach, at each of the three services that he holds on a Sunday, is so great, that he is obliged to ask the strangers from a distance to stay in the churchyard till his parishioners have taken places in the church—and so many remain without, for whom no room is found, that the church-windows are opened, and he speaks as loud as he can, to be heard by the assembly outside. Although he has so much constant exertion for his voice, he never fails to close the evening with a Hymn in his own house, when he is the Precentor, after uttering grace at the end of the simple supper.

“ Elise Fellenberg’s account of her sister’s death was most affecting. It seems, though long in a state in which her decease might be considered imminent, she was not believed to be in particular danger when at last the end came—for since she had been in the house of Blumhardt, she had experienced comparative ease of body as well as peace of mind. She had told her sister she felt well, and in comfort, not long before a change in her features caused alarm, when Elise called in the clergyman, who saw plainly the last hour was come, and after praying by her side, began to sing a hymn, in which his wife and children, the maid-servants, and by degrees other inmates silently pressing into the room, joined, in that full congregational harmony which is nowhere found in such perfection as in Wurtemberg: and thus they sang till after the spirit had departed, peace and joy and thankfulness being the expression of the eyes until they lost their light. . . . Blumhardt is urgent with those who come to him not to talk about what

is going on, except to such as are likely to value it in seriousness—I feel sure that he exerts a magnetic gift of healing, sanctified by prayer.

“Yesterday afternoon we had a delightful drive to Enzklösterle—a group of cottages still named after a convent destroyed by the Swedes. The whole way lay along the winding valley of the bright torrent-river, the Enz, the Black Forest hills rising steep on each side, with every beautiful appearance of *Fichten* and *Tannen*, or Scotch fir, and spruce fir, other trees sometimes appearing at the lower edge, and granite-stones thrown about, intermixed with and sometimes beautifully overgrown by wortle-berries: while soft green slopes and flat meadows, watered by little streams conducted over them with much art and care, fill up the centre. It is plain that the further we go into the recesses of the Schwarzwald, the better we shall discern its peculiar character.”

“24 July.—I had yesterday a visit from M. Appia, who gave me an account of villages in the Schwarzwald, which were colonies of Vaudois. In one of them Henri Arnaud, who commanded the ‘Glorieuse Rentrée’ is buried, having ended his days as pastor in that colony of his brethren. These various Vaudois-colonies, it seems, were supplied by the English government with the annual sum necessary for their pastor and schoolmaster, until the country was over-run by the French, and then the payment was stopped, and all renewal of it since the peace has been refused. For a long time these poor congregations were in great need of all kinds, but at last they were adopted by the King of Wurtemberg, whose barren lands they have rendered fruitful—and he now supplies them with their

teachers, like other villages of his subjects. Since they were thus adopted, the German language is used in their churches and schools; up to that time, and within these thirty years, they had still their own French, and gave it up with sorrow. Still, M. Appia says, they are extremely poor, from the very circumstances of their position, though they struggle as hard as possible to be independent, and the worst hardship is, that in this northern climate, and in the midst of forests, they have no wood of their own. The original Schwarzwälder have a right one day in the week to fetch wood from the forest—that is dry and dead wood, with a heavy penalty against taking any of the abundance cut down for use or profit of the owner, who is in this case the government. But the poor Vaudois have no such privilege, and must *buy* their firing, it being a question of how money is to be procured, for food they get, more or less, by the sweat of their brow, out of the soil they tread. One of these colonies, Neu-Hengstadt, is very near Calw, and therefore so near here that it would seem easy for us to see it. The French name of it is Boursette—for each of the Vaudois villages has a name of its own, taken from the original habitation of the colony in their Alpine valleys, besides the German name assumed here. It seems, that in good years, the Vaudois successfully maintain their struggle against cold and hunger and disease:—but last year, with its bad season and ruined harvest, laid in a dead weight of distress, out of which they bitterly need to be helped. In some villages they for a length of time had no bread, and lived only upon their half-spoilt potatoes.”

“*Wildbad*, 3 *August*, 1846.—It is very beautiful and quiet here, and Emilia and I enjoy it. I delight in the

effect of the pine-forests, that deep grave colouring is like a chord in the bass, relieving a varied melody, and grand in its sameness. We leave for Baden on the 15th, and in good time, because at Herrenalb and Gernsbach, two places of stoppage, I want to walk out and perhaps to draw."

To her MOTHER.

"Windsor Castle,* 15 Sept., 1846.—I arrived here at 6, and at 8 went to dinner in the great hall, hung round with the Waterloo pictures. The band played exquisitely, so placed as to be invisible; so that what with the large proportions of the hall, and the well-subdued lights, and the splendours of plate and decoration, the scene was such as fairy-tales present: and Lady Canning, Miss Stanley, and Miss Dawson were beautiful enough to represent an ideal Queen's ideal attendants. The Queen looked well and *rayonnante* with that expression of countenance that she has when pleased with what surrounds her, and which you know I like to see! The old Duke of Cambridge failed not to ask after you. This morning at nine we were all assembled at prayers in the private chapel, then went to breakfast headed by Lady Canning, after which Miss Stanley took the Countess Haacke and me to see the collection of gold plate. Three works of Benvenuto Cellini, and a trophy from the Armada—an immense flagon, or wine fountain, like a gigantic old-fashioned smelling-bottle, and a modern Indian work, a box given to the Queen by an Indian potentate, were what interested

* The occasion of this visit to Windsor Castle was the presence of the Princess of Prussia, now Empress of Germany, who spent some weeks in England to visit her aunt, the Queen Dowager Adelaide.

us most. Then I looked at many interesting pictures in the long corridor.

"I am lodged in what is called the *Devil's Tower*, and have a view of the Round Tower, of which I made a sketch as soon as I was out of bed this morning."

The summer of 1846 was marked for the Bunsens by the resignation of Oakhill, which they found too expensive to keep up; and by the birth of their eldest grandson, Fritz, the child of their son Ernest.

MADAME BUNSEN to her SON GEORGE.

"*London*, 21 *Sept.*, 1846.—I hope it will please God not to let the bread of life, and air of life, be wanting to us all, in the next period of existence, any more than in the foregoing: but the consciousness of want of quiet, of the impossibility of contriving for quiet, of procuring quiet, has been painfully strong upon my mind since my return home, and besides the difficulties of every-day life, in December our house-removal must take place."

To ABEKEN.

"6 *Oct.*, 1846.—I thought of your birthday, I thought of the years passing over your head, thankful for your preservation from the manifold perils of your Eastern journey, and wishing and praying that many years, and years of good, may yet be granted to you—in which, I pray for you, as I do daily for myself, that the Lord would make *his* way plain before your face! I think the longer I live, the more my wishes for myself and others

are summed up in that:—clearer and clearer must one perceive, in proportion as

‘The soul’s dark cottage, batter’d and decay’d,
Lies in the light through chinks that Time has made—’

that there is no other positive good or evil to be sought or avoided, but what shall tend to aid or hinder the fulfilment of our being’s aim. With sorrow I read some of the sentences of your letter to my husband: regretting the time spent in the study of theology, &c. Let but all remember, that if they found not truth it was not that truth was not to be found. Truth was and is at hand, was and is found of many a diligent seeker—seeking in singleness of heart and aim that which concerns the soul’s best interests, not supposing that any system of words or opinions can give safety or satisfaction. In the smoother waters of the past, people might speculate and shape things external and internal to their fancy: but we are rushing with increasing velocity towards the mighty fall where all constructions of barks, however ingenious and time-honoured, will with one crash be resolved into their component parts: and only *that* shall resist the triumph of decay which is worthy to belong to the renewed fabric.”

To her SON GEORGE.

“12 Oct., 1846.—A letter received at Bristol from our poor friend Arnim led us to apprehend the certainty of the blow which was so soon to fall, and on Thursday last a letter announced that our dear friend had breathed her last. My dear George, you will feel as we all do, what has been lost in her—what warm affection, what faithful

friendship, what maternal regard towards Ernest, towards you, towards all of my children.”*

To ABEKEN.

“London, 5 Dec., 1846.—I have very cheerful letters from Matilda in her school at Neuwied. . . . While I have found that conventual practices and rules invariably have cramped and distorted the growth and left marks on the human character which it must have been very vigorous indeed to get rid of, the Moravian training has left a blessing behind it—‘some kindly gleam of love and prayer’—‘to soften every cross and care:’—impressions of the love of God and man, of devotion and charity, which intercourse with the world could not efface, and which in the cool of solitude could revive: and lawful, correct notions of Christian doctrine and of man’s duty and calling. These are the *positive* advantages which I have seen and known to be the fruits of Moravian education, though there may be many cases in which such have not been its result:—the *negative*, and yet important advantages consist in extreme simplicity of habits of life, and the absence of all attention to matters of mere vanity. . . . Your mixing in censure the Moravian with the Roman Catholic places of education, shows that you are willing to overlook or condemn the essential distinction between the spirit of the Papacy and the evangelical, true Protestant spirit. Where the latter is, however intermingled with human imperfections, it cannot fail, to use your expression ‘*sich durch zu arbeiten,*’ and it will *live and create life.*”

* The only surviving daughter of the Baron and Baroness d’Arnim, Gräfin von Bunsche of Kessell-Ippenburg, continues to be a valued friend of the Bunsen family.

To her MOTHER.

“*Christmas Day*, 1846.—The new gift at this Christmas time is the happy engagement of my dearest Henry to Mary Louisa Harford Battersby, the second daughter of Mr. Harford Battersby, of Stoke, near Blaise. I have seen much of the family in the last three years, and often has it been in my mind that if I was to make choice of a new daughter, it would be Mary Louisa.”

“*1 March*, 1847.—We dined at Buckingham Palace on Monday, where there was a ball in the evening, that is, a small dancing party, only Lady Rosebery and the Ladies Primrose coming in the evening, in addition to those at dinner. The Queen danced with her usual spirit and activity, and that obliged other people to do their best, and thus the ball was a pretty sight, inspirited by excellent music.”

“*12 March*.—The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge were so good-natured as to ask us to dinner on Wednesday, and take us on to one of the Ancient Concerts. I told the Duke I should write to you about my having been for the first time at an Ancient Concert, by his kindness, and he said, ‘Yes, she used to go to the Ancient Concerts—she knows I am an old Handelian.’ He called this morning, and looked at your bust, and said ‘Only a year older than I am, and how she looks—and how I look! p—f—f!!’ I am sure I wondered at his spirits and lungs—talking all dinner-time and even more than usual across the table to the Duke of Wellington and Lady Mansfield; and then, throughout the concert, *singing* after everything, vocal or instrumental.”

“*26 March*.—Yesterday, stopping at the Duchess of Gloucester’s door, we were let in, having had no further in-

tention than to write names. So in going in I put on a new pair of gloves that I had in my bag, instead of those I had on, and the new ones had been made on the principle of the Russian prince ordering his pantaloons—' Si j'y entre, je ne les prends pas '—in short, a pair of gloves to be *forced* on, not drawn on. At the foot of the stairs, I met Mrs. H. blooming in perennial ugliness—' O my dear, the Duke of Cambridge is there, you will have a minute to wait '—and thus she had time to tell us her son was at Pau, and that she had warned him not to go to Madrid, for fear the Queen of Spain should want him for a favourite!—and I had time the while to work my fingers into the extremities of the gloves, and by the time the servant motioned us in, I was in order. Luckily the Duke of Cambridge being there, set the conversation a-going in English, and thus the Duchess never was so conversible before, as she had always before talked French. She spoke of poor Princess Sophia, and said how admirable she was, never complaining, always cheerful, talking of the many blessings she had to be thankful for—quite happy that she had learnt to do crochet-work, as she would thus have a new occupation."

"29 *March*, 1847.—The Drawing-Room went off well for us, and I think for everybody, and I was very proud of my companions. In the evening I took Mary to Lord Palmerston's."

"*Stoke*, 16 *April*, 1847.—I must say a word of the happy and thankful feelings with which I yesterday stood, and knelt, by the communion-rails of Westbury Church—seeing my dearest Henry with the lovely countenance by his side which promised everything that my wishes could frame for the happiness of his life. The Bishop (Monk, of Gloucester)

performed the service very impressively, with a voice to be heard all over the large church, which is interesting as being one of the first in which Wickliffe preached, for he was a Canon of Westbury College, a monastic edifice of which the substructions remain with a more modern dwelling upon them."

"1 *May*, 1847.—On Thursday we had the great pleasure of a visit from Mendelssohn—who, having no evening to spare, came to luncheon, and afterwards played to us magnificently. He also accompanied Ernest in some songs, and never did his voice sound so perfect."

"6 *May*.—I have been out all morning, for we walked to Sir Robert Inglis's to breakfast. A large party of men, mixed as is the good custom there—Lord Arundel and the Bishop of London, Lord Glenelg and Lord Charles Russell, Mr. Lyons and Stafford O'Brien, Mr. R. Cavendish and Mr. Foster. Afterwards we drove to Lord Ellesmere's, to see the pictures at the same time with Mendelssohn. Yesterday Mendelssohn again played to us in the afternoon, and we invited a small number of people who thought themselves very happy to hear him—including Lady Herschel and her *beautiful* daughter. I have again enjoyed the Ancient Concert by Prince Albert's kindness."

"18 *May*.—Last night we were asked to the Queen Dowager's, who had invited a small party, at which the Queen was present and the Duchess of Gloucester. The object was to give a German named Löwe, who had come with prodigious recommendations from Coburg, opportunity of showing his musical talent, and it turned out that he had none to show."

"*Highwood*, 16 *May*.—You will like to know that we

came here yesterday, and have enjoyed indescribably our beautiful drive, and the unalterable charm of the spring, 'come forth her work of gladness to pursue—with all her reckless birds upon the wing.' Dear Lady Raffles's house is elastic, and has actually taken in my husband, myself, two sons, three daughters, one daughter-in-law, Madame Genot, and Morgan. On Friday we were at the Queen's great ball, which was a bright pretty sight."

"8 *June*.—I have seen such beautiful drawings, done in great perfection of the style of improved water-colours, —for painting, not sketching—which people *can* use now *if they but just know how*. I should like to learn, had I but a little bit of time. These views were done by Mr. Ford, the author of 'Gatherings in Spain'—and they transplant one to the very country."

"1 *July*.—I have just been at Stafford House to luncheon—truly a 'banquet,' as the newspapers say of every commonplace assemblage of eatables, but there is a real banquet only at Stafford House. There the Duchess showed all the rooms and pictures to Prince Waldemar of Prussia."

To her MOTHER.

"8 *July*, 1847.—On Monday morning we were at the station before nine, just before Prince Waldemar, the Duke of Saxe Weimar, and Prince of Oldenburg arrived, for whom the Queen had ordered an especial train, and one of those carriages called Royal, like a long omnibus, just holding the Princes, their gentlemen aides-de-camp, Bishop Stanley and Sir George Grey, Prince Löwenstein and ourselves. The station was a curious spectacle as usual—all

ranks and materials of human society hurrying and jostling or standing together : our little Aaron Elphick, advanced from a cottage at Hurstmonceaux to be knife-cleaner at Oak Hill, from thence brought to London last year, grown and *dressed* into a sort of embryo-footman, and *lent* to Prince Löwenstein for the journey to Cambridge, stood guarding the Prince's portmanteau, while close by, talking across Aaron and portmanteau, stood three Princes and a Bishop! As we shot along, every station, and bridge, and resting-place, and spot of shade, was peopled with eager faces, watching for the Queen, and decorated with flowers : but the largest, and the brightest and gayest, and most excited assemblage was at the Cambridge station itself, and from thence along the streets to Trinity College the degree of ornament and crowd and excitement was always increasing. I think I never saw so many children before in one morning, and I felt so much moved at the spectacle of such a mass of life collected together, and animated by one feeling, and that a joyous one, that I was at a loss to conceive 'how any woman's sides can bear the beating of so strong a throb' as must attend the consciousness of being the object of all that excitement, and the centre of attraction for all those eyes!—but the Queen has royal strength of nerve. We met the well-fed magistrates and yeomanry going to await the Queen, as they desired to fetch her from the station, and walk in procession before her to the town. We saw her entrance into Trinity College, as we stood at the windows of the Lodge, and the academic crowd, in picturesque dresses, were as loud and rejoicing as any mob could have been. Soon after, I went with Mrs. Whewell, Lady Hardwicke, and Lady Monteaagle, to take our places in

the yet vacant great hall of Trinity, whither the Queen came to receive the Chancellor's address, and a few minutes after she had placed herself on the throne (*i.e.* arm chair under a canopy, at the raised extremity of the hall) Prince Albert as Chancellor entered from the opposite end, in a beautiful dress of black and gold with a long train held up, made a graceful bow, and read an address, to which she read an answer, with peculiar emphasis uttering *approbation* of the choice of a Chancellor made by Cambridge! Both kept their countenances admirably, and she only smiled upon the Prince at the close, when all was over, and she had let all the Heads of Houses kiss her hand, which they did with exquisite variety of awkwardness, all but one or two. Afterwards the Queen dined with the Vice-Chancellor in the hall of a small college, where but few comparatively could be admitted. My husband was among the invited, but not myself, and I was very glad to dine with Mrs. Whewell, Lady Monteagle, and three of the suite—Col. Phipps, Mr. Anson, and Meyer. Later in the evening I enjoyed a walk in the beautiful garden belonging to the Lodge, where flowers, planted and cared for in the best manner, combine with fine trees and picturesque architecture. The Queen went to a concert, contrived as an extra opportunity of showing her to the public.

“On Tuesday morning all were up early to breakfast at nine (but I had crept into the garden, and admired the abundance of roses long before that) to be ready before ten at the distribution of prizes, and performance of the Installation Ode, in the Senate House. The English Prize Poem, by a Mr. Day, on Sir Thomas More had really merit, besides the merit of the subject. The

Installation Ode I thought quite affecting, because the selection of striking points is founded on fact, and all exaggeration and *humbug* were avoided (pray, my own Mother, forgive that word! I think I never wrote it before; but there is so much of it everywhere—meeting me at every turn, twined in with almost everything, that to mark its absence alone constitutes a high commendation, and unless you will find me a synonym, what am I to do?) Then the Queen dined in the great hall at Trinity, and splendid did the great hall look—330 people at various tables. But I am a bad chronicler! I shall never be hired for a newspaper. In the afternoon we had all been at a luncheon at Downing College, and enjoyed summer air in refreshing shade, and the spectacle of cheerful crowds in brilliant sunshine. The Queen came thither and walked round to see the Horticultural show, and to show herself and the Chancellor. After this was the great dinner, the Queen and her immediate suite at a table across the raised end of the hall, all the rest at tables lengthways: at the Queen's table the names were put on places, and anxious was the moment before one could find one's place. I was directed by Lord Spencer to take one between him and the Duke of Buccleuch, and found myself in very agreeable neighbourhood.

“Yesterday morning I went with the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Desart through the Library, King's Chapel, Clare Hall, and the beautiful avenues and gardens—with combinations of trees, architecture, green turf, flowers, and water, which under such a sun and sky as we had, could nowhere be finer. The Duchess was conducted by Dr. Whewell, Lady Desart by Lord Abercorn, and my

honoured self by *Dr. Meyer in uniform* (as all had been attending the Chancellor's levée in the morning), and he passed among the admiring crowd who followed us at a respectful distance for the hero Sir Harry Smith, as Lord Fortescue was taken for the Duke of Wellington!

"Till twelve we walked, and at one the Queen set out, through the cloisters and hall and library of Trinity College, to pass through the gardens and avenues, which had been connected for the occasion by a temporary bridge over the river with those of St. John's: and we followed her, thus having the best opportunity of seeing everything, and in particular the joyous crowd that grouped among the noble trees. Then the Queen sate down to luncheon in a tent, and we were placed at her table. The only other piece of diplomacy was Van de Weyer, but Madame Van de W. did not come, being unable to undertake the fatigue. The Queen returned to Trinity Lodge, and left for good at three, and as soon as we could afterwards, we drove away with Prince Waldemar. I could still tell much of Cambridge, of the charm of its 'trim gardens'—and of how well the Queen looked, and how pleased, and how well she was dressed, and how perfect in grace and movements. The Duchess of Sutherland's dress was a work of much and varied art."

"*Carlton Terrace, 12 July.*—O what thorough summer! and how I do enjoy it! and should do still more, if I could always sit quiet, as I am resolved to do as far as possible the rest of this day, till we go to dine with the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge. I shall *not* take my girls to the ball this evening, nor trouble myself to go to any other. On Saturday we went to the Baroness North's at Putney

Hill, and enjoyed walking about on turf under trees and among flowers—that is the only reasonable sort of invitation at this time of year. There we saw the Lady Frances Sandon—a meeting as pleasing as rare.”

“13 *July*.—Yesterday we went early to Lady John Russell’s in Chesham Place to be there before Prince Waldemar, and when he arrived we all drove to Kew, to see the Botanic Gardens.—The heat was excessive, the thermometer 90° in the shade. However we went into the Palm-Stoves: and on coming out again, felt the external air to be cool by comparison. I greatly enjoyed the sight of the wonderful plants in the stoves, and quite as much that of the forest-trees, many of rare and foreign growth, and the groups of common trees, and avenues of limes in magnificent blossom, perfuming the air. Then we drove on to Richmond, and splendid was the view from the Terrace. The situation of Pembroke Lodge, which the Queen has lately given to Lord John, is most enjoyable, on the top of the hill—magnificent trees, old oaks, turf and abundance of flowers and standard roses. The Duke of Wellington, Duc de Broglie, Lord and Lady Minto and one of the Ladies Elliot, Lord and Lady Palmerston, and Lord Lansdowne were added to the party at luncheon, or early dinner. After it was over, the Prince went on to Hampton Court and Bushy Park, accompanied by my husband and Prince Löwenstein,* and I drove back to town, wondering at the beauty of the drive through Richmond Park. Thankful I was to get home, and sit quiet all evening hearing Ernest sing. On Monday we dined at Cambridge House

* Then secretary of the Prussian Legation—a college friend of Prince Albert.

with the Prince, who means to finish seeing London this week, and to go on Saturday to Osborne, whither my husband and Prince Löwenstein are also invited."

"10 July, 1847.—Last Saturday we had a great dinner-party for Prince Waldemar, and the old Duke of Wellington came, in full health and spirits, and talked much to the Prince about the war in India."

"20 July.—Last week we had a little dinner-party which we really enjoyed, having Andersen the Danish poet, who read to us in the evening some of his own tales, and though, being translated into German, they could not produce the effect they must have in the original, we found them delightful. The other day the jewellers Storr and Mortimer (of whom the King of Prussia has often bought) brought us a curiosity to see—a set of jewels made up for the Queen of Spain (of all persons to afford to spend thousands thus!)—a necklace of diamonds set as a wreath of flowers, with a pink pearl in the centre of each. How well I remember your telling me the Duchess of Portland had *one* pink pearl, of immense value! these I hear came from the West Indies, but to have so many together is without parallel."

"22 July.—On Monday we all enjoyed Kew Gardens. The goodnatured Sir W. Hooker had borrowed a wheel-chair for Emilia, and loaded her with specimens of various leaves and flowers: and it did my heart good to think how happy a day she had."

"7 August.—The Dean of Durham* has declined the Bishopric of Manchester, in which I am sure he has done wisely. A bishop is one of the most tormented of God's

* Madame Bunsen's cousin, Dean Waddington.

creatures in these days, if he is conscientious: made responsible for all the evil he cannot prevent, and expected to act as free, while bound and shackled on all sides."

"10 Sept., 1847.—Yesterday we were long in the open air, having been taken a drive through part of Epping Forest as far as the Hainault Forest, really beautifully varied ground, wood and common with heath and fern, interspersed with scattered habitations. We saw the remains of a hunting-lodge made use of by Queen Elizabeth, very picturesque, and I was sorry not to be able to stay to draw.

"I have been as you wished to inquire at Mrs. H.'s door. She was in Lincolnshire, quite well as far as the housekeeper knew—who 'ne savait pas même qu'il eût été malade'—as the man answered one of the Pères de la Mission, 'Ne savez-vous pas que Jésus Christ est *mort pour vous*?'—an instance given us by the Abbé Martin of the state of total ignorance in many parts of France."

To her SON GEORGE.

"20 Sept., 1847.—Last week we saw Miss Martineau. She wanted to ask your father questions about Egypt, where she has been last spring, and Dr. Carlyle introduced her. I am very agreeably surprised in her: very quiet and gentlewomanlike, no blue-stocking pretension, speaking in a mild voice and with modulation,—a very good figure, and not hideous, as I fancied: rather deaf, but as she had a good trumpet I was in no distress to make her hear. She says she has been in perfect health ever since she was cured by magnetism: her sufferings before were frightful."

"6 Nov., 1847.—Of all that I could wish for you on your birthday, my own George, I think I will name but *one* thing, and that the most important of all: that it may be given you to *accept*, really, calmly, and willingly to *accept*, the heavy and irksome trial inflicted upon you by the condition of your eyes: not merely to say to yourself—the will of God must be best: He cannot intend anything but what is best: He alone *knows* what is best: He has always granted hitherto day by day the daily bread, all that was most needful for body and soul, and He may be trusted in the future—not merely to *say* this, and admit it as the result of reasoning, but to *feel* it as conviction. It has been the result of my own experience more than once in life, that relief from a form of trial which had become peculiarly oppressive was not granted until in my heart I had performed that act of voluntary and entire resignation; and not only performed it, but kept to it: and then, on two occasions that I now recall, the trial was removed entirely. I tell this as a fact—not to bribe you!—nothing is obtained in the world of spirituality and reality (which is so near, even within us!) but by singleness of will and purpose."

To her MOTHER.

"10 Nov.—The death of Mendelssohn has shocked us greatly. It is a sad break-up of human happiness—he and his very charming wife were so attached and so united. He was full of health and energy and talent, in every respect happy and fortunate in his position—independent and active, and having no views, no occupations, but of a noble and refined nature. He has quickly fol-

lowed his accomplished sister, the wife of Hensel, whose death was also frightfully sudden.

“And our poor dear Neukomm remains, to drink out the dregs of life in blindness. Inscrutable are the ways of Him whose dispensations are only for the good of his creatures.”

“12 *Nov.*—I wish the account of Mendelssohn’s funeral might come entire into an English paper—the account in a German paper is most affecting. After a solemn service at Leipzig, the body was conveyed to Berlin for interment, and by night, for privacy: but it was watched for at the railway-stations in two places, and met by processions of the principal inhabitants, singing hymns. At Berlin there was another solemn service, hymns and a funeral sermon, and two of the choruses out of his own Oratorio of *St. Paul*, the words of which, from Scripture, were suited to the occasion.”

“14 *Dec.*—You tell me not to write about the Hampden Controversy, but I must do so, if I am to utter what is most spoken and most thought about. There are those who attribute Dr. Hampden’s appointment to my husband’s influence! the fact being that Dr. Hampden is as much unknown to us as a man *can* be, who has been brought before the public. Charles once *saw* him, among other people, but has had neither conversation nor correspondence with him. The Archbishop’s opinion as to Dr. Hampden was expressed long since in the words—‘I have read Dr. Hampden’s statement of his own opinions, and I find nothing in them inconsistent with sound Christianity: as to the opinions of those who differ from him, he expresses himself with a great deal of charity—and I have

never known any harm to come from *a great deal of charity towards difference of opinion.*' ”

To her SON GEORGE.

“ *Lilleshall, 27 Jan.*—In the refreshing stillness of the country, the main interests of my heart are dwelt upon with less interruption than amid the multifarious cares of home, and therefore you, your state, your prospects, are continually before me, as constituting the severest among the various kinds of trial and anxiety, inseparable from a lot in life so abundantly provided as mine with ties to this lower earth. To deplore the state of your eyes, nay to writhe under the sense of the affliction you are called upon to suffer, is a matter too self-evident to dwell upon, my heart being ever ready to melt in the blameableness of self-grudging—for in the manifold comfort, enjoyment, and mental support, my own eyes furnish me, I continually have cause to call myself to account for the latent objection to God's righteous government of the world, contained in the remonstrance—‘ Why should I have enough and to spare, while my dear child's youth, and life, and powers, and happiness, are nipped in the bud, hindered from healthy development, by the want of the prime gift our sensual nature can receive?’ But when I thus murmur, a voice within replies—not in the words of the Old Testament, ‘ Shall mortal man contend with God? shall the thing formed say to his Creator, Why hast thou made me thus?’—rather does the spirit of the New Testament remind me that the everlasting Son of God was made a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief, that He bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, that He was *touched* with the feel-

ing of our infirmities. He has borne us witness of the unceasing care of our Father in heaven, 'without whom not a sparrow falleth to the ground,' and to whom we, the crown of his earthly creation, are 'of more value than many sparrows;' and that therefore the righteous Governor of the universe does 'not willingly afflict the children of men'—and if not willingly, then for their essential and everlasting benefit. I know well these words are easy to utter, the deduction clear, the reasoning worthy of all acceptation, and yet the lesson is of all lessons most difficult to learn, for myself and every one else! My own George, have you yet learned this lesson better than I have?"

At the end of December, 1847, Madame Bunsen was summoned to Llanover, by the alarming illness of her Mother, who, for the time, was restored to her. To avoid excitement for Mrs. Waddington, she staid at this time in the house of her sister, Lady Hall.

MADAME BUNSEN to her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"*Llanover*, 4 Jan., 1848.—Your dear little note did my heart good, as everything does that comes from my own very precious little girls. I enjoy thinking of them, and believing that they are doing all they can to improve themselves and make the advantage intended from the present contingency: for every concurrence of circumstances, which we did not bring about, seek, or intend ourselves, must be looked upon as expressly sent from Him who sends nothing in vain, but accompanies every dispensation with its pecu-

liar blessing, if we do but know how to find it and do not wilfully convert it into an occasion of evil.

“Thus, I wish I may be guided to turn to good account the present singular contrast to my habitual life, the dead stillness that usually encompasses me in this *enchanted castle*—for of such, as they are described in fairy tales, I am continually reminded. You come in and out, go up and down stairs, look through rooms filled with every luxury, and having every mark of constant care and attention, but the ministering spirits are invisible, and the inhabitants are, one knows not where. A bell summons you to dinner—you come down and find nobody—peep into the dining-room, thinking yourself too late, and see the dinner standing on the table, set out according to all the rules of decorum; you wait and wander through rooms with bright fires and burning lights, and then suddenly the expected rulers of the feast appear as if starting from the ground. The meal finished, all separate, and seek the receptacles from whence they proceeded; only after tea, the party remain for a short time together.

“The idea of my dearest Mother being actually better, alone however makes me feel it possible to go away. How could I diminish one moment of possible time near her, with the feeling that it might be the last time! But the idea that the medicines have taken hold of her case makes my spirits and hopes revive.”

March, 1848, was marked for the Bunsen family by the Revolution in Berlin, and by the sudden and unannounced arrival of the Prince of Prussia at Carlton Terrace at 8 o'clock in the morning of the 25th.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

“23 *March*, 1848.—If you have the *Times*, you know as much as we do of the awful scenes at Berlin; but my husband is so thankful for the result,—the breaking up of the King’s ministry, and his awakening to consciousness of the realities and necessities of things, in which he would not believe, when for years many and various faithful servants have tried to obtain a hearing to their statements—that he is quite sanguine as to the future. The new choice of ministers is on the whole that which it was to be hoped the King would have made, at the close of the Diet last summer, being the individuals who commanded the confidence of that popular assembly. But now set a-going, they have an immense work to do, which might have prevented the whole insurrection, if they had been at it for the last eight months. The shadow of this event beforehand came in the shape of a report from Paris of the King’s having abdicated, which many people believed in London the day before yesterday, and we had almost need of an extra servant to take in all the notes and visitors and enquiries. Several of the notes contained kind offers of hospitality if the King was coming to England—houses in town and country being placed at his disposal. But everybody was answered that the King *had* certainly not deserted his post, *would* certainly not sneak away, and this has proved the truth.

“I cannot get the awful scene from before my mind’s eye, when the bodies of the slain were carried in solemn procession before the windows of the King’s palace, within the very courtyard, the bearers singing a hymn usual at funerals! and calling upon the King to come to them. He

not only appeared at the window, but came down, uncovering his head at sight of the funeral procession,—spoke to the people, and was cheered, and then after a pause in the cheering, all sung the hymn of thanksgiving, for promises received,—one that you have often heard my children sing. People and King are made of different stuff to those of Paris! The fight must have been tremendous, because in such good earnest, the troops not flinching, however unwilling to perform their duty—but no contempt of orders, no dereliction of duty; and the people all fighting, as those *can* who have had a military training from their childhood, and therefore, however in the beginning unarmed, knowing what they were about, and how to direct courage and enthusiasm. As nothing short of this would probably have brought the King to a conviction of what the state of the public mind required, it is impossible to wish it had not all happened. When at length the troops received orders to march out of town (which was performed with all the honours of war) they were cheered by the triumphant barricaders, as if in acknowledgment of the bravery of brethren, and to prove no ill-will remaining.”

“29 *March*, 1848.—I think all the business of accommodating the Prince has been well got through; and if on the one hand one has trouble, on the other one is saved trouble, for of course no visitors are let in, and thus we can remain quiet. The Prince came to breakfast with us all at ten o'clock, and was very amiable. Frances had fetched an armchair, and placed it in the centre of one side of the table; but the Prince put it away himself and took another, saying, ‘One ought to be humble now, for thrones are shaking;’ then I sate on one side of him, and he

desired Frances to take her place on the other. He related everything that came to his knowledge of the late awful transactions; and let reports be what they may, I cannot believe that he has had any share in occasioning the carnage that has taken place—but conclude that the present general opinion at Berlin in condemning him has been the result of party-spirit and of long-settled notions as to what was likely to be his advice and opinion.

“One longs to perceive in what manner a bridge can be constructed for the return of the Prince. He expresses much concern and scruple about the trouble he occasions; but now the arrangement has been made possible, it is infinitely preferable that he should be here, where we can watch over everything and know what is wanted, rather than that he should hire a place of abode; and it is also much fitter for him to stay here than anywhere else. . . . The Prince reminds me much of his father the late King, in the expression of truth and kindness in his face.”

“4 *April*.—We are having a series of dinner-parties for the Prince to see people. On Thursday the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge come, the Duchess of Gloucester very kindly promises to come conditionally on the state of the Princess Sophia, which is very precarious—Lord and Lady Douglas, the Prince of Hesse, and Duke of Wellington. The next arrangement must be for ministerial personages, the third for the leading persons of the former ministry, and then I suppose we come to the Ultra-Liberal invitations.”

“31 *May*, 1848.—The amount of flurry and fatigue of Saturday, the 27th, almost passes description; as, after the long Drawing Room, I had hardly taken off my train and head-dress, when I found that I must drive to the Riding

House in Hyde Park to see the arrangements for the German Hospital Bazaar, and decide in what part I and mine were to set up our stall. To bed late, intending to drive off at seven to Totteridge for refreshment and quiet on Sunday morning, but at six my husband woke me, and informed me that the courier, who had arrived late the night before, had decided the Prince to start immediately. Therefore I remained over breakfast-time to take leave. The Prince spoke most kindly and touchingly—thanking ‘for kindness received’—and saying ‘that in no other place or country could he have passed so well the period of distress and anxiety which he had gone through, as here, having so much to interest and occupy his mind both in the country and nation.’ This was my share of the ever-memorable farewell.”

“21 *June*.—On Friday we dined with the Queen Dowager, and it was an agreeable party, Lord Clarendon keeping up an animated conversation, stimulated by questions from the Grand Duke of Weimar, who is the same person that came to us when you were at Palazzo Caffarelli, and I dare say you still remember my having found charcoal scattered on the stairs at the last moment, when he was expected to come up, and having to send and get it picked up and swept, in danger of being caught. He is here now with his young wife, a daughter of the King of Holland, a lively, clever little person, with a most royal power of locomotion and enjoyment, dancing late, and out early and all day long.”

“8 *July*, 1848.—On Thursday night my girls and I had the indescribable delight of seeing Jenny Lind in the Son-nambula. You will conceive better than I can tell you the

wonderful effect of that gifted creature *as a whole*: for the grace, elasticity, modulation, roundness, fulness, continued life and animation, of her bodily movements and of her voice, go together, and seem the result of one impulse. Not an atom of beauty—and yet ‘the mind whose softness harmonised the whole’—the effect of grace and unceasing suitableness, making the whole appearance beautiful. But all words are flat that would describe such a union of exquisite high-finished representation of feeling, with the most perfect modesty of deportment, one must rather try by negations to separate the idea of her from that of any actress ever seen. She had not a single gesture or posture of the common stage-sort, and the flow of action was as original as the flow of voice. The long-sustained, ever-varied, piano-passages—in which the softest, lowest tone was as distinct as the sharpest and loudest: the long-continued, rich, soft, piano-shake, followed by a long swelling note, without any appearance of taking breath—in short, the whole of her singing was *song*, without any admixture or imitation of instruments. I should think hers the perfection of the ‘voce di petto’—almost without recurrence to *falsetto*. Her sleep-walking—gliding like a ghost, scarcely seeming to lift a foot, moving along a high beam over a mill-wheel, and descending steep steps; sinking on her knees, and rising again, all in a manner forming a complete contrast to her light, elastic, continually lively motions in wakefulness—showed the same extraordinary command over powers of body, as her *sonnambule*-singing over voice. One never heard anybody sing when walking in their sleep, but one feels her unearthly tone to be the right one.

“After this inexpressible enjoyment, we staid on, being once there, for the ballet, graced by those celebrated names, Rosati, Marie Taglioni, and Cerito: I know not which was which, but one was beautiful, and all wonderful: the style quite different from what I used to see with my Mother, all slow and soft, not jumping and twisting and flying. The body and arms, most graceful; the legs more ugly and ungraceful than ever.”

For a year and a half after the Bunsens gave up Oakhill, they had lived entirely in London, but the great need of a country residence felt by so numerous a family, had induced them at Easter, 1848, to rent Totteridge, near Barnet, a place in which they much delighted. “Calm and quiet, busy and occupied,” wrote Madame Bunsen to her mother in the autumn of 1848.

MADAME BUNSEN to ABEKEN.

“3 August, 1848.—This year we spent what is called the season chiefly at Totteridge Park, coming to town and *lodging* in Carlton Terrace on some occasion of necessity, drawing-room, or invitations to the Palace, or dinner-parties at home for our good Prince. On one occasion of being in London we went to Mrs. Sartoris, and enjoyed as usual her power of reproduction of ballad-songs, which seem as if composed by herself at the moment, so intensely does she feel through every thing the poem and music are calculated to excite and to express. Only I always feel the wish that I could gently *sponge over* her performance, as though it were a picture in which all the lights and shades and all

the tints are right, but the contrasts too strong, the transitions too violent, yet nothing wanted for perfection but a little softening down, and degree of moderation.

“With my girls I have been reading Campbell’s ‘Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England:’ it is a sort of bye-path of history, always crossing, recrossing, and accompanying the great main road, and enabling one sometimes to take a closer and sometimes a more general view of the peculiarities of a period, and of the mode of development of constitution and customs, than regular history has presented—insufficiently and incompletely as English history has yet been written!”

To her MOTHER (after a happy visit at Llanover).

“*On board the steamer, in the Bristol Channel, 8 August, 1848.*—I have left my Mother, and all that immediately belongs to her—but, wherever I move, I am in the atmosphere of her love and affection—in its full current! While thinking over the unceasing proofs and demonstrations of her love, human weakness, and at bottom human self-conceit, will always revert to one’s own undeserving—‘what have I done, what can I do, what am I, that I should receive such boundless, overflowing measure, of life’s best gift.’ But a more reasonable feeling prompts the reply—‘It is not the question of deserving or undeserving—it is to open one’s heart wide enough, for what another heart will give: it is to take and receive, freely and thankfully, what is given so bountifully: it is as much the nature of love to absorb its like, as it is the nature of love to bestow itself.’ And after running through the diapason, it closes, as it began, in the last resource of human inefficiency—that appeal to

God, which is never in vain, to supply the finite with the infinite, to make good my short-comings, and grant immeasurably more than I can ask or think,—of grace and blessing and peace, to the heart of my Mother—

'Peace be to that habitation
Peace to all that dwell therein :
Peace, the earnest of salvation ;
Peace, the fruit of pardon'd sin !
Peace, that marks the heav'nly Giver,
Peace to worldly minds unknown !
Peace divine, that lasts for ever !
Peace, that comes from God alone !'

"In the consciousness how little one *is*, how little one *can do*, how often human infirmity errs as to what one *ought to do*, for those best-beloved, for whom to say one would give one's heart's blood would be a very poor image. Often have I felt the need of that recourse to Him who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not, who has said 'Open thy mouth wide, and I shall fill it'—that He would do for those I love, what I shall fail in, what I may attempt erroneously, and what at best I can do ineffectually and incompletely. That which is really good, in time and eternity, is His alone to give : the main point is that those I love should obtain what I desire for them : it is immaterial to that main point whether I am in any measure the instrument to that good end, or not—but if it will please God to make me an instrument of good and not of hurt, it is a great additional mercy."

In December, Bunsen was summoned to Berlin to be consulted on the question of the King's acceptance of the Imperial Crown of Germany, a measure strongly

advocated by Bunsen, but eventually refused by the King.

MADAME BUNSEN to BUNSEN.

"*Totteridge, 8 Dec., 1848.*—We all lift up hands and eyes in wonder at the intelligence received! I grudge your being disturbed in the composure which you had *re-conquered*. Now I must express the heartfelt satisfaction with which I have contemplated the effect of the workings of your own mind through a trial very irritating to flesh and blood, and witnessed the complete conquest you obtained over feelings most natural and allowable. Such a conquest could not fail of its own proper reward, in renewed consciousness of the never-failing aid from above, which can command a calm in any tempest of human affections, if only appealed to in humility and admitted powerlessness.

"May God bless and guide you, through good and evil report, through exertions of friends and machinations of enemies, to the one end of your being! '*Tu fecisti nos ad Te, et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in Te?*'"

"18 Dec., 1848.—Here is an affecting proof that Neukomm's eyesight has been restored since his operation, though he is not yet so far restored as to be allowed free use of it. These are his words:—

"'And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.—Thanks be to the Lord, for He is gracious, and His mercy endureth for ever.

"'The first line that I have written since the operation performed on the 6th October. As ever your friend,

"'NEUKOMM.'"

To her MOTHER.

"*Totteridge, 1 Jan., 1849.*—The year closed with an event, in the arrival of a courier with a letter from the King requiring the presence of my husband at Berlin with all convenient speed. I have long been afraid of this, and now it is come. Gratifying, no doubt, that the King should feel he wants his counsel and help, but if his counsel be no more attended to than it has been before, when attending to it might have warded off evils which have come, he will not know how to help. But all is in the hand of God, and as this call has come unsought and unwished, we must the more consider it as the way of God's Providence, and trust that the evident attendant risks and dangers will be averted. . . . Prince Löwenstein was to be immediately dispatched from Berlin to act as Chargé d'Affaires, and may be expected to-morrow. I shall be very anxious for my letter—for I have more patience in the lump, than would bear splitting into day and hour and minute quantities, and yet be efficient."

To her SON HENRY.

"*Totteridge, 13 Jan., 1849.*—I thank you for all you write on the weighty matters that must fill one's heart in these times! I feel that the mass strikes me dumb. At the same time, be it or not my native disposition to reverie or dreaminess, combined with the luxury of quiet that I am, and have been, enjoying in this place—I do not and cannot feel the least *active* anxiety as to the future. I do not hide from myself all its risks and dangers. I know that we are as if on the Niagara, gliding onwards smooth and swiftly to the fall,—that is, towards a vast crash and

change: and I wish the feeling that keeps me quiet and cheerful were all resignation to the designs of Providence, founded on consciousness of unfailing help and protection and provision in all the past years of life. Less is the difficulty of the common burden, with reference to the future, than the entering into the details of each object of dearest interest; and yet the result ought to be the same. For the needs in body and spirit, of my precious Mary, of Charles, of George, of Matilda—I ought implicitly to trust Him who is *their* Father, and He is *mine*. I omit the many other names, not as being less dear, or less ardently prayed for.

“I have hourly upon my mind the unavailingness of everything *but prayer*.”

“17 Jan., 1849.—I have to-day the wished-for first account from Berlin, where the travellers arrived on the 11th and found a letter from the King at Potsdam, desiring my husband to come at once on Thursday to dine with him at Charlottenberg. He was most affectionately received, but after four hours' incessant exertion of his voice, returned at night quite voiceless, and had to stay in bed next day fasting on barley-water.”

“29 Jan.—The intelligence in the newspapers, of the entirely democratic majority in the (Prussian) Elections, as far as they have taken place—alarming as it may be in one respect, may have the beneficial effect of counteracting the intoxicating effect of late re-actionary demonstrations, under cover of the military force in Berlin, upon the King and Ministry. The King of Hanover's moderation (as that used not to be his characteristic quality) cannot but be a proof of his admeasurement of danger, with

his most remarkably good understanding! I think the good sense with which he has acted, considering the prejudices and habits of thinking and acting of his whole life, most unusual and remarkable, for it may be guessed to what a degree it has gone against the grain with him to be directed by his *liberal* minister, Struve. He is said to have uttered in his usual bad German, the translation of the English phrase 'I have made up my mind to satisfy the people, and, by God, that is no easy matter in these days!'

"My eyes now sometimes insist upon rest . . . but I have no right indeed to complain if such faithful servants now ask a little to be spared. The worst is I do not always see how I am to circumscribe what the said eyes ought to do—Heaven knows that the arrears of writing from even a week's partial disabling are frightful—*Aggiustare la soma per la strada*, is a wise proverb!"

To BUNSEN.

"*Totteridge*, 23 Jan., 1849.—It is as hard to begin to write, when one is waiting to receive tidings, as to begin to speak, when one waits to be spoken to. How I long for the explanation of the various enigmas which the newspaper accounts furnish!—to know what this, that, and the other indicates?—but for all that I must wait.

"On Saturday morning Ernest and Elizabeth had their little girl baptized by the names of Hilda Elizabeth, and Emilia was allowed to hold her. The venerable Steinkopf officiated, and the service used was that in your *Gesangbuch*. All wished you had been present, but except that, there was nothing to wish. In the afternoon I arranged

your pamphlets. Whenever I lay things in order, the question arises involuntarily—'How much longer are we, and the books, and all the other et cetera to have their dwelling-place in Carlton Terrace?'—a question easier asked than answered.

"On Sunday the Schwabes came to luncheon and brought Mr. and Mrs. Cobden with them, with whom I was much pleased. An animated conversation was kept up, and we parted with great cordiality—I expressing the wish that they would come again when you should be at home, and answering for your being glad to see them, and they desiring nothing better. I was pleased with Mr. Cobden's testimony to the King's uprightness and faithfulness, in having kept to the letter every promise of concession made in the hour of revolution, and not having been tempted to equivocate by the consciousness of military power and the turn of the tide of popularity. As he observed, such truthfulness is rare in the annals of royalty."

"29 *Jan.*, 1849.—And so the months have rolled round and are bringing again the opening of Parliament the day after to-morrow! and no trifling stand have the Ministry here to make against the array of facts to be mastered: I should think Sicily, Lombardy, Italy in general—and the Sikhs—each in former times might have been 'the least a death.' But if they have difficulties, what are not the difficulties of the Continental governments in comparison?"

"1 *Feb.*, 1849.—You will judge how your letter, received here yesterday morning, warmed and delighted me! I well understood before that your silence meant having nothing of comfort to tell!—though I could not measure the degree of distress you had gone through: . . . I

trust you are doing what you can to save your body, on the principle of keeping it up to its office as the mind's instrument.

"To-day the Queen will utter her speech! I long to know what will be in it, and still more what Lord Palmerston will reply to the various attacks that will be made on his foreign policy. I am truly glad that Lord Cowley should be what you find him! it is a weighty matter in the history of the world that a person with power of seeing and judging should be in his position."

To her MOTHER.

"15 Feb.—My own Mother, I am so glad you saw and mentioned the planets! That you see in the west, from your own bedroom window through the trees, is Venus, visible now for some time after sunset; and Jupiter is on the opposite side of the horizon, visible all night, I believe. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday nights were clear and frosty. I went out on the gravel walk at ten o'clock, just before going to bed, and saw the most splendid position of stars that I believe can be seen together: those that I learnt with my Mother out of Frennd's Evening Amusements: Orion, Sirius, Procyon, Aldebaran, the Pleiades, and many other splendours, on the southern half of the sky, further decorated by Jupiter: and the moonless night allowed of the appearance of such a multitude of stars of inferior magnitude, that the sky seemed as it were thick sown with them. The last evening Frances helped me to make out Capella, and Regulus, and the Gemini.

"I am feasting upon Mr. Macaulay's History. How I always have desired, and desire more than ever, for my

children, the intense pleasure I have always had in history, in truth of facts, in reality of character? If I had pleasure in works of old, not such thorough histories as people have it in their power to write now,—in proportion is the enjoyment heightened of having men and conditions of society revealed in full light and shade, as Ranke has done, and Macaulay is doing. I know not yet what the faults and deficiencies of Macaulay's History are: of course they must exist, as in everything human, but as yet my only feeling is, obligation to him for giving me *ten* reasons where I had *one* before, for holding opinions I have long held!"

March, 1849, was marked by the fatigue of removing the residence of the Prussian Legation from No. 4 to No. 9 Carlton Terrace—the present German Embassy.

MADAME BUNSEN to her MOTHER.

"*London, 2 March, 1849.*—I have a most troublesome bad cold, and that being the case, you may think of the difficulty to resolve to go and dine with the Queen on Monday. Many a time did I think I must have declared myself ill, and yet it is no joke to do that, the very beginning of the year in London, for then everybody you see for a month asks after your invalidship, for want of better subject of conversation: beside that *I like* to dine with the Queen. And yet, how to go when I had wanted six pocket handkerchiefs in the course of the morning? But I summoned courage and put two *real* pocket handkerchiefs in a little bag and carried that hidden behind my trimmed handkerchief, and I got safe through the ordeal, and was

able to manage everything quietly. . . . Prince Albert showed a torque, or necklace of pure gold, found in a fox-burrow in Needwood Forest, quite pliable, and worked to imitate a coiled rope, the same kind of thing remarked round the neck of that fine statue called the Dying Gladiator, but not a gladiator.

“A few days ago I spent a morning with Frances and Mary seeing the Ragged Schools at Westminster, about which I have long been interested, and I saw that remarkable and admirable man, Mr. Walker, who originated these and many other establishments for reclaiming and civilising the most wretched of human beings, laboring still and having labored for years as a City Missionary;—going about unhurt among the most abandoned, being looked upon by all as a friend and an object of respect. The Schools were a most affecting sight.

“Alas, between one religious party and another, people are screwing narrower and narrower, and darkening the light of Heaven more and more, Low Church almost as bad as the High—and where this practical Popery, though in name out of the Popedom, is to end, who can tell? I am now thinking of the absolute persecution poor Mr. Maurice is under, as well as our dear friend Archdeacon Hare, because the latter published a life of Sterling. There is no doubt and no attempt to deny that Sterling fell into scepticism in his latter years, the more the pity: but he was not a sceptic when he took orders, and officiated as an active and pious curate. But a review has boldly accused the Archdeacon of persuading a man whom he knew to be an unbeliever to go into the Church. The Archdeacon and Maurice thought it right to publish a pamphlet in justification, and my

husband thinks it much to be regretted that they entered into the controversy, for they have roused a wasp's nest: and the plain English of the whole is, that they are marked for slander, as being known to study theology in the spirit of the universal church, and to look upon people as brethren in faith who are not within the Anglican pale of salvation. May God help the world! it is in a bad way, morally and physically."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY LOUISA.

"20 *May*, 1849.—I wish I knew how you could be helped to a little more strength!—and the restoration of your eye is also matter of earnest prayer,—as far as any one individual blessing can be the object of direct request and importunity: but I remind myself, that the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, and the strength you need will not fail to be measured out as the occasion calls—and that as to the eye, which we would all have bright and clear as it once was, if it is to remain dim, we must ask with Milton,—

‘So much the rather, thou, celestial Light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate! there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and dispel—’

and we may ask, in fullest confidence that this prayer will be heard and answered."

In the autumn of 1849, a series of pleasant visits were paid in Warwickshire and Lancashire, and to Mrs. Arnold at Foxhow. The winter was saddened by an ever-increasing sense of Bunsen's political estrange-

ment from his King, towards whom his personal attachment was as strong as ever. In the midst of much which filled Madame Bunsen with melancholy forebodings, she was cheered by the happy engagement of her daughter Mary to John, the eldest son of Mr. John Harford Battersby, of Stoke, near Bristol.*

MADAME BUNSEN to her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

“*Wootton Hall, 30 Sept., 1849.*—Before leaving Foxhow we walked to Mr. Wordsworth’s, and saw him and his wife, 80 years of age, but well in health, though bowed down by the loss of their daughter two years ago. We peeped at their garden, where I begged to go for a sight of the Rydal Lake. At dinner we saw an old lady whom I had seen 40 years before at Edinburgh,—then a beautiful woman, and now at 80 so preserved in mind and body that I should have known her anywhere. Her name is Mrs. Fletcher.

“Dear Mrs. Arnold is the same admirable person as ever: I am most thankful to have been with her again. How I should like to take my Theodora to Foxhow, to see the Arnolds, as well as the country.”

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY LOUISA.

“*Christmas Day, 1849.*—Our Christmas arrangements turned out all very well and I think were much enjoyed: about 25 children had their tea, while Mary, Ernest, Charles and George, with help of Mr. Lear, gave last finishings

* On the death of his uncle, Mr. Harford of Blaise Castle, Mr. John Harford Battersby succeeded to that property, and dropped the name of Battersby.

and lighted up. The Virgin and Child from Raphael formed the centre of a bower of green and light, with a tree right and left and a festoon and star above. The organ was in a corner, unseen, and Frances played the Pastorale as the troop entered in procession. After all distributions and noise were over, Ernest sung 'Comfort ye, my people.'

"Jan. 1, 1850.—I am so happy in Mary's happiness, I want to embrace you each,—for thus I would express more—

'O wäre jeder Puls ein Dank,
Und jeder Athem ein Gesang!'

Yesterday evening we were a happy quiet party together, awaiting the sound of the midnight clock, succeeded by a melodious peal from churches far and near, under the bright moonlight. Ernest sang 'Lord, what is man'—and all sang *Nun danket alle Gott*."

The long series of letters which has followed the whole course of her married life will sufficiently have shown how close was the tie, neither weakened nor relaxed by other cares or affections, which bound Madame Bunsen to her mother. Those weeks of her life were ever considered the happiest, in which the venerable and beautiful grandmother was the cherished and honoured centre of the large family group: and those days were as oases in the whirlpool of her family and London life, which Madame Bunsen was able to spend in the quiet of the "upper house" of Llanover, recalling with her mother those memories of the long-past which no one else could share. To the end of her long life Mrs.

Waddington retained her wonderful intellect and warm sympathies. Her society had an especial charm because it was evident to the last that she was ever willing to correct her own prejudices by personal experience. Her existence was spent amongst her peasant neighbours, upon whom she bestowed not only her charities but her strength. As is frequently the case in old age, she had, with ever increasing sympathies for the trials of her fellow-creatures, an ever-fresh delight in the simple pleasures which had enlivened her youth—the peacocks perching and roosting in the cedar tree opposite her windows; the shells which Mrs. Delany and the Duchess of Portland had taught her to arrange in her childhood; the sketches which it was her eldest daughter's happiness to send her, of all the places she visited or admired. But most of all her love of flowers so increased, that her hall and rooms were filled with them in every form—in glasses, bowls, baskets, pyramids—in moss, in ivy—when they abounded, but in all seasons she *had* flowers.

Almost the whole of Tuesday, January 15, Mrs. Waddington was engaged in relieving the poor or sending after the sick. She did not like Mary Bunsen's marriage being put off till after Easter, and that afternoon, with a cheerful happy dictated letter of her own, she forwarded some verses which she had desired Lady Hall to write and enclose with a sprig of the Dwarf Furze (*Ulex Nana*), quoting a Welsh tradition that Love did not revive after that plant

had ceased to bloom. With affectionate remembrance of a favourite arrangement of her adopted mother, Mrs. Delany, she filled a bowl with buds of the monthly rose, surrounding them with young shoots of Lavender, of which the sea-green tint had been much used by Mrs. Delany in her wonderful chenille-work from natural flowers. Then, while her guest Miss Tylee was reading to her from a letter of William von Humboldt,* sitting calmly in her chair, she received her death-stroke. She motioned to her companion, rang the bell herself for her maid, walked to her bedroom, went to bed—assisting herself, but never spoke again till she expired. In the two last years she had lived in the anticipation of death, but death and its terrors seemed to be hidden from her; her daughters and granddaughter had no spoken parting blessing, but they knew that blessing had never failed while consciousness lasted.

The overflowing attendance of Welsh of every denomination at the funeral (and at the church on the following Sunday) showed a last mark of respect for her, who, through her long life, had never failed to evince that she considered equally all Christians as brethren. When her coffin was borne out of the house, the ancient Welsh dirge called "Gorphenwyd" was sung by the people, and taken up in thrilling cadences during the whole long line of the procession through the wood to the hill-set churchyard above the river Usk.

* Humboldt's Letters, lv.

The pall was carried by eight attached female servants, and her two daughters and grand-daughter followed, at the head of the other mourners.

The grave, which loving hands still deck with the fairest emblems of each season as it comes round, is in Llanover churchyard, near the vault in which other members of the family are laid, and beside which, with honeysuckles and other flowers, grows a pine, reared by the beloved Lady herself, from seed which she had brought from Italy.

The "upper house" of Llanover is tenderly cared for by her youngest and favourite child, whose principal home is close by; it is kept fresh and bright and aired, as if the long-lost Mother were daily expected to return. In her rooms warm fires always burn in winter, and throughout the year fresh flowers are daily placed on the little table by her old-fashioned sofa. The plants she loved still bloom in her little "Fountain Garden," her pictures and books are unremoved from the walls, and the descendants of the peacocks she used to feed still spread their bright tails in the sun under her windows.

MADAME BUNSEN to her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"*Llanover*, 19 Jan., 1850.—This morning at 20 minutes past 5 she breathed her last.

"Her end was without pain, we all firmly believe,—and let us thank God, how can we be thankful enough! that consciousness did not return, that she never knew herself to be helpless or disabled. We cannot say of her—'One moment perfect health, the next was death'—but we can

say, one moment was perfect activity and fulness of life, energy of feeling, clearness of perception, even enjoyment of the narrowed circle of her existence,—and the next moment was insensibility, unconsciousness. On Tuesday, the 15th, she had been busied all day, from an early hour in the morning, with seeing and hearing about poor people, and ministering to their wants: also she dictated a precious letter in immediate answer to Matilda's, and another cheerful letter to Lady Hall, in which she spoke of a dried flower and some verses for my Mary, and among other things, expressed the wish that Count Perponcher would lend her one of his drawings, a view of Constantinople, which she had so much admired that she wished to have it copied. Then, after 3 o'clock, Miss Tylee came to her, and she looked at drawings with great interest and pleasure, then had the daily service, and portions of Scripture, read to her by Miss Tylee, conversed cheerfully, and had parts of Humboldt's Letters read—repeating with her usual animation that they were as if written for her, and echoed her feelings. Then she had her tea. . . . The servant in answer to her bell came in to take away the tea-things, she beckoned him up to her, and spoke incoherently, what, neither he nor Miss Tylee could understand, but they saw a sudden change. Betsy was called in a moment, and with Griffiths's help supported her across the passage to her bedroom. She never spoke again, and when she was in bed, Betsy felt that her right side was powerless. The stroke of death had taken place; though life was not yet extinguished. She lay as if asleep all that night: in the course of Wednesday had one or two fits of restlessness, and after that the night was quiet, and so was

the following day, Thursday the 17th, when Lady Hall and I reached the house at 7 o'clock in the evening. It was only an increasing hardness of breathing, and a steady acceleration of pulse, that showed the end to be approaching.

