CARL HEINRICH SCHNAUFFER

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Address delivered by

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The story of Carl Heinrich Schnauffer is that of a lovable and widely-loved idealist who died here in Baltimore at the age of 31. It is a tale of a young poet's ardent longing to place his name among the immortals in German literature, of deeds in battle as well as martial songs, of bitter exile from a Fatherland that he cherished but too well, of a true love whose course, alas, did not run smooth, and of the brave fight for freedom continued in this country through the publication of *Der Baltimore Wecker,* a German Abolitionist paper here where not one English sheet dared espouse the unpopular cause. Schnauffer, the Forty-Eighter, whom Fate granted but three years in this country, yet who is now listed among the great in our national biography.

Carl Heinrich Schnauffer was born in Heimsheim near Stuttgart in 1823, and, as a life-long fighter for freedom, fittingly enough on the fourth of July. He was the son of a dyer, Johann Heinrich Schnauffer and his wife Karoline, née Hasenmeier. Owing to the death of his father in 1834, Schnauffer's schooling was cut short at the age of 15, and he was apprenticed to a merchant in Grossbottmar. In 1842 he entered the firm of Tunna in Mannheim. Here in the lovely Neckar valley his first verses were written, many of them in the melancholy vein characteristic of youth, as the following quotation shows, the first stanza of *Dem Vaterlande:*

O hätt' die Sonne hell und heiter
Nur meiner Kinderzeit gelacht,
Hätt' ein gewissenhafter Leiter
Des Knaben Zukunft überdacht:—
Wohl andre Gaben legt' ich nieder,
Ein andrer Mann erschien ich hier:
So aber hab' ich nichts als Lieder,
Doch was ich habe, bring' ich Dir.

His employer, Joseph M. Tunna, took a fatherly interest in the promising boy and his verses, allowing him a great deal of leisure which Schnauffer employed in the study of the classical languages and literature. Among Schnauffer's letters of later years are several from Tunna acknowledging the receipt of poems or plays by his protegé and encouraging him in his chosen life-work of poet; another letter advises him to petition for amnesty after Schnauffer had been exiled; from another it is apparent that Tunna was giving some aid to the poet's mother. Tunna died shortly before Schnauffer emigrated to America. Even if there were not among Schnauffer's papers a testimonial from Tunna praising his industry, ability and integrity, their mutual relation alone would tell us a great deal about Schnauffer's character.

In Mannheim Schnauffer met two men whose ideals influenced the whole course of his life, Gustav von Struve and Friedrich Hecker, leaders of liberals and later revolutionaries in Baden, both likewise emigrants to America after '48. His writings were largely lyrics in praise of freedom and patriotism, in which one readily discovers the influence of Freiligrath. In 1844 Schnauffer made a journey to Switzerland where his hero was living in exile because of his political ideals, and later he wrote some characteristic lines *An Ferdinand Freiligrath,* who had so bitterly complained of the inactivity of the times, especially in his poem *Hamlet ist Deutschland.* I quote Schnauffer's first stanza:

Um Deutschlands Himmel zog 'ne finstre
Wolke,
Die Männer flogen kampfstolz von den Sitzen;
Da schwurst denn du auch dankbar deinem
Volke:
"Mein Schwert soll noch in jungen Schlachten
blitzen!"
Die Wolke taute nieder ohne Hagel,
Dein deutsches Schwert das schwang—der
Wind am Nagel.

In 1846—probably due to Tunna's generosity — Schnauffer was able to enter the University of Heidelberg, where he associated himself with the liberal student groups and wrote for liberal newspapers. Outspoken as Schnauffer was he encountered many difficulties with the censor, but the forbidden poems were published later, printed in red, by Gustav von Struve, together with other "Censurstrichen." To Struve is dedicated Schnauffer's first volume of verse published in 1846, youthful products in the vein of Freiligrath and Beranger.

In the following year Schnauffer devoted himself entirely to political activity by joining the staff of the *Mannheimer Abendzeitung.* In Struve's reminiscences I found a passage describing how he, Schnauffer, and a few others, as a more or less regular custom, visited meetings of laborers for purposes of political agitation, of course always in danger of arrest by the police. It is characteristic of the good old "Biedermeier" times that the *Mannheimer Abendzeitung* had as official editor a stout and faithful laborer whose duties consisted in going to jail for the offenses against the restrictions of censorship.

