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112 *AWAKE!*

vegetables, old and cold, wann and watery,
would be well lost for one or two delicate
.and attractive dishes? Man lives on fare,
not on bills of fare. One excellence is better
than twenty insipidities.

the Hotel of the Future, with what alacrj~
and good cheer shall we travel life's dull
round! _Are 1~y reque~ts _exorbitant? ~a
rather hke Chve, reviewmg the riches ~
Bengal, " I stand astonished at my own
When, to the comforts, conveniences, and moderation! "
refinements of the hotel of this present life,
.shall be added these few characteristics of
Who will be the first to display in Ibis
practical form the enthusiasm of humanity!

AWAK

WAKE, my beloved, the young day i. treading,
Blushing and fair, over fore t and lake,
Flowering Jif; in its foou tepts outspreacling-
ake, my beloved, awake!
Break the dull sleep; while love's spring-time is dawning,
Let us drink decp of it fleeting delight!
nder our feet at this moment i yawning
Dark, the ompassionless night.
Love, with it turbulent, mighty pul ation,
Thrill through my vein like a quickening heat;
All my young life with its streng aspiration,
All have I thrown at tn:· feet.
If the wild vi ion of rlory hould blind me,
Reach me thy hand lest I tumble and fall;
Darkness before me, and darkne behind me
Thou art my life and my all.
Sweet 'tis to breathe in the balm of thy pre ence,
weeter to feel the warm gaze of thine eye,
"While the fleet moments with bright efferve cence
Whi per their gladne s and die.
Then in the depths of my soul as in slumber,
Hear I great voices of world-shaking deeds,
And the pale day, with its cares without number,
Far from my vision recedes.
Ere I had seen thee, how tardily flowing
Stole_ from ~y breast the f~int notes of my song ;

Now, like spring freshets, their gate overthrowing,
 Roll the strong torrents along.
 Pale was my life, and the white mists above me
 Dimmed to my sight the soft splendor of May •
 Now, but a glimpse of the hope that you love me
 Lights and illumines my way.
 Darkling I stood; and tumultuous fancies
 Surged through my soul like black billows or night;
 Now, ~he wide future, in sun-lit expanses,
 Radiant bursts on my sight.
 Dost thou not see the dawn's beckoning finger,
 How the young light, like a full-swelling tide
 Breaks through its flood-gates? Oh, why dost' thou linger ?
 Wake, my beloved, my bride !

THE GOETHE HOUSE. E AT FRANKFORT. II3

THE GOETHE HOUSE AT FRANKFORT.

THE GOETHE HOUSE AT FRANKFORT.

THE Goethe house in the Hirschgraben
 at Frankfort-on-the-Main came into the possession
 of the Goethe family, and first began
 to have a history in the year 1733. In that
 year it was bought by Frederick George
 Goethe's widow, the poet's grandmother.
 The widow Goethe had inherited a handsome
 property from her first husband, the
 proprietor of the hotel "Zum Weidenhof."
 For her second husband she had married
 Frederick George Goethe, a tailor, who for
 her sake dropped the shears, and carried on the
 business of the hotel until he died in 1730,
 leaving his widow with two sons. In 1733
 the eldest son died, and in the same year
 the widow sold the hotel and bought this
 house in the Hirschgraben, to which she
 retired with her only remaining son, John
 Caspar, the poet's father. The house at
 that time consisted of two buildings, a large
 and a small one, the partition walls of which
 had been broken through, and the different
 levels of the floors overcome by steps. As
 long as the grandmother lived the house remained
 in this condition, but the poet's father
 was for many years busied with plans
 for its reconstruction. In 1754 the grandmother
 died, and in the following year the
 rebuilding ~vas begun, the future poet, at
 the age of six, dressed as a bricklayer, laying
 the corner-stone. In 1795 John Caspar
 Goethe's widow, the poet's mother, sold the
 house to Herr Blum, a wine merchant.
 Herr Blum sold it the same year- to the

widow of the Procurator Roessing. In the possession of the Roessing family the house VoL. XI.-8.

remained until 1863, when it was bought by public subscription, and placed in the hands of an association called the Free German Foundation (Freies Deutsches Hochstift), to be held by them in trust for the German people.

Such is the simple chronology of a house whose associations render it one of the most interesting in Germany. It has been restored as nearly as possible to its original condition, and its rooms are now used for society meetings and for the purposes of reading and study. Some few articles of the original furniture have with difficulty been secured, but the chief interest to the visitor is in recalling on the spot the story of Goethe's home life. Therefore, before describing these bare though speaking walls, we pause to consider the *dramatis persona* of the family circle in which grew up the wise poet, the reflection of whose genius has made them all illustrious.