“The last night, I moved not from her side till all was over. At one o'clock Lady Hall was prevailed upon to go to bed, for our precious mother was breathing so quietly that no immediate change was expected. I lay on a sofa close by, and Betsy on another. The quiet breathing went on unchanged, till a few minutes before three, then I started up on hearing a noise in the throat—sent first for the medical attendant Dr. Steele, who was gone to bed, and then for my poor sister. She asked Dr. Steele the question, which I needed not to ask—‘Can this last much longer?’ He said, ‘No—a change must come very soon.’ We both sat close to the bed, and Mrs. Berrington was sent for (she had arrived that afternoon)—after a time the quiet breathing was resumed, but grew short—that went on, it seemed long—when we both together started up, for it paused—then there was another still gentler breath, and that was the last.

“There was no struggle, there was no sign of pain. O! how can we thank God enough!

“She was lovely, loving, and beloved, in life: she has died in peace, having been conscious that death was near, and preparing for her last hour, as long as sense and consciousness lasted: and when the dreadful hour was at hand, she was led by the hand of mercy as in slumber through the gates of death. She is where the light of God's countenance ever shineth—the veil is removed—and

she expatiates in eternal day. But her love for us, as for her God and Saviour, was a part of her immortal self, and will not be buried with those dear and as yet little changed remains.

“My poor sister! she is more to be pitied than I am. . . . I believe she flattered herself with hope, such as I never entertained. Yesterday about noon she proposed reading prayers, and the words of Bishop Patrick and Jeremy Taylor did us much good: then Mr. Evans came, and prayed with us.—After all was over, poor Augusta again proposed our praying together, before we parted to go to rest. The books before used had been removed, and only Dr. Johnson’s prayers were at hand, but there are many relating to the death of beloved objects, and the words responded to our feelings. She had strength and eyes to read them, and how good it is to have a book to help one’s weak mind! which when most in need, can least command itself.

“You will all want some account of what relates to myself. There was no delay in the journey. The evening was fine, and there was no snow, and less frost, after the neighbourhood of Ross. We stopped at the garden-lodge, and walked through the gardens to the house*: the new moon shone, and the stars were bright over the roof—those stars that *she* loved to look at, and to hear about when she could not look out. Mrs. Herbert † met us at the

* The anguish of that silent walk in breathless anxiety, through the wintry groves and gardens and by the fountains then hung with icicles, made an indelible impression on the mind of both sisters—as one of them afterwards expressed it, they “trembled at the sound of their own foot-steps” on approaching the house.

† Augusta Charlotte, only daughter of Lord and Lady Llanover,

hall door. I suppose she had heard the carriage driving across the bottom of the field to the other house. . . . It has been a great comfort to have no disturbing element in the house of mourning. . . . I hope to draw the room and furniture amid which I so lately saw her in life—the sofa, which I continually expect to see her return to occupy. I know not how it is that one can bear the sight of all these familiar objects, now that her visible presence is removed from them—but one *can* bear everything. Do not be in the least afraid for me.”

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

“23 Jan., 1850.—I enclose to you a precious relic, showing that the most affectionate interest about you occupied your dear Grandmother to the last. It seems that she had heard of a Welsh proverb, signifying the flower of the furze to be an emblem of lasting love, and that the love is a lucky one that is contemporary with the furze-flowering. So she sent to a place where the furze would probably be found in blossom, and carefully dried the bit which was discovered. Then she caused Clara Waddington and Mrs. Berrington to be written to, and asked to write verses on the subject, that she might send them to you with the flowers. Both did as they were desired, and she chose the lines of Mrs. Berrington, and had just forwarded them to Lady Hall to give to you, on Tuesday, the 15th, the last day of her life!

“You will have heard that the poor neighbours are

had married, Nov., 1846, J. Arthur Herbert of Llanarth. Being in Wales, she had been summoned on the first alarm.

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deeply gratified by her having desired to be buried 'like the poor—in the earth!'"

"26 Jan., 1850.—It is a week this morning that my dearest Mother breathed her last! I have no measurement of the time in my feelings, which sometimes represent the last moment as recent, and sometimes as though an age had passed since. Betsy watches the beloved remains by day, and sleeps by them at night, and constantly renews the flowers and fragrant leaves: the peafowl are fed in the same place on the gravel, opposite the windows, where she could see them from her bed."

"28 Jan., 1850.—I have been sitting a long time in that room of death, drawing, and hearing from Betsy recollections of words and actions, all tending to form a more complete picture of those latter days and weeks, and all showing that habit of effusion of love and kindness, which seemed to grow stronger with years. After the usual Christmas dinner given by Lady Hall to tenants and neighbours, my Mother interested herself to make out whether anybody had been omitted, who might have had any claim to be invited: and she had a set of persons sent to and provided dinner for them herself, and one old man in particular, named Booth, she caused to come into her room, with his daughter, and sit down, and she sent for two glasses of wine for them—and the old man did not drink to her health, but said, 'I drink, Madam, to your happy passage to the realms of bliss; we can neither of us be very long in this world,'—and she was greatly pleased, and said, '*That* is the best toast I ever heard in my life.' She parted from him saying she hoped to see him often, and *soon again*.

“When I was last here, she told me, with much satisfaction and solemnity, of Edmund George’s having said to her—‘Well, Madam, you be old,—you be much advanced in years, and your end cannot be far off;—and we must pray for you, that you may be *prepared* for a better: it would be flattery to say anything else but this.’ She said afterwards to her maid, ‘I was so pleased with Edmund George to-day, he told me the truth, it was so right,’ and she commented upon the simplicity and truth of Christians in lower station, not trammelled by mistaken rules of good breeding. This Edmund George is Sir Benjamin’s woodward at Abercarne.”

“30 Jan.—How I do long to return to you! The daily business of life is becoming a pressing need, not for want of enough to do, but because the present occupations, compelling the mind ever to retrace the same melancholy round of impressions, are saddening beyond expression. Yesterday we found a quantity of little records of my poor sister Emily, which brought back before me the whole picture of a wretched life, which God closed early in mercy. . . . I have burnt those papers; the miseries they record we may humbly hope are swallowed up in blessedness; and it is the result to dwell upon.”

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

“Llanover, 31 Jan., 1850.—I write to you to-day, my own Theodora, rather than to your sisters, because you were with me when last here! and you will therefore the more exactly follow the feelings with which last night between six and seven I walked down to the other house with Lady Hall, for the purpose of hearing some of the

men who will belong to the funeral sing the Welsh dirges, which they are in the habit of performing when they follow a funeral procession among themselves. The night was as dark as possible—the sky closed in by clouds, threatening the rain which has since fallen: the moon had not yet risen, only the usual planet *loomed* through the mist, so as to show its place rather than its lustre. . . . From the house gleamed those same lights, that used to be ready for you and me. Noiselessly the door opened and we found the *enchanted palace* as it used to be, fire and lights prepared by unseen hands. We sat down, and presently voices sounded from the gallery above. One of the dirges was that which your dear Grandmamma desired Frances to write out plain for her. This, the first music I have heard, since she has been taken away, whose delight in music I never failed to remember every time I heard any, with the desire that she should hear it, indescribably overset me: and yet what folly!—for she is conscious now of the everlasting harmonies! She needs no longer so poor an echo of them.

“I hailed with satisfaction Lady Hall’s proposal to let the people sing upon the way, as they are accustomed to do at funerals amongst themselves. It will yet more confirm the impression so gratifying to them, that my dearest Mother preferred being buried like the poor!—and you will remember how much we felt when following the remains of Lina to their resting-place, what a dead weight falls upon the spirit, in that unbroken silence, and how one craves a chant, to give one’s sad thoughts a prop to dwell upon.”

“5 Feb.—Yesterday afternoon I walked with George to

the churchyard by the river.—Strange! when I look at that grave, and those wreaths of flowers upon it, I cannot yet believe what I saw done only three days ago. In the evening Mrs. Berrington sang Welsh airs, and the girl from the boat-house sang with her fresh clear voice.”

On the 4th of April Madame Bunsen had once more the happiness of seeing her ten children collected for the marriage of her daughter Mary: it was the last of these unbroken family gatherings.

MADAME BUNSEN to her DAUGHTER MARY (on the day after her marriage).

“5 April, 1850.—This morning I went up-stairs to count what children I had left! Then your father came, and when our remnant was all collected, I proposed singing the hymn “Wie schön leucht uns der Morgenstern”—which I was surprised by your father’s desiring to change for the hymn “Wer weiss wie nahe mir mein Ende”—and after two verses of that, he desired to have four verses of “O wie selig seid ihr doch, ihr Frommen.” Then we read the 90th Psalm, and he prayed—having told us that he had received intelligence of your Aunt Christiana’s death! She went to her rest on the Wednesday in Passion week, and was buried on Good Friday, but your Father would not tell us till the festival was over. You know that this is an event fraught with deep interest to me; and we all have not only to feel that a heart full of warm affection for us all has ceased to beat, but also that a noble spirit and high intelligence have now found their proper home, have

broken all bonds, and dilate and expand in a worthy and genial atmosphere."

In June the Prince of Prussia again visited England to be present at the christening of his godson Prince Arthur. The following month was clouded by the death of Sir Robert Peel.

MADAME BUNSEN to her DAUGHTER MARY.

"10 July, 1850.—A deep shadow of death and mourning has come over London, and we have been relieved from the drawing-room and court balls, as well as a multitude of other things, by the death of the Duke of Cambridge, although it is that of Sir Robert Peel which is the great event. All persons agree that there has never been an instance of such general gloom and regret—there is no one of the various fractions into which party is split, except just that small one of the Ultra-Protectionists, that does not deplore the loss of a statesman towards whom it seems all looked, far more than they were aware while they reckoned upon his life as being as likely as any to be long preserved in well-being."

The winter of 1850 to 1851 was a time of great enjoyment to the Bunsen family, especially to its younger members. The long visit of Radowitz in Carlton Terrace was a source of much happiness, and many are the pleasant recollections of the meeting of "the Academy of the Thames" which he instituted, at which a piece of French, Italian, or English poetry was selected

for translation into German verse, and a prize awarded by general acclamation.

MADAME BUNSEN to ABEKEN.

"*London, 6 March, 1851.*—As you speak of Shakespeare, I too have seen this winter two pieces very well performed—Richard II. and the first part of Henry IV.—in which Hotspur and Falstaff left nothing to wish. But how can you be so lost in modern notions, as to make such a criticism on Shakespeare's Coriolanus? Where had he learnt his Roman History? *Lei m' insegna*, in Plutarch—which he had studied well; and what could he or anybody know of the plebeians, but that they were *London 'prentices*, and in short, *populace*, until Niebuhr taught us all another lesson, and informed us that they were as aristocratic as their tyrants?"

To her SON HENRY (on the death of his father-in-law, Mr. Harford Battersby).

"11 *May, 1851.*—We have felt together in this time of sorrow, and I thank God with you for all the mercies by which it has been marked, more especially for the visible revealing of the heavenly life, in proportion as the earthly was gliding away—

'Still the unrobing spirit cast
Diviner glories to the last—
Dissolv'd its bonds, and winged its flight
Emerging into purer light.'

Every recollection relating to him who is gone, is full of consolation: taken away in ripe age, yet without previous decline and decay—allowed full consciousness of his con-

dition, yet preserved from fears and tremors—strengthened to look Death full in the face and realise to the full that privilege of the Christian—surrounded ‘by all that should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends;’ we have only to look along his luminous track upwards, to be strengthened on our earthly way.

“Your Father and I were at Stafford House when the Queen was there on Friday. The luncheon was beautifully arranged as ever, and I think the flower-gardener showed more talent than ever in producing effect by juxtaposition of flowers. The Queen looked well and charming—and I could not help the same reflection that I have often made before, that she is the only piece of *female royalty* I ever saw, who was also a creature, such as God Almighty has created. Her smile is a *real smile*—her grace is *natural*, although it has received a high polish from cultivation—there is nothing artificial about her. Princes I have seen several, whose first characteristic is that of being *men* rather than princes, though not many. . . . The Duchess of Sutherland is the only person I have seen, when receiving the Queen, not giving herself the appearance of a visitor in her own house, by wearing a bonnet.”

To her SON-IN-LAW JOHN BATTERSBY-HARFORD.

“26 June, 1851.—Our Tuesday evenings have answered most thoroughly, and enabled us satisfactorily to receive a great number of foreigners and show them something of London society. Last Tuesday among others the Duke of Wellington came, and was very amiable, and Ernest sang to him the Blücher-song, which he remembered to have heard. It is a great pleasure to show Professor Schnorr

the treasures of pictures to be found in London—he lived in a portion of Palazzo Caffarelli, during several of our earlier years in Rome, and was our habitual associate, in many a scene of pleasure and pain—so you will imagine the extreme interest of a renewal of intercourse under such altered circumstances as to things external, while principles, tastes, and sympathies, remain the same. Seeing our good Kestner too, quite carries me back in a sort of dream to scenes long past in Italy. We had lately the great pleasure of a visit from Lady Harrowby, when Neukomm, Kestner, and Schnorr all happened to come in. They had seen her in her bloom,* twenty-six years ago in Rome, and wondered to find the same loveliness, though not the bloom: and she wondered to see Kestner precisely the same, not a day older.”

A pleasant memorial of the usual life at 9, Carlton Terrace at this time is given in the following extract from a letter of one of the daughters of the house:—

“25 August, 1851.—I should like to procure you a glimpse of our usual luncheon and tea-table, which (particularly the latter) is generally surrounded by an average number of from twenty to twenty-six guests. First you would see Wichern, from Hamburgh, with his tall commanding figure, and his fine, mild, but decided and energetic countenance, while his deep bass is always heard pervading all other voices. Then (usually sitting next him) Bernays, from Bonn, forms the strangest possible contrast, with his small quicksilver figure, and black-bearded, restless, clever

* As Lady Frances Sandon.

face. Then Lieber, from America, with his fixed, melancholy, sentimental look, joining nevertheless in conversation with great zest and interest, always mixing in strange outlandish compliments. Next to him Waagen, with his inexhaustible fund of good humour and anecdote, always for the benefit of everyone within reach of listening. Then Gerhard, with his benevolent expression, ready either for serious or learned talk, or for any joke or fun that may be going on; and his wife, with her never-failing, mild cheerfulness and interest in everything, without any fuss or fidgetting, thus giving only pleasure and no trouble in daily intercourse. These are the inmates of the house, to which you must suppose in addition a regular supply of unexpected guests drop in at every meal. Yesterday, Pastor Krummacher came with two daughters to make a call;—and while we detained his daughters here, he joined Wichern and several others to inspect some ragged schools. They returned about eight o'clock, when the home set were just ready to rise from table, so room could be made for the five who entered. First, Wichern; then Cramer, from Lyons (whom we much liked), who married Elizabeth Sieveking; Krummacher; Le Grand, brother of the friend of Oberlin; and a Mr. Marriot, of Basle, a kind of missionary going about all Germany, and seeming more of a German than an Englishman.

“On Saturday evening, when Count Albert Pourtales was here, Frances, wishing to divert the course of conversation, endeavoured to lead Waagen to relate a celebrated story of his. Waagen was deeply engaged in conversation with one of the five professors from Berlin, and thus she found it necessary to repeat the call in rather

a louder tone, 'Herr Professor!' whereupon five figures instantly started up with a bow, responsive to the appeal, which each supposed intended for himself!"

Amongst the guests of the summer of 1851, whose visits (not alluded to in her letters) should be especially mentioned as having given pleasure to Madame Bunsen, are the sculptors Rauch and Kaulbach, peculiarly interesting to Bunsen as both belonging to his own native principality of Waldeck. It is remembered that during his visit, Rauch was affected to tears by the sight of the Greek medals in the British Museum, as seeing then for the first time the perfect work of a great Greek artist. He had never seen the medals at Berlin, though he was already celebrated there as the sculptor of the most beautiful modern statue in the world, the figure of Queen Louisa on her tomb at Charlottenburg.

MADAME BUNSEN to ABEKEN.

"21 Sept., 1851.—The past season in London has been one of much exertion to us, but we never had a greater return for our trouble in social pleasure than this year—having met a number of old friends and acquaintance, and made some interesting new ones. The visit of Schnorr was a greater satisfaction than it is easy to express—our friendship with him began when we were young in Rome, and his memory is full of the images of a time now in the blue distance, which I love to dwell upon: and he is grown old without losing any of the qualities which commanded our esteem and regard. How happy we were to see

Kestner, and how happy he was in England, I leave you to guess."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"*Blaise Castle, 4 Sept., 1851.*—You cannot imagine a more delightful day than we had on Tuesday, driving to Barley Wood. The way there and back is wonderfully beautiful. From the exquisite valley of the Avon we ascended a *Wasserscheide*, from the other side of which we gained a sight of the Mendip Hills—a beautiful range, and the exquisitely rich and varied expanse of country, ending with Weston-super-Mare on the shore of the channel, which is marked in the distance by isolated eminences, the actual sea being rarely visible. The flower-garden at Barley Wood, and the manner in which the cottage is decorated with choice climbing plants, is a pattern for imitation: all the common and easily managed plants growing in the greatest variety and perfection, in a small space thickly covered. We sat out on the grass under a tree planted by Mrs. Hannah More herself."

To her SON HENRY.

"22 Nov., 1851.—Your Father goes on actively and happily with his writings, and so the whole house is cheerful and busy, and life glides on like a stream with the sun upon it. Altogether I look back upon the past year with great thankfulness, on account of the course of happy activity in which he has lived. I wrote to him on his birthday what was most true, that life always lies lightly on my shoulders, when I have neither the consciousness nor the apprehension of his being annoyed and

dissatisfied with people or things, and so it is more or less with all the household. He is in full enjoyment of the art of *telling a piece of his mind* to the public: and pouring forth by degrees the result of the favourite studies of his life."

"2 Jan., 1852.—On the last evening of 1851, Ernest walked to us by half-past eleven, sang to us 'He shall feed his flock,' and joined in the choral, 'Gottlob! ein Schritt zur Ewigkeit,'—and when the clock of Westminster Abbey had struck twelve, led 'Nun danket alle Gott.'"

To her DAUGHTER FRANCES.

"Windsor Castle, 15 Jan., 1852.—Here I sit, in a curious condition of stillness and isolation, having returned, after breakfast, to my beautiful bedroom, that having more light than the adjoining sitting-room—and the weather being wind, rain, and dulness. Your Father is just come back from a snug breakfast and conversation with Stockmar, having since seen Lord Granville—he, your Father, having been up and writing since half-past five o'clock. I helped him to feel about in the dark after a match, which was not there, but his good intentions were aided by the fire in his dressing-room having kept in all night, and thus he was enabled to light his candle. One must make an *N. B.* that when one visits queens, they give one everything but *matches*. I was once in the extreme of distress for one at Queen Adelaide's.

"We have the same agreeable apartments as last winter, on a level with the corridor, and therefore not putting my deficient order of location—or whatever you call the faculty of finding one's way, to the test. The party at

English climate. And for all this we had a sun as glowing as if in Italy, the effect varied by exquisite shadows of floating clouds. I did not expect so much natural beauty in the place—the fine bank of wood, the lake appearing natural, the beautiful trees, the river Trent. Among the pictures I was glad to see Sir Beville Granville, the Duke's and my common ancestor, a very fine portrait, —and to trace a resemblance to my dearest mother in the portrait of Mary, Lady Granville."

To her YOUNGEST DAUGHTER MATILDA.

"*Windsor Castle, 13 Jan., 1853.*—I have just been indulging myself with a walk in the Park, returning by the *slopes*, which are gravel-walks on the steep declivity of the hill, turf and evergreens at the sides, and a prospect of avenues of high trees below standing in a lake, which in summer would be a meadow. At a distance I saw the Queen and Prince Albert and various groups of the Royal Family enjoying themselves like myself, in the fresh breeze and sunshine. I brought back some sprigs of evergreen to my cheerful warm room in the Lancaster Tower, proposing to draw them. . . . I do wish my children would believe me, how well worth while it is to acquire the dexterity of hand and accuracy of perception requisite for drawing, in those early years when they have leisure, and also capability, as far as strength of body and of eyes goes. The power of drawing has been such a source of pleasure to me through life, such a refreshment, such a diversion of thought from care or anxiety—that I wish I could persuade those I love to provide themselves therewith, as a help on life's journey. . . . I hope you take

pains with your reading aloud. . . . Will you try, my own child, to perfect and polish yourself?—'Let our daughters be as the polished corners of the temple,' is a verse of a Psalm that always gives me an image equally just and pleasing. The corners of the temple are of good firm stone or marble; the firmer the substance, the finer is the polish they bear: but the polish which renders them beautiful to look upon, lessens nothing of their power of supporting the edifice, and connecting its parts into a solid structure. 'Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever are lovely, and of good report, wherein there is virtue, wherein there is praise—think on these things, and do these things.' These words of the wisest of the Apostles, are worthy to be ever thought upon, and acted upon."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"*Carlton Terrace, 5 May, 1853.*—I have just come from church, at St. James's, which I never saw so empty before; —the exact church-goers were I suppose at Lambeth, witnessing Dr. Jackson's consecration, and the *inexact* were most likely in bed, after the Duchesse of Norfolk's ball! Yesterday evening we enjoyed the quiet of home; Mrs. Wilson* came, and sang to us exquisitely a number of good things, mostly national melodies.

"This morning I was so glad to wake soon after five, and to see the most glorious morning, and sky clear as crystal, not a chimney smoking, and the club-buildings standing out in that grand solid reality of colour and light and shadow, with which objects in Italy present themselves. An hour later, and the enchantment was gone."

* Daughter of Dr. Sumner, Archbishop of Canterbury.

"9 May, 1853.—There is a whole world of things to tell, if I can but write them: first, that *we*, in this house, have made tables move, by fingers lightly applied, and *will* strongly enforcing. We went to the Archbishop's to dinner—and there did I hear from himself, that he had been strongly disposed to believe it all a trick, but had become convinced, the day before, that the matter was a reality, unexplained. Sir Robert Inglis had come to the same result.

"Yesterday, Sunday, we were turned upside down by your Father's determination to go and hear Mr. Maurice preach at Lincoln's Inn—so we drove to Lincoln's Inn Chapel, and I was glad to see the building, and hear good chanting, and above all, that real *praying* of the service, which one scarcely ever hears, but from Mr. Maurice and Archdeacon Hare. But as to the sermon, I can give no account of it. I heard so little, that I only made out the dashing at a difficult problem, without perceiving the solution: there may have been such, though it is too like Mr. Maurice to start difficulties, which he leaves one to get out of as one can."

To her SON THEODORE.

"*St. Leonards-on-Sea*, 23 May, 1853.—On Saturday we drove from hence to Hurstmonceaux, and spent the day with Archdeacon Hare, whose late severe illness has brought him into old age. . . . Most refreshing it was to renew the old impression of the *unique* rectory, with its books, and classic works of art, and conservatory, and garden, and the exquisite freshness of spring all around. Time did not allow of our visiting the park and the

churchyard, but many a scene associated with a piece of our lives from 1842 to 1844, was viewed and feasted on”

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

“*Stoke, 2 August, 1853.*—It would be hard to express how I enjoy being here, under my Mary’s roof, and taken care of by her in so many winning ways. . . . Yesterday evening, at Blaise Castle, Dr. Whewell was asked to explain and comment upon the structure of Cologne Cathedral, having before him the book of immense engravings of it. I was glad to hear him do justice to the grand idea, out of which every part had grown, not as an excrescence, but as a natural or necessary result, and he pointed out the superior construction of the spiral towers, as distinguished from the plan too common in English churches, of setting a cone upon a square tower—whereas the Cologne spires, like a plant, grow and develop gradually into a form different from that which started from the ground. I do not repeat this as having been new to me, but what he said of the seven chapels behind the chancel naturally resulting from the necessity of massive buttresses to support the immense height of the vaulted roof of the chancel, was as new as it was satisfactory to me.”

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

“*30 Sept., 1853.*—May you be tolerably well in health on your birthday, and may all rays of cheerfulness converge in it, to make you rejoice together with all those who rejoice in the beginning of an added year to your life! and wish and pray for your preservation, and for

every blessing to support and cheer you on your way. You have passed through the valley of the shadow of death in the last year! and deep is the thankfulness of all that love you to be allowed to see you so like yourself again. May the experience of the possibility of being saved, preserved, restored, brought back from the very gates of death, operate to steel your mind against apprehension! to make you so feel that *all things* are possible to Him in whose hands we are, as to be relieved from the flutter of anxiety. I well know that I used to be as a blade of grass, ever in fear of the future, till after I had gone through what I call my year of trial, when my child died, and my husband was at death's door; but the experience of support taught me to feel (as Patrick expresses it) that I had 'the everlasting arms under me, the wisdom of Heaven to direct and guide me, and the infinite treasures of goodness to supply all my necessities.' On this anniversary I *thank God*, as I have ever done for the inestimable gift of such a daughter, and I *thank you* from my heart of hearts for the truly filial affection you have ever shown me."

The winter of 1853-54 was spent by Emilia Bunsen at Paris, with her fellow-sufferer and ever-kind friend the Princess of Wied.* Here both wonderfully recovered their health through the marvellously success-

* The Princess of Wied frequently mentioned in these memoirs, a greatly honoured and beloved friend of the Bunsen family, is Marie, wife of Hermann, Prince of Wied; daughter of William, Duke of Nassau; sister of Adolphe late Duke of Nassau and of the Duchess of Oldenbourg; and half-sister of the Princess of Waldeck, of Prince Nicholas of Nassau, and of the Queen of Sweden.

ful treatment of Count Szapary. How great the trial of their beloved daughter's sufferings from childhood had been to them, her parents scarcely knew, till father and mother alike burst into tears on receiving the news that she had been enabled to stand on her feet—though at first only for a moment.

MADAME BUNSEN to her DAUGHTER MARY.

“27 Dec., 1853.—How I have delighted to think of you, arranging a tree and a picture, and a school and a hymn, and the *pastorale* after the home fashion! I have had great pleasure at home in the sight of Elizabeth's baby and Moritz, who were delightful! The other children were happy, but in a less demonstrative manner. The darling baby gazed at the lights, and crowed in wonder, and smiled tranquilly when anybody spoke to her. Ernest and George had built up a magnificent pyramid of green, hung with lights, against which the usual picture leaned, in the midst of the long drawing-room.

“Count Albert Pourtales is here, having arrived yesterday, and the Baroness Langen is here too, for a day, in her way northwards from Dover. We are all in spirits that matters have been made up, so that Lord Palmerston remains in, for the weakening of the Ministry would not do in these dangerous days. My own Mary, I say nothing about Mim's letter—you and I know what both feel of thankfulness and hope, while we preach to our own hearts resignation, if the event at last should not be what sanguine Fancy will persist to image forth! And then, we have felt together about Charles's appointment, and his having now, for the first time, attained a real

standing. What Christmas-gifts of Providence have not these been!—and are not we ever more bidden and urged to *hope in patience* for the fulfilment of wishes about other dear ones?”

To ABEKEN.

“London, 30 Dec., 1853.—I need not expatiate upon what we feel, and have felt, about Radowitz—in whom the spirit seems still to have brightened more and more, ‘unto the perfect day.’ When I think of him now, relieved from the tortures of martyrdom, and the body’s corruption, enjoying the dawn of life eternal—I am continually reminded of a passage in the works of Newton (not the philosopher, but the Christian teacher), in which he observes, that the astonishment of the disembodied spirit will be threefold—first, to find *many* admitted among the blessed whom, when in life, it would not have supposed worthy: secondly, to remark the *absence of many*, whose salvation in life it had considered secure: thirdly, to find *itself* admitted.”

To her DAUGHTER MATILDA.

“6 Feb., 1854.—Dear Uncle Bernard died on the 30th January. Up to a fortnight before his death he had continued to perform service in the church, though with great difficulty. You will enter with the sad feeling of beholding the departure of the last but one of my dearest Mother’s generation, and so kind and amiable a person as Uncle Bernard was. It is a great comfort to know that his thoughts were ever drawn more heavenward, and he received the Lord’s Supper with great clearness of mind on the day before his death. His is not the only death which

has lately much affected me. My excellent cousin Mrs. Shirley, the widow of the Bishop of Sodor and Man, died on the 10th January after a few days' severe illness. She had led a life of fitting preparation for its end, in love to God and man, incessantly occupied in doing good to all whom her efforts could reach, in body and soul."

To her GRANDDAUGHTER LILLA BUNSEN.

"13 Feb., 1854.—I had fine weather at Windsor, where I had a nice walk in the park between 11 and 12, and got Grandpapa to go with me, as far as the place where the Queen's dogs live. There is a pretty cottage with a garden, where a nice Highland woman lives, with her five children; and she let us in to pass through a succession of yards, where the different dogs were put either together or separate, according as they liked each other's company. There were beautiful dogs of all kinds, but the curiosities were, a pug all black, which I thought handsomer than the common ones, just as, if I *must* see a Negro, I would rather that he was quite black than only dingy. Then there was a Chinese dog with a sky-blue tongue, and his coat all chocolate brown, from nose to tail, and to the very ends of his paws—with a droll, sly countenance:—and a Cashmere dog, as big as a young lion, and with just such legs and paws—very goodnatured to those he knows, but terrible to meet as an enemy:—also an Esquimaux dog, who was one bush of hair, with sly fox-eyes and sharp nose peeping out—who must find himself much too warm in this country. The dogs were pleased to be noticed, and I should have liked to have sate down amongst them, and tried to draw them—the places were as sweet and clean as your chicken-

yards—but I had to come away directly, that I might drive with Grandpapa, and we had a beautiful drive—twice crossing the Thames, and going a circuit all round the castle, in one of the Queen's carriages.

“I wish my account of the dogs may amuse Lilla and Lisa, but I should have liked best to have had them with me, to see what I saw that evening between 5 and 6 o'clock, when we followed the Queen and Prince Albert a long way, through one large room after another, till we came to one where a red curtain was let down, and we all sate in the dark, till the curtain was drawn aside, and the Princess Alice, who had been dressed to represent *Spring*, recited some verses, taken from Thomson's *Seasons*, enumerating the flowers which the Spring scatters around—and she did it very well, spoke in a distinct and pleasing manner, with excellent modulation, and a tone of voice like that of the Queen. Then the curtain was drawn, and the whole scene changed, and the Princess Royal represented *Summer*, with Prince Arthur lying upon some sheaves, as if tired with the heat and harvest-work: the Princess Royal also recited verses. Then again there was a change, and Prince Alfred, with a crown of vine-leaves and a panther's skin, represented *Autumn*, and recited also verses, and looked very well. Then there was a change to a Winter-landscape, and the Prince of Wales represented *Winter*, with a white beard and a cloak with icicles or snow-flakes (or what looked like such), and the Princess Louise warmly clothed, who seemed watching the fire: and the Prince also recited well, a passage altered from Thomson, which Grandmamma used to know by heart. Then another change was made, and all the Seasons were

grouped together, and far behind, on high, appeared the Princess Helena, with a long veil hanging on each side down to her feet, and a long cross in her hand, pronouncing a blessing upon the Queen and Prince, in the name of all the Seasons. These verses were composed for the occasion. I understood them to say that St. Helena, remembering her own British extraction, came to utter a blessing on the rulers of her country—and I think it must have been so intended, because Helena, the mother of Constantine the first Christian Emperor, was said to have discovered the remains of the cross on which our Saviour was crucified—and so when she is painted, she always has a cross in her hand. But Grandpapa understood that it was meant for *Britannia* blessing the Royal Pair.—At any rate, the Princess Helena looked very charming. This was the close; but the Queen ordered the curtain to be again drawn back, and we saw the whole Royal Family, and they were helped to jump down from their raised platform, and then all came into the light, and we saw them well: and the Baby Prince Leopold was brought in by his nurse, and looked at us all with big eyes, and wanted to go to his papa, Prince Albert. At the dinner-table, the Princesses Helena and Louise and Prince Arthur were allowed to come in, and to stand by their mamma, the Queen, as it was a festival day. I think it is the Princess Louise who is the same age as Lilla. In the evening there was very fine music in St. George's Hall, and the Princess Royal, and Princess Alice, and the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, were allowed to stop up to hear it, sitting to the right and left of the chairs where sat the Queen and Prince Albert and the Duchess of Kent."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

“11 Feb., 1854.—What can I say about your letter of to-day? The same Divine Power that restored cripples and renewed body and mind, in the days when our Lord was on earth, is still at work, and works for your restoration: and if you figure to yourself the feelings of those whom the Lord's own hand uplifted and strengthened—the awe, the devotion which must have been called forth, to subdue the tumult of joy—I think it will help to calm you.

“Again and again, God be thanked! and abundant be the blessing which the Princess (of Wied) calls down upon her own head, by all she does, and all she feels, for you! All thanks, and all the gratitude that prompts them, are too poor to offer: but God will make her the return. Nothing good is ever lost, or turns out empty—but it is seldom granted to those who receive, to have power and opportunity to make return, except in love and prayer.”

“23 Feb., 1854.—I seem struck dumb, and waiting for power of utterance. I had thought we should have had long to feast upon the fact of your walking from one room to another! Your doing more, and walking downstairs, and *up* again, and getting into the carriage yourself, I had not contemplated as a *possibility*, it seems such a vast progress beyond the first step. My own precious child! I wish, as I have often done in life, to be equal to the greatness of the moment, to feel the whole bounty of God's Providence in its full extent, to expand my heart and mind to take it all in, to steel myself to bear it without being over-set: and I am brought again to reflect on the narrowness of our present capabilities, and to conjecture that the happi-

ness of a higher state of being will be in a great measure the power of taking in what God will give!

‘Ich öffne meinen Mund und sinke
Hin zu der Quelle, dass ich trinke!’

utters something of the longing that I would indicate.”

To ABEKEN.

“15 *March*, 1854.—Alas! the news of Kestner’s death is arrived. That faithful friend is gone before: the third life of value to me that has closed since this year began. I have ever been thankful, and am now more than ever, for the happy meeting that we had with him in the Exhibition-year: he was as animated and affectionate as ever, and entered with the same spirit as in any other part of his life he could have done, into the pleasure of everything we could show him. We all tried to persuade him to shorten his visit to his relations, and come again to us last year—but we were not to meet again, here. Thankful we must all be, that he did not outlive eyesight or power of bodily activity—that his last sufferings were short and unexpected, and his mind clear to the last.

“Pray do not use, or misuse, the phrase ‘auf Gottes Hülfe trauen’—when the lives of the instruments and supporters of a system of iniquity are in question. God’s Providence can long tolerate iniquity—but I can only trust in God’s protection for such of the powers that be as are his instruments for good, and not his scourges for evil.”

To her SON HENRY.

“31 *March*, 1854.—Yesterday Ernest and Elizabeth dined with us, and so did Dr. Bekker, and Mr. Benedict,

and Signor Lacaita, whose first lecture, on Italian literature, Theodora and your Father had heard in the afternoon. When Theodora returned, she and I went to the House of Lords to hear Lord Clarendon's speech on the declaration of war, and we staid long enough for Lord Derby's on the same subject, and were much interested by both, and the first thing that took place was a suggestion by Lord Roden that a day should be set apart for prayer and supplication on occasion of the awful announcement of war, which was assented to with acclamation, — Lord Aberdeen declaring the intention of the Ministers to advise the Queen to that effect. I think indeed there is everywhere a very becoming consciousness of the awfulness of this crisis !”

CHAPTER IV.

HEIDELBERG.

“Era già l’ora che volge il dì
Ai naviganti e intenerisce il core,
Lo di’ ch’ han detto à dolci amici addio.”

—*Dante.*

IN the beginning of April, 1854, Bunsen tendered his resignation of his post in England, and two months later received his recall. In giving up the position of honour and labour which he had occupied, his first intention was to remain in England, and to take a house in the Regent’s Park near his son Ernest, devoting the rest of his life to his family and to literary research. But after considerations induced him to rescind this decision, and to turn his thoughts towards Germany—to Germany, but not to Prussia, where he might have been unable to avoid being drawn once more into the whirlpool of politics. Of German towns out of Prussia, Heidelberg, with its beautiful scenery, its university society, and its fine public library, offered the greatest advantages, and there Professor Carl Meyer, already the faithful friend of half a lifetime,*

* Carl Friedrich Meyer, poet and linguist, from his heart-qualities

found for the Bunsens the beautiful villa of Charlottenberg, on the bank of the Neckar opposite the castle, which was the happy home of the next five years.

Before the Bunsens left England, an unavoidable sale dispersed most of the works of art and a great part of the fine library at Carlton Terrace, though it cost a severe pang to part from many of these silent witnesses of past happy days. At this time also a division of many family treasures as legacies took place—the less unwelcome, because the occasion was not death. While the house was being dismantled, Bunsen visited his ever-kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Wagner at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, to whose hospitable home he had frequently retired during his residence in England for weeks either of rest or quiet work.

It was a severe trial to Bunsen to go out of such a centre of activity—social, political, and intellectual—as London had become to him, into the still waters of Heidelberg. But for Madame Bunsen, the death of her mother had broken the strongest tie which bound her to England, and though it was a severe wrench to leave the country which contained the homes of her sons Henry and Ernest and of her beloved daughter Mary, even

one of the most valued and faithful friends of the Bunsen family. He left Rome with the Bunsens, and accompanied them to Germany. He was for some time private German secretary and librarian to Prince Albert: after which he remained in retirement at Heidelberg, during the residence of the Bunsens in that town. He now (1878) lives at Berlin as Legations Rath, and attached to the Court.

this triple separation was compensated by the relief from the cares which had oppressed her for many years. In the changed circumstances of her life she received affection and sympathy and cordial offers of hospitality, even where she would not have looked for them: but chiefly was she animated, not depressed, by the voices within her own home—"Oh," she wrote at this time, "how good all my children are, I can feel, but cannot express—encouraging instead of unnerving their parents."

On the 10th of June, Madame Bunsen left England with her unmarried daughters, and a week later Bunsen followed with his son George. All were alike delighted with their new home of Charlottenberg, the last of the many houses which line the north bank of the Neckar at the foot of the wooded or vine-clad hill opposite Heidelberg, and which look across the water to the hill-crested castle, and the town, and the long bridge with its many arches.

MADAME BUNSEN to her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY-LOUISA.

"*High Wood*, 24 April, 1854.—I must write to you the first thing this morning, from the peace of this friendly shelter. . . . Your Father was up at 6 o'clock yesterday morning and at 5 this morning—lighting his fire and working at his writings. He has been most cheerful and amiable, meeting the crisis as he should, willingly, thankfully, but quite conscious that it is a strong *wrench* that drags him out of so large a part of the habits of life. . . . I feel the whole of this matter to be an answer to prayer,

and wonder in every respect at the providential arrangements to lighten care in so many quarters, that indeed our faith must be very feeble, if it cannot keep up in the hope of being helped through everything. In Abeken's Lecture on Religious Life in Islam, I find that the Moslems in returning thanks for any gift, do so, not directly to the giver, but to God—"I thank God for thy goodness to me"—a beautiful example! which accords with my feeling towards the Princess of Wied, and towards Lady Raffles."

To her SISTER, LADY HALL.

"27 April, 1854.—I have put off writing to you all these days, till I had anything to tell, except that we were enjoying quiet and the sight of spring vegetation. Now I can communicate that we received yesterday the telegraphic announcement of the acceptance by the King of my husband's resignation of his post, to which Count Bernstorff (now Minister at Naples) is appointed. The official account of all this cannot arrive till next week, and therefore as yet this is what is called a secret!—the *Morning Herald* having known it two days ago, I suppose by means of an '*own correspondent*' at Berlin. We shall therefore soon go to town, to break up our household, pay bills, and pack up our belongings, putting them together in as small a compass as we can, until we have found a future dwelling-place to which to remove them. I feel so relieved in the being spared the labour of the season, which every year has become more irksome to me, that I think little of the approaching annoyance of pulling down and picking to pieces the whole fabric of household comfort that we have been trying to arrange and keep up all these years! and

of the succeeding annoyance of having to re-arrange such materials as are our own property, in some yet unknown and much-restricted locality. In the fact of our retreat from a public position, I have the most entire satisfaction: for many a year I have wished, but never saw the least opening for a hope, that we might be allowed to pass the latter years of life in quiet: and now the outlet has been granted, in the mode least anticipated, but not the less thankfully accepted. I shall always think with pleasure of the kind letter you wrote, and the kind expressions used by Sir Benjamin, offering us to come to Llanover for a time unlimited! but the greater nearness of High Wood to London gives it an advantage over every other place, of the many that have been kindly offered to us on this occasion. My husband's own occupations (to which he has returned with a zest and activity that does one's heart good to see) bind him to the immediate neighbourhood of London, that he may be within reach of his books."

To ABEKEN.

"London, 2 May, 1854.—I have an immense piece of work to do, in breaking up this home of years, and long to have it done, and thus to have finished with the only bitter part of the present change—for the fact of the change to private and independent life, in *circumstances however restricted*, is hailed by me with thankfulness, and has long been matter of desire and of prayer. I might have wished my husband's breaking off from public life could have been brought about in a manner more mild, more handsome, more friendly: but as it is, all is well, because he bears with equanimity the method used to get rid of him."

To MRS. LANE (daughter of Bishop Sandford).

"30 *May*, 1854.—At last, after two months' waiting, my husband has received the *official* acceptance of his resignation, which acceptance was announced by telegraph the last week in April, and so now he has been able to apply for his audience of leave, which the Queen will probably soon grant, and then I believe we shall embark on the steamer to proceed towards Heidelberg, where we intend for the present to set up our staff.

"I am resolved to keep off all solemn leave-takings, for I cannot feel as if I was going for more than a pleasant visit to a beautiful country, where I am to live in quiet with husband and children, without having anything more to do with social relations than inclination may prompt. It is matter of most thankful satisfaction to me, to have broken for good from diplomatic representation: and the hard matter of having the sea between me and three families of my children, besides numbers of valued friends, is what I try not to think of."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"10 *June*, 1854.—Having packed and breakfasted, and having no further duty to perform until called to get into the carriage on the way to the steamer, I can write a line, my own precious Mary—though I shall try to say nothing to overset you or myself. I have kept up well in an unconsciousness of leave-taking, hard to explain, except from the full satisfaction that our present plan is the right thing and best thing we can do—and that we have a prospect of well-being and comfort in life, such as in our late (so-called) brilliant position was unattainable. *You* know, as few

people do, that any cheerfulness I may have shown for twelve years past, was *putting a good face* upon care, and heavy and distracting care: and you will believe, as few people do, how earnestly and constantly I have prayed to be shown a way out. I did not wish that the way out of our position should have been also a way out of England: but then various wishes may be incompatible, and those I love will I trust come and see me beyond sea: and as we go, we may be bidden to return, if it is best for us."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY-LOUISA.

"*Steamer between Mainz and Mannheim, 14 June, 1854.*—How often have my thoughts been with you in these two delightful days of the most luxurious locomotion—when, sitting in my own very easy chair under an awning on deck, I have enjoyed the air all day long, and basked in the long daylight. The sort of life is like a dream, and the length of days, beginning at three in the morning, sets all measurement of time at defiance. I could fancy that each day had been about three days, since I last saw you. The beautiful part of the banks of the Rhine, from Coblenz to Bingen, never was so beautiful before, in my experience—gilded by the brightest sunshine, and clothed in the vegetation of spring, for everything has as yet its first tenderness and richness and variety, not having passed even into the uniform bottle-green of summer. The young corn, the vineyards—it is not to be said what a beautiful variety there is now, in the colouring which I have ever complained of as dingy and uniform on the slate-rocks of the Rhine.

"On the journey I have been reading the Life of

Jacqueline Pascal, and I know nothing more edifying than the state of mind of those Port-Royalists, both as to the reality of religion which they attained, and the awful aberrations from right and just views of God and Christ, which resulted from the human pride of those who thought they had renounced all things, and the selfishness which flattered itself in supposed perfection of self-denial. Many of their maxims remind me of the 'Theologia Germanica,' while their practice was founded on the heathen-principle of *fear*, the crouching of the slave before the scourge.

"Soon we hope to reach Heidelberg and see more clearly than now upon the weighty subject of our future dwelling."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA (who was at Monrepos, with the Princess of Wied).

"*Heidelberg*, 19 June, 1854.—We feel more and more at home and delighted to be at home, in Charlottenberg. How we did enjoy our quiet, luxurious Sunday yesterday! We breakfasted a little before eight, had a delightful and easy walk to the Heiligen Geist Kirche, heard a very satisfactory sermon from the Stadt-Pfarrer Plitt, in explanation of the Gospel of the day, and were much pleased with the hymns and singing, and the prayers—in short, rejoiced to find a parish church to go to regularly. Rothe* goes to the same: he scarcely ever preaches now himself. Next Sunday they celebrate here the Reformations-fest, it being the anniversary of the adoption of the Confession of Augsburg.

* Once Chaplain at the German Protestant Chapel at Rome, and at this time Professor of Divinity at Heidelberg.

I am so pleased that we arrive just in time for that celebration : it gives one the consciousness of being among *christianos viejos*, which I care about as much as the Spaniards, though in another sense. I am glad to find that the Protestants here belong to the *Union*, having adopted it in 1817 by the wish of the congregations themselves, whom the Government luckily did not attempt to influence in any way. In the afternoon we took no distant walk, because the clouds threatened and failed not to keep promise in a storm of thunder, rain, and wind from the west : before and after which we went up the well-constructed garden walks, resting in seats at all the turns, to enjoy one exquisite prospect or another. But in the house, sitting with open windows, air and river and prospect everywhere, one has pleasure enough without going out.

“ Good Meyer comes to us daily, some time or other, and is always ready to take us to the beautiful spots that we long to see : but we have not been to the castle yet, and have virtuously done business elsewhere. Dear Theodora settles and arranges, and imbibes delight on all sides.”

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY-LOUISA.

“ *Heidelberg*, 23 July, 1854.—I am sitting in my bedroom in our new home, near a window towards the east, whence a delicious fresh wind is blowing down the Neckar. To-day I was awake at four, but did not get your Father off for his morning’s walk till near five, and then we had a most delightful ramble up a dell, which opens into the hills, opposite the castle : the road winding so gradually that the ascent was never difficult, and we were surprised when we found ourselves above the castle level, from whence we

descended through the vineyard and wood-walk belonging to this house, and were at home by half-past seven. I am most thankful to find my walking capabilities so great and to be able to enjoy the morning-coolness in this manner. Most luxurious too is it after dark to go out of the drawing room upon the gravel-walk, smell the orange-flowers, and see the glory of the stars.

“Frances is incomparable in her household-activity. What I should do without her I cannot guess: for the transplanting into a new soil detects the age of the plant, which finds it not easy to get beyond vegetating—but does that effectually.”

To ABEKEN.

“*Heidelberg*, 4 August, 1854.—I have rejoiced to have a welcome from you into Germany, but am sorry not to have your sympathy in my own joy and thankfulness in being freed from a life of racking cares and unceasing and irksome labour, on which I struggled to put the best face I could, and to make the most, as far as powers and strength would last, while always expecting them to fail! But it has pleased God mercifully to preserve my health till I could enter upon a position in which peace and happiness, and the spending of time and strength according to taste and inclination, are *possible*.

“You know something of the labour and trouble of breaking up our Roman household, and yet that was a joke to the mass of business attending the sudden crash after twelve years in Carlton Terrace, and I was besides sixteen years younger and stronger on the former occasion. Since then, we have had to shrink into a small dwelling-

place after being used to spread over a large one; to get the still large remainder of our possessions unpacked and placed; and to contrive the arrangements of a smaller household with new and unpractised hands, few in number.

“As to seeing Heidelberg, we enjoy the sight of castle and river from the windows and from the gardens, and that is so great an enjoyment that we can well wait for leisure to make occasional excursions. I have not yet half seen the castle-gardens, and have not ascended the *summit* of any one of the heights, although, in the very hot weather between the 8th and 20th July, my husband and I have often between five o'clock and seven in the morning explored the steep wood-paths that extend beyond and above the extremity of the vine-terraces above our house. How merry and happy he has been here, I hope his own letter will tell you! I can bear witness to his cheerfulness and improved state of health. It has been a great pleasure to us to have Usedom here for three days, and Pourtales for one day.”

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

“14 *Sept.*, 1854.—You will feel with me what a weight the feeble health of Theodore is on my mind: and you will pray with me, for us all, that ‘our faith fail not’—that we not only say, but do, as the Scripture says—‘I have waited for the Lord, until He have mercy upon me!’—and not only wait, but believe steadily, that all is for the ultimate good of such as turn not the grace of God to evil results upon their minds. For *us* in particular, how inexcusable were want of faith! when we have so often been

helped out of accumulation of distress—not the less real, or the less hard to bear, because circumstances enabled and compelled the putting on a mask of external composure. When my own Mary came to see us that last time in Carlton Terrace, just the beginning of Passion Week, what a mass of difficulties there were to be unravelled! and yet now we look back upon them, as those landed on a pleasant shore look back at the rough waves they were lately toiling over. So much less than all we have, would have been matter for deep thankfulness, that I am struck dumb by the multiplicity of blessings and desirable circumstances that are heaped up on all sides.

“I always hoped that your Father would get reconciled to a change of position, much worse to him than to me: but I had not ventured to hope that he would be as happy as he is here, entering into the fulness of delight in leisure and peace, and the exquisite beauty of the country, and peculiar recommendations of our precise situation. My own Mary! how I do want to have you here! and John, and the children! and I want John to bring all possible paints, and to draw and colour after these exquisite scenes. For almost four weeks we have been enjoying an Italian sky! and of late the air has been so cool and invigorating that taking exercise is only a pleasure and no fatigue. This morning I looked out before the sun had peeped over the hill,—it was not yet six, and I roused your Father to determine upon having a good walk at once, instead of standing at his desk to write all day. He sent to Professor Dietrich (who was with us all last winter) and to Theodore, and by a little after seven we set out, and came back by half-past nine to breakfast. I wish I could give

you an idea how beautiful our walk was—up the hill, through wood-walks, with sight of river, valley, castle!

“We have enjoyed having Mrs. Augustus Hare here, with Miss Leycester and Augustus.”

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY-LOUISA.

“19 *Sept.*, 1854.—Emilia is here! and I actually see her walk about, firm and upright, enjoying a walk for exercise. I cannot get over the strange novelty. She is the same Emilia, and yet with such a wonderful difference. This morning at eight I went with your Father to walk before breakfast, and who should we find in the gardens before us but—Emilia! She was greeted by rain, but yesterday the whole splendour of Heidelberg returned, and this is one of those days in which I long to sing one of Ernest’s songs—the longing of a young girl to get out into the fields, protesting that she cannot sit still and spin. I must have a walk with Theodore before the hour at which it is possible for Theodora to arrive from Zurich, after her happy tour with the Gurney’s.”

To ABEKEN.

“*Heidelberg*, 27 *Dec.*, 1854.—The year must not close without my writing my own personal assurance of faithful affection. The cheering and soothing impressions of a three days’ renewal of intercourse lately, are ever fresh with us. We have passed a quiet and cheerful Christmas time with our comparatively small home-party, which yet is larger than when you saw it, through the presence of Theodore, and the return of Matilda: grandchildren we had none present, but some children of poor neighbours were invited, that we might not have a Christmas Tree with-

out children to see it! The season is wonderfully mild, and though storms have been frequent, and snowfalls occasional, the winter cannot yet resolve to be in good earnest, and many bright hours are granted, particularly at the time of sunset, which I never saw finer anywhere than at the outlet of our valley, looking over the church-spires and the bridge.

“My husband never was in better spirits or greater activity of head-labour—but I cannot even begin an explanation of all he is doing and planning. He lately received the *Life of Sydney Smith*, as a gift from his daughter, the wife of Sir Henry Holland, and the book has infinitely entertained and interested me, treating as it does of people whose names, and in many cases persons, were well known to me in younger years. But a work that engages other feelings, and stronger interests, is ‘*Trois Sermons sur Louis XV.—par Bungener.*’ The title does not lead you to guess what you find—an historical novel bringing the characters of the time before you, but scrupulously founded on facts relating to the persecution of the Protestants during the last period in which it was still matter of *law* and government in France. The work is of deep and painful interest. Louis Philippe inscribed his clever collection at Versailles, ‘à toutes les gloires de la France’—but neither the French nor other nations would have been apt, till recently, to reckon among those ‘gloires’ a number of martyrs, such as any country might be proud of!”

The chief event of the happy autumn of 1854, in which Madame Bunsen never ceased to “thank God for having made a path out of diplomatic life,” was

the engagement of her beloved son George to Miss Emma Birkbeck, to whom he was married on the 21st of December, 1854.

MADAME BUNSEN to her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

“22 Dec., 1854.—Yesterday we celebrated George’s wedding-day, as best we could. Meyer dined with us, and we drank healths: and then Frances after dinner summoned the two Miss Mohls and H. v. Gagern, and H. v. Sternberg, to help in charades which were very successful. The first, *Hoch-zeit*, closed with a procession singing verses composed by Meyer for the occasion, which, after walking round and round till the verses were finished, ended with dancing a *grand rond*, to the tune of the Grandpère dance—the procession headed by Frances and Theodore as Grandpapa and Grandmamma, talking of their wedding fifty years ago.”

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW EMMA.

“29 Dec., 1854.—I enjoy dwelling on the idea of your absorption in each other’s company. I have never doubted your finding in each other what each has wished and wanted and anticipated: but without such doubt, it was a rare satisfaction to receive from each the assurance of being ‘intensely happy.’ I like to suppose you both ‘voll Muth und Ahnung’—in the full sense of those beautiful words of Goethe, which I remember thinking of and using myself, when in the first consciousness of a new double existence, in which my own individuality was to be merged in another without losing itself, and by communication, to seek completeness. It might seem strange to

look upon 'Muth and Ahnung' otherwise than as things of course in youthful years : but they were sensations most unusual with me in mine, and I think that you, who have known sorrow and trial, as I had, may very likely understand as well as I did, the difficulty of looking forward without shrinking. The experience of life has taught me since, that with a due foundation in life to rest upon, its cares and trials may unflinchingly be met, and its storms may bend without breaking.

"We passed Christmas Eve quietly, with our reduced family numbers, only with the addition of our friend Meyer, and Frau Heydweiller the mistress of the house we inhabit, and a young Englishman with his tutor, whom we invited as being strangers here, that they might not be solitary on the especially social evening: and not having any grandchildren at hand, we invited some children of our washerwoman and of another poor neighbour, to see our tree covered with lights, under which was placed a picture representing the Infant Saviour and his mother—an addition to the German tree at Christmas which has always been customary in our house for the sake of a visible memorial to the children of 'Him who brought good gifts unto men,' at the time when gifts are bestowed upon themselves; the beautiful image of our Saviour's childhood should not be lost in the Christian mind, because the Romanists have profaned it into Heathenism!"

To MISS CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS WYNN.*

"31 Dec., 1854.—The retrospect of this year is to me almost overpowering, from the infinity of causes of thank-

* Charlotte, eldest daughter of the Rt. Hon. Charles Williams Wynn, now well known from her delightful letters.

fulness as far as I and mine are concerned—that is, because God has in so many ways ‘dealt with me after my own heart’s desire!’ When the ways of Providence are not with us as we wish, we are too apt to forget that the mercy may not be the less certain for being unpalatable!”

To **MADemoiselle ANNA VERNET** (sister of Madame de Staël).

“8 Jan., 1855.—At the year’s beginning and end, one is peculiarly moved to count up one’s treasures near and far, and wish to waft wishes and kind thoughts to many a far-removed locality—the wandering contemplations ever finding rest in the consciousness of meeting in the chorus of prayer and praise with hearts allied, before the throne of grace; and thus I believe my spirit has met yours, in this peculiarly solemn period, when, alas! grief and anxiety are the portion of so many, and I am spared grief, except in sympathy for others.”

To her **DAUGHTER EMILIA**.

“25 Jan., 1855.—I often think of her who ‘departed not from the temple, fasting and praying night and day,’ and of the perpetual church-going of those whose religion consists in practices: and can understand the satisfaction there must be in continual reiteration of forms of prayer and supplication in hallowed spots, *if only* one did not know better than to believe one shall be more ‘heard for much speaking.’ But *our* comfort is—‘selbst Tempel, Buch, und Altar sein:’ and that every time, every place, will serve for an intensely-felt aspiration and ejaculation—for indeed

there is no other comfort under the consciousness of what the best and bravest are undergoing."*

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"28 Jan., 1855.—We have all lost a most kind friend. Archdeacon Hare breathed his last on Tuesday last, the 23rd. He had been very ill in December, but was supposed to be mending. . . . Alas! what a mass of images and recollections relating to Hurstmonceaux are by his death marked off as belonging to the remote, the past, to what has no more to do with our present every-day life! How glad I am that you and Theodore visited the Rectory in 1852, and that I was there myself in the spring of 1853: thus we refreshed our impressions of the place that we shall not see again, and after three months shall not think of again, except as desecrated by the occupation of strangers, and by the removal of all that marked it as the dear Archdeacon's own—the residence of taste and literature and intelligence, of love to God and man! I trust the invaluable library will not be scattered, but retained somewhere as a whole, and as a monument of the mind of him who collected it: and I shall long to know what becomes of all the pictures."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"Heidelberg, 15 Feb., 1855.—Your Father goes on wonderfully—not the slightest cold, and his habitual asthma keeping within moderate bounds: standing at his desk, working with head and hand all day, never seeming to be dull—though he but rarely has anybody to converse with,

* In the Crimean war.

for in snow and ice it is not wonderful that people do not often come half a mile into the country, and as he does not and will not go out and make visits, except by great exception, it is only by exception that he receives them. With some difficulty I get him out into the garden, having the gravel-walk swept; and thus there are few days that we do not get a walk, or *two*—indispensable for keeping one's feet warm."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY-LOUISA.

"*Heidelberg*, 8 *March*, 1855.—The winter here is indeed a Belagerungs-zustand. It cuts seven months out of the year for all purposes of enjoyment and exercise, and one lives in a state of struggle with the elements, wondering that one is not ill and expecting to be so. We are already delighting ourselves with the dream of spending next winter in Italy, always with certain indispensable *ifs*. . . . My eyes were rejoiced by gifts of flowering bulbs on my birthday, a pleasure far greater than you luxurious people can guess, who never break off entirely your acquaintance with flowers and verdure, having always evergreens to look at. Now, on the most sheltered side of our terrace, *one* holly contrives to live, and one Weymouth pine, and some yew and box, but their branches turn so yellow in the cold, that one pities them as expatriated—*ins Elend getrieben*.

"Papa is and has been doing wonders in the way of work, and often has the spirit moved him to rise before four on the winter-mornings, lighting his own stove!"

To her SISTER, LADY HALL.

"*Heidelberg*, 12 *March*, 1855.—Between one long resi-

dence in Italy and another in England, we have been spoilt, and do not know how to accept the fact of having seven months out of the twelve reduced to an absolute struggle with the elements, and despoiled of all charm for all or any of the senses. My husband comforts himself with the determination to go somewhere *south* in October next, and not come back till the season is humanized and civilized."

To ABERKEN.

"*Heidelberg*, 1 *May*, 1855.—We have had continued winter, with the exception of Passion Week, which was mild and calm as though it had been in Rome. But these early gleams of brighter times, in northerly regions, are out of character, and give but half pleasure, there being neither flowers nor evergreens to meet the sun's rays, and keep the blue sky in countenance. Our thoughts are strongly bent towards the south for next winter.

"Several friends have announced themselves as projecting a journey hitherwards—and so, all at once, before the chill of winter is gone, we have rolled over into the habits and feelings of the fine season and the long days, with a new sense of relief and liberty, in being so placed that we *may* enjoy all that we feel to be enjoyable, without any obligation to spend time and strength in what we dislike.

