



(From the portrait in Longfellow's study presented to him by Freiligrath at Bad Marienberg in 1842. Drawn from life by J. H. Schramm, 1840, and engraved by C. A. Schwerdgeburth.)

## THE LONGFELLOW-FREILIGRATH CORRESPONDENCE

## INTRODUCTORY

THE series of letters between Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Ferdinand Freiligrath, which is published herewith for the first time in as complete a form as seems possible, is preserved at Craigie House, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The noble and enduring friendship between two significant poets of the nineteenth century has received no adequate treatment in the literary histories of Germany or America. The reason is not far to seek: Samuel Longfellow's admirable *Life* of his brother has been regarded as an exhaustive treatment, and, in many respects, deserves this judgment. Though he made a conscientious study of the extensive diaries, correspondence, and other literary material preserved in Craigie House, Samuel Longfellow was in no sense a connoisseur of German literature. Moreover, up to May 18, 1847, Freiligrath wrote his letters in German script, which was illegible to the American biographer, and which he accordingly passed by without notice. Freiligrath's letters after that date are written in English; from some of these English letters Samuel Longfellow published excerpts in the *Life*. Unfortunately, the originals of a number of these letters have since disappeared.

The letters from Longfellow in the present correspondence are preserved in copies made many years ago in Germany, and the text of these requires some editing. There were originally fifty of these, as shown by the copyist's numbering, in chronological order. Twenty-four of the fifty (probably of minor importance) have disappeared: thus, the series begins with "No. 4," written in 1842; after this, eight others ("Nos. 6-10" and "13-15"), all written in the same year, are now lacking.

Of the twenty-two letters (of both poets) which are partially presented in the *Life*, some are mere fragments; nearly all omit (or suppress) many details which are of interest to the student of literature and civilization; two letters are wrongly dated.

The editor has aimed at a faithful reproduction of the letters as actually written, and has not felt it his duty to impose uniformity in the case of variations in spelling, punctuation, and the like. As a concession to present usage, he has consistently italicized the titles of books and journals; titles of articles or shorter poems are enclosed in quotation marks.

The present editor owes a large debt to Dr. Maria Appelmänn's excellent dissertation, *H. W. Longfellow's Beziehungen zu Ferdinand Freiligrath* (Münster, 1915), which discusses, but does not publish, a considerable part of this correspondence. Her brother, Professor A. H. Appelmänn, of the University of Vermont, had access to the letters at Craigie House, and planned an edition of them—a project which was prevented by his death. Extended search has led to the conclusion that his papers have been destroyed.

In 1842, Longfellow, who had been "Smith Professor of the French and Spanish Languages and Literature, and Professor of Belles Lettres" at Harvard since the beginning of 1837, was granted leave of absence from the University, in order to recover from continued ill-health. He made his way directly to the aristocratic water-cure of Marienberg, a former cloister at Boppard on the Rhine. Some sixty patients were undergoing the rather drastic treatment of the institution, and Longfellow submitted himself to this discipline with almost religious devotion. He reached the place on June 3, 1842, and immediately began a friendship there with a guest, Landrat H. C. Heuberger, of St. Goar—a fellow of infinite jest and unlimited sociability. As an intimate friend and neighbor of Freiligrath, Heuberger arranged a meeting of the two poets, and on June 12 took the American visitor to call at the home of Freiligrath in St. Goar; the two poets repaired to the neighboring inn of the *Lilie* for dinner, after which they returned to Freiligrath's apartments. This encounter proved most agreeable: Longfellow assured the German poet that his name was well-known in America, and Freiligrath took from his shelves an English anthology containing verses by Longfellow. The discourse turned chiefly on English and American poets, a subject which had always been of especial interest to Freiligrath, and Longfellow presented him with copies of his own *Hyperion* and *Ballads and Other Poems*. The first of the following letters expresses Freiligrath's gratitude for these gifts, and accompanied a similar present of his own publications.

The growing intimacy between the two friends is evident in the series of letters, and is described in greater detail in the editor's forthcoming book, *New Light on Longfellow* (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1933). While living at Boppard, Longfellow associated constantly and most intimately with the brilliant circle of Freiligrath and his literary friends: visits and excursions were of almost daily occurrence. The American poet had requested an extension of his leave of absence from Harvard—but this being denied, he made his final farewell on October first, Freiligrath accompanying him on the Rhine-steamer as far as Coblenz.

From South Germany, Longfellow wrote back to the friends at St. Goar (No. 17) and almost immediately after his return to Cambridge, at

the end of the year, sent on the extensive account of his journey and the visit with Dickens in England (No. 19).

During the remaining years, there was a constant interchange of literary productions, a confiding of hopes and plans, a discussion of authors' problems. From time to time, Longfellow sent gifts and personal messages through friends who were traveling in Europe. Freiligrath published ten excellent translations of poems by Longfellow and a full version of *Hiawatha*.

Not long after Longfellow's visit, Freiligrath began his career as political poet, which led to bitter controversy with authority, and to his exile to England in 1846. Gudde, in *Freiligraths Entwicklung als politischer Dichter* (Berlin, 1922), deplored the lack of letters written by Freiligrath during the period of his political activities: the following correspondence contains much which sheds light on these activities, as well as a large amount of other new matter concerning the two poets and their times.

In London, Freiligrath was compelled to suffer privations in a petty clerical position. Longfellow exerted himself vigorously to secure a settled position for the German poet and his family in the United States. With the co-operation of Professor Charles Beck (himself a political refugee of 1824), a fund of \$2000 had been nearly subscribed, and on February 22, 1848, Longfellow wrote to his friend, giving all practical details for the journey from Liverpool to the hospitable mansion in Cambridge, which had been Washington's headquarters during the siege of Boston in 1775 (Letter No. 31). The Revolution of 1848 caused Freiligrath to drop the plan, and to hasten back to do his part in the new movement. After being imprisoned, he went again to London (1851), where he remained until 1868, when a generous popular subscription enabled him to pass the remainder of his days in honor and comfort in the south of Germany, until his death on March 18, 1876. In all the days of stress, Longfellow had been his adviser and helper, frequently sending material gifts, and endeavoring to find a solution of his problems. Freiligrath's deep affection for the American poet found frequent expression throughout his remaining life, and was notably expressed during his last days.

The significant details of this ideal friendship are brought out clearly in the letters themselves. It is hoped that the Notes may shed sufficient light upon the less obvious allusions.

## TEXT OF THE CORRESPONDENCE

[ 1 ]

[St. Goar, 22. Juni 1842]<sup>1</sup>

Lieber Herr Longfellow!

Erst heute komme ich dazu, Ihnen meinen Dank für Ihre freundliche Gabe<sup>2</sup> abzustatten. Sie haben mir eine große Freude durch dieselbe gemacht, und ich würde mir mein langes Schweigen auf einen so sprechenden Beweis Ihrer gütigen Gesinnung für mich kaum verzeihen können, wenn es nicht durch den Wunsch veranlaßt worden wäre, meiner Antwort gleich eine kleine Gegengabe beizufügen. Dazu bin ich denn endlich heute im Stande, und bitte Sie recht sehr, die beiliegenden Hefte freundlich annehmen zu wollen. Das eine (1839), gemeinschaftlich mit meinem dichterischen Freunde verfaßt,<sup>3</sup> mag für sich selbst sprechen. Das andere<sup>4</sup> füge ich hauptsächlich aus dem Grunde bei, weil es einige ältere Gedichte von mir mittheilt, die in meiner Sammlung nicht enthalten sind, und dann auch, weil die Biographie, die es über mich bringt, wenn auch in kurzen und fast dürftigen Umrissen das Richtigste ist, was bisher in ähnlicher Weise über mich geschrieben wurde. Ich befriedige eigentlich nur ein eigenes Interesse, indem ich Ihnen das Büchlein schicke, das Sie, wie ich fast fürchte, mehr als billig langweilen wird, wenn Sie es wirklich lesen. Es ist hin und wieder herzlich pedantisch.

Einige ältere Publikationen von mir erwarte ich nur noch vom Buchhändler, um sie Ihnen gleichfalls zukommen zu lassen. Auch mein Gedenkbuch an *Immermann*,<sup>5</sup> das eben jetzt gedruckt wird, werden Sie gleich nach Erscheinen erhalten.

Ihre Bücher haben mich seither vielfach beschäftigt, und ich kann Ihnen gar nicht sagen, welch' reichen Genuß sie mir und meiner Frau schon verschafft haben. Die Gedichte sind zum Theil vortrefflich, und ich fühle mich namentlich durch das köstliche "Excelsior" so angezogen, daß ich recht bald im Stande sein werde, Ihnen eine gedruckte Ueber-

<sup>1</sup> Written ten days after the first meeting. Longfellow had spent much of the intervening time in foot-tours with Landrat Heuberger, Graf Hohenthal, Graf Schack, and others to various romantic places in the vicinity of Boppard; also, in reading the poems of Herwegh.

<sup>2</sup> *Hyperion*, and *Ballads and Other Poems*, which Longfellow had given to Freiligrath at his first visit, June 12, 1842.

<sup>3</sup> *Das malerische und romantische Westfalen*, by Freiligrath and Levin Schücking, published in Leipzig, 1839-1840.

<sup>4</sup> *Deutsche Dichter der Gegenwart, erläutert von August Nodnagel*, Darmstadt, 1842. Contains 86 pages devoted to Freiligrath and his poetry, and includes the text of eight of his poems.

<sup>5</sup> *Karl Immermann—Blätter der Erinnerung an ihn*, Stuttgart, 1842.

setzung desselben von mir mitzutheilen. Auch the "Village Blacksmith" ist ein überaus schönes Gedicht—ebenso "Endymion!" Die Uebersetzungen sind den Gelungensten beizuzählen, was ich von der Art in englischer Sprache kenne: the two locks of hair the Castle by the sea, the luck of Edenhall and so many others are quite delicious.

Im *Hyperion* sind wir durch die genaue Bekanntschaft mit deutschem Leben und deutscher Literatur überrascht worden. Es hat einen eigenen Reiz, unsere den Ihrigen so fremden und entgegengesetzten Zustände so geistreich und sinnig von einem transatlantischen Beobachter dargestellt zu sehen, selbst wenn wir nicht immer im Einzelnen mit ihm übereinkommen können.

Ich hoffe, Sie bald wieder zu sehen. Vorige Woche war ich mit Arbeit und Besuch zu sehr überhäuft, um nach Boppard<sup>1</sup> kommen zu können, doch hoff' ich, es in den nächsten Tagen einrichten zu können. Lassen aber auch Sie sich wieder einmal hier sehen, und warten Sie nicht erst, bis ich dort gewesen bin.

Ich brauche wohl nicht noch zu bemerken, daß meine kleine Bibliothek durchaus zu Ihrer Verfügung steht. Ich habe zwar nur wenig aus Darmstadt mitgebracht, es ist aber doch vielleicht Einiges von neuern Dichtern darunter, was Ihnen noch unbekannt ist, und Sie interessiert.

Meine Frau grüßt Sie freundlich. Empfehlen Sie mich Herrn Landrath Heuberger<sup>2</sup> und Herrn Dr. Schmitz.<sup>3</sup>

Truly yours

F. Freiligrath

St. Goar, 22.

Juni 1842

[ 2 ]

St. Goar, 1. Juli 1842.

Lieber Herr Longfellow!

Wiederum sind verschiedene Abhaltungen Schuld gewesen, daß ich mein Versprechen, Sie in ihren Vollbädern zu besuchen, noch immer nicht gehalten habe. Die wesentlichste und für mich unangenehmste war in den letzten Tagen ein heftiger Anfall eines Uebels, das ich mit Nichts anderem zu vergleichen weiß, als der††† Cholera morbus, und das mich in kurzer Frist arg mitgenommen hat. Jetzt geht es wieder besser, und ich will heute nur wieder in den Rhein springen. Reißt er mich mit sich fort, so komme ich desto eher nach Boppard; doch soll es auch ohne eine mögliche derartige Intercession des alten Stromgottes recht bald einmal geschehen.

<sup>1</sup> Kloster Marienberg, where Longfellow was taking the baths, is on the edge of Boppard.

<sup>2</sup> Longfellow's friend at the baths, who took him to pay his first visit to Freiligrath.

<sup>3</sup> Director of the baths.

Anliegend finden Sie den Versuch einer Uebersetzung Ihres vortrefflichen Gedichtes "Excelsior." Lassen Sie sich denselben freundlich an's Herz gelegt sein, und urtheilen Sie milde! Ich habe mich bestrebt, dem Original so treu zu bleiben, wie nur irgend möglich, und Sie werden nur in sehr einzelnen Fällen kleine Abweichungen bemerken. Ich habe die Uebersetzung (mit einer kurzen Notiz über Sie, für die ich Ihre Nachricht in Anspruch zu nehmen habe) an die Redaction des zu Stuttgart erscheinenden *Morgenblatts* geschickt, und hoffe, Ihnen bald einen Abdruck mittheilen zu können. Ich werde, wo möglich in den ersten Wochen, noch einiges Andere von Ihnen verdeutschen: "Endymion," "Village Blacksmith," "Wreck of the Hesperus" (in diesem letztern finde ich den Ton der *altenglischen* Ballade vortrefflich getroffen), und hoffe Sie in Kurzem bei uns nach Verdienst gekannt und anerkannt zu sehen.— Ich habe auch die *Blätter*<sup>1</sup> für Sie bestellt, die, wie ich Ihnen bei Ihrem Besuch erzählte, in einem größern Aufsatz über Nordamerikanische Lyrik auch eine, wenn auch ziemlich nachlässige, Uebersetzung Ihres "Indian Hunter"<sup>2</sup> brachte.

Dr. Wesselhöft<sup>3</sup> hatte Sie an die Familie von Binzer in Köln empfohlen, die aber, zur Zeit Ihrer Anwesenheit in Köln, nach Süddeutschland auf Reisen war. Jetzt ist sie seit 14 Tagen wieder zurück, sie hat uns auf ihrer Rückreise einen Tag hier besucht, und läßt Sie sehr durch mich bitten, sie jetzt später besuchen zu wollen. Herr von Binzer ist, wie Sie wissen werden, noch mit Wesselhöft zusammen in der *Burschenschaft* gewesen, und einige der körnigsten Studentenlieder jener Epoche haben ihn zum Verfasser.<sup>4</sup>

Meine Frau läßt Sie freundlich grüßen. Empfehlen Sie mich den Herren Heuberger und Schmitz. Meine vorige Sendung ist Ihnen doch zugekommen?

Aufrichtig

der Ihrige

F. Freiligrath

Sie sagten mir, daß auch Wesselhöft ein Gedicht von Ihnen übersetzt habe. War dieß nicht vielleicht "Excelsior"? Ich würde Ihnen für eine Abschrift seiner Uebersetzung recht dankbar sein.

<sup>1</sup> *Zur Kunde der Literatur des Auslandes.*

<sup>2</sup> By Gustav Pfizer.

<sup>3</sup> A German physician in Cambridge, Mass.

<sup>4</sup> On August 27, 1842, Longfellow recorded in his diary the reading of Frau von Binzer's story, *Die Verlobung*.

[ 3 ]

St. Goar, July 5, 1842

Nur zwei Worte heute, mein lieber transatlantischer Freund! Wir können, obgleich ich es Ihnen gestern noch fest versprach, übermorgen doch noch nicht nach Marienberg kommen, und müssen die kleine Tour abermals acht Tage hinausschieben. Wir erhielten nämlich heute morgen einen Brief von Mary Howitt<sup>1</sup> in Heidelberg, worin sie uns ihren Mann, den auch Ihnen als Schriftsteller bekannten William Howitt, auf übermorgen, Donnerstag, ankündigt.

Meine und meiner Frau freundliche Bitte ist nun, daß *Sie* übermorgen *hierher* nach St. Goar kommen möchten. Wir setzen nämlich voraus, daß es Ihnen jedenfalls angenehm sein wird, Mr. Howitt's persönliche Bekanntschaft zu machen oder zu erneuern, und würden Sie dann mit ihm zusammen auf die Maus führen. An american poet, an english and a german one together in the ruins of a German feudal fortress—would it not be a feast?

Kommen Sie also jedenfalls und zwar *vor Tisch*, damit wir schon Mittags zusammen sind. Wahrscheinlich wird Mr. Howitt auch schon Vormittags kommen.

In aller Eile—die Post wird gleich geschlossen—

mit treuem Handschlag

Ihr

Freiligrath

[ 4 ]

Marienberg, July 20th [1842]

Many thanks, my dear Freiligrath, for your letter and the superb translation.<sup>2</sup> It must have been a hard nut to crack; but you have dispatched it in the style of the most successful *Nussknacker*. The old Beserk seems now to speak his native tongue. The changes are not important, and sometimes improvements, as for example:

Ungestüm warb ich dann,

Warte wer warten kann.

In the stanza of that "gusty skaw" there seems to be a little confusion. It is the Beserk's ship that is struck by the flaw and driven back upon Hildebrand's. Finding his sails flapping in this head-flaw, the old Viking puts about, and runs down before the wind right into his pursuer and sinks him.

<sup>1</sup> Mary Howitt (*née* Botham), 1799–1888. A prolific writer, closely associated with her husband in varied literary work. The latter (1792–1879) gave efficient help to Freiligrath, later, in England, when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb.

<sup>2</sup> *Skeleton in Armor*, in its first form, as published in the *Knickerbocker*, for January, 1841.

I reached home safely on Monday. The pale gentleman in spectacles who rejoices in the name of Langenwiesche of Langenwiesche,<sup>1</sup> was very polite, and gave me a copy of his *Sagen und Märchenwald im Blüthen-schmuck* (!) which title is certainly indicative of the book and its author. I feel perfectly sure of this. Am I not right?—

I hope no untoward accident will prevent my coming to St. Goar on Friday. A clergyman once announced to his congregation that there would be a collection for the poor “on the next Sunday, God willing, or on the Sunday after, *whether or no.*” I shall not go so far as this, but will come to St. Goar if I can, for I can say with your friend Simrock:<sup>2</sup>

Zieht nicht vorbei an St. Goar,  
Der Stadt die allzeit gastlich war,  
Nicht mit dem Dampfer vorüber fahrt.  
Grüsst erst den Dichter Freiligrath,  
Verzehrt den heiligen Küchekuchen,  
Werdet umsonst seines gleichen suchen.

It seemed very strange to me to lie snugly in bed on Monday morning, instead of being waked from my slumbers by a servant. But on Tuesday I began again in the old course, and my first consciousness in the morning was the striped Mathias, who, like the executioner in one of Shakespeare's plays, entered with his “Master Bernardino! Master Bernardino, wake up, and be hanged (drowned)!” But habit, habit,—everything depends upon that. Friendly salutations to the ladies and to the Heubergers.

Very truly yours,  
H. W. Longfellow

[ 5 ]

St. Goar, 22 Juli 1842.<sup>3</sup>

Liebster Freund!

Das Wetter ist so unverschämt schlecht heute, daß wir Sie wohl nicht mehr erwarten können. Ich danke Ihnen drum schriftlich für Ihren freundlichen, heitern Brief von vorgestern, und werde gleich Höchstselbst mit großer Wehmuth die zwei Krüge saure Milch und den “heiligen *Aprikosenkuchen*” vertilgen, die auf besondern Befehl meiner Gebieterin Ihrer harrten. Was ist zu machen? Ich will mich in mein Schicksal ergeben, so gut ich's vermag. Hab' ich doch schon zu oft in einen sauern *Apfel* beißen müssen, um vor einer sauern *Milch* Angst zu haben.

<sup>1</sup> Longfellow had just returned from visiting Heuberger and the Freiligraths at St. Goar. Langewiesche commissioned the publication of *Das malerische und romantische Westfalen*. In Longfellow's private library is a copy of *Sagen und Märchenwald im Blüthen-schmuck*, by “L. Wiese”—Barmen, 1842.

<sup>2</sup> Prof. Karl Simrock, of Bonn, (1802–1876).

<sup>3</sup> Wrongly dated, “20 Juli.”

Herzlich freut mich's, daß Sie mit meiner Uebersetzung des "Skeleton in Armour" nicht unzufrieden sind. Die Stelle, welche ich mißverstanden hatte, werde ich ändern, und das Gedicht dann gleichfalls dem *Morgenblatt* zuschicken. "Excelsior" hab' ich jetzt endlich erhalten, und schicke Ihnen beiliegend zwei Exemplare davon. Außerdem finden Sie einen vollständigen Abdruck des Aufsatzes "Amerikanische Anthologie" in den *Blättern zur Kunde der Literatur des Auslandes*, und zu guter letzt einen Brief von Gust. Pfizer,<sup>1</sup> dem Dichter des "Junggesellen"<sup>2</sup> und dem Uebersetzer Ihres "Indian Hunter." Ist es nicht komisch, daß ich diese letztere in meinem kleinen Vorwort zum "Excelsior" *in der Form ein wenig schlotterig* genannt habe? Ich wußte nicht, daß sie von Pfizer war, und nun ist der Edle ehrlich genug, meinen Tadel in seinem eigenen Blatte abdrucken zu lassen.