The widow of Frederick George Goethe had spared no pains upon the education of her only remaining son, John Caspar. He had been sent to the gymnasium at Coburg, reputed one of the first schools of that day; went thence to the University at Leipsic, where he studied law, and, later, took the degree of Doctor-at-Law at the University of Giessen. A few years after he came with his mother to live in the house in the Hirschgraben, Dr. Goethe, then in his thirtieth year, made a journey to Italy. In the year 1740 a journey to Italy was an event, and it left upon the poet's father an ineffaceable impression. Twenty-six years after, when the poet in his turn was in Italy; he wrote from Naples: "I can forgive all those who go out of their wits in Naples, and remember with emotion my father, who received an indelible impression from these very objects which to-day I have seen for the first time; and as it is said that he to whom a ghost has appeared will never be joyous again, so in an opposite sense it might be said of him that he never could be unhappy, because he always in thought turned back

to Naples." The father brought home engravings, curiosities, collections, and bric-a-brac of many kinds. Views of, St. Peter's, the Castle of San Angelo, the Colosseum, etc., were hung about the house, and became associated with the poet's earliest recollections. The father's time and thoughts were
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occupied for many years in arranging his collections, and in writing out his diary in the Italian language with the greatest care and minuteness. He read, wrote, spoke, and sang Italian—in short, Italy became a very hobby with him for the rest of his life.

Dr. Goethe now anticipated taking a part in the world, but found his hopes quickly frustrated.

"My father," writes the poet, "as soon as he had returned from his travels, had, in accordance with his own peculiar character, formed the project—in order to prepare himself for the service of the city—of undertaking one of the subordinate offices and filling it without emolument, provided it were given him without his being subjected to the ballot. According to his way of thinking, and the conception he had of himself, and in the consciousness of his good intentions, he believed himself worthy of such a distinction, although, in fact, it was in accordance with neither law nor precedent. Consequently, when his request was refused, he fell into ill-humor and vexation—swore that he would never take any position whatever; and in order to render it impossible, procured for himself the title of Imperial Councilor (Kaiserlicher Rath), which the Chief Magistrate (Schultheiss) and the eldest judges bore as a special mark of distinction. In this way he made himself the equal of those in the highest positions, and could no longer begin at the bottom of the ladder."

The Imperial Councilor next turned his attention to matrimony, and sued for and obtained the hand of Catherine Elizabeth Textar, the daughter of the Schultheiss. The bride was not yet eighteen years old, twenty years younger than her husband nor was this difference ever compensated for by sympathy

m thought or feeling. The wife felt
 . herself to be, as was the fact, not so far separ-
 ted by years from her children as from
 her husband. She had married because her
 parents thought the offer an eligible one
 and she found herself in the hands of a
 stern, pedantic, solemn schoolmaster • for
 Rath Goethe's marriage brought out in him
 a second hobby, namely, the most rigid ped-
 gogy. He was a man with absolutely nothing
 to do, who had been carefully crammed
 with all the book-learning of his day, and it
 became with him a sort of monomania to
 impart his knowledge to others. The young
 wife, accordingly, at once set to work
 at writing from dictation, playing on the
 harpsichord, singing, studying Italian, etc.
 The birth of the poet brought her her first
 vacation but gradually, the children offering
 a fresh field for the pedagogue's labors, the
 wife's education came to be looked upon as
 completed. Goethe thus sketches the situation:
 "A father, certainly affectionate and well-meaning,
 but grave, who, because he cherished
 within a very tender heart, manifested
 outwardly, with incredible persistency, a
 brazen sternness, that he might attain the
 end of giving his children the best education,
 and of building up, regulating and preserving
 his well-founded house. A mother,
 on the other hand, still almost a child, who
 first grew into consciousness with and in
 her two eldest children. These three, as
 they looked out on the world with healthy
 glances, felt a capacity for life and a longing
 for present enjoyment. This contradiction
 floating in the family increased with years,
 My father followed out his views unshaken
 and uninterrupted ; the mother and children
 could not give up their feelings, their claims,
 their desires."

The poet, in recurring to his boyhood,
 naturally dwells upon his father's severity,
 which was the paramount impression of that
 period of his life. But we should not be
 unjust to Rath Goethe; he was a man to
 be respected, though not beloved; if formality
 and sternness be faults, at least they
 lean toward virtue's side, and as far as instru-
 tion goes, he had not simply a passion
 for it, but great talent. The education that

he gave his son was, it is true, very different from that the son would have obtained in any school of that day or this, and seems very desultory and imperfect to those accustomed to the rigid uniformity of schools. Music, drawing, reading, writing, dancing, history, geography, fencing, languages, ancient, modern, and Oriental-everything seemed to be going on at once. Yet this want of method in so methodical a man suited the universality of the son's genius, which it might have been difficult to bind down to the routine of a school. Rath Goethe did not pay much attention to the order in which the studies were pursued so that the child was always busied with something which he thought important. It was one of the characteristics of Goethe's activity of mind that he could all his life spring from one subject to another, even the most diverse; but it was also a part of his nature to busy himself about half a dozen different things almost at the same time, and

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leave them all incomplete. This trait must have been a severe trial to the father, for his rule was, that everything begun should be completed, and if a book which he had chosen to be read aloud in the family circle proved never so tedious, it must be read through, even if he were himself the first to set the example of yawning. In spite of the many-sidedness of Goethe's mind, there was little place there for mathematics, a line of thought which was not very far pursued in his education, and which he never could appreciate. Later in life, when mathematicians offered to prove by geometric formulæ that his theory of colors was false, he could not comprehend them, and believed that they were trifling with him. He approached the problems of nature, not as an unimpassioned investigator, but as a poet, and the wonderful generalizations which he made in botany and anatomy, theories which are now accepted and acknowledged, sprang from his intense poetic conception of the necessary unity of nature.