In 1848 Schnauffer proceeded from words to deeds. He was among the leaders who organized the petition presented on March 1st at the palace in Karlsruhe in which the people peremptorily demanded their rights and which upset the ruling classes so very much. When Hecker then left the parliament and issued a call to arms, Schnauffer followed him into the field. Shortly before this his mother visited him, but no pleading on her part could dissuade Schnauffer from risking his life for his ideals. After the unsuccessful engagement at Freiburg Schnauffer with many others took refuge in Strassburg, ready to return at a propitious moment to continue the fight for the German republic.

From this period of Schnauffer's life we have a droll account by Philip Betz, likewise a revolutionary and later an emigrant to America, entitled: *Eine Turnfahrt durch Frankreich und die Schweiz, Erinnerung an Carl Heinrich Schnauffer und die Flüchtlingszeit.* Betz describes how five "Turner" under the leadership of Schnauffer, forced to leave their refuge near the German border, equipped themselves with a flag and a guitar and wandered through southern France into Switzerland with Rheinfelden as their destination, where Hecker was planning for the renewal of the revolt. These five wanderers sang their songs in wayside inns for their food and lodging, yes even when in Switzerland a gendarme stopped them to see their passports they sang for him the song of brave Winkelried, whereupon the good-natured eye of the law, so to speak, became moistened with tears and urged them to proceed: "Ganget mit Gott! Ihr sid guete Menschen!" There is a harmlessness about the Revolution of 1848 that seems incredible in view of present conditions. Still, as we all know, a great many victims perished before firing squads or languished in prisons for years. One of the songs of this little German band was Schnauffer's *Marseillaise,* whose refrain ran as follows:

Der schwarz-rot-golden Fahne nach,
Durch Kampf zum Sieg aus Druck und Schmach!
Wir zittern nicht vor Bajonetten,
Die Freiheit einzig kann uns retten!

It had been Schnauffer's ardent wish to write a popular song for the Germans destined to play the role with them that Rouget de Lisle's song did in France—but of course such a song was never written by any German poet.

Hecker selected Schnauffer as editor for the *Volksfreund* which he was then issuing in Rheinfelden, very close to the German border. When renewed fighting broke out in 1849 he joined the revolutionaries again and fought in two engagements favorable to the revolutionaries at Ladenburg and Käfertal. Meanwhile the troops were singing Schnauffer's songs "In die Schlacht, in die Schlacht," or "Auf deutsches Volk," which were issued in little fly-leaves. On June 22, 1849, Schnauffer was taken prisoner at Mannheim and transported to Prussia. He escaped from prison

through his courage and cunning, by calmly walking past the guards disguised as a locksmith. He made his way through Hessia, across the Rhine to Strassburg, and from there once more into Switzerland.

In Bern he wrote a collection of poems on the Revolution which he called *Todtenkränze,* inspired probably by a work of the same title by Christian von Zedlitz. But instead of the Austrian poet's resignation we find in Schnauffer's "Wreaths for the Dead" a ringing call to battle for freedom in the name of the dead executed by the reactionaries. In one poem, *Die deutsche Mutter,* he tells of three sons who entered the Revolution with their mother's blessing:

Doch wie erging's den Knaben?
Der eine blieb im Feld,
Der andre starb in Ketten,
Der dritt' in fremder Welt.—
Und ihre deutsche Mutter?
Die trägt ein schwarz Gewand;
Sie weint nicht am die Söhne,
Sie weint ums Vaterland.

or to quote a line from *Der Sturm auf die Bastille:*

Wo tatlos man nur klagt und tagt,
Da kommt man nie zum Rechten;
Wer keinen Krieg zu führen wagt,
Kann keinen Sieg erfechten!
Tausch, Parlament, den Worteschwall
Doch mit dem Schlachtgebrülle,
Gib noch die Losung vor dem Fall:
Zum Sturm auf die Bastille!

In April, 1850, Schnauffer was seized by the Swiss government and forced to leave by a definite route through France for London. In his French passport his profession is given as "soldier." In London he met von Struve and together they went to "White House" in York, the estate of Lord Thomas A. Fothergill, a friend from Heidelberg days who offered asylum for refugees of the Revolution. This sounds quite lordly and very fortunate for a poor refugee—but let us examine the record as we find it in Schnauffer's letters.

