

**The Autobiography of
Johann Friedrich Benedikt Schartow**



**Government Councillor and Justice Commissioner
born June 18, 1775 in Magdeburg
died October 7, 1856 in Frankfurt/Oder
(written in 1831)**

Our family has lived in Magdeburg for centuries; and although I have met people of our name in Berlin, Pomerania, and the Neumark, it has almost always turned out that their ancestors were from Magdeburg. Weltmann's history of Magdeburg, a worthwhile and informative book, already mentions one of our names who lived in Magdeburg in the 15th century. Around 1470, a Schartow was also provost of the Monastery of Unser Lieben Frauen in Magdeburg.

My grandfather's father, a Johann Benedict, was a Doctor of Law and Consul Dirigens, or, as they used to say in Magdeburg, governing mayor. He authored several legal books, which, if not a profound thinker, at least attest to his meticulousness and critical approach to compiling and organizing information. He died at the beginning of the last century and was the son of a H. von Schartow. I read this myself in his short, rather pompous, pre-prepared biography, written in the spirit of the time. Why he wasn't also a nobleman is something I haven't been able to ascertain. Could he have been a child born of love, to whom his father's rank was not inherited? The von Schartow family, whose existence I cannot doubt, has long since died out. The village of Schartau near Magdeburg is connected to them. Several elderly members of the von Schartow family are buried in the church, and the altar cloth is said to have still borne the von Schartow coat of arms in my youth: a pelican that, according to a fabulous old tale, suckled its young from its own blood. We still bear this coat of arms today.

I never had the opportunity to make any further inquiries about the relationship with the extinct family and their connection to that village, long since consigned to oblivion. It is unlikely that any documentary evidence can be found in Magdeburg, since all the archives pertaining to the duchy and the city were destroyed in the Thirty Years' War. Our family, by the way, must be of Slavic, not Celtic, origin. The name indicates this. The word Schartow has a Slavic ending; it should be spelled Szartow in Polish. I cannot find any dictionary entry for it that says anything in Polish. "Cart" in Polish means evil spirit (devil)..

How many sons or daughters my grandfather, Mayor Schartow, had is unknown to me; I only know that one of his sons, my grandfather Johann Benedict, destined for a career in commerce, learned the trade in a large Hamburg firm, then established himself in Magdeburg and bought a so-called "fire site" on Breitenweg and built on it. The house had been called "Zum Goldenen Hirsche" (The Golden Stag) even before the fire, and it retained this emblem. This house, which he built—I believe in 1724—is still in our family today. It passed to my father through inheritance, and after his death, it went to my brother, who still owns it. My father was born in this house, as were I and my siblings. In 1810 or 1811, when Magdeburg, under Westphalian rule, was almost overwhelmed by the burdens and taxes that were then placed on land ownership, my brother found himself compelled to sell the "Goldener Hirsch." After Prussia reoccupied the area in 1814, he regained possession of his father's house through repurchase.

My grandfather became engaged to Anna Dorothea Köppen, the daughter of a councilman in Magdeburg, in 1724, and they married on April 19, 1725. His marriage produced nine children: five sons and four daughters. Five of these children died in childhood. Four reached a considerable age.