Not a ray of the poet's genius can be traced to his father; in the son's youth and

young manhood the joyous disposition and lively imagination which he received from his mother were his most conspicuous qualities ; but as he grew o!d, he came more and more to resemble bis father, and in the dignified formality of what was called Goethe's " official manner," the old Frankfort Councilor seems to appear again before us.

The rebuilding of the house was one of the great events of Goethe's childhood. The family remained in it through nearly the whole period of the work. The upper stories were supported, and the house rebuilt from below upward. Goethe writes:

" This new epoch was a very surprising and remarkable one for the children. To see falling before the mason's pick and the carpenter's axe the rooms in which they had been so often cooped up and pestered with wearisome lessons and tasks, the passages in which they had played, the walls for whose cleanliness and preservation so much care had been taken, to see this wor~ going on from below upward while they were suspended, as it were, in the air, propped up on beams, and yet all the time to be held to an appointed lesson, to a definite task- all this broug):i.t a confusion into our young heads which it was not so easy to clear away again. But the inconveniences were felt less by the young people because they had more space for play than before, and had many opportunities of b_alancing on rafters ap.d playing at see-saw w!th the boards."

The rebuilding was begun in the spring of 1755, and was at least so far completed before the winter that the family could resume their usual course of life. Much remained to be clone for the adornment and completion of the **interior**. The father's books were re-arranged, and the pictures, which had been scattered through the house, were collected together, set in black and gilt. frames, and hung in one room in symmetrical order. • With the Herr Rath's inteme love of order and minute attention to details, all these arrangements, • together with the decorating and furnishing of.the rooms, were extended over a long period of time. In the course of this work so much that was superfluous was found, that the Herr Rath

(who never allowed anything to be lost) determined to have a sale by auction, at which, among other things, he sold his mother's clothes and house-linen. The following advertisement appeared in the "Frankfort Advertiser;" April 25th, 1758:

"By superior authority, on the coming Monday, May 1st, and the following days, at the house of Rath Goethe, in the Grosse Hirschgraben, will be sold, by the sworn auctioneer, to the highest bidder, various movables in the following order: First, several fire-arms, among them a *newmousqueton*; next, various articles of wood-work, together with a still serviceable lattice* for a house-door, three large house-clocks; then, tin and brass articles, &c. Further, several empty casks; next, a violin and an ebony flute traversiere; further, a number of law, practical and historical books, and among these a set of the well-known 'Elzevir Republics,' together with about one hundred and eighty-two unbound complete copies of D. Wahl's 'Dissert. de usufr. conjugum pacitio;' further, several silk and cotton dresses; and lastly, a moderate assortment of good linen articles, mostly for women, as well as various articles not included under the above heads."

Turning to the year 1794, in Goethe's diary we find a pleasant retrospect of the reconstructed, refurnished home. Nearly forty years have passed away since all were so busy with its refurnishing. The Herr Rath is long since dead; the French Revolution has come, with the troublous times which followed it, and Goethe's mother begins to find the large house a source of anxiety and care.

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lution has come, with the troublous times which followed it, and Goethe's mother begins to find the large house a source of anxiety and care.

"The handsome citizen's house which my mother had enjoyed since my father's death had been a burden to her ever since the beginning of hostilities, although she had not ventured to acknowledge it; yet during my last year's visit I had explained her situation to her, and urged her to free herself

from such a burden. But just at that time it was unadvisable to do what one felt to be necessary. A house newly built within a life-time a convenient and becoming citizen's residence a well-cared for wine cellar, household articles of all kinds and in good taste for their time; collections of books, pictures, copper plates, maps, rarities, small objects of art and curiosities; very many remarkable things which my father out of inclination and knowledge had collected about him as opportunity offered, all was still there together; it all, by place and position, was conveniently and usefully united, and only as a whole had it acquired worth. Thinking of it as divided and scattered, one must necessarily fear to see it wasted or lost."

This dispersion, which Goethe looked forward to with pain, took place in the next year, 1795.

One enters the Goethe mansion from the street by three steps, and comes into a large hall extending the whole depth of the house from front to rear. On the right are rooms which were used for store-rooms and for the servants; on the left are the kitchen, in the rear, and the family dining-room, toward the street. In the latter occurred the well-known tragic-comic barber scene. It was at the time when Klopstock's "Messiah" was in the height of its popularity. Rath Goethe had been educated in the opinion, very prevalent in his day, that poetry and rhyme were inseparable; and as the "Messiah" was not written in rhyme, it was very plain to him that it could not be poetry, and he would have none of it. A friend of the family, at the same time an enthusiast for Klopstock, smuggled the book into the house. The mother and children were delighted with it, and the latter learned large portions of it by heart. Goethe relates: "We divided between us the wild despairing dialogue between Satan and Adramelech, who have been cast into the Red Sea. The first part, as the most violent, fell to my share; the second, a little more pathetic my sister undertook. The alternate curse, horrible indeed yet well sound, thus flowed from our lips, and we seized

every opportunity to greet each other with these infernal phrases. . . .

