

47, Leamington Road Villas
Westbourne Park, W.
London 16 April 1887.

meines Vaters Herrn Doktor!

London den 16ten April 1887.
Ihre vom 9. N.M. in dem die
zuletzt Monophtung der beiden
Lohnen hatte dem Zeitgeist.
Ein wichtiger Punkt war der
alten Geometrie. Ich ist weit mehr
Lohn - nicht viel davon zu
die die ganze Arbeit auf dem
Kampfe und die "deutsche
Deutung" von Zeit zu Zeit
einflussreich zu werden, so dass
die die Galaxie mit der der
Krisenzeit sind in dem neuen
Lohnzeit war der Pall Mall
Gazette, ein - ziemlich gut
Monophtung der kleine Briefe
aufzuheben. Ich will nicht

niß dankt you ein jam.
Fingyou wüßten if ein in
Crispian wotruben, of ein in
Nady im Athenaeum - ein
Wingyou wüßten wüßten
wüßten derzu Brigatwyou
wüßten die Leinge wüßten
zu wüßten. Jedwefalls if
ein im Crupen yamwüßten
wüßten, die Crupenwüßten
wüßten wüßten wüßten
wüßten wüßten wüßten
zu wüßten.
Es if mit Götting im
Fülle im keine Briefe wüßten
yaman.

Mit besonderer Aufmerksamkeit
Ihr angebrachten
C. A. Buchheim

von Dr. R. E. Frangos.





TWO INTERESTING HEINE LETTERS.

The last number of the *Deutsche Dichtung* contains two unpublished letters from the poet H. Heine. They were written after the Revolution of 1848 to the editor of the *Augsburger Zeitung*, of which paper Heine was the Parisian correspondent. The first gives a description of King Louis Philippe, whom Heine often, and not without reason, called *le bon Roi*. The King, as we pointed out in a recent interview with a relative of the poet, had granted the sick man a pension, by the aid of which his "mattress-grave" was made more endurable to him. "Louis Philippe," says Heine, "was good and amiable; cruelty and hot temper annoyed him; he was a peaceable King, whose sceptre was an olive branch; war was his personal enemy. He was well versed in all branches of science; the toleration, philanthropy, and culture of the eighteenth century had penetrated him, heart and soul. He was sound, body and soul. He had not only been vaccinated in the ordinary way, but the spirit of revolution had been injected into him, and it had freed him from that hereditary ill humour from which his consins of the elder line had always suffered. He had splendid strong children, magnificent descendants. He rode well, and showed the most courageous presence of mind at the approach of danger, particularly when the danger threatened him personally. At Court festivities and in private conversation one had always to admire his amiability, his grace, and his charming manners. This Louis Philippe had all the virtues of the good citizen and none of the vices of the aristocracy; he was as virtuous as a Scotch country parson, as sober as a Bedouin, as industrious as a professor of the Göttingen University—he had, in short, every possible good quality, yet one fine morning the French threw him from his throne, and hustled him out of doors with all the injuries of their repertoire. At the moment when the unfortunate monarch put his foot on board the vessel which took him to dull England, he cried: 'With me you are burying French Royalty. I have been the last King of the French.' He was right; Louis Philippe was the only possible King for the French, and they have driven him away after a trial of eighteen years. They cannot bear any longer the poetical dress of Royalism; they are too grand for the Roman dress, with its golden fringe; it does not please them any more; the seams are cracking everywhere, and they have exchanged it for the loose coat of the Republican, too large for them, it is true, but allowing them more liberty of motion. Now they have a Republic, and it does not matter much whether they like it or not. They have it, and when people have it they have it for a long time—for ever, indeed, as one has a rupture, or a wife, a German Fatherland, or any other infirmity. The French are now condemned to a Republic for ever and ever. They had, however, hardly the time to choose another dress; they could not go about quite naked, for custom wills that one should be clothed with some garment if one goes about in public. Here at Paris people have quickly become accustomed to the new state of things; we are as used to the Republic as if we were all Brutuses by birth: the recent events appear to us like a fairy tale: once upon a time there was a King and a Queen."

The second letter might, for the brilliancy of its style, have been composed when Heine was at his best; yet it is concluded with a few words which show that the martyrdom which was to last for eight years had already begun. The preceding outburst of enthusiasm over Lamartine's "*Histoire des Girondins*" makes the concluding lines of the letter the more pathetic: "My dear Kolb, I cannot see, I cannot walk, any more.—Your poor friend, HENRI HEINE." About the Girondins, he says: "How can I give you an idea of the enthusiasm which the history of the Girondins has raised in me? It is fabulous, this book which honours the heroic martyrs of the Gironde, and which at the same time is their sarcophagus, ornamented, according to ancient custom, with bas-reliefs representing drinking bouts. You see the dance of the Bacchantes of the French Revolution; the Corybants of Equality, brandishing their arms; the Terrorist cymbal-players, the musicians handling the

double, moderated flutes; the Satyrs, with goats' feet; the Mænades of the guillotine, with dishevelled hair! Seeing all these figures, evoked by the poet, one becomes drunk with a cruel craving for destruction, and one cries out, 'Evohé, Danton! Evohé, Robespierre!'"