Wird Ihnen in meinem Vorwort die Zusammenstellung mit Bryant, Percival, Brooks, Norton, Mrs. Sigourney, und *Woodworth*<sup>3</sup> auch gefallen? Ich hätte zum Theil gewiß bedeutendere Namen nennen können, doch bemerke ich zu meiner Entschuldigung, daß ich jene Notiz schrieb, eh' ich *The Poets and Poetry of America*<sup>4</sup> von Ihrer Güte erhalten hatte. Ich verdanke diesem Buche in der kurzen Zeit, die ich es besitze, schon sehr viel.

Einige kleine Druckfehler in der Uebersetzung des "Excelsior" hab' ich mit Bleistift verbessert.

Nun die Hauptsache; Unsere Darmstädter Freunde,<sup>5</sup> in deren Gesellschaft wir unsere oft besprochene Tour ans Siebengebirge machen wollen, haben uns geschrieben, daß sie, *wenn das Wetter nicht völlig zum Regenwetter umschlägt*, Sonntag den 24. Juli hier ankommen werden. *Montag den 25sten* werden wir dann zusammen *mit dem ersten Kölner Schiff* Rheinab fahren. Ist es nun noch Ihr Wunsch und Ihre Absicht, sich uns anzuschließen, so müßten Sie zu Boppard zu uns stoßen, oder könnten auch der größern Sicherheit wegen schon Sonntag hierherkommen, hier übernachten, und dann gleich von hier aus mit uns fahren. Unsre Abwesenheit wird 3 bis 4 Tage währen. *Schreiben Sie mir nun gütigst*

<sup>1</sup> The full text of Pfizer's letter to Longfellow, dated July 10, 1842, is given in Appellmann, p. 16. It expresses his thanks for Longfellow's translation of "Der Junggesell," which Freiligrath had sent for publication in the *Morgenblatt* at Stuttgart. Pfizer had found "The Indian Hunter" in Griswold's collection. He encloses a poem of his own, having to do with a "blacksmith," and urges the American poet to visit him at Stuttgart.

<sup>2</sup> "Two Locks of Hair," in Longfellow's translation.

<sup>3</sup> Samuel Woodworth (1785-1842), author of the "Old Oaken Bucket." One of the judges who awarded the prize to Longfellow's pseudonymous "Little Man in Gosling Green," 1834.

<sup>4</sup> Published in 1842 by Rufus Wilmot Griswold.

<sup>5</sup> Justizrat Buchner and wife.

*umgehend*, was Sie beschließen. Ist das Wetter gar zu schlecht, so bleiben wir natürlich hier. Zum Glück haben wir aber heute Vollmond, und dürfen also wahrscheinlich einer Besserung entgegensehen.

"The gentleman, who rejoices in the name of *Langewieschel*"—Now, my dear friend, to-day I am a mock bird: "The Gentleman, who rejoices in the name of *Longfellow*." Uebrigens . . . .

Der Brillenmann ist ein Philister!

Wenn Sie Pfizer antworten wollen (was sehr hübsch und liebenswürdig von Ihnen wäre), so geben Sie mir Ihren Brief nur zur Besorgung. Ich lege ihn bei, wenn ich the "Skeleton" an ihn schicke.

Farewell! *Schreiben Sie bald wegen der Reise!*—Jetzt geht's an die Milch und den St.<sup>1</sup> Kuchen!

Very truly yours  
F. Freiligrath

[ 6 ]

Marienberg, July 23, 1842.<sup>2</sup>

I was very agreeably surprised this morning by your package of papers and letters. Many, many thanks for such repeated marks of your kindness and regard. Your introductory notice is just the friendly word I expected, from what you told me last Sunday, and the translation of "Excelsior" is exceedingly fine.

I was sorry not to see you on Friday. I wanted to tell you, among other things which I had not time to write, how much I liked the Ballad of the "Spieler von Eberburg." It gave me very sincere gratification, and I rejoice much with you, that it *broke the banks*. It must be a subject of honest pride and self-congratulation with you to know that the poem took effect in the hearts of your readers. I know of no greater pleasure than that of producing such effects.

This morning, at six o'clock, in the cloisters of our convent, I read to three admiring nuns<sup>3</sup> your delightful poem of "Der Blumen Rache," and I wished that you yourself, invisible, could have witnessed their eager attention, and could have heard their applause. A fair hand is now copying the poem into a book.

A countryman of mine, Mr. Calvert,<sup>4</sup> of Baltimore, arrived here yesterday, with his wife. I want them to know you and Mrs. Freiligrath, and you to know them. He is a young man of fortune, and an author, having published a translation of Schiller's "Don Carlos."

<sup>1</sup> "St." refers to "den *heiligen* Aprikosenkuchen," above (Cf. Letter No. 4).

<sup>2</sup> Wrongly dated, "July 22."

<sup>3</sup> "Nuns"—humorously of the lady-guests at Kloster Marienberg.

<sup>4</sup> George Henry Calvert (1803–1889), author of a metrical translation of *Don Carlos* and other works. Later, mayor of Newport, R.I.

I shall join you on Monday<sup>1</sup> on board the earliest Cöln *Dampfschiff*, promising myself great pleasure from the tour, and hoping that your friends will not be annoyed by the addition of a stranger to the party.

With kind regards,  
Yours very truly,  
Henry W. Longfellow

P.S. You need not take any staff for your journey, as I shall bring one for you.

[ 7 ]

St. Goar, 29. Juli 42.

Beikommend, lieber Longfellow, erhalten Sie die versprochenen Bücher,<sup>2</sup> die Ihnen eine freundliche Erinnerung an unsere schöne Rheinfahrt sein mögen. Wir sind gestern Nachmittags gegen 3 Uhr *in corpore* wohlbehalten wieder in unsre hiesigen Standquartiere eingerückt, nachdem wir mit genauer Noth mit dem Diner fertig geworden waren. Besagtes Diner war übrigens gut, und wir haben während desselben wahrhaft olympisch-endlos gelacht. Auf Ihr Wohl ist nach Verabredung angeklungen worden.

Wissen Sie, wie weit es von Braubach bis Oberspei ist? Grade so weit, wie von der Suppe zum Rindfleisch.—Und von Oberspei bis zum Schließchen Liebeneck? Grade so weit wie vom Rindfleisch zur Mehlspeise.—In ähnlicher Weise haben wir sämtliche Entfernungen bis über Hirzenach gemessen, in der einen Hand die Karte, in der andern die Gabel. Nächstens gebe ich ein neues, auf jene gestrigen Bestimmungen basirtes Rheinpanorama heraus, auf das Sie hoffentlich subscribiren werden.—Bei Hirzenach wurde das *Eis* gereicht—deßhalb ist dort *ewiger Eisgang*, auch im Sommer.

Sie sehen, daß wir an schlechten Witzen, nicht aber Mangel gelitten haben.

Unsre Darmstädter Freunde haben uns heute Morgen verlassen und werden gegen Abend wieder zu Hause sein. Auch wir fühlen uns wohl und behaglich daheim nach den Strapazen der jüngsten Tage. Hoffentlich auch Sie. Das erste Sitzbad wird Ihnen "a posteriori" bewiesen haben, daß es zu Haus doch immer am Besten ist.

<sup>1</sup> The tour, which included Rolandseck, the Seven Hills, Bonn, and Cologne, began on July 25, and lasted four days. The party consisted of the Freiligraths, Buchners, Fräulein von Gall, Karl Simrock, Dr. Krah and his sister, and Longfellow. See Freiligrath-Kroeker, "Ein Rhein-Idyll," *Deutsche Revue*, April, 1901.

<sup>2</sup> Freiligrath's *Rolands-Album* (Köln, 1840) and two volumes of Matzerath & Simrock's *Rheinisches Jahrbuch* (1840 and 1841).

Von der *Kölnischen Zeitung*, worin "Excelsior," schick' ich Ihnen gleichzeitig mit Paquet noch 3 Exemplare *sous bande*.

Die besten Grüße u. s. w.

*Very truly yours*

F. Freiligrath

[ 8 ]

St. Goar 29 Juli, 1842<sup>1</sup>

Einem verehrlichen Comité

habe ich meinen verbindlichsten Dank für die freundliche Einladung zum Ball auf morgen Abend abzustatten, und nur zu bedauern, daß es mir nicht möglich ist, dieselbe anzunehmen. Eben erst von einer mehrtägigen Reise zurückgekehrt, fühlen sich meine Frau und deren zum Besuch bei uns anwesende Freundin, Fräulein von Gall aus Darmstadt, noch zu ermüdet, um einer abermaligen kleinen Tour und der damit verbundenen Fatigue gewachsen zu sein. Sonst würde ich es mir zur Ehre und Freude gerechnet haben, Ihrer gütigen Einladung Folge zu leisten.

Mit herzlichem Dank also und den besten Wünschen für einen recht heiteren Abend

Hochachtungsvoll

F. Freiligrath

[ 9 ]

July 31, 1842.

Lieber Nestor!<sup>2</sup>

Einen freundlichen Gruß aus Ihlum nach Pylos zuvor! Warum wir gestern Ihr *Sitzbad-dansant* nicht mit unsrer Gegenwart beglücken konnten, werden Sie aus meinem Absagebrief an das Comité schon erfahren haben. Andromache war müde, und warf mir, als ich ohne sie fortwollte, den Schiller<sup>3</sup> an den Kopf:

Will sich Hector ewig von mir wenden,  
Wo Achill mit den unnahbarn Händen  
Den Tritonen schrecklich Opfer bringt?

<sup>1</sup> On July 30, 1842, an elaborate ball was held in the Marienberg establishment. Longfellow may have been a member of the Committee, for this reply to the invitation is among the papers at Craige House.

<sup>2</sup> The owner of the apartments occupied by the Freiligraths in St. Goar was named Ihl, and their quarters were given the title "I(h)lium." Freiligrath was known as "Hector," his wife as "Andromache," and the beautiful Fräulein von Gall, who made her home for the summer of 1842 under the same roof, was variously styled "Helena" and "Gallina." The American poet (three years older than his German colleague) was adopted into the circle as "Nestor"—the baths of Marienberg becoming "Pylos."

<sup>3</sup> "Hektors Abschied."

Und da mußst' ich natürlich zu Hause bleiben. Helena Gallina<sup>1</sup> war zwar wieder bei Kräften, und würde unter den mütterlichen Flügeln des Landraths<sup>2</sup> auch gekommen sein, wenn Letzterer nicht ebenfalls hier geblieben wäre. Er bekam Besuch von sechs Damen aus Neuwied, und es wäre in der That schön gewesen, wenn er mit diesen, seinen eigenen Jungfrauen, und meiner Helena zusammen auf dem Ball erschienen wäre. Elf Jungfrauen und der Landrath—das ist in seiner Art eben so groß, wie Elftausend Jungfrauen und die heilige Ursula! Ich habe den Landrath darum gestern auch zur männlichen St. Ursula ernannt, und er heißt von nun an:

*St. Ursulus*

Was Sie sich hinter's Ohr schreiben wollen.

Morgen oder übermorgen kommt *Adelheid von Stolterfoth*<sup>3</sup> hierher, und wird zwei Tage hierbleiben. Haben Sie nicht Lust, die Dichterin kennen zu lernen? Sie sollten es wirklich thun! Es ist eine gar liebe, vortreffliche Dame, auch wir haben großes Verlangen, Sie bald einmal wiederzusehen. Ich gewöhne mich wirklich so an Sie und Ihren Umgang, daß ich nicht ohne Kummer an die Zeit denken kann, wo wir durch das Meer von einander getrennt sein werden. Lassen Sie uns nur vorher noch den Johannesberg besteigen, und dem Fürsten Metternich<sup>4</sup> eine Flasche leer trinken.

“The inclosed” hab' ich Ihrem Briefe richtig entnommen. Sie sind aber fast zu prompt.

Helena und Andromache grüßen. Deßgleichen St. Ursulus und die Elftausend, bei denen wir heut Abend Thee trinken werden. Adieu, lieber Nestor, der Sie eher Paris<sup>5</sup> zu nennen sind!

Auf Wiedersehen!

Ihr

Hector<sup>6</sup>

Ihlium, 31/7. 42

<sup>1</sup> Fräulein Louise von Gall (1815–1855), a poetess from Darmstadt, noted also for her beauty and her gift of song. She married Levin Schücking in 1843.

<sup>2</sup> Heuberger.

<sup>3</sup> 1800–1875. Author of *Rheinischer Sagenkreis*, *Burg Stolzenfels*, etc. On her invitation, a delightful excursion was made to the Wispertal on August 5. See *Deutsche Revue*, April, 1901.

<sup>4</sup> Owner of the world-famed Johannisberg vineyard.

<sup>5</sup> A faintly-veiled allusion to possibilities in connection with “Helena” von Gall.

<sup>6</sup> A long and circumstantial letter from Heuberger to Longfellow, dated August 1, 1842, is printed in Appellmann, pp. 20–22.

[ 10 ]

[August 15, 1842]

[Sonnet of Heuberger<sup>1</sup> to H.W.L. (Thereafter:)] In der That, lieber Longfellow, vertauschen Sie bald einmal das *Vollbad* mit dem *Vollmond*, und lassen Sie sich von dem jungfräulichen Sonett unsres verehrten Landraths, zu dem ich vorstehend eine männliche Ergänzung<sup>2</sup> zu geben versucht habe, recht bald zu einer Tour nach St. Goar begeistern. 'S ist ja nur ein *Katzensprung*!<sup>3</sup> Ich habe Ihnen Mancherlei zu sagen, was ich

1 Im Mondschein maut schon längst die alte Katze,  
Die nach der Maus, versteckt in düstrer Mauer,  
Jahrhunderte schon liegend auf der Lauer,  
Vergebens krallt die festgebannte Tatze.

Du aber wie 'ne eingefangene Ratze  
Rennst zagend in des Rattenfängers Bauer,  
Genießest Wasser nur und Wasserschauer  
Und Atzung ohne Würz', wie Judenmatze.

O Sänger, dessen Lied von ew'ger Dauer,  
Wirf ab des Wassers Sklavenjoch so sauer,  
Schwing dich, excelsior, mit Einem Satze!

Im Mondschein aufwärts dann zum alten Schatze!  
Dort bannt ein schäumend Glas die Wassertrauer,  
Wir lachen keck den Nixen in die Fratze!

Ursula

2

An H. W. L.

Auf thut das Vollbad seinen wüsten Krater,  
Alltäglich Dich, Verehrter, zu empfangen;  
Wir aber rufen mit verschämten Wangen:  
O, lass dein Bad, sei unsrer Katz' der Kater!

Schon steht geschmückt dein hochzeitlich Theater;  
Die Grille zirpt, Johannswürmchen prangen,  
Das erste Viertel auch ist aufgegangen,  
Das sich verklärt zum runden Vollmond später!

Drum laß daheim die Trockentücher hängen,  
Leg' an das Ringlein und die goldnen Spangen,  
Schon kommt herab aus Petersberg der Pater!

Elftausend Jungfraun und ihr würd'ger Vater,  
Sanct Ursulus, stehn harrend voll Verlangen;  
Drum komm!—So rathet Freiligrath, der Rather.

<sup>3</sup> The ruin, *Die Katze*, was a favorite place for excursions by the group at St. Goar.

der mündlichen Besprechung vorbehalte. *Schlickus pictor*<sup>1</sup> ist noch nicht angekommen, sonst hätt' ich Ihnen schon eine Aufforderung zu unsrer Moselparthie zukommen lassen.

Viele Grüße von mir und meinen Damen! Auf baldiges Wiedersehen, hoff' ich!

Treulichst  
Ihr  
Freiligrath

[ 11 ]

St. Goar, 24. Aug. 1842

Lieber Longfellow!

Sie erhalten beikommend:

1) Mein *Immermannsbüchlein*,<sup>2</sup> das Sie freundlich anzunehmen gebeten werden. Es ist so eben fertig geworden, und macht Ihnen vielleicht in einzelnen Parthien Freude. Die große Menge Druckfehler, namentlich die beiden sinntestellenden im Vorwort, sind nicht meine Schuld, sondern bloß die des geizigen Buchhändlers, der mir, um Porto zu sparen, nur einen Theil der Revisionsbogen zugehen ließ. Das Schlußgedicht dürfen Sie nicht eher lesen, als bis Sie die vorhergehenden "Tagebuchblätter" aus Immermanns Nachlaß mit Andacht in sich aufgenommen haben. Es steht mit einigen Stellen derselben in zu innigem Zusammenhang, als daß man es ohne sie lesen dürfte.

2) *Vier Könige* u.s.w. von meinem Freunde Hackländer,<sup>3</sup> der mich diese Woche auf ein paar Tage besuchte, und mir dieß Exemplar seines Buches mit der Bitte zustellte, es Ihnen in seinem Namen und mit seinen Grüßen zu überreichen.

3) *Der Neuling* und *Maske*, zwei Novellen von Fräulein von Gall, die Sie noch vor Ihrer Abreise zu lesen wünschten. Wenn Sie die Lecture vollendet haben, so schicken oder *bringen* Sie uns die Blätter wohl wieder zurück.

Das mag für heute Alles sein. Der Landrath hat mir heut Morgen Ihre Grüße überbracht. Hackländer ist wieder fort. Auch Dr. Simrock, der gestern und heute hier war, und sich Ihnen empfehlen läßt.

Ich bin in großer Eile und darum so kurz. Sein Sie nicht ganz todt für St. Goar.

Freundlichst  
Ihr  
Freiligrath

<sup>1</sup> Schlickum, a painter, met at Rolandseck during the Rhine-trip, July 25, 1842. In 1851, he emigrated to Michigan.

<sup>2</sup> See Note 5, p. 1226.

<sup>3</sup> Friedrich Wilhelm von Hackländer (1816-1877), author.

[ 12 ]

St. Goar, 27. Aug. 42.

Lieber Longfellow!

Auf Ihr freundliches Briefchen von gestern nur einen kurzen, flüchtigen Dank! Wir freuen uns sehr darauf, Sie morgen<sup>1</sup> oder übermorgen hier zu sehen, und ich bitte Sie, wenn Sie *vor* Tisch kommen, mit uns vorlieb zu nehmen.

Alles, was wir zu besprechen haben mündlich! Ich schreibe Ihnen diese Zeilen eigentlich nur, um Sie zu bitten, Ihren Pariser Sackrock oder Rocksack mitzubringen, da ich mir darauf einen ähnlichen von Leinwand machen lassen will. Simrock (wahrscheinlich ein Vetter Ihres Sackrock) war vorige Woche 1 1/2 Tage hier, und läßt Sie bestens grüßen. Schlickum kommt jetzt endlich morgen oder Montag. Die Damen grüßen Sie freundlich.

Von Herzen  
Ihr alter  
Freiligrath

[ 13 ]

St. Goar, 30 Aug. 1842.

Lieber Longfellow!

Beim Nachhausekommen gestern Abend fand ich ein voluminöses Packet von Adelheid von Stolterfoth vor, worin sich auch die beiliegenden Bücher<sup>2</sup> für Sie befanden. Ich schicke Ihnen dieselben sofort zu, da ich früher von Ihnen gehört zu haben meine, daß Sie Ihre Bücher schon vorher einzupacken und abzusenden beabsichtigen. Auf *diesen* Aufmerksamkeitsbeweis von Seiten einer deutschen Dichterin könnten Sie immerhin einige freundliche Zeilen schreiben. "Burg Stolzenfels" kommt so eben ganz frisch von der Presse.

Für heute das beste Lebewohl! Wir alle grüßen Sie mit der alten Herzlichkeit.

Treu der Ihrige  
F. Freiligrath

P.S. Das Kübel auf der Umschlagszeichnung von *Burg Stolzenfels* möge Sie in der Folge zugleich an die Traubenkur und das gloriose Institut des Sitzbades erinnern.

"Kehrt wellenathmend *sein* Gesicht nicht doppelt schön einher?"<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On August 28, Longfellow took part in a tea-party, with the Freiligraths, at Rheinfels.

<sup>2</sup> *Alfred* (1840) and *Burg Stolzenfels* (1842).