" It was a Saturday evening in winter.

My father always had himself shaved by candle-light, in order to be able Sunday morning to dress for church at his leisure.

We sat on a footstool behind the stove, and while the barber put on the lather, murmured in moderately low tones our customary imprecations. But now Adramelech had to lay iron hands on Satan. My sister seized me violently, and recited softly enough, but with increasing passion:

" Give me thine aid, I entreat *thee*; will worship thee if thou requirest-

Thee, thou monster abandoned; yes, thee, of all criminals blackest.

Aid *me*; I suffer the tortures of death, which is vengeful, eternal.

Once, in the time gone by, with a hot, fierce hate I could hate thee,

Now I can hate thee no more. Even this, the sharpest of tortures.'

"Thus far everything had gone tolerably well; but loudly, with a terrible voice, she shouted out the following word

"O, wie bin ich zermalmt !

Oh, how am I crushed !'

" The good barber was startled and upset the lather basin over my father's breast.

There was a great uproar, and a severe investigation was held, especially in view of

the mischief that might have resulted had the shaving been actually going forward.

In order to remove from ourselves all suspicion of wantonness, we confessed to our satanic characters, and the misfortune occasioned by the hexameters was too apparent for them not to be anew condemned and banished."

The wide staircase begins in the large hall on the ground floor, and leads on each story to a spacious antechamber or hall, out of which all the rooms open. These antechambers on each floor, with large windows toward the garden or court, are frequently referred to by Goethe as having been the delight of his childhood. In them the family passed much of their time during the warm season of the year, and the children found there ample space for play. On the

second floor were the "best rooms." We learn in an early chapter of "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" that they had what was called English furniture, and wall-paper of a Chinese pattern. Hardly had the old Rath got them furnished to his mind when the Seven Years' War broke out; Frankfort was occupied by the French, and the Count Thorane from Provence was billeted upon him. The Count, a well-bred and highly cultivated nobleman, did everything in his power to make his presence as little burdensome as possible, and even refrained from hanging up his maps on the Chinese wallpaper. The friends of the family were never wearied in dwelling on the Herr Rath's good fortune that so gentlemanly an occupant had fallen to his lot. But the Herr Rath would listen to no palliative suggestions; he was almost beside himself with rage at seeing his best rooms, the apple of his eye, seized upon by strangers and enemies; and, added to this, he was so fierce a partisan for "Old Fritz," that during the whole time of the Count's stay, which extended to about three years, Rath Goethe went about with a thorn in his flesh, and on one occasion gave vent to his long-suppressed wrath in such terms that only the urgent intercessions of his wife and friends saved him from immediate arrest. The mother and children were at once on the best of terms with the Count, who often sent the children cake and ices from his table; but the ices, to the children's great distress, the mother always threw out of the window, declaring, in her honest simplicity, that she did not believe the human stomach could digest ice, be it ever so much sweetened. Goethe dwells at some length on this very important period of his boyhood, and the influences upon his own growth and development which arose from Count Thorane's residence in his father's house. The rooms which the Count occupied consist of one large central drawing-room having four windows to the street, with rooms opening out of it (two on each side; that on the left having two windows, and the smaller one on the right but one. The

Count was subject to fits of dejection or hypochondria, at which times he would retire for days and see no one but his servant. He filled the post of Lieutenant du Roi, a sort of Judge-Advocate, whose business it was to decide upon all cases of strife arising between soldiers or between soldiers and citizens ; but when his hypochondria seized him, not the most urgent cases could draw him from the little one-windowed nest to the right of the drawing-room, which he had chosen for his "growlery." The family learned from the servant's gossip that the Count once, when this fit was on him had given what he afterward thought a very unrighteous decision, and hence his determination to retire entirely at such seasons from all participation in human affairs.

Passing up the stairs from the second to the third floor, we notice the monograms J. C. G., C. E. G., in the wrought-iron stair railing. We cross the cheerful antechamber and come to the apartments which the family occupied. The division of the rooms is slightly different from that on the floor below, the central room being smaller, with but three windows, the side rooms having each two. The central room was the family drawing-room; here, as has been mentioned, all the pictures were hung after the rebuilding, hence it was usually called the "picture-room." Count Thorane, a great lover of art, hearing the picture-room spoken of on the night of his arrival, insisted upon seeing it at once, and went over each picture with a candle in his hand. To the left of the picture-room was the Herr Rath's library, study, and special sanctum. Besides its two front windows it has a little window in the side wall, giving a good view up the street. A few lines in the Autobiography explain its use. "I slipped home," Goethe writes, "by a roundabout way, for on the side toward the kleiner Hirschgraben my father, not without the opposition of his neighbor, had had a small *guckfenster* (peep-hole) made in the wall; this side we avoided when we did not wish him to see us coming home." To the right of the picture-room was the Frau Rath's sitting-room, and behind and communicating with it,

looking toward the court, the parents' bedroom,-
the room • in which the poet was
born,-and in the wing; still further in the
rear, the children's bedroom.