In order to do this we must go back some years to become acquainted with Schnauffer's correspondent. In Mannheim he had met Elise Moos and yellowed pieces of paper folded and sealed with red wax, now close to a hundred years old, tell of their love that finally overcame all obstacles. Elise writes to Carl in Heidelberg of the opposition of her mother to their union; she must write secretly and tells that every moment she fears her mother will discover her in the act of writing "an den so verhassten Schnauffer" — "und dann geht die alte Geschichte von neuem los." In one letter, written after a violent scene, she writes: "Ich höre die Mutter toben und schimpfen," but she vows eternal faithfulness. The opposition against Schnauffer seems to have arisen from the fact that her mother wished Elise to marry another man. A letter of November 6, 1847, is written from Havre just before Elise sailed with her family for Baltimore: "Gott sei bei und tröste und erhalte Dich bis Dich wieder sieht Deine Elise." For several years her mother effectually stopped their correspondence, until we read in a letter dated from Baltimore, February 1, 1850, that Elise still loves him, though she had resigned herself to forget him; that she had heard of his exile and that she would urge him to come to Baltimore; that in the New World everything is so different, but that he might learn the trade of a cigar-maker and thus earn his living, for here life is nothing but hard work. Schnauffer's reply to this letter I have translated, and shall quote it in full as a document throwing considerable light on the life of the exiles and on his own character as well.

York (in England)
July 10, 1850

My Elise,

Do you know who "Unstern" is? His name is Carl Heinrich Schnauffer! Or can a man have more hard luck in his life than I in the three years since your departure? Today I received your dear letter of February 1st. It was forwarded to me on the 28th day of April (the day on which I boarded the ship in Havre) by K with an impertinent accompanying letter to me and, to be sure, to Geneva; there it remained until quite accident-

ally General Sigel heard of it and sent it to me. From my dear Mother I have not received a single line, and because I was so much in the dark, the very first thing I attended to was to write from London to your dear Mother in order at least to hear a little bit of you. After I fled from Geneva, I lived in Savoy together with Sigel, but I returned again from the wilderness to a village near Geneva from which I was sent by force to London via Paris. I would rather have gone to Turkey than to America, since I could not have borne to live near you without being allowed to live with you and for you. In London, of course, I did not endure it long and when finally I had received an offer of a position as tutor with some lord (through the kind offices of a lady in Geneva) I had already left with Struve and seven companions for this destination.

The life here was at first below zero, and all except Struve and I deserted for very good reasons. We piled up potatoes, sowed, spread manure, pulled out weeds, cooked, washed, scrubbed, swept, etc. Together with the squire, with whom we are living, in a lonely farm house, I drove up one cow, three pigs, etc. In addition, I had to ride every day a spirited blooded horse for two hours, a devilish fellow who at the next races is to run for a prize. And all this on a vegetarian diet! Just imagine—without meat, without beer, without reasonable warm food, lettuce boiled with milk and no olive oil; here in the north where one could freeze to death! This almost happened to me, and as a consequence, I contracted a very wicked cold when after several days of hay-making I got into a terrible sweat and had no warm blankets.

I was sick for three weeks, and now I have given up my job, all but the training of the horse, but I have to pay daily one shilling for this splendor in White House.

I tried to earn this through guitar and language lessons; I have sung a lot for these Indians, but they have paid me little; therefore, you can easily imagine how happily your invitation surprised me. Your next birthday we shall celebrate together! You can rely on that. Since finally your Mother agrees to tolerate the business I shall make cigars or do the Lord knows what, if only we can live in peace together.

In a few days, I shall get royalties of several hundred guilders from a book dealer, thus I shall bring with me a little amount of money, also clothes, although my linen and socks have partly been stolen, partly begged away from me. In recent times I have earned a tolerable amount of money, but this unsteady life, traveling, and incarceration as an exile (where he who has something has to give) has cost me an awful lot of money. Up to now I have been able always to help my mother somewhat and in the hope that I shall remain in connection also in America with the book dealer, I believe that also over there in my spare time I shall be able to earn something extra; for in the literary world, I have finally after all made a name for myself and in recent times in a number of publications and magazines I have been praised by former enemies. Especially the last campaign helped toward this end.

Oh, God, if I now think of it—the misery and the law-suit-uncle, — well, all that I shall have to tell you orally. What I and my comrades in these last three years have endured—one could write a book about that! Switzerland, France, and Savoy I now know better than Germany, with the exception of Baden.

As soon as my effects which I could not take with me when I was escorted over the border, will have arrived from Switzerland, I shall leave probably via Liverpool, with Hollinger, the printer of the *Volksfreund* which Hecker and I edited together. Whether I'll go directly to Baltimore or New York, I cannot tell as yet. One day sooner or later doesn't matter. That I am hurrying you may believe, (here follows a short sentence that is not clearly legible).