The eldest son, Christian, born in 1726, became a merchant. He married a woman named Rumpf, a great-aunt of the current Minister Klewitz, and he died before I was born. He was a timber merchant, had a turbulent life, left behind little wealth, and had three children. One son, also named Christian, learned the trade in Magdeburg. Against his parents' and grandfather's wishes, he went to the East Indies in 1774 and soon met his death there. The ship on which he traveled from Batavia to Macau sank. Besides this Christian Schartow, two daughters survived. The eldest was married to the bank director Kuntzel in Magdeburg, a cheerful and reliable man who had the sense to acquire and leave behind approximately 100,000 thalers. Even in my earliest youth, I took this man's conduct as a model in several respects; I had good reason to do so. His prudence in all matters, his composure in considering everything, the clarity with which he expressed his opinions, the reasons he used to support them, an extraordinary love of order, great dedication to his profession (though perhaps tinged with a love of profit), perseverance in business, constant regularity in life, and especially abstinence in eating and drinking, distinguished this man within the family. His often excessive pedantry was sometimes criticized, but I have never found him to be stingy where propriety would have dictated it. Undeniably, he held a certain sway within the family. He thought very highly of my brother and me, which was certainly partly due to his belief that we were good hosts, for extravagance was utterly repugnant to him; and wherever he found sentiments and ways of acting that corresponded to his own, he placed his trust in us. He was therefore our friend until the very end. I like to linger before the image of this man, who influenced my education, and even more so my mind; not through teaching or admonition, for he probably never found himself in a position to offer me any such admonition. He possessed robust health, had a constitution quite similar to mine, though not quite my height, was never ill, and died in October 1814 at the age of 75. Undoubtedly, one of his weaknesses was his fondness for money. He had acquired it, and his enjoyment lay in the awareness of acquiring and having acquired it, in the possession, not in its use. His personal needs were limited and measured. A riding horse was his only expenditure intended for his pleasure. Keeping a carriage had been a subject of discussion between the couple for as long as I could remember. His wife was unable to enforce her school-like desire to drive her own horses. That he died a wealthy man was due to his frugality, for he acquired wealth only by accumulating his admittedly considerable income. He could not count on commercial acquisition, As a bank clerk, he was not allowed to trade. In his character, I find confirmation of the saying that has often presented itself to me throughout my life: that the earner in a family is rarely the one who enjoys life's pleasures. Old Kuntzel left behind a widow, my cousin, and three children. My cousin died about ten years ago. The death of her husband and father, however much it grieved her, awakened a desire for the enjoyment of life; the patriarch's frugality had demanded many sacrifices, and the family's compliantness had condoned them in order to please the aging gentleman, but not in their hearts, for mother and children loved pleasure of every kind.

For more than ten years, the daughter of the family in Berlin had been married to the current Privy Councillor Behrend. The mother and her two sons longed to move there, and they immediately acquired the long-desired carriage. The sons were 22 and 19 years old. The elder had learned agriculture and aspired to purchase a substantial estate. Seeking my advice, he visited me in Soldin. I suggested he buy at a public auction, where properties were then most affordable. He did not follow my advice but bought the Altheiden estate in the Neumark from its owners. He overpaid considerably, wasting a great deal of money on it, and fate soon caught up with him, leading to its auction. This son, Wilhelm, had married the daughter of the forester Olberg, but they were estranged. She left him when he went bankrupt. A small sum of money, supposedly inherited from his father-in-law's generosity, is said to have remained with him. He then bought property in East Prussia. Further details are unknown to me. The younger son, Carl Kunckel, was studying law in Berlin when his father died and continued his studies when his mother moved there. He was a bon vivant, preferred pleasures, and indulged in gambling. However, he was already employed as a junior lawyer in Berlin when his mother died. He gave up his career and bought the Altkirchen estate in Western Pomerania.

I only have Uncle Christian's youngest daughter to remember. This is the widowed Senior Judge Andresse of Berlin. I can say that she is dear to my heart, both as a close relative and as a very dear woman. Her late husband, who was also a Senior Judge and Director of the Court of the French Colony in Berlin, was an exceptionally good and kind man. Their marriage was blessed with many children. Two sons survived. Several children died in their youth. Both sons became doctors, the elder in Berlin, the younger in the Oderbruch region. Of her five daughters, her sisters, the eldest has been married for many years to the Senior Pastor Kuivel in Danzig, the second to Professor Weise in Halle, the third to Privy Councilor Strenge in Berlin, the fourth, Caroline, remained unmarried with her mother, and the fifth to Councilor Köhne in Berlin. I had a great deal of contact with the Andresse family; I was a member of their household for many years.

My grandfather's second child, a daughter, my aunt (my father's sister), was married to the merchant and calico manufacturer Haase of Magdeburg. She was a very dear woman, of whom my father spoke tenderly when he thought of her. She died before I was born. I remember my uncle Haase better; he died a few years after my birth. His marriage to my aunt left behind three children: a son and two daughters. The son had learned the trade and his father's factory business. He had never seen any other factory besides his father's. His training as a manufacturer was therefore one-sided. The great strides that similar factories were making remained foreign to him; he never possessed a particular business acumen, and he was far too stubborn to heed the words of well-meaning friends, and far too withdrawn to open up to a friend or relative. Through all this, he sealed his fate; his factory fell into disuse, and he was ultimately forced to abandon his business entirely. In 1796, his fortune was ruined. His fate was all the more lamentable as it coincided with a time when trade and commerce flourished in Magdeburg, and when everyone who was a merchant or manufacturer in Magdeburg was earning money and acquiring wealth. Fortunately, he had no children; only his wife shared his misfortune. The couple moved to Berlin and found refuge with Andresse and his wife. Through Andresse's efforts, he became treasurer at the General Auditorium. He died in 1807 or 1808. His widow moved to Zerbst, her hometown.