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Hamilton purchased; Bechuanaland proclaimed a Crown colony, and a protectorate established over the territory on its northern boundary; the Maharajah of Johore created Sultan and mediatized, being thus brought within the circle of the native princes of India; the annexation of all Burmah proclaimed; the Kermadec Islands annexed; a charter granted to the National African Company, conferring Sovereign rights over the whole course of the Niger and Binne, the company at the same time receiving from the Sultan of Sokatoo a trading monopoly; an agreement made with the Boers of the new republic for the partition of Zululand; Xesibeland, annexed to Cape Colony; and, last of all, the island of Socotra annexed. This is rather a lengthy list of transactions during the brief period of five years. The area of the territories named is not far short of 1,000,000 square miles, and the population is about 20,000,000. Nor do these items exhaust the list that might be made. The Kingdom of Ashanti has been broken up, the stool at Kumasi having been vacant for two years, and the several chiefs having declared their independence. They will not again acknowledge a central authority unless the English take charge. No formal protectorate has been declared, except as far as the Prah, but circumstances are ripening for an extension of British authority towards the interior. It is not requisite to do anything, the influences now operating being sufficient to bring about the event. The coast of Africa to the south of Morocco is in the hands of a British North African Company, who may reasonably expect a charter in the course of time. An opening into Thibet has been effected through Sikkim, and a mission would have gone thither had it not been superseded by a treaty with China, providing for co-operation. As Lassa is nearer Darjeeling than Peking the preponderance of Indian influence will follow as a matter of course. A mission has been located at Chitral, in Kofristan, to the west of Koshmir, and the frontier of India may be expected to reach the Pamir, or Roof of the World. The independence of Nepaul and Bootan is merely nominal. The countries in this second list are, however, only inchoate possessions—chickens in the shell—and must not yet be counted.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

TO-DAY.

Home Rule Union—Egham District Liberal Association—Dr. Bernard O'Connor on "Home Rule and its Prospects," 8.
 Balloon Society, Royal Aquarium—Mr. G. P. Witt, "The Crystal Palace," 7.45.
 Conference on the Labour Question at Aberdeen.
 Anglo-Jewish Historical Exhibition, Albert Hall, 10 to 10.
 Whitechapel Art Exhibition, St. Jude's School, 10 to 10.
 Institution of Civil Engineers—"Experiments on Iron and Steel" (Students' Meeting), 7.30.

Philological Society—"Páli Miscellanies," Dr. Morris, 8.
 Allyn's School, Dulwich—Speeches and Prize Distribution, 6.
 Parkes Museum—"Hygiene," Dr. Alfred Hill, 8.
 Cambro-Briton Society, Cannon-street Hotel—"The Welsh of London," W. Jones, 8.
 Society of Medical Officers of Health—Meeting, Scottish Corporation Hall, Crane-court, 7.30.
 Brixton Conservative Association—Meeting, Brixton Hall, 8.

TO-MORROW.

Crystal Palace Concerts.
 St. George's Catholic New Schools, Westminster-bridge-road—Fancy Dress Bazaar.

Royal Albert Hall Choral Society—Sullivan's Golden Legend, 3.
 Whitechapel Art Exhibition—St. Jude's School, 10 to 10.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

A Terrible Legacy: a Tale of the South Downs. By G. W. Appleton. (Ward and Downey.)
A Garland from the Parables. By W. E. Littlewood, M.A. With Portrait. Second Edition, with Corrections and Additional Poems. (William Mack.)
Cross Country Reminiscences. By Fox Russell. (Remington and Co.)
Drum Taps. By Elizabeth Reeves Swift. (Published at 8 and 9, Paternoster-square, E.C.)
Free Public Libraries: their Organization, Uses, and Management. By Thomas Greenwood, F.R.G.S. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1s.)
Handy Book on the Flower Garden. By David Thomson. Fourth Edition. (W. Blackwood and Son.)
Hansard's Parliamentary Debates. Third Series.

Vol. CCCX. First volume of Session 1887, 50th Vict. (Cornelius Buck and Son.)
Is Socialism Sound? Verbatim Report of a Four Nights' Debate between Annie Besant and G. W. Foote at the Hall of Science. (Progressive Publishing Co.)
L'Ennemi. Par H. Barthelemy. (A. Lévy and Co.)
Mind-Cure on a Material Basis. By Sarah Elizabeth Titcomb. (Trübner and Co. 7s. 6d.)
Rome; its Princes, Priests, and People. By Fanny McLaughlin. Vol. III. (Elliot Stock.)
Speeches and Addresses, Political, Social, Literary. By Thomas Newbigging. With a Biographical Sketch and Portrait. (John Heywood.)
The Sad Story of John Dalrymple. By D. Paterson. (Gillespie Brothers (Limited), Glasgow.)

[Publishers would greatly oblige by affixing prices to their books.]