"My birthday was a truly happy one. A great plan had long been in preparation, of which I was to know nothing, for its celebration, and I did in fact know no more, but that *something* was in agitation, which I scrupulously ignored, and so was surprised by the performance of the *Précieuses* of Molière, and a little French Proverbe

besides, ushered in by a Prologue composed by Meyer and recited by himself and my three daughters, and closed by a *Duo Buffo*, sung by Meyer and Sternberg."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY-LOUISA.

"23 *May*, 1855.—I wish I could give you an idea how beautiful the spring-scene is by which we are surrounded, and how we take in the delight of it hourly: which is yet enhanced to me by the comparison made with times past, when I look at a Galignani-newspaper, and see the account of the Queen's balls and concerts and drawing-rooms—and give a gasp (which the unknowing might take for a sigh) signifying a consciousness of unutterable relief, that I have not to dress and appear at them.

"I have three times this morning however told myself to get a folio quire of paper, and put it ready in a convenient place for writing down the names of the people we see: I wish we had done so from the first, the number is so remarkable, and so are many of the names."

To her SISTER, LADY HALL.

"*Heidelberg*, 27 *June*, 1855.—Theodora is engaged to the Baron de Sternberg. . . . I am not merely satisfied, but thankful, for the clear prospect of happiness that opens for this precious child. She looks bright and happy, and her satisfaction pervades our whole family party, which still includes Mary and John, and George and Emma, and Emilia. We have known our future son-in-law almost ever since we lived here. He is of an ancient family of high standing and respected root and branch. He holds a government office of much responsibility in the

law, hard to translate into English, as the system is so different that there is no parallel I can find. . . . The comfort of feeling that we do not absolutely part from Theodora, but that we shall continue to inhabit the same place, enjoy the same scenes, and live in the same society that she does, keeps us all in spirits and enables us the more to rejoice in her prospects."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"8 July, 1855.—On Wednesday your Father and Sternberg were asked to go over to Baden and dine with the Princess of Prussia, and she sent a carriage for your Father to the station, and gave him two rooms, in which he remained whenever not with her. Thursday was spent at Madame Uhde's, with the Grand Duchess Stéphanie, whose conversation was as original and engaging as in her younger days, and we were invited to dine with her at Mannheim on Saturday."

To her SISTER, LADY HALL.

"Heidelberg, 12 July, 1855.—Is it not curious that Kingsley should make our ancestor Sir Richard Granville,* the admiral, grandfather of Sir Beville, a main part of the subject of his novel 'Westward Ho!'—and know so much of Stow and all the country, and yet not have learnt the orthography and derivation of the name, which he spells *Grenville!* Pray read it, if you have not yet, and feel, with me, that we ought to rummage the country itself, and old houses in it, for memorials of the family and former state of things. How I should like, if I was young and active and

* The hero of Tennyson's poem, "The Revenge."

moveable, to go about that whole tract, so graphically shadowed forth in the first volume! The book treats much of the *historical* misdeeds of the Jesuits. I believe Kingsley had principally at heart to show the truth of the case at that time, in opposition to the late Puseyite and Romanizing writers who sentimentalize about high-treason in the case of Jesuit offenders, and blacken Queen Elizabeth and her Government for mere *legal* acts of self-defence in carrying out the penalty of the law. The curious thing is that the present reaction, doing justice to the Government of Elizabeth, was begun by a French writer, a Roman-Catholic if anything, who startled people a few years ago by historical lectures at Paris, informing them that Mary Queen of Scots was no saint or martyr, but one who lived in conspiracies for the murder of Elizabeth, and in utterance of solemn falsehoods in concealment of her practices, and that it was no wonder if all Elizabeth's Protestant subjects felt the necessity of cutting off a life so fraught with ruin to their cause as that of Mary Queen of Scots."

"26 July, 1855.—A fortnight ago, when we dined with the Grand Duchess Stéphanie at Mannheim, to our astonishment we met Rio, Madame Rio,* and two daughters. They have since come to Heidelberg, and stay till next week, when they go to Wildbad. He is very infirm, but otherwise he is just the same as ever—talking, and being very entertaining, and trying to convert wherever he can get a hearing.

"Dear George and Emma have just concluded the purchase of a house, farm, and garden, just what they wished for, not too large, and very complete, close to Bonn."

* *Née* Apollonia Jones of Llanarth.

"4 August, 1855.—We had yesterday the great pleasure of H. von Auerswald's* company at dinner, and Häusser,† Gervinus,‡ Gagern,§ and Mohl|| to meet him in the evening. Three days ago we were informed that we might see the Princess Louise of Prussia on her passage by the railway, so went and saw her for ten minutes, and very engaging and satisfactory she was."

"14 Sept., 1855.—My precious Theodora was married on Wednesday the 12th. The wedding-day was bright and cheerful and undisturbed by any untoward occurrence, and I saw her drive off from her parents' dwelling with unmixed satisfaction in the man to whom the care of her happiness is now entrusted. . . . At 11 o'clock we were met at the door of the Holy Ghost Church by the bridegroom and George, Theodore, John and Mary, Henry and Mary Louisa, two uncles and an aunt of Sternberg's, Barons and Baroness von Völderndorff, the bridesmaids being the bride's three sisters (Emilia now able to walk and stand and appear among others!) and her sister-in-law Amélie von Ungern-Sternberg, with Henry's two little girls,

* One of the Ministers of State under Frederick William IV. in the period after the revolution of 1848.

† A very successful Professor of Modern History at the University of Heidelberg: an eminent patriotic speaker in the Baden chambers, who did much for the feeling of German unity: author of a History of the French Revolution and of Frederick the Great.

‡ Professor of History at Heidelberg, one of the few who ventured to protest at the time of the Empire being proclaimed.

§ Heinrich von Gagern, who took a leading part in 1848, when the revolutionary party sat in Parliament at Frankfort and made an imaginary constitution. He went to Berlin to offer the imperial crown to Frederick William IV.

|| Robert von Mohl, Professor of Public Law at Heidelberg: afterwards Minister for Baden at Munich. He died at Berlin in 1874.

looking like angels. . . . The spirit of the English liturgy was in the address and quotations from Scripture, though the form was different and simpler, and ushered in and closed by hymns sung with a vast power of voices, for the church was as full as it could hold. . . . The pair looked so bright and happy, so serenely satisfied and joyful, that it did one's heart good to see them, and still does it good to think of them—and a handsome pair they are, contrasted, as were the twins, *he* fair, and *she* brunette."

"27 Sept., 1855.—Never were people more fortunate than Sternberg and Theodora in their honeymoon—in the uninterrupted fine weather, to enable them to enjoy a most beautiful country, as well as one another's company, which last they do most intensely: I do believe and have all along believed that no two people could suit each other better, and it is delightful to read Theodora's naïve expressions of happiness—'she never had fancied any one could be *so* happy.'

· "I wish I could give you a full account of our Polterabend, the evening before the wedding, when it is the custom to have a *planned* amusement to divert people's thoughts. It was contrived in Mary's lodgings, for our one large drawing-room was pre-occupied by the table intended for next day's dinner-party. Meyer composed poetry, and the diversion was charade and tableau and declamation and singing, all together. The Nine Muses beautifully *drappées* by our old friend Rhebenitz, consisted of my Frances, and Emilia, and Mary, and Matilda, and Mary Louisa, with Miss Mure, Miss Campbell, Mademoiselle Welcher, and Mademoiselle Lemire, and very nice

they looked, with Theodore for Apollo! Afterwards they danced."

"3 Nov., 1855.—The Sternbergs came back from their Black Forest wanderings on the 6th October. They look so radiant and so delighted with each other, that it does one good to see it. I am myself well and strong and equal to exercise, and to a great deal of occupation by daylight—but alas! the long evenings, which used to be such a favourite time for many a sort of work, are now almost unemployed, my eyelids being much as my dearest Mother's used to be after any attempt to use them by candlelight. As to using spectacles, *that* is a thing of course, and not to be named as a grievance: but though they help me to see more clearly, they help nothing against weakness of the nerves of the eyes.

"My husband's work, 'Signs of the Times' (the main subject being, freedom of conscience, or the want of it, and the sins of Continental governments against it), was sold off in the last ten days of October, an edition of 2,500 copies! He is much delighted, and surprised. Humboldt is one of those who go about preaching the contents: they are all delighted that he should forcibly utter what so many think. He sent the King the first copy on his birthday. I know not whether Longman will make the speculation of an English translation: I believe the book would be read with interest in England. My husband saw the King at Marburg. He was desired to come thither, after he had fought off various invitations, and urgent ones, by the King to go to Berlin. The King was as affectionate as ever in manner, but the change in him, bodily and mental, was painful to observe."

To MISS CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS WYNN.

"13 Nov., 1855.—I want to tell you that my husband has taken to riding, and delights in the exercise, enjoying the sort of independence of seeking his own way along the road. He has made the discovery of Ziegelhausen, and admires the lake-like expanse of the river at the turn. He will tell you himself how wonderfully he gets on with various works, and how pleased he has been, not only with the letters he receives of exulting satisfaction in the 'Zeichen der Zeit,' but with the fact that the printer commenced a second edition before the first fortnight was out after its appearance, having parted with the whole 2,500 copies of the first.

"As you entered into all the interests of the house, I must tell you of the tragical end of one of Matilda's adopted children, the youngest, who was killed by a waggon-wheel last Thursday. Never was a brighter day, and everybody seemed, as I felt myself, roused by sun and air to double activity and animation. I had run into the garden about twelve, and saw just by the fountain you remember, little Kätchen setting out full speed towards her school, a long way off near the church at Ziegelhausen—very tidy in the warm clothes which Matilda had been delighted to contrive, and a flat basket on her arm like a bag, with the great slate and her book in it, and the child looked bright as the day when I spoke to her, and little guessed either of us that within half an hour she would be a corpse! It seems that she got up behind an empty waggon, made, as you will recollect, with mere planks at the bottom, with wide spaces between: it would seem that she let her basket slip through, stretched after it and fell

through, and the wheel passed over her, causing death by inward injury, for she was little injured to the eye. A passer-by brought word to our house, and our two maids ran directly to the place, on the road under the Stift,—found a humane man who had taken up the body, and tried to get it into that *one* cottage on the way up to the Stift, where the people rudely denied admission: then our maids took it and carried it hither, met on the way by poor Matilda, whose grief was great—her first sight of death, and the first shock of the kind where her affections were concerned. The basket and slate came back, nobody knowing who brought them, safe—surviving, as still life does, what gave it value and interest!

“Tell us whether anybody writes any books worth reading, or is that practice given up?”

To her SISTER, LADY HALL.

“15 *Nov.*, 1855.—I was touched by your naming the subjects which weigh upon your mind. . . . You say what I am sure is correct, that you would not be disturbed by those things if you were not unwell—that is quite true, and yet the causes are real and your feelings are real—the difference is that the lightness of spirits accompanying bodily health carry you like wings over the rough places that must be traversed by weary steps when the wings are not there.”

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

“11 *Dec.*, 1855.—We have been going on for many days with deepening snow and steadfast ice. On the bitter fourth of December, the frost made a sudden attack upon

the Neckar, and caught the mill-stream fast in one solid surface, upon which skaters are seen as long as daylight lasts, in a line from the mills, till nearly opposite our windows, giving the only sign of life to be perceived in the absolute stillness of the scene, except the tinkling of the bells of passing sledges. The air is so motionless that the snow rests on every branch and railing, and very beautifully is everything pencilled with white."

One of the chief friends of Bunsen's later life was Mrs. Salis Schwabe, who, when the time came for leaving Carlton Terrace, had been the first to place her beautiful seaside castle of Glyn Garth at the disposal of the Bunsen family for so long a time as they might be pleased to inhabit it. Very frequent were the visits paid to Heidelberg by Mrs. Schwabe, when her originality, intelligence, and sympathy made her conversation very welcome to Bunsen. One of the many kind and delicate attentions which marked her intercourse with them in later years, is the subject of the following letter:—

BUNSEN to MRS. SCHWABE.

"*Christmas Day, 1855.*—How shall I describe to you my astonishment, I might say my pleasure in sadness, when, on entering yesterday evening at 6 o'clock the room closed throughout the day, then brilliant with the Christmas tree, I was greeted by the soft organ tones to which I was accustomed on the Capitol, and afterwards in Carlton Terrace, sounding forth from a hidden corner the 'Pastorale'

of Händel and then the German 'Chorale,' to which the voices of twenty children and many others, those of Frances and Theodora and Sternberg prevailing, intoned the Hymn itself! I could not help thinking, in the midst of these pleasing sounds, of the fine organ enjoyed so many years, left behind in England with so many other treasures. But when I turned to ask whence came the organ now heard? to whom belonging? of whom borrowed? Frances met me with the card containing your name and kind greeting, and then the pleasure became as great as the surprise. For the *orgue expressif* was our own, and it was your present—your Christmas gift! After the greater part of those present had retired, we again enjoyed the organ and Theodora's playing, full of soul and feeling—to no one more delightful and surprising than to her husband. Then we had 'He shall feed His flock' of Händel, sung by Theodora."

MADAME BUNSEN to her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"Dec. 26, 1855.—Yesterday we were at church and received the Sacrament with Sternberg and Theodora, and in the evening were invited by them to the lighting-up of their tree, M. Stanier, Böhmer, Meyer, Rothe and his wife, and H. v. Gagern, being the rest of the company. Very nice did the rooms look, and still nicer the *padroni di casa!* Theodora's table set out and everything exemplary. A little tree sent and altogether decked out by poor Elise v. Sternberg on her sick bed caused much mirth, but would make English hair stand on end! a Baby-doll, and the whole tree hung full of miniature clothing, of doll dimensions for all periods of life! most

wittily imagined, with verses explanatory and didactic as to education!"

To her SISTER, LADY HALL.

"30 Dec., 1855.—We have had a terrible dose of cold, but had the good luck of contriving a sledging party just on the only day when the cold was moderate and the atmosphere without wind. The fun consists of sitting muffled in furs to the nose, two persons in each sledge, and tearing along at the full speed of the horses (who seem to enter into the sport) over the beaten snow, along a flat road, then returning to drink warm coffee, &c., and dance from 3 o'clock to 7. We were 12 sledges full. Most of the party were young dancers, and enjoyed the exercise, which those not of dancing age might have envied them."

The summer of 1855 was passed in tranquillity at Charlottenberg, where the immediate neighbourhood of the Baron and Baroneess von Ungern-Sternberg, added greatly to the cheerfulness of the family home. In the month of October Dr. Kamphausen came to fill the post of linguistic secretary to Bunsen, in the Old Testament translation, to which thenceforth his time and his powers were principally devoted. "It is fortunate that my husband has the art of teaching people how to help him," wrote Madame Bunsen at this time: "his literary work is the pivot upon which our life and all its interests turn."

The necessary drawback to the charm of Charlottenberg, was always found in the severity and long

duration of the winters at Heidelberg, and the extreme social isolation thus entailed, but for this the large and bright family circle offered many compensations.

MADAME BUNSEN to her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"12 Jan., 1856.—Last night we had a French vaudeville, according to a plan long laid by Theodore, followed by German charades, then supper, then music—pianoforte and violoncello, and then a most animated dance, which concluded all with the greatest spirit, and before twelve the house was cleared. I was in total ignorance to the last of what was going to be, so that Papa and I shared the surprise of the other spectators. All acted capitally."

To her SON HENRY.

"Heidelberg, 12 March, 1856.—You will be as glad to hear as I am to tell, that the King has granted your Father's retiring pension on the just terms, to be enjoyed wherever he chooses to live. I think you will understand and believe when I say that my first feeling was to be glad for the King! that he had done right and according to justice. But, God be thanked! that at last the means are positively assigned to us for meeting the expenditure demanded for your Father's comfort: thus allowing a feeling of security (humanly speaking) of knowing what one has to reckon upon—which has never been allowed me during the far greater part of my married life: it might have come over me as a dream occasionally, which was rapidly dispelled."

"29 March.—I thank God upon your birthday for all that He has done for you . . . and I thank you for the

comfort you have been to me all the years of your life, for the increasing nearness I feel towards you, as all life's experiences draw us more and more together in spirit, in views of life, and its objects. . . . It is such a blessing to feel that your children are *happy*, and in the completeness of healthy development, and O! if all parents were but aware that no children can be happy but those who are kept under wholesome rule and order, and trained to *rule* and *order* their own minds with regard to God and man, and not the demands of *self*—'das Ich, der dunkle Despot.' " *

To MISS CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS WYNN.

" 6 April, 1856.—In the sermons of F. Robertson I have ever-increasing satisfaction, finding that as soon as I have read one set through, I am ready to begin it over again. O for more of such teachers, full fraught with the *main truth* (not the mere accessories—the merely not false), knowing how to express it, and having the moral courage to dare opinion! . . . I am greatly comforted to hear of such toleration of comments on the Bible-translation—for

* From a translation of Friedrich Rückert from lines by Jellâl ed dîn Rûmi, a Persian poet.

" Wohl endet Tod des Lebens Noth,
Doch schaudert Leben vor dem Tod;
Es siehet nur den dunkeln Kelch,
Die lichte Hand nicht die ihn bot.

" So schaudert vor der Lieb ein Hera
Als wär's vom Untergang bedroht,
Denn wo die Lieb' erwachet, stirbt
Das Ich, der dunkle Despot.

" Du lass ihn walten in der Nacht
Und athme frei im Morgenroth."

I had rather not look forward to my husband's becoming the subject of an Oxford Auto-da-Fé after his Bible-work shall have come out.

"I have to make, with thankfulness, a wonderful report of health during the winter—my husband invariably well and cheerful and busy, even though not riding, and walking being reduced to a minimum!—only being daily dragged by me into the garden, to walk up and down, and look at the river, the only thing which during the six months' reign of death synonymous with the continental winter (in contradistinction to the English six months of grey and green twilight) preserves beauty enough to employ the eye, which longs for objects to remind it of life.

"We have much enjoyed a visit from Baron Usedom, who has been here on and off for some time, and whose conversation is of unfailing interest, besides that his having been in London, Paris, and Berlin since we saw him, gives us the means of obtaining information not to be had through common channels. Alas! for all connected with the name of Berlin!—one is ever disposed to exclaim, 'Lord,—how long?' Quite apart from the consideration of my own and my family's connection with Prussia, I deplore the *Decline and Fall* of so much that was good, and of what one hoped, through long years, was issuing into somewhat still better. The oligarchical power, which is now overtopping the regal, has been nursed up wilfully, by a succession of illegalities: and the author of the wrong is startled at the effects produced, without tracing the evils to his own acts and maxims! It is a state of judicial blindness: and how it can be in the secrets of Providence to bring good out of all this evil, remains a mystery.

“Of course you have read Montalembert’s compliment and comment, to and on England? there is much truth in it, particularly as to the gradual veering towards democracy, and the wisdom of gradual adaptation to the changes of the times, which keeps off revolution in that one country alone. May that wisdom be still more shown, in the doing away of moral separation between the higher and lower classes! May all take warning by the folly of other nations, in making lines of demarcation, rather than in strengthening sympathies, between aristocracy and non-aristocracy!”

In April, 1856, Madame Bunsen paid a visit to Burg-Rheindorf, the farm purchased by her son George near Bonn, where she rejoiced in becoming a witness for the first time of his domestic happiness in his own home. The place also afforded for her its own motives for enjoyment in “the admirable cultivation and flourishing crops, and the splendid effects of sky and sunset,” atoning for the flatness of the country.

MADAME BUNSEN to BUNSEN.

“*Burg-Rheindorf, 22 April, 1856.*—I must tell you how prosperous my journey and how happy my arrival has been, however unreasonably long the time seems since I parted from you at the door of our much-blest and beautiful home. . . . Matilda and I walked on the deck (of the Rhine steamer) till we had thoroughly looked at Worms, which is most picturesque and inviting from the river. At Königswinter I had the delightful surprise of seeing my dear George among the current of entering passengers,

which I was watching without any such anticipation! and when we landed at Bonn, dear old Brandis and his wife were standing on the bank to receive us. The sunset had shown me the Siebengebirge splendidly, and just as the long day was closing, I came under my own George's roof, and was welcomed by Emma, and had fullness of delight in the sight of the Baby, who had staid awake, I suppose on purpose, and who made acquaintance, with Matilda first, and with me next, in the kindest and most confiding manner. . . I like the house and all its arrangements, and feel as if I could never be thankful enough for the merciful dispensation which has given my precious George such a house, with such a wife and child in it, and the means of hourly occupation of continued usefulness and interest. The last time I was upon the Rhine, in June, 1854, what a load of care was upon my heart, just for him!"

"27 April.—Yesterday afternoon Matilda and I walked down Arndt's* little field or orchard towards his house, and observed a man on a ladder cutting dead boughs off a tree, of whom we should have taken no further notice, had he not called out '*Meine Frau ist ausgegangen*'—and so I walked across the grass and introduced myself, and he came down the ladder and took a hand and arm of each of us, of which he kept hold nearly all the time we were with him, and my fingers and wrist received a crush and a bend, which they have *recovered*, but it is saying much.

* Ernst Moritz Arndt, the patriotic poet. He was the intimate friend of Stein, had suffered much for his country during its years of trial, and was one of the first to set forth the idea of German nationality and greatness. He lived latterly as Professor of Literature at Bonn, where he died (at 91) and is buried.

I should like to communicate all the flood of eloquence he poured out, going from subject to subject of interest—‘Ihr Mann kann sich wohl grämen über Zustände—muss sich aber niemals ärgern—der Aerger ist es was schadet—sagen sie ihm das!’ Then he spoke of the King and his having made Niebuhr angry by not sharing his enthusiastic expectations from the Crown Prince. He told me he had been translating bits of Greek poetry, and should print them if he lived a little longer: that they refreshed him, and he enjoyed tracing the utterances of the Divine Spirit in times vulgarly supposed not to be enlightened by it—that he liked all you had written in that view. He told Maltida the explanation of her name—Kriegsgenossin! showed me a fine Holly he had planted, and derived its name from Holy? because used in some parts on Palm Sunday. He had known many youths who took part in the *Befreiungskrieg*, ‘und alle bekamen ein Zeichen davon fürs Leben—einen höheren Ernst aufs Gesicht gestempelt: Nur der Kronprinz hatte das nicht—er war unfähig ins Grosse zu schneiden—nur Kleines schnitzeln.’ This is not half.

“We dined with the Brandis’s, only Dr. Pauli* besides ourselves, and Johannes Brandis and his students, one of whom had a face full of beauty and promise, with the utterly unmeaning name of Smith! Old Brandis was bright and delightful: Pauli *sprudelnd*—I was glad he could keep up his spirits so well: he is pleased at having eight persons put down their names for his English History Lectures the

* Reinhold Pauli, a native of Bremen, at one time Secretary for Literary work to Bunsen. He had thus obtained the introduction into English life, which resulted in his histories. He was afterwards Professor at Göttingen.

first day ; for his Prussian History Lectures there is as yet no name, and he fears there will be little chance, as there is no interest in the subject. He says the documents of the fifteenth century are melancholy, as showing the immense falling off of national prosperity consequent on the persecution of the Lollards, *upon which* the House of Lancaster founded its power—that is, their dependence was upon the Church, the favour of which they thus purchased. I was always sure *that* was a chapter of English History never yet duly treated. The Church of Rome, as we know, set the Normans upon destroying the prosperity of a country, not submissive enough to please the Pope, because too well off ! and the civilisation of England was thrown back then at least 200 years, and again by the Lancaster usurpation. Pauli says, some of the French historians have made out and told more of the woes of the fifteenth century than any others.

“George went on Friday morning to Coblenz and returned yesterday evening—much pleased not only by the kind reception of himself ; but also of his communications. The Prince’s observations did him great honour—he called the MS. in George’s hands, ‘not a *document* only, but a *Heiligthum*,’ and told him it ought to be kept carefully, as a proof that there had been a man who ever uttered the truth to his sovereign, even when (he added) ‘the one who might have a right to speak, that is myself, found silence necessary.’ A kind message was given by the Princess, charging me to call at Coblenz on my way, and I shall write to Countess Hacke to ask whether I may present myself and Matilda on Tuesday.

“The strong disinclination in England to the Prussian

connection, is a very painful matter! How Macaulay's History shows in broad light and shade the curious characteristics of John Bull! If he is once determined to be angry, he is hard to deal with. The frame of society has worked its elements into a more equable consistence than in the time of which Macaulay treats—but still in our quieter times we have experienced conditions of popular ill-humour quite as virulent as those of old: and ill-humour always suggests irrational acts and judgments, although it may not in itself be without cause."

To her SON HENRY.

"21 *May*, 1856.—In returning from my happy visit at Burg-Rheindorf, we spent a day at Coblenz, in full sunshine of kindness from the Princess of Prussia and Princess Louise,—were sent to Stolzenfels in the morning, invited to dinner, and then again in the evening with Theodore, who had arrived in the afternoon. I was charmed with Princess Louise,* who is truly engaging. I stayed a day at Neu Wied—which day I enjoyed as you may suppose: the whole Burg-Rheindorf party accompanying me so far, including the darling Baby, who is everything that can be wished at seven months old, and conducted herself in the most exemplary manner through all the trials of overwhelming novelties in steam-navigation and palace-visiting, which broke in upon her hitherto uniform existence."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH (on the death of her father Samuel Gurney).

"7 *June*, 1856.—Words are very feeble, when one desires in some way to utter the feelings your latter letters

* Princess Louise of Prussia married (Sept. 20, 1856) Frederick William, Grand-duke of Baden.

have called forth!—but you know and believe in my sympathy. Indeed I carry about with me, through whatever occupations, the death-scene which it falls to your lot to witness, and pray that you may be supported in body as well as mind, through what is almost too agonizing for flesh and blood to behold. . . . Yet it is a privilege to have seen such an end—the grandest of earthly spectacles, the Christian in full possession of consciousness, looking Death in the face, in clear and placid confidence of passing into blessedness, through Christ! full of love to all, thinking not of self, uncomplaining, not demanding, surrounded by love and respect, which his character through life has inspired and nourished, so that every act of duty is performed involuntarily by each and all as self-gratification.

“My dear Elizabeth! how deeply affecting it is to me that you should bring yourself thus frequently to write to me! such communications are valuable beyond expression, and will remain among chief treasures. Since I left you just two years ago, through how much sorrow have you not past! but the eye of God has not less shone upon you in mercy, and the ripening effect of His visitations will not have failed.

“Again and again I pray, God be with you! and He *will be*, and He will *make good* all that the feeble love and wishes of human hearts strive after in vain.”

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

“13 June, 1856.—If you think yourself the victim of neglect, consider your mother and sisters as the victims of dissipation. Morning, noon, and evening—visitors; if I

did not get up at six, I should never write a letter or do anything else. Perhaps you do not even know that Charles arrived on Sunday afternoon, when we had driven to Schwezingen with Neukomm and Frederica Bremer, and as we drove home past our terrace, whose face should we see but his, with Frances, the twins, and Sternberg? Frederica was delightful, but she *absorbed* us during the two days she staid. Then came the Moscheles family with Frau Rosen.* Thus there were meetings for music, complicated and beautified by Joachim, the unequalled violinist: and by performance of Neukomm's masses, by ladies, headed and generalled by Frances. Then came Mr. and Mrs. Grote, and yesterday afternoon we had full assemblage of *fanatici per la musica* at Le Mire's, afterwards a drive with the Grote's, and tea at home, with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Ross, she a daughter of John Sterling and a very superior creature. Charles, Theodore and Matilda, two days ago, danced from 4 o'clock in the afternoon till 1 in the morning, after wandering in the woods. We are all well, and enjoy ourselves greatly, in fine weather, agreeable society, and exquisite music."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

"28 June, 1856.—Just before I sate down to write, I discovered that our dear old friend Neukomm had slyly withdrawn out of the house, after his fashion, avoiding leave-taking! We had all guessed that he was going one of these days, but it always comes as a painful surprise, when I find on my table a note signifying that he is no

* 2nd daughter of Moscheles, wife of the oriental scholar—consul at Jerusalem, and afterwards consul at Bucharest.

longer here. This has been a happy visit that we have had from him, he has been in his best state, and has liked the people he saw, and the manner of life, and we have been in luck in having had the visit of the Moscheles family and of Joachim the violinist while he has been here, and he has, as ever, warmly sympathized in the new interests of these latter days. How many have been the important occasions of our lives, when we have had his sympathizing presence!"

To MISS C. WILLIAMS WYNN.

"30 June, 1856.—We have all been attending the celebration of the anniversary of the legal establishment of Protestant worship in Heidelberg two hundred years ago (the whole country had been Protestant long before, for it has the honour of being among the earliest to renounce sanctioned corruptions, though it did not till 1656 attain liberty of worship from its rulers), which took place amid the circumstances which mark and assist simple earnestness of feeling—a hymn sung forth from the church-tower, accompanied by the Posaune (trombone) at sunset on Saturday and at daybreak on Sunday—as is done on all great festivals: overflowing congregations, and eloquent preaching from Schenkel. Do not fancy you have evil climatic influences all to yourself! My cosmopolite habits of life have long brought me to the consciousness that '*tutto il mondo è paese*,' physically and morally: and this year the chorus of groans against the climate and weather, as something unheard of, is so loud in Heidelberg, that I should think you must hear it in London! and now that the weather is that of glorious summer, I have a cold and

sit shivering and wrapped up, and afraid of the blessed air!

“We have had a month’s visit from our dear old friend Neukomm. The birds of passage have been numerous—we were very glad of the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Grote, among others. As to reading, I have only cast longing glances at Milman’s last volumes of ‘Latin Christianity,’ but have got on more with Gervinus’s History, which I feel sure would interest you. It is to me the most engrossing of all subjects, to be told, by a person who has studied the innumerable documentary works, the truth of facts and characters to which I have been contemporary, forty years ago: the truth, I mean, in the writer’s view—at least an honest and undisguised though a very dark and depressing view of things. What a delightful event in life do I find Macaulay’s new volumes! Criticism and fault-finding come very easily and naturally to the human mind, such as it is—but with all the consciousness of such disturbers, where has one such an amount of the sort of information as to human conditions that one most desires, of the ‘goldene Zeit des Werdens,’ of the beginnings of powers, institutions, convictions, good and evil, with which the times we know more of, and have lived through, have had to do? There is much destruction of *prestige*—but the older one grows, the less can one tolerate romance, other than that of reality, and when were ever passages more striking than the splendid parts—battles, trials, &c.? I long to read Froude’s History, but new books are little heard of and never seen here, except German books—and of those, and good ones, I have certainly more than enough to read: but still one wishes sometimes that among all the

travellers there were such as would convert themselves into a traveller's lending-library! I am sure I wish not to have more books *given!* for I know not how to put up those we have, and my husband's gift-books are ever increasing: but opportunity of sometimes borrowing English or French books is among the things about which wishes will be busy.

"I hope the Swiss tour, so much talked of, may be so far realised as that Theodore escorts his father to Coppet, to visit Madame de Staël and meet Gobat and Merle d'Aubigné, visiting Basle and friends there by the way. I never *wish* to leave Heidelberg, but to avoid that half-year's reign of death, called Winter. Can you have ever read anything so antiquated as Thomson's 'Winter'? I well remember the feeling that the closing passage (which I know by heart) was an ideal description, or applied to the aspect of winter in countries unknown to me. It applies very literally to the continental winter, not to that of England."

The month of July, 1856, was marked by the engagement of Charles Bunsen to his cousin Mary Isabel, daughter of Thomas Waddington of St. Leger near Rouen and Janet Mackintosh Chisholm his wife, and sister of William Henry Waddington, Minister of Public Instruction and afterwards of Foreign Affairs in France. This event was hailed by his mother "with a joy which finds no words." In August, Bunsen was absent on the projected tour, first on a visit to Madame de Staël at Coppet, and then on a short excursion to Switzerland.

MADAME BUNSEN to BUNSEN.

"5 August, 1856.—So here is the letter I have longed for!—and what a letter! so delightful throughout. I enjoy your meeting Pressensé, and in the idea of Quinet, whose lectures, in annihilation of the Jesuits, I remember enjoying. How I like to figure to myself the blue water of the Rhone bursting from the lake just before your windows! But I long to fancy you at Chamounix: and I trust my dear Theodore will find opportunity of walking yet higher into the blue sky, only not up the Mont Blanc itself.

"Frances *sta fatigando* upon the fourteen letters she had to write for you. When you are at home again, you must let her come one day in the week to help you to clear off, as they come, your letters of *soccatura*. What a pleasure it is to have Emilia here, I cannot describe."

"16 August, 1856.—I rejoice in the accounts of your meeting people, and being stimulated the more to write what inquiring minds want to know. The greater part of minds, however, are not inquiring, the greater number want *humbug*, and must make it, if not found ready made—example, the Duc de Broglie with his deduction of Romanism from the Gospel!—that is what in Scripture is called 'loving and believing a lie.' I wish I could make people read Milman's 'History'—that is, *believe* that it would interest and entertain them, and therefore begin it, for once begun, they *must* go on, and could not help being struck with the picture of the embodiment of the *principle of miracle* in the Papal system."

To Miss C. WILLIAMS WYNN.

"13 Sept., 1856.—My husband laid in a store of illness

in Switzerland, and since he came home has had much compulsory rest of mind and body. We are now happy in the presence of Ernest and Elizabeth and their four fine children, and we rejoice in the most glorious weather, which shows off Heidelberg to them in perfection. The sunshine of Emilia unites with all else that is bright and cheering around, and all these circumstances of joy and consolation are just what my husband requires at this time of conscious incapability of usual pursuits. Last not least happy, is the spectacle of Theodora and August and the little daughter born on the 2nd of September.

“I am most truly sorry for you in the death of your dog, and the bitterly tragical mode of it—as to which, most certainly, many as were the proofs of love you had given him in the course of his little life, ‘the last gift of love excell’d the rest,’ inasmuch as you saved him from lengthened pain by enduring a most bitter pang yourself. Do you remember in ‘Uncle Tom,’ the quadroon Casey telling of her having given opium to her new-born infant, that it might not grow up to become a slave like herself? I can quite comprehend the feeling of self-sacrifice, which made that act the proof of intense maternal affection—and that passage of the book is the most tragical of all to my perceptions. I delight in what you say of the example that animals give us—the worst is that most people only keep them, and seem fond of them, for the sake of having an object upon which to bring all whims and humours, and what are supposed affections, to bear, without the inconvenient interference of conscience, or any reference to rule of right and wrong. I gave Kingsley great credit for the idea of making a dog the first monitor as to the worth

of moral actions, who produced effect in softening a hardened heart; and I never would like what I have heard my husband quote (I think) from Schelling—'das Thier ist die concrete Furcht'—for the same dog which will not be seduced to swerve a hair's-breadth from obedience to any command of his master, will rush upon any danger to save him from hurt:—I wish the expression, *fear* of God, could be expunged from the Bible translation and all devotional works—for I am sure it is not *fear* but *awe* that should be understood in most passages. 'He that feareth is not perfect in love,' and 'perfect love casteth out fear'—to my perceptions express the Christian truth: the *fear*, that love casteth out, is of the Old Testament religion—of which but too much is still everywhere. I think that animals, especially dogs, *stand in awe* of the moral energy, of higher rank than their own, to which they show the most jealous and undoubting subservience, ready to return with boundless love and gratitude at the least indication of kindness; thereby shaming us with their example."

To ABEKEN.

"29 Sept., 1856.—I thank you for naming the 'Life of Wilhelm v. Humboldt.' Very striking it is to contemplate and compare various biographies of that period, of which the Humboldts are nearly the last survivors: for many are similar in that respect, striving hard after human perfection *as they understood it*, and feeling sooner or later that their efforts could only bring them to a certain point, with which they strove in vain to be satisfied. But what will the biographies of their successors show? I fear but 'dwindled sons of little men.' Society is in general con-

no imagination could be strong enough to picture the effect of sunshine and vegetation. I think too we are all wintry in mind, by which I do not mean melancholy or dispirited, only under the consciousness of the need of inward exertion, to keep up the battle with the tyrant of the year. Yet your Father enjoys his Bible Commentary, and quite feasts upon the subjects of contemplation and inquiry connected with it. Most justly may one apply the line of the old poem—'My mind to me a kingdom is': for in this place, so full of variety of intercourse in the fine season, there is now next to nothing wherewith to refresh the mind."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY LOUISA.

"20 Dec., 1856.—We are again in the period of the year which Papa calls the state of siege!—Few are the visitors that venture over the bridge, so much dreaded in Heidelberg on account of the wind, and few are those that one wishes to see cross it: so one is closed in winter-seclusion, and bound to find amusement and occupation for oneself as best one can, which for us old people I think very natural and feasible, but I long for more interest and amusement for those younger. Theodore and Matilda however have often had balls, which I am glad of for them as diversifying the scene, and giving opportunity of thorough exercise, such as I should like to have myself!"

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW EMMA.

"2 Jan., 1857.—You and dearest George and your two precious children were very present with us in mind, as our small home-party awaited the hour of midnight on the

last day of a year which has brought us abundance of blessing, and which we are allowed to close in health and peace. How happy to feel about Rheindorf that the preserving and carrying on the present state of blessing is what we have to ask! In the case of other beloved ones, there must be longing wishes and earnest cravings—only to be quieted by the recollection of life's experience, which ever shows that the merciful Providence of God has always provided what was best, whether we perceived it to be such or not!

“We had our Christmas Tree in the large sitting-room, and it was as high as the ceiling would allow, and very ornamentally arranged by the skill of Theodore, with help of young Streatfield, besides whom we had no strangers present but Frau Heydweiller and her youngest son. Yesterday we had a visit from Deimling and his violin, and Frances was again able to play on the piano-forte and organ. Her father's new book (‘Gott in der Geschichte’) is a real feast to me—for much as I had heard of it in fragments, it is a new pleasure and satisfaction to read in connection such parts as suit me. The comments and criticisms on various unallowed hypotheses, I regularly skip, and advise you to do the same; but I make no doubt of your enjoying as I do the explanations as to the Prophets and Prophecies, for which I have wished all my life, conscious of the quantity of unintelligibility in the subject.”

To ABBEKEN.

“7 March, 1857.—Your letter was a pleasure only enhanced by anticipation, for I was quite sure you would write to me near the time of an anniversary with which

your presence was long associated, and on which, even in absence so long protracted, your sympathy is ever reckoned upon. Your enumeration of the places and scenes upon which I might look round and look back with thankful eye and heart, most faithfully responded to the train of my reflections, which have ever brought me back to a sense of incapability of being *thankful enough* for the rich variety of blessing which has attended the course of my life, and for the providential mercy which spares my advanced age the struggles and labours and anxieties which were seen good for my more vigorous years. I know not how to believe that I have completed 66 years! and yet such is the case; few people have I ever known in such health and comfort, and capability of bodily activity and of mental enjoyment and of constant occupation, as I am allowed to experience: and even, wonderful to tell! I have found my eyes materially strengthened within the last year—so that the dark months of winter have not caused me such interruption of habitual employments latterly as in former years. This must be owing to the gradual renovation of all physical powers consequent upon a life spent in animated tranquillity in pure air and country stillness, and the possibility of keeping out of heated rooms and glaring lamplight.

“The pleasure of Charles and Mary-Isabel’s visit was unalloyed. . . . She may take her place in the remarkable group of my daughters-in-law, all first-rate, each in her own original way!”

To her SON GEORGE.

“*Heidelberg, 15 April, 1857.*—I have had lately a great fright from your Father’s determination to leave this house.

. . . I begged hard, and the notice was not sent. But he may be right, as he often is in anticipations—and ‘die schönen Tage in Aranjuez nahen vielleicht ihrem Ende.’ And what then? I ask—and you must help to make out the answer. Not any one of us is more in love with this habitation than your Father is—and not one of us will have more difficulty in becoming accustomed to any other—and then, we are so difficult to house! not on account of the number of our persons, but of our things. Our books are an ever-increasing mass, and your Father has an ever-increasing attachment to them and regret for the forced diminution which took place on leaving London—so that I trust it may never be indispensable to pain him by a suggestion of selling any of them. Our piano-forte and *Kunstfestung* also demand rooms on a large scale.”

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

“27 April, 1857.—This day week was a glorious summer’s day, when I had the first walk I had been able to take for ever so long—up the Hirsch-gasse to look at the exquisite cherry-trees in blossom against the green slope.”

“15 May, 1857.—Your Father’s feeling about leaving this place seems to have given way, I believe owing principally to the extreme beauty of the spring and of this spot of earth, for he is more than ever delighted with all around him—the inward sunshine answering the outward. I have such unutterable shrinking from the removal, the sacrifice of time and of a great piece of life in the totally unprofitable labour of breaking up a whole fabric of household comfort, and re-edifying it elsewhere as may be—that I can only comfort myself in the certainty that if it is good

for us to stay where we are, it will please God to make it possible. 'Let come what will, we have been blest'—not only in general terms, but peculiarly in this unequalled course of splendid weather: the sky is cloudless, and the *glow* of vegetation and blossom is such, as one should think one had never seen before. I have the impression of continued brightness, with very short intervals, ever since Charles and Mary Isabel came in February: I scarcely remember so long a time of basking in light, and never was there more sunshine *within*, because your Father is so happy in the progress of the work of his life."

"27 May, 1857.—One has always the trick of swimming down the stream of time, too much enjoying the immediate objects right and left, to see how rapidly one approaches a mark on the way, to which one had been tending as far distant: and now we are only two days from your birthday. . . . I am thankful for you, and I am sure you are for yourself, that the work of each day is now so clearly marked out for you, and there is so clearly a *must* for everything, with however willing and cheerful a mind undertaken. Depend upon it, to be *quite* clear what one ought to do, and have little or no choice, is one of the great essentials of happiness, more especially belonging to young years. Thankful though I am for the ease and quiet and leisure granted to my own advancing years, I am often tempted to wish I had *actual work* more clearly marked out for me, always provided it was within the compass of my much-diminished strength and activity."

To her SON GEORGE.

"6 July, 1857.—Your Father has been greatly interested,

and so have we all, by the traveller Van de Welde, who has been here for some days, and has spent each morning and evening with us. Yesterday we had a visit from the family Von Dietrich, parents and daughter, who belong to a race of Protestant confessors and martyrs, not less than two of their ancestors having died in a good cause in Strasburg. They are at the head of an industrial mass of many thousands who work at the forges of Niederbronnen in the Bas Rhin, where they constitute a great support of the Protestants, and have much to endure from the enmity, secret and open, of the fanatical party conscious of government support."

To her DAUGHTER FRANCES.

"*Wildbad*, 14 August, 1857.—The drive hither from Durlach was most refreshing, through a prettily undulating country, with streams and trees and meadows and neat cultivation, and abundance of good villages, all looking like unmixed and flourishing Protestantism! no wayside images, no Jesuit churches, no slatternliness. At a picturesque town called Neuenburg I first met my old friend the Enz river, and recognised the peculiar gold-brown colours of the eddy current, which tinges the white and grey masses of rock that it passes over. . . . I rejoice to see your Father seeking and accepting repose! and walking wonderfully, in the beautiful grove called the Promenade. I have been taking Matilda through old haunts of my own. The air is exquisite here, and the temperature perfection. Yesterday for the first time we had a drive, accompanied by Miss Wynn, up the valley of the Enz, to the first village on the road to Freudenstadt, where we had coffee

while the horses rested for half an hour: coffee is the only part of the feast we enjoyed, which can be indicated quite intelligibly in words—but the scenes of forest and river and meadow, under such sunshine and in such air, blend into visions of splendour that will remain with me as a property, and were most thoroughly delighted in by each and all of the party.”

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW EMMA.

“*Wildbad*, 15 August, 1857.—Do you, or does dearest George, know the grandeur of these fir-forests? hill after hill clothed with magnificent groves of spiral form and solemn colouring, softening down into borders of beech and birch, and emerald meadows watered by abundant streams. To-day we crossed the water-parting by very long ascent from the valley of the Enz, and by a descent apparently as long into that of the Nagold. Your Father walked about the ruins of Hirschau. We dined there, and drove on to Pfarrer Barth* at Calw, who was very kind and cordial.”

To her SON GEORGE (during the dangerous illness of a daughter).

“2 Sept., 1857.—My own George! could one but do anything for you! But some people are called upon to work through their most trying hours alone with God; and well it is for them, if I may speak from my own experience. In the bitterest times of my life, I was forbidden or disabled by circumstances from complaint or utterance towards any human being—and thus driven to a

* Author of *Christliche Kinderchriften*—one of the first works of its kind.

consciousness of divine support and superhuman sympathy : which makes me look distrustfully upon that family-sharing of sorrow which I often see sought after and reckoned upon as indispensable. . . . May your case be that of your Mother, who had weights to bear and labours to struggle through, quite as much as her strength could meet, during the years of vigour of body usually called the best years of life, and who has found the downward path wonderfully smoothed to her during 'the sober autumn fading into age.' "

August was marked for Bunsen by a renewal of intercourse with his old friend Mr. William Backhouse Astor, the constant companion of several years of his early life, but whom he had not seen since his return to America in 1816. The friends met with undiminished affection, and gathered up in a few days the dropped threads of many years. Mr. Astor was accompanied by his wife, and his charming granddaughter, Miss Astor Ward, now Mrs. Chandler.

In September, Bunsen was summoned by the King to be present at the meeting of the members of the Evangelical Alliance, and spent three weeks at Berlin, in an enjoyment of the society of many friends, which was enhanced by the conviction he received of retaining his old place in the affection of his sovereign.

MADAME BUNSEN to her SON HENRY.

" 6 Sept., 1857.—We are in the midst of visitors. We have seen Astor several times, with a very agreeable im-

pression of manliness and straightforwardness. . . . The Brandis's came to us on the 11th, the Gerhards may come any day. Baron Uxkill suddenly appeared last night, full of England—delighted and admiring.”

“9 Sept.—Your Father is preparing to set out this very day towards Berlin; and I think your feeling will be mine after reading the King's letter, that no choice was left him out to comply with a request so urgent and affectionate, coupled with the offer to bear all expenses of journey, and of residence in the palace. The latter invitation is a matter of amazement to him, as he is not aware of a *subject* ever being invited to the palace at Berlin, though he has often been the King's guest before at Sans Souci and Charlottenburg. But though entirely satisfied that he should go, the expedition is a most anxious matter to me, because he has never yet made a journey from home without returning ill, and nothing can prevent that again being the case, unless he can begin a course of prudence which will be very new to him.

“Monckton Milnes has been here five days, and has been the greater part of each day with us, very amiable and entertaining. The Gerhards dined with us yesterday, in addition to Meyer and Max Müller. People without end are expected. It is a pity that Laboulaye's promised visit should not have taken place, as he will now come to an empty house.”

“5 Oct., 1857.—I am happy to-day to be able to announce your Father's actual return. Last week I had most interesting letters almost every day—for never in any absence before had I so much the comfort of feeling that he experienced the need of telling me of daily proceedings,

even though he had dearest George for his comfort and help. He invited us to meet him at Frankfort, that we might see together the Städler-Museum, &c., and that he might see his old friend Schopenhauer, the metaphysician.

“Your Father had announced his departure two or three times before it was actually possible, for the King detained him with fresh invitations: at length on Tuesday, 29th Sept., he was desired to dine at Sans Souci and to stay all night and over the dinner next day, after which he was most affectionately dismissed, having had very long audiences, in which he laid before the King much that was on his mind to urge, and the King took all in the best manner. Whether any good, or indeed anything, result from these interviews, time must show, and it is impossible to calculate: it is in God’s hand. But your Father continues to hold Hoffmann * in the same high esteem as ever: and thinks the increase of his influence for good, not to be beyond hope. For this journey to Berlin we have to be very thankful, for it has been a great refreshment of mind to your Father, from intercourse with men and things of high interest, drawing him off from the exclusive bent of all faculties in latter times: and his feelings have been gratified, as he well deserved, by consciousness of the general interest and approbation of which he was the object.’

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW EMMA.

“4 Dec., 1857.—Rather late, we have been reminded of the date of your birthday, by the *one* who has memory, and that is, my own darling Theodora! You will not

* The King’s Chaplain.

get these lines on the right day, but you will believe in the assurance whenever you get it that I greet each added year of your life, and of your, in such a precious sense, belonging to myself—being one of my private store of treasures, with added love to yourself and additional thankfulness to God's merciful Providence, which has formed, and guided, and preserved you.

“The whole history of the Indian war, when it shall once be all told, will be of wonderful interest! and amid all horrors and all weaknesses and errors, highly consolatory, as showing a nation and human nature in full vigour and power of self-devotedness to an object out of self. One reads of ancient nations, and one knows of modern Oriental nations, becoming enervated, and incapable of high resolve and self-sacrificing energy, but, thank God, it is not so with ours. How one ought to pray for wisdom to be granted to those in whose hands the ordering of future government in that wonderful India is placed!”

“29 Dec., 1857.—This has been a bright cheerful Christmas-time to us, favoured by weather and mild temperature, which I am afraid is more powerful over me than it ought to be in helping towards a general consciousness of well-being;—but, *promising* to do my best towards independence of the external world, I may allow myself to revel in the enjoyment of more beauty and brightness, than I remember in any previous year of my life. Your Father is bright and cheerful, and we have enjoyed together the printed sheets of *Gott in der Geschichte*. My fear of the winter as promising little chance of variety of intercourse and interest for him, has hitherto been

beyond hope relieved, by one thing or other—the visit of Ernest, and the visit of Usedom, both have lately introduced variety into the daily current of thought.”

To her SON HENRY.

“11 Jan., 1858.—You will believe that it has been a feast to me to follow your bright description of the scenes of sober joy and Christian satisfaction you have contrived to spread around the celebration of Christmas. I enter into every one of your various receptions with keen relish, and with aspirations of thankfulness towards Providence, such as words cannot utter, for allowing me to behold (with the mind’s eye) the realising of visions of many years’ standing—as to what the minister of Christ *might*, with human means and human will, accomplish for the benefit of Christ’s flock. To ‘rejoice in the Lord,’ to ‘glory in His salvation’—to strive forwards in the race, not dwelling upon sin, but shrinking with dislike from all contamination—endeavouring after all things good and lovely—aiming at the real and positive—turning away from the merely negative as from all sham—and cultivating all the wholesome energies implanted in our nature to help us to spiritualise and counteract the animal tendencies—all that, and much more, is the proper growth of a warm atmosphere of love and joy, such as the teacher of Christian truth may be imagined to create around him—such as in a long life one might hope would be achieved.

“I fancy the wonderfully fine weather agrees with you, as it does with your Mother. For my own part, I am constantly amazed at the continuation of activity and well-being and power of exercise in myself. I must almost

grudge it to myself, unless I could make a little more use of it for others—for I do not see much good that I can do, and can only say for myself that I think I am *willing*, if anything more could be shown me for which I am able, and which is capable of being woven into the system of daily life once laid down as what must be, and which I wish not changed.”

“17 Jan., 1858.—We have all been reading with intense interest a book sent by Lord Carnwath—*English Hands and English Hearts*, being an account of the experience of Miss Marsh of Beckenham among the navvies employed in the construction of the Sydenham Palace. My astonishment is caused, not so much by the grand qualities she displays, nor by the splendid stuff of which the men are made, but by the soundness of the Christianity she teaches. In the whole book I have not found a single *slang* or *cant* phrase—such as alas! so disfigure the greater number of *pious biographies*, that I am apt to turn away from books of the sort, and I did not read the Memoir of Captain Vicars, though I saw it on Emma’s table, from apprehending one of the common class of low-church communications, or something in the style that makes it so hard to read missionary reports, creating the wish that one could get the wheat sifted from the chaff beforehand.”

The spring of 1858 was marked by the unsought and, at the time, little-welcomed elevation of Bunsen to the peerage, though the distinction afterwards bore the touching character of a last mark of confidence and affection from King Frederick William IV., by whom the patent of nobility for Baron von Bunsen was signed

on the 3rd October, 1857,* only a few hours before the seizure which deprived him of his faculties.

BARONESS VON BUNSEN to her SON HENRY.

"2 April, 1858.—Your dear Father is now subject to such constant misery and spasms, that it makes one feel very anxious and very helpless! But he is writing with the greatest zest at 'Gott in der Geschichte' and enjoys the sight of a half volume of the Bible-work, in a most satisfactory state of completeness. Yesterday evening we were surprised with a visit from Professor Welcker of Bonn, to whom your Father read aloud (we all profited, including Theodora and August) his last-written chapter, on the Greek idea of the Nemesis. Very peaceful and soothing have been these blessed days of Passion Week, calling for deep thought and prayer! May you have been allowed without disturbance to take in the dew from Heaven!"

"8 April.—Your letter increases your Father's longing for your presence. He reminds you that life is altogether a conflict between various duties, and can only be got through by dint of sacrificing to the right and left, where time and occasion are not sufficient for embracing all—and throwing the disposable amount of power, time, attention, just where it is most demanded at the moment; resolving to leave no quarter unattended to in its turn. This is directed towards those threatened impediments to your coming in May. . . . Never was your Father brighter and fuller in mind, or more sunshiny in mood, though his health you will find anything but satisfactory, And time flies ever faster, and years have been strung on to years—

* It was, with one exception, the last paper signed by the King.

so as to repeat the warning that the period will come, when such intercourse as now is practicable will belong to the past.

“And so our dear Neukomm is gone! On Easter Eve he breathed his last: and with him closes a period rich in recollections of thirty-two years of friendship and warm sympathy, and very frequent and influential personal intercourse. Your Father had one of his fortunate inspirations on Palm Sunday, to write to him, under the consciousness that his life could not last much longer: and the letter, read to him by Mrs. Schwabe—was the last pleasure of his life—he heard and understood it, and soon after fell into a state of wandering of mind, alternating with unconsciousness which lasted till he expired. And dear Lady Raffles, longing for release, still struggles under the hand of death!

“A letter from Lady Jane Ram* leads me to apprehend that my dear aunt’s vital powers are giving way! it is only wonderful that she should have revived so often. Thus by degrees I see all disappearing who were contemporaries of the scenes and persons of my earliest remembrance:—and often do visions of the past glide before my mind’s eye, which no living eye but my own (as far as I am conscious) has beheld.”

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

“25 *May*, 1858.—I feel the looking forward as peculiarly solemn, for I am conscious of changes impending. May it be God’s merciful pleasure to guide your dear Father to

* Daughter of the third Earl of Courtoun. Her husband, Canon Ram, was first cousin of the Baroness von Bunsen.

means of real amendment and renovation : but one cannot deceive oneself as to the rapid change for the worse since last autumn. . . . Yet I might be in rather better spirits to-day, for we accomplished yesterday a great undertaking, and I think your Father is comforted by having been able to do something like other people. We went to the Opera at Mannheim, which was the *Zauberflöte*, and most thoroughly enjoyed it. I had long planned to go with Matilda and Henry, but was half frightened when your Father expressed the desire to go too—not knowing whether it might not cause attacks which would have made pleasure impossible: but we drove the whole way in a carriage, had tea at the Pfälzerhof, were fetched from the theatre at once by the carriage in which we drove home, and all answered entirely.”

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

“10 June, 1858.—We have had great pleasure in the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, who came suddenly a little before ten o'clock on Monday evening the 31st May, when your Father and I were taking a turn in the garden before going to bed! The next morning we took them by the Wolfsbrunnen to the castle, then they came to us afternoon and evening, and Matilda took their two sons on the Neckar in Hormuth's boat. On Wednesday they dined with us, and proceeded in the evening to Frankfort, on their way to Carlsbad.

“Another visit has been most unthought of and interesting—from Adèle Vollard and her sister Marianne! The former came to deposit her sister with a lady having a country-place in Baden, then she came back and slept here

one night, going off next day to Trèves, to enter the convent of the *Scours de S. Charles* as a novice!—so, as she said, the night under our roof was the last for her *in the world*. She seems quite clear as to her determination, which in fact has long been made; she has done with the Radzivil-family, having bred up the daughters to whom she engaged to devote herself:—and in her own home she insists upon it that there is no especial office for her, and that she is only in the way of her mother's competent activity. It was very affecting to me to see her once again, and under such peculiar circumstances!

“What an enjoyment my dear Henry's visit was to us, you will guess! We are still tasting the refreshment of his presence.”

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

“9 July, 1858.—Miss Winkworth is come, but Florence Nightingale (to whom your Father had written an urgent appeal to induce her to come here and make us a visit, for rest and quiet) has written a solemn and affecting declaration that she will continue to use her remains of life in working for her main object—having no expectation from the declaration of her physicians that she can anyhow long survive.”

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

“22 July, 1858.—In a most unusual manner has the last week been passed. Your Father went to Baden on Saturday and returned last night. He had long and satisfactory interviews with the Prince—saw much of Pourtalès, Usedom, and Schleinitz—went to Badenweiler to see Frau Schwabe, and fell in with the Minister of Baden, Herr von

Meysenburg, with whom he had wonderful conversations : and found the air and water of Badenweiler a real balsam. As soon as your Father was off to Baden, the girls and I went in the other direction, to the Haardt Hills beyond the Rhine, in the Bavarian Palatinate. Many a hill did we walk up, and hot though the sun was, we felt light as air. We explored wonderful valleys, driving along smooth roads : ascended on foot the Trifels, the ruined castle on a pyramid of rock, in which Richard Cœur de Lion was imprisoned, and from whence he departed when set free by the vast 'King's ransom' paid by a sorrowing nation. The view thence is glorious—such chains of mountains, such extraordinary forms, such links with links of emerald valleys, such delicacy of distant outlines. I shall like to show you the sketches I made, and still better to make the tour with you, and explore still further that splendid tract of country."

"4 Sept., 1858.—We had Lady Hall here for some weeks, and parted from her and Sir Benjamin on the 2nd. . . . I am inexpressibly thankful for this meeting with them both : it has been one of unmixed satisfaction, without any cloud. She used to come to me daily all afternoon and evening, and read the Delany letters and papers, which are highly interesting. I cordially hope, and begin to expect, that all our uncertainties for the winter will end at last on the coast of the Mediterranean : but where we are to be after that, defies conjecture, and is shrouded in mystery. Bonn would seem the indispensable, unavoidable place—but *where* at Bonn, where nothing would do for us but the Rhine-bank and the Siebengebirge, to make what amends they can for the loss of the prospect we enjoy here :

and just that Rhine-bank seems un-come-atable, as those who possess habitations there, wisely retain them for their own use;—and in the town, and within the sphere of Bonn-life and gossip, there is no living for people indulged as we have everywhere been, with just the very best, and with being to ourselves. . . . If we had not the beauties of nature here before the windows, we should now see nothing of them, for visits of birds of passage, morning, afternoon, evening, absorb one's time and strength. Yet we cannot complain, because those we see, we are truly glad to see—only the continual receiving and talking, which would be nothing if one was but younger, is a great tax at our age."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Heidelberg*, 23 *Sept.*, 1858.—I feel difficulty in beginning to write, from having so much that I should like to tell you, of the delightful journey that Emilia and I accomplished in perfect safety, returning on the evening of the 20th, having parted from Lepsius that morning on leaving Bamberg, and from Abeken the evening before. It would not have been possible to have had more agreeable travelling-companions than the two proved, nor could one easily have taken in more matter of interest than was granted to us in the short space. On our way to Munich we saw Ulm and its noble minster, which I found externally to be very clear in my memory, but *within*, the finely-carved *Chor-stühle*, and the monumental paintings, were new to me, and most interesting. The names and faces of the Beeserer and Krafft and Neithardt families are venerable relics of independent citizens, founders of the church: you will remem-

ber perhaps the monumental tablet of Krafft and his wife, kneeling and holding the church between them, supported on the back of the architect, in which I observed that the church they hold is a Byzantine one, with towers and extinguisher-spires like many along the Rhine, particularly at Coblenz.