Haase had two sisters. The elder sister, a lively woman, had been forced by her father in her youth to marry a man she disliked and accepted reluctantly: Captain Libeu of Braunschweig. His death released her from grief after a few years. He died of consumption, and the young widow moved back to Magdeburg. There, she found a suitor to her liking, Captain von Kleist, who adopted the only daughter born of his marriage to Libeu. She was about a year older than me and a very pretty girl. At the age of 20, she married a Major von Uttenhofen of Torgau. Her husband was the same general of that name who has been stationed in Frankfurt for years now, commanding a brigade of infantry. Herr von Kleist, our cousin's stepfather and adoptive father, rose to the rank of colonel and was the same Colonel von Kleist who, as adjutant to the Duke of Brunswick, participated in the Battle of Auerstedt against Savoust on October 14, 1806. When the Duke was wounded and taken from the battlefield to Brunswick and from there to Ottensen near Altona, von Kleist accompanied him, unconcerned about the fate of the army, and made no further effort to go to the Prussian king. This was held against him, as it was assumed that, as the Duke's adjutant, he must have been informed of the Duke's battle plans and that, had he remained with the army, he could at least have provided the other generals with the necessary information about the Duke's intentions. All officers who had fought on October 14, or in the subsequent battles, had to justify themselves and their conduct before a so-called "purification commission" after the peace in 1807. To what extent Herr von Kleist succeeded in this, I have no knowledge. He did not return to service; he moved to his estate near Halle, where he died a few years ago. His wife died soon after him. Their surviving son is a government councilor in Erfurt; the von Kleist family also left behind daughters, about whom I know nothing. Frau von Kleist's younger sister is a widowed Scheidt in Magdeburg. Her husband was a chamber secretary there; he certainly could have had a better career, but he died at the age of 30 because he was a bon vivant and addicted to gambling. Neither his wife's pleas nor the most serious reproaches from his friends could restrain him. He left his wife two daughters and several thousand thalers in gambling winnings. The mother carefully oversaw the upbringing of her daughters, who had lost their father at a tender age. Both were beautiful and exceedingly charming. The elder daughter married Vetter, a judge at the Higher Regional Court in Halberstadt; the younger, more lively and charming than the elder, married Kleffel, a judge at the Higher Regional Court in Magdeburg. I was friends with both men. Vetter was a childhood friend, and I met Kleffel at the

University of Halle. Sadly, a vicious typhus fever took this brave man from his family, with whom he lived in happy circumstances, about 10 years ago. He left behind two sons. Vetter lives in Halberstadt and has one son.

I now come to the next child of my grandfather, the aforementioned Amsterdam uncle, the most remarkable in the family. Johann Benedict Schartow, born on May 30, 1734, distinguished himself even as a boy through his liveliness and thirst for knowledge. An old acquaintance of my grandfather, an Amsterdam merchant, came to Magdeburg for a visit. The lively boy pleased the old man, who wished to take him back to Holland to one day include him in his business and make his fortune. The parents agreed, and the youngster went to Holland. He never saw his mother again. He was only able to embrace his father once more in his life in Magdeburg, before his life ended far too soon in Holland. He trained as a merchant in Amsterdam, but while still a very young man, he entered the service of the East India Company and obtained a position in Batavia. There he rose from one post to another and, in perhaps 15 years, amassed a fortune of almost one million guilders. To understand this, one must look back at the conditions of trade at that time. The period in which my uncle worked in the East Indies and pursued his business coincided with the Seven Years' War, which the naval powers, England and France, fought in almost every part of the world where their colonies were located. Holland, as is well known, remained neutral in this war (1756-1763, though the naval aspect actually lasted longer), and the Dutch therefore dominated maritime trade during this time. I am unaware of the exact years my uncle lived in Batavia. The unfavorable climate for Europeans forced him to return to Holland after a few years. His health had suffered in Java, and his constitution was said to be rather weak. He died in Amsterdam on October 1, 1776, at the age of 42. An oil painting of him is in my brother's possession in Magdeburg. He was a particular lover of painting and music. His estate reportedly included beautiful paintings, which were sold in Amsterdam because their value was underestimated. He also employed several musicians, so he had his own small private band. He must have lived lavishly in Amsterdam, because his fortune, acquired in the East Indies, had already diminished somewhat by the time of his death. He died unmarried; my grandfather was his heir.