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Goethe's "Fischer."

[ 14 ]

St. Goar, 2. Sept. 42

Lieber Longfellow!

Nur mit zwei Worten die Nachricht, daß ich *wahrscheinlich* das Manoeuvre<sup>1</sup> mit Ihnen besuchen werde, wobei natürlich von einer Annahme Ihres freundlichen Erbietens (dessen Herzlichkeit ich übrigens zu schätzen weiß) nicht die Rede sein kann. Ich gebe Ihnen noch näher Nachricht, und bitte Sie vorläufig, sich noch nicht anderweitig zu binden und zu vergeben. Wenn die Tour zu Stande kommt, so müßten wir am 9ten oder 10ten fort, d.h. heut' oder morgen in acht Tagen.

Celle "ci n'étant à d'autres fins"<sup>2</sup>

mit treuem Handschlag  
Ihr  
Freiligrath

[ 15 ]

Marienberg, Sept. 7, 1842.

My dear Freiligrath,

As usual, I have only a couple of minutes to write in, as I am just starting for Bornhofen and the Brothers.<sup>3</sup> I must not let the afternoon go by without writing to urge you once more to go with me to the *Manoeuvre*. Let not your hard heart resist my appeal! And thou of gentler nature and soul more sensitive,—Countess Ida,<sup>4</sup>—intercede for me! Tell him that this is the only opportunity I shall ever have of seeing an army and a camp (excepting Camp near Bornhofen!). Tell him it is hard for me to subdue my Cologne-inclining wishes, and that a bivouac and a night under a tent and the *reveillé* are things to make an impression upon one for evermore.

Have you seen the *Magazin für ausländische Litteratur*? It has a paragraph on English hexameters, in which an extract is given from my translation of Tegnér's "Children of the Lord's Supper."

I sent you on Sunday the paragraph from the American paper in which some Yankee Nodnagel spoke of me, somewhat as the original German Nodnagel<sup>5</sup> spoke of you, though not so much in detail.

<sup>1</sup> Longfellow had wished to visit the military manoeuvres of some 50,000 troops near Bonn, and urged Freiligrath to go with him. The latter felt compelled, for political reasons, to refuse. From September 10–12 Longfellow attended the affair, alone, stopping to call on Karl Simrock at Bonn—but the weather proved bad and he was much disappointed in the excursion.

<sup>2</sup> "Unless things turn out otherwise."

<sup>3</sup> Castles on the Rhine: "*Die feindlichen Brüder*."

<sup>4</sup> Frau Freiligrath.

<sup>5</sup> See Note 4, p. 1226.

The clock strikes three,—signal for our departure towards the ruins.  
*Drum, adé, adé, adé!*

Ever yours,  
 Henry W. Longfellow

[ 16 ]

St. Goar, 8. Sept. 42

Lieber Longfellow!

Das Herz blutet mir, daß ich Sie *nicht* zum Manoeuvre begleiten kann und darf. Zu den früheren Abhaltungsgründen kommt nunmehr auch noch *der*, daß mein Nichterscheinen bei'm Domfest<sup>1</sup> sicher auf eine mir unangenehme Weise interpretirt werden würde, wenn ich mich jetzt im Lager sehen ließe. Ich habe der Aufpasser und Neider zu viele, als daß ich einem übelwollenden Gerede nicht zuvor kommen müßte, wenn es in meiner Macht steht. Glauben Sie mir das, ich bitte herzlich, und seien Sie ebensowohl überzeugt, daß die übrigen Gründe, die mich zum Hierbleiben bestimmen, triftig und nicht aus der Luft gegriffen sind. Es würde mir in der Seele wehe thun, wenn Sie mich einer kleinlichen Halsstarrigkeit, eines dummen Eigensinns, der sich für Consequenz geben möchte, für fähig hielten!

Wollen Sie nun auch ohne mich zum Manoeuvre, so lege ich Ihnen einige Karten an mir befreundete Offiziere bei, die sich, so weit ihre militairischen Functionen es ihnen möglich machen, Ihrer freundlich annehmen und Sie der Herrlichkeit eines Bivouacs und einer Zeltnacht theilhaftig machen werden. Sie müßten zu diesem Besuche jedoch schon morgen (Sonnabend, den 10. Septbr.) mit dem ersten Schiffe nach *Bonn* fahren. Dort würde ich Ihnen rathen, *Simrock* zu besuchen (Sie erfahren seine Wohnung am bequemsten bei seinem Bruder, Gasthalter zum Trierischen Hof), der Sie vielleicht begleitet, oder Ihnen doch wegen Ihres weitem Fortkommens bis zum Lager Rath geben kann. Jedenfalls müßten Sie bis morgen Abend im Lager sein, damit Sie die Nacht vom Sonnabend auf den Sonntag in einem Zelte zubringen, den Sonntag dem Feldgottesdienst beiwohnen, und Montag die große Parade mit ansehen könnten. Stellen Sie sich übrigens nicht zu viel von einem Preußischen Uebungslager vor; ich fürchte daß Sie eine Illusion erleben werden.

Um die Herren, an die ich Ihnen Karten beilege, zu finden, müssen Sie nur nach dem *Andernacher* Bataillon fragen.

Zum Johannisberg bin ich jetzt täglich und stündlich für Sie bereit.

Entschuldigen Sie meine Hast, ich wollte den Brief gern bald in

<sup>1</sup> The foundation-stone of the newer part of Cologne Cathedral was laid, with much patriotic ceremony, on Sept. 4, 1842.

Ihren Händen haben. Countess Ida and *Gallina Gallinacea* grüßen.  
*Sein Sie mir nicht bösl*

Aufrichtig und von Herzen  
 Ihr  
 Freiligrath

Auch Schlickus *pictor* grüßt freundlichst. Er will Ihnen eine Rheinansicht zum Andenken mitgeben.

[ 17 ]

Nürnberg, Sept. 24, 1842.

My dear Freiligrath,

Without any doubt, I am in the ancient city of Nürnberg.<sup>1</sup> I arrived last night at ten o'clock, and took my first view by moonlight, strolling alone through the broad, silent streets, and listening to the musical bells that ever and anon gave a hint that it was bed-time.

To-day has been a busy, exciting day. I have seen the best works of Albrecht Dürer, Peter Vischer, and other worthies of Nürnberg. I have seen Dürer's house and his grave; also those of Hans Sachs. The old shoemaker's house is now an ale-house. His portrait is on the sign of the door, with this inscription: "Gasthaus zum Hans Sachs." I went in with my companion (an old doctor from Grätz, returning from the *Naturforscher*-meeting at Mayence), and we drank a tankard of ale to the memory of the poet, reading at the same time from a volume of his works—a venerable folio—the story of "Der Geist mit den klappernden Ketten." We then made a pilgrimage to his grave. He is buried literally *on top* of his father; it being the fashion here to bury people one upon another in the same grave,—the second driving the first deeper down, like the infamous Popes in Dante's *Inferno*.<sup>2</sup>

Specimen of the Nürnberg dialect.

*Valet de Place*: "Wollen Sie jetzt die Kirche ansehen, oder belieben Sie erst *frühzstückchen*?"

*Ich*: "Erst beliebe ich die Kirche *zu ansehen*."

I am taking a solitary cup of tea in a double-bedded room, highly suggestive of domestic felicity, up two pair of stairs front, in the Straus,—a poor hotel near the Post. I hope to be drinking tea much more pleasantly with you on the 30th of this month. Till then, farewell!

<sup>1</sup> On September 18, 1842, Longfellow left Marienberg for a short trip to South Germany. On the way, he visited a *Naturforscherversammlung* at Mainz (19–21), and reached Nürnberg on September 23. On September 29, he returned to St. Goar, to take leave of his friends. He remained there until the first of October, when he made his way down the Rhine to Belgium, and thence to England, sailing from Bristol to New York on October 22.

<sup>2</sup> Canto xix.

With kind regards to the ladies and the Landrath,

Ever truly thine,  
Henry W. Longfellow

P.S. Two nights ago, on the way to Würzburg, as we stopped to change horses, the hostler made his appearance with a lantern; whereupon my travelling-companion in the coupé—a young *Geschäfts-reisender* (commercial traveller)—exclaimed, “Gebt Feuer! *Exoriare aliquis!*”<sup>1</sup> He then said that you were a “herrlicher Dichter,” and your poem on General Leon glorious. He said he did not know you personally, but you had been pointed out to him in Frankfurt once. *Famel*

P.S. What is the meaning of the word *Scheide* in *Scheide-Münze*, which I find on the coin here?

[ 18 ]

London, Oct. 18, 1842.

My dear Freiligrath,

*Jacta est alea*, and I sail from Bristol for New York in the Great Western on the 22nd; that is to say, on Saturday next. My request to remain in Europe another year was not refused; but granted upon certain conditions.<sup>2</sup> They urge, however, my return; and under the circumstances it is much better for me to go than to stay. Therefore I go; and once more, farewell to you all! and “Farewell, O Luck of Edenhall!”

After leaving you at Coblenz, I journeyed solemnly down the Rhine and through Belgium to Ostend. Seen in a bright, sunshiny day, antique Bruges had lost some of its glories, and did not look so old as I remembered it. Nevertheless, I finished there the poem on its Belfry,<sup>3</sup> which I will send you as soon as it is printed. I have been in London about ten days and have enjoyed my visit to Dickens very much. He thanks you most kindly for your poems,—which, alas! he cannot read,—and will send you in a few days a copy of his *American Notes*. In the same package I send you *Outre-Mer* and *The Spanish Student*.<sup>4</sup>

I am sorry to send you so short a note as this. It is only to wave you farewell,—and to thank you again and again for all your kind attentions during the summer, and to promise a longer letter on reaching home.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Aeneid*, iv, 625. Here quoted from Freiligrath's poem, “Aus Spanien”.

<sup>2</sup> President Quincy wrote that he regretted Longfellow's continued ill-health, but that he had secured the six-months' vacation only with difficulty. Another year in Europe would be allowed, but “without salary.”

<sup>3</sup> “In the market-place of Bruges,” published 1843.

<sup>4</sup> The First Act, published in *Graham's Magazine* for September, 1842.

My kindest remembrances to your dear wife and to Helena, as likewise to the Landrath and his family.

Ever yours,  
Henry W. Longfellow.

[ 19 ]

January 6th, [and 10th], 1843.

My dear Freiligrath,

Finally from this side of the great ocean, I send you my friendliest greetings, with my best and sincerest wishes for a Happy New Year to yourself and your dear wife. I am now in my old rooms again, sitting opposite that same *coquettish* window<sup>1</sup> spoken of by Fräulein von Gall. Close by me on the shelf of my book-case stands the portrait<sup>2</sup> of Freiligrath, in a black walnut frame, and beside it "Charles Dickens, Esquire." On my left hand, the view of St. Goar given me by our worthy friend the Landrath. And now, surrounded by these reminiscences, let me take up the golden thread of my adventures where I last dropped it, that is to say, in London, from which place I wrote you a last farewell, and sent you a copy of *Outre-Mer*, to which Dickens promised to add his *American Notes*; I trust the pledge was duly sent and received. Otherwise one link in our intercourse, though a small one, is broken. In London I passed a very agreeable fortnight with Dickens. His wife is a most kind, amiable person and his four children beautiful in the extreme. In a word his whole household is a delightful one. At his table he brings together artists and authors,—such as Cruikshank,<sup>3</sup> a very original genius; Maclise, the painter; Macready, the actor, etc., etc. We had very pleasant dinners, drank Schloss Johannisberger and *cold punch* (the same article that got Mr. Pickwick into the pound) and led a life like the monks of old; I saw, likewise, Mr. Rogers;<sup>4</sup> breakfasted and dined with him, and met at his table Thomas Campbell and Moxon the publisher and sonneteer. Campbell's outward man disappointed me. He is small and shrunken, frost-nipped by unkindly age, and wears a foxy wig, and

<sup>1</sup> Longfellow's study, at this time, was on the second floor of Craigie House, looking out on the River Charles.

<sup>2</sup> Drawn from life by J. H. Schramm, 1840, engraved by Schwerdgeburth. This portrait had a place of honor in Longfellow's study throughout the remainder of his life.

<sup>3</sup> George Cruikshank (1792–1878), artist and caricaturist; Daniel Maclise (1806–1870), historical painter; Wm. Chas. Macready (1793–1873), actor and manager.

<sup>4</sup> Samuel Rogers (1763–1855), poet; Thomas Campbell (1777–1844), poet; Edward Moxon (1801–1858); John Kenyon (1784–1856), poet and philanthropist; Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd (1795–1854), judge and author; Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892), poet; Richard Monckton Milnes, Baron Houghton (1809–1885), author; Marguerite, Countess of Blessington (1789–1849), authoress; Alfred, Count d'Orsay (1801–1852), artist and leader of fashion; W. S. Landor (1775–1864), author and poet.

drinks brandy. But I liked his inward man exceedingly. He is simple, frank, cordial, and withal very sociable. Kenyon, Talfourd, Tennyson, Milnes, and many more whom I wanted to see, were out of town. Lady Blessington, however, cheered my eyes by her fair presence; a lady well preserved, but rather *deep-zoned*, as the Greeks would say, in St. Goar we should say: *stoutish*. Count D'Orsay was not in attendance; being confined to the house by a severe attack of the *bum-bailiffs*, he only ventures out on Sundays. The Count is a gay youth of thirty-five; handsome, according to the French notion of beauty, and dressed rather extravagantly. But enough of this.

Taking reluctant leave of London, I went by railway to Bath, where I dined with Walter Savage Landor, a rather ferocious critic,—the author of five volumes of *Imaginary Conversations*. The next day brought me to Bristol, where I embarked in the Great Western steamer for New York. We sailed (or rather, paddled) out in the very teeth of a violent west wind, which blew for a week,—“Frau die alte sass gekehrt rückwärts nach Osten”<sup>1</sup> with a vengeance. We had a very boisterous passage. I was not out of my berth more than twelve hours for the first twelve days. I was in the forward part of the vessel, where all the great waves struck, and broke with voices of thunder. In the next room to mine, a man died. I was afraid that they might throw me overboard instead of him in the night, but they did not. Well, there, “cribbed, cabined, and confined,” I passed fifteen days. During this time I wrote seven poems on Slavery;<sup>2</sup> I meditated upon them in the stormy, sleepless nights, and wrote them down with a pencil in the morning. A small window in the side of the vessel admitted light into my berth, and there I lay on my back and soothed my soul with songs. I send you some copies. In the “Slave’s Dream” I have borrowed one or two wild animals from your menagerie!<sup>3</sup> Our passage was fifteen days.

My intimate friends Felton<sup>4</sup> and Sumner were waiting for me in New York; and the day after landing we came back together to Cambridge, where I entered immediately on my college duties, and have been very busy ever since. And here I am again, as if the summer had been but a dream. I think of you very often, and look at your portrait and then at

<sup>1</sup> From von Schröter’s *Finnische Runen. Finnisch und Deutsch*, Stuttgart, 1834. Longfellow read this collection (which, later, had direct influence upon the metrical form of *Hiawatha*) at Marienberg in 1842.

<sup>2</sup> Published in a thin volume immediately after Longfellow’s arrival in America. An earlier poem, “The Warning,” was included.

<sup>3</sup> Referring to Freiligrath’s exotic poems, especially “Der Mohrenfürst” and “Scipio.”

<sup>4</sup> Professor C. C. Felton of Harvard (1807–1862), later President of the University; Charles Sumner (1811–1874), the distinguished American statesman, Longfellow’s closest friend.

the picture of St. Goar; and see you pacing the wintry shore and "singing out into the dark night." Are you now in your new dwelling? Are you alone? Has Helena departed? Make my peace with her when you write, and say to her that on again beholding Bruges I saw my error, and now acknowledge that Nürnberg bears away the palm. I did the old town injustice. Let me be duly remembered to her; likewise to the Heubergers, to whom I shall write soon.

By the first vessel to Rotterdam I shall send you a small box of books, magazines, etc., merely as specimens. In *Graham's Magazine* for February you will find a poem of mine, "The Belfry of Bruges,"—the first of the traveling sketches we spoke about in the steamer on the Rhine. I mean to continue with Nürnberg, etc., as soon as I have time. I have been trying to translate some of your poems into English, but find them too difficult. Do not fail to send me some copies of the new edition, that I may give them to the lovers of German poetry here, and make you more known in the New World. Mrs. Howitt's translations from the Swedish (or did she translate from a German version? I suspect she did; for she uses such expressions as "Fetch me the devil," which is very different from "Devil take me!")—this translation, "The Neighbors," has been republished here, and is very much liked. It is printed as an extra number of *The New World*, a newspaper, and sold for four groschen! In this form it will be scattered far and wide over the whole country. A handsomer and dearer edition is also in press. Again and again and again have I read to myself and others your "Nacht im Hafen,"—that wondrous, untranslatable poem. It meets universal applause. So does the "Blumen Rache." When shall I be able to translate them? By the way, if you should translate the "Wreck of the Hesperus," remember on p. 47, line 3, to read *stove*, not *strove*, as there printed.

January 10. A delicious, spring-like day. I am writing with open window, and wondering whether it is as warm with you. And now, dear old Hector, fare thee well! Write to me soon, as soon as possible; and know that I cherish your memory and that of your beloved and lovely wife most tenderly. Keep for me a warm corner by the fireside of your hearts, and think of me as ever your very sincere friend. I have just been gazing at your portrait with *considerable tenderness!* God bless you! Be true to yourself, and burn like a watch-fire afar off there in your Germany.

Henry W. Longfellow

P.S. You will see by my seal that *another ring* has been created.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A seal-ring, given by friends, and used on Longfellow's letters, had been lost, but was later replaced by a duplicate.

St. Goar, 5 Sept. 1843

Lieber, guter, theurer Longfellow!

Dir die Freude zu beschreiben, mit der uns gestern Abend deine prächtige Sendung durch Mr. Muzzy<sup>1</sup> erfüllte, würde vergebliche Mühe sein. Wir waren, ich kann es dich auf Wort versichern, wie die Kinder am Christabend, und haben lange Zeit gebraucht, eh' uns die freudige Erregung, in die uns deine Güte versetzt hatte, schlafen ließ. *Dank, innigen, herzlichen Dank*, du treue gute Seele! Ida's Fuß ist mit aller Bequemlichkeit in die schwarzen Moccassins hineingegangen, und nimmt sich ganz vortrefflich darin aus. Sie ist drin herum gesprungen, wie die eitelste junge Rothhaut, die je in einem Cooper'schen Romane figurirt hat. Ich wollte, du wärest bei uns gewesen, du bester, liebster Mensch!

Das ist übrigens ein Wunsch, den deine hiesigen Freunde oftmals äußern. Insonderheit *mich* packt manchmal eine ganz unmenschliche Sehnsucht nach dir, und ich kann mir die mögliche Scene eines demnächstigen Wiedersehens, trage sie sich nun am Rhein oder in Amerika zu, oft mit solcher Lebendigkeit ausmalen, daß ich ganz traurig werde, wenn ich hinterher denke, daß das Alles, selbst im günstigsten Falle, doch nur in weiter Ferne liegt. *Eh bien, nous verrons!*

Deine bisherigen Briefe (auch der durch Mr. Howe,<sup>2</sup> der übrigens nicht hier ausgestiegen ist, sondern mir von Baden aus geschrieben hat) sind richtig angekommen, und haben bei ihrem Eintreffen allemal den größten Jubel hervorgerufen. Aber, o ich schlechter, fauler Mensch! Erst in der letzten Woche hab' ich eine längere Antwort an Dich angefangen, die nun bestimmt in den nächsten Tagen durch Coates & Co. abgeht. Was ich Dir heute in aller Frühe (Mr. Muzzy will mit dem ersten Schiffe weiter nach Köln) auf dieses Blatt schreibe, soll nichts sein, als ein kurzer, nichtsdestoweniger aber recht von Herzen kommender Gruß, ein warmes, treues, ehrliches *shake-hands*.

Dank auch für dein schönes Gedicht "the Belfry of Bruges" und das gräßliche "Indianerlied,"<sup>3</sup> die ich beide übersetzen und Dir später in der Uebersetzung zusenden werde. Heute schick' ich Dir vorläufig allerlei Sonstiges, das Dir Freude machen möge. Daß ich das Artikelchen

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Artemus Bowers Muzzey, D.D. (1802–1892), prominent Unitarian clergyman of Cambridgeport, Mass., who was granted leave of absence, on account of ill-health, in 1843, and spent some months in Europe.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Samuel G. Howe (1801–1876), noted Boston philanthropist, at the time on his wedding-trip. A Cabinet Order forbade him to enter Prussia.