“Munich is really a beautiful town, and the two churches that I saw in their beginnings, the Basilica and Ludwigskirche, are finished to my great satisfaction. The effect of the Basilica realises in some degree the image I had formed to myself of the Norman church of Monreale—the wide apsis filled by a figure of the Saviour on a gold ground, only that the majesty of the figure is diminished at Munich by being combined with others—in an oblong, after mediæval fashion. The Au-Kirche seems to me, as ever, most harmonious in its whole construction: but the painted windows are not to my mind. A group, as in a picture, large and brilliantly coloured, surrounded by an immensity of gothic framework looking like goldsmiths’ work rendered transparent, filling up the lower half of each window, while the upper half lets through the white daylight—is to my perceptions out of taste, and disturbs the solemn character of the building. The ideal of a painted window I saw afterwards at Nürnberg in the Lorenz-Kirche, all filled from top to bottom, unity in the subject, but much subdivision of parts: the figures each to be easily discriminated, yet small enough for due proportion. The modern Kunst-Ausstellung was a great enjoyment and satisfaction. I renewed old friendships and made abundance of new acquaintance, and rejoiced in the existence of so many artists yet living.

“But how glad I was to have seen Munich first! for the feelings excited by Nürnberg are so far stronger and deeper. A town everywhere picturesque, without ruins or appearance of neglect: grand and solemn without being mournful: full of life and apparent well-being, without fashionable novelties and enticement of travellers: with every sign of the benefits of industry, without the disfigurement of factories: strong enough in Protestant faith not to be disturbed by the abundant decorations of churches which the ancestors of the present generation bequeathed to their posterity together with the Reformation. We were accompanied by Professor Merkel of Halle, belonging to one of the ancient families of Nürnberg, one of the few still flourishing; and his explanations everywhere gave a reason for the interest with which our eyes sought out each object. The Sunday morning service in the unequalled Lorenz-Kirche was one of my great gratifications—a sermon worth hearing and well heard, and at the close, the Benediction pronounced *in cadence* from the communion-table, and distinctly audible, great as was the distance. The chorus of voices from the entire and numerous congregation had a heart-strengthening effect.”

In October, Bunsen went to Berlin, in order to take his seat in the Chamber of Peers. The succession of chills to which he was then exposed increased the unfavourable symptoms which had long alarmed his family as to his health, and on his return to Heidelberg, it was determined that a removal to a warmer climate was necessary, though indispensable literary work caused

the journey to the south of France to be deferred till mid-winter rendered it an additional risk.

BARONESS BUNSEN to BUNSEN.

"*Heidelberg*, 19 Oct., 1858.—We have made some progress in Carlyle's work, by the help of Meyer—but it is really a trial of patience. He soliloquises in a manner in which you would tell a story to a child—stopping at every new image, and reaching far back for the circumstances that set that image in relief, though perhaps generally of the class of which should be said—

'Non ragionar di lor, ma guarda, e passa.'"

"25 Oct., 1858.—I enjoy the idea of persons unknown to you having opportunity of observing what you look like, and finding you are not what ill-will pictured. God be thanked that you are well! May it be seen good for us to accomplish the journey to Mentone."

To her SON GEORGE (after Bunsen's return).

"*Heidelberg*, 7 Dec., 1858.—Your Father has worked most energetically, and has kept wonderfully well. But it is high time he should rest, for correcting the vast number of sheets that have come from Brockhaus within the last two days has fagged him much, and proves that one ought to *invent* a journey to the south, if it were not already arranged."

The journey of the Bunsens to the south was safely accomplished, and Cannes was decided upon as a place of winter residence. While spending a few days at Nice

they received the news of the death of Lady Raffles, who even a year and a half before had written to take a solemn leave of correspondence with her friends, declaring herself no longer able to write.

BARONESS BUNSEN to *her* DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

"Nice, 20 Dec., 1858.—Your letter with the moving intelligence of dear Lady Raffles's release has just reached us. We all join you in thanking God for the termination of such a living death as she had existed through for years. Just that Sunday of her death we were at Geneva, and it was a most happy and tranquil day among kind friends: and I had thought much of *her* among other absent ones, in the church that morning, wishing that her trial might not be extended over the beginning of another year. Again, with her, is a whole mass of sympathies and experiences through a lapse of years, consigned to the Past!—'the wealthy Past,'—our real property—as Fanny Kemble so well wrote.

"We find here kind friends more than I have time to enumerate, who make a vast fuss to keep us: but we none of us like Nice, or fancy taking up our abode here, and we have made an agreement with the owner of Maison Pinchenat at Cannes.

"Oh! how beautiful Cannes is—more like Mola di Gaeta than any other place I know."

To *her* SON GEORGE.

"2 Jan., 1859.—Here we are at Cannes, inhaling, swallowing, bathing in sunshine, in beauty, in purity of air! and greatly does your Father delight in all that surrounds

him. We did not see a single situation in Nice which offered us an inducement to remain. What people like there is, I believe, only the seeing one another. It is nothing but a mere watering-place on a very large scale, and you may therefore conceive how far from being to the taste of any of us. Meeting there Countess Bernstorff* and her daughter Comtesse de Burche was however a great pleasure to your Father, and perhaps a still greater to them: the affection Countess Bernstorff showed him was really affecting. Pilatte† was a great resource, for he called often upon your Father, who was only once able to hear him preach. I heard him on Christmas Day and the Sunday after, each time with great satisfaction. He is not the least like a *Ministre de l'Évangile*—he might be a poet—but he gives the impression of genius, a commanding mind and great intensity of conviction, the result being a great degree of dignity and impressiveness. We saw the Mendelssohns several times, and were much pleased to make acquaintance with Schreiber and his family. His wife and daughter spent the last evening with us—the latter a really beautiful girl, with splendid pale-gold hair, and a countenance feminine but not missish—looking as if she could play her part in life.”

“27 Jan., 1859.—Cannes has wrought a change in your Father that it would do your heart good to see. He now walks when he pleases, and as long as he likes, and he enjoys himself in this air, and prospect, and sunshine, beyond description. The sky could not be clearer, the

* Widow of the Prussian Prime Minister—the man who had first aided Bunsen's rise on the diplomatic ladder.

† The Vaudois Pastor.

sunset and sunrise more splendid, the stars more magnificent—Sirius and the entire constellation of the Dog high over the sea, Orion still higher, and Jupiter in zenith, last night before I went to bed: and the morning-star hanging like a jewel in the sky just over where the light of day began to peep, with the waning moon not far off. It is a delight to have Ernest and Elizabeth here, who exercise upon their very pretty nutshell of a villa the same art of stretching for which they were remarkable at Abbey Lodge. Ernest has begun again to sing the old songs, which 'bringt mir das Gefühl der alten Zeil zurück.'

"The Letters of Schleiermacher are a help in the evening, and the Life of Henriette Herz, which greatly helps to throw light upon his biography. O what an extraordinary picture of mind is contained in the Schleiermacher volumes. It is as though, having once broken out of the bonds of vigorous dogmatism in the *Brüdergemeinde*, he felt it, as it were, impossible to be *free enough*—like too many of those who have thrown off the yoke of the Church of Rome before they were quite steady to go alone on their own feet. The absence of intelligent self-control is what one commonly meets in German minds, particularly in females: but never before did I see all self-control *on principle* protested against, preached against as wrong! as though you were bound to venerate in *your own nature* a creation of God, which *as such* must be good and right, if you only let it have its own way unchecked. I grieve to anticipate that the book must do harm to minds not well fixed in what I call principle, the eloquence is so great with which Schleiermacher advocates that *absorption into the Divinity* at death, of which Madame de Staël says so justly

—‘C’est une espèce d’immortalité qui ressemble terriblement à la mort.’

“Carlyle’s Frederic II. occupies my thoughts as ever. That is a most extraordinary piece of history, and as painful as strange, that the old King was to be kept out of English alliance for the private purposes of Austria, and that for this end his mind was to undergo a course of poisoning against his own eldest son, his wife and daughter. Of all the multiplied atrocities of the House of Austria, this family-tragedy is perhaps one of the most execrable! Bribery, deceit, and flattery, paid artisans of evil—it is sickening to contemplate! I suppose this history is the first that states the whole case, and all the operating causes. A sad picture it is of human nature, that the King should have found everywhere willing spies and informants, ready to practise upon the unhappy Crown Prince as expected—for whom there was no God above, no right and wrong, no compunctious visitings—nothing but an absolute monarch, and the habit of fear.

“Perhaps you wonder what we all do, and for myself I confess to being at what my Father used to call an ‘idle end.’”

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW EMMA (on the death of her eldest child).

“14 Feb., 1859.—Alas! that my words can do nothing for you, but tell of sincerest grief of fellow-feeling—of the consciousness that nothing can make *amends* for the privation of all that was comprised in that little soul and body, which you are still and ever privileged to call *yours*, although withdrawn from your care, beyond the influence of your love, receiving its full and perfect development there ‘where the light of God’s countenance ever shineth’

—removed from pain and pollution—expanding in the atmosphere congenial to its nature of love and intelligence—in short, most blessed, leaving the poor parents most wretched! . . . Alas! I know how the sensation of the arms clasped round one's neck, the cheek pressed against one's own, will follow one as a dream of the past, entirely past, to embitter the present. And yet not so, it ought not to embitter—the good possessed, the blessing enjoyed, was a reality, removed not lost. My dear Emma! how I think of you both ever and again, and pray for that dew of Heaven, which will drop like balm into the wound of your hearts. The blessing of having possessed that child has been dearly bought—but still you would rather have the pain of grieving after her, than not have had her as your own.

“I fear you are suffering more *now*, that everything is finished, now that you have nothing more to do for your darling, now that that *all*, that *little*, is completed, which ingenious tenderness can find out to perform, to cherish the earthly covering of the being so beloved. When your nearest and dearest friends are beginning by the gradual influence of time to find their thoughts drawn into other channels, to get used to the fact of affliction, to live as before—you have the ever-growing consciousness of privation, the first fresh cup of bitterness in recollection. Do you recall the words of Shakspeare—

‘To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
Until it grow as high as highest heaven;’

and another passage—

‘Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words.’

Many have been the passages of poetry that have occurred to my recollection, indicating depths of woe;—but I know no expressions of *intensity* like these.

“How does the death of Ella bring over my mind the current of sorrow long past, when my precious infant was taken away, in July 1821, just one year old!—and if I feel her place is still vacant, her shadowy image still clinging to my heart of hearts—the pang of parting from her still fresh and vivid, how much the more do I feel for you, in the severer anguish of losing the object of four years’ endearment, of four years’ community of affection, of four years’ development of heart and intelligence! But I commend you with full trust to ‘Him who doth not willingly grieve the children of men.’”

To her SON GEORGE.

“*Cannes, 5 March.*—My own George, what a day of enjoyment was yesterday—my birthday! Dear Charles and Mary-Isabel had arrived the evening before, and yesterday Ernest and Charles walked over hither to breakfast at eight—and what flowers there were on the table!—anemones of intense scarlet, and much finer in size than those of the Villa Pamfili. After breakfast we had an expedition to Napoule (Neapolis), on the shore of the Esterel, and what a combination of every description of beauty!—though the green was altogether evergreen, pines and cork-trees, myrtle and heath. Then we all dined with Ernest and Elizabeth, in an out-of-door dining room they have contrived, under trees and with a straw-thatched roof.

“ . . . Your Father is still confidently talking of

making a journey to Berlin upon our return, as soon as he shall have rested a few days at Charlottenberg: and my hopes of averting the complex of evils comprised in that journey, hang chiefly on the anticipation of his liking the return to his own room and surrounding circumstances so intensely as to lose the present inclination to go and *fetch a disappointment* (according to my view of the matter) from Berlin at great expense of money and of health.

“The present crisis in Italy is one of most painful anxiety. May it please God to overrule the *untrustworthy* intentions that are at work, so that good may come out of the overflowing evil, and that dear Italy be put in the way of becoming, as it *might* be, ‘the garden of the Lord,’ morally as well as visibly.”

To ABEKEN.

“*Cannes, 5 April, 1859.*—The unusual aspect of a cloudy sky to-day, is a useful reminder of one’s having something else to do besides looking out upon the prospect, basking in the sunshine, watching the waves, or wandering inland amid rocks and pines. . . . The air and climate here have been of inestimable benefit to my husband. . . . From the answers to enquiries to-day after M. de Tocqueville, I fear he will have breathed his last before this letter can reach you! There was a period during which my husband was often with him for an hour together, but a relapse took place a week ago, and his weakness has been daily increasing.”

To her SON GEORGE.

“*Le Luc, 11 May, 1859.*—So far we have advanced on our ideally delightful journey, and pause here to rest our

good horses, and obtain if possible something to eat, which is a great question, for everybody is stopping here. Your Father is highly enjoying his journey: finding the temperature perfect, and pleased with all attendant circumstances. He slept perfectly well at Fréjus in the bed which Napoleon I. had occupied, my bed having been sanctified by Pius VII., as the hostess affirmed. This morning we did not set out before $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 8, having gone out before breakfast; your Father driving with Miss Douglas to the place where Napoleon I. landed from Egypt, called St. Raphaël, a good way off: so *he* took a last near leave of the Mediterranean, which I only saw from a distance. I walked with Matilda to look at the cathedral, a most ancient building, in the heavy style of the old chapel in the Tower of London, possessing a curious piece of antiquity in an octagonal baptistry. Last night we walked out as soon as we arrived to see the ruins of the Roman amphitheatre with the Niebuhrs,* who set off long before us this morning. We have met a number of fine troops and fine horses—to me a most moving sight, at which I cannot help ever and again wiping away a silent tear, remembering having watched the regiments in 1842 which marched across St. James's Park, to go and combat for the Cabul campaign. How beautiful was the whole of our journey! most of all the passage of the Esterel.”

“*Brignolles*, 9 o'clock.—How things change. All was so bright and prosperous, and my husband so well, and our journey so perfect, and though *Brignolles* is full of troops, yet our rooms were ready and clean and quiet. As we arrived at six, your Father proposed walking out before tea, and on

* Marcus Niebuhr and his wife.

the Place Publique, where the whole town was collected to look at the soldiers and hear the band, he had one of his attacks, the worst and longest we have known for months: and we stood still for a time that seemed as if it never would end, but at last there was a degree of amendment, and, walking and stopping, we at last got back to the inn: in all, the seizure lasted two hours. . . . God grant that we may do what is right, and not bring on such a seizure again, for it is hard to know what has been wrong, and the disappointment is great of finding the disorder in full force again."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"*Heidelberg, 25 May, 1859.*—We arrived happily on Friday, finding August and Theodora and Rosa at the station, and at the gate of Charlottenberg poor little Schnautz out of his wits for joy to see us. How exquisite is the fresh verdure here! quite new to us in this degree of fulness. The many changes on the journey made up a great amount of discomfort and indisposition for your Father, but we had one happy day at Bâle, seeing the Gelzers, Charlotte Kestner, and the Cramers—she formerly Elise Sieveking."

"*30 June, 1859.*—We now live and breathe politics, and questions of peace and war. The arrival of the newspapers—examining the map—these are the events of the quiet, and to me delicious summer days."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*1 July, 1859.*—When one thinks of the colossal measure of misery under which the time is groaning, one feels oppressed!—and it is hard to bring oneself to believe and

acknowledge that such an awful lesson was wanting to the world. To *rulers*, to rouse any human feeling they have left, and prove that they must leave off having standing armies as instruments of offensive war, and be satisfied to train and strengthen their people for defence only: and arrange an Amphictyonic Council, such as Henri Quatre and Queen Elizabeth dreamt of. And to *nations*, to refresh their memories as to what the realities of war are—that they may meet them, or avoid them, deliberately and with firm looking in the face: and not expend the strength of mind that may be wanted, in bursts of fire and fury. May but the awful lesson now going on be soon closed, and its import laid to the hearts of all!”

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY LOUISA.

“*Heidelberg*, 15 *Sept.*, 1859.—We have been very happy in the presence of George and Emma for more than a fortnight, but it is sad indeed to perceive how sad they still both are. Humanly speaking, if they were to be blessed with another girl, that *might* renew cheerfulness: although I speak doubtfully, because there is no greater error than the supposition that a new-born child can *fill the place* of one taken away—that little cherished individuality, though ever so young, lives on with one. Mary Eleanor was the name of my precious infant, born in 1820, who died on her birthday 1821: whose sweet individuality clings to my heart through life, and whose recognition in the light of God’s countenance I fancy in craving anticipation!”

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

“*Heidelberg*, 11 *Oct.*, 1859.—The tenth October will be a marked day to us all, from Theodore’s departure, and the

baptism of Mary Hildegard, which was happily accomplished at three o'clock, in Neuenheim church. I wish you could have beheld Theodora and her *three* children, all looking perfection in their various ways! When we came home, we found little Dora very unhappy, not comprehending why, if *Kleine Baby* could go in the carriage, she should be left at home! The reason was that she had a cold, but at all my christenings I always had all my children present, and so I missed Dora. Your Father came to the coffee-drinking afterwards, with old Brandis and Johannes."

To her DAUGHTER MATILDA.

"13 Oct. 1859.—You will be sorry, as we all are, that our poor little dog Schnautz's span of life is over. . . . My own *consciousness* is—I can hardly call it an opinion—that God has so certainly *not* 'created anything for nought'—and that all wherein is *love*, self-forgetting devotedness, in short moral worth, is so *certainly* of divine creation, is so certainly what God looks upon with complacency—that it *belongs to that which cannot perish*. I know not, and it is revealed to no one, what is reserved for the brute creation; but that it is looked upon with *love* by its Creator, we know from the words of our Saviour, 'not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father:' and our Saviour has marked how the brute creation may put man to shame, by the touching circumstance of the dogs coming and licking the sores of Lazarus. I examine no further, and can lay down no dogma, but I am sure of the light of God's countenance for all that has moral worth, and that what is spiritually good is indestructible."

Already in the summer of 1857 a removal from

Heidelberg had been in contemplation, as circumstances connected with the beautiful Charlottenberg rendered a residence there less desirable than formerly, and Heidelberg without Charlottenberg ceased to offer attractions to Bunsen, whose thoughts, throughout life, had frequently turned to Bonn as the home of his later days. There he looked forward to the companionship of his old friend Brandis, and there, regardless of the symptoms of increased illness, he hoped for a renewal of influence and activity, in a course of lectures which he proposed to deliver to the students of the University.

Painful as it was to Madame de Bunsen to leave her happy home at Heidelberg, with the constant society of her daughter Theodora and her children, the prospect of Bonn, as it came nearer, seemed almost welcome, as warding off the ever-oppressive "schreckbild" of a possible residence at Berlin. Thus, when the family started for the south in November, they had accomplished their final leave-taking with Heidelberg, and their return was to a large house on the banks of the Rhine at Bonn, which, being purchased, had more the aspect of a fixed home than any they had previously inhabited.

BARONESS BUNSEN to her SON GEORGE.

"*Heidelberg*, 15 Oct., 1859.—Never did this valley look so delicious as in these latter days, as if to leave the most perfect impression to gild its image in memory. . . . I have the grateful conviction that as we have ever been provided for, so we may hope to be provided with a dwell-

ing, although we know not yet where or how. You need not be told that to part from Theodora and her children goes hard with me. But—'He is my fate, and best can speak my doom'—applies entirely to your Father, and *where he is satisfied*, I am not afraid but what I shall find the necessities of life. The purchase of a house at Bonn is a delightful vision, which, even if not realized, confers a benefit in giving a pleasing resting-place for thoughts that as yet wander like Noah's dove in vain. Your Father expressed this morning that if we had at Bonn a place of abode that we could really adjust to our mind, with double windows, &c., it might at last be possible to do without the winter removal now unavoidable. The idea of being at length lodged where we could not be turned out, till death should summon, is most soothing and reviving. If that be good for us, it will be granted."

To BUNSEN (then at Paris).

"*Heidelberg*, 19 Nov., 1859.—My mind has need of the delightful images your letter gives it to dwell upon, for except the satisfaction of getting on with the business in hand, the whole surrounding scene is most melancholy. The girls have done wonders in packing, and I hope indeed they will not be detained an hour after they *have* finished, in this scene of discomfort and melancholy.—We all keep brisk by dint of being busy—but the sight of this devastation is unspeakably wretched, with the prospect of the sad parting from Theodora and the children at the end."

"21 Nov., 1859.—Yesterday was a day of rest, most timely and most prized. We had first in the morning a most beautiful and edifying service by which to take leave

of the dear old Heilige Geist Kirche—it was Buss und Bet Feier, and Plitt preached in his best manner, and selected good hymns, and I heard that thrilling *Gemeinde-Stimme* which it will be long ere I hear again—closed by the Communion. Then I made three leave-taking visits and arrived at Theodora's just before dinner. At four we all went for an hour to Mrs. Benecke as requested, to take leave of her and of Countess Mary Jenison: the rest of the evening we were with Theodora and August, Meyer meeting us there, as indeed he has been faithfully with us every evening. Dearest Theodora was an example in keeping-up, and *not melting*, and in every way exerting to make the last hours of being together bright instead of gloomy. How soothing and elevating it was to hear the four daughters with August sing through the musical service for Good Friday as arranged by Neukomm!"

"*Bdle*, 22 Nov.—It is a solemn thing to contemplate the fact, of having quitted for good and all the happy home of 5 years! and more solemn, to part for the first time thoroughly, from the precious daughter whose marriage hardly proved a separation, and who has wound herself round one's heart more and more, in proportion as new positions bring forth and display yet more her excellencies, and her children help to call forth more and more of one's power of being."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Cannes*, 9 Dec., 1859.—We are settled here in great comfort, and know not how to take in sufficiently the luxury of sun, air, and prospect! Your Father has enjoyed his visit to Paris, and is decidedly better than when

we parted at Heidelberg. Alas! Heidelberg! Nobody seems to guess what it costs us to break from the scenes and habits of five years and happy years. Only you and Emma recollect what a pang there must be in parting with Theodora, *for the first time*, for her marriage was not a separation. She has been so good! supported herself so nobly! exerted to such good purpose! It will not do to think of *that*: except to repose one's thoughts on the certainty that she is happy in her marriage. Being those days at Bâle with the benevolent little fairy, Charlotte Kestner, was very soothing to me: her kindness, her tact, her taste and intelligence, the abundance of points of contact that we found, prevented any sensation of being a stranger or an encumbrance."

To her SON GEORGE.

"Cannes, Dec. 10, 1859.—Though I wrote to my own George yesterday I am delighted with to-day's opportunity of adding one of my many things not uttered—my thanks for his protest against the proverb, signifying that a man's marriage necessarily draws away his affection from his parents. I fear the observation may often turn out true, but then it must be so or not according to the *quality* of the marriage. I thank God often and often, and yet never enough, that all my married children have found objects of the strongest affections among those who look to the same God above, cling to the same human sympathies around, have the same view of right and wrong, the same consciousness of that in which earthly happiness is to be sought and found, and that therefore I have the comfort of feeling in every instance the gain of a friend in each

daughter-in-law and son-in-law, dissimilar in individuality though they be.

“I wish the glorious sunshine that we enjoyed on the 5th Dec. on the journey between Lyons and Toulon, could have shone upon you at Rheindorf for your dear Emma’s birthday. The inhabitants of the South have really great privileges, in such helps to health and cheerfulness of spirit. How did I feast my eyes on those beautiful mountains which appear so frequently on the right bank of the Rhone, while the train was whirling along the left bank! The sky was crystal-clear, the mountains blue, their shadows sharp and broad, the river full and smooth: no verdure to be seen, but yet so much beauty that one hardly remembered what was wanting.”

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

“Cannes, Saturday, 31 Dec., 1859.—Here on the last evening of the year, I sit enjoying the stillness of scene, only soothed rather than interrupted by the regular dash of the quiet sea—after having been for three days in scenes far different. We drove to Nice on Thursday and returned this afternoon, having spent our time between the Uxkülls, the S. George’s and the Countess Bernstorff, but seeing plenty of other people besides, and perceiving a long *vista* of visits and visitors, had we remained any longer; having thus a renewed experience of that ceaseless bustle of doing nothing, which is peculiar to Nice—very glad of the intercourse with friends granted to us, and more glad to get away into quiet. I am glad to think that the good Countess Bernstorff, who was an early friend, and has been such a faithful friend to your father, has had really this time a good opportunity of seeing and talking to him.

“I wrote to Theodore for his birthday, and oh! how anxiously do I think of him. . . . and for you, my own Theodora, how do I crave of God’s merciful Providence every choicest blessing. . . . How often do the images of that last invaluable day, that Sunday 20th November, which I was privileged to spend with you and yours, pass before my mind’s eye! I see Rosa and hear her reflective observations, and I receive the echo of Dora’s glee at having made the acquisition of a new word!—and how it did go to my heart, that my Theodora was able to play on the organ, and help forward those choruses of beloved voices which touched the spirits but to strengthen them! There was more than I will trust myself to write, to make me feel the collective effect of those qualities of mind, which have been to me a chief joy for every year of my own Theodora’s existence, in that concluding day of my Heidelberg life. My own child, whatever you write to me is a treasure to me, and you have so much to occupy you, that I must not wish you to write more: but do, if possible, in every letter, tell me some little bit of Rosa and Dora—something that they have said or done. When once it is granted to me to see them again, they will be as dear as ever, but something different: and the period in which I have not seen them cannot be supplied—*anecdotes of them are invaluable.*”

To ABEKEN.

“*Cannes, 8 Jan., 1860.*—It has been again a great change in life to be called upon to break up and put an end to our Heidelberg life. . . . On the way from our dear Heidelberg, I staid some days at Bâle, and enjoyed the kind hospitality of Charlotte Kestner, and you will understand

the extreme interest I found in her society, as you must have felt what it is not easy to describe, her extreme likeness to her late dear brother in feature, voice, manner of speaking and thinking, independent of personal originality of a very engaging kind. I can hardly describe how *heimisch* I felt it, and I have been almost surprised at myself at the pleasure I had in being her inmate, as I know but too well how hard I am to please, and how apt to find society to which I am not habituated tiresome or *antipatica*, so that I always reckon that I am too old to be fit to go out visiting in other's houses; but I was quite happy in hers, and had for seven days real enjoyment of her company, her affectionate attention, and the entire atmosphere of her dwelling. On the Sunday at Bâle we all went to church in the beautiful cathedral—the impression perfect, the eye, ear, and mind: the building complete in harmony of proportions and forms, and high finish without exaggeration—the organ fine and a fulness of congregational voice, in the hymn ‘Wie soll ich dich empfangen.’ Then we made a visit to the venerable Spittler, from whom we heard much that was interesting about Criscona. . . .

“It is a pity we cannot conjure up the presence of sympathising friends, as one can their image before the mind's eye!—how you would enjoy the fulness of beauty in this sea and sky, and shore, if you could look at what I am beholding! I believe, in proportion as life declines, one shrinks with more and more aversion from the aspect of death in nature. Though I love the sunshine, I do not so much mind its absence, nor the cold, nor a cloudy sky—but the absence of green, the want of vegetation, the

torpor of surrounding existence, is what is terrible in a northern winter.

"I have been reading with a degree of interest that I could take pages to express, the *Mémoires de Madame Récamier*. They treat of persons whom I have either seen or known, or heard much of, and the picture of nationality and of individual characters, is most curious, and gives matter for much reflection."

TO MADEMOISELLE ANNA VERNET.

"Cannes, 12 Jan., 1860.—The Maison Pinchenat received us like a home, and our enjoyment of this magnificent position is if possible greater than ever. . . . On the morning of December 26, we awoke to the wonderful spectacle of waves mountain-high (like those of the spring-tide in the Northern Ocean) while the atmosphere was totally calm, and afterwards learnt that an earthquake was the cause of such unusual motion.

"You ask whether I regret Macaulay? Indeed I feel deeply the public loss of one of the first historians who has undertaken to mark the growth and development of a nation's greatness, instead of giving, in the old style, a chronicle of the battles and sieges, and of the births, deaths, and relationships of royalty and nobility—and still more I feel the private loss to the sisters and family, of a man deservedly beloved, and whose family attachments were strong. He possessed the colossal memory, and the resolute decisive character which a historian ought to have. I had only a slight acquaintance with him, but used always to be glad to meet his animated glance, and cordially stretch out my hand to meet his. One felt trustful towards him."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

“26 Jan., 1860.—How I wish that many mortifying passages in the history of modern society, might warn people on the hacknied subject of female education, as to the wickedness of breeding up girls with no object in life, except what is called ‘going out’—this is, spending a fortune in dress, for the purpose of being shown as at a fair. Do you remember a beautiful letter of your Aunt Fry to her eldest daughter when about fifteen—telling her that no girls could enter upon the life of grown-up women under better auspices than herself and sister. I do not remember the exact words, but they implied her daughter’s becoming privileged to help at schools, visit the poor, tend the sick, reform those gone astray—when they were old enough. Not everybody is fit for each and everyone of these important callings—but every well-meaning girl might find some good to do in young years, if only helped not kept back by the vanity and ill-judgment of parents: and need not be *kept out* of society, only not *cramped down the throat* of society—which many a girl would be thankful to be excused from. What can be expected from young women called upon, bound by every habit and custom to sacrifice their best years in the idol’s temple, if they end in doing wrong for the sake of a sensation to relieve them from crime?

“I have a constant weight at heart for the angelic child at Schloss Wied, and his incomparable mother.”

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

“Cannes, 21 Jan., 1860.—With what thankfulness did I not greet the news of the blessing of a daughter to dear George and Emma, and with the same irresistible burst of

unable to bear the discomfort of standing alone. Frances should tell herself how much earnestness and intelligence and knowledge of Scripture she found amongst these people—hospitality and refinement of mind, with total contempt of external comforts. But the beauty of the country must be something wonderful.

“How I have enjoyed reading and re-reading your picture of your darlings and their behaviour and occupations! There are two lines, I think of Cowper’s translations from Madame Guyon, which often occur to me—

‘Ye soul-composing, quiet hours,
Diffusing peace o’er all my powers—’

and they express or shadow forth the effect of one of your communications to me, bringing me into your atmosphere!”

The symptoms which had frequently alarmed his family in the health of Bunsen, increased in violence during this winter at Cannes, and in May caused Madame de Bunsen to concentrate her wishes upon as speedy a return to Germany as was possible, even though a terrible accident which had then befallen her youngest daughter, Matilda, rendered it necessary that she should be left behind at Cannes, upon a bed of intense suffering, under the care of her sister Frances.

BARONESS BUNSEN to her SON GEORGE.

“*Cannes, 6 March, 1860.*—I had such a number of signs of affection on my birthday, that the only thing to

lessen my pleasure was the consciousness of my inability to express to each and all of the senders, something of the love and thanks I feel towards them! As I sate reading my treasures in my own room, the servant knocked and brought in a square packet in a wax-cloth, which I told him to put down, after having informed myself that there was nothing further to be paid, and I troubled myself not to look till I had done my letters. Then I perceived the address to be in your Father's handwriting—and the piece of fun was to send me a 'Luft-Telegram' in form of a heavy box, with a letter inside, and a whole set of *Hefte* containing the plan for a succession of *Vorlesungen* to be held at Bonn—the letter declaring itself and the accompanying papers to be the Spirit of the young Bunsen in his 27th year, my old acquaintance of 43 years' standing, who had left his *Doppelgänger*, become *Geheimrath* and *Philister*, fast asleep in bed at Cannes, and had flown over to Bonn, to address me from the place whither he intended soon to conduct me as 'Professors-Frau,' carrying out the original intention of former years. When you see the immensity of the plan of academical teaching, and its importance and width of grasp, you will enter into the degree of melancholy which I have to struggle against, in contemplation of the fact that your Father has been awfully ill, and that he is still in a state for which, in fact, one knows of no certain relief, and one only hopes in God's mercy that efficiency may be granted to means of help in which one has no reason to place confidence. In the night between the 25th and 26th, an attack of suffocation came on, without any known cause, the most tremendous I ever witnessed: for two hours he was in a

struggle literally between life and death. I have often seen him alarmed, but this time he gave himself over, gasped out words of farewell, of blessing to children and friends, of profession of faith, of prayer for help. . . . At half-past seven it was over. But I need not go on describing, only you may suppose what I feel on looking to a far future! The mind has vigour for many a year, the rich store of matter to instruct, to reanimate, to delight and invigorate other minds, is there—but the cause of sudden death is always lying in ambush. . . . I *pray*, and so will you—May God see fit to preserve him, and above all may He grant us to submit, and accept as the right, and *the best*, whatever be *His* will.”

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

“Cannes, 10 April, 1860.—I have put off telling you of your Father, because I have nothing good to tell. Passion Week was a time of trial indeed and Good Friday was worst of all: on Easter Sunday he evidently revived, we knew not why. It is a great comfort that Charles is coming back: his company and conversation will be such a pleasure to his Father, as to all of us, and he looks to seeing Theodore with great satisfaction. But though we hail the arrival of *sons* as the best possible company, your Father has no want of agreeable visitors here, in short as many as he is equal to receiving. At intervals he goes on with his various works, and to-day has shown me, as finished, the last piece of his Egyptian work, namely the Preface—which he talks of sending off to-morrow. Such work is indispensable to his happiness, if he only works not too long in a day.”

To Miss C. WILLIAMS-WYNN.

"Cannes, 17 April, 1860.—I have no good news to give you, and it becomes more and more irksome to tell the fact, that things are not going on well with my husband's health, as he is more and more averse to hearing it commented upon: one proof among many that he is well aware of being—not *better*, but entered upon a new and troublesome stage of his chronic disorder; his life for the last two months having been the dragging on of an invalid state, which is a comfortless consumer of hours."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"Cannes, 2 May, 1860, 6 A.M.—Matilda has had a fall, by which a fracture in the hip-joint has been caused: in what pain she is, you alas! know too well.

"On Sunday Charles and Mary returned safe and well, Theodore had arrived, and we all rejoiced in such a family-meeting and living together, anticipating a time of comfort and cheerfulness, in which Monday, 30th April, dawned upon us. Matilda was as usual urgent with me to retire from breakfast-table-talking, with her into my room, to be read to in Merle D'Aubigné's *Histoire de la Réformation*: she read a very interesting part and had conversation upon it—and she then left me to get her beloved Elise de Vellay, for the usual hour of reading with her before dinner. When we, at one o'clock, were about to sit down to dinner—the first meal of being all together, as supposed—came a message that Matilda could not come, had fallen, was hurt so that she could not move. Frances went directly, sending a messenger to call Dr. Severin: she took in the

seriousness of the matter, which I was far from doing. I therefore staid just till dinner was over, and then hurried after her.

“Matilda had been with Elise in the room of the latter, and was about to come down a piece of wooden staircase which terminated the ascent, when the whole gave way under her, and she was precipitated down to the flight of stairs below, of bricks with each step finished sharply by a wooden edge. Elise de Vellay, about to follow her, having her foot all but upon the upper step, finds a void, stairs and Matilda vanished. She can but go to the window and scream; her mother and sister in the garden hear and come and stand aghast, unable to move the wooden ladder which has fallen upon Matilda. When help is obtained, the poor sufferer is dragged upstairs into the first bedroom. There is no doubt of fracture, and no doubt of two months’ *immovability*. . . . My child, what God sends, He will help us to get through! I *know* that well, and pray that we may both feel and experience it!”

To her SON ERNEST (in a neighbouring villa at Cannes).

“*Cannes, 7 May, 1860.*—I write to announce to you and dear Elizabeth a sudden determination to set off without delay, under the escort of Theodore. The award is absolute, that Matilda cannot be moved from the spot where she now lies, under two months: and that your Father should be detained here thus long, is out of the question. I write facts drily—nothing can one say of feelings manifold and complicated.

“My dearest Ernest, your Father is very ill—not better, and declining in strength.”

To her SON GEORGE.

“Cannes, 7 May, 1860.—You know the outward facts of our position, and can imagine much of what I have neither time nor inclination to write: one bears every burden better for abstaining from enumeration of its parts and complications. The real evil which swallows up the rest, is the state of your Father—declining in health and spirits, no better at the end of the ups and downs of two months, and I believe we are doing right in preparing to set out next Sunday or Monday (as we can obtain the coupé of the diligence one day or other) and travel through without stopping to Baden, where we believe Ernest and Elizabeth will meet us—Theodore being able to see us safe so far, if no hindrance interposes. Your sisters will remain here under circumstances as good as such a case will admit, under the roof of the De Vellay's, and with choice of kind and helpful persons all around. Frances is a host in herself, and meets the position with accustomed energy and cheerfulness. Two months of *immovability* for Matilda are indispensable: and when once she can be brought downstairs, and into another house, it must be seen how much of another month must pass before she can travel.

“Dear Charles and Mary Isabel! what a pleasure and satisfaction they are, even in our overclouded state, in which we may appear little to profit by their presence. They leave us on the 10th, with their most delicious and satisfactory child. Theodore's having been with us is invaluable. That dear Matilda behaves nobly—suffers much pain, but all goes on as well as a state of misery can: her health and her composure of mind are great helps.”

To her SON HENRY.

“*Cannes, 13 May, 1860.*—I write by the side of the poor, good sufferer—whom I have great difficulty in recognizing by the name of Matilda . . . and to-morrow I shall be gone, and to-day I see her and Frances for the last time for a long while to come! May God grant a meeting in more comfort than attends this indispensable parting. Your Father is very ill, has been very ill, is only better at moments. . . . He is worn by want of sleep, yet would sleep so well, if breath did not fail him: the nights are mostly wretched. . . . My dear Henry and Mary Louisa, let your thoughts and prayers help us on our way, and join *ours* in supplicating for strength and patience and resignation, to meet whatever may impend.”

To her SON ERNEST.

“*Bâle, 18 May, 1860.*—I know not how to hope. I am so reduced to the lowest ebb with travelling, anxiety, and want of rest. Dr. Jung has uttered his award that we must stay here a week; your Father will then die of *Langeweile*, and if we are indeed to stay beyond to-morrow, I entreat you, dearest Ernest, to bestow your cheering and supporting presence upon us. I must write now to Frances and George—with a longing after the sight of you all that I cannot give words to. How thankful I am to have such children to love, as all mine are!—and how thankful to experience such love from them!”

To her SON GEORGE.

“*Baden-Weiler, 20 May, 1860.*—It is five o'clock on Tuesday morning, and what a delicious morning! Your

Father has had five hours of quiet sleep, that is to say he had a respite so long from coughing, and when that is the case, sleep is always at hand—but the night was spent in his chair. . . . My own George, I have told you all the good I could, in the intelligence of this five hours' sleep, you will find distress enough when we meet.

“I see not how your Father can attempt seeing the Princess at Baden, wherefore we shall be coming all the straighter and quicker to you. How much I have to say to my Emilia! I trust she will stay with me—it has been hard to do without a daughter, when one has such as I thank God for. Ernest is delightful, his own best self—caring for everything, perceiving, thinking of everything for our comfort. What a blessing that he could come to us!—to his Father his company and conversation are invaluable, to me a solace indescribable.”

CHAPTER V.

BONN.

"Ese cuerpo, que con piadosos ojos estais rimirando, fué depositario de una alma, en quien el Ciel puso infinitas partes de sus riquezas."—CERVANTES.

"How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honour or wealth, with all his toil and pains,
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit, that which he obtains.
—For shame, dear friend, renounce this canting strain,
What would'st thou have the great good man obtain ?
Place, titles, recompense ? a gilded chain,
On throne of corsees that his sword hath slain ?
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man ? Three treasures, Love and Light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath ;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his Maker, and the angel—Death."

COLERIDGE.

AT the end of May, 1860, the Bunsens took possession of their new home at Bonn. For some months after this, though his state of suffering daily increased, Bunsen was able not only to receive but to enjoy the visits of his family and friends. On his birthday, the 25th of August, he was surrounded

as formerly by a loving group, who took part in a feast arranged in the garden pavilion looking upon the Rhine, and listened to the touching words of gratitude and benediction, in the course of which, after retracing the blessings of his past life, he sought to comfort them by the assurance that if "in the counsel of God" it was good for him, that birthday-celebration would not be his last. In the month of October he was cheered by the presence of the Princess of Wied, and by a gracious and gratefully-welcomed visit from the Princess of Prussia, now Empress of Germany. On the 22nd of that month he received a farewell visit from the venerable Pastor Wiesmann, to whom he said "that many had endeavoured to build all kinds of bridges to eternal happiness, but that he had come to the full conviction that all those bridges must be broken down, nor should they be trusted to for effectual mediation, as there was nothing to hold fast by, except the simple faith in Christ."

Six days after, the spirit of Bunsen seemed to be on the threshold of life. He gave solemn blessings to his children, and prayed for each. In the most touching accents he bade farewell to his wife—his "first—his only love," in whom he had "loved that which is eternal." "It is sweet to die," he said; "with all feebleness and imperfection I have ever lived, striven after, and willed the best and noblest only. But the best and highest is to have known Jesus Christ. I depart from this world without any feeling of unchari-

to anyone towards any one. No immobility, no change at all."

On the 27th Ernest de Bunsen was summoned from England with scarcely a hope that he would find his father alive, yet but nearly a month after that time he had the comfort of being able to cheer him by his loving care. In those seven days Bunsen was still occasionally able to give utterance to the thoughts which God sent to comfort the hours of intensest suffering. The meaning, the kernel of all was the same. — "I see Christ," he said—"and I see through Christ, God."

On the 27th of November his daughter Emilia played to him for the last time on the familiar *orgue expressif* of Roman days, and in the chamber of death the glorious voice of his beloved son Ernest sang, "Jesus, meine Zuversicht!" "Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme!" "Jerusalem, da hochgebaute Stadt!" Then one more night of suffering was passed—and as day broke on the morning of the 28th, the majestic form lay still—in the quietude of perfect peace.

He was buried on the 1st of December, in a bright winter sunshine. Once more, on the *orgue expressif*, was played his favourite hymn, "Jerusalem, da hochgebaute Stadt," as his sons Ernest, Charles, and George, his son-in-law Baron von Ungern Sternberg, with Drs. Kamphansen and Bleek, his faithful fellow-labourers in the "Bibelwerk," took up the flower-covered coffin, in which, by hands of long and tender ministration, his remains were carried to the grave. His widow, with

her sister and daughters, met the procession at the burial-ground, in the centre of which stands an ancient chapel of extreme beauty, transferred stone for stone by the late King of Prussia from a solitary position in the fields. Here, beside Bunsen, amid shrubs and flowers, rest a noble band of friends—Niebuhr and his Gretchen; Brandis, with his invalid wife and his son Johannes; the venerable Arndt; Schumann; the widow and son of Schiller, and many others.

On the tomb of Bunsen, a beautiful medallion, by Monro, still recalls the glory of his earthly countenance, and beneath are the words of Isaiah ii. 5, calling upon others to walk in that "light of the Lord" in which he lived.

THE BARONESS BUNSEN to her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

"*Bonn*, 26 *May*, 1860.—I never felt it more difficult to write, having so much to say that utterance seems choked. The satisfaction your Father and I feel in the house, in each room, in each arrangement, seems insufficiently uttered by any words that will occur to me: and *satisfaction* in itself is a poor word for the overflowing consciousness of *too much* being showered upon us—and best of all is the love and tender consideration of all these incomparable children—George and Emma and Emilia—for every peculiarity and every feeling and inclination of their parents."

"27 *May*.—I worked hard at unpacking yesterday, but in the latter part of the afternoon your Father grew so ill, that I was called from my work once and again, and at length thought it better to give up the point. One of those

unaccounted-for aggravations of your Father's state came on, after he had been tolerably well and very happy all day—and he has been very ill ever since. . . . My own Theodora, our thankfulness for this house is boundless; we contemplate with wonder the provision made for our comfort. As for myself I am wonderfully well, but so tired.

“What a pleasure it is to see the old books and the old possessions, and consider how to place the old and the new! no easy matter, although such good space is granted. Then the quantity of nice plants in the garden! many already there, a number put in by George, with such kind recollection of all my weak sides! Fancy a *Westeria* flowering over the entrance of the *Garten-Saal*! and lilies of the valley, and I know not what nice things.”

To ABEKEN.

“*Bonn*, 25 *June*, 1860.—We greet your promised visit by family acclamation. . . . My dear husband has need of all the pleasure that can yet be found for him, and the conversation of friends is as great a pleasure as ever. To write details does no good, and is to me harder than ever: the fact you must take in a few words, that he is no better, and that we have no grounds whatever on which to rest hope of amendment. There are better days, and worse: I trust there may be good days when you come.”

In July came the grievous news of the death of little Wilhelm von Bunsen, the lovely and engaging child of Charles and Mary Isabel, whose presence, during a journey of his parents to Italy, had gladdened the last winter spent by his grandparents at Cannes.

BARONESS BUNSEN to her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY ISABEL.

"July, 1860.—Those words of the Apocalypse, 'These are they in whose mouth was found no malice, for they are without spot before the throne of God,' were chosen by my husband for the inscription on the cippus placed over the remains of the two children we were called upon to deposit near the pyramid of Caius Cestius. The first of these two lived nearly as long, and was in the same manner bright and engaging and affectionate, as your Wilhelm—and the freshness of her image in my mind reminds me how undying his remembrance will prove to you."

To her SON HENRY.

"4 July, 1860.—I am getting quite a coward about writing—the things one *will not* write about are so strong upon the mind, that there is no help for remaining under their influence, let one try as one may not to let consciousness become distinct image, and images coin themselves into expressions.

"Those poor parents at Turin! That angel child! 'after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well,' all suffering slumbers, and that fine intelligence, that expansive heart and soul, are taking in full draughts of the blessedness that shall know no end.

"Your dear Father has had a few easier nights and days, but when George expressed himself to Wolff* as though his Father were improving, the latter answered—'Machen sie sich nur keine Illusion—*er* macht sich keine: er weiss dass ich nichts Wesentliches für ihn thun kann.'"

* The German doctor.

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH (who had long shared the anxieties of the sick-room at Bonn).

"Bonn, 23 July, 1860.—What a help and comfort has not Ernest been! through a period of which one feels on a retrospect how great the amount of trial was: only divided into days and hours, each day and hour bore its part, and with God's blessing has been lived through.

"My dear Elizabeth! what a succession of kind filial attention have you bestowed upon us in such a long period of weeks!

'That constant flow of love, that knew no fall—
Ne'er vanquish'd by those cataracts and breaks
That humour interposed too often makes.'

How I miss your frequent appearance, coming down with one kind thought or other: and my Hilda, and my Moritz, and the kind Mariechen."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"27 July, 1860.—We may rejoice in the amendment in your dear Father while it lasts. Could you but see him, you would be comforted, as all the friends have been who have lately come here to visit him: Miss Wynn, Abeken, Usedom, Mrs. Schwabe."

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

"14 Sept., 1860.—It is possible that John and Mary may arrive this evening! So much for joy—now for sorrow—your dear Father is full of suffering. O! my own Theodora, could I but write what would cheer and not grieve you: but there is no help for fact and reality."

To her SON HENRY.

"22 Sept., 1860.—It costs a struggle to determine on writing such scraps and fragments as are possible. But I can to-day write in spirits, rejoicing in the present moment, and resolving not to look beyond it, and as much as possible not to look back on the misery that has gone before. . . . Dear Mary and Co. arrived on the 15th, and good Meyer on the 16th, and Lepsius has been here three days, and will stay, I hope, a few more; but for all the kind visitors this has been a melancholy time, for short and scarce were the occasions of speaking to your Father, who however yesterday was able to have a good conference with Lepsius, and to-day I hope will find it possible to talk to him longer.

"Your Father says 'es ist unmöglich zu sagen, wie oft und wie zärtlich ich an Heinrich denke.'"

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

"10 Oct.—Everything that I might write had better remain unwritten—for each detail of intelligence but sharpens the impression of pain on your mind and my dear Ernest's, as to the state of your Father. Many an hour of sorrow and anxiety have you shared, and worse than any you experienced with us have been our portion since you left us: misery is once established, and we sink deeper and deeper daily. Watching for those periods of relief, which kept up hopes and spirits now and then in your time, seems now in vain. Day after day, the extreme point supposed to have been reached, is passed. And yet, he is so strong, the strength may yet be much prolonged."

During his illness Baron Bunsen constantly used the following prayer composed by Benjamin Schmolck of

Silesia, Pastor of Schweidnitz, who lived 1672—1737 and wrote more than 1,000 hymns—

“O holy and most glorious God! Truly thou dost lead thine own wondrously by a thorny road to Paradise, through the vale of tears to the mansions of joy, through the dark valley of death to the fountain of life! The diseases of the body are for our healing, and only when this our earthly tabernacle is dissolved may we enter Heaven. When I consider this and weigh it in the balance of thy sanctuary, I feel that it is of little moment whether my way to life be rough or easy, if only I attain to Heaven. It is of little moment whether my soul ascend to thee by a hard struggle or in peaceful calm, if only it enter into thy glory. It matters not to me, whether the lamp of my life go out of itself, or be extinguished by an adverse wind, if only, re-kindled by the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, it shine in thine eternal bliss, and in thy blessed eternity. Everything, O my Father, must be well-pleasing to me, which in thy wisdom and providence seemeth good to Thee. I am content to die, when Thou wilt, and as Thou wilt: all is one to me, if only I die in peace and find rest from all my labours.

“Let me, reconciled unto Thee, the living God, and content with my portion of life, have a conscious and unclouded end, and so be gathered to my fathers in Heaven above. Amen.”

BARONESS BUNSEN to MRS. LANE* (whose daughter was dying).

“*Bonn*, 10 Oct., 1860.—How I think of you, and pray

* Daughter of Dr. Sandford, Bishop of Edinburgh.

for you, that you may be supported through new and bitter affliction.

“You, who have always sympathy for others, will believe that full as my present days and hours are of misery, yet the heart has space and time for feeling and prayer,—and I wish to be remembered by you as one of those who in thought are present with you in your renewed sorrow and fresh privation. God help you! and teach you yet again to bear, the transmission of your treasures into the treasury of Heaven.

“My husband sinks visibly, and his state of suffering is ever aggravated: but his strength is so great that I, for my part, cannot believe the moment of rest to be near. Pray for us, dear friend! as you have kindly told me you do—as you pray for yourself, that the power of *perfect acceptance* of the will of the Father of Mercies may be granted us.”

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

“11 Oct.—I feel it quite wrong that Mary should be here—dragged into all this misery of ours, which she cannot alleviate!”

“3 Nov.—My precious child! what a world of event and feeling has been lived through of late. Could I but convey to you the blessedness of the present moment! forward to the next, it is wisest not to look, but to dwell on the happiness of seeing him at ease, able to breathe freely, with no suffering but weakness. My dearest Mary is just gone—just off in the finest of weather: another matter of thankfulness, to have had her till now, and now to be able to part with her in a moment of unlooked-for amendment,

He has slept entirely through the last evening and night—George watched beside him till midnight, and then Ernest till morning. His thoughts are only about death and immortality.”

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

“9 Nov., 1860.—I am thankful that you went away under the influence of a sunny gleam of hope, and that you cannot now drink out with us the bitter dregs of a cup of woe far enough from being exhausted. We all want your prayers, and those of all sympathizing friends, not only for the sufferer himself, but to keep us, each and all, from rebelling against the counsels of the Divine Providence which has so mercifully cared for us. I am ever under the bitter temptation to ask *why* he was not taken when so ready—when in a frame of mind so blessed, when full of heaven, of peace and joy and love—desiring only to be dissolved and to be with Christ, and the enquiry is full of rebellion. . . . I now anticipate immediate danger less than ever: but fear a lengthened portion of suffering and continued bodily *unrest*, such as would fall heavy on the best-prepared mind, but for enduring which with equanimity, his existence of bodily ease and freshness has not prepared him in the least. The verse in that hymn we all know so well often recurs to me—

‘Ach komm, eh’ mir das Herz erkalt,
Und sich zum Sterben schicka.’

In our mortal weakness we could desire to quit this earth at our culminating point—when we are, or suppose ourselves, most spiritualized, most warm in love to God and

man. But He who made us knows best! and could we but learn entire submission!"

To her SON HENRY.

"28 Nov., 1860.—The long struggle is over—and your blessed Father rests from pain and misery. I am sitting near his remains. Could I but picture to you the beauty of his repose—the inexpressible sweetness and majesty of his countenance—no trace of suffering. This morning at five, while the clock struck, he still breathed, and a few minutes later he breathed no more. Ernest and I had raised his head, each with an arm under him, and the head fell on one side, upon my shoulder. We did not suppose the moment so near, the moment of relief and release. The breath just ceased, there was no more agony—that had gone on a whole month, ever since the terrible 28th October, when every hour seemed as if it must be the last.

"Emilia had staid with him till 12 o'clock: then George remained with Jacob: then called Ernest and me. I had always come in daily about four. Very thankful I am that the hour of departure was not during my sleep.

"I sit here, to behold him while I can.

"I write with pencil, as if he could still be disturbed by the pen scratching:—foolish—but every common sound seems profanation of the sacred stillness.

"My dearest Henry! it is a relief to think that *you* have not witnessed his sufferings, his wanderings of mind, his helplessness of body. No description can give an idea of the anguish of the spectacle.

"My precious Henry! pray for me and for all of us that

we may meet the new phase of life that opens before us as we ought.

“My love to your dear wife and daughters. Oh! let us cling together, if possible, more than ever, now that our earthly stay is removed. . . . God forgive those who would call in question your Father’s Christianity, because higher, deeper, purer, and more intense than their own!—and may *He* grant all gainsayers the grace to make such a confession of faith in God through Christ, as he uttered again and again in his last bright hours of spiritual consciousness!”

To her SON THEODORE (then in Japan with the Prussian special Embassy).

“*Bonn*, 4 Dec., 1860.—The 28th of October was a day in which it seemed impossible but that the breath must cease with every gasp:—‘entsetzlich langanhaltender Todeskampf’ were the words whispered by Wolff in answer to my anxious look when he made his evening visit. That night was a time of unspeakable brightness of look and clearness of mind, and words of high import, confession of faith, blessing and farewell to each of his beloved ones, were repeated with fulness of power, of intelligence, and voice. These were solemn moments, in which he collected us around him, and repeated his charges and blessings, in varying language, sometimes and mostly German, often English, occasionally French. Meanwhile his constitution made a wonderful effort, and his state seemed no longer to threaten immediate danger. Charles ventured to go to Berlin on the 1st November, and dear Mary and John with their children departed on the 3rd.

On Monday the 5th he desired to partake of the Holy Communion, and Pfarrer Wolters was summoned, with whom he spoke alone beforehand. Then poor Matilda in her bed was wheeled into the library, the servants were collected, and most solemn and heart-strengthening was this last religious celebration. The rest of the week he still often talked of resuming correction of proof-sheets, had all prepared on Saturday the 10th when he summoned Kamphausen; and on Sunday the 11th he did again *work* for an hour—George, Frances, and Kamphausen were with him. That night he was seized with a violent shivering fit. . . . In that night I beheld the last full brilliancy of eye and smile, when he repeated his solemn farewell, believing death to be at hand—‘Love, love—we have loved each other—love cannot cease—love is eternal—the love of God is eternal—live in the love of God and Christ—those who live in the love of God must find each other again, though we know not how—we cannot be parted—we shall find each other again.’

“That night was the last crisis, the next day brought a fearful return of struggle for breath, and from that date all was misery. One of the greatest trials of those who witnessed the sufferings they could not assuage, was his loss of the power of articulation. Yet at times, with a great effort to be heard, he would utter, ‘Das Ewige—das Ewige—erstrebt nur das Ewige.’ Other words of serious import were often uttered. ‘Ich sterbe’—he often said: ‘Ich bin sterbend’—looking full at me: ‘Ich fühle mich so elend.’ Then, after unavailing attempts to swallow, he said, ‘Der Herr Gott sieht dass Speise und Trank mir nicht mehr nöthig sind.’ Another time, when

Frances and George were trying to place him better on his bed, 'Ihr habt viele Mühe, süsse Kinder—Gott lohne es Euch!'

"Tuesday evening, the 27th, the last of his life, we were far from anticipating what was so soon to take place. My sister Lady Llanover* had glided into the room, and sat down in a dark corner, to look at him: he recognised her outline in the dim light, put out his hand and squeezed hers with strength, saying 'Very kind'—and other indistinct syllables. Emilia watched him till 12 o'clock, then George came. George called Ernest before four, and I came also, which had been the habit with me for a long time. I sat near on one side, and Ernest on the other—and neither of us recognised the long-drawn breath till just before the last breath was drawn, when I came close and put my arm under the dear head. Ernest came on the other side and put his arm under the pillow, and we gently raised him. The dear head sank on my shoulder. . . . The eyes had closed in life by his own act. There was no struggle, he simply ceased to breathe.

"Many and many, during the last days, were the times of uttering your name—'Theodor! Theodor!' in tones of affectionate sadness not to be described.

"On Saturday, 1st December, we all sat together in the chamber of death for an hour before *that* was removed on which our eyes were fixed. Emilia read the burial-service of the Church of England, and Ernest the hymn 'Die Seele ruht in Jesu Armen.' And then the hands of sons and

* Sir Benjamin Hall had been raised to the peerage in 1859. Lord and Lady Llanover had been long at Bonn, affording all the help and comfort which lay in their power.

friends carried away, to the sound of the organ played upon by Emilia—the remains of the crown—the joy—the pride—the glory—the guide—lent to us, not given.”

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

. “*Heidelberg*, 8 Dec., 1860.—At this hour on this day last week, all that remained of *him* seemed in one’s possession—still lay so peacefully in his own house—there where he wished to dwell, there where he had planned for years of laborious usefulness. But that was not *he!* and if I could but learn to *feel* as much as I *know*, that the blessed spirit lives in the region most congenial, in the more immediate light of God’s own countenance, cheered by more intense consciousness of that love of God which he ever sought and found, in which he believed with fulness of faith—and that his clear intellect is now expanding in insight into the Divine Will, and drinking in the cup of knowledge which cannot be exhausted—should I be grudging, as I am now, the not having him present to me and this world!—O grief is selfish: and I will try hard to outlive such selfishness.

“Our journey to Heidelberg was peaceful and satisfactory beyond expectation: no delay, and before one o’clock we were with dearest Theodora. Nobody had expected us, and the station was empty of all but officials, who testified recognition by bowing in silence. The children have greeted us with touching proofs of not having been forgotten; and have done us good not to be described by their bright joyousness and unconsciousness of the dark side of life.”

“*Dec.* 11, 1860.—The 11th—therefore a calendar-month

since that last day of something like life. . . . O! these dates—these recollections! If we did not recall what his sufferings were (and yet it kills one to think of them) how should one continue, as one ought, to thank God for his present blessedness. If one was only not so earthly, so clinging to the clod—one should be less rebellious—less unreasonable.

“My own Emilia! I did not think, when I took the paper, that I was going to write these things to you:—but last night Meyer sung a number of old songs, words and melodies, that *he* liked to hear—and I enjoyed hearing them, from habit—and *afterwards* was foolish enough to remember that the ear was deaf to sounds of earth, that used to listen with me. *He* takes in now the heavenly harmonies, after which he aspired!”

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

“*Bonn*, 17 Dec., 1860.—I have returned from Heidelberg, very thankful for having enjoyed eight days long the sight of Theodora and her children, and now thankful to be in the home, after which I had a longing all the time. When either mind or body are sick, no place suits them like home, whatever they find in it of sadness or emptiness: and in Heidelberg the amount of enjoyment was confined within the limits of the house, for that beautiful scene is but a picture of death under the desolation of winter and the ‘*gräuliche Graue des Nordens*.’ My own Mary, it is a mercy that *he* was not reserved to feel this cold, to behold and be oppressed by this gloom! He had a fear of it, and said to me not long ago, ‘*Ach! der Winter ist doch hässlich*.’ I am thankful that we were allowed those two last winters of his life in the brilliant, glorious

south: the sun, the sea, the bright sky did not fail to shed a charm over his days, even though he never had such an intense enjoyment of nature that I have. Here I am writing as though I were reasonable, and trying to recall causes of thankfulness; and yet the truth is that the wound is new and fresh as ever, and the terrible reality of death, total void, total deprivation, comes upon me on returning home as if I had not known and felt the fact before. Could I but describe to you how tenderly I am cared for! I say nothing about it to Frances and George, for fear of a burst of tears, but I feel unspeakably the tenderness of every word and look."