The last of my grandfather's children to survive, the seventh in line, was my late, good father, Friedrich August, born on October 26, 1737. After him, my grandfather had two more children, a son and a daughter, both of whom died in childhood.

My father had been sickly in his youth, suffering particularly from eye problems. As he often assured me, he was his mother's favorite. His frailty may have drawn his attention especially to him. He received the kind of schooling that was available at that time. Destined for a career in commerce, he perhaps left school as early as third grade and was employed by his father in his office. However, his father soon gave up his business and became a boatman, and my father worked for him as a bookkeeper and ship's clerk until, after his father's death, he himself became a boatman on the Elbe River in the Kurmark region. He had already been a boatman in Magdeburg during his father's lifetime.

Before I dwell on him further, I must return once more to my elderly grandfather, whom I knew personally and whose personality I remember very well. He was born at the beginning of the last century, probably in 1706, thus during the reign of Frederick I, who had elevated Prussia to a kingdom. The time of his birth can rightly be called a very turbulent one. The War of the Spanish Succession and the Great Northern War ravaged Europe at that time. His marriage and establishment, the beginning of his work as a businessman and head of household, falls within the reign of Frederick William I. At the baptism of his second child, a daughter, his mother was still alive, as she is listed among the child's godparents as Mrs. Mayor Schartow (1729). A later baptism of a child born in 1739 mentions my grandfather's brother Christian as a godparent. My grandfather also had a sister, who was married to Canon Burghoff in Magdeburg. Hence our kinship with the Burghoff family, which, however, is almost extinct in the male line.

According to the story my father told me, my grandfather was not in a particularly favorable financial situation until a few years before his death, when he received an inheritance that had to be acquired in the most painful way: through the death of a beloved son. On October 26, 1761, during the Seven Years' War, whose hardships had also weighed heavily on him, he lost his wife, ([Anna Dorothea Köppe](#)), with whom he had lived happily and contentedly for 35 years. She was said to have been an excellent housewife and a tender mother. He had not experienced much joy with his eldest son ([Christian](#)). Excessive speculation, and likely also business mishaps, soon brought him down as

a merchant; his death followed the decline of his circumstances, and the responsibility of caring for the children fell to the grandfather. He also provided honestly for his daughter-in-law, née Rumpf. The grandson went to the East Indies and met his downfall there. The granddaughters, Kunckel and Andresse, married soon after. The first while the grandfather was still alive. He had now lost two children who were already married, a son was dead in the East Indies, and he had also lost his wife. Thus, of his children, only my father remained, the only one in the family who could support him in his business and to whom he was very fond. He gave up trading and became a boatman. I must briefly mention the state of shipping on the Elbe in Prussia at that time.

The right to navigate the Elbe River with cargo ships from Hamburg to Magdeburg and back, and likewise from Hamburg to Havelberg and from there the Havel and Spree rivers, thus shipping merchandise, was the domain of two privileged corporations, the so-called shipmasters' guilds of Magdeburg and Berlin. The Magdeburg shipping right was a personal privilege. The General Directorate (known as the supreme state authority in all administrative matters until 1806, when it was dissolved) granted privileges to individual qualified shipmasters with the right of navigation. This right, however, expired upon the death of the holder, meaning it did not pass to their heirs, had no monetary value, and was not subject to sale; it only passed to the widow of a shipmaster. The Berlin shipping rights, the authority granted by Hamburg and Berlin, and vice versa, to navigate the Elbe, the Havel, etc., were originally granted to 24 skippers, becoming their property, and like any other right, subject to sale, assignment, and inheritance. My grandfather bought such a shipping right, had also managed to obtain a privilege in Magdeburg, and operated both shipping lines until his death, or rather, had them operated by my father, who kept the books, handled the correspondence, and accompanied the main vessels on voyages, so that he visited Hamburg and Berlin every week. Each and every voyage was operated in a specific order of skippers, which eliminated all competition during loading. Only when the first skipper had his full cargo was the second allowed to begin loading, and thus everyone followed the order, which, however, depended on their activity insofar as the voyage time for reloading at the destination of the goods was contingent on the day of arrival there. If the skipper managed to beat others on the voyage, reach his destination faster, and unload there quickly, he was all the more quickly reloaded. Shipping was formerly a lucrative trade, especially when both privileges were combined in one person, as in our family. All that has now changed.