On the fourth floor we come to the Mansard
rooms,-the poet's rooms,-which re-
• quire a few words of preface. From the
time of its sale in 1795 by Goethe's mother
until the death of the poet in 1832, the
Goethe house seems to have been little
thought of. But the renewed interest in a
great man's history which is always awakened
by his death, brought again into notice
the house in which Goethe was born.

The Roessing family, in whose possession it
was, were at first very much astonished at
the frequent applications to see the house.

The first one occurred in the year after
Goethe's death, and, from that time, the
number of visitors increased day by da:y.

There is on the fourth floor a small atnc
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room to which some obscure tradition was
attached as having been . Goet~•s ro<;>m.

The Roessings accepted thls tradltl~n without
investigation, and, thus, for thirty~five
years, it was the custo~ to con~uc~ visltors
at once to this little attic and point It out to
them as Goethe's chamber where he had
written his earlier works. Of course, it was
not long before it got the name of t~e
Werther-Zimmer, and Bettina von Armm
unconsciously added to the • apocryphal
character of her book (" Goethe's Correspondence
with a Child "), by having a

view of the Werther-Zimmer engraved as
a • frontispiece to it. So striking a confirmation
of the supposed fondness of the
Muses for garrets could not fail to be
noted, and many a sage visitor doubtless
dwelt upon the coincidence that the rich
man's son must go to the garret to mount
his Pegasus. But the whole romance of
the Werther attic has been crumbled in the
dust by Dr. G. H. Otto Volger, who, with
true German patience and industry, has so
thoroughly investigated every point in connection
with the Goethe mansion. It is not
necessary to follow Dr. V olger into all the
details of his proof. The chief points are:
1st. That the so-called Werther room is

not in the *gable*, and has no rooms communicating with it. 2d. That it never has a ray of morning sun. In regard to the first point, Goethe constantly speaks of his room as a *gable room* (*Giebelzimmer*), having other rooms communicating with it. In regard to the second point, the fact that Goethe's room had the morning sun is established by the poet's well-known account of his morning sacrifice to the Almighty, after the Old Testament fashion, when the rays of the morning sun, concentrated through a burning-glass, were made to light the pastilles on the boy's extemporized altar. Dr. Volger selects the long celebrated attic as the place where the silk-worms were kept and where the engravings were bleached ~s so circumstantially described in the Autobiography. . . Passing by the Werther room, which is directly to the right on reaching the top of the staircase, and crossing the antechamber, similar to those on the other floors one comes to the poet's rooms. The central one is a pleasant and spacious reception-room, where the son of the house could receive with dignity and without apology, the friends and the visitors of distinction whom the success of "Goetz" and of "Werther" attracted to him from every quarter. It stands at present bare and cheerless, but we can picture to ourselves the simple furniture, the books the pictures, the casts from the antique...! heads of the Laocoon group, and of Iphigeneia and her children-and the minerals, and the natural curiosities which bore witness to the mental activity and versatility of its occupant. The house directly opposite is the only one in the Hirschgraben, except the Goethe mansion, which remains unchanged. so that, in looking from the poet's window, the outline and general effect of the opposite house are precisely what they were when the boy-worshiper stood in the early morning light waiting for the sun to peer over its roof and kindle his altar-fire. This house, in the Goethes' time, was occupied by the family Von Ochsenstein, whose sons were Wolfgang's playmates. The last years of Goethe's residence at home, before he accepted the invitation of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, were those

of his early fame as the author of "Goetz" and "Werther," and his growing reputation brought many new elements into the family life. Everybody of distinction, especially of literary distinction, who came to Frankfort, sought the acquaintance of Goethe. and the stately house in the Hirschgraben was enlivened by visitors of many qualities, who were received with a formal but generous hospitality. The old Rath did his best to preserve a polite silence when sentiments were uttered which shocked all his preconceptions, while the mother won all hearts by her good-nature, jollity, and sound common sense. The departure of the poet for Weimar made no very great change in this respect; the admirers of the poet came to pay their respects to his parents, and a visit to Goethe's mother, especially, was looked forward to as an honor and a pleasure. The house came to be generally known among Goethe's friends as the *Casa Salita*. a name it probably first received from Wieland. In 1779, the poet came himself, bringing with him his friend, the Grand Duke of Weimar. Nobles, trades-people, and hotelkeepers were open-mouthed, will wonder at seeing a Grand Duke dwelling in a simple citizen's house. But the disappointment of the father that his son had not followed the path of a jurist, for which he had drilled him during his boyhood, was, perhaps, amply made up for when the son returned home a Privy-Councillor (Geheim-Rath) and brought a Grand Duke to Frankfort as his guest.

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In 1782, the Herr Rath died in his seventy-second year. For thirteen years the Frau Rath lived alone in the *Casa Santanominally*, at least, alone, for the stream of visitors was almost constant. "I am much more fortunate than Frau von Reck," she writes; "that lady must travel about in order to see Germany's learned men, they all visit me in my house, which is by far more convenient-yes, yes, those to whom God is gracious, He blesses in their sleep." ~ Our visit to Goethe's early home terminates with the inspection of his own rooms on the fourth floor. We return to the consideration

of what we have ventured to call
the *dramatis personae* of the home circle,
and having already spoken of the father, we
now come to the sister and the mother.
The relations between Goethe and his sister
Comelia were of the most intimate kind.
There was but a year's difference in their
ages, and they were often taken to be twins.
They shared together the joys and sorrow;
of childhood, and no new experience was
complete until communicated to the other.
The brother's departure for the University of
Leipzig was their first separation, and in
Wolfgang's absence, Comelia led a weary life.