<sup>3</sup> "I Slew the Chief of the Muskokee," an alleged Choctaw song, apparently published in some American newspaper. Freiligrath assumed that the English version was by Longfellow; later, he published the translation, "Lied der alten Tschaktas."

aus dem *Troy Whig*<sup>1</sup> bei uns bekannt gemacht habe, ist Dir doch recht? Von meiner Uebersetzung des herrlichen Gedichtes "The Winds" von W. C. Bryant<sup>2</sup> leg' zwei Exemplare bei, und würde Dir sehr dankbar sein, wenn Du eines derselben in meinem Auftrage und mit dem Ausdrücke meiner innigsten Verehrung an Bryant übersenden wolltest.

Der Landrath hat vor anderthalb Wochen einen langen, langen Brief<sup>3</sup> an Dich durch Coates & Co., abgehen lassen, worin Du, außer andern Neuigkeiten, auch die Entstehungsgeschichte des beiliegenden Heftes *Huhn und Nachtigall*<sup>4</sup> lesen wirst. *Item* die Nachricht, daß *Gallina-Helena* des einsamen Standes müde ist, und sich mit meinem Freunde Levin Schücking<sup>5</sup> verlobt hat. *Quod Deus bene vertat!* Für Schücking nämlich!

*Aber!!!*—Auch Du bist Bräutigam?! Oder schon gar glücklicher Ehemann?!<sup>6</sup> Dein Brief enthält zwar nicht die leiseste Andeutung eines bevorstehenden Evénements dieser Art. Mr. Muzzy hat es mir aber als etwas Gewisses, Unumstößliches mitgetheilt. Seine Frau habe es ihm nach Europa geschrieben. Es muß also wohl wahr sein, und so wünsche ich Dir dann aus der Fülle meines Herzens Glück zu einem Ereignisse, das einem Character, wie der Deinige, zum vollen, reinen Glücke durchaus nothwendig und unentbehrlich war! Ich freue mich unendlich über Dich. *God bless you, my old chap, my dear, good, long fellow!* Deiner lieben Frau küß' ich die Hand, und bitte Dich, ihr von mir und Ida das Allerfreundlichste sagen zu wollen! Wie heißt sie denn mit Vornamen? Ihr Familienname ist Appleton, hat mir Mr. Muzzy gesagt. Das ist doch nicht etwa identisch mit: *Mary Ashburton*?<sup>7</sup> Schreibe mir doch über Alles ausführlich. Ich zähle bald auf Nachricht.

Der Landrath ist verreist, sonst würd' ich Mr. Muzzy mit ihm bekannt gemacht haben. Kommt der heute noch zurück, und Mr. Muzzy bleibt hier, so soll es noch geschehen. Seine Töchter sollen ihre Geschenke

<sup>1</sup> Apparently about Longfellow.

<sup>2</sup> William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878), noted poet and journalist.

<sup>3</sup> This enormous letter, preserved in Craigie House, was written at St. Goar from June 7 to August 20, 1843. It is reprinted in Appellmann, pages 28 to 39.

<sup>4</sup> In the winter of 1842–1843 the St. Goar-group kept up a lively interchange of wits at its informal gatherings. Heuberger (under the name "Rheinfels") and Freiligrath ("Philalethes") wrote a set of twelve humorous sonnets, dedicated to Fräulein von Gall, paying homage to her irresistible beauty and her gift of song. Among them was the somewhat daring "Bruder Jonathan," which reviled the American visitor for his indifference to her charms. This cycle was privately printed at Coblenz under the title: *Huhn und Nachtigall. Sonettische Eierschnur auf und für Gallina. Dargebracht zum neuen Jahre 1843 von zweien ihrer Verehrer. St. Goar, mit Lurlei'schen Typen.* (Copy in Craigie House).

<sup>5</sup> Levin Schücking (1814–1883), author.

<sup>6</sup> Longfellow and Miss Frances Appleton were married on July 13, 1843.

<sup>7</sup> In Longfellow's *Hyperion*.

nach Vorschrift sogleich bekommen. Das wird eine Freude werden!

Und nun für heute genug! Nächstens mehr, über London sowohl, wie über Rotterdam.

*Once more: God bless you!*

Mit Herz und Hand immer und immer

Dein

F. Freiligrath

Da ich höre daß Sie glücklicher Ehemann sind, muß ich Ihnen auch meine herzlichsten Glückwünsche darbringen. Ich hoffe, Sie werden mit Ihrer jungen Gemahlin bald einmal an den Rhein kommen, damit wir sie auch lieb gewinnen können. Mr. Muzzy says, she is a beautiful and accomplished lady—but I wish she may like better the Germans than Miss Ashburton. When you come, you shall be punished for your mysterious manner on that point. Make her my best compliments and take many thanks for your pretty presents from

Ida Freiligrath

[ 21 ]

St. Goar 24. Sept. 1843.

Mein lieber, theurer Longfellow!

Das einzige Lebenszeichen, das ich Dir bis jetzt auf deine vielen freundlichen und gütigen Briefe zukommen ließ, war vom 5. Sept., und wird Dir hoffentlich in nicht gar zu langer Zeit durch Mr. Muzzy behündigt werden. Heute schreibe ich Dir wiederum durch eine Gelegenheit. Messrs. John und Henry Chorley,<sup>1</sup> Mitglieder der mit Felicia Hemans befreundeten Familie Chorley, waren (durch Mary Howitt eingeführt) einige Tage hier, und werden in Kurzem nach England zurückkehren—John, der in Liverpool wohnt, wird nun die Güte haben, diese Epistel bis dorthin mitzunehmen und ihr dann per Great Western weiteren Cours zu geben. Möge sie Dich gesund und heiter im Besitze Deines neuen Glückes erreichen!

In dem Briefe, den ich Mr. Muzzy für Dich mitgab, hatte ich nicht erwähnt, ob mir alle Deine bisherigen Sendungen der Reihe nach richtig zugekommen wären. Laß mich dieß jetzt nachholen, und Dir sagen, daß ich seither von Dir empfangen habe:

1) Deinen Londoner Brief vom 18. Octbr. 1842.

2) Dein Londoner Packet mit *Outre Mer* und *The Spanish Student*.—Die *American Notes*, welche Du mir in jenem Briefe in Dickens' Namen verheißen hattest, lagen übrigens *nicht* bei.

<sup>1</sup> John R. Chorley (1807?–1867), poet and scholar; Henry F. Chorley (1808–1872), author and critic.

- 3) Deinen vortrefflichen, liebenswürdigen Brief aus Cambridge vom 6. Januar 1843.
- 4) Deinen Introductionsbrief für Dr. Howe.
- 5) Deine Sendung *by the Rev. Mr. Muzzy*.

Für Alles nochmals meinen herzlichsten, innigsten Freundesdank! Du kannst Dir nicht vorstellen, wie glücklich wir sind, so oft neue Nachrichten von Dir eintreffen, und wie begierig und ängstlich wir ihnen entgegenzusehen! Erfreue uns drum recht oft mit Briefen, und laß mich meine bisherige Saumseligkeit, die zum Theil allerdings aus lasterhafter Schreibefaulheit hervorging, zum Theil aber auch in mannigfachen Abhaltungen und häuslichen Störungen ihren Grund hatte, nicht gar zu hart entgelten! Ich gelobe mit Herz und Hand dauernde Besserung, und werde Dir zum Beweise dessen noch im nächsten Monat einmal *pr. Amalia*, via Antwerpen und New York, schreiben.

Dein *Outre Mer* sowohl, wie der *Spanische Student*, haben mir einen großen Genuß bereitet, und ich habe mich insonderheit herzlich gefreut, Dich auf dem Felde des Dramas so rüstig und sicher einerschreiten zu sehen. Sehr begierig bin ich auf die Veränderungen, die Du mit dem Stücke vornehmen willst. "The Belfry of Bruges" hat mir nicht minder sehr gefallen, und ich werde Dir das Gedicht (nebst Uebersetzungen anderer Sachen von Dir) mit einer späteren Sendung wohl in deutschem Gewande zurückschicken. Das menschenfresserische "Tschaktaslied"<sup>1</sup> hab' ich unterdessen *in sympathetischem Drange* schon verdollmetscht, und lasse es hier deutsch folgen.

(Ich erschlug—der Waldbaum glüh!) Klingt das nicht auch gräulich genug? Interessant wäre es zu wissen, inwiefern die Englische Uebersetzung sich dem Originale *treu* aufschmiegte, ob das Original auch *gereimt* wäre u. s. w.?

Bei dieser Uebersetzung fällt mir übrigens ein Vorwurf ein, den mir der Landrath jüngst in seinem Briefe an Dich machte: ich soll zu viel übersetzen! Ich kann darauf nur erwidern, was ich Dir, wenn ich nicht irre, schon früher einmal, mündlich sagte. Daß ich nämlich bei'm Lesen eines mich besonders ansprechenden Gedichts in einer fremden Sprache dem Drange, dasselbe zu übersetzen, ebensowenig widerstehen kann, wie ich eine eigene Conception abzuweisen im Stande bin. Habe ich nun, was ich zugebe, in letzter Zeit mehr übersetzt, als Eigenes gemacht, so liegt das lediglich daran, daß ich Poeten, wie Longfellow, Bryant, Tennyson u. A. näher kennen gelernt und mich in so hohem Grade von ihnen angezogen gefühlt habe, daß ich weniger zu Eigenem gekommen bin. Zudem hab' ich, so lange ich poetisch schaffe, fortwährend eigene Productionen mit Uebersetzungen wechseln lassen. Die erste Sammlung

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Note 3, p. 1246.

meiner Gedichte beweist das zur Genüge. *Dir* brauche ich außerdem nicht noch zum Ueberfluß zu sagen, wie eben auch eine poetische Uebersetzung *gedichtet* werden muß, wenn sie was werth sein soll. Das begreifen aber die wenigsten Leute, weil sie das Ding selbst nicht kennen. Sie meinen, das dollmetschte sich nur so hin: außer Sprachkenntniß und Sprachgewandtheit hätte man Nichts nöthig, um ein Gedicht gut zu vertiren. *Eh bien*, mögen sie doch meinen und sagen, was sie wollen! Ich gehe ruhig meinen Gang, und mache, was mir der Geist eben eingibt.

Natürlich auch Eigenes! Und da bin ich denn eben jetzt mit einem größeren Cyklus von Sonetten beschäftigt, den ich, nach Justus Möser's Vorgange, "Patriotische Phantasien" betiteln, und, wo möglich noch diesen Herbst in einem besonderen Heftchen herausgeben werde. Die "Träume von einer deutschen Flotte,"<sup>1</sup> welche ich dem *Dir* durch Muzzy geschickten Packetchen beifügte, bilden einen kleinen Theil des Cyklus, welcher im Ganzen vielleicht an die 50 bis 60 Sonette umfassen wird, und in ungezwungener Weise mein politisches Glaubensbekenntniß aussprechen soll. Erschrick nicht vor dem Beiwort: *politisch!* Niemand steht der "politischen Poesie" *κατ' ἐξοχήν* wohl ferner als ich; nichtsdestoweniger aber bin ich entschieden der Meinung, dass es dem Dichter in einer bewegten Zeit frei stehen muß, auch Zeitthemata, die ihm eben ans Herz greifen, dichterisch aufzufassen und zu behandeln. Das will ich nun eben in meinen Sonetten. In einer Epoche von so tiefer historischer Bedeutung, wie wir sie grade jetzt in Deutschland durchmachen, mag der Teufel *hors du combat* bleiben! Ich will wenigstens vom Herzen haben, was die Zeit mir hineingesenkt hat, um mich dann mit um so größerer Freiheit größeren reinpoetischen Arbeiten zuwenden zu können. Ob ich's durch die "Patriotischen Phantasien" mit dieser oder jener Parthei, mit dieser oder jener Person verderbe, ist mir ganz gleich. Ich kenne meinen Standpunkt genau: ohne indifferenter "Juste Milieu" Mann zu sein, stehe ich dennoch dem bornirten Wahnsinn unsrer Radikalen ebenso fern, als mir die durch jener Wahnsinn leider neu heraufbeschworene und sich nun in den Schein des guten Rechts hüllende Reaktion im tiefsten Grund meines Herzens verhaßt ist. Mit den Radikalen hab ich's schon durch meine Heimleuchtung<sup>2</sup> Herwegh's verdorben; tret' ich jetzt auch den Servilen auf den Fuß, so kann mir das nur recht sein. Wenn der König von Preußen den graden, ehrlichen Sinn für Freiheit und Recht, der in den "Patriotischen Phantasien" unumwunden sich ausspricht, mißverstehen und desavouiren will, so ist er nicht der kluge und rechtliche Mann, für den ich ihn bisher gehalten habe. Für die kleine Pension,<sup>3</sup> die er mir ohne mein Zuthun ausgesetzt hat, bin ich

<sup>1</sup> "Flotten-Träume": 6 Sonnets, 1843.

<sup>2</sup> In the poem, "Ein Brief," January, 1843.

<sup>3</sup> Of 300 Reichstaler, granted in 1842, and resigned by Freiligrath in 1844.

ihm dankbar, lasse mir aber dadurch nicht die Hände binden. Nun gut—mag werden, was da will! Mögen mich oben und unten die *Partheien* verhetzen, ich ziehe es vor, als *Character* dazustehen!—Die sechs Flotten-sonette haben übrigens schon tüchtig herumrumort, sind vielfach nachgedruckt worden, und haben mir gedruckt und ungedruckt, in Prosa und in Versen, Beifall und Entgegnungen eingebracht.

Und nun Adieu für heute, mein lieber theurer Freund, transatlantischer Verschmäher *Gallinae virginis*, Nestor meines Herzens! Lass bald wieder non Dir hören und gib uns vor Allem nähere Nachricht über Deine Verheirathung, zu der wir Dir nochmals aufs herzlichste glückwünschen. Mein nächster Brief soll von unserer jüngsten poetischen Literatur handeln. Washington Allston<sup>1</sup> ist ja gestorben. Sein *Monaldi* hat ganz kürzlich eine Uebersetzung bei uns erlebt. Ebenso Preston's [*sic*] geschichtliches Werk.<sup>2</sup> Lebe wohl, und bleib' mir gut! Meine Frau grüßt Dich recht freundlich, und bittet Dich mit mir, uns der lieben Deinigen angelegentlichst empfehlen zu wollen. Auch *St. Ursulus*<sup>3</sup> und seine 11,000 grüßen bestens. Wie oft denken wir an Dich und reden wir von Dir! Du bist uns Allen für immer lieb und unvergeßlich. Treu und von ganzer Seele

Dein alter  
F. Freiligrath

Kannst Du mir nicht das versprochene größere Portrait von Dir (oder wenigstens noch ein Exemplar des Blattes von *Griswold's Poets*)<sup>4</sup> schicken? Ich möchte Dich sogern über meinem Schreibtisch unter Glas und Rahmen aufhängen. Drum also—*send me your portrait and—be hanged!*

Habe ich Dir nicht in einem vorigen Briefe schon geschrieben, daß Dr. Howe nicht hier ausgestiegen ist, sondern mir Deinen Brief von Baden aus, schickte? Ich habe ihm nun nach München Einführungen für München und Wien geschickt.

Sind die Youngster Lee und Percy schon retournirt?

[ 22 ]

Craigie House  
Cambridge, Nov. 24, 1843

My dear Freiligrath,

At length I have received news from you. Your two most warm and friendly letters have arrived. The last came three weeks ago, by mail;

<sup>1</sup> Washington Allston (1779–1843), painter, poet, and novelist.

<sup>2</sup> W. H. Prescott (1796–1859), historian.

<sup>3</sup> Landrat Heuberger.

<sup>4</sup> See Note 4, p. 1231.

the first, three days ago, by Mr. Muzzey, who, being a clergyman, fulfilled the Scripture, making the last first and the first last. Right glad, indeed, was I to hear from you. The Landrath's long letter had previously given me some intimations of your doings at St. Goar, of the visitors you have had during the summer, and your merry evenings, and of Helena's betrothment, and in my answer which went, by the last steamer, I sent her my felicitations, which please report.

I am very sorry Mr. Muzzey should have been the first to announce to you my engagement, as I hoped and wished to do it with my own hand; but all summer long I have been deprived entirely of the use of my eyes by an affection of the nerves, and have naturally postponed all letter-writing to a more convenient season; which, alas, is slow in arriving, as I have not yet recovered any farther than to be able to sign my name.

But nevertheless, eyes or no eyes, engaged I was, and married I am,—I could see clearly enough for that—married to the very Mary Ashburton whose name *was* Fanny Appleton and *is* Fanny Longfellow. We were married the 13th of last July, and have been married ever since, and if I were writing with my own hand, I should indulge in a little sentiment. But how could I make it flow through another's quill? We are living at my old lodgings in Cambridge. All literary occupation is, however, suspended; I am as idle as a lord, and have some idea of what a man's life must be who can neither read nor write. I have taken to planting trees, and other rural occupations; and am altogether rather a useless individual.

To be more particular, we have purchased an old mansion here, built before the Revolution, and occupied by Washington as his headquarters when the American army was in Cambridge. It is a fine old house, and I have a strong attachment to it, from having lived in it since I first came to Cambridge.<sup>1</sup> With it there are five acres of land. Charles River winds through the meadows in front, and in the rear I yesterday planted an avenue of linden-trees, which already begin to be ten or twelve feet high. I have also planted some acorns, and as the oak grows for a thousand years, you may imagine a whole line of little Longfellows, like the shadowy monarchs in *Macbeth*, walking under their branches, through countless generations, "till the crack of doom," all blessing the man who planted them (meaning, the oaks).

As to intellectual matters, I have not done much since I left you. A half-dozen poems on Slavery, written at sea, and a translation of sixteen cantos of Dante, is all I have accomplished in that way. I agree with you

<sup>1</sup> On his "first coming to Cambridge" (Dec. 1836), Longfellow lived on Kirkland Street, at Dr. Stearns'. In the summer of 1837 he removed to Craigie House, which remained his home until his death.

entirely in what you say about translations. It is like running a plough-share through the soil of one's mind; a thousand germs of thought start up (excuse this agricultural figure), which otherwise might have lain and rotted in the ground. Still, it sometimes seems to me like an excuse for being lazy,—like leaning on another man's shoulder.

I am just beginning the publication of a volume of specimens of foreign poetry,—being a selection of the best English translations from the Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, German, Dutch, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese.<sup>1</sup> The object of the book is to bring together in one volume what is now scattered through a hundred, and not easily got at. The volume will be of the same size and appearance as Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America*.

I shall write the introductions and biographical notices. Most of the translations, of course, will be by other hands.

Some time last summer I sent you a small case of books, containing among other things the *Spanish Student* enlarged and in a more readable shape. Let me thank you a thousand times for your package by Mr. Muzzey. Wesselhoeft, who was a student on the Wartburg and suffered for the †[. . .] of the German Fleet, read to me your fine sonnets with great delight and, with loud peals of laughter, the *Huhn und Nachtigall*.<sup>2</sup> The whole thing is capital.

What merry wags you are at St. Goar! I wish I could appear among you in my Huron dress, with my tomahawk and my "Huh, huh, huh, der Muskokee."<sup>3</sup> I would set fire to Ilium, carry off Helena, smoke the apothecary to death,—but I forget, *Ilium fuit*; you are now living in your own hired house, like St. Paul. From my heart of hearts I hope I may live to see you in it. Don't leave St. Goar, either for Berlin or any other *inn*. It is a delightful place, and you illustrate it and render it famous. When I see how much work you do, I am quite ashamed of my own idleness. In a city you could not, or would not, do half so much. Have you seen the translations from your poems in the *Dublin University Magazine*?<sup>4</sup> They are not very literal, but exceedingly spirited, and excite a good deal of commendation from all readers. How remiss I have been in not translating from you for our reviews and magazines; but love and blindness, my dear friend, coming both together, were too much for me. We Hurons are proverbially idle, except in battle and the chase. By the way, your Muskokee translation is capital, as well as those from

<sup>1</sup> *Poets and Poetry of Europe*, published 1845.

<sup>2</sup> See Note 4, p. 1247.

<sup>3</sup> See Note 3, p. 1246.

<sup>4</sup> Vol. xxi, 29–42: "Anthologia Germanica, No. xviii. Freiligrath's Poems." (January, 1843).