I return to my grandfather. He was almost 70 when the sad news of his son's death reached Amsterdam. The estate was said to be worth approximately 300,000 Dutch florins. My father and his son-in-law, Haase, were sent to Amsterdam by some elderly gentlemen to settle the inheritance. Both had good intentions and were determined to carry out this business reliably and as advantageously as possible for their employer. However, neither understood it as well as the other. Their lack of knowledge of the Dutch language did the rest. They fell into the hands of unscrupulous, perhaps even inept, lawyers, and from what my late father told me about this matter, they did not make the best deals. My father therefore stayed in Amsterdam for quite some time, made many acquaintances, and had many interesting things to tell about Holland. At that time, there was general peace; no war disturbed the Dutch merchant trade. A substantial sum of capital belonging to my uncle's estate, entrusted to a public institution in France, was immediately lost; this occurred due to ignorance of the procedures required to recover it, and a considerable sum also had to be paid in Holland. My father could not speak enough of the Dutch slowness, that well-known characteristic also shared by their legal advisors, and he often thought of their avarice. The one notary who frequently had to be consulted in the inheritance matter would not be spoken to until a substantial ducat lay on his desk. Since this man had to be consulted so often, he cost my grandfather a great deal of money. The trustees converted the estate into cash, including beautiful paintings, which were certainly squandered, as their value was not recognized. Only a porcelain service, silverware, and other valuables made it to Magdeburg. The deceased had not made a will, but in Holland, the principle of arbitration applies, which is also the principle in Magdeburg for intestate succession. This means that, when inheriting from a childless and unmarried person, the ascendants exclude the same person's siblings and their children. Thus, the entire inheritance, considerable for that time, fell to the seventy-year-old grandfather alone. Now, it is a well-known fact that an unexpected and sudden increase in earthly possessions does not always bring happiness to the acquirer, as his acquaintances assume, and especially that such a fortune, acquired by chance, is seldom managed wisely and enjoyed with moderation. This truth was also to be unpleasantly confirmed in our family. I do not want to hold it against the old gentleman for unwise use of his

money that he established his household on such a splendid footing, as is customary for wealthy merchants in his hometown, that he bought houses, etc. This was natural and commensurate with his income. However, it was quite wrong that he lent money without collateral and entrusted the management of his considerable fortune to a man who had previously enjoyed his trust, and unfortunately also my father's, and who deliberately abused it for his own gain, to the great detriment of both. This was Spengler, then a lawyer and later a judicial commissioner in Magdeburg. This man outlived my grandfather by about ten years. I remember him very well. He was more than well-fed, a bon vivant, and possessed what was known as the *donus insinandi* (charming cat), as old people in my youth used to say. He left his family a substantial fortune, to which the Schartow inheritance contributed approximately 50,000 talers. He was clearly of the "Take-It-All" variety. I still vividly remember how much he enjoyed the Rhine wine at our place and how well he spoke and told stories. He was a master at liquidating his business. When, during his daily rides, he stopped to greet acquaintances and welcome the person lying in the window, and even if the latter uttered a word that could be interpreted as an inquiry about the status of their case, one or two talers per consultation would appear on the future bill—I haven't yet managed to liquidate things that far. Malicious, but not undeserved, gossip about his avarice wounded the man long after his death. His fortune brought no blessing to his children; he was eventually disciplined. I'll return to Spengler later in the story of my father; he played a nasty trick on him and cost him a great deal.