All the father's pedagogy was now exerted
upon her. He left her no time for social
pleasures or for associating with other young
girls; an occasional concert was her only
relaxation. Even the relation of mutual
confidence between the brother and sister
was entirely broken up, as all their letters
passed through the father's hands. It was
therefore not strange when Goethe returned
home after an absence of nearly three years,
that he found the father and daughter living
in a state of almost open hostility, and was
himself made the confidant of his sister's
complaints, and of his mother's anxieties
in her position of mediator and peacemaker.
Of his sister Goethe writes :

" She had by turns to pursue and work at
French, Italian, and English, besides which
he (the father) compelled her to practice at
the harpsichord a great part of the day.
Writing also was not to be neglected, and I
had already remarked that he had directed
~ "Ja, ja, wem 's Gott gönnt giebt er 's im
Schlaf," -an idiomatic phrase difficult to translate
a similar one, "Gott giebt es den Seinen im Schlaf,"
(God blesses his own in their sleep), is in frequent
use in Germany. "Im Schlaf" is used to express anything
that has been obtained without personal effort;
for example, should any one become rich by inheritance
or a sudden rise in values, the Germans would
say, " Er ist reich geworden im Schlaf" (He has be-
come rich in his sleep).

her correspondence with me and communicated
to me his teaching~ through her
pen. My sister was, and still continued to
be, an indefinable being, the most singular
mixture of strength and weakness, of obstinacy

and compliance; which qualities acted now united, and now separated, at her own will and inclination. Thus she, in a manner which seemed to me terrible, had turned the hardness of her character against her father, whom she could not forgive, because during these three years he had forbidden or embittered to her many an innocent pleasure, and she would acknowledge no single one of his good and excellent qualities. She did all that he commanded or directed, but in the most unamiable manner in the world; she did it in the established routine, but nothing more and nothing less; out of love or favor she accommodated herself to nothing, so that this was one of the first things about which my mother complained in a private conversation with me."

Cornelia seems to have inherited many of her father's traits of character, and the Herr Rath found his own inflexibility matched against the same quality, which had been transmitted to his child.

On Wolfgang's return from Leipsic the old confidential relations were resumed between the brother and the sister. All their thoughts and feelings were shared; Cornelia read his letters from his University friends, and went over with him his replies to them. These were the happiest days of Cornelia's life; they amount, deducting Wolfgang's absence for a year and a half at Strasburg, to about three years and a half. They are most interesting to us in connection with Cornelia's influence upon the production of "Goetz von Berlichingen," as Goethe thus relates it:

"I had, as I proceeded, conversed circumstantially about it with my sister, who took part in such matters with heart and soul. I so often renewed this conversation without taking any steps toward beginning work, that she at length, impatient and interested, begged me earnestly not to be ever talking into the air, but once for all to set down on paper that which was so present to my mind. Determined by this impulse, I began one morning to write, without having first sketched out any draft or plan. I wrote the first scenes, and in the evening they were read to Cornelia. She greatly

applauded them, yet qualified her praise by the doubt whether I should so continue; indeed she expressed a decided unbelief in
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my perseverance. This stimulated me only the more. I went on the next day _ and the third; hope increased with the daily communications, and everything, step by step, gained more life as I became thoroughly master of the subject. Thus I kept myself uninterruptedly at the work, which I pursued straight onward, looking neither backward nor to the right or the left, and in _ about six weeks I had the pleasure of seeing the manuscript stitched."

Cornelia's memory is still further associated with her brother's first success by the discovery of her portrait sketched by Goethe in pencil on the margin of a proofsheet of "Goetz." A copy of it is given

by Professor Otto Jahn in his collection of "Goethe's Letters to his Leipsic Friends."

The resemblance to Goethe is strongly marked in the prominent nose, and, above all, in the large eyes, of which he wrote :

" Her eyes are not the finest I have ever seen, but the deepest, behind which you expected the most; and when they expressed any affection, any love, their brilliancy was unequalled." The face is interesting, but one that would be ordinarily classed among the very plain. Cornelia became early conscious of this, and tormented herself with the conviction that no woman without personal beauty could expect to inspire any man with love. It does not seem to have occurred to her that mental accomplishments might make up for the lack of beauty.

Probably she had little idea of her own mental qualities, the state of isolation in which she was brought up having deprived her of the means of comparing herself with other girls of her own age, and kept her in ignorance of her superiority—a superiority due, first, to her own mental powers, and, secondly, to her father's unflagging instructions.