Tennyson; but the "Belfry of Bruges" did not come in the package. The "Winds" I despatched to Bryant. This will indeed be an ill wind if it does not blow him some good. I am very glad you translated also the preface to the Ballads, but the *Troy Whig*,<sup>1</sup> ah! the *Troy Whig* was not worth translating. Thank the Landrath for his Poems on the Kaltwasserkur, which are very amusing. Thanks also to Simrock for his *Macbeth*. If there is a spare copy among the books I send you, pray forward it to him.

And so, my dear friend, farewell for the present. My kindest remembrances to your wife, and assure her from Mary Ashburton herself that I am wholly mistaken in my impression of her dislike to Germany; she only disliked the Hotel de Hollande in Mainz, where she was seven weeks under the hands of a pompous German doctor, and thereby defrauded of the sight of St. Goar and the rest of the Rhine! At all events, she is a great admirer of your poetry, and is already disposed to be as true a friend of you and Ida as her husband is.

Kind remembrances also to Gallina and the Heubergers. Adé, adé! I must now go and bathe in "God's great waterfall," Niagara! Write to me soon and tell me about your contest with Herwegh, of which I have seen some dim intimation in an old German newspaper.

Yrs very affectionately,  
Henry W. Longfellow

[Only the *signature* of this letter is in L.'s hand.]

[ 23 ]

St. Goar, 9 Dezbr. 1843.

Mein lieber, theurer Longfellow!

Mein letzter Brief an Dich war vom 25. Septbr. und ist durch John Chorley über Liverpool an Dich abgegangen. Vorher hatte ich Dir am 5. Sept. durch Mr. Muzzy geschrieben und meinem Schreiben ein Buch und einige Zeitungen beigelegt. Ich hoffe, daß beide Sendungen jetzt richtig in Deinen Händen sind.

Eigentlich wollte ich Dir schon mit dem am 15. Oktbr. von Antwerpen abgehenden Schiffe "Amalia" wiederum Nachricht von mir geben; es kam aber allerlei dazwischen und so ist es bei'm bloßen Vorsatz geblieben. Vergib mir, ich bitte herzlich, die abermalige Faulheit!

Vor wenigen Tagen ist nun Dein Brief an den Landrath angekommen, und hat bei allen St. Goar'schen Longfellowianern die herzlichste Freude erregt. Freude—insofern wir wieder einmal von Dir hörten und uns von Deinem freundlichen Andenken überzeugten; herzliches Bedauern und

<sup>1</sup> See Note 1, p. 1247.

innige Theilnahme aber, insofern wir von Deiner bösen Augenkrankheit hören mußten. Gebe Gott, daß das Uebel bald gehoben wird (oder, noch besser, Dich schon verlassen hat)! Du bist aber ein gescheidter Kerl (*a clever long fellow*) gewesen, daß Du Dir vorher einen so liebenswürdigen und geschickten Amanuensis zugelegt hast! Wie sehr haben wir Alle über den Schluß Deines Briefes<sup>1</sup> gelacht: "*Imagine her—*."

Der Landrath läßt Dir sagen, daß er Dir die bestellten Bopparder Stühle<sup>2</sup> *wo möglich* besorgen wird. Ganz gewiß kann er's noch nicht versprechen, da der Tischler, welcher diese Art Stühle erfunden hat und bisher ausschließlich verfertigte, nicht mehr zu Boppard lebt, sondern sich in Wien etablirt hat. Vielleicht hat ihm aber ein anderer Holzkünstler zu Boppard die Kunst abgelernt, oder Dr. Schmitz überläßt Dir das halbe Dutzend von seinem eigenen Meublement. Der Landrath wird Dir später selbst das Nähere schreiben.

*The Indian Basket* für Gallina ist bisher ebensowenig angekommen, wie das (wahrscheinlich identische) Packet, dessen Du in Deinem Briefe an den Landrath gedenkst. Wie mag es damit sein? Es wäre doch unangenehm, wenn die Bücher mit sammt den galanten *Porcupine quills* ein Raub des unvernünftigen Seebastian<sup>3</sup> geworden wären!

Gallina-Helena hat übrigens am 7ten Oktbr. mit Levin Schücking sich vermählt. Sie wohnen jetzt in *Augsburg*, wo Schücking eine Anstellung an der *Allgemeinen Zeitung* hat. Er hat mir Ein Mal bisher seit seiner Verheirathung geschrieben, und scheint sich recht glücklich zu fühlen. Was kann man mehr verlangen?—Prosit die Mahlzeit!—

Im *Morgenblatt* hat Schücking ohnlängst Liebesgedichte an die Gallina drucken lassen, in deren einem es heißt:

Du überstrahltest mich, du Helena,  
Die ich, ein Faust, im Blitz heraufbeschworen.

Dabei muß' ich doch herzlich lachen! Schücking hat wohl nicht gewußt, daß wir die Edle vor Zeiten auch Helena nannten.

Anbei, lieber Longfellow, einige Druckblätter, die Dir vielleicht Spaß machen! Ich bin kürzlich ziemlich fleißig gewesen, d. h. nicht bloß im Uebersetzen, sondern auch im Selbstmachen. Die beiliegende Uebersetzung aus Shakespeare (ich habe fast den ganzen "Adonis" übersetzt) ist übrigens aus früherer Zeit, wenigstens 4 Jahr alt. Eben jetzt bin ich damit beschäftigt, das Manuscript meiner Uebersetzung ausgewählter Poesien der Felicia Hemans<sup>4</sup> zum Druck zurecht zu machen. Das Buch

<sup>1</sup> To Heuberger.

<sup>2</sup> These chairs seem never to have been achieved.

<sup>3</sup> Pun.

<sup>4</sup> Felicia Hemans (1793-1835), English poetess.

wird bei Cotta erscheinen, und soll Dir später zugeschickt werden. Bei'm Uebertragen des vollständigen "Forest Sanctuary" hab' ich famose Ausdauer bewiesen, und ich denke, dass mir die Arbeit gelungen ist. Es ist aber auch ein prächtiges, nobles Gedicht, das die Mühe, welche man darauf verwendet, in reichem Maße belohnt.

Was ich Dir über unsere neueste poetische Literatur zu schreiben versprach, muß abermals einem späteren Briefe vorbehalten bleiben, soll aber bestimmt bald folgen. Ich schreibe diesen Brief ganz in fliegender Hast, damit ich ihn noch mit der "Emma" dem letzten in diesem Jahre von Antwerpen nach New York abgehenden Postschiffe befördern kann. Im Ganzen ist wenig über Literatur zu berichten.

Und nun für heute Adieu, lieber, theurer Freund! Ach, wer sich wieder einmal die Hand reichen, wieder einmal in's Auge sehen könnte! Alle Wünsche und Segnungen für den Schluß *dieses* und den Anfang des künftigen Jahres gebe ich diesem Briefe mit auf den Weg! Mögen deine Augen im Stande sein, ihn selbst zu lesen, wenn er ankommt! Meine Frau, die jetzt ziemlich wohlauf ist, grüßt Dich und die Deinige mit mir auf's herzlichste. Ebenso der Landrath und die Seinen! *God bless you!*

Schreib bald! Von ganzer Seele  
der Deine  
F. Freiligrath

Der junge Willis<sup>1</sup> in Frankfurt hat mich kürzlich hier besucht. Ein lieber, angenehmer Mensch. Er läßt Dich herzlich grüßen.

Ueber mein Leben, weitere Plane p. p. in meinem nächsten Briefe!—Vorläufig aber schon die Nachricht, dass wir St. Goar jedenfalls mit dem Frühjahr verlassen. Wir werden den Vorsommer in Marienberg und den Nachsommer in Helgoland oder Ostende zubringen. Den Winter alsdann in einer größeren Stadt, vielleicht Frankfurt oder Düsseldorf.

[ 24 ]

[1844]<sup>2</sup>

Dearest Freiligrath,

Here I send you a poem on Nuremberg,<sup>3</sup> which I hope Helena will see, and forgive me for all former heresies about the old town.

I trust I have not mistranslated *wie ein Taub dermas* ("gray and dove-like"). It certainly stands for *eine Taube* or *ein Tauber*, and is *dove* and

<sup>1</sup> Richard S. Willis (1819–1900), poet, journalist and musical composer; youngest brother of the well-known N. P. Willis. Composer of the lovely Christmas-hymn, "Carol."

<sup>2</sup> Undated. The poem, "Nuremberg," was written in 1844, published 1845.

<sup>3</sup> "In the valley of the Pegnitz."

not *deaf*, though old Hans Sachs *was* deaf. But that Puschmann describes afterward when he says:

Dann sein Red und  
Gehör begunnt  
Ihm abzugehen, etc.

Therefore *dove-like* it is and shall be for Fanny says "I would have it so at any rate!" and at any rate I will.

Ever yours affectionately  
Longfellow

P.S. Did you receive a long letter from me via *Havre de Grace*? In old English the Shoemakers were called universally the *gentle craft*. This you probably know already; "*mais faites comme si vous ne le saviez pas,*" as Molière says.<sup>1</sup>

[Memorandum appended to letter]:

1. Nurnberg's Hand  
Geht durch alle Land.<sup>2</sup>
2. Melchior Pfinzing, author of *Teuerdank*.
3. Am selben sass  
Ein alt Mann, was  
Gru und weiss, wie ein Taub dermas,  
Der hat ein grossen Bart fürbas,  
In ein' schönen grossen Buch las  
Mit Gold beschlagen schön.

Adam Puschmann, in Erlach, Vol. I, 68.<sup>3</sup>

[ 25 ]

Cambridge, December 29, 1846

Dearest Freiligrath,

Beloved Hector! where art thou?—

I have written to you on the Rhine,—in Belgium, in Switzerland, and to all my letters no answer. I am sure, therefore, you never received them. I hear of you in London, but cannot obtain your address. But your Iliad and your Odyssey being ended . . . I shall at length, I trust, hear of your [welfare]. I have been stationary, you have known my address, why have you not written to me?

<sup>1</sup> *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, ii, 6.

<sup>2</sup> Note 1 refers to stanza 4 of "Nuremberg"; note 2, to stanza 6; note 3, to stanza 21.

<sup>3</sup> *Die Volkslieder der Deutschen*, acquired by Longfellow in Heidelberg, 1836.

Need I tell you with what keen interest I have sympathized with you in your exile,<sup>1</sup> knowing that "to those who have drunk the waters of the Rhine before they had teeth, the waters of all other streams must have a bitter taste." Write to me; and let me know all about yourself and your wife; and particularly of your literary plans and prospects. I send you herewith some translations of your poems by Brooks<sup>2</sup> which I think you can never have seen. Bayard Taylor proposes to make a much larger volume from your poems, in which I encourage and urge him on with all my power. You have already a fair fame in this distant land.

You are now in the region of short days and long nights. Alas! my days are shorter and my nights longer. For three years and more I have been almost without the use of my eyes. Now I can use them three or four hours only daily.

Much love to your wife, and if ever you write to *Helena* and the Landrath bear me in mind.

Ever affectionately yours,  
Henry W. Longfellow

[ 26 ]

London, 10 Moorgate Street,  
18. May 1847

Lieber Longfellow,

Ich behalte mir vor, Dir mit nächstem Steamer auf alle Deine bisherigen, freundlichen Lebenszeichen (Brief und Bücher) ausführlicher zu antworten, und will mit den vorliegenden Zeilen nur erst anfangen, das Eis meines bisherigen langen Schweigens zu brechen. Gleichzeitig mit ihnen erhältst Du, durch die Güte Deines Schwagers, Thom. G. Appleton, ein Packetchen Bücher, die ich Dich freundlich anzunehmen bitte. Sie waren lange zum Abgehen an Dich bestimmt, und warteten eben nur auf eine günstige Gelegenheit, um über den Ocean zu kommen. In den *Gedichten aus dem Englischen*<sup>3</sup> findest Du auch meine Uebersetzungen verschiedener Poesien von Dir; erlebt das Buch, wie ich hoffe, eine zweite Auflage, so denke ich noch Manches hinzuzufügen, namentlich aus Deinem letzten Bändchen, in welchem das Meiste mich ganz außerordentlich angesprochen hat. Entschuldige nur, dass das Exemplar der *Gedichte aus dem Englischen* (es war das letzte, welches ich zur Verfügung hatte) einen fleckigen Umschlag hat. Die Flecken rühren vom

<sup>1</sup> Freiligrath was forced to seek refuge in Belgium, Switzerland, and (1846) London, where he remained till 1848.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. Charles T. Brooks (1813–1883): *Songs and Ballads of German Lyric Poets*, Boston, 1842.

<sup>3</sup> Stuttgart, 1846.

Firniß meines neuen Schreibtisches her, sind also durchaus "reiner Druck," und wenn Du, wie ich hoffe, dem Buche die Ehre des Bindenslassens erzeigst, so beleidigen sie Dein Schönheitsgefühl ja überhaupt nicht mehr. In den Uebersetzungen nach Victor Hugo (alte Geschichten, wie Du aus der Vorrede siehst) sind viele Druckfehler stehen geblieben, die ich Dich nach einem Verzeichniß, welches meinem nächsten Briefe beiliegen soll, zu verbessern bitte. Das "*Ça ira*" kennst Du wahrscheinlich schon durch den Wiederabdruck in der New Yorker *Deutschen Schnellpost*. Hier nichts weiter darüber, als daß es unserem loyalen Freunde, dem Landrath Heuberger, Veranlassung gegeben hat, mir in einem Briefe, voll moralischer Entrüstung die Freundschaft zu kündigen. *Transeat cum caeteris!*<sup>1</sup>

Es hat mir sehr leid gethan, so wenig von deinem Schwager<sup>2</sup> gesehen zu haben. Wir haben uns gegenseitig zweimal zu Thee und Frühstück eingeladen, waren aber beide verhindert, unsern resp. Einladungen zu folgen. Diese riesigen Distanzen Londons tödten allen Umgang, wenn man nicht über Wagen und Pferde gebieten und zudem über seine Zeit frei verfügen kann. Hätte ich Alles voraussehen können, so fragt es sich sehr, ob ich nach England gegangen wäre. Ich bin ein Sklav, und habe für alle Drudgery doch nicht einmal so viel, um mit meiner Familie hier existiren zu können. Mit meinem folgenden Briefe mehr über dies Kapitel.

Zu meiner herzlichen Freude habe ich von Hrn. Appleton gehört, daß es Dir wohl geht und daß Deine Frau drei Kinder geboren hat. Mein Aeltestes, Käthchen,<sup>3</sup> ist auch ein gar liebes, herziges Ding, und entwickelt sich geistig und leiblich zu unserer täglich neuen Lust. Unser zweites Kind, Marie, der Mutter so gleich, wie Käthchen mir, haben wir aber schon in die fremde Erde begraben müssen. Das, und der Tod meines geliebten Bruders, ist das Herbste, was ich bisher im Exil habe tragen müssen. Aber mein Muth ist ungebrochen, und wenn Gott mir erhält, was ich noch habe—mein herrliches Weib und mein süßes Kind—so ist mir vor der Zukunft nicht bange.

So viel für heute, lieber Longfellow! Ida grüßt mit mir Dich und Deine liebe Frau recht herzlich. Mit nächstem Steamer mehr! Einstweilen glaube, daß ich immer war, bin und sein werde

unverändert der Deinige,  
F. Freiligrath

Dem Bücherpaket liegt ein Couvert für New York bei, welches Du wohl so gut bist, alsbald zu besorgen.

<sup>1</sup> The long-standing friendship with Heuberger was soon renewed.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Gold Appleton (1812–1884), brilliant Bostonian wit.

<sup>3</sup> Later, Mrs. Kroecker; gifted in translating German poems into English.

[ 27 ]

10 Moorgate Street,  
3. Novbr. 1847

My dear Longfellow,

I trust my letter of 18. Mai reached you in due time. If I have not kept my promise to write you another letter in June, you must forgive me. I am a slave of my avocations, I can hardly breathe. Prof. Beck,<sup>1</sup> by whom you will receive these lines and who, I am sure, has brought you my kindest remembrances some months ago, can tell you what a drudger I am in this blessed City of London. "A Clerk I am in London gay," as was the quotation of meek Charles Lamb.<sup>2</sup>

Prof. Beck will speak to you about a plan of mine, to come over to the United States. Pray, deign it of your deliberation, and let me know, what you think of it. At all events I come not before I see my way clear before me.

Ida begs to be kindly remembered and unites with me in kindest regards to your wife. She has brought me on the 8. Sept. a fine healthy boy—*Wilhelm Wolfgang*. It is our third child, but the second, you know, lies buried in English ground.

I can send you today only these few hasty lines. But write me an answer nevertheless—a long kind answer! *I long for it!* Let me hear all about yourself and your family! How many children have you got now, what are their names, how are they improving? The beautiful poem to your first boy (in the "Belfry of Bruges")<sup>3</sup> has our whole sympathy and admiration.

What a *STOUT* man you are now, to judge at least by the portrait in your "Prachtausgabe." I continue only *stoutish*, as you have known me on the Rhine. Where are those times gone! "Fuimus Troes!"—Gallina with her Gallus and chickens is spending this winter in Rome and Naples. She has hatched as yet two chickens and at least six volumes of novels. Have you got the books I sent you in May by your brother-in-law?

Well, I must finish. I have to write still a heap of business letters for the Mail, though my eyes are burning, gaslight flickering before them since nine o'clock in the morning. It is now four o'clock in the afternoon, and one of the foulest foggiest days, I have ever seen in this damn'd Pandaemonium of London.

God bless you and yours! Write me soon! Ever with truest love and affection

Yours

F. Freiligrath

<sup>1</sup> Charles Beck (1798–1866), Professor of Latin in Harvard. He joined actively with Longfellow in securing funds for the removal of Freiligrath and his family to America.

<sup>2</sup> Quoted (from O'Keefe) by Lamb, at the head of his essay, "The Superannuated Man."

<sup>3</sup> "To a Child."

[ 28 ]

Cambridge, Nov. 23, [and 30,] 1847.

Dearest Ferdinand,

*One month* before receiving your last letter, I wrote to President Moore of Columbia College,<sup>1</sup> and to von Eichthal, urging very strongly your claims to the vacant Professorship; *one day* before, I talked with Beck and asked his co-operation with me in the matter; *one hour* before, I put another letter into the post-office to a friend in New York to interest him and his friends in the same cause; and not *half an hour* before, I strictly charged a friend who was going to New York to speak in your behalf to Professor Anthon, and to do all he could to secure you the place. This I did, having a kind of magnetic presentiment that you would like such a situation. Judge then of my delight when I found that I had only anticipated your wishes!

Long, long have I desired that you should come to this country—the *only one apparently where people have fair play*. But I wanted the impulse to come from you, from within, not from without, for in so serious a matter as this a friend should rather *second*, than *suggest* the movement. Beck joins very heartily in the plan; and if this particular project now in hand should fail, something else as good or better will turn up before long. Bear patiently, therefore, the burning eyes and flickering gas-light a little longer, and hope for better things.

The portrait of the “Stout Gentleman” in my poems was drawn only *six months* after I left you on the Rhine. Could I have accumulated such a pinguid and volumed shape in that short space of time?—That is rather a *prophetic* portrait than otherwise. Yours drawn by the “goldenem *Schramm*” hangs here by my study door so that fifty times a day my eyes meet your own.<sup>2</sup> Right under it hangs a little picture of St. Goar.

And now one word of my own dear little family—the beloved wife, the two boys, the one girl. The oldest boy, Charley, is three years old, lithe and limber and straight as an Indian, with two little sharp eyes that make holes in one. He is very wild and wilful, and rather disposed to bully his mother. Ernest is two years old today! He is a quiet, gentle boy, with large, soft brown eyes; he passes his time chiefly in a brown study, probably by way of compliment to his eyes. The baby—Fanny by name—is six months old—round and rosy and soft—like all babies. Do you remember in the Cathedral of Worms the genealogical tree of Abraham, the patriarch, lying on his back—a tree growing out of his

<sup>1</sup> In New York City.

<sup>2</sup> See Note 2, p. 1243.

stomach, on whose branches sit perched progeny?<sup>1</sup> So! here is mine: [A crude sketch follows].

I have just published a poem entitled: *Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie*. It is founded on the history of the French Acadiens in Nova Scotia; is of some length, making a volume by itself, and is written in hexameters. Its success has been very great, greater than that of any of my other volumes. I send you a copy by this Steamer. I hope, I think you will like it; as the story is interesting and there are sundry descriptions of American scenery, to which I have endeavored to give the true and peculiar coloring of Nature. You shall judge how far I have succeeded. I cannot help cherishing the wish that you will regard it as the best of my books.