My grandfather didn't enjoy his fortune for long. A stroke killed him suddenly in 1781; I was just over five years old at the time and the old man's favorite. The old man's love for my father had rubbed off on me. Every day I had to go with him to his garden or for a walk, and otherwise always be around him. Undoubtedly, he would have spoiled me if I had been with him like that for much longer. Even though all this falls squarely within my childhood years, I still remember my grandfather with great clarity, his coachman, who was highly regarded by him, the armchair in which he used to sit, and how he held me affectionately on his lap. He was about my height, not overweight, but stronger than I was; quick-witted and hasty in nature, yet with a very good sense of humor. His death, his funeral, my small self dressed in deep mourning, my accompanying him to the funeral, the auction of his estate—all this remains vividly in my memory, as indeed the impressions we receive in our youth are the most keen. Shortly before his death, he had stipulated that his estate should be divided into three parts: one-third for my father, his only surviving child; one-third for the two daughters of his eldest, long-deceased son Christian, the Kunckels and their then-unmarried sister, the still-living Andresse; and one-third for the children of the deceased Haase, Jakob Haase and his two sisters, the Scheidts and the then-Libeu. My father, however, was quite rightly favored. For over 30 years, he had managed his father's shipping business and taken over almost all of his professional affairs, thus rendering himself very deserving of his services. He was also dearer to his father and more precious to him than those grandchildren. To compensate for my father's merits, he received the Berlin shipping company as a bequest, and this was for cash; it was worth at least twice as much at the time. He also received a legacy of 1,000 talers. The old man took the respect and love of those who knew him to his grave. Integrity, honesty, and a truly Christian spirit distinguished him; he was also said to be particularly charitable and generous, more than was required. He recorded the necessary, albeit meager, details of his marriage, the births of his children, and the deaths in the family in a small book. I have used this essay, the so-called *adurtationes personalia*, in this present work. He speaks of his wife with respect and great affection. He outlived her by 20 years.

I now come to my late father. I mentioned his birth and upbringing above, for the sake of context. Fortune did not smile upon him when he entered the business world. His father had not properly trained him as a merchant, and family circumstances did not seem to permit a formal establishment as a merchant. The father needed support in running the shipping business, and the son devoted himself to providing it. The Seven Years' War fell during the best years of his life; my father could speak with enthusiasm about that turbulent time and about Frederick the Great, the hero of his century. When, after the victory at the Battle of Prague on May 6, 1757, Frederick besieged the defeated Austrian army in the fortress, besieging and attempting to lay siege to it, siege artillery had to be procured as quickly as possible, which the army had not brought with it. It was brought from the armory in Magdeburg, and my grandfather undertook its shipment to the vicinity of Prague. Everything was carried out with great activity and speed, with the assistance of officers assigned to the task; my father, then 20 years old, oversaw the ships and accompanied them. Favorable water levels facilitated the voyage, and after 14 days the gun was already unloaded in

Bohemia. A kind invitation from Colonel Müller of Artillery brought my father, whose business was actually concluded, to the Prussian camp outside Prague. He was now an eyewitness to the remarkable siege, about which he often recounted to me when I was a boy. He had found lodgings in the colonel's tent. The lost Battle of Collin, also known as Planian in Bohemia, on June 18, 1757, as is well known, necessitated the lifting of the siege of Prague.

In his 24th year, my father lost his mother, who happened to die on his birthday. In his 25th year, on September 10, 1772, he married my late mother, Sofie Henriette, the second daughter of the merchant Behrens of Halberstadt. She was 18 years old and said to be pretty, but of a delicate, not very strong constitution, and to her father's great sorrow, she was taken from him all too soon. Before I remember her further, I must necessarily interrupt my narrative once more with an episode. It concerns providing some information about the Behrens family. My mother's father, Friedrich Wilhelm Behrens, was born in Rudolstadt, had learned the trade, and was established in Halberstadt, where he owned a general store and, profitably, also operated a well-equipped wax bleaching works producing all kinds of candles. He also traded in yarn. As is well known, much flax is grown in the Principality of Halberstadt and spun into yarn within the territory itself. He often entertained me with tales of the beautiful mountainous regions of his homeland. He lacked a good business sense, and as it turned out upon his death, he had not acquired much, but he had preserved what he had. He was an honest man and the epitome of kindness. In 1748, he married my grandmother, a native of Nuremberg. The memory of this excellent woman, who loved me tenderly and who knew how to bring me, the grandson of a beloved daughter taken from her far too soon, so much joy, will never fade from my heart. More intelligent and skillful than her husband, she loved the factory business, which existed alongside the trading house, as long as her strength allowed, and was active and engaged in her sphere of influence—a consummate homemaker. Unfortunately, at the end of her life, she had to witness the death of her second son, which cast a shadow over the evening of her life. My grandmother was a highly educated woman for her time. She spoke fluent French, which proved invaluable during the Seven Years' War when dealing with the demanding French troops quartered in her garrison. I often listened with interest to her accounts from that time. The open, defenseless city of Halberstadt was occupied and plundered several times by French troops during the Seven Years' War. I could not have imagined then that I, too, would one day face such unpleasant experiences with such quartering. How often I have recalled these descriptions since. My grandmother came from a wealthy family; she brought 12,000 gold talers into her marriage in 1748.