In her diary, which is given in Professor Jahn's book, she indulges at great length in these self-tormenting reflections. Hapless Cornelia ! the world reads this diary

which was her one secret from her brother and which she wrote in French, perhaps with the Idea Iliad, should it be mislaid, the foreign tongue would keep it secret from many. It is addressed to one of her female friends. She has been reading "Sir Charles Grandison," and thus gives utterance to her feelings in school-girl French:

"J e d. onnerais tout au monde pour pouvoir passer dans plusieurs années à l'imiter tant soit peu l'excellente Miss Byron. L'imiter? Folie que je suis; le puis-je? Je m'estimerais assez heureuse d'avoir la vingtième partie de l'esprit et de la beauté de cette admirable dame, car alors je serais une aimable fille; c'est ce souhait que me tient au cœur jour et nuit. Je serais à blâme si je desirais d'être une grande beauté; seulement un peu de finesse dans les traits, un teint uni, et puis cette grâce douce qui enlève au premier coup de vue; voilà tout. Cependant cela n'est pas et ne sera jamais, quoiqu'il me puisse faire et souhaiter; mais il vaudra mieux de cultiver l'esprit et tâcher d'être supportable du moins de ce côté-là."

Further on:

"Vous aurez déjà entendue que je fais grand cas des charmes extérieures, mais peu de celles que vous ne savez pas encore que je les tiens pour absolument nécessaires au bonheur de la vie et que je crois pour cela que je ne serai jamais heureuse. •••

Épouserai-je un mari que je n'aime pas? Cette pensée me fait honneur et cependant ce sera le seul parti qui me reste, car doit-on trouver un homme aimable qui pensât à moi? Ne croyez pas, ma chère, que ce soit grimace: Vous connaissez les replis de mon cœur, je ne vous cache rien, et pourquoi le ferais-je?"

These words show by what sentiments she was actuated in accepting the hand of John George Schlosser. Her brother's absence at Strasburg, had brought back again to her the wearisomeness of her home life. Goethe had now returned from Strasburg a Doctor-at-Law, but was soon to leave again for Wetzlar in continuation of his juristical studies, as marked out years before by his father. Cornelia saw the world opening to her brother, and felt that her only happiness was slipping from her grasp. Her life at

home -..without ,v olfgang was intolerable to her, and to escape from it she accepted the offer of marriage.

John George Schlosser was an early friend of her brother. He was ten years ~ld~ than Goethe, and when he visited Leipzig during Goethe's stay there, the difference in age caused the latter to look up to Schlosser as in many respects his superior. Schlosser afterward edited a literary journal at Frankfurt, to which Goethe contributed, and the intimate relations with the brother led to the acquaintance with the sister.

The bridegroom had been promised an appointment in the Grand Duchy of Baden, and expected to be placed at Karlsruhe, its capital. But hardly had the newly married pair reached Karlsruhe, when they learned that they were to reside in Emmendingen, a little village on the borders of the Black Forest, where Schlosser was to fill the post of Chief Magistrate of the County of Hochberg. Goethe humorously hints that probably neither the Grand Duke nor his ministers cared to come too often in contact with Schlosser's blunt honesty, a view which is confirmed by Lavater's description of him as a man made to tell princes truths which no one else would dare to communicate to them. With this very honest and not very lively companion, for whom she had no stronger feeling than esteem, Cornelia went to her exile in the Black Forest. Schlosser was very much occupied with his duties as magistrate, and devoted his leisure moments to writing moral and religious catechisms for the people. Rath Goethe said of his son-in-law that he seemed never to be done with having books printed, and all his friends exerted themselves to moderate this mania for rushing into print. But, in spite of them all, he became a very voluminous writer of books, all of which, with the exception of some translations from the Greek, have long since gone into oblivion. Fancy a woman whose intellectual powers had been aroused and developed in the most intimate relations with a mind such as the world has rarely known-fancy such a woman shut up in the Black Forest with a man who wrote

catechisms and replies to Pope's " Essay on Man!" In a town, she would have gathered about her a circle of which her great gifts would have made her the center. Goethe says : " I must candidly confess that when I dwelt often in fancy upon her lot, I could not think of her as a wife, but rather as an abbess, as the head of some honored community. She possessed every qualification that so lofty a position requires, but lacked those which the world persistently demands." In the lonely house in the Black Forest there was nothing left for Cornelia but intellectual and social starvation, to which was added ill health. She writes: "We are here entirely alone ; there is no soul • to be found within three or four miles. My husband's occupations allow him to pass but little time with me, and so I drag slowly through the world with a body which is fit for nothing but the grave. Winter is always unpleasant and burdensome to me; the beauties of nature afford us here our single pleasure, and when nature sleeps, everything sleeps." Cornelia died in childbed in the fourth year after her marriage, leaving two daughters, of whom the younger died in her sixteenth year, and the elder married Professor Nicolarius. Schlosser survived his wife many years, married again, died, and was buried at Frankfort ; but pitiless fate left to Cornelia not even her remote and lonely grave at Emmendingen. The grave was obliterated during an enlargement of the church-yard, and thus, while the oaken coffin containing the remains of Wolfgang Goethe lies in state by that of Schiller in the Grand Ducal Vault at Weimar, the last resting-place of Cornelia is not merely unmarked, but unknown.