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

"Bonn, 17 Dec., 1860.—After having had a home under your roof for many days, I write again from my own home, for which I would fain be as thankful as its many comforts and advantages deserve, but which as yet does but revive the feeling of desolation by the signs that meet one at every turn, that the light is quenched which once pervaded it. The library, so sacred to our remembrance, is now arranged so as to be quite perfect for our constant habitation.

"My own Theodora, I know *now*, from Matilda herself, that her restoration is *not* to be granted to our wishes and prayers. I have been shrinking from requiring a distinct account, all this long time: it was as if I could not undertake any more pain. She has just said to me, most touchingly, 'But if I could *in time* walk with a stick, like Emilia, you will not mind, will you, Mamma?'—as if she was more concerned for me than herself. God be thanked

in the hour of need, and may God help her, and teach us all what is best for her, and of all things, to submit and not murmur against her privation."

TO MISS C. WILLIAMS WYKE.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1861.—I feel as if you could not want to be told how I value your friendship, and hope for the continuance of intercourse with you while at a distance, and opportunities of meeting from time to time. What remains to me in earth, as worth living for, is the society of those that loved and understood him who has been taken away from me. The fact of privation is so incomprehensible, that it will still ever and again come over my mind as a fearful surprise, that I can be alive and the world seem to be going on as before, when that intense light and life which to me was the centre of action and feeling, is quenched for ever as to things earthly. The frightful visions of the conscious suffering I so lately witnessed, continue to haunt me, and I must not wish them dispelled, as they alone can effectually teach me patience, as to the cutting off of a life so immensely valuable, to many besides myself: as to the leaving unfinished so many undertakings, so many purposes for the good of mankind: to say nothing of the charm, interest, encouragement, support, instruction, edification—continually *enjoyed* by that existence throughout the immediate home-circle, now, alas! so desolate, and in a desolation which nothing can remedy. Among the letters of friends that I have received, two only have with just judgment suggested, that the time *must be short* that I have to live in privation. That is most true, though the four weeks which ended this morning at 5 o'clock, since

the last breath fled, have seemed to me ages—yet, as we were born in the same year, and I the eldest of the two, and thus we had together *all but* 'the threescore and ten years' allotted to man, I might well reckon upon soon following him, did I not feel so full of life, and allowed so wonderful a soundness of health, that I have suffered nothing in body from a course of fatigue and distress during six entire months, which would have killed many people."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY LOUISA.

"Bonn, 2 Jan., 1861.—Hitherto I have considered myself privileged to refuse seeing anybody, except Brandis: and indeed I feel very far from hardened yet for the contact of the world, and overset by speaking to each person: but there is a new cause for emotion in having just heard of the death of the King. With the idea of the King is bound up such a mass of recollections! How long were we all in continual anticipation of the event, and how little did we or anybody think of the snapping-asunder of that thread of life, just now, which seemed as though nothing could wear it out! Thought would fain picture the meeting in blessedness of those who truly loved each other here below. O! *could* one but raise thought and feeling to that region of blessed reality!—there is no comfort but in trying after that, and trying to be unselfish. I do not believe any time likely to be granted to me, could make me get used to the privation of that presence which spread life and warmth around.

"It was very hard to part with the old year, wretched though it had been—for most of its dates belonged to his

life, and the new year is cold and strange, and he has not lived in it.”

To her COUSIN MISS RAM (after her Mother's Death).

“*Bonn, 5 Feb., 1861.*—I have excused myself from writing wherever I was so sure of indulgence as not to fear being suspected of ingratitude—not that I had any difficulty in writing, for it was easier to go on upon the inexhaustible subject of life-long sorrow, than to stop short in utterance:—but such *letting loose* the current of grief and remembrance was the most disabling of occupations: and only silence and absolute quiet could do me good. Be assured, that in that silence and quiet I had many a thought of *you*, and of that blessed spirit which has returned to its proper home, after having been the charm, and the cordial, and the guide of your life!—How well I can feel with you, that tenderly as you loved her in life, your love increases since you have lost her, and can only look back to the rare perfections, the rare completeness, of her character, as belonging to the past, as far as this world is concerned; but forming a glorious vision to your upward view, beckoning you on to that place and time, where *Faith* shall be lost in *sight*.

“Though I have enjoyed but rare opportunities of seeing my dear Aunt, I have always felt that I saw her *well*, and took in an amount of excellence such as mortal frailty rarely presents. In particular I have wondered at her sincere, unaffected humility and low estimate of self!—*She*, the admired of all, the favourite wherever she appeared—the idolized wife, the almost adored mother—mentally gifted and externally attractive—and yet, the

lowly-minded Christian more than anything else. I first remember to have seen her in the summer of 1800, when she came with my Uncle and Aunt Granville to my Father's house after the terrible blow of the death of John Granville. My dear Aunt Fanny was very young then—her sister Louisa, and her cousin Nanny Dewes, were also there that summer. Now all are gone before, and have met, not to part again. The death of Mrs. Stratton * moved me much, but she has been taken in a ripe age, and was spared the *sharpness of death*, as it would seem, in a high degree. She was some years older than your dear Mother! the last survivor of that generation in our family, of which my dearest Mother was the eldest.

“Should circumstances arise to show me the *path of duty* as leading to England, I shall hope to see you, and dear Lady Jane and Mr. Ram, and my young friends now grown up. But as far as feeling goes, my disinclination is great to leaving this home, endeared by the saddest of recollections, because the last.”

On his death-bed, Bunsen had committed a solemn charge to his wife—“Write yourself the history of our common life. You can do it: you have it in your power;—only be not mistrustful of yourself.” Thus in the first winter of her widowhood, Baroness Bunsen began, at Bonn, that work, which was at once the labour and the comfort of the next few years. Those who have read the result will feel that the great

* Anne Dewes (see Chap. II.) married G. F. Stratton, Esq., of Tew Park.

power of Baron Bunsen's Memoirs consists in the entire sympathy between the pen and the subject. The one object of the writer was, as she wrote to Mrs. Lane, "to give the picture of a mind which, from its earliest development, looked to God in Christ, and through Christ, and from the first to the last step of progress, seemed to utter those words of Isaiah, which were placed upon his tomb—'Let us walk in the light of the Eternal.'"

In the task which she undertook, the Baroness Bunsen worked alone. She neither applied for or accepted the help of literary friends. Whatever they would have said or written, could only have been incongruous and crude patchwork. When the work was completed, her son George was asked to give it a final revision: but though he was permitted to strike out, where he saw need, no hand but that of the wife, who alone knew the source of every word and deed, was permitted to add. "As to a real and full statement" of her husband's course of action, the Baroness Bunsen felt it "to be the part of the work of a future historian, who might be authorised to study through the archives at Berlin, at Rome, and in London."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"Bonn, Feb., 1861.—It seems an age since the year began! The *leaden foot* of Time I never felt before in my life as now. Yet is the misery of the past! if one could but learn to dwell on the fact—

'quando mostrai di chiuder, gli occhi aperti!'"

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY ISABEL.

"Bonn, 8 Feb., 1861.—You ask as to the occupation of our day, so I will try after a representation, though I feel as if the spending of our time must be a very impalpable matter, as I seem to myself to be busy all day, and yet to have done mighty little at the end of it. We are all up at half-past six, not earlier, because it does not suit my eyes to employ them by candlelight the first thing: so, being dressed soon after seven, I wrap up and go down into the garden, to see the sun rise, which has so often of late been a clear and glorious sight from the garden pavilion. Then we return to the house, met at the door by poor Matilda, and we sing a hymn accompanied on the organ, read a chapter, and conclude with a short prayer of Luther's and the Lord's Prayer, with the servants. At eight o'clock we breakfast, and after that each settles to writing—Frances to her translation; I to my endeavours after Memoirs of my dearest husband; Matilda to the multifarious occupations of her pen—who shall count them? At ten, Emma comes down with her work, to listen with all of us to the reading aloud of Milman's Latin Christianity, by Matilda; during which we all work. After the reading is over, from 11 to 1 o'clock (when we dine) there is generally independent occupation, writing or reading, or going out to walk. After dinner, a drive is most usual: to-day I was with Emma at Burg Rheindorf once again. I had not been there since the beginning of October, when I drove there with *him*, who is no more here! I remember the day as though it were yesterday: sad it was, and his sky overcast: but he talked kindly to poor H., whom

George was then trying to draw into healthy activity by making him attend to agriculture.

‘The scenes, but not the hopes, of yesterday!’

The scenes, but not the life, of yesterday!

Thus for ever do I feel moved to vary the line of Lord Byron, which reminds one so poignantly how the outward world, pieces of still life, unsympathising nature, will remain the same, while that which gave to all life and interest is gone irretrievably. But to return to the day's occupations. I generally return from the drive greatly tired, I know not why! but I am not equal to much exercise now—I could walk longer in the time of the snow and ice and felt-shoes. So I take a book and lie down on the sofa, and read till sleep seizes me. After a nap, coffee; then I write letters till tea, and then Matilda reads aloud, which sometimes she does before tea. Tea at 7, and soon after 8 Emma and George come down, and we talk, and when there is something in the *Cölner-Zeitung*, Frances reads it. I should not forget to say that dear George's running in for minutes, often and often in the day, is a continual refreshment.

“How deeply did I feel with you the mournful pilgrimage you made to the cemetery! and how did I join in the final reflection, that the lovely treasure of your heart was not *there*, had nothing to do with that spot, where nature's decay obliged you to deposit the poor remains of the outward receptacle, once so teeming with life and loveliness. O! nothing is more true, than that we only approach towards a state of consolation in proportion as we cling to Christ, not as a name, but as a reality. He receives little children, cherishes little children—realises to

them the blessing He pronounced upon those whom He took in His arms when visible on earth:—and your little angel is sharing that blessing.”

To her SON HENRY.

“5 March, 1861.—Most deeply affecting were the multitudes of proofs of affection I received on my birthday from my precious children, with many kind letters from friends, including one from Meyer, who told me that the excellent friend Rhebeniz is gone to his rest and to his proper home, having attained my age, that of 70 years.

“My dearest Henry, Memory was, as you will well believe, only too busy yesterday: and the best resolutions and best efforts could not keep off tears; sad, useless, harmful things! With all that fulness of life has passed away from us!—and with all the details of the last wretched period unceasingly *rolling out* and *beginning over again* before my mind’s eye, there is no help but the dwelling on early years, forty years or more since: wishing as one must, that of the few survivors of that period, more had possessed the gift of remembering and recording.”

To her SON CHARLES.

“Bonn, 9 March, 1861.—The truth, that those we love are ‘taken away from the evil to come,’ has been strongly evinced to me in the case of the deaths of more persons than one: and now, as to your dearest Father, we see already what the intense spirit of bigotry is, from the effects of which I had long anticipated his suffering more than he had calculated upon, when he printed and published his opinions and arguments with such exemplary

openness and moral courage: and though the herd that now kick against his grave, would have used more courtesy to his living presence, still the consciousness of their irreconcilable enmity would have bitterly pained that affectionate heart of his, if he had lived long enough to experience more of its reality and intensesness than was known to him. My obligation to, and value for, M. de Preesensé, is ever more enhanced by experiencing what others are. But he who has pained me most is Maurice. What has he written?—a justification of those who dislike your Father's works—a comment upon the Bible-work, showing that he has *not read it*, and is not aware of what it is: a self-defence against any remote suspicion that he, Mr. Maurice, might belong to the partizans of Bunsen: and as to Bunsen himself, a minimum of words, a minimum of feeling."

To her SON HENRY.

"*Good Friday, 29 March, 1861.*—This is the first of your birthdays that cannot receive the freshly-uttered blessing of your Father! Alas! it is hard to learn the lesson of living without that fresh utterance, although the blessing of such a Father has not ended with his life. And besides that, his spirit still lives and acts upon us in his writings, in his well-remembered words.

"I have been reading (every morning early a little bit) the first volume of 'Christianity and Mankind:' and again have wondered at the power and lucidity with which the picture is drawn, and the conviction which it carries with it—to my feelings. I feel impatient for its becoming useful to his German contemporaries and still more to his juniors. And how indescribably useful might it be at this time, when

numerous bands of German Catholics are believed to be on the eve of a degree of resistance to the higher clergy—who with the Papal power at their head, in all countries tyrannise the working clergy. I am assured, that the resistance to Concordats, in Baden, in Austria, in Darmstadt, is quietly carried on by Catholics—the Protestants being everywhere too feeble a body, from their own divisions, and the absence of steadiness and perseverance, to carry any such measure through. What a legacy is left to us, and all Christian souls, in the devotions for Passion Week, and in particular for this blessed day! This time is the very first, since they were compiled by *him*, that I and those at home have been compelled to use them without him! without his actual participation. Yet on no occasion could one better bear the recollection of bereavement:—the whole service bids one long and strive after that consummation which *he* has attained—

‘Hat er doch, wonach wir uns erst sehnen,’

and one is raised above clouds and tears, into the deep serene.

“My dear Henry, often this week have I exchanged in thought with you the touching greeting and response—‘The Lord be with you’—‘And with thy spirit.’”

“*Bonn, Trinity Sunday, 25 May, 1861.*—My dear Henry, how it has affected me to find *you* grasping after that past, which is gone for ever, just as I do! O, I cannot yet get weaned from craving remembrance! I cannot learn to dwell upon the fact of actual blessedness—of the calm and quiet place, unseen, unknown, but real—where the light of God’s countenance ever shineth—where ‘anguish and dread

and fear and sorrow and pain' cannot enter. The words are ready enough—the mind's assent undoubting—but 'Troeknet nicht,—troeknet nicht,—Thränen der ewigen Liebe'—is the groan of the heart. You will say that I have an ill-disposed memory, for a verse of Lamartine's, which I have known for these twenty years, will haunt me in spite of protest—

'—et on me lascia seul—à souffrir en silence
L'heure sans fin de l'éternelle absence.'

You need not tell me that the line is impious—because faith in the moral qualities of God tells us that love will find love again in its own individuality: not that Scripture promises it, but it is in the nature and reason of things. But that line expresses a fact—the being *moored to a point—fixed at a fact, a moment*—that of the death which changed the whole frame of existence; and the being amazed at the flight of time, the change of seasons and circumstances."

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

"29 May, 1861.—I wish you could see the statue of Hippolytus,* which is placed in the Garten-Saal, to my hourly gratification. It is grand, beautiful, and majestic, beyond what my memory had retained of the original. I wish the King could know how I enjoy his gift.

"My precious Theodora, how I love you! and how the visions of you and yours ever float before my mind!"

* A cast from the statue at the Lateran, the gift of the King of Prussia—which arrived at Bonn too late to gladden the eyes of him to whom it was sent. It was afterwards given by the Baroness Bunsen to the Museum at Bonn.

To her SON CHARLES (at Turin),

“14 June, 1861.—Much have I thought of you, and grieved with you and with numbers, over the greatest loss that could have befallen a great and good cause.* May the Italians collectively and individually feel that they are called upon to issue forth from tutelage, and be that to themselves which Cavour has been to them—in firm array against enemies, and on their guard against false friends. I must hope that Italian independence has not been brought through so many dangers, to sink into nothing because of the loss of one great man—even though so great a one.”

In June the Baroness Bunsen paid a visit to her children Ernest and Elizabeth, who were then staying at Kreuznach, with great enjoyment “of their extreme kindness and the luxury of country air.” At this time her chief interest was in the different articles which had appeared in memory of Bunsen, those which satisfied her most being from the hand of Pressensé and from that of her ever son-like friend Heinrich Abeken, the latter especially being “so comprehensive, of such intensity of meaning, of warmth of feeling without sentimentalising, of fulness without diffusion.”

In August the mother's heart was gladdened by being able to receive her daughter Theodora and her children on a lengthened visit, in which the close tie

* Count Cavour died June 6, 1861.

that had always existed between them, was yet more closely drawn by abounding sympathy in every feeling. Especially did the Baroness Bunsen appreciate the interest of this beloved daughter in all she read—an interest, which, since the loss of Bunsen, she had especially felt the want of.

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

“*Bonn, 5 August, 1861.*—To write to you on the anniversary of your wedding seems very natural! but all such congratulation is mixed with sadness now, that he does not join, who ever felt so strongly and thankfully the blessings attending your being brought into our family, and our being brought into closer connexion with yours. My heart thanks you, and thanks God, dear Elizabeth, for all that you have been to all of us these 15 years. You lamented lately the non-occupation of your rooms, and therefore will the more like to hear that Theodora is coming to me at once, to stay till her new abode at Carlsruhe* is ready. Few things, if any, could give me more pleasure! the more retired my life is and will be from the common world, the more I want to be fully surrounded by those nearest and dearest.

“Queen Victoria sent me a very kind message through Count Goltz, that she was sorry not to have had time to come and see me, that she was ‘voll Erinnerung’—and she gave Goltz a charge *twice*, to be sure to give me the message.”

* Baron Sternberg had just been appointed to the post he still holds of Private Secretary to the Grand Duke of Baden.

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Bonn*, 1 Oct., 1861.—My own son George, perhaps you are thinking, in your kindness, that your presence here would help me through the peculiar shadow of death that from an early date in October, extends over this and the following month. Let me entreat you not to dwell on any such idea, for I believe it would be best for both of us not to mark to each other the consciousness of each miserable anniversary, such as are now coming upon us so thickly. These are of the number of those moments of anguish, which one bears all the better for being compelled to silence: I know well that it does no good, or the very questionable good of a burst of emotion, to give voice to remembrance at such times. And to you least of all ought I to speak of *this* day or *the other* day twelvemonth, believing as I do that no one perhaps as much as yourself felt up to my own pitch, as to the intensity of the woe we *had* and *have* to bear, or the immensity of the loss we have been and are called upon to endure."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"*Bonn*, 5 Oct., 1861.—We actually made the effort the last day of September, to go up the Drachenfels, and the expedition answered most delightfully. Rosa and Dora were put together on a donkey, Theodora on another, and Frances on a third, and all enjoyed the ride. I walked up by Matilda's wheel-chair, which was pushed by Jacob, with help of a man on the spot. We dined at the top, and came down and back to Bonn by steamer as we had gone."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY LOUISA.

“ *Bonn*, 27 Oct., 1861.—On the 21st my Theodora left us, to go and arrange her future home at Carlsruhe! it has been a happy time, and a long time, that she has passed with us, ever since the middle of August—but the length of the visit only is perceived on reflection, whereas the loss of her ever-delightful company is matter of constant feeling. The dear children are still with us and will only be sent after her, when she has got the house really ready.”

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

“ 8 Nov., 1861.—I must write a word to accompany your precious children—please God they may be restored to you in safety!

“ My own Theodora, I shall not trust myself to say any of the many things I feel about this parting, solemn as partings always are, after one has been long together, and when one does not know, cannot even give a guess, when and how we are to meet again! My hopes and prayers for each and all, I keep to myself in silence.” *

To her SON HENRY.

“ *Bonn*, 26 Nov., 1861.—I wish to be the first to tell you that I am coming to England, please God!—The sea-coast in the winter is to me an ideal enjoyment, by which I mean, *completely* the thing I like: and I am not afraid but that we shall have a quiet and yet cheerful time at Hastings and St. Leonard's. Further progress must be a matter of consideration in the spring. When I consider

* Madame de Bunsen never saw this beloved daughter again.

all things, the result is that a *home*, a *chez-moi*, is the only place in which I can make a stay: in other places I can only remain for a short time—for I have not spirit or inclination for encountering many people or novelties in life—the question ever recurs, why?—of *what use* is it? My work and business seems to me reduced to this, to make my two remaining children, Frances and Matilda,* a home, and as happy a one as may be. . . . Further, my work is (and I pray daily to be helped to fulfil it), to put together all the materials that may be found, for a humble monument to show the world in some degree what it once possessed in such a man, as I was privileged to know better than any one else:—and it is very painful to me, that spite of steadfast desire, I yet proceed so slowly in this labour of love—which labour more especially demands the undisturbed quiet and independence of a home.

“This day is, as the *week* day, the anniversary of that on which *he* entered into rest. How I pray for a clearer perception of what it means, to be with Christ, as He has promised! to expand in the light of God’s countenance—where the soul which craved knowledge, shall be satisfied, even in the knowledge of God!—its longings relieved in fulness of good, no craving void remaining.”

* Emilia de Bunsen was at that time living with the Princess of Wied.

CHAPTER VI.

CARLSRUHE.

“Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

“Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.”

BONAR.

AFTER nine years' absence from England, the Baroness Bunsen arrived at St. Leonards, with her daughters Frances and Matilda, on that mournful day which far and long will be looked back upon as one of sadness—which saw the death of Prince Albert. She rejoiced in escaping the severities of the German winter, and in returning to the country of her youth, which contained the homes of three of her children, and she found great satisfaction in the leisure which the quiet life at St. Leonards afforded for her work of extracting from Bunsen's letters, and connecting them with such particulars as she could give, and she alone.

So happy, so peaceful, were the months at St. Leonards, that many of Madame de Bunsen's English friends were beginning to entertain the hope that she would ultimately make it her home, when a sorrow as unexpected as it was terrible—the most heart-rending she could still receive, recalled her to Germany, and eventually seemed to indicate a path of duty and labour, upon which she entered with unshrinking courage, and which truly brought with it its own reward, in the atmosphere of young, grateful and loving influences by which her old age was surrounded.

On the 9th March, 1862, Theodora, Baroness von Ungern Sternberg, gave birth at Karlsruhe to her youngest daughter: on the 26th she was taken away from her devoted husband and the care and love of her five children. Her sister Emilia, who was in Germany, was summoned, but too late to find her alive: her sister Frances set out from St. Leonards on receiving the intelligence of her danger, but was met at Bonn by the news of her death. The Baroness Bunsen only lingered to visit her daughter Mary Harford, who was recovering from an illness—"the only thing she yearned to do, was to look after the sweet children of Theodora, and to enable Frances and Emilia to settle them into their new plan of life."

At first the Baroness Bunsen merely contemplated a temporary residence near her son-in-law at Karlsruhe, but the care of his motherless children became soon the engrossing solicitude of her life, and of the lives of her

two eldest daughters. "Neither Frances nor I," she wrote to her son George, "could live elsewhere than at Carlsruhe, under the consciousness that the precious orphans were left without maternal love and superintendence: and to be able to give them *that* is a comfort counterbalancing every discomfort."

The departure from, and the ultimate sale of her house at Bonn, cost little sorrow to the Baroness Bunsen. That house had seen no happy days as her other homes had: all its associations were those of darkness and anguish. Bonn itself had proved without attractions to her, and would probably have been full of disappointment to Bunsen had he lived. "Even were I set free from duty here," she wrote after some time from Carlsruhe, "my inclination would not lead towards Bonn. My ideal of life, in fancy for the future, would be the winter on the English coast, and the summer in some part of the Schwarzwald. I honestly tried to make the best of Bonn while I staid, but the place contains no *Lebenslust* for me, either in the moral or physical atmosphere."

Thus, after a time, a sale took place of most of the pictures and other treasures remaining at Bonn—not included in the "collections" of which Bunsen had desired that they should "not be scattered," and which were removed to the residence of George de Bunsen at Berlin, being the only one of his sons then living in Germany.

With the small remainder of her diminished pos-

sessions, the Baroness Bunsen settled with her daughters in the same house in which her son-in-law Baron von Ungern-Sternberg lived, and undertook the care of his five children—Rosa, Dora, Marie, Reinhold, and Aga. Many of her friends expressed their sympathy that her life, hitherto so full of outward interests, should be immersed in that of a German town, which could offer little or nothing of intellectual companionship. But though, in after years, Madame de Bunsen enjoyed short visits to Berlin, Munich, and even to Florence—"glimpses of a world of intelligence, though a continuous wilderness of boughs," yet she always returned with satisfaction to her home life in the quiet two-storied house of the Waldhorn-Strasse at Karlsruhe, rejoicing in the simple pleasures which she found through each changing season, in the gardens and woods of the neighbouring palace, and meeting with grateful affection the touching and unfailing kindness which she received from the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden. The appointment of Mr. Baillie as English Chargé d'Affairs at Karlsruhe was a great pleasure, and his society and that of Lady Frances Baillie an unfailing resource. Each summer too brought with it a succession of visits from those of her children who had no share in her home; and many old friends from England, Germany, and Italy, lingered to see her on their way to Switzerland, or came on purpose to visit her. A more constant companion was Miss Price, with whom Frances and Matilda de Bunsen had formed

a close intimacy at St. Leonards, and who, having at that time no especial tie to England, followed her friends to Karlsruhe and to their summer residences in Switzerland or the Black Forest, and was always helpful and sympathising, a favourite with old and young. "Never think of my being dull at Karlsruhe," wrote Madame de Bunsen, "it is a word obnoxious to me, and I can annex no meaning to it. When with those one loves, one may be sorrowful, anxious, low—what not? but to be *dull* is only possible when one is forcibly prevented from active exercise of mind and faculties when *des ennuyeux vous ennuient*. In a natural and wholesome condition, one cannot be 'dull.'"

BARONESS BUNSEN to her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW EMMA.

"St. Leonards, 20 Dec., 1861.—I wish you could see how we all enjoy ourselves here—Matilda walking out, like other people, or more than most: exulting and expanding in her independence. . . . For myself, I am as in a dream, and 'my heart loupes sae light, I scarce ken't for my ain.' Finding dear Mrs. Rich and Lady Inglis here, has been a most true gratification: and many an old acquaintance starts up, who though recalling those that lived in former scenes and now live no longer, yet bid me remember to be thankful that so many kind hearts preserve their goodwill towards me, and hallow the memory most dear to me. Dear Mrs. Augustus Hare and her adopted son live three miles off, and lend us whatever they have."

To her DAUGHTER THEODORA.

"108, Marina, St. Leonards, Christmas Eve, 1861.—My

darling Theodora, if thoughts had but wings and voices, how much would you have heard from me already!—Your feelings will have met mine, when they found that the day on which I was rejoicing on the safe accomplishment of my journey, was that on which Prince Albert breathed his last!—and before a week had elapsed, was Count Pourtales called away! Such a group of friends and contemporaries have departed this life, just before, or shortly after your dearest Father, that one almost wonders at finding still so many left. When will Christmas be without gloom again?”

“108, *Marina, St. Leonards*, 29 Dec., 1861.—These lines will reach my own dear Theodora on her birthday, and further certify what she will not doubt, that tender thoughts and affectionate wishes will from hence be fluttering towards her, unseen!

“I am glad you can fancy our whereabouts, for it is always the same *St. Leonards* that you remember, but much spread. We have driven to see Mrs. Augustus Hare and Augustus: I had a very home-feeling in seeing the little *Sussex-hills*, the whole country like *waves*, as you remember, with deep narrow dells—and the hedge-rows promise me the sight of primroses in the spring. But the great treat of all is the sight of evergreens and flowering *laurustinus*. Mrs. Hare’s garden is very pretty—abundance of holly, arbutus, acuba, ilex, besides *Nadelholts*: and the ground is so made the most of, that in a small space there seems to be everything, and yet nice open lawns. The house is filled with the furniture from *Lime*, and you may suppose I recognised as old acquaintance pictures which used to hang there. The Archdeacon has left Mrs. Hare

the marble head of the Saviour by Kessels, and the bust of your dearest Father stands in her dining-room."

To her SON HENRY.

"*St. Leonards*, 1 Jan., 1862.—The outward stillness of this weighty passage from one year to another, is great—the waves are scarcely heard on the smooth shore. . . . Our life is most calm and undisturbed, Frances and Matilda have found out some sick and poor to visit: many people, full of old recollections, have called upon me, and I enjoy the sea air and the wonderful amount of sunshine, and am steadily at work."

To her SON GEORGE.

"25 Jan., 1862.—Last week was marked by the great interest of seeing Miss Marsh, and a most striking person she is. I should say great *powers* and great *benevolence* are the qualities that most speak out of the entire person. A voice of great capability, and the most perfect modulation and enunciation, make one feel that she might address hundreds, and not a syllable would be lost, and the demeanour demonstrates that she *would* address hundreds, without the slightest of those 'compunctious visitings of nature' to which other women would be liable. On enquiring as to her occupations in her new home (no longer Beckenham) she told me that, instead of *navvies*, she had now most to do with mill-workmen—from paper mills and others, four in number, employing many hands. She had by degrees got them to hear her read the Bible, explain and urge upon them its meaning, during some months; then, when the Derby-day approached, she took courage to endeavour to

keep them away from that scene of vice and temptation, worse in its consequences by far to the lower ranks than the higher, and never did anything seem so hard to her, that holiday being looked to so eagerly. She told them she would not dilate on the evil encountered in that day of jollity, *they* must know *that* better than she did, &c.—she could only invite them herself, and would contrive all she could to make the time pass agreeably. She described the effect of the *blank* looks as most depressing—but the end was, that from one mill employing above 100, all came but two, and from another rather more numerous collection, all came but four. She had leave to make use of the fine park of a neighbour, and contrived a cricket-match, and of course a suitable supper, and succeeded so well in making them happy and satisfied, that many declared ‘this to be much better than the Derby, and that they would go thither no more.’ Sometime after, a Deputation came to express the hope that Miss Marsh would *return the visit*, and honour the party at the mill, where the master allowed the men to make use of the large working-hall. She accepted, and on her arrival, found the usually comfortless-looking place *transfigured* by means of green branches, which covered walls and ceiling, in which the men had tied up oranges and lemons, and over the seat which she was requested to take, the words ‘Welcome Guest’ in large letters. She was requested to accept a small writing-desk which the men had clubbed to purchase.

“An anecdote (in proof of what she always asserts, that stinginess is not in the working-class, one must go higher to find it!) she told of an old man and his wife, very poor people. I know not how long or in what way she had

benefited them, but they felt deeply indebted, and one day the old woman brought a fat goose with urgent entreaty that the only thing she could give might be accepted. There was no help, the old woman declared that she could not bring back to her husband either the goose, or any sort of payment—he would be so angry. So Miss Marsh took the goose, and hazarded some time after, to offer a present, of clothes or whatever it might be: which had the effect of bringing, after a space of months, another fat goose upon her! Wherefore Miss Marsh has been brought to the necessity of causing anonymous gifts to be left at the old couple's door,—a sack of coals, and a sack of flour. The native highmindedness of this race of men—against which the greatest part of Europe entertains such bitter hatred—is a favourite contemplation of mine; and although I do not expect to see my feeling *shared*, I have great satisfaction in observing the clever French to be busied in trying to make out the causes why the English are what they are.”

To MRS. BERRINGTON (sister of Lord Llanover).

“6 *March*, 1862.—I have been deeply affected by the spectacle of accumulated affliction in the house of the Princess of Wied, which my precious Emilia has been sharing and soothing—the lovely boy of ten years old, gifted as parents could wish, struggling with unheard of strength of mind and body against a life-long martyrdom, and at last mercifully released—clear in mind, longing for heaven, remembering all who had been kind to him on earth, never complaining, accepting all, as a mature Christian. His noble Mother is supported wonderfully, and the

Father is mercifully preserved—though his life hangs on a thread, so that I trust the Princess will not be deprived of her earthly protector.”

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA,

“*St. Leonards, 7 March, 1862.*—Now let me tell my Emilia, that her old mother’s birthday was calm and bright outwardly, and so greeted with affection, as to make it a happy, though a solemn day. Sorrow is now *there*, for life—but time takes out the freshness of the smart, and one learns to live with remembrance, sad and soothing. The sensation is very different to that which attended the day last year! that was the first, not greeted by *him* whose greeting was so fervid—the anniversary never became an old story with him.

“On the 4th we had a beautiful drive, the sun delicious and the air quite calm. We went to dear Mrs. Augustus Hare, and enjoyed her garden of evergreens and flowers of spring, though grieving with her over anticipated trial, the death of Mrs. Stanley, which took place early on the day after. Then Augustus showed us a wood full of nests of primroses, and we drove through the delightful Crowhurst Park, to its old church, in a spot so charming, that for the first time these many months, my fingers began to fidget to draw once again. A more perfect day I never had on this anniversary: it is like that of the first year at Cannes, when we drove to Napoule—that was the last of the joyous birthdays of my married life.”

“15 *March.*—I have a letter from Amélie v. Ungern Sternberg, with accounts of darling Theodora, which are all favourable.”

To her SISTER, LADY LLANOVER.

"*St. Leonards, Thursday, 27 March, 1862.*—Yesterday a telegram announced 'Theodora worse—in danger—not without hope—begs Frances to come.'

"Frances set out to Dover at 6, accompanied by Frau Köhler, would cross over last night, and may reach Carlsruhe by noon to-morrow. O! I dare not hope she will find Theodora alive. I can hear, perhaps on Sunday:—I wait that first account, and get ready to set out. Ernest will come, I am sure, to help me and Matilda to wind up and omit nothing here, and then I hasten home.

"In no case could I do otherwise. I must be near the precious being if her life is granted; and still more if she is taken away, that I and Frances may take care of the darling children.

"Last night came a second telegram—'Theodora no letter, little hope.'

"My dear Augusta, no loss *yet possible* could be harder to me than this! O! that child from infancy, through every portion of her life, has been such a blessing, such a source of satisfaction!

"I feel struck down!"

To her DAUGHTER FRANCES (after another telegram).

"*30 March, 1862.*—O! my Frances! how shall I write? it is as if words would not come to utter any part of what I feel. This overshadowing will be for our lives—worst for those who have longest to live. . . O! that you may make out for me a history of those last days—lift up that veil, and let me dwell upon her image while she yet breathed. Her face, her figure are always before my

mind's eye. O! shall one ever get used to the thought that we have her no longer!—They have met! they have met!”

To her SON GEORGE.

“*Stoke, 5 April, 1862.*—Truly do I thank you for your letter received yesterday! The crude realities of the prospect before me had been made evident before, but many things you have said soften down their asperities, and make them look *manageable*: in short, go on towards the realising of what my first feeling presented, when first I was informed that August earnestly desired my coming—that if once enabled to give myself and all I can do and be, for my Theodora's orphans, all common-place difficulties would be got over. God would help, as ever.

“My own George! how have I not reckoned upon living in your daily society! Yet does it seem as if my home for life's remainder were to be elsewhere than where you abide. I must accept whatever is made clear to me as the right path, but it is very soothing to know that my dearest George wished for our reunion as much as myself.”

To her SON HENRY.

“*Carlsruhe, 19 April, 1862.*—I feel to-day as if to write to you were possible, and yet when the pen is in my hand, utterance seems choked. There is little to tell, but worlds to feel; and all the abundance of feeling tends but to one result—‘it is the Lord, and He has done as seemed him good:’ and the more we look at attendant circumstances, the more we shall see that *mercy*, even to me the sufferer, and mercy alone, was in this dispensation.

“Our treasure was ‘waning to the tomb’ during the whole of the last twelvemonth, in which twelvemonth a kind Providence allowed me so large a share of her dear presence, as it were that I might satisfy myself that she had not strength for her heavy task in life, of first bringing into the world, then tending and training so large a family of children. She was to meet her death alone with her God, having peace and joy in Him, untroubled certainty of salvation through her Saviour. The belief that *God would care for them* prevented the utterance of her habitual anxiety about her children. . . My dearest Henry, here I must remain—these children must be looked after, especially the little infant of sorrow. The three days’ glimpse of *home*, and of George and Emma, made me feel that I sacrifice much : but now that I am here, I am only thankful at any price to be of use to my Theodora’s darlings.”

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW EMMA (at Bonn).

“21 April, 1862.—I wish I could adequately acknowledge all the proofs of affectionate sympathy you have given me, but indeed they are all deeply felt :—and it is truly one of the things hardest to bear in the new and awful dispensation, that I and mine should thus be parted from you and George and your dear children, just when it seemed as if we might look to living with you more than ever intimately. But I have the comfort of knowing that you both look at things as I do, and feel with me, that none of the *undesirable* circumstances of present condition and plans can be considered as a sacrifice, when weighed against the deep satisfaction of being of use to my angel Theodora’s orphans!

“ Dear Emma, *what* it is to live among the memorials of her, so unutterably prized, so suddenly taken away, so *unersetzlich*—you will understand. Not a piece of still life, but what was never seen before without her! not a piece of furniture, but what *she* placed, as it were yesterday! Common life *will* roll on, as if all had not changed since that yesterday!—and *she* appears not, and her sweet voice is heard no more—and worse than all records, her lovely children go about motherless, with fresh impressions of their mother’s life and love, uttering her name from time to time—repeating words and songs learnt from her.”

To MISS C. WILLIAMS WYNN.

“ *Carlsruhe*, 10 *May*, 1862.—I feel sure you will like to hear from myself, that the total change and most unlooked for turn in my way of life answers to me, and is satisfactory, in a degree and to an extent uncalculated upon, inasmuch as the dwelling-place upon which the new storm in life has thrown me, is without comparison more to my taste than that which seemed unavoidably my home. I have actual and not merely comparative pleasure in being at *Carlsruhe*, on account of fresh air and cleanliness, in contradistinction to the abominations of Bonn, and more particularly from being near enough to the Palace Gardens for the constant enjoyment of high trees and quiet walks and sitting out in sun or shade: and as by favour we have the key of a reserved and private portion of them, we have it in our power always to avoid a crowd. I cannot fancy in any place having more pleasure in the incomparably fine season, than I have had here: and as yet there has been no such heat as to inconvenience us.

“ When the crushing intelligence came, that the peculiar delight of my heart, my Theodora, was taken away, I had but one wish, to make out *how* I could be near her children—do *for her*, some part of the work of love from which she had been cut off: and when once I knew that my poor son-in-law would be glad to have my help, to *be* here, and to *stay* here, became the only thing I could desire: and circumstances have favoured my making a possible provisional arrangement. I could not give up my daughters even for my orphan grandchildren! and we are all three lodged in my son-in-law’s house, until another apartment, under the same roof, which I have engaged to take, can be prepared for us. You will well understand, that *without* Frances I could do little or nothing. In the prime of life, I *have* scrambled through the incessant worry of thinking and doing, required for the care of a whole set of young children; but at my present age, uncommon as my health and strength are, such an attempt would be a failure. But Frances shows herself, as she ever has done, equal to the contingency—and though ever busy from morning till night, having no leisure, and hardly any remission from quick-succeeding cares, I have the comfort of knowing that for love of Theodora she does all gladly. The thing that goes hard with me, is the loss of our near neighbourhood to my dear George!—but in that respect it is a relief to me to have to rejoice in his election as a member of the Lower Chamber, which is very gratifying to himself, and will of course cause an absence from home of some duration. . . . The five dear children are quite well, God be thanked!—and the comfort of feeling *able to prevent* their wanting anything, either love or care, is the *one* comfort to enable

us to bear the habitual consciousness of the void never to be filled."

To her SON GEORGE.

"13 May, 1862.—I have been continually thinking of you, not only in reference to your election, but in reading the article of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for the month of March last, which I do earnestly hope you may read. It seems the Belgians have had a commission appointed to examine and report upon the English method of local administration—the County, the Borough, the Parish—and upon the report of this commission the article is a comment. I know not who Dupont-White is, but his work I think infinitely interesting: he displays a remarkable subject, as matter of contemplation and instruction, clearly admitting it incapable of imitation: and why?—because in England the aristocracy *stands well* with the nation—is trusted, is not only strong in rank and position, but in *opinion*, as having deserved well, as having had a hand, considerably, in building up the edifice of national power and well-being, and marking as facts, that the French aristocracy has fallen irrevocably—has no place, and can never acquire one. Now I want Germans to read what is here said, and reflect upon it. Perhaps, though France can never attain to anything better than 'l'Egalité'—all other countries may not have entirely lost the golden occasion of constituting a *nation* in its completeness."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY LOUISA.

"22 May, 1862.—My dear Theodore arrived yesterday. . . . Singular was the moment of his entrance—marking

the mixture in things of this life. Reinhold was on Frances's lap before the pianoforte, she holding his fingers to make them play a merry tune—to which the three sisters were dancing round the room in highest glee and noise, Sternberg and I looking on—when *two* doors opened together, and Eva at one, Jacob at the other, called out, 'Herr Theodor!' He came back after two years' absence, to find two of the dearest lives cut off—and it was mirth and not gloom that he burst in upon! But on such young life as we have before us, affliction cannot rest: and for the more ripened lives it is good to be brought forcibly into the atmosphere of children."

To her SON GEORGE.

"29 May, 1862.—What a world of things I could wish to utter! In the first place, I wish to tell you *thoroughly* what the satisfaction is to me, of being enabled to follow you through all the inexpressibly exciting scenes, that you have so wonderfully given account of. If I could but tell you what it is to me to have *data*, and such data, for thoughts to work upon, instead of striving with feeble and insecure fancy to follow you into regions unknown. Might but some influence work to bring in a degree the *attraction of cohesion* into your assembly! Will people never learn the wisdom of Charles Fox's maxim, that the sense of a *party* is to give up *something* to your friends, in order not to be obliged to *yield much* to your adversaries. What should such mere fractions effect alone? '*Fear*, and a *snare*, are in their ways—and the way of peace they have not known.' I am provoked with Professor D. for having so far imbibed the court atmosphere as to talk of hating

Democracy. That is so cheap and easy *now* that the actual thing has sunk into such discredit in the world, that the very Americans must soon give it up as a bad job, and follow the first despot that can manage them. It is so unworthy of men of principle to call names and join in a cry, wilfully confounding what they know to be distinct.

“Your purpose of waiting and not being in a hurry to speak, I entirely approved: but never doubted that it would in time give way to a suitable opportunity; and nobody that *can* speak a word in season should refrain from doing so—for if the quantity of *latent* earnestness, no doubt existing in minds, could be condensed, steeled, into clear purpose, it *might be* brought to bear upon the powers of evil.

“How I wish people would study those parts of history that might do them good! The newly-found documents, made use of by Forster in the ‘History of the Great Remonstrance in 1642,’ place in clearer light than before the grand characters and consistent conduct of Pym and Hampden,—to whose names we ought to add Cromwell, who is devoutly believed to have worked sincerely for the establishment of *free* government, and only to have been under the compulsion of consequences his own acts had helped forward, when he quashed the deliberative Assembly which he had endeavoured in vain to manage. My own George, all this is nothing to the purpose, but I love to talk on when I have a hearing, knowing that you care for these things as I do.”

To her SON THEODORE.

“29 June, 1862.—I have procured the two Tauchnitz volumes, answering to the additional portion just come out

of Carlyle's 'Life of Frederick II.'—and am reading the beginning of his actual reign with accustomed interest, although Carlyle taxes one's patience to still greater amount than ever, by wilful chattering with the pen, at unmeasured length—as though time stands still while he spreads out his grains of sand innumerable—each severally insignificant, but which, on his system, are to present the truth and reality of events and characters at last."

To her SON GEORGE.

"9 July, 1862.—I am reading Carlyle's 'Frederick II.' O for the spirit of the great man, who knew what he had to do, and did it! The days of great men are gone by, and one might be satisfied to see their several offices *put in commission*, if the nations would also *perceive* what they have to do, and *do it* with the force of unity. I have long been sure that the great difference between nations consists in having, or not having, the instinct of knowing *who the enemy is*: every nation, as every individual, may have various foes, as well as various besetting sins, but should beware of a mistake as to which is the really dangerous one. A new sign, to my mind, of the German want of consciousness on this point, I found in a newspaper account of one of the festivals of the Sing-Vereine, which rouse such a vast amount of enthusiasm. After all possible singing and toasting, two *tableaux* were given—'Deutschland wie es war, und es ist.' The first showed the Court of the Hohenstaufen, Frederic II. receiving an oriental embassy—all jewels, gold, and knightly splendour:—in the second, a party sit smoking, drinking, and singing, while foreigners pass and repass, buying up corn,

and wine, and arms, and ammunition from the 'gutnützig Geniessenden.' This is just a picture of common opinion! Those foreigners steal not, but *pay* with their weight in cash, for the goods they receive—but they are reckoned *enemies*, by those who will not see that the real enemy is within their doors! 'On a tué les lièvres, et ce n'étaient pas les lièvres qui causaient le mal!—je ne dis pas que l'on aurait dû tuer plutôt les seigneurs!' The English of 1642 saw very clearly this enemy, under the guise of a time-honoured official capacity; and knew very well that all the hatred of the Spaniards, French, and Dutch, could do no harm compared to the home-foe, which hampered their freedom of action.

"How I have been interested with Eckhart's discourse upon Fichte! and how old times were recalled to mind, when your dear Father used to tell me about Fichte. The Fichtefeier is one of the things that would have pleased him! Not many are now the occurrences of which one could say that."

To her SON CHARLES.

"19 July, 1862.—How I delight in your enjoyment of Felix Mendelssohn's letters! I read them just about a year ago, with my darling Theodora. Abeken had brought the book and lent it. Theodora expressed with unchecked animation her delight in the letters, forgetting that Abeken is always ready to give away whatever one happens to like! and accordingly he begged her to keep the book, and directly wrote her name in it:—and there it is, in her room, on her shelf—well read—leaves curled—and she is gone!

“My dear Charles, the continued association with her, of every piece of furniture—every ornament (but most of all with the books I gave her—her Father gave her—with the feeling that nobody had such an intense value for a book as she had)—I know not how one should bear the sense of privation ever renewed—but for the comfort of knowing that one is doing *her* work, as far as one can—one is carrying on her unfinished task—one is caring for her beloved—one is cherishing those portions of herself, of her life, of her love, of her intelligence, which remain in the five precious little ones—God be thanked that this consolation is possible.

“And indeed the children are an *Augenweide* to me.”

To MRS. BERRINGTON.

“18, *Waldhorn Strasse, Carlsruhe*, 18 July, 1862.—In leaving my very good house at Bonn for a provisional arrangement here, I have nothing to regret in the change of place, as *this* furnishes infinitely more what is consonant to my inclinations. The Palace Gardens are my daily pleasure, and the having access to a real, original forest, is an indulgence little anticipated. The trees, with the gravel walks and seats, the sunshine and shade, are as much *mine* to enjoy as if I were the possessor: it is like having in Italy the villas all open to one!—and as in Italy, the common public is rarely attracted thither, except when a band plays, which is exceptional. It is an odd change, to go about in the total stillness of a place, where I know scarcely a human being, and see not an English traveller. I am regarded as excused from making visits, and therefore from receiving them, by the deep and double mourning:

but I have been received with all kindness by the Grand Duchess, who is most agreeable, and full of lively interest in all good things."

To Miss C. WILLIAMS WYNN.

"*Herrenalb, Württemberg, 30 August, 1862.*—Our departure from Karlsruhe was long delayed by scarlet fever. . . . How we enjoy being here all together at last, in this delicious atmosphere—mountain breezes, and exhalations of fir-woods—you will guess: and I hope the weather may allow us to remain till the end of September. This valley is beautiful—more open and more varied than Wildbad, but in the same style. How I love a forest! and to be near one is a pleasure reserved for my old age, which I value proportionally. I just had a taste of *real woods* near Berne, but these are finer.

"I consider a winter at Bonn infinitely preferable to a summer at Bonn! The winter is *honest*, and causes no disappointment: one knows that the spectacle of death, desolation, and ugliness, surrounds one:—whereas in the fine season one cannot help looking and longing for the beauty and charm which is not *there*, not *on the spot*, but must be sought at the cost of an excursion, if to be had at all."

To her SON CHARLES.

"*Herrenalb, 23 Sept., 1862.*—Next month we shall be re-settling in rooms of our own at Karlsruhe. A curious variety in my much-varied tissue of existence, will this be, to be again arranging a dwelling of my own, and receiving

some of my own things, from the place where I supposed myself, *bon gré, mal gré*, fixed for the remainder of life.

"Many a touching scene of recognition will take place there, in the case of accustomed tables and chairs, &c. I attach myself by nature so much to the place and the things of regular use, that it must clearly be very good for me to be ever and again torn out of old habits, and called upon to form new ones."

To her SISTER, LADY LILANOVER.

"*Carlsruhe*, 13 Oct., 1862.—I must speak of the ever increasing pleasure I have in my daily walks in the Palace-garden and forest, which have prompted a closer acquaintance with the trees, and I have pleased myself with sketching and shading bits of several varieties of oaks. The number of uncommon trees in these Palace-gardens, of great age and size, is very unusual, and it seems that the old Margrave of Baden, Charles Frederic (who formed Carlsruhe and took a piece of the forest for the gardens or rather groves) had a taste for introducing fine exotics at a time when few others thought of doing so—just a hundred years ago; having been at the expense of sending his head-gardener to travel and collect."

To MISS C. WILLIAMS WYNN.

"18, *Waldhorn Strasse*, *Carlsruhe*, 2 Nov., 1862.—My staying on at Carlsruhe can hardly be deemed matter of choice, for I could not leave Theodora's children, unless a sort of moral compulsion were laid on me to do so: they are the solace of my life and of Frances's. My presence

makes it possible for her to do the work of the precious mother, lost to us, to the five motherless ones: it is *not I* who can do it—at my age one is no longer competent to go through the manifold business. I can only *love* the children, and enjoy the delicious sight of them. This season of the year is full of the most painful recollections—from the beginning of October there are anniversaries for ever recurring, of scenes *burnt into memory* by anguish; and now, this month, each day is a new date fixed in the mind by some racking contemplation. One ought not so to feel the suffering of the past over again, but I know not how to help it. The refreshment through all, is working through *his* letters—dwelling on the picture of the mind they present. I work daily, as much as my eyes can—hoping it will please God to continue sight to me, until I have done all that depends upon me to form a monument to his memory.”

To her SON HENRY.

“8 Dec., 1862.—I am so glad when you tell me something of what goes on in the intellectual and spiritual world. The state of mind in the dignified members of the Church of England goes to my heart—Why will they draw on a ‘swift destruction’ of what is so good, what contains so much good, furthers so much good, as the Church Establishment? One has little comfort in looking round at so-called Christendom, *except* in beholding England: and this comfort will be ever less and less, if the heads of the body act so as to keep all young men of sincere minds *out of it*, and leave within it at last only the bullet-headed and the hypocrites. God help all countries! *Hers*, Ultra-

Lutheranism is absolute among all who have anything of religion, the vast majority are mere Rationalists, basing themselves self-satisfied upon the 'excellence of human nature.' All are in various ways 'gefundenes Fressen' for the Church of Rome, and never can I wonder at conversions."

"7 Jan., 1863.—In how many respects, do I seem to have drifted into an unaccustomed state of things! Not only individuals, but a condition of the Church, I seem to have outlived. It was a 'broad Church' into which I was born, and alas! it seems to be shrinking into a narrow one. May God see good to help! There is so much of good sheltered by the Church—it would be too grievous not to have that shelter preserved: and yet this increasing narrowness is so little in character with the spirit generally ruling the age, that one dreads destruction if improvement comes not soon.

"What should I write but thoughts? We are happy in *no events*—all well, children looking exquisitely, and improving in every way: and we are in the most delightful *incognito*, having scarcely anybody that we need trouble ourselves to visit or receive. We have all so much to do that the short day is far too short, even without social interruption. Our three little girls were asked to the *Bakken Fest*—the 'Heilige drei Könige'—by the Grand Duchess, who presided herself, and with the Grand Duke joined in the games, and directed all the amusement.

"Think of the dear Queen's having sent me a copy of Prince Albert's speeches with the introduction that struck me so much when I read it in the *Times*—as containing passages that I think she will have written herself."

To her SON GEORGE.

“18 Jan., 1863. —I have had to make an appearance at Court, which the great kindness of the Grand Duchess rendered unavoidable. She had condescended to enquire sometime since whether I could not come when she had a *very* small evening party—almost alone, and last week sent to invite me, with Emilia, when Count Fleming was to play on his violoncello, accompanied by Kallivoda. So thither did I go, and only wish I could be *anything* to the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess, or *do* anything for them, in return for the great kindness of their words and manner. I am much gratified by the Crown Princess’s inquiry, and message of remembrance! When people remember me for your dear Father’s sake, *I* being nothing to them, it does my heart good so particularly.

“How Emilia and I enjoy reading Forster on the ‘Great Remonstrance.’ We are only as yet in the long Introduction, most instructive to those who would know how the nation’s independence has grown up—not like the gourd, in one summer’s day, but through the storms and struggles of centuries—often sinned against, but never crushed, because never forgotten by the nation as its cherished property. Emilia has read to me the whole of Motley’s two thick volumes, concluding with the destruction of the Armada—incomparably told—it keeps one as breathless as if one had not known the end. But, the utter meanness, the nothingness, of the admired, adored Elizabeth, is a curious matter of meditation. The loyalty of the time deified a sovereign as long as possible, and then she was a party-banner; but the good and great things of the time were not done by *her*, and she was in the way of good

and right continually. But how green and unripe the nation was! though so full of grand materials. The principle of *national cohesion* was not yet found, or was only beginning to act. They all waited dutifully for government orders: only *on sea* did they quite feel the right to do what Government neglected!"

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW EMMA.

"*Carlsruhe*, 23 Jan., 1863.—I long to hear what anybody besides myself thinks of the character drawn of Prince Albert. I think it is so beautifully done—no panegyric,—it is as if the voice of the most intense love and admiration could alone do justice to the subject. George would remember Goethe's lines—

‘Die Freundschaft ist gerecht—sie kann allein
Den ganzen Umfang deines Werths erkennen.’"

To ABEKEN.

"*Carlsruhe*, 30 Jan., 1863.—How I thank you for the quotation from Goethe! ‘Das sanfte Wandeln deines Tags’ has occurred to myself lately as describing my own habitual existence—in daily and thankful consciousness of health, of peace, of *undisturbedness*, of activity of thought and feeling, and intensity of highest interests. The drawback is, as ever and always, the not being equal to occasion, circumstance, opportunity—one's own shortcoming. Often have I thought and said, the happiness of a higher state must consist in *coming up to*, in *filling out*, the given sphere: ‘no craving void left aching in the breast’—and no consciousness of leaving a void."

To MISS C. WILLIAMS WYNN.

“*Carlsruhe*, 11 Feb., 1863.—Of my numerous entourage I have only good to report: this fine, mild winter has glided over us ‘like the shadow of a dial’—and I rejoice with continual thankfulness in the circumstances of this tranquil, un wonted existence, into which by God’s Providence I have *drifted* in a manner so unthought of, so unanticipated since I saw you last. That year 1861 was indeed a life ‘among the tombs’—only grief and the sense of privation never to be compensated was there: the only reviving food of existence being the frequent presence of my Theodora and her children—who could stay with me for months, because of Sternberg’s being called away by new duties to travel with the Grand Duke. In March, 1862, the blow fell, which took away from us all the chief interest of our lives—and at first it seemed as though Frances and I had nothing left to live for—and now, having come here, I can only stay, till a sign is given me to stay no longer. With the inhabitants of this place we have little to do, as the bee-hive character of our own interior brooks not incursions from without—and the habitual interest of watching this mass of young life, in *fee* distinct varieties, occupies thought and keeps feeling from stagnation

“ . . . Matilda is well and moves on her feet beyond hope. She is in full activity of visiting the poor and working for poor children, and seeks and finds opportunities of urging the truths of Christianity in this spiritual desert, where between the direst Rationalism and Lutheran-Romanism, it is hard to say which is most unsatisfactory; and I wonder, as ever, that the Germans are such good

people as I find them, with but a *grain* here and there of vital Christianity to keep the mass from corruption!"

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"10 *March*, 1863.—I feel that an account of Baby's birthday is due to you. . . . Early in the morning the round table was set out with toys, and cake with two tapers, and flowers, but Baby breakfasted, and so did we, before she was brought down; and then she appeared, splendid and delighted, but had the good taste to prefer very much the *fact* of belonging to our good company, to the gifts intended for her! and a bit of paper was in her eyes worth all of them. A small red ball with an elastic thread, to be fastened to her; a doll running of itself on an invisible wheel (the idea must be taken from the 'Kunst Figur' in Gockel, Hinckel and Gackeleia); a bird in a cage, squeaking, &c., were much of the right sort, and duly delighted in by sisters and brother.

"Just before dinner came Deimling, and we were in full course of conversation, when a message came from Amélie that the Grand Duchess was coming herself, but we were all ready, and Baby dressed in the frock given by the Grand Duchess. She was as amiable and charming as you will imagine, and her kindness is perfect, because all is so natural and inartificial about her—persons of her rank too easily fall into exaggeration, meaning only to be good-natured, but she never overdoes her demonstration. Amélie unpacked a whole basket of gifts—a delicious hat for Baby; then a rolling doll, and a rolling rabbit; and a lithograph to be hung up, representing the Saviour as a boy, extending his arms; and a whole store of little stockings and

shoes. I had almost omitted mentioning a bouquet of the same unrivalled perfection as on my birthday, carried in the Grand Duchess's own hands."

To her DAUGHTER EMILIA.

"26 *March*, 1863.—Frances has bitterly felt the death of dear Frau von Hahn: my feelings, perhaps, are blunted as to death—save in the case of those near and close, whose existence forms the very web of mine. Yet I really loved and liked her.

"It was on this day last year, that she whom we so loved, and blindly reckoned upon as part of habitual life was removed from us. . . . This morning we all went together with Rosa and Dora to place the wreaths which Elise had kindly sent. When we came to the spot, we saw that a beautiful wreath had been twined round the cross, which we cannot but suppose to have been sent by the Grand Duchess, and a garland was deposited in front of it, which we have since learned was brought by Amélie."

To a FRIEND, who doubted if he could endure the difficulties of his position.

"28 *March*, 1863.—Screw your courage to the sticking-place, and let life bring what it will, say to yourself, 'It shall not get the better of me!' To be brought into a contingency, depended not upon yourself: to get out of a contingency, depends not, or may not depend, upon yourself: but to be *master* of the crisis, and stand upright before it—that is your part—

'Breathe the wave, Christian, where it is strongest!
Look for day, Christian, when night is longest!'"

To her SON ERNEST.

“*Easter Morning, 5 April, 1863.*—As to truth itself, my own Ernest, every year, every Easter of my life, I feel that I *am* drawn nearer to Christ,—that I accept, with increasing thankfulness, every word of *His* that He has said of Himself, and find it easier to keep out of mind all that disciples and apostles, the most faithful and venerable, have said, to *obscure* these words, and make the fact indicated by them less intelligible. As I feel the need of a Redeemer, so I feel that need to have been supplied: I am satisfied *not to understand, what I do not understand*:—being assured that the time will come, and may be very near, when I shall no longer ‘see through a glass darkly, but shall know as I am known.’”

To her SON HENRY.

“*Bonn, 20 August, 1863.*—My dear Henry, read if you can get it Renan’s ‘*Vie de Jésus*’—do not show it, do not name it—one’s nerves must be well braced to stand the shock of such free and familiar treatment of all one holds most sacred: but having stood it as best I could, I hail homage offered to the True, the Holy, the Divine, the All in All, the Alpha and Omega. One wholly out of the pale of every church, of every form, falls down and worships, from the heart, not lips, where *we* fall down and worship: and I hail the book—I hail the movement of mind. Seventeen thousand copies were sold the day it came out, and editions go on in the face of the opposition of all the powers that be, of all those, not the Church of Rome only, who would control, compel, bridle, shackle, the freedom of

faith—the action of *that* which is *nothing* if not free and spontaneous.

“But what absurdities, what discrepancies, what want of cohesion and correspondence of facts, of rational connexion, in this work of genius and power!”

To ABBEKEN (in answer to a letter written to arrive on Bunsen's birthday).

“*Bonn, 28 August, 1863.*—I can never be surprised by a new proof of your faithful kindness—so constantly have you accustomed me to such : and yet your little letter caused an emotion similar to that of the unexpected. My heart thanks you, and feeds upon the new proof, that *the life* after which I grasp—the life no longer of this world, is yet and remains a living influence. The visit of Lepsius and Lepsia has been a great pleasure, the more so as we were enabled to receive them under this roof. It has been satisfactory to me that the summer could be spent in my own house, and I have now for my especial dwelling its upper portion, enabling me to live in fulness of light and air.”