The young Hauer I don't know and just as little a certain Miss Dressel, for

the merchant Dressel whom I know has only two- to three-year-old girls and with such I do not concern myself. After our attack on the bridge, I had at any rate no time left! In July, 1848, I got a letter from you (through my mother) and also the one of February 1st, 1850. Now, tell me, what am I to think? Especially when during the revolution Binchen tells me she didn't know anything about you at all.

When three months ago I inquired through And. Lindenberg she answered: Yes, she had received three letters, but nothing for me, nor was there any message for me in them. That does not sound like Binchen but like that Troll's-head T. I asked Hecker and Schöninger to send news orally (I intentionally did not give them any letters). That they did not keep their promise does not surprise me. That I always thought about you you can see from the book of poems which Marie will have brought you. Meanwhile I have sent you occasionally some books, but if one suffers such *malheur* all planning comes to an end.

Struve thought that I should here look eagerly for opportunities of giving lessons, but I want to be with all of you, with you and Marie and Lina who is not married to a man from Geneva (as rumor had it) but to her good old Grüneberger. Well, I am glad that now roguish Lina has not brought her lover into the grave. You, too, I hope will let me "live." Your mother who, as you say, offers to lend me a bed, must have had a suspicion of the pains of my maltreated spine. Good God, to sleep in a bed again! That alone must be a delight that could induce me to go to India. And, Lord God, if I have you once more leaning on my arm I propose that you have a chain made so that we can never lose each other again. On the same spot where we sat in the grain by the railroad in the year 1847, we had a bloody battle in the year 1850. Who could have suspected that?

Now if you will write quickly per steamer the letter will still reach me. Do so by all means. If I have left, the letter will be returned, and now let me kiss you and when I ask, will you now finally have faith in me and be mine, then answer: "Yes, my dear."

Auf Wiedersehen, all you dear ones.

Your faithful,

CARL HEINRICH.

There are several postscripts written in the margins that I shall quote in their characteristic German form:

"An Tunna starb Dir und mir viel."

"An dem bekannten Eisenbahnweg wurde ich verfolgt, bevor ich im Schlosspark gefangen wurde! Es ist gut, dass man nicht in die Zukunft sieht; die Schroth war Zuschauerin." (This last remark probably meant a great deal to the correspondents, but its full import we can only imagine!)

Meinen kleinen (evidently his younger brother Wilhelm) habe ich zu einem Schreiner (Schulfreund von mir) getan; der kann die Mutter mitbringen und die Möbel machen, falls in dem lumpigen Germanien nichts besser wird."

In associating with Lord Fothergill, Schnauffer had his attention directed to the English Revolution, the mother of all modern revolutions. He turned, accordingly, to that period as a subject for a drama and finished, while still in England, the first act of *König Carl I, oder Cromwell und die englische Revolution.* The play in five acts was published in Baltimore in 1854. It is written in the tradition of Schiller and begins with a splendid line put into the mouth of Charles:

Mit Parlamenten kann kein Fürst
regieren!

Characteristically the play ends with the death of the tyrant and the establishment of the British republic.

In 1851 Schnauffer came to Baltimore and shortly afterward married Elise Moos. He had for years identified himself with the Turners and be immediately joined the Baltimore Turnverein, serving up to the time of his death in the post of corresponding secretary.

With the ideals of the Turners in mind he founded a German daily, *Der Balti-*

more *Wecker*, which stood for popular education, freedom, and enlightenment, opposing the then current "know-nothingism." The paper had four pages, about 12 by 20 inches. Under the title were printed the words: "Herausgegeben und redigiert von C. H. Schnauffer," and at the right top of the first page: "Dieses bekannte soc. demokratische Morgenblatt erscheint täglich. —Preis 7 Cents per Woche." The first page contained editorials frequently quoted from other papers and news items generally rewritten by the editor. Two-thirds down the page below a line was printed a serial story, usually by some prominent German author. Local news, general political articles, continuations from the first page, and advertisements filled the other three pages. Fairly frequently Schnauffer printed some of his poems, the only items signed with his name so far as I could discover from a perusal of the bound volume for 1853 in possession of the descendants of Wilhelm Schnauffer in Brunswick, Maryland, (So far as I know, the only extant copies of C. H. Schnauffer's *Wecker*—the file in the Enoch Pratt Library begins in 1856). Schnauffer's editorials displayed a great deal more humor than heat; the chief note in them is a humane consideration for the underdog; this is true even when he writes against Jesuit invasion of the school system or "Fremdenfresser." The news items are selected and rewritten with an eye toward interesting the German workingman of Baltimore, but without any fanatical, partisan coloring.