*Nov. 30.* I have no news about the New York Professorship. However that may end, there are *more gates* than that one that may open to you. My wish is, to have you nearer than New York; and indeed in a more truly congenial place; for the spirit of commerce—the “almighty dollar!” reigns there as in London. This neighborhood would be, I am sure, more to your taste. Unluckily at present nothing is vacant here: “Ganz spät, nachdem die Theilung längst geschehen,”<sup>2</sup> etc. Nevertheless, *confide et progredere!* I shall be constantly and watchfully on the lookout, and shall let nothing pass unchallenged which has a show of being to your advantage or liking.

Once more, thanks, many thanks for your volumes. Your translations are wonderful, but your fame rests on *original* poems. Most readers have not the slightest notion of the thought and real creative power that goes into a translation.

Much love and kindest salutations to your wife, in which mine joins, not forgetting yourself. Write me soon, and believe me

Ever thine,

H. W. L.

P.S. The books arrived safely. Many, many thanks. Your translations are very admirable, but your originals more so.

[ 29 ]

London, 31. Dec. 1847.

Thanks, many thanks for your kind and friendly letter! Thanks for the interest you show in my fate! Thanks for all the steps you took already in my behalf without even my knowing them! Thanks before all for the noble assistance which, through the medium of Prof. Beck and in com-

<sup>1</sup> Also mentioned in *Hyperion*, III, v.

<sup>2</sup> Schiller's “Teilung der Erde.”

panionship with him, you offer so warmly! It is indeed delightful to find at least one old friend unchanged after so many experiences to the contrary!

All the details concerning the great subject of my coming to your country I have written to Mr. Beck who will communicate them to you. You may easily perceive that I was greatly excited when I wrote. No wonder! Do you think it coolly over for me again! Don't make yourself any illusions about the possibility of obtaining a suitable and congenial situation for me in the course of a year! You know the *Verhältnisse* there of course better, than I can. I must rely entirely upon your judgment and knowledge of them. Think, that once in America I cannot go farther. It must be the end of my wanderings! I need not repeat, how happy a *congenial* occupation, sufficient for the support of my family, would make me in the freest country of the world and *in your neighborhood*, and how little I should deem for that purpose all the sacrifices it would cost.

Everything you tell me about your family and literary occupations has been of the highest interest to me and Ida. The pedigree of Abraham Longfellow the patriarch<sup>1</sup> is beautiful on the paper and must be charming in reality. I intend to send it with your permission to Gallina, that stately stem, who with her own far-spreading branches dwells now at *Rome*, singing, praying and blessed by the Pope who is even said, to have made six *sonnets* and one "hymn" in celebration of her qualities. How we have increased, since we three met on the Rhine! And what a pleasant thought, that perhaps my little Kate will soon find playmates in your Ernest and Charley, while Wilhelm Wolfgang will become an admirer of Fanny's.

I am very impatient to read *Evangeline*, and hope the copy you sent me will soon be in my hands. As yet it has not reached me. The subject, I dare say after your hints, is a most happy choice. American history and American Scenery in the garb of your excellent hexameters (the best English ones I ever read, the "Driving Cloud" being even a progress, compared to the "Children of the Lord's Supper") cannot fail to make an admirable and fascinating volume of poetry.

Our good old Boppard-friend, George H. Calvert of Newport R. I., has sent me a volume of his more recent poems, in the number of which there is also one addressed to myself, which has given me a deep and real satisfaction. I have not yet expressed my gratitude to Mr. Calvert, but will do so at all events with next steamer. If in the meantime you find an opportunity of telling him, how much he has obliged me by his kindness, pray do!

<sup>1</sup> The "genealogical tree" referred to in Letter No. 28.

So much this time! Ida unites with me in warmest regards to you and Mrs. Longfellow, and I shall never cease to be, on this or the other side of the Atlantic,

Thine most faithfully and affectionately,  
F. Freiligrath

This is a time of bad weather and disease. Poor little Wolfgang suffers much from Influenza (as his mother and sisters before him); the last night was an anxious one, but I trust to God, that I shall find him better, when I return this evening to his dear little bedside.—What a happiness, but also what an anxiety, to have children!

*A happy New Year!* God bless thee and thine, my dear friend!

P.S. Here you have still one of my later poems, belonging to an autobiographical series, in which I am trying to commemorate the adventures, joys and sorrows of the last three years. You see by it, with what courage and hopes I came over. Well, though the latter have not been realised, yet the first is not broken. If I have lost my Hastings-battle, I have lost it honorably and shall not hesitate to commence a fresh one. By the bye, to comment the first line of the poem: I came to London via Paris and Havre. My wife and child (then we had only one) with our Swiss nurse went down the Rhine via Rotterdam, where I met them and brought them hither.—

IM CANAL<sup>1</sup>

Als ich her von Frankreich fuhr,  
Sprach das Meer: "Treib' sie zu Paaren! . . .  
[etc.: 11 stanzas].

[ 30 ]

Cambridge, February 14, 1848.

Dearest Freiligrath,

I was too ill to write you by the last Steamer, and by this can send you only a few words.—I have been on my back for the last three weeks; cut up, not by the critics, but by the surgeons for a trouble which Juvenal says the priests of Janus were liable to.<sup>2</sup> It is now nearly over, and I can sit up long enough to scribble you a few lines. Beck will write you about business matters. My illness has prevented me from doing what I hoped to do in the matter. Right sorry am I, that in a case of this kind I should be obliged to apply to others, but unluckily I have no thrift, and gold turns to charcoal in my hands, vanishes away suddenly; so

<sup>1</sup> *Gesammelte Dichtungen*, Stuttgart, 1870, iii, 197, with title: "Nach England."

<sup>2</sup> Juvenal VI, 397: *varicosus fiet haruspex*.

that with a very good income, I have never any money. Of the £400 required we have only about £300 in readiness.

The idea of having you here warms my heart. How strange, yet how delightful it will be! You must sail direct to Boston. Do not for a moment think of going to New York. *The first roof under which you sleep in America must be Washington's*—(mine!). Remember this. It is a poem in itself. I will write you more particular directions when all is arranged.

I think you will like the *amiable Americans*; they have English bodies and German hearts, rather cold without, but warm within.

Don't let your heart fail you at this crisis. Remember:

Kein Zug des Schicksals setzt mich matt:  
Matt werden kann ja nur der König.<sup>1</sup>

Your autobiographical poem delights me. I long to read others of the series.

Find time to write me one word by next steamer.

With much love to Ida, in which my wife joins,

Ever affectionately thine,  
H. W. L.

[ 31 ]

Cambridge, Feb. 22, 1848.

Dearest Freiligrath,

I hoped by this steamer to have sent you a long letter; but I do not rally from my illness, and cannot yet get a firm foothold on the earth. I feel very *wearry* and have no will to do anything but sit still in an arm-chair or lie still on a sofa. So once more, nothing but a salutation, a friendly clasp of the hand—an assurance of my affection for you and yours.

I cannot decide the great question for you. Much as my heart yearns to have you here, I cannot and *ought not* to say "Come!" unless you say it first. We can tell you only what we will do when you are here; and put into your hands the means of coming, and make you feel at home as much as may be.

Now ponder well all the plans that present themselves, and judge; for you alone can judge wisely, knowing better than we do all the circumstances of your situation. *If you do come, rely upon us to do all in our power to get you such a situation as you would like.*

Frain's Packets from Liverpool to Boston are very good. Emerson went out in this line. I inclose you an advertisement. The price from Liverpool to B. will probably be higher than the price from B. to L.

<sup>1</sup> The last words of Freiligrath's poem, "Springer" (1846).

On reaching Boston, take a carriage to the Cambridge Office . . . and the Omnibus (starting every 15 minutes) will bring you to my door!

There is the plan! But you ought not to peril yourselves on the sea in stormy March. April or May would give you an easier passage.

My last note was written in headache, fever, and flurry of nerves; and I fear communicated the contagion to you. Letters are *so* magnetic. This may be almost as bad, but remember it comes from

Your ever affectionate friend,  
H. W. L.

Much love always from me and Fanny to your dear wife. I trust your children are all well again.

[ 32 ]

London, March 11, 1848.

Dearest Longfellow,

Forgive the shortness of these lines in answer to your friendly letter of February 14. I am so wholly taken up by these glorious events in France<sup>1</sup> (whose influence on Germany, as it was to be expected, begins already to become visible) that I am scarcely able to think of anything else, and that my own fate and my own concerns for a time seem quite second considerations. Yet are these great world-shaking occurrences of a nature that also my little individual lot may get another direction by them,—little as I would have dreamt of such a thing still a fortnight ago. About that and about “business” in general I have written to Professor Beck, who will communicate to you the particulars. For the present, let me offer to you my warmest thanks for all you have done; and be assured that if I come still to America, the first roof under which I rest from my wanderings shall be Washington’s and yours! God’s blessings over that roof for its old fame and its young hospitality!

I join some verses which were written under the impression of the first news from Paris, and which I have scattered in some thousand copies “*le long du Rhin*,”—most uselessly, I dare say, for in times like these, events themselves are the best agitators. When mankind, roused by the spirit of history, becomes a poet, rhymes are superfluous. Yet I could not shake off these, which came unsought for amidst all the bustle of business.

*Evangeline* came to hand, was read eagerly, and gave to me as well as to Ida the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. It is a masterpiece, and stands on my shelves, not near Voss’s *Luise*, but near old Wolfgang’s *Hermann and Dorothea*. I cannot now enter into any details; but I can-

<sup>1</sup> The revolution which led to the establishment of the Second Republic.

not omit to mention how, among so many other beautiful passages, I was struck by that truly grand and sublime one,<sup>1</sup> when the returning tide suddenly answers the voice of the priest at old Benedict's funeral service. Such strokes reveal the poet.

Some weeks ago I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Latham, a former pupil of yours and Beck's whom you introduced to me by some lines. I like him very much,—such a straightforward, honest fellow. He must now be again with you.

Ida's and my love to all of you. God bless you!

Always truly and affectionately thine,  
F. Freiligrath.

[ 33 ]

Cambridge, May 13, 1849.

My dear Freiligrath,

I have just heard of an opportunity of sending to you; but it is just that, and nothing more. There is no time to write. I can only send you my love and sympathy in your terrible struggles and convulsions. God send you speedy and safe deliverance!

Here is a book<sup>2</sup> only one day old, for it came into the world yesterday! I should be extremely gratified to know that it had pleased you and Ida.

On one of the blank leaves you will find a poem called "Resignation," which will tell its own story, and inform you of the death of our little Fanny, our only daughter.<sup>3</sup> The two boys are thriving; and fighting their way along through the host of juvenile maladies, "mumps and measles" and the like. I hope your children are all well. Farewell, dear Freiligrath. It is a shame to send you so brief a note. Would I had known sooner of this occasion.

With kindest remembrances to your wife, in which mine joins,

As ever  
Truly thine  
H. W. L.

P.S. I have forgotten the present name of the *former* Louisa Gall! Whom did she marry?

[ 34 ]

Cologne, 20th Sept. 1849.

Dear Longfellow,

The flood of emigration is swelling. The bearers of these lines are Mr. and Mrs. Anneke—he one of the leaders of the late Baden "insurrection,"

<sup>1</sup> At the close of Part the First, canto v.

<sup>2</sup> Longfellow's novel, *Kavanagh*, Boston, 1849.

<sup>3</sup> She died on September 11, 1848, in her second year.

she “the Captain’s lady” who “mounted and went and was ready,” and who is besides a gifted and admired poetess in our country. Last winter and spring the Annekes were our next neighbors here at Cologne—now they are seeking a home beyond the ocean, perhaps to become next neighbors to you. Receive them friendly, Mrs. Anneke can tell you much of my fireside! If there should be any occasion, to lend them your advice, I trust that you will give it with pleasure to these noble and worthy friends of ours.

I cannot write more to-day. Käthchen is suffering under an attack of the scarlet-fever, and Wolfgang seems to get it too. Besides the child of an imprisoned friend, whose mother died some weeks ago, is ill in my house. I do not know where my head stands.

God bless you, my dear friend! All kind things to your wife and yourself from Ida and

Yours truly and affectionately  
F. Freiligrath.

[ 35 ]

Cambridge June 12, 1850.

My dear Freiligrath,

Let me have the great pleasure of introducing to you my friend *Kah-ge-gah-bowh*, an American Indian Chief of the Ojibway nation, whose English name is George Copway.<sup>1</sup> You will rejoice to take him by the hand, and to talk with him of the grand forests of his native land. I shall make him promise to sing to you some of the mournful musical songs of his nation. In return, you shall show him the Cathedral and the skulls of the Eleven thousand Virgins of Cologne; and all that remains of Melchior, Gaspar and Balthasar.

Kah-ge-gah-bowh is on his way to the Peace Convention at Frankfurt! He goes with the calumet in his hand.

You he already knows by sight, having seen your portrait hanging on the wall of my study. And he also is a Poet, which will be another recommendation to you.

Pray write to me, dear Freiligrath. It is very long since I heard from you. Remember me cordially to Ida and think of me as ever

Your friend,  
Henry W. Longfellow

P.S. You send me Anarchy (Anneke), and I send you Kopfweh (Copway)!

<sup>1</sup> Longfellow first met him Feb. 26, 1849, “an Ojibway preacher and poet.” Copway wrote an autobiography, and *Traditional History of the Ojibway Nation* (Boston, 1851). He gave public lectures in Boston, 1849.

[ 36 ]

London, 19th June 1851.<sup>1</sup>

Dear Longfellow,

It is a long time since I wrote you last. I will not excuse myself; the state of things in Germany is my best excuse, and my heart tells me, that in spite of more than one prolonged silence it has never been faithless or forgetting. I shake you warmly by the hand, my dear old friend of "the times of old!"

The last letter I got from you was delivered to me by our friend George Copway, for whose introduction to me I have still to express you my gratitude. It was indeed a great satisfaction to me to receive a red man under my roof, and moreover: to see a red man, full of talents and intellectual power, burning and struggling for that civilization, which we men of the old world almost loathe and consider to be one of the sources of many of those evils which harass us. Well, the world must go onward and the fates must be fulfilled. I liked Kah-ge-gah-bowh exceedingly; we passed a happy afternoon at Düsseldorf and a merry night at Cologne, and he was kind enough to accept my invitation to stand Godfather to my youngest son: George Karl Otto. Is not that capital: A chief of the Ojibways Godfather to the boy of a German Poet? The barbarian name of Kah-ge-gah-bowh sounding, like a war-whoop, through the tame parish-register of Düsseldorf? Strange things happen and stranger things will happen. When the dusky brow of the Indian was stooping to the white face of the Teutonic baby, it was—as it were—a symbol to me of the fraternity of all nations, of the peace and the happiness to come after all the struggles and the battles of these our wonder-working times.

I gave Copway some of my latest books to hand them to you after his return to the United States: *Neue politische und sociale Gedichte, Istes Heft; Zwischen den Garben*. Eine Nachlese "älterer Gedichte"; and *Venus and Adonis von Shakespeare*. Moreover a MS. Musicbook, containing a beautiful composition of my wife's translation<sup>2</sup> of "The Rainy Day" by Mr. Tausch, a Düsseldorf musician of considerable talent. I hope, that everything reached you safely, and that, if so, you were not dissatisfied with my translation of your fine poem: "To an Old Danish Songbook" in the *Zwischen den Garben*. In a few days I expect to get copies of the 2d number of the *Neue politische & sociale Gedichte* (just having left the press), and propose myself to send you the little book, if an opportunity offers.

Copway's poem: "The Ojibway Conquest" has been translated *twice* into German. The translation of Mr. Adler of Frankfort is not very praise-

<sup>1</sup> Received by Longfellow on July 3, 1851: "a long and very pleasant letter."

<sup>2</sup> Published under her husband's name in a group of translations from Longfellow.

worthy; another (by Mr. Cloos of Cologne, a friend, to whom I introduced Kah-ge-gah-bowh) is much better, but has not found as yet a publisher, because Adler's translation came just out when Cloos had only finished his *Competition!* I think, however, that we shall succeed ere long to launch the book.

You will wonder, that I write to you from London,<sup>1</sup> and think perhaps, that the Great Exhibition<sup>2</sup> has been attractive to me. So it has, of course, but the principal reason for my leaving home and fatherland for a time is the political state of Germany and its influence upon the fate of individuals belonging to the defeated party.

I add some papers by which you will see, how I had to struggle these last ten months only for my stay in Prussia. My lawsuit against Prussian deceit and malice has at last proved successful. Government has been forced to acknowledge my "Staatsbürgerrecht," and the Düsseldorf Police, to allow my being received into the Community as a Citizen of the Town.

However, once defeated it was but too much to be expected, that Government would renew its attacks upon a hated individual as soon as another opportunity would offer itself. I fore-saw no end of the vexations still to come—vexations which I would not mind, if they were only obnoxious to my own person, but which I could not but take into serious consideration, because they threatened also the welfare of those whom I love and whom God has entrusted to my care.

I must not forget to mention another circumstance. There is no liberty of the press more in Germany—so much so, that, if I print my new things, I may be sure to be imprisoned, and that, if I print them not, I can starve. Rather a difficult position for a man who depends entirely upon his pen.

So, after long and earnest deliberation with my wife, the always true and courageous companion in the battle of my life, I have made up my mind to leave her and the children for a while, in order to look about, if—at the age of 41!—I cannot find for me and for them a new (and lasting) existence, be it in England or in America.

And now once more I am in this mikrokosmos called London. My experiences here in 1846–48 were not pleasant, but I considered it a duty to try at least in a country so much nearer to my own. As yet I have not succeeded, but neither have I taken a firm resolution with regard to a trial in America. May I speak to you about the matter and will you give me your advice?

My pecuniary affairs are so far arranged, that my family's wants are

<sup>1</sup> Freiligrath's second residence in London extended from 1851 to 1868.

<sup>2</sup> At the Crystal Palace, London, 1851.

provided for, up to next Spring—the latest term for my re-union with them. My own pockets are also prepared for the passage as well as for a stay of some months in the States. But after that time I would have to depend upon new earnings, and the question is: Do you (as in 1848) still think, that some situation, suiting my tastes and my abilities, *could* be found out? I mention already now, that an employment at one of your libraries would be preferable to a teachership at a College. I don't think, that I am a good teacher, but in a library, I doubt not, that I would be of use.

And another question: Do you think it likely, that an *American Edition* of my Poetical Works,<sup>1</sup> "Complete in One Volume," would prove successful? Would an appendix to such an Edition, containing a Selection of the best translations of some of my poems, recommend the book also to the Anglo-American Public? And would *you* favor the whole thing with your protection—prefacing, ushering, reviewing or what you think else proper?

And how (if ever) ought the matter to be handled? By subscription, or by selling the copyright, or—well, I don't know what *or's* there can be besides in your country. Pray, tell me what you think, and if the whole idea, after all, is not a mere impracticable dream.

Considering the number of Germans living at present in the Un. States (mostly, it is true, uneducated people), I should say, however, that the plan *could* succeed and prove not unprofitable. How happy would I be, if it were so, and if the result should enable me also to repay to you and Professor Beck my debt of 48—an obligation weighing heavier upon my soul than I can tell you and him.

At all events I remain still in London the next five or six weeks. Let me hear from you in that time, that—if my success here has remained what it was hitherto—I may know, if a trip across the Atlantic seems advisable, and if you will receive me with the old kindness.

Now some words about my family, the separation from whom, though necessary to their own welfare, is one of the severest blows of fate I have stood as yet. They are living now at Bilk near Düsseldorf, but, if I should not be able to fetch them still next autumn to England and should really go before to America, they will then go to Weimar and spend the winter with my wife's mother. Ida is quite the old one, my pride and my happiness, quite as excellent a mother as she is a wife. Her weekly letters are now my greatest enjoyment. We have now four children: *Kate* (next September 6 years), *Wolfgang* (next September 4 years), *Luisa*<sup>2</sup> (next August 2 years, born Cologne) and *Otto* (next

<sup>1</sup> An edition appeared in New York, 1858.

<sup>2</sup> Later, Mrs. Wiens.

April 1 year, born at Düsseldorf)—all of them good and intelligent fellows, full of fun and gaiety and, I am sorry to say, bearing their father's awful flat nose in their brown chubby faces. God bless the dear creatures! Ida sends her kindest regards to you and to Mrs. Longfellow, in which I heartily unite. Be also kind enough, to salute Professor Beck very cordially in my name.

Last autumn I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Read, the Poet-Painter,<sup>1</sup> a very amiable man, who made my portrait and sent it, I believe, to some exhibition at Philadelphia or Boston. Also our good friend, Mr. Calvert, I have seen often last year—at Cologne, Rolandseck and Düsseldorf—and expect to see him also in London very soon. He is now at Paris and wrote me (still when I was in Germany), that he would come to London in June. At Rolandseck I met also with Mrs. Leupold, your fair neighbor, who told me a deal of good things about you and your family to my heart's pleasure.