“10 *Sept.*, 1863.—Certain engaging and brilliant faculties often spread a halo over the poverty of the mass to which they belong. But the great want is that of determined devotedness to *high objects apart from self*. O! how little people are! God help the conglomerations of grains of sand to be formed into due shape by convulsions of the moral atmosphere, for they are of themselves powerless.”

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

“*Carlsruhe, 9 Oct.*, 1863.—I have rejoiced in two days

spent with George at Coblenz—whose company in any locality would have been sufficient for my satisfaction : but he knowing his old mother's predilection for seeing the face of the worlds he lives in, took her the first day to Sayn, the romantic seat of the family of the *Fürst zu Sayn Wittgenstein*, and the next day a much longer expedition into the country of the Moselle, to visit the castle of Elz, an unique of its kind, having been a stronghold of the Counts of that name since the XIIth century, and *never* destroyed, as were so many other castles, by the French revolutionary army—being hidden in a deep ravine clothed with woods. Anything more striking and picturesque cannot be imagined—it was like finding an enchanted castle in a fairy-tale—still, calm, and grand.”

To MISS C. WILLIAMS WYNN.

“ *Carlsruhe*, 1 Dec., 1863.—Did you recollect the 28th of November as our third anniversary ? Sometimes it seems as though a century had since elapsed : and sometimes I cannot conceive how the time of privation can have been as long as three years. It seems not so much *living* as *waiting*, moored to that point of time. How deeply thankful I am for my husband's *last* gift, the last of so many benefits conferred upon me, in giving me that dying charge—‘Do you write our common life!—You can do it, only be not *shy*.’ It is a sustenance of life that he has given me, and no description can give an idea of the fresh spirit imbibed from his outpourings in his letters, to many persons, but more especially to George.

“I can fully enter into your consciousness, that a winter residence out of home habits becomes dreary after a time!

Even when climate answers expectation, one cannot *live* satisfactorily without one's share in the business, and the interruptions, and the worries, and the interests and duties, of home-life. One must carry abroad all the *daily bread* of every kind, that one *must* have, to avoid inanition!

“How I thank you for telling me of the *funzioni* of the Church of Rome against Renan! Their consciousness is, that he is their own, as having been educated by Jesuits, from whom he ran away! How they would like to light up an Auto-da-Fé for him! My own feeling is that of satisfaction that the book is written. This is no longer Voltaire mocking and doubting: the grandeur and perfection of the Saviour's character is *hailed and worshipped!* and held up as a *reality*, and an adorable reality, to the unbelieving world:—and I believe I know too well the state of minds, among young men in every country, not to have reason to anticipate good to them from reading Renan's *poetry*. Only think what people have been reading and *admiring*, of late years—that horrid system of Buckle! and now they are delighted to have a man of science, very respectable in himself, deriving us all from the Chimpanzee. Those are the tendencies, to me abhorrent! only I trust nobody will *preach* against them. What is *bad* in Renan, is so absurd and involves such contradictions, that I think it must defeat itself.

“. . . Long ago I heard Mr. Venn (that truly excellent man, of judgment and intelligence equal to his great opportunities of knowing human nature) state to my husband that the Church Missionaries had *always* been directed to endeavour after a friendly relation, and a good understanding, with *all established churches*—to amend and not

overturn them : but whether among Copts, or Abyssinians, or the Greek Church, in every distant corner, the result had been, that you must endeavour to help individuals *not clerical*, for where the clerical character exists, they believe in their own essential superiority. Among every one of the intelligent nations, I believe, as my dear husband did, that general unbelief maintains the forms of Popery; where a need is felt of reality of religion, people learn to find it—but that need is *not* felt, as it was in the first century of the Reformation. However, I have great hopes, as he had, of the Italians—now that by means of literature there is a chance of their meeting the desire of knowledge. Nothing can be more unsatisfactory, than the general state of minds, in a religious sense, in the country I inhabit:—the majority are the most narrow and priest-ridden of Roman Catholics, and the Protestants most narrow and prosaic: I never can wonder, when a Lutheran turns Catholic, as many do, in an indolent way, unconscious *what* it is they are giving up.

“ . . . Pray read ‘Mademoiselle de Quintinée,’ a tale by George Sand!—when you have fainted, and again recovered, be assured it is a wonderful thing. It is a historical picture of the *present* form of inward corruption of the Church of Rome—not disgusting, really serious.”

To ABEKEN.

“ 5 *March*, 1864.—I thought you would write to me on my birthday! . . . I have accomplished seventy-three years in a wonderful state of health and strength, not often experienced after so many years’ wear and tear: and I pray to be duly thankful, and to be enabled to get through

the 'days of darkness so long delayed,' even though 'they be many,' as also more especially to be patient in the earnest longing for time and power to finish the work in which all my powers and interests are bound up. I am in rather better spirits about it than I was, for the more I study through the materials, the more does the subject expand before me, and at the same time take a form which I at first sought in vain. . . . I feel, what previously I never did, as if in some degree a 'Lebensbild' might be put together, even now, though the real history of his life and time will remain for the historian who shall long survive me, and shall be allowed access to government archives.

"The lines you sent me are most affecting: the idea has been caught by Göthe, for what is there in heart and mind that he has not understood?"

'Sei zufrieden, Göthe mein!
 Siehe, jetzt erst bin ich Dein:
 Dein auf ewig—hier und dort—
 Also wein' mich nicht mehr fort.'

You will know that this is part of one of the eight poems which somebody found and recognised as Göthe's. That 'Wein' mich nicht mehr fort' has helped more than once to quiet me in a sudden rush of intolerable pain of memory.

"I am meditating a short expedition to England. The various families of my children have most faithfully continued to come over the sea to me, annually; and while I *can*, it would be no more than right to make the effort to go to them, even were it not a pleasure: and that it will

be, though, like everything else, overcast by the shadow of death—

‘Wie durch einen Flor, die bunten Farben
Des Lebens, blass doch angenehm!’”

To her SON GEORGE.

“*Easter Eve, 26 March, 1864.*—At the close of this wonderful week, which in so many ways draws me closer to all Beloved, whether gone before, or still waiting with me for the summons—and on this anniversary of the departure of our darling Theodora, I must have written to you, even had I not received your dear letter. I will hope that you may have enjoyed quiet up to this day: and I trust such quiet will have brought you the comfort of feeling, as I have done, how the Passion-week renews all consciousness of what your dearest Father *has been*, and even *is*, to all of us. The materials of devotion in these last blessed days can perhaps to no one be quite so affecting as to me, who have watched from the beginning the construction of the whole fabric: but all of you must ever hold fast, not only the bodily image of *him* who led us all so peculiarly to the very foot of the cross, but the sense of deep and intense devotion with which *he* in every act and deed, solemnised the annual festival of devout remembrance of ‘the death of Christ, and of the benefits which we derive thereby.’ You will have felt, with me, that on such an occasion it is *no dream* to believe oneself really and actually near to *him*—joining with him in adoration and aspiration: feeble and tame as is the degree on our parts. Never was this celebration so gilded by glorious sunshine! the sky clear as so commonly in Rome in the Passion-

week—so that ‘God alone seemed visible in heaven’ :—but Earth remains dry and senseless and lifeless, without verdure or blossom, too like the hearts of those who just know what they ought to feel, without due consciousness of vital and vivid intensity.”

To her SON HENRY.

“*Easter Eve, 26 March, 1864.*—What a world of things I should like to write to you of all that ‘*durch das Labyrinth der Brust wandelt in der Nacht.*’ . . . I have such an anxious longing and craving after a sufficiency of life, and health, and eyesight, for the finishing of that which I can do, and that which (in whatever incompleteness) I alone can do—that I have need to remind myself, and to be reminded, to be resigned *even in this darling point of desire* : and leave to Him who best knows what is for the greatest good of all, even this my heart’s seemingly-lawful wish. These last months of steady progress have been very cheering to me. I see my way more clearly, and have to rejoice over such an unlooked-for amount of material, that I have hopes such as I did not venture before to entertain, of a ‘*Lebensbild*’ comparatively satisfactory.

“My precious Henry! all of you have been much before me in this blessed week, in which one is more drawn to *Him* in whom we live and move and have our whole spiritual existence—and drawn to the beloved departed and gone before—and drawn to all surviving objects of affection—and one can most and best realise the fact, that the nearer to the Creator and Redeemer, the nearer also to each other.

“Do you not feel how peculiarly in this week we pray

with *him*, who so led us all to the foot of the Cross, who so intensely felt the solemnity of the words, which he was enabled to collect for the better help to devotion, the better measuring out the 'breadth and length and depth and heighth'—and the better knowing of 'that love which passeth knowledge.' O! the devotions of this week do indeed help much to get over and above that wretched clinging to the miseries of memory, that 'raining upon the remembrance with the eyes'—which make out such a wearing and useless part of that grief, which does not end, which is not intended to end, while life and recollection last: but which ought to fortify and not to enfeeble the spirit."

To ABBEY.

"*Carlsruhe*, 1 April, 1864.—May you have had some hours of quiet in that late blessed week, in which there is ever so much that transports me in thought to Rome—under that 'verklärte Blau'—in that calm and sunny atmosphere which so commonly attended the Holy Week. . . . I believe, that your thoughts will have sought, in a certain proportion as mine have done, *him* who is gone before; who is so strongly associated with every attempt after really spiritualized devotion. The anniversary of my precious Theodora's decease fell this year on Easter Eve—that beautiful calm *festival* in the true sense, when the grave was consecrated by Him 'who is become the first fruits of them that sleep.' Most visibly does a blessing rest upon the five orphans! it cannot be said how lovely and flourishing they are.

"It has been granted to me this year to enjoy the com-

position of Sebastian Bach, of the Passion according to St. John's Gospel. My dearest husband ever talked of this, and wished I should hear it:—but I was not to hear it with him. Yet has the enjoyment of this wonderful effusion of piety, and effort of art, been to me a sort of commemoration of him, whose mind, whose tastes, whose writings, have done so much to bring me and others to the foot of the Cross."

To her SON HENRY.

"4 April, 1864.—A mention of the annual reception of your Church Choir caused me again to reflect upon the vast amount of friendly feeling, of blameless gaiety, and therefore of good, you and Mary Louisa are constantly promoting—by taking in turn various classes and divisions of human souls, whom you can thus almost individually approach, as not being too numerous to be dealt with: and remembering as I do having in the days of your childhood held many an argument and friendly dispute with Sydow and Tippelskirch on the subject of *cheerfulness* as the proper element of all good (melancholy and mourning being the wholesome corrective of a disordered system, but not the food of life and health)—how doubly thankful do I feel for the carrying-out of the principle so visibly and beautifully, and joyfully reckon the blessing, which cannot fail! The dryness and dullness and consequent unsoundness of the *old original ultra* (I will not say *evangelical*) view, is I believe from many accounts giving way in England to a more humanizing view of things—and the contrivances for bringing the higher cultivation of the upper classes to bear upon the lower and less-favoured, though equally capable,

is the happy result of the will and wish to fraternise in the best sense. Who but must wish that the refreshment of an hour of hilarity should come sometimes upon the gloom of a life of labour and care?—and yet, little must those have looked into reality, who cannot see that the festival meetings of the middle and lower classes, without the assistance and participation of the higher, begin in vulgarity and end in vice.”

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE PEACE OF OLD AGE.

"As those that flit from their old home, and betake themselves to live in another country, where they are sure to settle, are wont to forget the faces and fashions whereto they were formerly inured, and to apply themselves to the knowledge and acquaintance of those with whom they shall afterwards converse; so it is here with me, being to remove from my earthly tabernacle, wherein I have worn out the few and evil days of my earthly pilgrimage, to an abiding City above, I have desired to acquaint myself with that Invisible World, to which I am going to enter, to know my good God and His blessed angels and saints, with whom I hope to pass a happy eternity."—BISHOP HALL.

"We too would rest: but ere we close the eye
Upon the consciousness of waking thought,
Would calmly turn it to yon star-light sky
And lift the soul to Him who slumbers not.

"God of our life, God of each day and night,
Oh, keep us still till life's short race is run,
Until there dawns the long, long day of light,
That knows no night, yet needs no star nor sun."

BONAR.

THE visit which Baroness Bunsen paid to England in the summer of 1864, found its especial interest in the opportunities which a residence in the household

of each of her married children, offered for a real acquaintance with her numerous grandchildren, many of whom were before almost unknown to her personally. "I feel drawn closer," she wrote on her return, "to each of my sons, and to each of their wives, in their varieties of character: all showing me an amount of affection and attention, which may be felt—and I do feel it through and through—but may not be told."

While staying with her son Ernest in London, Madame de Bunsen was greatly interested in the different Exhibitions and Galleries, and rejoiced in the improvement which had taken place in colouring. "The right thing is now aimed at," she wrote, "and in a measure attained, reminding me of the depth and richness of Venetian colouring, and, as it seems to me, getting out of the conventional trammels of Turner, and his spongy and exaggerated effects, which ruled and *over-ruled* all English painting a few years ago."

In her intercourse with many English families at this time, Baroness Bunsen was increasingly shocked by the preparation for the vices of the upper classes in the almost universal system of play and idleness in which children were brought up—and still more in the books which were given to them to read—"pious love-tales about pious people, tending to create a more false and hurtful view of life than the most extravagant fairy-tales."

Of all her visits, that to Llanover, where she was received with ceaseless kindness and affection, caused her

the greatest emotion—"Visions of the departed—'departed never to return'—seemed ever to people those silent regions of verdure and flowers." On this occasion she revisited for the last time all the haunts of her childhood, and made many sketches of the old subjects which she had drawn before she was six years old. Especially did she delight in revisiting Crickhowel and walking for two miles along the road where she had so often ridden with her mother in summer evenings, listening to the nightingales.

BARONESS BUNSEN to her SON GEORGE.

"*Llanover, 14 June, 1864.*—I am in fear of losing the images of my most interesting days in London in a set of dissolving views, which will not fail to start up again before the mind's eye, but are not always obedient in coming when they are called for. Seeing dear Mrs. Rich many times was a lasting gratification, and Caroline Bromley came, and came again, most affectionate and faithful. The three Puseys were most warm and affectionate, and are all happy in their various ways. The Duchess of Argyll was not in town, but answered my note of inquiry most affectionately, promising to come to Lilleshall, if she should not see me in London.

"All this late life of mine seems like a dream as I look back upon it: but the result is, besides great thankfulness for having been enabled to make the expedition, the conviction that nothing can suit me so well as that calm uniformity of the Karlsruhe-life, which is providentially pointed out to me as my proper sphere and resting-place.

“I have enjoyed reading the ‘Reign of Elizabeth.’ It is written with wonderful spirit and talent—but presents a melancholy and mortifying spectacle of the *motives* leading to the actions and events, which under a merciful Providence have been over-ruled to produce this grand fabric of English liberty of action and of conscience! I think the great vine at Hampton Court presents an image in vegetable life of this moral reality—its continuous growth and prodigality of the finest fruit being ascribed to the feeding of the roots from a *sewer*, which they contrived to penetrate.”

To her SISTER, LADY LLANOVER.

“*Stoke House, Bristol, 23 June.*—I beg you to believe that my heart’s grateful affection acknowledges and echoes the kindness you show me. It is a great mercy indeed to have so much love bestowed upon one, and one’s declining years ever shone upon, and warmed, and smoothed, and helped on as in my case. These things bear not to be spoken of, because one gets upset, and tears and emotion are best avoided, as of no use, and merely exhausting: but I can be, in silence, better and more quietly conscious of the endless succession of acts of kindness of which I have been the object, and am, continually.

“I enjoyed the other day going over the well-known fine collection of pictures at Blaise Castle, which poor Mr. Harford, in total blindness, *showed* me himself, with perfect *savoir faire*—knowing by heart all the points to be remarked, and directing towards what corner a chair should be placed, from whence I could have the best light upon

each. I had been afraid that I should have been bound to look by stealth, to avoid reminding him of his calamity—but found that images before the mind's eye constitute his chief pleasure in his life of bodily darkness."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Lilleshall, 21 July, 1864.*— . . . The quantity of kindness and affection I receive, is almost overwhelming, but I take in the continued feast, in thankfulness and silence—for another hand than mine must make return, 'in full measure, heaped up, and pressed together, and running over, poured into their bosoms.' So it was with me at Stoke, so it is here; so it was at Llanover, as it had been at Abbey Lodge. . . . The contemplation of the several centres of life that I have been living in, is most deeply engrossing. . . . Each and all of these beloved ones, as well as all others present and absent, I place before Him who careth for each and all, and will guide and govern, and find a place in His paternal household, after the needs and requirements of each and all."

To her SISTER, LADY LLANOVER (from Cromer, where she was visiting her children Ernest and Elizabeth).

"*Cromer, 14 August.*—I am, and have been, enjoying this exquisite weather, and this air-bath, more than can be expressed: I suppose it may have been too hot, in places where the atmosphere was in less continual motion: but I have found it perfectly enjoyable. Still, as I have never led this sort of life before, of being a visitor, and an object, and being petted and arranged for and conveyed about, without any or with the least possible self-agency, it seems

very odd : and without any ingratitude (that would be out of all nature) I look longingly towards home and stillness and regularity and hard-working.

“This country has pleasing inequalities of ground, and wonderfully fine old trees : I did not anticipate the attraction of so much *original* wood. I mean groves of ancient timber, not plantation merely. I wonder at the rich green of the woods, when the entire face of the ground is burnt up ! all fields brown and bare as the Roman Campagna in summer ; only a pretence of a shower of rain sometimes, and all water-courses dried up.

“Nothing can be brighter than the flower-beds in this sandy soil, wherever they can afford them the luxury of watering : a clump of the large scarlet gladiolus is my daily delight at present—form, light and shade, and colour. An interest to me in this country (as I have the passion of architecture) are the fine old parish churches, as well as the picturesque ruins. In the early days of good architecture, the county of Norfolk was highly *priest-ridden*, as well as *wealthy* from the industry of the middle classes, and large property of the aristocracy : wherefore the Romish clergy could command large sums, wherewith to display *piety* in building churches of size and splendour far beyond the needs of the small country congregations, and thus many have fallen into unavoidable disuse.

“Do tell me whether the seeds are come up that I sent you last autumn or winter. They were crushed out of the ripe berries of the tree or shrub that I long to see flourishing in England—*Lonicera* . . . (I forget the distinguishing Latin term) called in Hanover ‘Red Darling and White Darling.’ Why don’t you plant the Tamarisk ?

I rave about it since I saw, round the lake of the Bois de Boulogne, its long-drooping rods, like a weeping willow all pink."

To ABBEKEN (after her return from England).

"*Carlsruhe*, 1 Nov., 1864.—There is little or nothing to tell of our life. . . . We are a household as busy as bees, seeing little of one another except at meals and in the evening, but the day through engaged in our several receptacles. The gloom of this month is an extra memento of the succession of anniversaries of anguish which mark it throughout its course: and call upon me for more and more thankfulness for the occupation which is a ceaseless refreshment, in causing me to dive into that vigorous current of intellectual life, now engulfed and lost to sight, but which has left its beneficent traces everywhere.

"I am delighted with the condition of Persia, as represented in an article in *Revue des Deux Mondes* for the 15th May. For my part, I wish the Russians were within that wretched country, instead of only hovering on the borders—they would maintain a strong government, keep off the Turcomans, and enable the countrymen of Hafiz to restore the bloom of the gardens he delighted in. Such burnt up deserts and 'howling wildernesses' as lie between the centre of Persia and outlying lands will sufficiently keep off invasion of the British Empire—besides that I believe it is on a foundation not easily undermined or shaken."

To her SON THEODORE.

"*Carlsruhe*, 22 Nov., 1864.—I am startled to find in so many French writings that total, undoubting atheism is

admitted as a thing of course, in characters of reflection. . . . As to Christianity, these writers seek not, care not, to endeavour to imbibe its living spirit: they are satisfied to reject it altogether as though the barrier-walls which men have built up in the form of dogmas, whether Romanist or Rationalist, were the reality itself, instead of that which obscures and conceals it. What is to help the civilised world, beginning with each individual in it! except renouncing the leaden pipes and marble reservoirs, and persisting to drink of the water of life at its ever-fresh spring, rejecting the deposit more or less foul, with which successive ages have contaminated it.—O my dear Theodore, let us be thankful, that though your dear, blessed Father is, and must be, 'set up as a sign to be spoken against'—yet was the principal object of his life in a great degree attained: he has placed the genuine Bible before his own nation, and he has directed those who will hear and mark, to approach it with love and reverence, and receive from it in humility, God made visible in Christ, and working by the Holy Spirit in all hearts that desire Him!"

"11 Jan., 1865.—I am delighted with your sympathy with me as to Romola. I suppose people are so accustomed to novels of sensation, that they cannot put up with mere human nature, particularly such distinct nationality of a past time. I quite agree with you that Romola could not in reality fill up the soul's craving void, by exertions of philanthropy—and there is the point where these wonderfully clever writers and observers, who are glad to produce effect by adopting all of Christianity but *itself*, find themselves at the end of their tether. I sometimes wonder, how minds of such intelligence, should rest in a conception of

religion, the great moving power, the essential reality, the spiritual influence, as something comprised within the limits of its linguistic derivation—‘that which binds.’ Religion as a series of obligations, as a well-adapted system of chains and checks, is the common, almost general meaning of a number of writers that treat of it, as if they knew the thing, because they use the word.”

To her SON CHARLES.

“6 Feb., 1865.—People write prose and verse upon all sorts of suffering, but that of *too vivid* recollection is little or never alluded to! I only know that with me it is a suffering so soul-harrowing, that *at last* it has occurred to me (it ought to have done so long since) to make it a subject of prayer—‘from anguish of imaginings, good Lord deliver me!’”

To her SON THEODORE.

“27 April, 1865.—I hit upon a passage in Luther the other day that struck me much :—‘Das hat mich die Erfahrung allzuoft gelehrt,—wenn mich der Teufel ausser der Schrift ergreift, da ich anfang, mit meinen Gedanken zu spazieren, und auch gen Himmel zu flattern, so bringt er mich dazu, dass ich nicht weiss, wo Gott oder ich bleibe.’

“The last-mentioned condition I believe very general! You know that it has long been matter of fun to your sisters, that I ever so many years back protested to them, that I could not deem it fair to throw the blame of my own sinfulness *on the devil* (and therefore could not accept forms of devotion which imply that unfairness), being quite sure that the evil was in myself, and came not from any other

is that of hundreds that one has seen in ruins, and of the many that have existed in Switzerland, a very small part have escaped destruction: the building in question probably owing its preservation to the prudence of the proprietor in making his peace in time with the new condition of things, self-government and the Reformation—the Châtelaine here having expressed herself, ‘Notre famille était toujours attachée aux Ducs de Savoie—elle est contente au jour qu’il est d’être libre et évangélique, mais elle a dû se soumettre anciennement à la puissance comme la plus faible.’

“The variety of ground all about us, and the network of roads and paths, give occasion for walks in all directions: and of course we are within reach of points of interest without end for excursions, but have as yet made none, having enjoyment enough in our immediate neighbourhood, not to be impatient to go further. . . . I have very happy pictures of the present condition of the various groups of my belongings, and we are allowed to hope in August to have George and his family housed in a Pension in the neighbouring village.

“Most thankful I am indeed, and more heart would I have to be more thankful, for the abundant love which surrounds me.”

To her SON THEODORE.

“*Château de Blonay, 19 August, 1865.*—On the first of August, Emilia and I, with the two little children, went to Coppet, and made a visit of four days to Madame de Staël, Mademoiselle Anna Vernet meeting us there. I cannot describe the kindness with which we were treated, and the

thorough renewal of an intimacy dating from 35 years ago in Rome. Madlle. Anna Vernet has been returning the visit this week, for we can contrive in the chateau to give her a room. We are delighted with our position. I have but to turn my head, at this moment, to behold the Dent du Midi, the extremity of the lake, and the beginning of the plain of the Rhone with its range of splendid mountains on each side:—from another window the grand range subsiding into the Rochers de Meillerie extends to the right, and from our terrace with double row of chestnut-trees, we behold the more prosaic end of the lake in the direction of Geneva.

“I think my chief pleasure in the way of books of late has been in Ampere’s *Histoire Romaine à Rome*, which must be invaluable on the spot to follow out all his suppositions as to ancient conditions, and fill out in degree the void of which everyone is sensible at Rome in not finding remnants of the best period. But even without being at Rome, I find the book infinitely attractive, remembering as I have reason to do the images which surrounded ‘my daily walks and ancient neighbourhood’ for such a lapse of years. Did you ever meet Ampere? I am not sure that you were with us, at Totteridge and at Heidelberg, when we enjoyed his presence. His was a singular and most engaging personality: and his death in the spring of this year, struck me as cutting off another portion of the *Past* which deserves to live, and will live in memory. The event, by creating a void in the number of Membres de l’Institut (that much coveted designation!) helped to make room for William Henry Waddington’s admission, which took place this year.”

“ 16 Sept., 1865.—How strongly have I been led, by many a contemplation latterly (of the mind of Milton—of that of Luther—of that of Calvin) to condemn the absurdity of *sects*, one and all, in calling upon their members to believe precisely one and the same body of doctrine—to bring their convictions up to the same line, to fill out their faith with the same measure. All that, is possible in verbal assent, in subscription of articles: but not with the mind, which is cognizant of the immaterial, and with which belief is matter of fact, not of will or engagement. I have only found what I feel expressed by the Duchesse de Broglie, in her letter to Schlegel—‘*quoiqu’ élevée dans le christianisme protestant, et tenant au christianisme comme à la vie de mon âme, je ne saurais souscrire les articles de foi d’aucune dénomination de chrétiens.*’—I admire Milton in his ardour of conviction: I admire Calvin as to the saving power of truth as far as it yet lives in protestant christianity; I admire Luther in his higher and more penetrating beatific vision, in his warmth of recognition of the attributes of God: but I am repelled by the dangerous errors of each—the bitter results of which have been more closely adhered to than the living reality which inspired those confessors, only to be found again by those who seek at the source. I have of late daily read in a collection of short extracts of Luther’s sayings and sermons, designed for daily matters of reflection through the year, and have found wonderfully fine passages, deeply instructive; but also many most objectionable, which the modern Lutheran who made the selection is unpardonable for inserting, for instance one preaching persecution on the principle

acted up to by Philip II.—rather let a state be ruined, than suffer a heretic in it.

“I read in the winter a life of Calvin by Bungener—and a very painful book it is, but the subject is of grand effect from the display of moral power almost unequalled. The error of Calvin, in reckoning persecution of heretics to be a Christian duty, was that of his age—probably when he lived there was not a living man who allowed liberty of conscience except William of Orange, who protected the Anabaptists against Ste. Aldegonde and all the enlightened and unenlightened of his brethren in the faith. But the merit of Calvin is his own, and he has been the creative instrument of the strength of England, of Scotland, of the United States of America, not to speak of the Protestants of France, who have been scattered abroad to sow good seed in every country into which they fled, as not being suffered to build up their own. In Germany too, as much of Protestant faith as is yet living and acting, comes from the Reformed, therefore not from the Lutherans, who in their renewed exaggerations, are sliding on the greatly-inclined plane towards Rome.

“How little the French consider what ‘les gloires de la France’ are! In Calvin and their protestant martyrs consists their moral and intrinsic greatness; and it occurs to no one to assert, or even to perceive this!”

“25 Oct.—Seldom have I had such a surrounding atmosphere of beauty, light, warmth, quiet, cheerfulness, well-being, peace and satisfaction, to rejoice in, as during our last six weeks in the Château de Blonay—all the time spent there was good and desirable, but less perfect than the later portion.”

To MISS DAVENPORT BROMLEY.

"*Carlsruhe*, 6 Feb., 1866.—I like to think of your seeing the Carlyle's. I wish you would remember me to each of them, for I think of them with interest, little as I ever saw of them. It was *little*, but not *slight*."

To her DAUGHTER MATILDA.

"24 Feb., 1866.—My dear friend Mademoiselle Calandrini is gone to her home! With thankfulness do I look back on the long years in which I have enjoyed her faithful friendship, and upon the interview which was made possible, in spite of difficulty, last summer. Not only did I see her, unchanged in heart and intelligence, but I had the gratification of showing her my Theodora's children, and of her seeing Frances and Emilia, and George and Emma. We little thought it would be the last opportunity; and yet I strongly felt that with her there could be nothing earthly to look forward to."

To ABEKEN (when about finally to take leave of her house at Bonn).

"*Bonn*, 13 April, 1866.—My twenty days at Bonn are nearly expended, and on Monday I purpose departure towards home. The multiplicity of thoughts and feelings and objects of interest which have occupied me during this time would be hard to enumerate and describe: but you will feel with me that the solemnity of separation, 'it may be for years, and it may be for ever,' cannot but accompany every occupation, cheerful and soothing as are the impressions received, and that will remain with me to mark the time in memory. I am parting with George and

Emma and their children, without any present prospect even of meeting, far less of living together as at this moment: and I part from Bonn, very possibly never to see it again, for only the George-family would draw me hither.

"I bear away from Bonn remembrances of a degree of kindness for which I was not prepared. I have made a point of visiting everybody that I had known, and have been received with a warmth of manner which I shall gratefully remember. Several there are, whom I can hardly expect to see again, as being even more than myself advanced in years. Dear Brandis is better again in health, but has declined much in strength since our last meeting."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY-LOUISA.

"22 April, 1866.—I have never got up again the walking powers I enjoyed at Blonay. But at my age, everything that excites and brings one out of the absolute quiet of home, takes much strength out of one, when the portion is not equal to all possible demands: and my three weeks at Bonn were full of events calling out strong feeling and emotion, as belonging to an event in life—a close and a parting—even though attended by no calamity, on the contrary matter of satisfaction. I have parted from Bonn with unwonted glow of thankfulness for the extreme kindness with which I was met by many persons whom I might have supposed, after the way of the world, wholly weaned from interest in me, by absence: and with a solemn gaze of farewell I looked upon the spot in the cemetery where rest the mortal remains of that existence with which mine was entwined, and which it is so little probable that I should again approach, unless when borne

thither in unconsciousness. But to be overset by such contemplations, one must be younger than I am."

To MISS DAVENPORT BROMLEY (after an expression of thanks for "the constant visible tokens of her old-standing affection" in the new books of interest with which she never failed to supply her).

"30 *April*, 1866.—I feel greatly the shock of Mrs. Carlyle's sudden end. We are always so startled at an instantaneous calling away from life! and yet, how is such a stroke sent in mercy, to such as may not have made clear to themselves how to meet death, or what to think of it. . . . How few days before, I had rejoiced at Carlyle's receiving the heart-homage so well deserved, from his own countrymen of the younger generation! and read his speech with the interest ever following everything said by him."

To MISS C. WILLIAMS WYNN.

"*Carlsruhe*, 18 *June*, 1866.—If I should begin upon the wretched subject of the wickedness and wrong-headedness now at work, to create desolation where all was peace and prosperity, as it were *yesterday*,—I might as well take a folio sheet or two: but I think all may be summed up in dissatisfaction with everybody and everything! One cannot have the consolation of taking part anywhere—'Sanctify, O Lord! the miseries of this life, to the everlasting benefit of all that suffer'—ought to be, and truly is, one's hourly prayer. And may good once come out of this whirlpool of evil."

"26 *June*.—I desire to be next week at Herrenalb, believing that quiet valley, with nothing to tempt war, will be an ideal place to retreat to, for those who feel bound

not to go far : and should it be indispensable to leave this self-devoted, infatuated country,* I might easily get to Switzerland—it is self-understood that I and mine do not part from the children. It would seem very natural to accept the offer (most kindly urged by my sister) of taking possession of my own old home : but I shall not carry off the children, unless things come to such a pass as that their father should be glad to know them safe at a distance. It is a fearful spectacle here, to see people rushing furiously on a well-deserved and unavoidable judgment. I believe the Grand Duke could not, if he would, have embraced the cause of Prussia. The whole public mind in these southern parts is poisoned by the ultra-montane press, which is urging them in plain words to get rid of the Protestant ruler, and be annexed to Austria : and the fury here against Prussians is beyond conception, although they never were in contact with them, and have suffered nothing at their hands, except in 1849, when Prussian troops had to shed their blood in putting down the raging Red Republic which had entire hold of the Grand Duchy. There is no idea left of the wholesome persuasion of Anti-Catholicism—those called Protestants here, are as *rabid* as the others to throw themselves into the claws of the Double Eagle.

“ The more the state of things is revealed, the more one sees that war was inevitable—and may people learn common sense in the course of it ! It is a *wicked* war, in which one cannot pity the majority of the population in

* The popular fury had forced the unwilling Grand Duke to join his troops with those under the Austrian command, and thus to fight against his father-in-law.

these small states—it is not *only* the fault of governments. The people hate Prussia for her power, and preponderance, and superior moral and intellectual standing—and long to give a *good blow*, supposing in their self-conceit, that they are *able* to do her a mischief.”

To her SON GEORGE.

“*Herrenalb*, 12 July, 1866.—When you express the hope, my own George, that my health may not have been disturbed by anxiety as to the war, I must admit to you having reflected with a sort of shame on my having found it as natural as ever to eat and sleep, even in those gloomy and distressful days before the ‘lie direct’ of the Austrian telegrams was cleared up.* And yet I experienced no self-deception as to the calamity implied in the Prussians being worsted! But I well remember that praying as I did daily for the good cause, I failed not to be conscious of a new influx of hope, that the final success of Prussia would be, must be, the will of God.

“Alas! I find the world to be growing more atheistic than ever—something worse than forgetfulness—denial of God—meets me at every turn. I admit that as things go on in the world, it is often hard to keep by my dearest husband’s assertion—‘It is at last God, and not the devil, who rules the world.’”

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW EMMA (on the death of her son Arnold).

“2 August, 1866.—My dearest Emma—What should I

* All the reports which reached Carlsruhe, till Königgrätz had broken the clouds, were of one continued series of disastrous reverses to the Prussian army,—nevertheless steadily advancing! Even the Grand Duchess heard of nothing but Prussian defeats.

write but those words?—The thought of your anguish strikes me dumb. The ruling longing is after an impossibility—could I but draw out the sting—could I but bear the pang for you! Who knows better than I do its intensity? and I am practised in bearing, I am of the stuff that bears a load, and it seems as if I could so well take yours upon my small remainder of life. But these are childish wailings. If I desire to relieve your pain, there is One who cares for you more and better than I can, and has the intensest consciousness of all your sufferings, and will supply the healing balm to the fresh wound—which yet you will bear about with you while you live. I know well, that your Ella, and the misery of her illness and departure, is ever present with you, and with my beloved George!—O! that you should both suffer so much!—that is my infirmity, that I must ever come back to that feeling, in which is rebellion against the decree of Him who loves you with love far beyond mine, and who alone can assuage the pain of the wound he has not seen good to prevent.

“O! dearest Emma, I know what it is to have scenes of anguish as it were engraven on the inner sense—ever recurring, not to be escaped from! Long had I endured this form of renewed anguish (strange to say!) before I thought of making it matter of prayer to be defended from such inward visions, and from indulging in contemplations which impaired the shattered remains of moral vigour. . . . I shall ceaselessly long to know *where* you deposit the remains of the treasure, granted to you to rejoice over, to love and be loved by, once and for ever!—For he is yours not the less, that he now waits for you, unseen,

in the more immediate presence of *his* Father and *your* Father.

“I can well enter into the feeling which caused you to give away what was precious as having been worn by the darling child now taken away. . . . When I gave my little angel’s clothes to Lucia Niebuhr, I kept back a little green silk drawn bonnet, under which her face had been such a feast to my heart and eyes—wrapped it in a handkerchief, and fancied the time would come when I should be soothed to look at it. Many years passed before I summoned courage to take it out, and then I found, by the uncontrollable burst of anguish, that the grief was living and unchanged, and I had only gained upon it by dint of being called off to other and engrossing objects of affection—it was not *overcome*, it never could be: only the business of life had operated a diversion, and the activity of bodily powers had been by the manifold calls of the present forced ‘back to busy life again.’ ”

To her SON THEODORE.

“21 *August*, 1866.—The condition of the world has changed indeed, since I last wrote to you! The more one obtains of particulars, the more one is penetrated with admiration for the entire mass of the Prussian military—officers as well as privates, arrangements and execution, plan and fulfilment—never surely was a campaign in which cause and effect so called for common praise,—no incident whereby one could say ‘that was good luck,’ every success richly deserved: and the same applies to the details of the *second* campaign (as one must call it), in which, having sufficiently disposed of the *head* in Bohemia, the *members* would

insist upon being severally discomfited, in the many bloody engagements which have stained Bavarian and Baden ground. Nothing seems more astonishing than the perfect knowledge of the ground in all possible details, possessed by the Prussians!—they appeared as by magic, unexpected by the enemy, who yet was far more at home on the soil than themselves, and more remarkable than anything else has been the universal good conduct, good humour, willingness to conciliate! for they have been met in a spirit of hatred, such as they have never done anything to deserve.”

To her SON GEORGE.

“*Herrenalb*, 25 August, 1866.—It was indeed what I wanted, and did not venture to expect, that you would be able to write a word to me on this day! and words that indeed do my heart good, and help it out of its indistinctness. The best of one's own reflections are so tame and dull—cannot get out of a certain dim assent to what is self-evident—that ‘Goodness and Mercy have followed *him* (have followed *me*) all the days of our life’—and that in the hands of that ‘Goodness and Mercy’ he now tastes of the excellency which he ever grasped after. I cannot, any more than you, give up the idea of the prolonged consciousness of all most near and dear in this life being carried over into the expanded spirituality of a higher existence; and it seems to me not unreasonable to suppose that a clearer view into the secret of God's moral government reconciles the consciousness to the wrong and wretchedness of the existence once shared, in which the beloved ones are still struggling on.

“That word ‘consciousness’—*Bewusstsein*—was one that your Father often used, and that I would fain dwell upon when striving after an idea which it is not given to humanity to grasp. There are some lines from Sir William Jones, the last of which contains a conception, ever strongly seizing upon my mind: though the whole are poor:—

‘Before thy mystic altar, heavenly Truth,
I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth:
Here let me bide, till this frail form decay,
And life’s last sands be brightened by thy ray;
Then shall my soul, set free from all below,
Soar without bound, without consuming glow.’

The widened capabilities, taking in power, grandeur, love, beneficence, intensity in all spirituality, beyond all thought—are indicated by the feeble words: and that is all that can be demanded in the realm of the inconceivable. Was the idea in some oriental poet?—I cannot tell to what the lines belong: I believe I read them above half a century ago, in manuscript.

“ . . . I know not where I have lately read the observation, that Luther was a Reformer and a man of genius, but not a theologian; and therefore not qualified for a safe teacher: which I know but too well that he was not, even from many of the extracts from his sermons and sayings, in a favourite book of mine, the *Schatzkästchen*—preaching persecution of the unbelieving as criminals, and inculcating *diablerie*. It is an awful thought, that Luther should have had no successor! with his fervour and power of making himself heard and understood, and yet with wider conception of the Divine character and purpose.

The grand, commanding, individual characters, are becoming few and far between!—and the multitude is so slow in comprehending the work left for it to do, without a leader.”

To ABEKEN.

“*Carlsruhe*, 11 *Sept.*, 1866.—With me, you will well conceive, it is the Past that lives and breathes around, and the visible actuality is the shadowy and seemingly unreal, save and except when it presents facts, developments, progress in and towards *that* after which the wishes, the endeavours, the labours of him who is gone before, ever tended with all his inborn energy. You will believe that I have felt the triumph, the grandeur of Prussia, as if he was feeling it with me!—and again and again reflected upon his maxims as to the world’s changes and advancement! He ever protested against the phraseology which attributes effects to masses,—he said, the masses could do nothing without a *man*, a *leader*, to point the way and urge them in it.

“While *Emilia* and *Rosa* are in Switzerland with *Lady Ashburton*, you must fancy me, with *Frances* and *Matilda*, at *Herrenalb*, that valley of *Württemberg*, with its forests and streams, undisturbed by march of troops or sight of sufferers, sitting over the *Cologne* paper, and studying the maps, and only longing for still more knowledge than even that well-stored paper can supply.”

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

“*Carlsruhe*, 27 *Nov.*, 1866.—I have been electrified, occupied, and extremely delighted, with a visit from *Mrs.*

Schwabe! who wrote to announce herself from Wiesbaden, and came immediately on receiving my letter of welcome.—She has been most cordial and full of the recollections which are essentially my life, and indescribably entertaining in her communications about things and persons, and in particular the events and actions in which she has been personally concerned.”

In December, 1866, Madame de Bunsen set out to pass some time at Florence in answer to the pressing invitation of her children Charles and Mary Isabel. On the way she lingered for some time at Mentone, receiving the cordial hospitality of Louisa, Lady Ashburton.

BARONESS BUNSEN to her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY ISABEL.

“I long after you both—and long, not only to see, but to live with you,—and I accept with all my heart, the hospitality you so fully and entirely offer—thanking God, not once, but ever and again, for the possibility of intercourse so continually wanted and desired, and which seemed so out of reach! and I pray, not once but ever, that our coming together may be for the good of all. Renewal of intercourse, whether with friends or blood relations, after separation, is never an indifferent matter—one is either brought nearer together, or the reverse: and to obtain a blessing on such meetings is with me ever an earnest matter of prayer. When people wonder at my taking courage to go on my travels, like the younger generation, I always feel the true explanation to be, that *I go to see my children*, and that renders the effort worth making: to see

Italy again, and enjoy works of art, is very secondary, but comes in well as a farther recommendation."

To her SON CHARLES.

"*Mentone*, 9 Jan., 1867.—It is like a dream that we are so far on our way to you! We rested a day at Ouchy on the Lake of Geneva, enjoying the first glimpse and sensation of the south, the garden there being full of cedar and laurel and other of the evergreens to which English eyes are accustomed even in winter, unharmed by frost. Madame de Schulepnikow (a charming Russian) was there, and the Countess Görtz came over from Vevay with her fine son, to see Emilia. At Geneva we rested on Sunday, visited the church of *la rive droite*, and shared a very interesting service, in which the preacher was M. Cramer, who married Elizabeth Sieveking: the rest of the day we spent with Madlle. Anna Vernet and her nieces, always the same kind old friends. We enjoyed the splendid defiles by which we entered France, and had glorious weather for the spectacle of the banks of the Rhone, so far finer, to my feelings, than the much-praised ditch of rock, which the Rhine has cut for itself. Again we had an unclouded sky for the wonderfully fine coast, near which the railway from Marseilles is constructed: reached, before three, the changed Cannes, and being tempted irresistibly to walk out, fell into the very teeth of the mistral, and have had to accept the consequences."

To her DAUGHTER FRANCES.

"At Cannes we breakfasted with the Simpkinson's at their

charming little villa,* and then drove a little way, Augustus Hare with us, to look at the Mole and Maison Pinchenat, then to the station and off to Nice. I have now looked again at the Esterel—saw the sun set and again rise, in that unequalled splendour—at daybreak the waning moon and Venus hung like jewels in the blue sky. So I have seen what I loved in the place, and wish not to see it again.

“Remember that our journey has been a beautiful one, easy and prosperous: the only mischief is that your Mother is grown much older and weaker. Lady Ashburton is most unspeakably kind and charming. I have had a most agreeable visit from Lady Marion Alford, who has done my heart good with her longing after objects of art and recollections of Italy.”

“*Florence, 30 Jan., 1867.*—In our two last days at Mentone, much was seen and enjoyed—the way to Monaco one day, and that to Ventimiglia another. The latter expedition was full indeed of matter for delightful recollection,—we went further than Ventimiglia, and up the valley of the Nervia, as far as a place called Campo-Rosso, from the abundance of oleanders. We set out with our vetturino carriage on the 24th, Lady Ashburton going with us as far as Bordighera, where we finally parted most affectionately—having received for three weeks kindness and attentions not to be enumerated. . . . At Savona we had time to walk to the ancient but well-preserved cathedral, and to take in a store of grand images for memory in the works of

* Mr. and Mrs. Simpkinson de Wesselow, whose beautiful landscape paintings and constant hospitality at the Villa La Cava are well known.

Ludovico Brea, the gift of Julius the Second, consisting in a succession of pictures along the top of the stalls, or Chor-Stühle, all executed in inlaid wood—the first instance I ever saw of the application of that beautiful handicraft to the representation of designs of the highest art, reminding me of Luca Signorelli in grandeur and correctness combined with beauty. You must fancy compositions of human forms down to the waist, as large as life, Christ being the central figure, and apostles and saints extending on either side, all original and varied.

“To give you an idea of the way from Savona hither would be in vain—the valleys breaking through the mighty sea-barrier of rock, extending up to rocky mountains, each side softly though grandly modelled, covered with villages and single dwellings gleaming white among olives and pine-woods, each valley bringing down its torrent, which the road crosses by five bridges in succession—then on the coast the towns without end, to which we drove down successively by a road traced with vast amount of labour and skill—ceaselessly zig-zagging with the track of the railroad. Then, from Voltri, all the way to Genoa is marked as an approach to a great capital by a succession of immense villas, with well-kept appurtenances of terraces, orange-gardens, olive grounds, and avenues, all looking as if they were enjoyed, and as if the inhabitants lived up to their privileges. All the way, there is no sign of poverty, the population is evidently industrious, with plenty of Italian slovenliness to make it picturesque, but no wretchedness; the very cripples that sometimes begged, seemed not ill off. As to Genoa, I was even more struck than I expected by its grandeur of all kinds.”

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

"*Florence, 4 Feb., 1867.*—Of our three weeks at Mentone you will have some idea; but I have never said enough of dear Lady Ashburton's kindness to us all, or of the interest of Carlyle's most original discourse. We had perfect days in which to travel from Savona to Genoa, to stay at Genoa and to reach Bologna.

"My dear Elizabeth! I little thought when I began to write how my letter was to be closed. My beloved Matilda, my youngest born, expired on the 3rd of February. I know no more than a telegram conveyed. Frances and George were summoned, but arrived not in time to see her alive. Whenever I have prayed for her, it has been that the love of God, much better and tenderer than mine, would give her what *He* knew to be best, and He has taken her to Himself. . . . I trust she knew and felt how I loved her."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Florence, 5 Feb., 1867.*—My beloved George! I have received the blow! I know that my beloved youngest-born has been taken away. . . . With the telegram arrived a letter from my blessed child, a legacy of unspeakable consolation—expressing her thankfulness for being admitted to share in a work so entirely satisfactory to her, and for the kindness with which she was treated by all around her: and hoping that I should not object to her devoting her life to the calling upon which she had entered. . . . She was allowed to have entire satisfaction in her prospect of life, to find her desire of active usefulness fulfilled—and then she was summoned to a higher

sphere! For a long time, I have not known what to ask for her in prayer, but on the last New Year's Eve, and on her birthday, more strongly than ever did I feel that the love of God was greater and better to her than *my* love, and that *He* alone could know, and was sure to grant, what for her was best!—and so *this* was the best!—to end the trial of life, to close the scene, to accept the sincere and ardent longings after the good, the right, the best, the most holy and spiritual, which filled her mind, and through all human weakness directed her actions."

GEORGE DE BUNSEN to his MOTHER.

"Nurnberg, 7 Feb., 1867.—I am thus far back again from that place of sorrow, where I assisted yesterday in consigning to earth the body of our beloved Matilda: and hasten to tell you a portion at least of all that has happened. A poor comfort indeed, yet it will be a comfort for your hard-stricken mother's heart, to know that all attendant circumstances, all without exception, appear such as we should be truly thankful for.

"The position of Neudettelsau is, 'on an elevated and healthy plateau,' if you wish to praise it up: or 'on the bleakest of high plains, with ugly pine forests around,' if you would cry it down. Roads and villages alike are neglected to an incredible degree, yet there are no signs of poverty. Pfarrer Löhe has lived there as Pfarrer these thirty years and more: it is twenty-four years since he began to add its establishments to his pastoral work.

"Matilda arrived at Neudettelsau sorely chilled on the 12th of January: never, was her expression to the house-keeping sister Margarethe, had she been more tired by a

journey. She was received first of all in the *Diaconissen Haus*, and divided her time most sensibly between the hours of instruction given to teachers and deaconesses, and inspecting all that is going on in that extraordinary beehive, which besides a *pensionat*, contains two girls' reformatories, a Magdalen institution, a *Siechenhaus* (for incurables, &c.), the largest idiot asylum of Bavaria, and (in the village) a district hospital and mission-house. You will remember Matilda's so touching account of her first visit to the idiot-house (inscribed 'den Blöden ist Gott zugethan') :—a few days afterwards she declared her resolution to enter upon that very work of love, from which evidently her flesh and blood recoiled. All advice to the contrary proved unavailing, in which no one was more assiduous than Sister Doris, who is at the head of the idiot establishment. The surprise among all became greater when they saw that she insisted upon having the '*Asylisten*' under her care, a set of women and girls to whom no instruction can be given—totally helpless creatures, that she fed them at their meals and slept with five of them (children), that she was cheerful as the day, that she invited those who doubted to come and see how happy she was, that she declared herself after a few days to have found the amount of bodily work combined with work of the heart which she required.

“A miserably deformed child (I have seen her!) whose only sign of life seems to be a kind of grunting, which denotes neither pain nor desire nor pleasure, was found to be still and resting when Matilda took her into her arms. 'Every day (was the assurance of the librarian of Neudettelsau) she became more and more an object of

interest to us all: we knew that we had to do with an uncommon creature: her originality and simplicity attracted us: and we shall for a long time not cease to speak of her and think of her.'

"Wednesday, 23rd January, was the day of Matilda's transferring herself wholly to the large and stately idiot establishment. She was already suffering from cold, but assured those who spoke of it, that she was well wrapped-up and took all precautions. The work she did was not by any means hard, yet such as 'many maids could have done as well, and some could do better,' as Pfarrer Löhe assured her: yet she continued in it, accepting help from no one. Thus one night, when a fearful storm beat against her side of the house, and tore open one of her windows, she called not to the Deaconess in the next room, but worked a long time—from ignorance of the peculiar construction of these double windows, before she succeeded in closing them. Pfarrer Löhe believes that it was on this occasion that she must have received her second and deadly chill. A few days already before the 1st February Sister Doris had entreated her to nurse her cold by staying in bed: but not till that Friday afternoon did she obey,—('she was afraid Pfarrer Löhe would give over her children into other hands')—then she accepted Sister Doris's offer to have a spare room warmed for her reception. Whilst waiting to be called into that room she wrote the deeply touching lines to the Pfarrer, which I enclose.*

* "Verehrter, lieber Herr Pfarrer,—

"Es hat dem Herrn gefallen mir ein Halsleiden zu schicken, das mich auf einige Tage von meinem geliebten Berufe trennt, aber ehe ich mich lege, möchte ich Ihnen aussprechen wie von Herzen ich meinen erwählten Beruf liebe, und wie er mir ganz

She had scarcely finished them when a fearful trembling came over her, so that she sent to hasten the preparations, saying that she was afraid she would not be able to get to bed. When the doctor came, she made light of her illness, and declined his medicines. Breathing was troublesome, but not painful: her voice was scarcely audible. Sister Doris and another deaconess attended her continually, and others visited her. No alarm, however, spread among them, though a second doctor had been called on Saturday. But on Sunday afternoon, when Pfarrer Löhe was near the end of his church service, a note was brought to him from Sister Doris, saying the doctors were in consultation, that they considered the *Lungen Entzündung* not only pronounced, but a partial *Gehirnschlag* already at work, and that she could not be left alone with such a case, considering how near the end might be. The Pfarrer then, after including her specially in the closing prayer and benediction, hastened across, heard all the doctors had to say, gave the telegram,* and then addressed himself to the patient. The impression she produced was exactly that for which the physicians had prepared him,—that death was approaching. He read to her an appointed form of prayers and questions: she followed the former, and answered the latter, showing clearly both that her heart was at peace, and that she

zusagt, und wie, wenn Sie es mir gestatten, ich ihm länger als ich zuerst meinte, obliegen möchte. Bitte sagen Sie dies Allen, und dass ich *nur auf einige Tage*—weil Gott der Herr mir nun einmal diese Krankheit zuschickt, eine Stell-vertretung annehme.

“Es grüsst Sie chrerbietigst Ihre glückliche Freiwillige,

“MATHILDE BUNSEN.”

* Addressed to Frances de Bunsen at Carlsruhe.

understood what the Pfarrer said, by implication rather than directly, of her coming dissolution.

“This was about half-past five o'clock. Two hours later, Sister Margarethe having no peace over their frugal supper, ran across to see the patient. Her hands were cold and she was apparently unconscious—‘sleeping’—as Sister Doris thought. They sent for the Pfarrer. He believes Matilda to have been unconscious. Yet he (most wisely, I believe) pronounced close in her ear words of prayer and benediction. Suddenly there was a lull in those heavy breathings: all present saw what was coming. The Pfarrer continued gently pronouncing the words of benediction,—and just as the last was being said, there was a gentle shudder, and another—and she had slumbered away.

“There had been a strong appearance of death on her countenance before the end. It soon vanished, and all the deaconesses and others rejoiced to see the most perfect happiness spread over her features,—as did her brother when he stood by her coffin.

“I reached Neudettelsau between 9 and 10 yesterday morning. Those good deaconesses were heartily glad to see a brother coming to be present.

“Most wonderful did the whole appear as I heard each person's tale. No sting, nothing that could tempt one to repine. All seemed ordained by a loving Father like the most beautiful of poems. His child's yearnings had been fulfilled. She was in an occupation that seemed entirely to compass all her wishes. She had been in it long enough to impress *all* her new friends with deep and ever-growing affection, indeed with admiration,—even in a place where

abnegation of self is habitual, and a rule of life. She had been in it long enough, but not *too long*, not beyond the moment which might have come (*must*, perhaps, have come) when the terrible desolation of her work among creatures on the very confines of human or even animal existence, would become clear to her. In her life, the sudden element has been ordained to become a decisive one: first in the case of that terrible accident at Cannes, the effect of which, not the first only, but the lasting one throughout, she bore (let this testimony be repeated over and over again) with unequalled submission, fortitude, and cheerfulness: and now the sudden closing of her life! You and all of us, dearest Mother, are bowed to the earth—but we are bowed down *on our knees* to perceive the Lord, whose every deed is not only love, but beautiful order.

“A special house is built in the garden to receive the bodies of the dead. There I found Matilda, clothed in whitest linen, a wreath on her head, flowers on both sides of the coffin. A small crucifix was touchingly placed in those snow-white hands. Nothing could be done more appropriately:—Oh! but indeed the first moment was a great shock, before one could take in the expression of happiness on the calm, cheerful, blessed countenance. I stood there a long time, gradually the whole House (or a very large proportion of its inmates) assembled inside and outside, those outside being visited now and then with gusts of wind and spattering of rain, so violent, so distressingly cold, that I entreated Pfarrer Löhe to abstain from, or to shorten, his intended service. He scarcely gave a smile, but merely answered ‘*wir sind gewohnt im Wetter zu stehen.*’ And indeed no soldiers could stand fire better

than these good women and young girls, not to forget the young people of the Mission House, who carried the coffin, stood, and sang, and spoke responses through a terrific, bleak February storm. After the service, which was performed before the open coffin, we proceeded to the cemetery, where a good place had been chosen by the Pfarrer himself, and a second long and impressive service (the chief prayer of which is identical with the beautiful one at the end of the English ritual) was most solemnly performed. Occasional gleams of sunshine only rendered the pelting rain, which instantly took their place, more perceptible. Yet all around seemed cheerful and intent on their work of love.

“I should have wished to be present at the ‘Parentation,’ by which strange term they designate a six o’clock service, in honour and in commemoration of the deceased person who has been buried at noontide. But it seemed better, after I had heard and seen and done what could be accomplished, to turn my steps towards home with its numerous convalescents:” so I came away—after visiting the place at the Betsaal which Matilda had occupied, the idiots (almost all very cheerful creatures, though of appalling insensibility), the room where she sat, with many in the day-time, and lay with a few at night, the room in which she died,—and after some conversation with Sister Doris, to whom she seems to have been especially attracted. Another young woman also was shown me, Sister Therese, whose power of teaching Matilda much admired whilst she lived in the Deaconess-house itself. The Frau Oberin was

* Mrs. George de Bunsen and five of her children were then at Berlin, recovering from scarlet fever.

warm in Matilda's praises, and so was many another, all their homely faces beaming with appreciating sympathy towards her, who had come and gone, after expressing her desire to remain among them for life.

"Sister Margarethe told me of the endearing manner in which Matilda had spoken of her Mother and Frances and all her own, on many occasions from the day of her arrival. After she had been laid in her coffin, Sister Doris took off her finger the ring that Frau von Tiesenhausen had given her at parting. I have it now and will restore it to the giver.

"May Almighty God be your comforter and your strength!"

BARONESS BUNSEN to ABEKEN.

"*Florence, 13 March, 1867.*—How soothing is your entire consciousness of what my precious Matilda was! you have taken in both her grand character, and the roughness and seeming harshness of the providential guidance which moulded and perfected her moral nature, and finally has led her, early in life, to the fulfilment of her probation, to the moment when 'It is finished!' could be uttered over her. O! it is well! all is well! and yet the pain of this privation will last while I live: it is not a mourning that will pass away. Those last six months of her life which were granted to me after her return from Esthland had brought her closer than ever to me: and her residence for twelve months so far away had operated as I anticipated to make her feel more thoroughly what her home was to her, even though she remained attached to the house and family of the Tiesenhausens as a second home. When I

think of every part of my home-scene and home-existence, I am well aware that everywhere and in everything, fresh pangs will remind me of her touching attentions at every turn, telling of that which I am not to enjoy again. But you will judge that such selfish regrets make not the habitual tenor of my feelings, and though I bend in life-long mourning, it is also in adoration of the ways of God, who has led my blessed child by the paths which He knew to be best for her, and when her task of submission was fulfilled, received her to His own blessedness. It is soothing to me to know that she was admiringly appreciated and beloved by those so recently acquainted with her, and whose appointed place was by her bed of death; it seems that she left all minds around 'warm with the sunshine of her rest!' and the image which my dearest George was enabled to behold, and which he has so faithfully transmitted, of 'the first, last look, by Death reveal'd,'—remains before my mind's eye as a never-ceasing consolation."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY ISABEL.

"On the Journey to Germany, 3 April, 1867.—I wish I could transmit all the affectionate thoughts, and earnest prayers, which have ever and again filled my mind, and called before it not only the image of the group which vanished from my sight—of Beatrice and her Papa and Mama, at the Florence station, but the countless instances of affection, the unceasing care and attention, of which I have been the object during the two months so unspeakably precious as well as important to me! I can but repeat, and entreat you and my beloved Charles to believe,

that no part or particle of your kindness was thrown away, but all treasured up in grateful memory : and that I have intensely prized the opportunity thus providentially granted to me of really *living* with you, of really knowing your life, and of becoming known—such as I am—to both of you. When one is deeply conscious of benefits received, one longs to make every sort of return, and for love received, I can, indeed, faithfully make return in kind!—but for all the rest, I comfort myself, as I have so often occasion to do, that God, whose love for you, one and all, is far more and greater than *my* love, will make good in His own way, all my shortcomings.”

“ *Carlsruhe, 12 April.*—I delight to be able to tell you of my prosperous return. In meeting the happy group here, you will suppose that the feeling—‘I turned from all they brought, to her they could not bring,’ will be for ever recurring ; but as often as the beloved image recurs, it revives the consciousness that ‘ what God does, that is well done ! ’ It is most affecting to find such a deep feeling of what she was among the poor and the suffering of her fellow-creatures, wherever she was known.”

In the spring of 1867 the whole heart-sympathy of the Baroness Bunsen was called forth by the anxiety and sorrow of her sister, while watching by the sick bed of Lord Llanover. He had received a blow from the recoil of a gun, on account of which he underwent severe treatment for several months, in London, where he expired, after sufferings as intense as they were nobly borne, on the 27th of April, 1868.

BARONESS BUNSEN to her SISTER, LADY LLANOVER.