The most widely known and loved member of Goethe's family was his mother. She possessed the qualities which win affectionate joyous temperament, a strong desire to please every one, a lively imagination, hearty good nature, and great common sense. Her youth and inexperience at the time of her marriage have already been alluded to. But she could not long remain a child in the difficult position in which she found herself

between the children and the stem exacting father. All her energies were bent to securing tranquillity in the household, and she was the pilot who, with ready skill and quick wit, carried them all safely through many a stormy passage. The Frau Rath survived her husband twenty-six years, and this was the happiest period of her life, when she saw realized all her fondest anticipations of her son's genius, and felt that there was no prouder title than that of Goethe's mother. She concealed her joy and exaltation behind no thin mask of shyness, but openly laid claim *to* the honor she thought her due. She was very fond of singing in the circle of her friends her son's songs, which had been set to music by Reichardt; the song in "Faust," "Es war einmal ein König," she was especially fond of; she would call upon the company to make a chorus, and at the conclusion would place her hand upon her heart and proudly exclaim, "Den hab' ich geboren."•

The coronation of the Emperor Leopold in 1790 filled Frankfort to overflowing, and guests were billeted upon all the inhabitants. The Frau Rath writes to Friedrich von Stein : "The quartennasters have not yet been here. Consequently I do not venture outside the door, and in this magnificent weather sit as it were in the Bastille, for if they should find me absent, they might take the whole house; these gentlemen are confounded quick at "Literally, "Him I bore," or as an English-speaking mother would probably have expressed it, "**I-Ie is my son.**" •

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•taking, and when they have once marked Tooms, I would not advise any one to dispose of them in any other manner."

Two Mecklenburg Princesses were assigned to her, one of whom became afterward Queen of Hanover, and the other the celebrated Queen Louisa of Prussia.

These princesses, young girls, glad enough -of a little freedom and liberty from the restraint of a court, begged to be allowed, for a frolic, to pump water from the old pump in the court-yard. The Frau Rath was only too glad to afford them so simple a pleasure; but when their governess found it out she

was struck with all the horror becoming to a right-minded governess in such an emergency. The Frau Rath, accustomed all her life to stand between youth and authority, used every argument she could think of to divert her from her purpose of putting a stop immediately to such unprincess-like behavior; and finding all argument unavailing, pushed the governess into her room, and locked her in. "For," said she, "I would have brought down on my head the greatest annoyance sooner than have disturbed them in their innocent amusement, which was permitted to them nowhere except in my house." The Frau Rath conceived a great affection for these princesses, always speaking of them as "*Illy* princesses." They were afterward taken on a visit to the Elector's Court at Mayence, where a lady of high position at the Court, Frau von Coudenhoven, reproved the Princess Louisa for appearing with long sleeves, which circumstance, coming to the knowledge of Frau Rath Goethe, filled her with indignation. Some years later, when the Princess Louisa had become Queen of Prussia, she came to Frankfort, and invited the Frau Rath to visit her at Wilhelmsbad, near Frankfort. The Queen took her to the spring, and had her sit by her side while the guests came to pay their respects. The Frau Rath asked the name of every one and among them was Frau von Coudenhoven. "What! the one who was so cross? Please your Majesty, order her to cut off her sleeves!" exclaimed she in the greatest rage.

After she sold the house in the Hirschgraben, the Frau Rath lived in hired apartments in a house on the Rossmarkt, near the central guard-house. The windows looked down the whole length of the Zeil, the principal street of Frankfort, and the lively old lady doubtless found much companionship in the busy scene. Before she died she had spent nearly all of her property. It was once suggested to Goethe that his mother should be placed under guardianship, a suggestion which he warmly resented, declaring that his mother had the right to spend everything, if she wished, after having borne close restraint so many years with the

noblest patience.

She died on the 13th of September, 1808, having given, as Goethe relates in a letter to Zelter, the minutest directions in regard to her funeral, even to the kind of wine and the size of the cakes which were to be offered to the mourners. Others have added that she impressed it upon the servants not to put too few raisins in the cake, a thing she never could endure in her life-time, and which would vex her in her grave. Hearing in the house the voice of an undertaker who had come to offer his services, she sent him a sum of money, with her regret that the arrangements had been already made.

The church-yard where the members of the Goethe family were buried is now a public promenade; here and there a monument or head-stone protected by a paling remains to tell of its former use. The Goethe burial-place had long fallen into neglect, and been forgotten, when the centennial celebration of Goethe's birthday in 1849 awakened attention to it. The position of the Herr Rath's grave could not be definitely ascertained, but the grave of Goethe's mother was found, and a simple stone was placed over it, inscribed, " Das Grab der Frau Rath Goethe," with the dates of birth and death. The grave is near the outside wall of the enclosure, a few rods from one of the gates. Few visitors to Frankfort fail to step aside to read the brief inscription, and note the appropriateness of the spot. As the daughter of a Chief Magistrate of Frankfort, and sprung from a family for many years represented in its councils, no more fitting burial-place could be found for Goethe's mother than in the very heart of the city where all her life was passed, and with which she so thoroughly identified herself. The busy life of the city goes on all about her grave, roses bloom over it, children play about it, and the whole place seems thoroughly in unison with the memory of this genial, large-hearted woman, one of the flowers of the Frankfort civilization of the last century.