Before I wrote this letter, I have looked at your Portrait at Bogue's, Fleetstreet, for a considerable length of time. I find it *very, very* like, only a little older, than you looked nine years ago on the Rhine. There you hang, opposite to Shakespeare, and surrounded by the finest Ladies and Marchionesses, quite the good old Longfellow whom I carry about with me in my heart. Your popularity in this country, I find, is increasing daily. There is no anthology, in which you are not plundered to an excess—and then the beautiful English Editions of your works! You are indeed a happy fellow—God bless you, and may your laurels grow and be green all the world over. I am happy to say, that my translation of “Excelsior!” and my wife's of “The Rainy Day” are also running through a large number of German Anthologies.

Mrs. Schücking (Gallina) lives still at Cologne and is mother to three children. Politics have separated us, I must add with some sorrow. The Landrath, retired from business and combining *otium cum dignitate*, resides at his old castle in St. Goar and has written to me very friendly abt. Christmas last. His father died some time ago; of “his daughters three” only Matilda is married. She is mother to a boy and the Landrath has advanced therefore to the dignity of a Grandfather. Schlickum the painter is at this very moment (if the Sea has not swallowed him) somewhere in Michigan U.S., near Saginaw I believe, to prepare a home for his wife and son, whom he intends to fetch after him next spring. You see, all the honest fellows cannot but expatriate themselves. Simrock has become an ultra-conservative man and has declined to see me again ever since I returned to Germany in 1848. He is very industrious, and I

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Buchanan Read (1822–1872), author of “Sheridan's Ride,” and painter of the portrait of Longfellow's three daughters.

am sure, that his just published translation of the two Eddas, with learned notes, would be very interesting to you.

But—claudite jam rivos, sat prata biberunt!<sup>1</sup> Forgive my long talk, as I hope, that you have forgiven my long silence. If you have an opportunity, pray present my sincerest regards to Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh, and tell him that his Godson is a capital fellow and thriving wonderfully. Also my kindest regards to Richard S. Willis and Bayard Taylor.<sup>2</sup>

Once more: *God bless you!*

affectionately  
F. Freiligrath

care of Andrew Johnson Esq., Junr,  
Bullion Office, Bank of England, London.

Kiss your dear children from me. I hope, they are all well and thriving. Write me much about them.

[ 37 ]

Nahant, July 16, 1851.

My dear Freiligrath,

Your long and excellent letter has given me very great pleasure, and not a little pain. I cannot bear to think of you as an exile,—though it is the greatest compliment to the power of your song. How pleasantly all the old scenes come up again at the sight of your handwriting! I am glad to know that the Landrath proves true to you, when so many have proved false.

In the case of Simrock, I am not much surprized. I never felt any sympathy with him from the first moment I saw him in the garden at Rolandseck, to the last, when I left him rolling heels over head on the short turf of the Drachenfels.<sup>3</sup> Notwithstanding the *Edda* and the *Nibelungen-lied*, I fear he will always remain in my memory as the “Purzelbaumschlagender Simrock.”

Copway returned with very grand and gracious accounts of you, and described in glowing colors the “merry night at Cologne,”—which I suspect is the great and prominent feature of his tour on the Continent, not excepting the scene at Frankfort, where he handed the calumet of peace to the President of the Peace Convention. But the precious books

<sup>1</sup> Vergil, *Eclagues*, iii, 111.

<sup>2</sup> Bayard Taylor (1825–1878), poet, traveler, translator of *Faust*, United States Minister to Germany.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Note 1, p. 1233. While climbing the Drachenfels, the hilarity of the party roes to such a height that the learned Simrock could express himself only by throwing a series of somersaults on the grass—a gesture which the Harvard Professor did not regard as edifying.

you sent he has not yet delivered. I have written to him lately about them; and if they are not forthcoming, I shall raise such a war-whoop that it will frighten him. The books might be replaced; but the music and MS. translation of *Ida*, could not.

I long very much to have them, and am glad you liked the "Old Danish Song-Book" well enough to translate it. The *Neure polit. und soci.-Gedichte, Zweites Heft* have just reached me; "Nach England" is a grand poem. I have long known it and admired it. In fact I have read in the American German newspapers nearly all of your new pieces. "Half-battles" are they, one and all; and have quickened my pulses and made my cheeks burn, like martial music. They will ring forever through German literature, as a trumpet-blast.

When I write again I will tell you more of them and of myself.

With much affection  
Ever thine  
Henry W. Longfellow.

[ 38 ]

3, Sutton Place, Hackney,  
London, 25. Sept. 1853.

My dear Longfellow,

My letters, you will say, are "like angels' visits, few and far between," and I shall be but too happy, if you make use of no less complimentary expressions with regard to my last long silence. Indeed, if I read over again (as I have done just now) your kind and really friendly letter of July 16, 1851, I feel deeply, how wrong it was, not to have answered it on the spot. But you must make allowances to an agitated and struggling and battle-making life like mine. If I were enjoying "my ease" in this large inn, the world; if I were not always at war—today with despots and egotists, and tomorrow with the commonest cares of daily life; if I were still living, as in the sunny days of St. Goar, only to Love, Poesy, and Friendship:—then, indeed, I would still be, as heretofore, a diligent and punctual correspondent. But times are altered, and I write my letters (as even my poems) merely by fits and starts, in the intervals of dull, stupifying labour and the short breathing-spaces between one care, conquered and trodden-down, and a new one, "looming in the future." So, you see, you must not be too severe with me. My heart remains unchanged, although my hand becomes tired and lazy.

You were kind enough to refer me in your letter to Mr. Möring of Boston, then at Hamburg. But, to confess the truth, I was too timid at the time to address him; I shrunk back from the thought of throwing myself, with a full and detailed explanation of my situation and wishes,

upon an utterly stranger, upon a man who, however excellent and kind and perhaps even prepossessed in my favor, might nevertheless be surprised by a sudden and unexpected confidence. This was the reason, why I did not follow your advice respecting this gentleman, but (as your letter did not show me any prospects besides in your Country) determined once more to stop in England and to wrestle with all the difficulties which, by my former experiences, I was sure beforehand to find here. Thus I had my family over at the middle of September 1851, and since the 1st of August 1852 (so long I had to fight before having overcome the prejudices of the anti-revolutionary Citizens) I am again a Clerk in this blessed City of London, fairly buried in Bury Court (St. Mary Axe), not far from the India-House, where Charles Lamb, nightingale-like, was pressing his poet's breast against the thorn of a merchant's desk. Well, it is a weary, dreary lot (the more so, as my occupation is but little profitable), but I must not complain of it, since I have blown it hither myself (I mean with my war-trumpet), and since better lots, in my own fatherland, are only experienced by the old ones, the indifferent ones, or, still worse, by the sneaks and the slaves.

My family, I am happy to say, continues to be my great and constant consolation in all this bad weather of fortune; my house is the evergreen oasis in this vast desert of London. My wife is always the same in mind and character you knew her eleven years ago, and our children, healthy in soul and body, are growing up to our hearts' desire. Since the 7th of August 1852 their number has risen to *five*; Ida gave me on that day our third boy, a sweet little rogue, whom we have called, after Byron and Shelley, George *Percy*. When his predecessor, fat Otto, was born, our Indian friend Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh made his dusky entrance into my wigwam.

Speaking of that worthy, I was very vexed indeed to hear, that he had never delivered to you the books and music I had trusted to his care. Tell me if the war-whoop you intended to raise has frightened him and brought into your hands the volume in question? If not so, I shall be happy to make up the loss,—swearing, of course, at the same time most awfully at the inexactitude of that red vagabond and peacemonger.

Another volume, which I sent you last spring by Steamer, has (I hope) reached you more safely. I mean *The Rose, Thistle and Shamrock. A Selection of English Poetry, chiefly modern*; and would feel very much satisfied, if the little book had given you some pleasure. You will have seen, how much I am indebted for a great part of its most brilliant ornaments to *your* volumes, and will, I trust, not have blamed me for having plundered you to such an extent. The opportunity of making known a good part of your fine verses, in their original garb, to my native country

(where English and American Poetry is still always very little studied, and scarcely ever reprinted, as is the case with your novels, travels etc.) was too favorable to let it slip. *One* satisfactory result the volume has had already; *Justinus Kerner* translated from it your "Walter von der Vogelweide." The translation, which is a very good one, has been printed in the *Morgenblatt*, and you shall see it (in 2 or 3 months) together with *my* translation (recently made) of your "Nuremberg" in an Anthology of German (original and translated) Poems referring to Poesy and Poets, which I have done this last summer and which is now being printed at Dessau.

I have written to our friend Calvert about the possibility of a republication of *The Rose, Thistle and Shamrock* in your Country, and he has kindly promised me to confer with you and other literary friends about the subject.<sup>1</sup> I would consider it a great favor indeed, if you would think the matter worth your consideration and would feel very happy, if—by your combined efforts—you could bring the matter round. Perhaps it might seem to you, that, by some slight alterations, additions or omissions, the book ought still to be improved—perhaps: to be *americanized*. If so, pray let me hear your proposals! I am most willing to submit to any friendly advices!—You did not encourage me, two years ago, with regard to an American edition of my German works; but this is a different case, and if the thing *could* be done (N.B. with some profit to me), not only my Editor's Muse, but also my Household "Gods" would feel not a little pleased and edified.

I have still to thank you for the *Golden Legend*, a Copy of which you kindly sent me by your publisher Bogue. It is an excellent work, full of your true own soul and heart, full of sweetness and melody, full—at times—of a capital good humour, full of information about our old German life and poesy—all in all, it is one of the finest leaves in your well-earned Laurel-wreath. What, to my individual taste, is perhaps an objection, is its treating the old, homely, simple story of our *Arme Heinrich* with too much *brilliancy*. But there will be few, who will blame what is, after all, a virtue!

Since my last letter to you I have seen some of our mutual friends, part of whom will have brought you the remembrances I gave them to you. There was Thomas B. Read (though not, I am sorry to say, at his last passing through London, some weeks ago), there was our capital friend Bayard Taylor (*twice*—the second time he wrote into *Ida's Album*: "Coming from Central Africa and bound for Japan"), there was James Russell Lowell (whose interesting acquaintance gave me a deal

<sup>1</sup> A letter from Calvert to Longfellow, in furtherance of this project, is preserved in Craigie House.

of pleasure, and whom I saw but for too short a time),<sup>1</sup> there was Grace Greenwood (whom I met at Francis Bennoch's), there was (with whom I should have begun, also in chronological order) our old friend from the Rhine: George H. Calvert. Also the acquaintance of your publisher, Mr. Ticknor, I made some time ago, but could not speak to him about the subject of *Rose, Thistle and Shamrock*, because I did not know what Mr. Calvert had perhaps done in the meantime already with other publishers. A Gentleman whom you introduced to me, the Revd. Mr. Albro, sent me your letter *by post* (without nearer direction, merely addressed: *London*, but, by a miracle, it found me out nevertheless), upon which I paid him a visit, did not find him at home, left an invitation, but heard nor saw anything more of him.

The *Notes and Queries*, a long time ago, asked which poet you mean in your Poem "Flowers":

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,  
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

I must confess my own ignorance (or forgetfulness) in this respect. Pray, if ever you answer me (which, I hope, you will do, for all my sins), let me know whom you had in mind.<sup>2</sup>

And now, my dear old friend, accept still my and Ida's kindest love to yourself and to Mrs. Longfellow. I hope you are all well and healthy, and your children are growing up with the trees you planted for them! Let me know much about them, when you write! What a happiness children are, with all troubles and cares one has to go through for them!

Remember me most kindly to Professor Beck!

God bless you, dear Longfellow!

Always thine (o; that fine afternoon in the Rheingau)

F. Freiligrath

The Landrath has got married this summer his youngest daughter, Adelheid! He is just at this moment on a pleasure-trip in Paris!—Old Wagtail!

<sup>1</sup> James Russell Lowell (1819–1891), poet, essayist and diplomat. Succeeded to Longfellow's professorship at Harvard, 1855; Grace Greenwood, pseudonym for Sarah Jane Lippincott (1823–1904), authoress; Francis Bennoch, merchant and patron of art, lived at Blackheath. He aided Hawthorne; William D. Ticknor (1810–1864), noted Boston publisher.

<sup>2</sup> Carové, in *The Story without an End*. Cf. *Hyperion*, iv, vi.

May 3, 1854.

Dear Freiligrath,

I owe you many and many thousand thanks for your good long letter in the autumn, and for your new book, *Dichtung und Dichter*,<sup>1</sup> which is a very great delight to me. I like the plan of it extremely. It is unique in its way; and just such a book should be made in every literature. It will always be a source of pleasure to me to read in it. The report you saw in the newspaper of my having resigned my professorship was premature. I am still at my old post, and shall be till mid-summer.<sup>2</sup> Meanwhile the college will be looking about for a successor. There are already six candidates, all friends of mine, which makes it impossible for me to do anything for any one of them in particular. But one thing I can do, and that is to see that, so far as I am concerned, the claims of each shall be fairly presented; the urging these claims, I must leave to others. I have already spoken of you to the President, and shall ask Dr. Beck to do the same. To speak frankly, however, I do not believe that your chances will be very great any more than those of Mr. Scherb<sup>3</sup> and Mr. Schele de Vere,<sup>4</sup> countrymen of yours, and for this reason: There are in the department, beside the Professor, who lectures, four instructors, who teach the four languages,—German, French, Spanish, and Italian; that is, a native teacher for each. The Professor, who serves as a connecting link between these and the college,—and who, besides lecturing, has charge of the details and business of the department,—has always been an American. Nor in fact do I think you would like the restraint and tedium of such an office. It is very wearisome to teach; and, to a nature like yours it would before long become intolerable. The sense of responsibility weighs heavily on the mind, and one feels imprisoned and weary. You will naturally ask why I gave up the place. It is not on account of ill-health, for I was never better in my life than now, except in the matter of my eyes, which refuse to do any work by candle-light; but I want to try the effect of change on my mind, and of freedom

<sup>1</sup> Dessau, 1854.

<sup>2</sup> Longfellow's resignation was accepted on Aug. 26, 1854.

<sup>3</sup> Emmanuel Vitalis Scherb, German-speaking immigrant from Basel. Introduced at Craigie House, 1848. Well-versed in literature; admired, consulted, and frequently entertained by Longfellow. Suggested subject of *New England Tragedies*. In 1860 called to Charleston, S. C., as Universalist pastor.

<sup>4</sup> Maximilian (Baron) Schele de Vere, born in Sweden, November 1, 1820. Studied in Berlin and Bonn (Ph.D., 1841), and entered Prussian military and diplomatic service. 1843, came to U. S. September, 1844, elected Professor of Modern Languages at the University of Virginia. Retired from active service, 1895. Died at Washington, D. C., May 10, 1898.

from routine. Household occupations, children, relatives, friends, strangers, and college lectures, so completely fill up my days that I have no time for poetry; and, consequently, the last two years have been very unproductive with me. I am not, however, very sure nor very sanguine about the result.

Your friend Dr. Beck, who always remembers and speaks of you with great interest and regard, retired from the college some year or two ago. He leads a quiet, unobtrusive life, takes his daily afternoon walk by my door, in thick shoes and drab gaiters, and seems to enjoy his leisure. Calvert is "Lord Mayor" of Newport; and Newport is one of the pleasantest towns in the whole land. On the first ballot at the election there was no choice. Calvert refrained from voting. On the second he voted for himself, and was elected by a majority of *one!* He is a thoroughly good fellow, and a good "Lord Mayor of Newport." I have now four children, —two boys and two girls. The oldest is "Charles the Bold," aged ten; the second "Ernest the Gentle," aged eight; the third Alice, a dark damsel with blue eyes; the fourth the baby—to be christened tomorrow by the name of Edith.

Write me again soon. Tell me of *your* children, how they look—how their mother looks, how you look, that I may know whether this portrait which hangs before me<sup>1</sup> is still like you.

With much love to Ida,  
Ever affectionately yours,  
Henry W. Longfellow.

[ 40 ]

Cambridge, April 25, 1855.

My dear Freiligrath,

I have been long hoping to hear from you, that you had made some satisfactory arrangement with Mr. Peabody; but as no letter comes from you I begin to fear that the negotiation has failed, which I should be very sorry to hear. Meanwhile the Professorship has been disposed of; not to anyone of the original candidates but to a new comer, who had not been even thought of till the last moment, namely Lowell, the Poet, a great friend of mine, who all of a sudden developed a brilliant talent for lecturing and astonished the town last winter with a course of lectures on Poetry. Whereupon the College immediately laid hold of him and made him my successor.

For my own part, I am enjoying my freedom very highly; and I think it has been well for me to give up a kind of work which had grown wear-

<sup>1</sup> See Note 2, p. 1243.

some. Since I left the College I have not been idle. I have two volumes of poems nearly ready for the press, and both will probably be published before the year is out. One is a collection of lyrics; the other a long poem, a narrative based upon Indian Legends—the hero a kind of American Prometheus—which I count very much upon your liking. Will you try to do so? I will write you more of this anon. Meanwhile write to me. This I send through my friend Hawthorne,<sup>1</sup> consul at Liverpool, whom I wish very much you should know. I have written to him to find you, if he ever goes to London. How had I better direct my letters to you? I have two or three addresses and am getting confused. This shall go to Sutton Place, where your last was dated.

With kindest regards to your wife,

Ever yours,  
H. W. L.

P.S. Don't prepay your letters. I will attend to that.

[ 41 ]

London, December 7, [and December 21,] 1855.<sup>2</sup>

Are you not chuckling over the war which is waging in the (London) *Athenaeum* about the measure of Hiawatha?<sup>3</sup> Of course William Howitt is right; and your trochaic metre is taken from the Finns, not from the Spaniards. The very moment I looked into the book I exclaimed,—

Launawatar, Frau die alte,

and was laughing with you again over the pages of the *Finnische Runen*,<sup>4</sup> as thirteen years ago on the Rhine. The characteristic feature, which shows that you have fetched the metre from the Finns, is the *parallelism* adopted so skilfully and so gracefully in *Hiawatha*. I wonder that just this decisive circumstance is overlooked by all the combatants. It settles the question at once.

<sup>1</sup> Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804–1864), the novelist, was appointed United States Consul to Liverpool in 1853.

<sup>2</sup> Fragment, from S. Longfellow's *Life of H. W. L.* The original is lost.

<sup>3</sup> The *Athenaeum* for Nov. 10, 1855, opened with a long and favorable review of *Hiawatha*. On Nov. 17, William Howitt followed with an article pointing out the connection between the meter of *Hiawatha* and that of the Finnish epic *Kalevala*. On Dec. 1, a contributor ("W. S.") objected to this view, because of the lack of alliteration in Longfellow's poem, and indicated the influence of Spanish models. The two following numbers of the *Athenaeum* brought controversial articles by Howitt and "W.S." On Dec. 15, W. Brockie supported the theory of a Finnish model. On Dec. 29 was published a communication from Freiligrath, "The Measure of *Hiawatha*," which strongly confirmed Howitt's views, and brought forward the fact that Longfellow had studied the *Finnische Runen* in 1842.

<sup>4</sup> See Note 1, p. 1244.

December 21. The controversy is still raging. After a month's itching of my writing fingers I shall break forth in to-morrow's *Athenaeum*. I trust the way in which I do so may be liked and approved by you.

F. Freiligrath.

[ 42 ]

Cambridge, Jan. 11, 1856

My dear Freiligrath,

Both of your letters came safely; and you would have received an answer of the first by this time, but last week there was no steamer from America or rather none from Boston.

I am truly delighted to know that you are translating *Hiawatha*. I did not dare to hope so much—still less to suggest it; but I had a secret wish in my heart that it might be so; and lo! it is, and I am very very grateful to you.

Your article on the metre of this poem is excellent, and ought to end the controversy. It needs only one paragraph more, to make it complete; and that is the statement that *parallelism* belongs to Indian poetry as well as to Finnish, and not only belongs to it, but in like manner is the "rule and law of it." And this is my justification—if any be needed—for adopting it in "*Hiawatha*." Inclosed you will find some specimens.

All the Indian words are Ojibway, except some of the proper names; as

Minnehaha,—Dacotah

Unktahee Do.

*Hiawatha* is Iroquois. I chose it instead of *Manabazho* (Ojibway) for sake of euphony. It means "the *Wise Seer*, or *Prophet*"—*Hiawatha* the Wise.