“Florence, 15 March, 1867.—Why do I not send you a letter every day? it would be easier than to refrain, for my thoughts are with you again and again, and they can never rest in any way, but that of shaping themselves into prayer. So will it be with you, most afflicted one! What can I say, that you, and the object of your intensest feelings, do not know as well, or better? The ways of God are not as our ways—and to strong and powerful natures He appoints the stronger discipline, such as would crush the weaker subject, but calls forth more completely the strength which will find its perfect work in entireness of self-sacrifice, *before the Cross of Him*, with whose agony, if that of man is in simple, unquestioning faith united, it is accepted as martyrdom:—as an offering well-pleasing, not as self-sought infliction, but as unresistingly received.

“Alas! the spirit of man will ever be asking, ‘Why is this?—Why must there be pain and anguish and misery?’—I find in everything the seemingly easy and the most complicated question, there is no peace but in saying, ‘Lord, thou knowest,’ and *I know not* and cannot comprehend: but I *have* held fast, and *will* hold fast, by the moral qualities of God, by the immensity of all His attributes, by His absolute and all-pervading mercy, as by His boundless power and wisdom: ‘I will say, it is mine own infirmity: but I will remember the years of the right hand of the most High.’

“My dear Augusta, forgive my thus running on—supposing that the minds of others may have gone in the way my thoughts have taken, many and many a time.

“I wish I could suppose that your dear patient was

sometimes in such comparative ease, as to bear any reading aloud. Were that to be supposed, I should name the Life and Letters of Frederic Robertson as being to me an intense occupation of mind. His thoughts, his troubles, his enquiries and struggles and victories, are for ever leading me into various meditation. I never saw the man, who was yet a close contemporary, but his published sermons, free and fearless as to what any party might think, have been my habitual food since I knew them. In general, I *cannot* read sermons—literally, my eye glides down the page, and it leaves no impression: but those of Robertson I begin over again, as soon as I have reached the end of the volumes, and I find them ever new. Not that I accept all that is in them—that I do not, with any human writer.”

“24 March, 1867.—E.’s deep impression of your suffering, rests upon my mind, and has stimulated reflection (which in truth needed not further stimulus) on the question, *what* can I do?—or *can* I do anything? towards help and relief:—and after going through the whole round of considerations, I invariably end at the same point, in the sentiment expressed by Shakspeare*—‘Therein the patient must minister to himself’—or rather, with the Scripture addition, without which the charge would be empty—‘Not I, but the spirit of God which is with (not me or you alone, but) each and every one who earnestly seeks after it.’ That Spirit must be at the same time the Giver and the Gift.

“To the consolation of God’s Holy Spirit I recommend you!—Alas! you will say with Job—‘miserable com-

* *Macbeth*, Act v., Scene iii.

forters are ye all!'—and yet—I am your truly affectionate sister.

“I send you for a folding screen a piece of my work, in embroidery stitch, of flowers from nature drawn and painted by myself. One person to whom I showed it suggested that it would be just the right thing to cover a large chair-back, to which I made no reply, but here admit to you, that I should not wish stitches done with application of mind, to be rubbed by coat-backs! nor do I wish them to be hidden under chair-covers, I had rather the work hung somewhere to be always seen by you, feeling myself that things out of sight are little enjoyed. This is a piece of my life, followed up through a long course of years, not as a job to *sit and work at*, but getting on from time to time, during reading aloud.”

“30 April, 1867.—What poor things words are—and how shall I find any that really reflect the image of what I feel about you! Who is there that can measure as I can what you are suffering? Who has trodden your path of woe, step by step, as I have done? How kindly and deeply did you sympathise with me, in those awful November days of 1860! how little could I anticipate that you would pass through scenes of anguish yet more severe, in the way and manner of death to your Beloved. Your case reminds me of that of the wife of a martyr, condemned to endure a course of torments as excessive as the arts and malice of man could devise, in order to compel a recantation of his evangelical faith:—the wife left him not, but remained at her own peril on the place of execution, exhorting him to endure, reminding him of the promises, anticipating and recalling to him the blessedness so near at

hand, her voice not faltering, her fortitude not giving way—thus enabled to give him the last proof of love, to perform the last act of ministration, for which his spirit will be grateful to her as God's messenger in eternity.

“How grand and affecting is the spectacle of the mind ever clear, undoubting, humble, submissive, resisting not! how I thank God for you for endurance so satisfying! How does one seek to follow the course of the released and unburdened spirit—landed on the shore, the storm and struggle past for ever, the dawn of life opening upon him, all faculties full and expanding in consciousness of what ‘eye hath not seen’ of ‘what God hath laid up for them that love him.’

“In all that agony ‘he sinned not, neither charged God foolishly.’ . . . I wish I knew what to write that could help you, that could soothe the anguish of retrospect. But as the hand of God hath touched you, so will that hand, that touch, communicate the only healing balm. That is my prayer! and that prayer carries with it its own conviction of acceptance.

“I long to learn that you have returned to your desolate home, which, however desolate, will afford you the only possible solace, in the country air and objects of God's creation and your own habitual care and interest. My thoughts are ever with you, and expatiate far and wide around, but always come back to entreat for you that blessing and peace which God alone can give.”

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

“12 *May*, 1867.—George writes that our long-valued friend Gerhard lies at the point of expiring, in that same fine

temper of mind which I have known and admired for about fifty years. Have you ever reckoned that if I live to the 1st July, I shall have reached the fiftieth anniversary of my marriage!—and I am alive and well, and my dear husband almost seven years amongst the departed. It would have been the ‘goldene Hochzeit’ had he lived.”

To her SON THEODORE.

“*Muri, 3 August, 1867.*—I have heard of the gradual and painless extinction of dear old Brandis—the last of my old friends, the last who could remember me in youthful days and the happiest period of my life: and who continued ever the faithful friend of all that belong to me. It is a sad and solemn feeling that attends the looking back upon a life which gleams with such a placid light of love and goodness throughout its course, and truly do I share and sympathise in the sorrow of Johannes Brandis, who loses more than anyone else in the death of his father; but it is a relief to know that the dear old friend passed away without pain.”

To her SON CHARLES.

“*Muri, Berno, 27 August, 1867.*—I have the constant impression that I have nothing to tell anybody, whereas I want to know things without end from everybody. Our summer-life has glided on in one uniform tenour, very enjoyably, in the consciousness of perfect country-quiet, breathing the air of open fields and luxuriant vegetation, surrounded by active rustic life, and uninconvenienced by any social trammels, as the few of our neighbours of whom we have any cognizance seem as much as ourselves sunk in summer-stillness of enjoyment.

“You will have learnt the peaceful and blessed end of Rothe. It is a comfort that the solitary man had his affectionate disciple, Nippold, near him throughout his painful illness: and the universal impression of respect and regret that has attended his departure is gratifying to all that care for the estimation of moral worth and Christian conviction. I fear his place, as a supporter of the good and great cause—the cause of vital Christianity with liberality in historical criticism—remains void and vacant: but one must not lose faith in the *succession of the prophets*—if I may be forgiven for using what may seem such a *cant* expression, but which to me is fraught with the high meaning of the enlightened and inspired proclaiming of religious truth. Never was such pouring-forth of heart-conviction more needed! Everywhere and in whatever denomination of Christians, I can see nothing but oppressing and stupefying form, and well if it be no worse—for the mind may struggle by inborn elasticity out of stupefaction:—but—‘My people love to have it so’—is too much the description of things as they are now, as well as when the Prophet used the expression.

“August has found employment for his summer-residence in examining the schools and seminaries of the Canton Berne, and has altogether been much pleased both with the method of instruction and the spirit and energy with which it is carried out. The principle of government here being, as is well known, decidedly averse to *too much Christianity*, an aristocratic party has established a school without any government support, and I have been startled by the book stating the principles of their system (what we call in England lowest-evangelical) even though I know

well the style of thing as prevailing in the party. Profession is made of inculcating a good fear of *the devil and hell* into the child's mind—discouraging him from curiosity and inquisitiveness (that is, a desire of explanation of what he is taught) and calling upon him to *consider himself a sinner*. Now if that is demanded of a child, he is made a hypocrite, repeating a form!—It is only possible to convince him of sin, by getting him gradually to perceive his own tendencies, to deceit, to fraud, to unjust appropriation of the goods of others, &c., and to all, in short, of the innumerable instances in which he may detect himself in *sharing in sin*, as a whole, even though he may have been restrained from any direct transgression according to the decalogue. I was once struck with the observation of Coleridge, that, confounding the commission of *sins*, plural, with a share in the *body of sin*, singular, was one of the grievous inaccuracies in expression, which might lead, and *has led*, to the renunciation of a religion seemingly demanding as the price of salvation a hollow profession of what the conscience could not admit as true.

“Convinced of the evil of teachers inserting their own spirit into their explanations, instead of the spirit of Christ, how do I long, generally speaking, for the minds of the yet unspoilt to be turned loose to graze on the fresh pasture and drink of the still waters of actual Scripture. Only by contemplating Christ, and forgetting what has been written about Christ, can nations or individuals get on.”

To her SON CHARLES.

“*Carlsruhe*, 3 Nov., 1867.—Alas! poor dear Italy! I expect that in France there will be a great *shudder* at the

last mode of employing a portion of the gallant French army, to crush with overwhelming majority of numbers and of arms, the band which with little besides valour has been too strong for the Papal troops!—in fulfilment of the charge ‘to take the first opportunity of trying the efficiency of the new mode of destruction!’* It is like the anecdote given by Speke the traveller, of the negro chief who on receiving the present of a musket, aimed at once at one of his slaves, standing at the right distance, and shot him, by way of trial of the weapon. O! the world is very bad! may God mend it! The terrible thing is, the world has no mind to mend. ‘They have Moses and the Prophets,’ said the Divine wisdom of old: and now they have the divine Oracles in addition: but ‘the heart has waxed gross, and the ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed’—lest they should be converted and healed.

“When at Grindelwald, we heard a sermon such as I reckon among events in life.—The text being from Jeremiah—‘Land, land, hear the word of the Lord.’ The sermon was long, and eloquent in simplicity and earnestness—closing with a charge, that the reading of the word of God should be accompanied with prayer of the heart, and then it would never fail of its effect. The preacher said—‘You will forget the sermon, but at least remember the text, and act according to it.’”

To her SON ERNEST.

“2 Dec., 1867.—I wish I could believe in anything so good as the doing away with the Pope and hierarchical

* The Chassepot rifle.

power. I can only say that in my long life of observation of the course of events, the Pope is the one image of power always increasing which stands out clearly within the horizon of *fact*, not of wish or speculation: and never did he seem so dangerous and hard to deal with as just now: and I have to struggle hard to hold fast by your dearest Father's often-reiterated declaration of faith—'Es ist doch der liebe Gott, und nicht der Teufel, der die Welt regiert.' ”

To her SON THEODORE.

“*Carlsruhe, 3 Dec., 1867.*—Of our life here there is little to be told. The whole interior moves on at its accustomed pace, the two Aunts steadily ruling and guiding, in that unexampled perfection of peaceful and energetic *duality*, in which nobody could believe without having witnessed its course. The children grow so tall, that it is difficult to conceive my having settled in Carlsruhe only five years ago to take care of a set of motherless babes. Often do I think, how their dear blessed Mother would have feasted on the sight of them! and then consider that I am preserved so long here to contemplate them for her.”

To her SON GEORGE.

“*31 Dec., 1867.*—We have very fine winter weather, which began with frost and sunshine on Christmas Eve, and such a perfection of *Giers*, or hoar-frost congealing the fog on the trees and bushes, as I hardly ever saw before. My favourite Schlossgarten was a sight—but the sun with its slight warmth soon did away with the prime ornament, which vanished in a ‘spangled shower.’ I am

thankful retrospectively, as I was at the time, for my journey last year. The 27th was the anniversary of my last sight of my Matilda—her eyes gazed after me as I glided off in the train! and little could I have imagined that I should behold them no more. I had once told her, that in such an earnest gaze, her eyes brought to my mind her dear Father's:—I am glad she knew that, for then my last look will have been known by her to be fraught with double love. But I would not call her back! much and continually as I miss her loving presence. I could not give her what she wanted in life, the satisfying of her craving for fulness of love and activity: now, all her longings are soothed.

‘So führst du doch recht selig, Herr! die Deinen:
Ja selig! und doch meistens wunderlich!’

Do you know that hymn—the favourite of Schelling?”

To her SON ERNEST.

“*Carlsruhe*, 31 Dec., 1867.—I look upon the awful contingency of the Fenian conspiracy as one of several. that within the date of my life I have seen England pass through unscathed, however endangered—which give the Continent a desired opportunity of shaking its head and saying very sagely that whether wished or unwished, England's last hour is come!—after which the said Continent will again look astonished, and say, it would not have thought England could have weathered such a storm! The Cabul war, the Indian Massacre, the Cotton Famine—all have been gloriously outlived, and have left their lesson to secure against renewal of dangers.

“Will you know what I dream? This would be a grand moment for a great action—for proclaiming that the Protestant disgrace in the Protestant church fabric of Ireland shall *die out* quietly—no further Archbishops and Bishops be appointed: and that the revenues shall be employed for railroads, embankments, schools and hospitals, and that the lands, when re-let, shall be given in preference to the Irish-born—such as have shown themselves good and quiet subjects. And it shall be openly professed, that there is an injustice to be made good, and the Irish shall have as much of their own land as they will deserve by their good behaviour. About the blow at Cabul, Sir Robert Peel said so nobly,—‘There has been a great wrong, and we have had a great blow—we need not seek to disguise it, but we are strong to bear it.’”

To her GRANDSON MORITZ.

“4 Jan., 1868.—I am glad the scenes of Berne and the Oberland are fresh in your memory as in mine; I think the sight of the fine scenes of nature remains through life the richest source of unspoiling pleasure. I found a verse which tells what I feel, as if I had written it:—

‘Say not these scenes shall swiftly fade,
This spring-time soon shall pass away:
While yet they were, for me they made
Bright wreaths against a distant day.’”

To her SISTER, LADY LLANOVER.

“16 April, 1868.—How does each day in succession tell upon the rough waves that break over one! On Good Friday, on Easter Eve, on Easter Sunday, one would

exclaim, 'Remain! pass not away!' let the healing balm continue to drop! and so it will, if encouraged. And first of all Palm Sunday should be named, and its hallowed Eve, when that lovely custom prevails of calling around the early flowers of spring granted by a mild climate, to spread their soothing influence over the records of Death, and speak of a bright Resurrection, when even the 'creature,' the seemingly inanimate creation, shall 'rejoice in the glorious liberty of the sons of God.' How I thank you for the beautiful images you have called up, by telling me of the aspect of the dear Llanover Churchyard on the day before Palm Sunday." *

The summer of 1868 was spent in great enjoyment at Grandchamp above the Lake of Neuchatel, in a chalet amid pasture lands, with a range of high trees shading the walls to the lake and its bathing-place. Henry and Ernest de Bunsen visited their mother here, occupying rooms lent in the neighbouring garden-chalet of M. Charles Bovet. This summer was always looked upon with especial pleasure. At this time Madame de Bunsen wrote, "That ill-humoured expression of the worn-out old King of Israel, 'if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many,' I have always thought we should take by the rule of contraries! It

* The very ancient Welsh custom of placing flowers on the graves and renovating them on what is called in Wales "Dydd Sadwrn y blodan" (Saturday of the flowers) was particularly cherished by Mrs. Waddington, and to the Baroness Bunsen was an early memory of childhood.

was more in the spirit of wisdom and Christianity that a modern sensualist wrote :—

‘Still Hope shall brighten days to come,
And Memory gild the past.’”

BARONESS BUNSEN to her DAUGHTER FRANCES.

“ *Grandchamp*, 18 July, 1868.—Poor Loulou died the day before yesterday. The prosaic fact is, that we are thereby relieved from more embarrassments than one: but what one *feels* is anything but relief; I was greatly upset, and found it hard to behave as I ought before the children: and I miss, and long shall miss, the silent presence of a piece of life and consciousness, which sought and claimed and received kindness: and then pain and death, the sudden cutting-off of that ‘sensible warm motion’ which was all to the poor dog, gives me an inward shake, hard to get over—bringing one’s thoughts forcibly in contact with the awful enigma of the brute creation. I have felt again, as so often before, that nothing of the many things that shake and confound us in life, would be endurable, but for placing the cause of emotion and all its circumstances in the hand of God, and resting upon the certainty that all His creatures are precious in His sight, as at their creation He pronounced them good! and this being the case, I take comfort in the conviction that He cannot have created anything for *nought*—for annihilation: and that pain and misery must be resolvable into good, although I cannot discern the *why* and *how*.”

TO MISS C. WILLIAMS WYNN.

“ *Carlsruhe*, 2 Oct., 1868.—Our winding-up of life at the Chalet de Grandchamp was like the winding-up of a string

of pearls, for such had been the details of the entire three months spent there. Great is my thankfulness for them—only desiring (to speak for myself with old Benjamin Schmolck) to have more heart, with which more fully to make the only return for the varied mercies received! A festival-afternoon, which Frances and Emilia contrived for the Boys' School, in honour of Reinhold's birthday, was a close making Reinhold and his friends very happy, and giving pleasure to all spectators in the sight of many sports on the grass, following upon a *gouter* or *morenda*. On the 24th our whole mass of human beings dislodged, and the greater part arrived the same night at Carlsruhe."

To MISS DAVENPORT BROMLEY.

"*Carlsruhe*, 20 October, 1868.—I wish I could express my thanks as warmly as I feel them for the satisfaction I have had in reading the work of Lecky. The title is a mistake, for it raises a prejudice: some other compendious expression ought to be found, to keep off the evil associations with 'Rationalism,' and yet imply the due and lawful use of the glorious gift which distinguishes the human from the brute creation—the faculty which makes our worship fit for God to accept from us. I feel inclined to congratulate you on having the book still before you to become acquainted with. Yet is the result (which I accept as being true and just, like the preceding view of history) most sad and most prosaic: but as it is not the first time that we have been made aware of existing in a world of prose, we are bound to make the best of it, where it is good for something. Poetry is gone and vanished, or nearly so: and we must not, and cannot wish our-

selves back in poetic times, for those were times of wickedness unbridled. Alas! at Florence, among what people were those miracles of art produced, before which we fall down and worship! Nothing is more true than what Reumont once said, 'If you wish to enjoy the paintings, enquire as little as possible into the lives of the painters.' Fra Angelico was a seraph, and painted seraphic minds: he scarcely knew what was meant by flesh and blood."

To her GRAND-DAUGHTER LILLA DE BUNSEN.

"12 *March*, 1869.—I thank you for joining the chorus of kind wishes which has greeted my birthday from far and near! and should be glad to find words to express how gratifying such affection is to me, and how thankful I am to God for granting me so great a portion of that greatest of blessings, with so many others: my own undeserving is nothing to the purpose, for God gives according to the immensity of His mercy.

"I feel a difficulty in writing to any of you, because I do not want to dwell upon your present sorrow in the lengthened leave-taking, from scenes and from persons to which and to whom you have been long habituated: * but I feel for you, and with you daily: for nobody has ever had more repeated experience of that wretch from the long-known and long-prized. But one is reminded of the great blessing of recollection: that the treasures in memory are reality, and not fancy—a priceless possession for life. 'O thou wealthy Past,' as those beautiful lines of Fanny Kemble's express, in words which ever and again have

* In the removal of her father from the vicarage of Lilleshall to the rectory of Donington.

soothed my feelings. They are in her small book 'A Year of Consolation.' "

To her SISTER, LADY LLANOVER (on the loss of her beautiful and beloved grandchild, Stephan Herbert of Llanarth, who died 6 April, 1869).

" 14 *April*, 1869.—Why should I write? and what should I write? You *know*, as I do, that the blow is not dealt in wrath, but in love and mercy. You pray, as I do for you, for strength to endure without being disabled from the fulfilment of the duties that remain. You long, as I do for you, for enlightenment as to the lesson to be learnt, as to the course indicated, by the ways in which the will of unerring Wisdom is disclosed. You desire, as I do for you, to do what God will have done,—to be, what God would have you to be: to further His purposes,—to fulfil His designs of mercy towards yourself and others.

"What matters what I feel?—You believe without my assurance that I go along with you in every pang,—in the whole wilderness of wretchedness. Human weakness is apt to exclaim '*Anything but that!*' just the complication that *is*, seems the most soul-harrowing, the most impossible, the most crushing. And yet just that is seen good, by Him who knows our frame, and who does not willingly grieve! You might have thought you had suffered up to the last degree, when you had to watch your dear husband through his so well-endured martyrdom: but you have had to experience that you had still much to lose,—still many a labyrinth of woe to trace: but *not* in darkness, never without the light from Heaven.

"How I hope that you will go out into the open air. The weather and season speak but of hope and joy, which

endeavour to overrule sadness by reminding the mourner of the one source of all good and all loveliness.

“God be with you! soothe you, strengthen you! and when I feel that, and write that, I know that He *does* beyond all I can ask or think.”

To MRS. LINDSAY (on hearing of the death of her sister, Miss C. Williams Wynn).

“*Carlsruhe, 2 May, 1869.*—How shall I write to you? I feel as if I had no words but those I have just written—a burst of sympathy and affection, a yearning towards you, as towards all that remains on earth of a friendship, of an intercourse, so invaluable to me. I long to pour out to you all I feel, for I believe you would accept it. How unspeakably kind in you to write to me that most beautiful picture of all that is most beneficial to contemplate—earthly suffering quelled by heavenly influences, resignation and acquiescence in God’s will and thankfulness in all things, as a habit of mind, as a condition of life—not superinduced by a sense of duty, but flowing fresh and pure from the very ground of the heart. . . . No one might seem to have a right to speak of feeling the terrible blank when addressing you; and yet to me it will remain such while I live, for the place occupied by Charlotte no other can fill. I recall with thankfulness her faithful friendship, which induced her so often to contrive a journey to see me; which journies, which meetings, all remain enshrined in grateful memory.”

To her SON ERNEST.

“26 Dec., 1868.—I had never supposed that I should

trouble myself to read anything written by Buckle, after the impression produced by what I heard of his first literary appearance, and of Maurice's having undertaken to combat him! But I sent for vol. ii. of his 'Civilisation,' as treating of civilisation in Scotland. This is preceded by a most striking abstract of the History of Spain. He gives facts, shortly and spiritedly, with references to authorities in foot-notes—bringing the history as a whole with infinite force upon one's mind, to prove (as one of his preliminary maxims) that no freedom or good government in any degree or kind can be bestowed upon a nation, unless that nation *desires* it, and is *capable* of receiving it. He proves (what I was not in the least aware of) that a series of enlightened men in power in Spain for about eighty years out of the eighteenth century, had commenced a system of reform, which in every particular (including the suppression and banishment of the Jesuits) was *most unwelcome* to the nation, who applauded the rescinding of all reformatory ordinances on the accession of the worthless king afterwards deposed and banished, whose minister was the infamous Godoy. The reason for giving the history of Spain as an introduction to that of Scotland, is that Buckle declares the two nations to be similar in devotedness to superstition!—the term under which he designates *all* religious conviction, that is to say, all reverence for the Invisible. You will break in with the question—'How can you busy yourself with such a book?' To which I answer, that I was not prepared for coming in direct contact with the spirit of atheism, so deliberately, so composedly, brought forward:—and on reflection I perceive, that my long life has gone round a circle, and is

returned to the point from whence it started, as to 'Weltgeschichte.' I have heard conversations in my childhood, from which, *reflecting upon words not as a child*, I draw the result that the same condition of mind prevailed at the beginning of the century, which Buckle would inculcate. 'There is nothing new under the sun'—the frightful thing is, that the old fallacies will turn up again and again: for the reply to all attempts to stigmatise the religion of Christ as the cause of evil, is unanswerable, as the fact *is* and *remains* that the faith which causes sin and misery is *not* the faith of Christ, but a system falsely so called—which the greatest foes of the Gospel cannot deny, if ever they can be brought to comprehend what *is* Gospel, and what the error of man presuming to interpret the word of God.

"I long to have 'Ecce Homo' translated for the Italians—they are just now in a difficulty, from which only the revelation of the real character and real teaching of 'Jesus the Christ,' can help them. To return to this work of Buckle's—I fancy it must be the same, which he so bitterly regretted, when in the grasp of death, not to have time to finish, for he evidently hoped, by going through the history of all nations, and deducing all the evils endured by nations from slavish submission to dogma, that he should fully substantiate his atheism, and prove that it were well if all religion were discarded. Most true, if that were religion which he looks upon as such. But his summing up of historical events is most striking and instructive—and the suggestion that when the whole mass is corrupt, the very bread of life cannot be received and digested, is only too awfully true. It is education, due training of the faculties, works of love and mercy, that are wanting to

make nations capable of the very benefits after which they all seem to be striving. . . . It is made too clear by Buckle's historical statements (if one had not known the fact before) that the Scottish Kirk carried on for two centuries the working of the Romish spirit under different forms of speech and of life: and we know too well the same of the Church of England."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Herrenalb*, 4 August, 1869.—From the first day of breathing this mountain air, I have been another creature. I remember the lines of German translation from Calderon

—'doch Neapel liegt voll Wollust
In dem sanften Reich des Windes'—

which describe my position and sensations, when I sit the greater part of the afternoon, after dinner, in a wicker chair, on the grass, under transparent shade of fruit trees, receiving the full current of the N.W. wind, which has been our daily luxury ever since we arrived on the 10th July.

"How I thank you for all you tell me, which I ever want to know, and which no one else tells! and how I thank you for feeling as I do, 'when the great world's news with power, my listening spirit thrills'—and still more particularly when the historical events ('*weltgeschichtlich*') of which England is the scene, pass before us:—you hail the grand conflicts and the grand results, of the national will, in whatsoever nationality you find them:—with I think a tender feeling for that nationality to which your mother clings in heart and soul—though rejoicing in

vigorous essentiality, in whatever land and race it shows itself."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY LOUISA.

"*Herrenalb*, 23 August, 1869.—The air of these hills has made me quite myself again: I can walk now wonderfully, and every day directly after breakfast I go out into the forest. . . . To-day, just as we had begun our dinner, at a quarter past one, who should appear, but Dr. Acland, having walked over hills and dales from Wildbad! He came in reproaching himself for not having been exact, as he purposed arriving at the nick of one o'clock. I could not help remarking how delightfully English, and delightfully Acland, it was, to reproach himself for inexactness, having undertaken an unknown forest-walk, over hills and down into hollows, to say nothing of seeking by-paths, as he had done, rather than follow the regular road. It was most refreshing to see him, and feel that whatever the lapse of time since we personally met, he was ever the same valuable friend. He brought a most gracious greeting from the Prince of Wales, addressed to me, when he heard Dr. Acland was coming to visit me,—on hearing which message, the Princess desired to add one from herself—I cannot call it of remembrance, for I never had opportunity of being known to either of those very amiable royalties."

To her SON HENRY.

"12 Sept., 1869.—I thought of my dear Henry when reading, as usual, in the Christian Year, since his departure—and I doubt not he thought of me when reading the poem belonging to the 15th Sunday after Trinity—

‘Behold the lilies of the field’—the whole being a meditation on the charm that flowers shed over life. I am sure it gives voice to my feelings.”

“1 *Nov.*, 1869.—You will like to know that I had the great pleasure of a visit from dear Mrs. Augustus Hare and Augustus last week, on their way to Rome. She is well, as long as it may be! and in a state of mind, and of countenance, truly angelic—only belonging to this world by her affections.

“You will have heard of the death of Anne Hare, who was a grand character, and one of many instances I have known, of what your Father called the ‘moral murders’ of the Church of Rome: that is of a being made for healthy and wholesome action, dragged down with sorrow and misery to an untimely end. She was gifted so as to have been capable of becoming a second Miss Marsh. But the quantity of wickedness, authorised and countenanced by the whole Romanist clique that surrounded this their noble prey, is of a piece with the worst records of a course of action which caused our wiser ancestors to refuse to the Church of Rome that liberty of doing and causing mischief, which is now done and exists under protection of equal laws.”

“21 *Feb.*, 1870.—Yesterday we had glorious sunshine, as if to remind one what a blessing it is, but to-day the wet blanket sinks down again—letting through little light and quenching all colour, leaving not even an opportunity for variety of shadow—

‘Now the light of heaven
Emitting cloudless, and the solar beam
Now quenching, in a boundless sea of clouds.’

This last expression however gives an image, which reality bears not. Clouds are always of fine effect, though ever so threatening: but the *wet blanket* is unmitigated gloom and darkness. On the three occasions on which I have travelled south in winter, I have observed that the wet blanket lasts till one has proceeded south of Avignon, when it breaks up into clouds, and they clear, partially or wholly, at or near Marseilles.

“I thank you for never failing to let me know of things which interest me! If we did not thus communicate in writing, at least something more than what lies on the surface, what should become of *us*, the collective belongings of your dearest Father! all *puissances déchues*, as we are, since we had to stand alone without him. It was not the splendours and the crowds of Carlton Terrace which made to me the difference—it was the intellectual rank, the moral eminence, of him who has fought the fight, that raised us all into that communion with such portion of humanity as is worth belonging to, which we all feel the need of keeping up, and all feel more or less the difficulty of keeping up!

“It is curious to contemplate how the ways of Providence have cast so many of us into positions which might be likened to being fixed on a dry sandbank, after having been used to float on the high galley-poop down the swelling current, in prospect of all the glories of earth, taking in the ideas that move and animate humanity, as one imbibes the atmospheric air. I say not this to complain, my dear Henry! you will not so misunderstand me; I speak but of facts, on which I often meditate, with the hope and prayer, that the grace and guidance never refused to the

humble seeker, may be vouchsafed to each and all of us, to discern and follow up the line which the Hand Divine has traced for each, through scenes and objects and callings, not always of choice, and the safer for not being so.

"I am very glad of all you tell me of A., and most glad of all, that you contrive to keep up your relation to him, in the way alone desirable, by making him aware of your Bunsen-independence of thought and opinion. There is nothing like people's being aware that 'hinter den Bergen giebt's auch Leute'—as Göthe reminded the literary set in Weimar on his first arrival, when he thought they looked upon him 'de haut en bas'—by drawing on the wall a map of mountain-tops, with heads peeping out between."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"9 *March*, 1870.—To-day is our Aga's birthday—eight years old! Bright and blooming all the children, and happy in bright anticipations! Such a troop of playfellows expected, headed by the little Princess, just her age. A fine working day for the *Tanten*, who must head the revels.

"There is little of matter-of-fact for me to tell my own Mary: but, as Göthe says, 'die Liebe lässt sich nicht sagen.' I can but ask you to believe in it!"

"12 *May*.—I have been delightfully busied with Charles and Mary Isabel—walking in the *Schlossgarten* and *Fasanengarten*, and revelling in 'diesem neuen Grün und dieser Sonne,' and the lilac clumps coming out in fulness, and the birds filling the air with sweet sound. Surely, one always forgets how delicious the spring is!"

In the spring of 1870, Madame de Bunsen undertook,

with her daughter Emilia, a long-contemplated journey to visit her son George, in the home at Berlin, to which he had removed on leaving Burg-Rheindorf in 1861.

BARONESS BUNSEN to her DAUGHTER FRANCES.

“*Cassel, 22 April, 1870.*—All this time, since I last looked towards you and the dear ones around, is like a dream, and I feel as one does on awakening from sleep, as if one had need first to collect one’s thoughts, before attempting to give an account of impressions. We slept at Marburg, and at half-past seven yesterday morning came Roestell, and we walked to the Elizabeth Church, and the sight for so many years wished for, proved indeed enjoyable and satisfactory. I believe the style is the only kind right and suitable to the dignity and purity of Christian worship—not an atom of ornament, except that exhalation of beauty proceeding naturally from the gracefulness of lines and forms, and the massive magnificence and colour of the stone. The interest is great, of the tombs, of the sculpture and the paintings inside; but all that belongs to the past, which we renounce and give up in heart, only looking upon it as associated with the historically interesting. Restoration and renewal of the colours, I found, as ever, most offensive. I longed to wash them out as stains: and if I could direct, old frescoes should only be renewed *grau in grau*.

“The country from Marburg on to Cassel must be very pretty in the season of foliage; the rivers charming, Lahn and Fulda; and numbers of villages well-situated and flourishing. At Cassel, Frau Gerhard met us at the station, with a young nephew most pleasing to behold. We

staid at the hotel to dine, and then went to the gallery with Aabel—whom I should anywhere have recognized, though aged, with snow-white hair. The paintings were a great treat:—the finest are portraits by Rembrandt, Rubens, Titian,—of that sort which let one into a whole human soul and life; knowing nothing of the individual and his or her fate and fortunes, but enabled to enter into each variety of qualities and capabilities, towards which one's sympathies are ready to flow.

“Then we had tea with Frau Gerhard, who is just the same person, with the same face, not older, except that the soft plaits of hair on each side of her face are quite white. Most soothing and like herself was her conversation, as you will well imagine. I am glad to have seen her dwelling—so comfortable, so suitable, receiving fresh air and sun, with view over a very large square and country beyond. Pray fancy all the Grüsse! from Frau Gerhard, from Roestell! I cannot do them justice. And pray fancy all the love that I cannot put into words, to yourself, and my Rosa, Dora, Marie, Reinhold, Aga!”

JOURNAL RECOLLECTIONS (written long afterwards).

“*April*, 1870.—We arrived in good time at Berlin, and found a large group of beloved ones awaiting us at the station, not only George and his wife, but Charles and his wife, as well as Theodore.

“The images called forth and renewed by all I saw and heard while living in my dear son George's house were woven by degrees into a firm portion of the web of life. I was allowed to see once more friends of the precious years spent in Rome, in whose faithful sympathy I again re-

joined, without the certainty, however distinct the anticipation, of the farewell-character of this last occasion of intercourse, as in the case of Frau von Tippelskirch, and of Rudolph von Sydow: as also in that still nearer in interest, of Heinrich Abeken, whose life, renewed and freshened to himself by his recent marriage, and full of high interest in the consciousness of weighty political labours, I was far indeed from supposing to have been so very near its close. Most affecting to me, at the time and in grateful remembrance, was the frequency of his visits, however short: how he would join the early breakfast in George's house for half an hour's animated conversation, before the breakfast hour of his wife, for which he never failed to return:—as also the sight of him, joining my dear sons George and Theodore at the railway-station, on the wintry morning of the 2nd May, to give to Emilia and myself the travellers' viaticum.

“My pleasure in the gallery of painting and sculpture was constant and varied, as the building attracted and satisfied me almost as much as its contents, and my dear son Charles was frequently the companion of my visits, as well as sometimes Theodore and the faithful Meyer, Lepsius himself explaining the Egyptian historical representations on the walls, copied from those still existing when they were originally delineated under the eyes of Cleopatra and Cæsarion, therein depicted. The perfection of the Adorante was the more enjoyed, as having been a familiar object, when a true facsimile of the antique figure had been for a time one of the prized ornaments of No. 9 Carlton Terrace.

“I was privileged to see the King and the Queen—her

Majesty having been graciously pleased to command my appearance in the ground-floor apartment of the Palace, generally occupied by the Grand Duchess of Baden when on a visit to her parents, a kind consideration of the Queen, to avoid causing me the fatigue of ascending the stairs leading to her own especial abode. Here I was most kindly received by the Countess Haacke: and a few minutes later, the Queen entered, and, after a gracious greeting, caused me to seat myself opposite to her. With a truly royal memory, she recalled all names most near and dear to me, as objects of enquiry and interest. Then she told me that the King also intended to speak to me: immediately after which announcement, a door opened, and the same tall and dignified figure, the same benevolent countenance, for long years 'in strong remembrance set,' reappeared before me, the grey tinge of hair and beard, and a few additional lines, deepening expression, being the only indication of the lapse of twenty-two years since the memorable 1848, when the Prince of Prussia took up his abode in No. 4 Carlton Terrace. I had seen the Prince on the subsequent occasion of his visit to Queen Victoria at the time of the first great Exhibition of 1851, but the lasting impression dates from the earlier period of more habitual observation.

"At Dresden, the gallery was shown to me by my old friend Schnorr, and thus I was enabled to meet him once more in life, and to bear away in mind the happy impression that in him the good which I had seen in early expansion, had condensed and consolidated amid labours and struggles, through the pain and the joy of living. And I have the comfort of believing that the reflex of divine

benevolence, which it was given to Raphael to pour forth upon us, in his conception of the Immanuel, the God with us and in us, in the loveliness and majesty of early childhood; fell in all its force and solemnity upon the heart as upon the eye, of my old friend as well as upon my own."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Carlsruhe*, 10 *May*, 1870.—From Dresden we all travelled together to Prague—a beautiful way along the Elbe, with cliffs on both sides, like those on the Avon between Bristol and King's Road. But Prague is more than any description can prepare one for! How we did gaze from the Hradschin! the moment, shortly before sunset, being perfect. The whole town is so solemn, so dignified: as if still meditating on the ruin of the 'Weisse Berg.'"

To her SON HENRY.

"*Carlsruhe*, 17 *May*, 1870.—Be assured, that many a time I should have been giving you an account of all that I have been enjoying—only that my business seemed to be, first to enjoy, and then rest. A more agreeable three weeks could hardly be spent, than Emilia and I passed between the 20th April and the 10th May, when we returned home, to find the home-party flourishing, and Carlsruhe in its bright moment—all blossom and verdure.

"My journey was so arranged as to be a regular party of pleasure—a moderate distance each day, an excellent resting-place each night, and persons and objects of interest

everywhere. At Frankfort, Frau v. Bülow sent her very prepossessing son: at Marburg, old Roestell showed the Elizabeth Church: at Cassel, Frau Gerhard and Director Aubel exhibited the very fine collection of paintings: on the railway we *spoke* (as seafarers say) Pauli at Gottingen, he came with wife and children just for the ten minutes. How I enjoyed the Museum Collections at Berlin is not to be said! Also I admired Berlin in general. But what should I say of the kindness of friends! I was really touched and most grateful, almost ashamed to receive such proofs of faithful remembrance, when I had not given people credit before. From Berlin we went to Dresden, and saw the incomparable gallery with Schnorr. Then to Prague, and found it beyond all anticipation interesting: then to Nuremberg, where Ernest and Elizabeth and Hilda met us, and what two charming days did we spend there! Charles and Mary also of the party."

To her SON GEORGE.

"24 May, 1870.—. . . In the regions to which your dear Father has attained, there is fulness of joy, fulness of work, fulness of object, for the fitted faculties to dilate in—and the contributions of earth, however precious here, would have the flavour of sorrow, even if they could reach the abode of blessedness. And yet there are two stanzas of a hymn which I found written out in Theodora's hand, I know not whence copied: which strike my feelings with the melody of truth—

‘Do I forget—O no,
For Memory's golden chain
Still binds my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet to touch again.

'Each link is strong and bright,
And Love's electric flame
Flows freely down like a river of light
To the world from whence I came.'

With June, sorrow came to Madame de Bunsen in the rapid illness and premature death of her eldest grandson, Fritz de Bunsen, the beloved son of Ernest. "I am for ever thinking," she wrote, "through my dear Fritz's life, and all the pleasure and satisfaction I have had in him from his very babyhood: how much affection he has always shown me. O! the trial is a very bitter one."

It was a source of great thankfulness to her friends that the venerable Baroness had removed in June, before the outbreak of the war with France, with her unmarried daughters, her Sternberg grand-children, and Miss Price, from Carlsruhe to Château d'Oex. Here they occupied a delightful chalet, in which the summer was cheered by a visit from Henry and Mary Louisa de Bunsen. Though living in Switzerland, surrounded entirely by partizans of the French cause, the faith of the Baroness Bunsen in the success of Prussian arms was never shaken. On the 2nd of September, 1870, the Grand Duke telegraphed to her from the battle-field the news of the victory of Sedan. As the family returned to Carlsruhe, intending to go round by Schaffhausen to evade the franc-tireurs, they found on arriving at Basle, that Strasbourg had been taken the day before.

BARONESS BUNSEN to her SISTER, LADY LLANOVER.

"2 August, 1870.—Most people agree in reckoning Château d'Oex 'not desirable, except as a convenient centre for excursions!'—which sounds just like what I don't like, and don't want. But I find it a charming spot for *staying at home*, with the finest air blowing upon me, with only fields and woods and rocks and mountains to look at—no town to come in one's way, and the multitude of habitations for strangers innumerable, so well scattered and secluded, that one may feel as if in the country altogether, scarcely meeting any of the visitors.

"What should I say of the oppression on one's mind from the images of this horrible war! All hands belonging to me are working hard for the wounded, and have one day in the week when the room is full of helping ladies, English and Swiss, and some German. Alas! my eyes can no longer help in sewing—but they paint flowers without end."

To her DAUGHTER MARY (during the Franco-Prussian War).

"4 Nov., 1870.—Everybody works, has worked, and is working, for the sufferers in the war. O my own Mary! you pray, I am sure, as I do, every hour—'Mercy, mercy' for victors and vanquished."

To her SON GEORGE.

"11 Nov., 1870.—How much I have to be thankful for in my delightful spring journey to Berlin, and stay at Berlin, and journey back the other way! Perhaps it may have been the last cheerful glimpse of the outer world, that I may have in the remainder of life: I saw fine flourishing

towns, centres of boundless activity—country in high cultivation—all speaking of physical well-being, and what so many consider as essentially human happiness. And now, wherever the mind's eye looks, it falls upon scenes of family mourning and privation:—and shrinks from the physical anguish, ravage and destruction, near at hand—and from the long vista of misery, before a 'renewal of the face of the earth' can be even hoped for.

"I think it is for young people to bear, without being crushed, these times of ours. All is on a colossal scale—military glory, human grandeur of qualities, also human wickedness and wilful blindness. Something might be said analogous to Shakspeare's lines in the mouth of Orsino—

'No woman's sides
Can bear the beating of so strong a passion
As mine is for Olivia.'"

To her SON GEORGE.

"16 Nov., 1870.—Yesterday I went in spirits to bed because of more than one symptom communicated in the papers of a growing tendency in the besieged within Paris to give up a hopeless resistance. . . . What a note of war is sounding again from the barbaric power in the East! O how my impatience increases to know the Prussian armies on the homeward route—just to comfort their families, and renew their strength, for new efforts and new miseries.

"I am cordially glad of the handsome and well-expressed acknowledgment by the Crown Prince of the enormous contribution of the English nation towards the relief of the sick and wounded—it was high time that he took the

matter in hand, for notice had been taken in England already, among those educated classes who worked with their own hands so assiduously (besides contributing money) of the absence of any expression of obligation on the part of Germans. The fact was, that the German public (or populace) did not find from the first in English papers that incense-strewing, or 'Lob-hudelei' so abundant among themselves when German deeds or sentiments are the subject: and were not disposed to accept the principle of 'share and share alike' in the contributions for the sufferers on both sides. The besetting sin of Germans was reckoned, by a good judge, to be self-conceit or *Selbstüberschätzung*—as that of the English, greediness of gain, and of the French, licentiousness.

"It will be an awful crisis for the German nation! when once the great foe is laid low, and rendered impotent. I read the other day, that the breaking-down of Roman virtue and moral consciousness took place directly after the great triumph of the Punic wars: then was that beginning of evil, of the reign of self, unsubservient to the moral law, which reached such an awful height under the Empire. Against such horrors being reproduced in the world, Christianity might be the antidote, but how has Christianity been undermined on one side, and stiffened into a form of words or deeds on the other!—'O! that thou wouldst rend the heavens, and come down!'—is one ever ready with Jeremiah to exclaim."

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"28 Nov.—Emilia is going in two days to Metz, being asked to help the excellent people among the 'Friends'

who have collected a large sum for the support of the starving inhabitants of villages round Metz—where the country, of course, is eaten up, quite bare. The Grand Duchess also wishes Emilia to undertake the superintendence of a hospital-shed now in process of finishing, when she is able to return from Metz.

“You know what anniversary this is?—As the verse says—‘yet the thorns are fresh as ever’—ten years have made many changes, but not in consciousness of pain. Not that I would call him back—he was not constituted to bear old age. No, ‘was Gott thut, das ist wohl gethan.’”

“30 Dec., 1870.—Dear Ernest will leave me to-day. He has been a most delightful companion, and contributed more than I can describe to the keeping us all *going* in the most depressing time. . . . Yesterday was Dora’s birthday, when our Christmas-tree was relit, and Aunt Frances contrived a lottery, to the increase of the animation of our children and the Baillie’s. How invaluable it is to have children’s joy to rejoice in! they can be quite happy, in personal unconsciousness of wide-spread misery.”

“18 Feb., 1871.—Preparations are going on for the illuminations we are to have as soon as the Peace is proclaimed, and I have great plans of climbing up Amelie’s staircase, and sitting at one of her windows, to hear the Männer-Chöre, who mean to sing before the Schloss. . . . The exertions of this small town in every way, for charity, have been most respectable. It is beyond all anticipation that such a value in money should have been once, and again, and again, furnished for the one object of helping those who have fought for the defence of their country. And it is not in money only that Carlsruhe has helped. I

verily believe there has not been a woman who has not worked all the winter either at woollen clothing for the soldiers, supplementary and gratuitous, or at nursing the sufferers: there have been no balls, no theatre—so people had something to spare.”

To her SON GEORGE.

“*Carlsruhe*, 31 Jan., 1871.—I must write and rejoice with you, on the cessation of hostilities, on the hope of peace, on the grand appearance made by the whole German people, on the dignified moderation of those who wield such crushing power, on the stupendous victories which have closed the war, on the honour and real, lawful glory, of having carried out a tremendous judgment of God, on the nation which needed to be taught the laws and rules of human society, with the smallest possible amount of aggravation from human sin and passion. How ardently do I pray that what is yet to be done may be performed in a like spirit, with a like absence of presumption and self-gratulation!

‘The judgments of God are in the earth,—
Let men tremble and be still.’

It did my heart good, that the *Times* at once applauded the moderation which had dictated the terms of the armistice, and declared that in no case could France have obtained more favourable conditions. . . . The Continent will like to believe that the yelping, barking crowds in Trafalgar Square represent a class of importance—but they only represent the cast-off of society, without weight and without influence. How one’s whole heart expands towards

the coming spring, with hope for the renewal of the face of the earth, and for the chastened revival of joy and comfort in the dwellings of men!—But there is the constant difficulty—men spoil their opportunities of good, by not acting in the spirit of the divine government. I pray intensely for the shedding of those blessed influences by which the souls of men may imbibe and transmit to others the love and mercy of which they have had experience. Will the awful breaking up of the ‘whited sepulchre,’ disclosing ‘all uncleanness,’ as in the case of the poor French nation, prove a warning to others against prevailing atheism? Will people seek after God ‘in spirit and in truth,’ and cast away the forms, of whatever denomination, which keep out the light, and shackle and warp what ‘God made upright’ and free?

“On Sunday the children and the maids sang ‘Nun danket alle Gott’—could I but sing, I should be incessantly going through the whole exquisite collection of Hymns of Thanksgiving

And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out ‘O hear us!—’ ”

To her SON HENRY.

“7 *March*, 1871.—Every one now forgets that the French army and its leaders, and all the French nation that could make itself heard, declared war with the avowed purpose of conquering provinces of Germany, annexing Belgium, and dictating conditions at the gates of Berlin! leaving the King of Prussia reduced to the dominions of the Markgraf of Brandenburg. . . . As to the ‘want of magnanimity’ displayed by the great man of the age, the

first drain by the French upon exhausted Germany, between 1792 and 1800, amounted to *five and a half milliards*: therefore *more* than France is now called upon to disburse: I have not by me the particulars of the sums drawn from Prussia alone between the battle of Jena (1806) and the downfall of Napoleon in 1813: but I know, that in the present year 1871, the single town of Königsberg has just paid in the *last instalment of the debt* she was obliged to incur in order to meet the French demands, and buy off the literal 'Brandschatzung,' *i.e.*, save the town from burning and plundering. . . . People do not read history it seems, and only those who are as old as I am remember what we have lived through."

To ABEKEN.

"*Carlsruhe*, 11 *March*, 1871.—'I have nothing but thank ye!'—as the Welsh peasants say: and if I had ever so much more in power of words, the return would be very poor compared to the amount of gratification your power, first of feeling, and then of utterance, have given to me. But I can meet feeling with feeling: and from my heart's core I respond to your faithfulness to old impressions, and beg you to believe that not only this last proof of your friendship, but the long course of it, unbroken and unabated through the lapse of hours and days and years, is full before my mind, and is matter of devout thankfulness, with so much besides!

"There has been such vigorous and general exertion of the best qualities during the war, both in the seat of conflict and at home, that we now must feel the need to pray against the iniquities of the happier conditions ap-

proaching: and to hope that the blessings of peace may not be misused. Most edifying is the reminder given by the Sovereign, of the duty of first mourning with the afflicted, before we seek to excite one another to mirth and joyousness! It is hard, at my age, to conceive how anybody, ever so young, can yet be conscious of anything more rousing than the reality of relief, of the removal of active anguish. The saddest year, as to natural conditions, that I remember, was the last of my young life in England, the year after the great fall of Napoleon I., and the great conclusion of peace, supposed final: all were impoverished, all were spiritless—the most were under the necessity of looking for fresh objects in life, fresh occupations and means of support.”

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

“ *Carlsruhe*, 14 *March*, 1871.—How brilliant have ‘the starry host’ been lately, with deliciously mild air: till last night, when the clouds which formed a background to the splendid illuminations of Carlsruhe, gave way to sympathy with the saddened part of the spectators in an occasional dropping of more tears than were desirable: still not preventing the driving round the town during three hours, of all that were lucky enough to have a carriage to convey them, in the train of the Grand Ducal party, who took cognizance of every street, and every well-designed and carefully executed demonstration of joy in lines of light, and after having alighted at their home, they appeared all grouped on the balcony, from whence the Grand Duke made an excellent speech of thanks to the crowds of inhabitants, after which there was singing of men, finishing

with 'Nun danket alle Gott.' The whole was really very beautiful and satisfactory—the crowd so peaceful in their cheerfulness; and as the Grand Duke only returned from his long absence on the 8th, and goes again to-morrow to Berlin to meet the Emperor on his return, it has been well to get through the popular festival at the right moment."

To her SON HENRY.

"*Carlsruhe, Easter-Eve, 8 April, 1871.*—In many things I am now strangely forgetful. . . . Yet is the far-distant, in the past, very apt to predominate over the present, in my quiet hours! and very quiet they are, and yet animated, in these beautiful days: the week began in gloom, but the sky of the last three blessed days has recalled that of Rome, so strongly associated with this period of the Church's year. . . . I am again and again in my heart's secrecy reminded of the unspeakable mercy of God in guiding me to that intimate communion with your Father, through which I was so essentially brought forward in consciousness of the 'things belonging to my peace:' and I wish and pray that everybody who can have access to the monuments of his mind that he has left behind, but more especially his own children and descendants, may have full advantage of the privilege—'My heart's desire and prayer for Israel is, that they may be saved!'

"O may the 'everlasting arms' be still under you—the wisdom of heaven direct and guide you,—and the infinite treasures of goodness supply all your necessities'—and further, in the words of Patrick, which through life I have

used for myself, 'may a contented mind be instead of all that you want, and a contented heart sweeten all your afflictions.' "

To MRS. ARNOLD.

" *Carlsruhe, 4 July, 1871.*—It would be hard to say how much pleasure you have given me by your letter, by the fact of your being inclined to write, and by the great interest of every particular you give me: the whole carries with it the conviction I delight to entertain, that your sympathy with me in all that is most close and precious to heart and mind, continues the same in spite of absence and distance, as belonging to the original nature of things, and not created or influenced by circumstances casual and external. How soothing the picture you give of your own life and its continued blessings! and how thankfully can I respond to your suggestion that you and I are permitted to experience gently and gradually the decline of life and the approach of its end! With deepest gratitude (had one but 'heart enough to be duly grateful!') I can attest that with me old age is matter of fact rather than sensation: it is true that bodily strength has declined, and is declining; but not the power of entering into the life of the living, and enjoying the abundant blessings poured out upon me—the first and best of which proceed from my beloved sons and daughters, from their qualities and lives, from what they are, and what they do, and from the affection they show me. Wishes will go on bursting through the limits of the practicable, and I should be glad if more power of locomotion enabled me oftener to approach both children and grandchildren: but I have to rejoice in frequent visits

from the more moveable individuals of my descendants, and in being clear without all doubt that I am called upon to reside there where I am the most wanted, where I can watch over the orphans left by my beloved Theodora and be cared for myself by my incomparable Frances and Emilia, whose life is devoted with energy and love to the precious *fies*, who are rapidly issuing forth from the period of childhood, and upon whose young life *I lève*.

“Your branches, like mine, spread out too far and wide for enumeration: but I must particularise the feeling with which I follow Mr. and Mrs. Forster, in private and in public life—and from the bottom of my heart congratulating you on a son-in-law such as dear Dr. Arnold would have delighted in! He worked for the good of his own nation with such love and energy! and how proper does it seem that a great public character should belong to Dr. Arnold by a tie so near and dear.”

The summer of 1871 was passed by the Baroness Bunsen at the Château de Vennes near Lausanne—a summer of much happiness and rich in the society of friends. A frequent guest was the charming Madame de Schulepnikow, who was then living at the beautiful Villa Eglantine near Lausanne. Great also was the interest of renewed intercourse with Lord and Lady John Russell, who had taken a villa for the summer in the same neighbourhood. A visit from her niece Mrs. Herbert, of Llanarth, with her two daughters, was also a pleasure to the Baroness Bunsen. But most of all did she appreciate the near presence of her sister

Augusta, Lady Llanover, and the re-opening of long past interests which her society afforded—it was the last time the sisters met.

BARONNESS BUNSEN to her SON GEORGE.

“*Château de Venness, 2 August, 1871.*—Moritz has been reading aloud to me in Lord Palmerston’s Life—a book which it is most desirable to go through in company. That which it gives is to be gladly received, but we want a great deal in addition, which Lytton is incapable of affording, being no historian, though an agreeable relator of the superficial. If people read this work on the Continent, they must be surprised to find how different the actual Palmerston was from the firebrand and master of intrigue for which he was held in every country but his own! I like to be reminded, by the style of his private letters, of the spirited and good-natured tone of his dinner-table conversation. I recollect with pleasure each of the many occasions when I sat next to him at his own and the Queen’s table.”

To her SON HENRY.

“*Château de Venness, 4 August, 1871.*—The situation here is most enjoyable, with the lake stretched out before us, and the range of Savoy mountains rising behind the expanse of blue waters, and the eye finds nothing but green slopes and trees between it and the distance.

“What a country this is, what luxuriance of vegetation, what completeness of cultivation, what fulness of outward well-being, what intensity of effort and industry. But, I fear, what a moral desert. Still, we must take comfort in

knowing that 'the divine spirit is breathing and working'—even though we see so little of its effects.

"What a delight it was to have my precious Mary here for a fortnight!—so animated and animating. Then, since the treat of Mary, I have enjoyed seeing dear Moritz.

"My bodily weakness is rapidly increasing, and it vexes me to require twice a day a thorough *sleep*. But I hope not to forget to be thankful for the gift of sleep thus continued as 'tired Nature's restorer.'"

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

"*Château de Vannes, 19 August, 1871.*—We have had an agreeable visit from Mrs. Wilson, whose singing is as great a treat as ever, and who has made great acquisitions in the way of picking up popular songs in Italy—overhearing things sung in the street or on the road, and inducing the performers to give her the opportunity of writing down the tune as well as the words. She is an example of thoroughly improving, using, and preserving, a very remarkable musical gift."

The winter of 1871-72 was passed by the Baroness Bunsen, with her daughters and her Sternberg grandchildren, at a country house (Campagne Michaud at La Tour) near Vevay, the object sought being to escape the severity of the months of frost and snow at Carlsruhe: but this experience brought with it the conviction that winter must be winter north of the Alps, and that the difference gained was not worth the uprooting from home comforts. It was in this winter that failing eyesight first obliged Madame de Bunsen to give up the

systematic painting of flowers, executed in the most delicate manner without either outline or correction, in which she had found a great resource at Herrenalb, Grandchamp, Château d'Oex, and Carlsruhe, after her sight became insufficient to take in the details of a distant view, and of which she had intended to make a complete botanical herbarium for the use of her grandchildren.

"I observed," she had written to Mrs. Berrington, "that I could not learn to take any pleasure in drying flowers, it seemed to me at least that one had but a collection of corpses, so I began to paint every flower I could find, and Frances adds names and botanical particulars."

BARONESS BUNSEN to MRS. BLACKWELL (a deeply-valued friend of Roman days).

"*La Tour*, 10 March, 1872.—Most affecting to me is your affectionate recollection of my birthday, and so are all the words in which you have expressed it! May God be pleased to realise all your kind wishes for my closing term of life, and help me to make such advantage of the time granted, as I wish, but feel unequal to accomplish. The sense of helplessness ever increases upon me, but also the sense of all-sufficiency in Him who I know will never leave or forsake those who would cling, however feebly, to His mercy and promise in Christ!

"'Love me while you live!'—how I thank you for the request—the fulfilment of which comes of itself, a thing of course. How sympathising have you not been to me, as often as it has been granted to me to be near you! and how

naturally and unimpelled do my affections move towards you! hoping and desiring that the measure of grace and faith and patience, and the power of usefulness to every creature that comes near, may be preserved while you yet await your appointed time.

“I have enjoyed, with my two dear daughters and my grandchildren, the privilege of spending many months in this beautiful country, and now must soon return with them to Carlsruhe, which has been our home for ten years, and where, besides the satisfaction of restoring to my good son-in-law the comfort of his children’s presence, I find again the busts and portraits and many pieces of still life that form memorials of earlier homes, and the sight of which somewhat recalls the past. I have pursuits that still keep me constantly and closely occupied, connected with the habitual desire of my life, ~~that~~ the labours of my dear husband’s life, in which his heart was more especially and intensely occupied, tending to make his God and Saviour better known, should reach the minds of those who would find the comfort and satisfaction in them that I have myself: and I am thankful in having yet such use of my diminished eyesight as enables me to write and transcribe, better than I can read: my power of reading being mostly confined to the large print English Bible.”

To her SON GEORGE.

“12 March, 1872.—It is a relief to tell you at last, how gratefully I accept all the utterances and signs of love which were showered upon me, on the anniversary when, wonderful to say, I was allowed to complete 81 years! I cannot comprehend how that should be—and pray, that

whatever the good purposes of God intended to be furthered by my long continuance on earth, they may not by my fault or ingratitude be hindered.

“Pray be well satisfied, and thankful, as I am, that you are detained where you are, by such a variety and amount of business, that you never can feel sure you have done all that ought to be done. I can fully sympathise with you, and understand your misgiving and self-reproach even when you have not been in fault:—for my own life during many a period was of the same kind—labour and fag of one kind or another, and *never* the desired satisfaction in having done, either the most or the best or the most important of what was to be done. When somebody or other expressed wonder at my getting through such an amount of fatigue and business, I have sometimes *said*, but much oftener *thought*—‘Sagen Sie lieber, wie viele Geschäfte ich *über das Knie* breche.’ That German proverbial expression exactly answers to the greater part of my life in Rome, and the whole of my life in London: it was not *doing* my work, *doing* my duty, but striving to make out where I had any choice, and where the choice might be permitted to fall, and where the sacrifice must be made of some claim, *which*, though stringent, could not be taken *within the sphere of attention*. ~~A sphere of duty~~ so clear and simplified, that one could always be in it, and always absorbed in it, seems to me the unattainable happiness of life: and it will probably form the happiness of a higher and more perfect condition.”

The death of her old and faithful friend Herr Rudolph von Sydow at this time painfully affected Madame de Bunsen. He, with Abeken and Pauli, had never failed

through a long course of years to add his written greetings to those of her children on her birthday, and was latterly especially drawn to her who had been as a mother to him during his life as Secretary of Legation at Rome, having outlived at an early date all those nearest and dearest to him.