Unlike some other "forty-eighters" Schnauffer never preached economic revolution, but the note that runs through many of his lyrics is that the noble man should be at all times ready to fight and die for freedom. The best works by Schnauffer are poems in the style of Arndt or Herwegh which expressed the ideals of the Turners so well that they became their favorite songs. He has been called the "Tyrtaeus of the Revolution in Baden," and the following lines, among many others, illustrate the aptness of this sobriquet:

Geharnischte Naturen,
Für's Recht bereit zum Streit;
Aufdrucken ihre Spuren
Sie mannhaft ihrer Zeit.
Denn wo man Joch und Ketten bricht
Ist mitzustreiten Turnerpflicht.

Schnauffer died at the age of 31 from typhoid fever. Just before his death the news reached him that at the Turner convention in Philadelphia the above-quoted lyric had won the first prize in a poet's competition. His widow continued the *Wecker* in his memory and in his spirit. No English-language paper in Maryland was anti-slavery, and on the outbreak of the Civil War a mob stormed the *Wecker* office, smashing its windows. At this moment Mrs. Schnauffer with her child in her arms stepped out of the building to face the mob, and her appeal to their better natures caused them to abandon further destruction. Had Schnauffer lived he would probably once more have joined his friend Hecker, a colonel on the Union side, in fighting for freedom.

Schnauffer had blue eyes, was blond and quite short in stature, 5 feet 4 inches, but military in bearing, and he had a personality that inspired enthusiastic devotion in his friends. His wife and his brother published his collected poems in Baltimore in 1879.

In conclusion I should like to quote from a letter written to Mrs. Schnauffer after her husband's death by Wilhelm Liebknecht, the great leader of the socialist party in Germany, while the latter was an exile in London, eking out a meagre livelihood by teaching and writing. The letter is dated London, January 3, but no year is given; it must have been between 1854, the date of Schnauffer's death, and 1862, the year of Liebknecht's return to Germany. The letter shows that Mrs. Schnauffer had actively taken over the editorship of the paper and that her husband's character had won for her a firm friend, since she, of course, had never met Liebknecht. The first part of the letter deals with some business regarding a third party and then continues:

With every steamer I shall send you

a special correspondence. If time permits I shall also write an editorial. If you could send me about Easter time ten dollars, then I should be very grateful. If you cannot do it, it will not matter in the least. As I told you some time ago, so long as the *Wecker* cannot pay, I shall be glad to work for it for nothing.—Farewell, and do not forget that in me you have a friend on whom you can depend. Cordial regards from my wife and myself.

W. LIEBKNECHT.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

A sketch of Schnauffer's life with a portrait is found in *Jahrbuecher der deutsch-amerikanischen Turnerei,* New York, 1892, Vol. I, pp. 130-137, by Heinrich Metzner. He is mentioned in Reminiscences by L. P. Hennighausen in the *Seventh Annual Report for the History of the Germans in Maryland,* 1892-1893. I have also drawn copiously on reminiscences and unpublished letters furnished me by his grandson, John Dickinson, Assistant Secretary of Commerce. I also used a bound volume of *Der Wecker* in the possession of Mrs. H. Schnauffer, Brunswick, Maryland, so far as I know the only copies of the paper extant from the time of Carl Heinrich Schnauffer's editorship.

A. E. ZUCKER. He was born at Fort Wayne, Indiana, October 26, 1890. He attended the University of Illinois and received there his A.B. and A.M. in 1912 and 1913. Under the direction of Professor Julius Goebel, he wrote a Master's thesis on the poetry of the German-Americans. From the University of Illinois he went to the University of Pennsylvania, taking his Doctor's degree under Professor Marion Dexter Learned, with a dissertation on Robert Reitzel, the spirited editor of the Detroit weekly, *Der arme Teufel*. From 1917 to 1922 he was associated with the Union Medical College in Peking, where he gathered material for a book on *The Chinese Theatre*. In 1923 he came to the University of Maryland as head of the Modern Language Department, where he has been since, except for two years spent at the University of North Carolina and one at Indiana University. He has published also a biography of Henrik Ibsen, as well as a number of articles on various writers in German literature.