The book has been greatly successful; the fifteenth thousand is going to press next week. Pretty well for two months! I told the publisher to send you a copy of the last edition and one to Mr. Bogue. There are some verbal changes, which are important.

Bogue's Shilling Edition:

Page 14, line 9, for *heron* read *curlew*.

" 20, last line, and elsewhere for *Wahonomia* read *Wahonowin*.

" 17, line 9, instead of

*In the moon when nights are brightest*  
read

*To the melancholy North-land.*

Page 59, last line, for *nests* read *haunts*—the same, ten lines above.

Page 154, line 20, for *Omeme the pigeon* read *the pigeon the Omeme*; the accent is on the first e.

(“Nur ein wenig mehr *acsong*, wenn ich bitten darf”) Herr Oberkellner at St. Goar:

He the Silly  
Headwaiter at the Lily  
At the Inn of St. Goar.

If you happen to meet Mr. Howitt, I beg you to thank him for his friendly words in the *Athenaeum*. Who is W. S.?<sup>1</sup> I wish I could get all the Articles on the metre of *Hiawatha*. Perhaps Bogue would send them to me. Could you only see the blatant absurdities that have been written on the subject here!—I will walk backwards and throw the mantle of silence over them!<sup>2</sup> [Signature lacking]

[Enclosure]:

Songs of the Jossakeeds, or Indian Prophets; from Schoolcraft's *History of the Indian Tribes*, p. 398:

At the place of light,  
At the end of the sky,  
I the great spirit  
Come and hang  
Bright sign.

(Chorus of strongly accented and deeply uttered syllables).

Lo! with the sound of my voice,  
The prophet's voice,  
I make my sacred lodge to shake,  
By unseen hand my lodge to shake  
My sacred lodge.

I am the living body of the great Spirit above,  
The Great Spirit, the Ever-living Spirit above,  
The living body of the Great Spirit,  
Whom all must heed.

[ 43 ]

Cambridge Feb. 12, 1856.<sup>3</sup>

My Dear Freiligrath,

I wrote you a month ago, sending you orders on Bogue and Routledge for the two portraits.

The Pipe from the Red Stone Quarry, I have taken measures to get and if it arrives in season, Bayard Taylor will be your Meshinauwa<sup>4</sup> as he goes to England in the Spring.

<sup>1</sup> See Note 3, p. 1280.

<sup>2</sup> The following quotations are in support of parallelism in Indian poetry.

<sup>3</sup> Original recently acquired by Craigie House. Text supplied by Mr. H. W. L. Dana.

<sup>4</sup> “Pipe-bearer.”

Meanwhile I send you inclosed a fidibus<sup>1</sup> to light this Pipe with—when you get it! It is a strip from what Bogue sent me as copyright.

That was a very clever parody on *Hiawatha* in *Punch*. Do you know the author?

I have written to Westermann and Co., German booksellers in New York, about reprinting your translation. But they say, in answer, that all the Germans who read such books in this country, understand English; and he is afraid to undertake [it]. I think he is wrong; and that this book would have a large Publikum in the West.

With kindest regards to your dear wife, and kisses to the children,

Ever thine

H.W.L.

P.S. Ticknor is printing the twentieth thousand of *Hiawatha*.

[ 44 ]

March 7, 1856.<sup>2</sup>

I was truly pleased to learn that my translating *Hiawatha* gives you some satisfaction, and that you approved, too, of my letter about the metre, in the *Athenaeum*.

This letter, it appears, has really ended the controversy,—at least none of the controversialists whom it tried to pacify has come forward against it. For this reason I did not deem it fit to take up the subject once more, and to give to the public the interesting details about *Indian* parallelism which I found in your first letter; but I shall, of course, make use of them in the preface of my translation.

The portraits (which you had even the great attention to have framed and glazed) are excellent,—each in its kind; but I prefer Bogue's. There is more of the good, earnest, straightforward, and honest expression of your face in it than in Routledge's. The latter is now in my wife's room; Bogue's I have kept for my study. And the children, who admire both prints, know very well that they represent but one man,—a poet-friend of their father, far away beyond the sea; and very often, when at play under one of the portraits, they may be overheard, how the theme of their childish prattle is

—the gentle Chibiabos,  
He the best of all musicians,  
He the sweetest of all singers.<sup>3</sup>

Always thine,  
F. Freiligrath.

<sup>1</sup> Paper lamp-lighter; here, doubtless, a bank-check.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Note 2, p. 1280.

<sup>3</sup> *Hiawatha*, vi.

[ 45 ]

Nahant. Aug 12<sup>1</sup>

My Dear Freiligrath,

1856

I should have written you long ago, but for two reasons: first, that I expected by this time to be shaking you by the hand in London; and second, that a Mr. Röhr lately from England told me you had left Hackney, but could not give me your address.

Yes; two months ago we were actually starting for England. Our passages were engaged in the Steamer, when on going in to secure our state-rooms, I struck my knees, and the physician said I must not think of going till I was well; and the plan was abandoned. And here I am by the sea-side, still a cripple, and getting well so slowly that I can hardly perceive any change. So much for "*los empeños de un acaso!*"<sup>2</sup>

A thousand thanks for the specimens of your translation of *Hiawatha* in the *Morgenblatt*. They are admirable, and if the remainder is as good, as I am sure it is, your version will be as if taken from the original on blotting-paper, the language only being changed in the process. I detect only one slight error; that is in the description of Spring, speaking of the bee, the stinging-fly, the Ahmo, which are one and the same, you seem to make them *two* by the word *and*. Am I right?

I trust that by this time Co[tt]a] has done his part of the work, and that ere long I shall have the whole duly done up in a book.

Thanks, also, for the portrait of your daughter. A sweet face, full of sensibility and goodness. Ah, the dear children! I hope they are by the sea-side, as mine are, revelling in the water, and laying up health for the more in-door life of Winter. To help you carry out such a purpose, and give them a holiday, I beg you to draw on me for twenty pounds. I dare say that Mr. Bogue will pay the draft; or Mr. Sturgis, house of Baring Brothers. I would send you a draft, but can not get one at Nahant, and by delay should lose this steamer.

With much love to you and yours; and much curiosity to know what you are doing, and whether this will reach you at Hackney,

Every thine

F. Freiligrath, Esq.

Henry W. Longfellow

[ 46 ]

January 29, 1857.<sup>3</sup>

[Longfellow to Freiligrath]:

Your two letters announcing your *Hiawatha* came long ago, but the

<sup>1</sup> Compare Note 3, p. 1282.

<sup>2</sup> *The Complications of an Accident*: (title of a comedy by Calderón).

<sup>3</sup> Compare Note 2, p. 1280.

poem itself only two days since,—too late to thank you by the America. I have been waiting for it impatiently; and its not arriving is my reason for not writing sooner. It is admirable, this translation of yours, as I knew it would be from the samples sent before. A thousand and a thousand thanks for it, and may Cotta pay you, as the broker paid Guzman de Alfarache, in money *sahumada, y lavada con agua de ángeles*.<sup>1</sup>

A passage was changed in the proofs which I sent to Bogue, and which he promised to hand to you. It is in the description of the sturgeon. This was changed to—

As above him Hiawatha  
In his birch canoe came sailing,  
With his fishing line of cedar,—

because the sturgeon, I found, was never guilty of the crime of frightening or eating his fellow-fishes.

What you say, in the preface, of the close of the poem is very true. The contact of Saga and History is too sudden. But how could I remedy it unless I made the poem very much longer? I felt the clash and concussion, but could not prevent nor escape it.

And now, my dear Freiligrath, tell me about yourself and your own household.

Write me out all the names and ages of your children over again. I like to keep pace with them from year to year. Here are mine . . .

Pardon me; as an author, I have written them out like the table of contents to a volume of lyric poems.

The last year was not fruitful in poems to me. Still I hope to make up for it this year, and to have a small volume ready by autumn. Once more let me satisfy my own heart by thanking you for your labor of love on this book. Kindest regards to your wife, and a kiss all round to the children.

[ 47 ]

London, April 2, 1857.<sup>2</sup>

My dear Longfellow;—

Many thanks for the friendly reception you gave my translation of *Hiawatha*. I am happy that you think well of it and that it gave you some pleasure. As regards the *agua de ángeles* mentioned by you, Cotta pours it out rather drippingly.

The passage you pointed out to me I have not found in the proofs sent by Bogue. Never mind. On the Rhine it is generally believed that the

<sup>1</sup> "Perfumed with incense, and bathed in the water of the angels;" from *Guzmán de Alfarache*, picaresque novel by Mateo Alemán.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Note 2. p. 1280.

sturgeon follows the salmon up the river in order to destroy it. In books of natural history I find that the sturgeon is considered a fish of prey. Even if it should not be so, no great harm is done. Little inaccuracies of this kind must never be wanting in a work of genius. They are the bones for the critical curs to gnaw at.

I have read with much pleasure the Index of your children. How I wished that I could see the book itself,—the sweet, fresh poems, of whom, I am sure, you feel prouder even than of your printed poetry. What a blessing and happiness are children. Here you have the “table of contents” or better still, the *catalogue raisonné* of my living works . . . . Oh, the dear little flock! As to me, I am in good health and tolerable spirits; plodding at the Bank, writing for the *Athenaeum*, doing now and then a little in the way of rhyming; but alas very little! Business and London are too much for the *poet* Freiligrath. . . .

So much for to-day. God bless you and yours, my dear old friend! Shall I see you (and them) this summer?

Ever yours,  
F. Fth.

[ 48 ]

November 3, 1857.<sup>1</sup>

[Longfellow to Freiligrath]:

. . . Some *mauvais plaisant* or penniless penny-a-liner must have invented the paragraph about my eyes; they are neither better nor worse than they have been for some years,—since 1843; that is, *herzlich schlecht* for all purposes of work, but otherwise giving me no pain nor trouble. If I leave them alone, they let me alone; but when I want them to do me the favor of reading or writing in the evening, they decline. This crowds all my writing into a few morning hours, and plays the very mischief with my correspondence.

I sometimes think that another summer on the Rhine, with a judicious mixture of Water-cure and Grape-cure, would make all right again. But all visions of travel float away and dissolve like a beautiful mirage. The trouble there is in getting my babies to Nahant in summer, with all the go-carts and nurses, warns me of the perils of any long journey, and admonishes me to “let *well* alone.” Therefore, though thy parlor fireside looks very tempting, and thou standest with both hands full of cigars, and like the “Skeleton in Armor,”—

Streckst wie ein Supplicant  
Nach mir sie aus dir,

<sup>1</sup> Compare Note 2, p. 1280.

alas, I cannot come! I can only send you friendliest and most affectionate greetings, for the present. Can you tell me anything of A. R. Nials?<sup>1</sup> He has sent me a translation of my Lyrics, very cleverly done, I think. . . .

[ 49 ]

December 14, 1858.

My dear Poet,

As my wife is writing to her sister in London, I slip this in to say "Good morning." Bayard Taylor was here at supper last night; said he saw you in London, looking well and handsome,—therein confirming the report of the *Weser Zeitung* and Julius Rodenberg.<sup>2</sup> This was pleasant for me to hear, and gave a grace to our roasted chestnuts and Chablis.

Has Child<sup>3</sup> made his appearance at your door? And have you smoked the Kinnekanik in the redstone pipe?—so rude and simple, and with its small capacity of holding tobacco,—suggestive of the self-denial of the Indian. Only a thimbleful! I suppose filling it often helped the savage to pass the time pleasantly; as making his *cigarillos* helps the Spaniard to "kill the enemy." You were disappointed, of course. You expected a pipe-stem flaunting with feathers and red beads and the like. So did I. But it came in this simple guise, and so I sent it. Ka-ge-ga-gáh-bowh is still extant. But I fear he is developing the Pau-puk-keewis<sup>4</sup> element rather strong!

Find time to write me a good long letter all about yourself,—the life you lead, the books you read.

Did you ever hear of the Baroness of Hohenhausen, at Frankfort on the Oder? and do you know anything of her translation of *The Golden Legend*?<sup>5</sup>

With much love to your wife,

Ever yours,  
H.W.L.

[ 50 ]

March 14, 1861.

My dear Freiligrath,

After so long a silence, these friendly lines from you are doubly welcome. Not less so the portrait,—a strong face, which I like better than

<sup>1</sup> Wrongly printed for (August Rudolf) Nielo, of Brunswick. His *Balladen und Lieder von Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* (Münster, 1857) was sent to the poet on July 7, 1857, with a letter asking for an explanation of certain obscure allusions.

<sup>2</sup> Julius Rodenberg (1831–1914). Later, the gifted editor of the *Deutsche Rundschau*.

<sup>3</sup> Prof. Francis J. Child (1825–1896) of Harvard, editor of *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*.

<sup>4</sup> The triſter in *Hiawatha*.

<sup>5</sup> Elise, Baronin von Hohenhausen, corresponded with L. concerning her translation, *Die Goldene Legende*, in 1857 and 1867. It was published in Leipzig, 1880.

the early one in the frogged frock-coat, so long my silent companion in my study. You wonder I did not thank you for it sooner; but I never even heard of it till your letter came. Fields<sup>1</sup> forgot it, or neglected it; and when called to account, confessed, "Oh, yes; it is at the bottom of my trunk. I put it there to keep it smooth." So you have been kept smooth for six months,—“like General Monk, lying in a trunk.”<sup>2</sup> Thanks!

Thanks, also, for the quaint *editio princeps* of Bürger's *Prinzessin Europa*, which will enrich my small collection of curious books; and for the Coleridge. I have read your memoir of the poet carefully, and with much satisfaction. In short space, you give a very clear outline of the poet and the man. I see nothing to add, or to omit, nor to criticize, except the last line on p. ix, where instead of “would have been,” I should say “was.”

Your old political friend called.<sup>3</sup> He wants to be made consul at Antwerp; and I wrote<sup>4</sup> to my friend Senator Sumner on the subject, which was all I could do for him. What his chances are I do not know.—Do not be alarmed at our political trouble.<sup>5</sup> You do not know our Southern brethren so well as I do. It is nothing but “boys playing soldiers.” They like it; and nobody at the North is very much frightened.

How much I should like to see you again; and your wife, and your children! As I can not come to you, I send my photograph.

With kindest and pleasantest and most affectionate memories,

Ever yours,  
H.W.L.

[ 51 ]

April 28, 1862.

My dear Freiligrath,

Pardon me for not having answered your letter<sup>6</sup> of last summer, which comforted and strengthened me with its words of sympathy. I have not had the heart to write; nor have I now, save my thanks and my affectionate remembrances to you and your dear wife. It makes my fatal wound<sup>7</sup> ache and bleed too much. So forgive me if I say no more than that I am still overwhelmed and crushed.

<sup>1</sup> James T. Fields (1817–1881), the Boston publisher.

<sup>2</sup> Mon(c)k's body lay forgotten for some four months before his pompous funeral in Westminster Abbey, April 30, 1670.

<sup>3</sup> A Mr. Post.

<sup>4</sup> On February 13, 1861.

<sup>5</sup> Preceding the Civil War, 1861–1865.

<sup>6</sup> Not preserved.

<sup>7</sup> The tragic death of Mrs. Longfellow occurred on July 10, 1861.

I have no definite plans for the future, but drift along from day to day through these bitter waters. It is very difficult to build up again such a shattered life. It crumbled away like sand. But I try, and am patient; though, having seen what I have seen, I wonder I am still alive. My children are all well, and that comforts me, and gives me courage.

Thanks for the *Skizzen aus Nord Amerika*. Do you know the author, Dr. Kohl?<sup>1</sup> He is a very admirable, excellent man.

I hope that you and yours are all well and happy. God bless you and guard you!—prays ever,

Your affectionate  
H.W.L.

[ 52 ]

Cambridge,  
May 24, 1867.

My dear Freiligrath,

You must have thought me very ungrateful never to have thanked you for your kind reception of my boy<sup>2</sup> in London, so long ago, and for the charming photographs of your family, which you sent me on his return. My only excuse is, that of late years I have almost given up writing letters; and when one gets out of the habit of doing a thing, it becomes difficult.

From time to time, as I have published a book in London, I have never failed to tell Routledge to send a copy to you. I hope he has always done so; and that you have received the *Wayside Inn*, the *Flower de Luce*, and lastly, the translation of the *Divina Commedia*, of which two volumes have been published, and the third will appear in June.

I hope, my dear Freiligrath, that we shall some day meet again; and I wish that it could be on the Rhine. I always remember our last evening at St. Goar, when we paced to and fro on the banks of the river till near midnight; and all that we said. I have always loved you, and never for a moment has my feeling abated or changed. I beg you to write me about yourself, about your dear wife, about your dear children. I have only just heard of some disasters to your bank, and I venture to come to your aid with the enclosed.<sup>3</sup>

Of what I have been through, during the last six years, I dare not venture to write even to you; it is almost too much for any man to bear

<sup>1</sup> Dr. J. G. Kohl (1808–1878), traveler, geographer; State Librarian of Bremen after 1863. Visited Cambridge in 1857.

<sup>2</sup> Ernest W. Longfellow, the second son, born Nov. 23, 1845.

<sup>3</sup> One of various tactful remittances. Freiligrath's replies have all been destroyed.

and live. I have taken refuge in this translation of the *Divine Comedy*, and this may give it perhaps an added interest in your sight.

With kindest remembrances to your wife and family,

Ever affectionately yours,

Henry W. Longfellow.

[ 53 ]

Nahant, August 12, 1867.

My Dear Freiligrath,

I have received and read with great eagerness and pleasure your three letters, in which you give me exactly the kind of information I wanted about yourself and your family; so that I feel now as if I really knew your children as well as you and your wife. I have read also with the deepest interest the several accounts, in the paper and pamphlet you were so kind as to send, of the honors done you in your native country.

The whole movement seems to be a national one; and I am delighted to see the German heart thus warm towards you. I can well imagine that some indiscreet individual may do or say something now and then which will not be exactly pleasant; but the whole movement is so honorable to you and to all concerned in it, and so spontaneous and universal that you ought to accept it with joy.

You are called back to your country as Dante wished to be to his,—by acclamation.<sup>1</sup> It is your coronation. How well you deserved it, it is not needful for me to say.

Do as you think best with what I sent. Your warning about the American Committees came too late. My name was already upon their list. I should feel very unhappy not to have it there; and very much ashamed of myself if it were not among the earliest, to show my good will and hearty co-operation.

Very curious and interesting is your discussion of that favorite metre of Burns; and your conclusion is doubtless perfectly correct. It came into Scotland with French claret, and both became equally popular. Very amusing and cleverly done are those lines on cleaning your study. I sympathize with you, as I suppose every bookish man must. But not every one gets his sorrows so well sung.

Many thanks for the various papers you have sent me from time to time. Mr. Brooks faithfully delivered his parcel. Miss Kate's<sup>2</sup> translation of your "*Westphalian Harvest Song*" is excellent, and the poem itself very beautiful.

<sup>1</sup> In addition, a fund of about 60,000 Taler was given Freiligrath.

<sup>2</sup> See Note 3, p. 1259.

No doubt, after a while you will gravitate back to the Continent;<sup>1</sup> but will it be to town or country? I confess I should find it hard to decide; but you may have certain attachments which will make the decision easy when the time comes. I do not wholly despair of meeting you again on the Rhine, though I confess the chances at present are somewhat against it.

I have at home a case of photographs of the family put away for you, waiting a chance to send. You shall have it soon.

With kindest regards to your wife and family,

Always affectionately,  
H.W.L.

[ 54 ]

April 5, 1873.

My dear Freiligrath,

I am deeply touched and grieved by the melancholy tidings<sup>2</sup> you send me. These are the sorrows to which all others are nothing. They change us. We can never be again what we were before, though we may seem so to the eyes of others. But we know that a part of ourselves is gone, and cannot come back again. I will not attempt to console you,—that is useless; but I suffer with you, and share your affliction.

Mrs. Dana and her daughters, to whom you have been so kind, and who are so grateful for all your kindness, write with the deepest sympathy, and speak of your son as “dear, sweet Otto Freiligrath.” I never saw him; yet from his expression, and his photograph, and his brother Wolfgang, I have a picture of him in my mind, and feel what your loss must be.

All this will not comfort you; but I know you will be courageous, and bear the inevitable with resignation.

I beg you to give my tenderest sympathies to your wife, and to think of me always as

Most affectionately yours,  
Henry W. Longfellow.

<sup>1</sup> In 1868, Freiligrath made his home at Cannstadt, near Stuttgart.

<sup>2</sup> The death of Freiligrath's son, Otto. See Letter 36.