It was a pleasure to Madame de Bunsen, in this summer of 1872, that her third son Charles, who had not hitherto lived in Germany, came, with his wife and daughter, to settle at Mein Genügen, near Biberich.

BARONESS BUNSEN to her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY LOUISA.

“24 May, 1872.—I write not to express, but only indicate my thanks for your sparing me two such pieces of the comfort of your life as my dear Henry and Lisa, for all these days :—happy days, though overspread by the immediate shadow of death, so imminent, that it seems inconceivable how breathing and consciousness can be continued under such circumstances as those of poor dear Amélie d’Ungern Sternberg.*

“. . . . I began to write under the anticipation of what has now taken place, and we have now only to thank God for the release, which all who witnessed the sufferings of dear Amélie could only pray for. Last night the Grand Duchess returned late and alone from the country, to secure a last look of recognition : Emilia sat by Amélie the greater part of the last two days. . . . How many of my friends are taken away, and I am still preserved.

“The ‘Christian Year’ is invaluable to me : I grow fonder

* Sister to her son-in-law Baron von Ungern Sternberg, and Lady-in-Waiting to the Grand Duchess of Baden.

of it as time wears on. I took it very coolly at first, when the first edition was sent by Dr. Arnold as a gift to my husband at Rome—I read it first with suspicion, but I now know how to keep the wrong part out of sight, and delight in the intense piety and truth of *almost* all.”

To her DAUGHTER MARY.

“29 *May*, 1872.—I need not tell you of the solemn scene we have passed through, in the funeral and universal mourning over Amélie. Henry’s presence on the solemn day was most invaluable, and I had the comfort of attending the Church service, held by him, and the Communion. We have talked over all possible things together, and great has been the refreshment to me, first of hearing replies to enquiries, secondly of pouring forth the pent-up and unuttered—I know not what, but one always has so much to say to the seldom seen.”

To her SON GEORGE (on the birth of his youngest son Waldemar).

“12 *June*, 1872.—I can find no words,—you must guess and suppose my thankfulness. O! how I have longed for your having a boy! not that any new existence can altogether fill the void left by the dear lost treasure,—for every child has its own rights, takes its own place, is its own self, and shares no other individuality:—but still the new object of love and hope will do what nothing else could effect, in relieving the anguish of an incurable wound. I did not venture to hope for a boy!

“And now—had one but heart enough to be thankful as one ought, for dearest Emma’s safety. Pray tell her I embrace her in thought, loving and honouring her as I

cannot express—but what is real, makes its way, I think, to the consciousness of her who is loved and honoured. . . . My dearest George! I want you to be *well*, that you may be quite able to feel through all your happiness. I meet your soul in prayer, in the pouring forth of thanks not to be uttered in words.

“ Blessings upon you and all your treasures! ‘ the early and the latter rain,’ and ‘ the light of God’s countenance,’ be the portion of the newly-born, for whom I can do nothing but take him into my heart of hearts.”

“ *Carlsruhe*, 4 July, 1872.—I share your feelings on the wonderful beginnings of realisation of so much that your Father worked for, longed for, lived and died for: and I would wish to comfort you as to the motives and methods that we should desire to be worthy of the ends proposed, by the recollection that too often in the world’s history the best things are far enough from being the work of the best men. The Habeas-Corpus Act was urged and carried through one of the most corrupt assemblies by Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards first Earl of Shaftesbury!—and a set of greater miscreants than the Barons who compelled a king not more wicked than themselves to sign the Magna Charta could not well be found. You will remind me that Cardinal Langton was a great man, capable of understanding the good he was doing by that wonderful enactment of the equality of higher and lower orders before the law—but he had the advantage of being detested by the King, and thus forced into the ranks of opposition, and obliged to be the leader of the patriotic cause. The Spaniards possessed a grand framework of law and justice at a period earlier than the Magna Charta, but were

possessed with the spirit of caste, and persisted in retaining and awarding rights and immunities to the nobles and clergy alone. I think of this in contrast to Magna Charta and those who suggested and maintained it."

To FRAU LEPSIUS (on Abeken's death).

"*Carlsruhe*, 9 August, 1872.—Could I but thank you as I feel! but you will believe without telling, what a benefit you have conferred on me by the letter I have just read. Thought rushes from one pain to another, but I can only feel with you at last, the deepest acquiescence in the will of God, which has removed our invaluable friend from the lengthening out of misery which his strength of constitution rendered probable. You and I, and your beloved husband, know not how to give up such a friend as we all had in him. My recollections present such a succession of affecting images, through such a long lapse of years, all telling of a power and intensity of friendship, of an ever unbroken chain of sympathy, of an absence of all self-consideration, a capability of entering into the feelings of others, a self-devotedness—alas! you know all this: how useless the enumeration. You know, too, how he valued your dear husband, how individually he valued and estimated yourself, how each of your sons and daughters interested him so especially, so warmly: it is rare to see one who had not the blessing of children of his own, capable of bestowing so much love on the children of others.

"We have all lost what cannot be replaced: but you will be thankful with me for the rare privilege we have long enjoyed. One's own shortcomings, as in all human

relations, pour bitterness into remembrance: but there, as in all else, we throw our grief before Him, who can do and will do what human affection was too incomplete to effect.

“To me it is a bitter pain that the sufferer was forbidden to look into the eyes of his friends and feel the warmth of their attachment. But perhaps he was too ill to insist upon a sight even of Lepsius. I long to ask a million of questions, which perhaps nobody can answer. . . . I entreat you to express to the best beloved of our dear departed something of my feelings for herself as well as for him who is gone beyond our care, beyond our sight, but not beyond our affection. I should be moved to write to Frau Abeken* directly, did I not know by experience that in the freshness of sorrow even sympathy is painful: nothing can do good but that stillness which follows upon acute distress, the composure which dwells under the shadow of death, and enables the mourner to realise the presence of *Him* who ‘brought life and immortality to light.’ ”

To her SON HENRY.

“*Horrenalb*, 12 August, 1872.—You will know of the gloom cast over us, by the death of that kind faithful friend Abeken. The Emperor, and Bismarck, and who not, and what not? share the loss: which is probably irreparable in public business. His was fidelity itself, as well as intelligence, and capability of every effort and exertion, of any amount of work of brain and hand. Nobody I believe

* Daughter of H. von Olfers, Director-General of the Berlin Museum.

could be so fully aware of his rare powers as the great man who perhaps taxed them only too far.* . . . And Schnorr too has died, at Dresden! One after another of those who were contemporaries of my best years, and knew my children when they *were* children, glides away over 'the bourn from whence no traveller returns.' †

"*Herrenalb*, 27 August, 1872.—I cannot undertake to describe to you how we are enjoying our life in this valley and forest, with that dear George and Emma and their children, or rather a few of them. Yesterday we all went to Gernsbach and revelled in that charming spot, and were all back here by half-past nine. What a day of varied pleasure to all! The children bathed in the Murg, and rowed in a boat, our head quarters being the Bad Hotel and its shady garden.

"In this our villeggiatura, I do—*nothing!* being much

* Abeken was the right-hand of Bismarck throughout the war. He was called Bismarck's "pen," and it is said that the great man himself was often in admiration of the readiness and cleverness with which Abeken could write despatches for him, giving just the colouring his master had desired. At Ems at the moment of the declaration of war (the celebrated "scene" between the Emperor and Benedetti) Abeken was the member of the Foreign Office in attendance on the King, and consequently his adviser in that critical moment; it was he who sent the famous Benedetti telegram from Ems, and it was he who sent the last telegram to Versailles. Abeken had long given up the clerical profession, for which he did not feel himself entirely fitted, though he was an admirable preacher, and though during the cholera of 1837, his conduct amongst the sick and dying had been truly that of a minister of the gospel. In 1848 he entered the Foreign Office, of which he was senior clerk at the time of his death. The happiness of his latter years was secured by his marriage with Mademoiselle d'Olfers, and he had, as Germans say, fully "drawn the sum" of his life before he left it.

† *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 1.

out in the air, sitting out, using the wheel-chair, and driving. Sometimes there is a bit of reading aloud—but evenings are short, and all go to bed early.”

“*Carlsruhe, 29 Sept.*—I have to tell you that we did not leave our favourite valley of Herrenalb without preparatory designs and measures for returning thither. I had long dreamt of building as many rooms as were indispensable for our summer residence, but never told my dreams, until within the last three weeks, sitting out and admiring the prospect with Rosa, I amused her with saying ‘If I was but a few years younger, I should build myself a Chalet upon that field opposite.’ She was overjoyed and told Tante Frances, who thereupon declared to me that she could not see why I should not do as I pleased. Clear it is that at my age I cannot expect always to be able to make long journies into Switzerland, and nearer Carlsruhe there is nothing to be had within a reasonable price.”

To her SON GEORGE.

“6 *Nov.*, 1872.—One would wish that grand and salutary measures might always be effected by working upon the noble part of human nature, and that good ends should only be achieved by good measures and by worthy minds—but we experience only too often that we must be glad to accept a result, if beneficial, however brought about! Your dear Father lived and died for German unity, which he was not to see: and since his eyes were closed, it has been brought about by measures of violence in which he would not have acquiesced. Has one’s wish ever been carried out in past history? I *hope* that Somers, Halifax, and

one or two others of the handful of men who created the good of England in 1688, were conscious of the grandeur of that which they effected: but their instruments, and the whole party with and through which they acted, were all vile and vicious in the extreme.

“My beloved George! could you but share the buoyant consciousness of ease and well-being granted to your old Mother—who grudges it to herself most heartily, while you need it.”

trees, and bright gardens, cluster round a meadow and bring life into the solemn solitudes. The leafy arcades echo with the songs of birds, the air is filled with the fragrance of the pines, the thickets are bright with flowers.

It was on a terrace on one of the lower slopes of a wooded mountain, which looks down upon the valley of Herrenalb, that Madame de Bunsen chose the site of her new dwelling, Villa Waldeck, which, with its graceful overhanging roof and open wooden gallery, is now the principal ornament of the hill-side.

In the roomy shelter here provided, it was the dear Baroness's delight to receive throughout the summer all the different branches of her numerous descendants, observing with constant thankfulness that all her children "seemed to gravitate towards each other more and more as years grew on, and brought them further from the time when they all had childhood and the shade of home in common." But besides those of her family whose visits were only for a time, her two loving daughters, Frances and Emilia, remained as her constant companions, filling the part of their lost mother to her five Sternberg grandchildren, who daily became, as she expressed it, more and more of an "Augenweide" to their venerable grandmother.

Many also were the visitors—not of her family—who recollect days spent at Herrenalb as oases in life, when in the serene companionship of the aged lady, who

sought only "whatsoever things were pure, whatsoever things were holy, whatsoever things were of good report," they felt themselves unconsciously raised into a loftier mental atmosphere, and to have secured a stimulus onwards and upwards, which outlived all circumstances of place and time.

Tenderly does recollection go back to the quiet and beautiful home-life of Villa Waldeck—to the gathering at the seven o'clock breakfast, long before which the aged lady might be seen on her terrace, attending to the details of her little garden, examining the progress of each plant and flower, watching the fresh shoots made by her Ginko and other shrubs—to the readings aloud in the mornings, and the ceaseless revival of historic or family recollections, wise thoughts, and hard-won experiences, which the readings called forth—to the rambles up the forest roads in the afternoons, by the side of the donkey-chair of the revered friend who had so much to tell and observe, upon all around, and who knew how to give a living interest to the simplest materials of Nature—to the summer evenings spent in the open gallery looking upon the terrace with its fountain and its bright flower-beds, and enjoying the scent of the hay fields wafted up from the meadows in the valley below.

It was about the same time at which Villa Waldeck was built, that Baroness Bunsen completed the purchase of the house in the Waldhorn Strasse of Carlsruhe, where, for eleven years, she had already resided.

BARONESS BUNSEN to her SON GEORGE.

"4 Feb., 1873.—Unspeakably interesting to me has it been to hear of your meeting with Bismarck. He carries out most fully the practice recommended by an old diplomatist (I think Lord Stair, ambassador at the Court of Louis XIV.) of speaking the truth, to the effect of not being believed. Wonderfully does Providence help the German nation, (verifying the saying that 'der liebe Gott verlässt keinen Deutschen')—in giving such a man to such a time:—but still, whatever his intrinsic might and courage, one can believe in his actually putting down the Jesuits only when the thing is done: there are but too many weaknesses of humanity in which their influence is deeply-rooted!—and then, when half the intelligent and cultivated (at least) have slid into atheism, and one Protestant establishment vies with another in emptiness and arrogance of self-satisfaction—still, there is God above,—as your dear Father ever insisted: and it is He, and not the 'adversary,' that governs the world.

"An event to me has been the receiving a letter from Florence Nightingale, in which the 'strong remembrance' and affection she expresses to myself have deeply touched me. Why should people be so kind to me? I can do nothing for them: but my feelings of sympathy are not blunted on any subject or for any person that I ever cared for.

"How I enjoy hearing the Recollections of Dr. Holland! His life was so parallel with mine: and he was enabled to see and know such a number of persons about whom my curiosity was early roused, without being gratified, that he opens to me a clearer sight of life long past."

“ 10 *March*, 1873.—Your delightful letters, breathing the air of Sorrento, and renewing the vision of that coast and all its charms and associations, was and is fully felt and enjoyed, as well as the flowers enclosed, among which the ‘*pianta Ginestra*’ was hailed with the more affection that it recalled the scent borne on the breeze, when I waited with the two girls on the open, raised ground outside of Pompeian ruins,* while you with your Father finished the inspection of them I believe indeed that the ancients were peculiarly above us in the feeling that the human being has a right and privilege to be surrounded by beauty, which ought to help, by refining all perceptions, to contribute to the banishment of grossness and vulgarity.”

“ 28 *July*. . . . Prussia now stands in so exalted a position, and wields such an immensity of power, that she *must* meet with envy and ill-will—there is no help for that: but she has only to keep on, and maintain a stainless character, and stand to her own, and triumph in consciousness of the triumph that surely awaits her, in universal opinion, as well as against the *universal enemy*. Remember that *I* have felt for a lapse of years the necessity of refraining from the secret demand of just appreciation for either nations or individuals standing high enough to be objects of envy, and therefore of grudging! Have *I* not seen how nations and individuals have exulted at every *rub* experienced by England, and delighted to anticipate her ruin as imminent from each successive blow? And now it is Prussia which stands so high, that she must bear the brunt of human malice.”

* In 1836.

To her SON ERNEST.

Herrenalb, 9 August, 1873.—In thankfulness for the many years granted to you in health rarely intermitted and in fulness of faculties, I contemplate the near-approaching anniversary! and wish I could put into pen and ink the fervour of feeling with which I pray for the preservation of the innumerable blessings with which the Father of all good has never ceased to enrich your life and gild with new value the treasures of heart-connexions by which you have been cherished in each and every period. Your beloved eldest-born is indeed gone before, to point to your eye the more distinctly whither you and all that loved him are to strive to follow him!—and your jewel of an eldest daughter has been visited with that ‘killing frost’ which cannot but blight the whole of her earthly existence,* but there is still a young vigorous life given to her to rejoice in, to contemplate, and guide into all good, for God’s sake, and her own sake, and for the sake of him whose last great joy in life was beholding the longed for and invaluable birth. I need not go on with enumeration, but I bear fully in mind that your Moritz and your Marie have grown up from children into friends, to cheer and glow around you with all the warmth of the young currents of life and love. And most, though last, I thank God for the preservation of ‘die Einzig’ Eine,’ whose faithful affection has illumined all gloom, and brightens all joy in your

* Hilda de Bunsen, eldest daughter of Ernest, and the especial pride of her grandmother’s heart, had been married on the 15th April, 1872, to Herr von Krause of Bendeleben, first Secretary of the German Embassy in London, and a union of perfect happiness had been severed by his death in the following March, soon after the birth of his infant son.

life's course. I thank God, my dear Ernest, that I am allowed so long to take in consciousness of your existence and of those which constitute the charm of it! And I rejoice in the prospect of seeing and associating with you all, before this summer sunshine shall be sunk in gloom and 'cold obstruction.'

"Many a line and tone of your songs of former times still sound in my mind's ears: and call forth the memory of times when rays of light were at the brightest."

To her SON HENRY.

"*Herrenalb*, 10 August, 1873.—The view I look upon and the air I breathe, in this my new dwelling, are as delightful as thought can fancy them: the varied divisions of hills covered with forest of different growths, descending to the green depths of the valley consisting of emerald turf, with the little torrent-stream rushing along in zigzag, constitute a never failing pleasure, with the sole inconvenience of making one very idle. As long as the unclouded sunshine of the last twelve days lasted, there seemed no reason for not sitting out on the broad terrace, which I think will be a surprise to you when you see it, for I had never hoped that the continual removals of soil from one place to another would have ended in just the very thing I wished. Where the terrace ends in a ridge, the slope descends steeply to the road and the river: and that slope I live in hopes of filling with shrubs and common perennial flower-plants, next spring. Our fountain is a vast pleasure, in the centre, before the verandah entrance to the drawing-room."

To MADEMOISELLE ANNA VERNET.

"7 Sept.—My own surprise at all that is granted to me,

is ever new, and when I make my very little walk on my terrace, I am tempted to think of Aladdin's wonderful lamp."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

"*Herrenalb*, 28 August, 1873.—How valuable are the letters which enable me to peep into the various houses of my children. . . . I pray to be enabled to place all these dear objects, of continual thought and interest, *servily* and *indeed* in the hand of God, who can bestow what I can only wish for them.

"Could I but show you the gift I received last Sunday! which the kindness of the Grand Duchess had long been concocting, so that you may have heard of it: a picture with the photographs of all my grandchildren grouped, and connected with beautiful flower-painting by Frau Schrödter: the motto above being—'Gottes Segen auf Waldeck.' Fancy how I was astonished, and how deeply affected!"

"12 Oct., 1873.—You will know how much I feel the death of Mrs. Arnold! Few lives have been more valued and valuable. Hers and mine date from the same year: and I am still here—feeling unspeakably weak, but yet with the sensation of fulness of life."

To her SON HENRY.

"*Herrenalb*, 12 Oct., 1873.—Of the death of dear Mrs. Arnold, I have heard just now what I wanted to hear, that she was spared all pain at the last, and even the anguish of leave-taking, in the consciousness of what her loss would be to her family.

“I cease not to pray, and cease not to trust, that whatever God deems good for me He will enable me to bear, but if I could bring myself to frame a precise *request* it would be that my last end should be like hers, thus falling asleep in the Lord. Be that as God will!

“What a day this is!—

‘So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful
That God alone seems visible in Heaven.

“I feel as if I could not look enough on these forest-hills, which I shall so soon leave.”

To her SON GEORGE.

“*Carlsruhe*, 5 Nov., 1873.—May these lines greet you on your birthday, and remind you what a quantity of joy and happiness and satisfaction your life has caused, first to parents, and since to many, many others!—and hard as is the present trial of being prevented from working for others, and compelled to confine your endeavours and restrict all your energies to the care of bodily health, with the often-disappointed hope of being restored to natural powers of exertion—let not the trial exceed your capability of cheerful submission and endurance. I have no eyes to search for the original words of Göthe which I have in mind, and should wish to cite: ‘It lay not in us to prevent or avoid the danger of this crisis, but in us it lies to prove our moral worth superior to it.’

“I delight in the impression your dear children make—of originality and sterling stuff. I trust, too, that they are bred up not to expect of life, what life is not likely to grant them!—a course of *so-called harmless* dawdling and

self-cherishing. If one does not early look to it as 'working-day,' the discovery that it is such, is not cheerfully accepted. . . . How I long to attain to an individual reason for loving each of your children—I love them all now as being yours, but wish for near acquaintance with each."

To her SON HENRY.

"*Horrenalb*, 23 Dec., 1873.—How I wish I could send you fresh health and cheerfulness for Christmas! For oneself, one can learn to get on very fairly in all consciousness of 'the sere, the yellow leaf'—but I am afraid one goes too far in a sort of reckoning upon having it for oneself *alone*, not calculating upon the necessity of seeing those one loves, whom one has carried about in infancy, also at length entering the pale. This is only the meditation of your Mother—my Henry is yet in the vigour of his age: but I know by experience the anticipation of shadow. May the blessed influences of Christmas be abundantly shed around you, and on your own heart most of all. How much I should like to write, but I am thankful to be able still to write *something*."

"*Carlsruhe*, 23 Feb., 1874.—I am hearing a very interesting *Life of Ritter** read by Frances. It is indeed a beautiful picture of the working out 'unto the perfect day' of the divine principle in the soul. This great and good man was bred up in the Salzmann Institution, without a

* Carl Ritter, a devout Christian and charming companion, was a much admired Professor of Geography at the Berlin University. He had frequently been a guest of the Bunsens at Carlton Terrace.

particle of Christian teaching : and he made out, by setting about studying the Bible as a matter of Ancient History, that there really was a great deal more in it.

“ How thankful I am for the full power of taking interest in hearing what is read aloud and in having interest in all possible subjects ! I pray daily and hourly that it will please God to show me what I ought to do, to fulfil the purpose of His wonderful preservation of this life of mine, in such rare well-being and animated consciousness of existence. Alas ! I think my life is now to little purpose besides that of taking care of itself : the eyes are no more to be reckoned upon, and the limbs and back are soon wearied with any exertion.

“ What a subject of contemplation is the late Census ! the immense extent of empire, and amount of humanity, which the island-state is called upon to govern, to care for and to instruct, to provide for and protect ! God help and guide His wonderful piece of creation ! and surely so He will. First, I trust and pray that He will guard that focus of intense and inherent power and strength from abandoning faith in Him, the fountain of life and being :—alas ! the falling-off was never so general, and what is to become of a rising generation which is growing up in thick darkness ? ”

To her GRANDDAUGHTER HILDA.

“ 5 *March*, 1874.—There is no end to the love and kindness which has been showered upon my birthday. The Princess Victoria brought me a bouquet, then the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess walked here together and were most gracious and conversible, as ever. Then came the

Hereditary Prince, already taller than his father, and with such a good, mild, sensible countenance."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Herrenalb, 7 July, 1874.*—On Sunday came Emilia and Aga, accompanying the Princess Victoria with her governess, who had the ducal permission to drive over and spend the day with the family party, and the visit turned out well in all respects—in the morning playing in the higher forest, in the afternoon an expedition in the donkey-chair to the Falkenstein, and swinging in our garden; and I rejoiced in the confirmed impression of a steady and sterling stuff, in the Prinzesschen—unspoiled nature, undistorted and full of vigour and enjoyment of youth and life."

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH (coming out to *Herrenalb*).

"19 *July.*—Welcome, welcome, welcome 1000 times, and 100 more, my own dear Ernest and dear Elizabeth,—sole of your kind and most dear and delightful to me. I have been kept on such short commons this long time as to seeing you, and enjoying your company, that I am half-wild at the thought of really having you, and possessing you and knowing you to be under my roof. Welcome too to dear Marie, who will be a sort of new acquaintance to me."

To her SON GEORGE.

"6 *August, 1874.*—How my heart longs to overflow with the pent-up gratitude and affection, for all the touching

proofs of love and constant recollection and consciousness of all my feelings and interests and tastes and preferences with which you have again and again refreshed and invigorated me! I am powerless to utter anything descriptive of the pleasure you have caused me, by what your dear, saucy wife is pleased to call 'the long yarns' that George sends to his Mother! Meanwhile life has floated on with me under a sky so beautiful, that all the charm of which earth was full was called into being, and one seemed to exist in seeing and inhaling: yet of course not without conditions of strong contrast, so that a morning blaze in the open fireplace was more than once enjoyed during the visit of dear Mary Louisa. Then came the almost startling announcement that Ernest and Elizabeth were on their way to the Schwarzwald, and the pleasure of the five days in which I enjoyed their presence, you can suppose, but I cannot express. Then, as we were preparing for the departure of the seldom-seen, did a telegram announce the unhoped-for Mary, as arrived at Carlsruhe, and about to approach.

"I wish I could transfer to this paper the exquisite picture before me when I walk out the first thing in the morning! The season is in full vigour, no decline or symptom of decay, and the absolute calmness implies resting upon fulness of blessing and well-being. I should like to represent how all the plants flourish which you so industriously watered, but can only tell of the Ginko, the upper shoot of which is at least an English foot long

"Thank you for telling me of the number of brave travellers seeking out the world's secrets. I take great

interest in the success of all. . . . I follow too with great interest the plans of Lepsius for a building worthy of the Library at Berlin. I feel a longing to work double tides for all the many lines of zeal and interest which I shared with your dearest Father while he lived—but as I cannot work, I think and feel the more. . . . Love to dear Emma, very barren love, but very true: which rests too on all the five at their studies, and the home-darlings at their play.”

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH.

“9 August, 1874.—Dear Elizabeth, what a blessing it has been to exchange thought and feeling with you by word of mouth, to look into your eyes, and hear your voice! Every recollection of the renewed intercourse which I have been allowed to have with you, expands into a secret ejaculation—requiring of Him who can and will bestow what is best, to fill up the void of my shortcomings to each and all of those I love and value.

“With regard to my precious Mary as to yourself, the consciousness of all that is granted to me in thus enjoying her presence, seems almost overwhelming, and when she has left me, I shall begin to overlook and store up all the treasures of love, the wealth of qualities, the breadth and depth of worth and excellence, that is given to me to behold and enjoy, and to cherish as after a fashion *mine*, my own, admired and delighted in from her birth and earliest development. with the same rare charm which she has preserved through years of such varied trial. I must learn to bear for her, and to bear for you, for Hilda, and all my precious ones, as you one and all bear for your-

selves, the visitations of life in the past and present, and to look to the future for each and all, in the spirit which breathes in the parting words of my husband's venerable father—'where shall we be a year hence?—In whatever circumstances, under God's blue sky, and in his fatherly care.'"

To MADemoiselle ANNA VERNET.

"*Herrenalb*, 22 Sept., 1874.—I follow with unfailing interest all that concerns my friends in Switzerland, and my *friends* ever valued and honoured—also the country itself, applauding the gallant stand made against the encroachments of Rome, and wishing Geneva God-speed. I was in the habit in days of childhood of listening eagerly to all accounts of public events (and an awful period it was), and I am thankful that I can take part as much as ever in all that concerns humanity, and in particular its religious interests, and the renewed danger from the old enemy, into toleration of whom so many so-called Protestants have sentimentalized themselves.

"How can I be thankful enough for all the blessings that surround my advanced life! As mild and gradual as the decline of this beautiful season, is the decline of my days: my health is perfect, but my remains of strength steadily diminishing, which affects me far less than the diminution of eyesight: I am, however, allowed to see and enjoy the unfailing charm of nature—the forest and the meadows, the sunshine and the shade, and most of all the groups of young life around me. How happy I have been to receive in this house four families of my children in succession!

"We shall have felt together in the departure of Guizot, which seems to carry away a whole rich period of the world's history."

To her SON HENRY.

"*Carlsruhe*, 26 Oct., 1874—Pray believe the trouble of your abundant communications is not thrown away, I never want matter for a long talk with you on paper; but I get tired now with stooping over pen and ink.

"We have just had a visit from Professor Valentiner, the son-in-law of Lepsius, who is just settled in the Observatory at Mannheim. Frau Lepsius came to help her daughter to settle in her new abode, and visited us just before we left Herrenalb: it is a pleasure to see her the same active right-minded person as ever, and to me very gratifying to overlook the course of a praiseworthy life, which I have been enabled to take cognisance of. I have seen two of the Lepsius sons, Richard and Bernard, both fine young men, and going on hopefully, devoted to science, the eldest engaged to marry the daughter of Curtius the Historian."

To her SON GEORGE.

"6 Dec., 1874.—I delight in the commotion created among Roman-Catholic priests and bishops, by the necessity put upon them of proclaiming their obedience to the laws of the land: and being older than most other people, I remember conversations held with your dear Father by the long-deceased Lord Clifford, whom I behold in the vision of memory as though it were yesterday, leaning against the marble-table between the windows in our

'gelbe Salon' at Rome, just that year when the Catholic Restoration was resolved upon, but before the news was actually arrived: he held a long speech on the prevailing errors as to Catholic belief in the Pope, declaring that their faith interfered not with their loyalty: saying, 'I was born an Englishman, and heir to an English peerage, and I existed in both relations previous to becoming a member of the Catholic Church.' After he was gone I expressed the opinion that Lord Clifford's spiritual superiors would not bear him out in such safe and wholesome principles!—and I have lived long enough to see such a proposition condemned as rank heresy.

"My thoughts run much on what Rosa is reading to me, with zest like what I feel, of Macaulay's unfinished history of William of Orange: how intensely wicked were the actors in the great scenes of effective revolution, but how brilliantly gifted, both with talents and desperate spirit of gambling—surely we are sunk among

'the dwindled sons of little men.'

But Bismarck rolls out grandly; and I am glad he allows me to be in the right in supporting him—though nobody was ever further than I am from being *brided* to favour him!

"An event in daily life has been the visit to me of the Princess Alice, who brought with her the fine boy, now her only son, a really charming child, whom Rosa and Dora were delighted to entertain with pictures, and found most intelligent."

"*Carlsruhe, Dec. 31, 1874.*—You wrote to me a Christmas-benediction, and I wish I could pour out upon you all

that my heart contains of love and prayer for you and yours—for all those best blessings which the hand of mercy ever has ready for those who both gladly receive and submissively wait—although much of the good intended and granted comes in a form disguising from our faculties its real character and tendency. I am as sure, as undoubting as of my own present existence, that only good is in store for you, for myself, for all the creatures of God in whom we take dearest interest, in so far as they look to God for the good things they want, not 'leaning to their own understanding' for the discernment and selection of such good as matter of personal choice. The personal choice is not always granted to us, but for the good most needed by us, we may trust the Hand invisible through whatever darkness. This is often said, often repeated, in various forms of expression, and it is so true, that it must be said and said again,—but as concerns myself, I can but hope—

‘That you may better *rock the cradle*
Than ever did the adviser!’

While I have the deepest sympathy with dearest Emma in the affliction and privation which has come over her life,* not to be removed, and incapable ever of being lessened, except by that slow and infallible ministration of time, how I thank God for her, and with her, that she is called upon to return to a well-spring of such full and abundant life as surrounds you. What a life and character was that, which lies spread out before her as the wealthy Past, to be admired and cherished, though no longer enjoyed.”

With each year added to her long life Madame de

* The death of her mother, Mrs. Birkbeck.

Bunsen now saw many of those who had shared that life and its associations pass away before her. February, 1875, was marked by the death, at Cimies, near Nice, of her much-esteemed son-in-law, John Battersby Harford, who had long been in failing health. In March, died Otto Deimling, "associated in the intimate recollections of thirty years." In October, the gentle and charming Mrs. Lane passed into rest—"the very soul of tenderness—one of those rare natures which fail not to work to themselves their own response." An especial source of sunshine in the midst of so many shadows, was the visit paid to her grandmother in the summer of 1875 by the widowed Madame de Krause with her infant boy.

BARONESS BUNSEN to her SON GEORGE.

"14 *March*, 1875.—You will feel with us the loss of Deimling! whom we shall greatly miss, and whose place no one can fill.

"I hope you will agree with me in admiring Gladstone on the Vatican Decrees—you will say 'an old story'—but I get things after date. I am always so glad to *be able* to applaud Gladstone—of whom your dearest Father was so fond. I am dragging and skipping through Mr. Greville's emptiness, which I shall soon dismiss, but the work has been so far worth my having it read to me, that as I was out of England the whole reigns of George IV. and William IV., I missed in general even newspaper notices of the time, which yet was full of events. The Life of Prince Albert has been lent me by the Grand Duchess, and I am

greatly interested with the parallel to a long portion of my own life.

“The result of the entire liberty granted by Prussia in matters of marriage and baptism,* reveals the inner condition of ‘whited sepulchres,’ and the number of infants unbaptized (as is asserted) reminds us of Dr. Arnold’s earnest protest against the misapplication of terms, in speaking of ‘Christian nations,’ or the ‘Christianizing of nations.’ Christians remain, as ever, individuals or groups, and no one who considers the reality of things, will regret the removal of legal compulsion to become *in name* a Christian without belief in the divinity of Christianity.”

To her GRAND-DAUGHTER MARIE VON UNGERN-STERNBERG.

“*Carlsruhe*, 6 April, 1875.—My own Mariechen shall learn from me what a charming day we spent yesterday, in driving over to Herrenalb—that being the last of Aga’s holidays. We breakfasted and packed into the carriage by seven o’clock, taking an abundance of supplementary wraps with us, which all proved quite unnecessary—we were pursued but by the phantom of cold which is gone by, and experienced nothing but warm air and mild sunshine. The puzzle was, to feel everything external so pleasant, and to see everything so wintry! the remains of grass looking as if it never had grown, and never *could* grow, and the trunks and branches of fruit-trees seeming harsh and stiff

* *i.e.*, liberty to employ or not to employ the ministrations of the clergy, otherwise than in the registering of births and of marriages. The number of married couples not seeking the benediction of the church and of children not baptized was very large the first year after the passing of the new law (1874). Both are diminishing now in Germany as in France.

as cast-iron: as I always say, driving out is not worth while until there is life to be seen instead of death. But the sun and air made all bright and joyous, and so did the water too, when we had passed Ettlingen, and found our old friend the Alb rushing along in full current, regardless of the large amount drawn off right and left to renew life by irrigation. In our own Herrenalb valley we recognized the well-known breath of the forest, and much did we enjoy it. We alighted at good Frau Seuffer's, where great was the demonstration of pleasure, and we rested in my favourite place under the pear-tree, upon which the finches were seeking out the old place for their nest, one of them singing the while. . . . I know not what I have further to tell, for the days pass over us as quietly as a shadow over a dial."

Journal addressed to her GRAND-DAUGHTER ROSA VON UNGERN-STERNBURG.

"*Herrenalb, 16 June, 1875.*—I was up at half-past six, and had accomplished putting on my clothes before seven, regretting that with old age comes dawdling, that is doing everything too slowly, for which I readily find the excuse in feebleness of limb, and want of energy and activity. Then with stick and parasol I walked out—the morning glorious—the sun bright, sky clear, and leaves without the slightest motion: all things rejoicing in the refreshment granted by the thunder-shower of yesterday's hour of sunset, and the succeeding calmness of the undisturbed night. I had a greeting from Henry out of his window. In making the tour of the flower-beds where seedlings innumerable were coming up, how many images met me, delightful to

behold, but too many to write. When afterwards lodged in my armchair, I went through with closed eyes some of the hymns which I wrote out in pocket-compass in the days of undiminished sight, having the transcript at hand wherewith to refresh memory in case of need: my own handwriting being easiest to me to see.

“Breakfast with Henry and Frances. After breakfast, a turn in the terrace-garden with Henry: then, in my room, chapters in Isaiah and in Matthew read and commented upon by Henry, who afterwards read me the discourse of Arthur Stanley at the Royal Institution on the subject of the indications of the faith of ancient Christians found in the catacombs of Rome. This I hope I may again read with some of my grandchildren, upon whom it would not be thrown away: although it is to me as old as myself that the peculiar edification of a revelation of ‘the pure stream of doctrine undefiled,’ so near the well-spring of Christianity (coming to view like a *Fata Morgana* from the cloud and mist), has its full effect, as a soothing rest to eyes dazed with the long and varied prospect of presumptuous error and ignorance. In the afternoon I enjoyed a drive, most delightful, on the Gernsbach road.

“17 *June*.—Walked out at 7 as before, found all the plants well off in a drenched condition, for the rain must have followed copiously after the rolling thunder that I heard before falling asleep last night. Cut some very fine roses, perfect in form and intensity of colour. Dear Henry read to me chapters with comments. The clouds which I saw rolling over with the chilling wind during the sunshine in which I walked out, have now covered hill and dale, and have brought cold rain.

" 18 *June*.—A resolute gloom, with still-descending rain, prepared us for a day which kept the promise, calling upon all to have recourse to inward resources, for the enjoyment of nature, long so richly given, was to be withdrawn, and yet we were enabled, in the hour of sunset, to dilate in present delight and hopes for the next day.

" 19 *June*.—Frances departed to visit Miss Whately at Stuttgard, and reached the omnibus without rain, but a steady descent from the long-accumulated clouds began early, and continued unbroken, and only increasing in violence through the day and into the night. The moon was to be at the full about midnight, but no crisis took place, on the contrary Saturday rained into Sunday. Mariechen with clogs and umbrella went after dinner to see the donkey, who had received so much rain through the interstices of his walls, as to be trembling with cold, and after rubbing him over, she walked him about for exercise, and contrived something to stop up the cracks.

" 21st *June*.—The Solstice—the day of hope and fear—opened with sunshine upon refreshed and rejoicing nature. I was able to write out hymns to the dictation of my Mariechen, who afterwards went to her own employments, alternating with reading to me a short time before we dined, after which she and Dora went out with the donkey-carriage while I lay down to rest. The day hot and calm, with cloud and sunshine, and the slightest possible wind from the rainy quarter. I went out at five in the donkey-carriage up the favourite Gernsbach road; and Frances rejoiced us all by returning at seven. The day ended calm and clear as it had begun: and I look back with tenderness at the long course of lengthening days."

To her SON GEORGE.

"4 August, 1875.—A fearful mine for the study of contemporary history is formed by a set of works of a Doctor of the Church of England, Maurice Davis by name, entitled 'Orthodox and Unorthodox London.' . . . The frightful result of only partially going into this tract of observation, is that Ritualism is a pestilence in the very air, which more or less attaches itself to every denomination of so-called Christian communities. *Dass sich Gott erbarm!*—What will be the form and manner of destruction, that must suddenly make an end 'von dem Schatten, von dem Schemen, von dem Eitlen, von dem Nichts'—with which so-called civilization is satisfied, or pretends to be so! I feel strongly as a comfort in the thoughts which these volumes awaken, that human souls clinging to religion seek out ways for themselves and find a certain satisfaction in meeting and pouring forth sympathetically to each other . . . but, it is all bewildering, and worst of all, the present tendency of English crowds after *histrionic* worship, after the shadow of a shade, the representation of the unreal. Perhaps Dr. Davis is right in saying that this tendency is a safety-valve, to keep people out of actual Romanism. Do you remember the hymn—

'Willst du in der Stille singen
Und ein Lied dem Höchsten bringen,
Lerne wie du kannst allein,
Sänger, Buch, und Tempel sein.'"

To her SON CHARLES.

"3 Nov., 1875.—Could I but be assured that all my beloved ones were able to rise each morning after sound sleep without pain or ache, as is the case with myself!

My daily delight is Emilia's reading to me Lanfrey's wonderful book: all the subjects of which are very fresh in my mind, in so far as I could become acquainted with them from the papers, and the interest is inexpressible of being led step by step through this comprehensive commentary. No sentence is too much for me.

“ We often read in an evening Parthey's Recollections of Life, published by Frau Lepsius's uncle, who was an old acquaintance of mine, having travelled to Rome as his *Hochzeit's Reise*, in company with his young wife and his sister Lili, the mother of Frau Lepsius. We had a reviving glimpse of the good Lepsia just before leaving Herrenalb: she came to help her daughter Anna Valentiner to settle at Mannheim.”

To **MADemoiselle ANNA VERNET** (on the death of her niece Hélène Vernet).*

“ *Carlsruhe*, 18 Nov., 1875.—How should I greet and respond to your communication, but by thanking God with you, that He has accepted the willing sacrifice, that He has cut off the struggle, that He has closed the anguish, that He has sealed with the eternal fulness all the emptiness of time. How do I thank God with you, that it has been

* Hélène, daughter of the late Charles Vernet of Geneva, devoted herself for many years to the object of founding a model Children's Hospital at Geneva. She succeeded after many difficulties and much opposition, and consecrated a great part of her time to personal supervision and care of the sick children. In 1870 she went to Paris, undertook the direction of a hospital and ambulance for the wounded, and was shut up in the town during the siege. She may be considered as one of the victims of the war, for want of food and the hardships she underwent during the siege, brought on the painful and fatal disorder, which she bore with exemplary patience and submission.

given to you to call such a chosen spirit your own, to contemplate the development of an especial child of God from first to last! and I will hope and believe that yours will be that fulness of consolation which God alone can pour into the heart of the uncomplaining sufferer. May your dear remaining niece be strengthened to act up to the height of the charge given her by the departing saint not to pine in a sense of the woe that is past and gone, but to enjoy all that God may still give her of joys in life, in expectation of the better lot reserved for those who wait in love and patience."

To her SON HENRY.

"*Carlsruhe*, 29 Nov., 1875.—Have I ever told you of a delightful French book—*Souvenirs Militaires du Colonel de Gonneville*?—of one of the ancient families of French noblesse, compelled by necessity to enter the army as a boy, who fought through all the campaigns of Napoleon, and died in old age, little cared for by the people of the Restoration, but happy in his family affections,—at Nancy, just when the Prussian army entered; that was indeed a 'chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.'

"I cannot tell you the pleasure I find in having the descriptive works of Augustus Hare read to me, but he is *very wrong* in Italy in his dislike to every act of the new *Regno d'Italia*: he is not old enough to have known of himself what was the abomination and degradation of the old system, whether Grand-Ducal, Royal, or Papistic.

"Well, dearest Henry! 'das Jahr klingt ab,' as Göthe says; and here am I living on in an unbroken, though slackened stream. May my merciful God be pleased to

fulfil in me His good pleasure, whatever that may be, and may it please Him not to prolong this corporeal vigour beyond the date of intelligent looking up to Him."

To her SON GEORGE.

"*Carlsruhe, 13 Feb., 1876.*—What a beautiful drive I had in the rare sunshine of yesterday afternoon, in a sledge with Emilia, and two of the girls! getting out of the streets with time and patience, and rejoicing in the unruffled snow, over which the last rays were shedding their glowing influence!—no wind to compel us to feel the cold, but the clearest and most refreshing air. An event in my life of late, has been a book lent by the kindness of the Grand Duchess, being a Christmas gift to her from Queen Victoria;—'The Travels in India of Lieut. Roussetot.' The new and spirited pictures of a country and complex of nationalities which has most of all occupied my thoughts and fancy from early childhood, has caused me unspeakable pleasure: and I should write a book as big, to say all I feel, and could utter, about it. When my Mother was warm with enthusiasm for the works of Sir William Jones upon India, I was just old enough to share her pleasure: and read to her some of the translations from Sanscrit poetry, and I have never before fallen in with an instructive book upon India since.

"The great event of late, has been the drilling and teaching, by Herr Mathy (the tutor of Prince Ludwig), of a whole set of girls and boys, from the two schools, one of the Princess, the other of Prince Ludwig: to enact and represent the beginning of the Iliad—the quarrel of the chiefs, with apparition of goddesses (Pallas Athene shown

forth by Princess Victoria, and Thetis by our Aga), concluded by the assembly of the gods on Olympus."

"6 *March*.—Such an amount of signs of affection and kind remembrance were showered upon me on my birthday, that I feel overwhelmed, and as if shrinking into myself, to feel and measure my own nothingness, and the kindness of so many generous hearts, to whom I wish I could be anything but an unworthy recipient of God's great mercy and the boundless indulgence of children and friends.

"The Emperor has written to me with his own good hand, and has sent me his portrait, which is a fine likeness, in a frame both magnificent and simple. The Empress has caused a gracious letter to be written to me, signed by herself, and accompanying a portfolio containing the late King's drawings in lithograph; a collection which I heard of a few years ago, as having been made by command of the Queen Dowager, and presented by her to a number of persons, when I could not help feeling a great wish to have been of the number, as a sort of remnant of your dear Father:—and now, you see, I have them in possession, and enjoy the pleasure of thoroughly contemplating them.

"The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess sent me their portraits, in two large medallions, the size of life, in most desirable frames of black velvet, with gilding on each side. They soon followed in person to make me a visit—and great is to me always the gratification of beholding their fine countenances and graceful bearing, and receiving their benevolent expressions—wishing I had anything to return besides deep sense of obligation. Prince Ludwig

came later, and did my eyes and heart good with the sight of his lovely countenance. Princess Victoria failed not to call, and left me a bunch of wild snowdrops, gathered by herself in the wood; but I had gone out for a second walk, and saw her not: the Hereditary Prince is absent, enjoying his travels in Italy.

“Many, many, are gone before on this way of life, on which God is pleased that I should still wander: but still have the signs of remembrance not chilled by distance and time been many and precious.”

The EMPEROR OF GERMANY to

HER EXCELLENCY THE BARONESS VON BUNSEN in Carlsruhe. (Translation.)

“Berlin, March 3, 1876.

“It has been communicated to me, that you, honoured Madam, by God’s grace will reach to-morrow so high a step of life, and this in such happy circumstances, that everybody must wish you joy of it.

“But for myself, I am especially prompted to express to you my hearty sympathy on this occasion, because I am called upon to do so by the recollections of Bunsen, to whom I owe so much in the manifold relations of life, in a manner which inspires me with life-long gratitude.

“This recollection in itself is inseparable from that of the hospitality which I have so often received in your house and family, and which is for ever present to my mind.

“These dear recollections urge me to offer you most faithful wishes for the well being of your body and soul, which constantly more and more directs you, to await with

composure and submission your entrance upon the unknown beyond.

“ With most faithful sentiments,
 “ Honoured Madam,
 “ Y^r devoted King
 “ WILHELM.”

BARONESS BUNSEN to her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW EMMA.

“ *March 20, 1876.*—May the partings and the meetings, the travelling and the home-return, now in near prospect, all be under the blessing and direction of Him who can reunite as well as divide! I ever pray in anticipation of a family-meeting—‘ may we all be brought closer, both to each other and to God, whether by nearness or by separation.’ ”

To MRS. BLACKWELL.

“ *Carlsruhe, 14 March, 1876.*—It is more affecting to me than I can express, to receive again your precious words, in your own beautiful hand-writing! and I long to fancy that your own spirit of love and peace is exhaled and inhaled to my benefit. Had I but ‘ more heart ’ where-with to be thankful as I ought for the peace as well as health, I am allowed to enjoy! I sometimes feel as if I were unfairly possessed of such well-being at this advanced age, tho’ I well know that the gift of God is granted without stint or grudging, and I can but hope and pray that more heavenly mindedness may be added to so many other mercies, and that I may be able, in the spirit of a hymn, to exclaim—

‘ O come ere that this heart grows cold,
 Ere yet the stamp of Death shall sear.’

“The sensation of excessive weakness, of inability for bodily exertion, is the only sign with me of the nearness of cessation in this long preserved activity of the human frame, which seems nowhere out of order, or flagging in vividness of life; the same interests, the same craving after knowledge of the works of God, or the ways of His Providence, continue to animate my existence. What I feel as the worst thing to endure is the diminution of sight, which makes it impossible for me to read: I can write, because my hand is steady, though my looking over what is written would be of very uncertain service; but I am thankful still to take in natural scenery in its general character, though its details may be incorrect. I have kind readers, and as to work I am still capable of plain knitting, having competent eyes at hand to overlook and make beginnings and endings. I have passed the winter better than most of my juniors, and have long been spared the ennui even of taking care of a cold in bed: I am resolutely homeopathic as ever, in so far as to prescribe sometimes for myself the globules which were my old and useful friends—but I have no physician (homeopathy being little esteemed here) and drugs as far as ever from my practice.

“My new-built chalet at Herrenalb (in the Schwarzwald and in Würtemberg) only within a drive of three hours from Carlsruhe, will be my summer refuge, please God I live till the season is warm again: there I have woods and streams and hills and green vallies, for which I am indeed thankful. My dear Sternberg grandchildren go with me, as well as my daughters Frances and Emilia:—that is (to be accurate) the youngest girl, now fourteen, attends the School arranged by the Grand Duchess for her only

daughter, born in the same year that in the birth of Aga the life of her precious mother was (as it were) merged. And our Reinhold, now fifteen, attends his school at Schwabisch Hall in Würtemberg: so that those two can only be with me in their rare holidays. My lengthened life has to submit to seeing those growing old, whom I have known in infancy! but how should I not thank God, to be allowed to admire and prize their maturity!—God support and help you, dear Friend! gratefully does my heart acknowledge your faithful friendship. Ever yr. tenderly and faithfully,

“F. DE BUNSEN.”

To her DAUGHTER-IN-LAW MARY LOUISA.

“14 *March*, 1876.—You will have felt as I have, the relief of knowing dear Lady Augusta Stanley to be at rest! What a mysterious dispensation that she should have been so long at the point of death, so slowly released from the tie nearly broken. Alas! for Arthur Stanley! How busy is death with all around, so much my juniors! and yet I am bidden to remain. May the purpose of God be fulfilled in me and by me.”

To A. P. STANLEY, Dean of Westminster.

“*Carlsruhe*, 15 *March*, 1876.—No common utterance is fit to approach your immense sorrow! and could I but press your hand and meet your eye I should feel it most suited to the depth and fulness of sympathy to dwell in silence on the departure of *her*, whom nobody can spare, whom all of us claimed as our own, whom all of us, far and near, felt to be close to us, in the wide grasp of that Christian love which seemed to warm and cherish all in its effusion.

“The words of that benediction, which you were enabled to pronounce, at the close of the invaluable solemnity in which all that was earthly had been restored to earth—must be, and will be, your support: in the world which she has left, even the numberless traces of her that remain in the objects of her benevolence, serve but to renew the anguish of the seeking and grieving spirit, which can find power of life and activity alone in the sacredness of remembrance and contemplation.

“Such an intimacy, such an active unity of heart, of principle, of taste, as has been yours, dear friend, was a rare gift of the beneficent Providence which made *her* what she was, and conducted each and both of you to find in each other that which made life worth living for;—and may the blessed consciousness of what has been granted to you, afford you strength even to look through the darkness which to flesh and blood seems to belong to the ‘grave and gate of death.’

“With a tenderness of maternal feeling which I cannot well express, I remain your aged friend,

“FRANCES DE BUNSEN.”

This touching letter is the last of the correspondence of Madame de Bunsen. Her long life, so blessing and so blest, was then waning to its close, though those who enjoyed the sunshine of her presence were unconscious of the impending blow.

The many letters of the Baroness Bunsen given in these volumes are the best record of her words and thoughts. Her character needs no other portraiture. Her noble powers of mind, her vivid interest in every-

thing great and good, her gentle humility in prosperity, her bright reception of every gleam of sunshine in adversity, are sufficiently shown in her written words. Above all, it may be seen in them that the great desire of her long life was to seek after God—only in Christ and only through Christ. With her years, her yearning after the Heavenly Life had seemed constantly to increase. Gratefully, with ever-growing sense of the blessed calm of her old age, had she acquiesced in the circumstances which, by binding her to Carlsruhe, had removed her from the varied interests of former existence. Most sweetly, as infirmities increased, had her grand nature bent itself with yielding submission to her home-daughters, in all that their loving care arranged for her, while taking away the work and responsibility of the numerous household-circle, and screening her with tenderest forethought from every anxiety.

Shortly before Easter, George de Bunsen brought his three youngest little girls to Carlsruhe, in order that they might make acquaintance with their grandmother, the youngest never having been seen by her, and the two others only as babies, when she visited Berlin in 1870. This pleasure had long been looked forward to by the most loving of mothers and grandmothers, and great was her enjoyment of it: each morning, during the visit, her countenance beamed with fresh joy at the thought of another day's intercourse with her beloved son, and another day's sight of his children. In the

morning, and sometimes twice a day, the arm of George took the place of that of Frances, the usual walking-companion, for a turn in the Schlossgarten or in the sunny Schlossplatz. It was while she was walking in the latter on Palm Sunday (the Sunday before she was taken ill) that the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden came up to her with their usual gracious cordiality, giving her the kindest possible message from Queen Victoria—a last proof of remembrance from a sovereign whose course she had never failed to follow with the most profound admiration and affection.

Through the following week George de Bunsen sat in his Mother's room for hours, answering the many questions, literary, political, historical, and geographical, which had been suggested by the books or newspapers last read to her, and, referring to which she often complained with a sigh that "there was no one in Carlsruhe who could answer questions," she had been "so spoilt in former years by always having had *him* (Bunsen) to ask questions of, or by being in a place where it was easier to find people with general interests." George de Bunsen also read much aloud to his Mother, filling thus the office usually supplied by her second daughter Emilia, who during that week generally sat by with her work, listening instead of reading. The last book read aloud was the "Memoir of Countess Voss," a lady who rejected an offer of marriage from the Heir Apparent of the Prussian crown, but continued the cherished friend of the royal family through

sixty-nine eventful years. When George de Bunsen read the last words of the book, stating that Countess Voss lived eighty-five years, his voice faltered, as if he had pronounced words better not spoken, and his Mother, who had not hitherto shown any symptom of illness, looked at him wistfully.

On Good Friday, April 14th, it seemed to those who were with her too cold for their dear Mother to go out, but she still resolved to take her usual walk, accompanied by her daughter Frances. She returned chilled, and was unwell all the next day, though there were no symptoms to create alarm.

On the morning of Easter Sunday, Emilia de Bunsen, going into her Mother's room soon after seven o'clock, found her already seated, in her black silk Sunday dress, by the sunny window, reading parts of hymns which she had years before copied out on a long strip of paper in her beautiful handwriting, and which she always kept in her pocket in a black silk case. Vividly does the daughter recall the especial tenderness of the Mother's repeated embrace, and her beaming, almost heavenly look, as she expressed her thankfulness at being allowed to spend another Easter Sunday with her children, and for all the other blessings which were granted her—the indescribable brightness of her whole aspect appearing to be the reflection of that Resurrection feast which she so peculiarly loved, and which on that day especially seemed to have cast its halo around her. She staid quietly at home that morning, and her

grand-daughter Rosa von Ungern Sternberg read to her, amongst other things, a hymn in Bunsen's collection—"Die seele ruht in Jesu armen," the last verse of which she repeated line by line after the reader,* the words "Wer weiss wie bald"† being especially and devoutly emphasized. In the afternoon, as it was very fine, she went out for half an hour with her grand-daughter Rosa. Afterwards she looked out some engravings by Gruner of the frescoes in the Villa Magliana representing the death of St. Felicitas and her crown of Eternal Life, of which she had been speaking that morning, and she enjoyed showing them to her son George, remembering perfectly, in spite of her diminished eyesight, what each page contained, and which of the designs were attributed to Raffaele. When Emilia came later to read to her, she found that her Mother wished to rest instead of listening as usual. In the evening she was not rested, was unable to join the family tea-supper, and was helped to the sofa instead of to the chair which she had always occupied in the

* "Wir, die wir durch die Wüste reisen,
Wir sehnen uns im Glauben nach;
Wir denken unter Thränenspeisen,
An jenes himmlische Gemach,
Allwo wir mit der Schaar der Frommen
Wer weiss wie bald zusammenkommen,
Und bei dem Herrn sein allezeit;
Da wollen wir ihn ewig sehen.
Wie wohl, wie wohl wird uns geschehen,
Herr Jesu, komm, mach uns bereit."

† "Who knows how soon we shall come together."

drawing room, by the side of the lamp-lit table. After some music, she asked Emilia to read to her from Gossner's *Life*, a book which was at that time kept for Sunday reading, and upon which she was able as usual to make remarks, though her voice was very weak.

The beloved recollection of the Grandmother's cheering presence and lively interest in all around her on this Easter Evening is especially cherished in her family. It was the last time of her being with them. The following day she did not leave her bed, but was still able to listen with animation to a letter of Miss Nightingale, and to hear of some portraits of the beautiful Queen Louisa of Prussia which her thoughtful friend Meyer had sent her from Berlin: she also enjoyed being told how her grandchildren had been to the palace, to hunt for Easter eggs. It was on this occasion that an undefined alarm was first excited in the mind of Emilia de Bunsen, when in answer to the ever-kind enquiries of the Grand Duchess she found herself obliged to reply that her Mother had staid the whole day in bed, which for years and years she had never been known to do.

On the two following days, strength failed rapidly, though on one occasion the dear Grandmother desired with her usual cheerfulness to be wheeled into her sitting-room, where she sat propped up with pillows, and smiled happily to see her son George seated opposite to her. Afterwards her mind seemed gently to wander, yet would ever awaken with a look of tenderest

love and recognition when one of her children came up to her. She also always recognized Dr. von Pockhammer, and sought to give him her hand. As all hope gradually failed that her precious earthly life would be preserved, the absent children were sent for. To Henry, Ernest, and Mary, the consolation was not granted of beholding their dear Mother again in life. Charles arrived on Sunday, and was recognised with tender affection. Later in the morning, Pfarrer Zimmermann was summoned, being the pastor she had always liked best to hear in Carlsruhe, and whose church she had last attended in February, when she had partaken for the last time of the Holy Supper. As he came in, she recognized him, and spoke to him touchingly of the death of a son (the third he had lost within two years), an affliction which had befallen him since they had met. After this she seemed to have fallen into deep slumber, but when her daughters asked the Pfarrer to pray, they perceived an almost invisible motion of her hand in acquiescence, and heard with a thrill—from her who seemed already so very far off—a distinct “Amen” at the end of the prayer.

Emilia de Bunsen watched by the bedside through the afternoon, and at six went to rest, desiring to be called at ten. But at seven she was summoned. In that short interval the Master had entered the silent chamber, and the beloved Mother lay in the arms of her daughter Frances, and her weary eyes were closed in the stillness of everlasting repose.

There was no pain, nor distress, nor anxiety. As the spirit passed away, both Frances de Bunsen and George (hastily called from another room) saw upon the revered features a strange and wonderful likeness to the long-lost mother, to whom they had borne no resemblance in life.

In the first anguish of their great desolation, her children could give God thanks, that thus—tenderly—without suffering—their Mother had been led through the dark valley: and they do so still—daily.

Henry and Ernest de Bunsen and Mary Harford did not reach Carlsruhe till the evening after their Mother's translation. But they were comforted when they looked upon the sublime beauty and grandeur of her beloved countenance, which they saw once more in its noblest, its most spiritualized expression. As the news spread in Carlsruhe, and throughout Germany, that the Baroness Bunsen had passed away, the most touching telegrams were received by her family from friends without number, headed by the Emperor, the Empress, and the Grand Duchess of Baden, whose sympathy was not the mere condolence of sovereigns, but the outpouring of generous and affectionate fellow-feeling in the family grief. The Emperor expressed in a letter his deep "reverence for her who had fallen asleep," while praying that her beautiful example might assist all her children to follow in the way by which she had gone before—"then would that consolation not

be wanting, which is only there to be sought, but there also to be found, from whence such deep wounds come." This fulness of gracious sympathy was at a later date again manifested by the Emperor in person to several of the Bunsen brothers, when they were summoned to visit the Grand Duchess of Baden at Wiesbaden, that they might hear from her own lips of her personal share in their loss, and of the happiness she had felt in the society of her venerable neighbour for so many years.

A first funeral service was held in the family home in the Waldhorn Strasse. There the coffin lay in the middle of the room, covered by fresh flowers from the hands of the Princess Victoria of Baden, with a wreath sent from Wiesbaden by the Grand Duchess, and a palm branch as a sign of love from the Grand Duke. On the left were the sons and daughters, and grandchildren; on the right the Grand Duke of Baden, and a few intimate friends.

Only twice before, at the weddings of Ernest and Mary, had the five sons of Bunsen been together since the two eldest left the paternal roof of Palazzo Caffarelli in 1834. But as the mourning family from Karlsruhe were on their way to the last office of love, they were joined by their youngest brother Theodore, who had only just arrived from his post at Alexandria. On the central cross in the pavement of the beautiful time-honoured cemetery chapel at Bonn, they found the flower-laden coffin surrounded by

numbers of faithful friends. In accordance with their Mother's own wish, the customary sermon (which frequently transforms itself into a panegyric on the dead) was omitted, and the simple funeral service was in accordance with the Gebetbuch and Gesangbuch of Bunsen. Again at the grave a few prayers were offered, and, as the Father's tomb was opened and the Mother's coffin laid beside his, the words of the monumental slab above assumed a fresh meaning to those who looked upon them.

"Lasset uns wandeln im Lichte des Ewigen."

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