I now turn away from the Behrens family and back to my father. I was born in Magdeburg on June 18, 1775, as his eldest son. A brother followed me in 1776. A few months after his birth, my mother died of typhus on September 14, 1776, from a typhus fever, mourned by my father, who had lost a beloved wife, and by my loving parents. My grandmother took my two-month-old brother to Halberstadt to care for him. However, he died soon after. On May 6, 1777, my father, a spry man in his forties, entered into a second marriage with Dorothea Magdalene Wilhelmine, the youngest daughter of Councilor Brömme of Magdeburg, a beautiful and lively woman. With her, he had three children: my brother Wilhelm, born on June 9, 1778; the two subsequent children, Friederike and August, died in childhood. My stepmother suffered from a lung ailment. The death of my grandfather on January 31, 1780, changed my father's circumstances; my mother had not brought him a significant fortune.

His second wife was wealthier, which improved his circumstances, and the inheritance from his grandfather made him a very prosperous man by the standards of the time. However, the inheritance was not as substantial as one might have expected. During the five years that my grandfather had held the fortune inherited from his son Christian, it had dwindled so much that, according to the division of the inheritance, my father received less than 30,000 gold talers as his share of the estate, in addition to the house he was given. And yet, in 1776, the old man had inherited 200,000 talers from his son. One can see where poor management leads. In 1783, on October 11th, my father lost his second wife. I vividly remember the last days of her illness. The day before she died, she blessed me and my still very young brother on her sickbed, presented us with gold medals as keepsakes, took leave of her husband with great composure, and soon afterward, speechless in her death throes, confirmed with a movement of her head the assertion of the doctor standing at her bedside that she was dying. Our prayers, my father's most fervent wishes, could not keep her with us; her hour had come, and she departed with Christian grace. Just a few days before her death, she had expressed how bitter death was! She was right. When a vibrant, 23-year-old young

woman is to depart from life and leave behind what was dear to her heart, she must feel the bitterness of death deeply. Her second son, August, soon followed her; the loss of her little daughter had occurred earlier. My stepmother was her father's only daughter from his second marriage and was tenderly loved by her half-sisters from his first marriage. One of them, Madame Morgenstern, the author of the so-called Magdeburg Cookbook, a literary figure who enjoyed considerable success at the time and went through several editions, was dedicated to her. She is Emilie, to whom the instruction was addressed "to cook delicious meals and thereby spare the husband." Morgenstern, an intelligent woman, has long since passed away.

My father, now a widower for the second time in his forty-five years, was determined to remarry. Then the tempter, in the guise of the disreputable Spengler we mentioned earlier, approached him, trying to persuade him to marry a woman. He may well have presented him with the necessity and the joys of a third marriage. The poor man was indeed persuaded and in February 1785 celebrated his union with the eldest daughter of the chief magistrate Runde of Dreileben near Magdeburg: Henriette! We children were overjoyed for our new mother, who would later prove very costly for us. Spengler had practically acted as a marriage broker; my father paid for his efforts with 100 Friedrichsdor, and old Runde paid him 100 ducats for finding a husband for his daughter. That's how the cunning Spengler knew how to exploit his clients, his so-called friends. The marriage, the entry into entirely new family ties, brought about a change in the household. Our stepmother loved pleasure above all else, and her inflated expectations of her husband's wealth seemed to justify all kinds of extravagance. The father, the most obliging husband, had never been a strict host; he too loved the luxuries that socializing brought, and therefore he never objected when the mother often wished to entertain large groups. And so it came to pass that they "made a house." The father had maintained a carriage even before his third wife; it was kept on, although he had already intended to get rid of it, and he spared nothing that could please his mother. However, she soon clouded his days. Her extravagance became too much for him, especially her penchant for gambling. He was at that age when even lively people cherish peace and quiet. When his mother began an affair with an officer, the then-Lieutenant von Zochüschen, this was, quite rightly, seen as a declaration of war. A separation ensued, and the divorce proceedings, which, decently and according to common sense, could have been concluded in a few weeks, unfortunately went through all the permissible channels, costing the father a great deal of money, causing him all kinds of humiliation, and achieving no other result than the compensation of the divorce penalty. In the lawsuit against his unfaithful wife, the father lost a great deal. The woman had cost him around 10,000 talers in the few years of their relationship, which I readily believe. The divorce proceedings began in 1791 or 1792, and the marriage was not legally dissolved until 1794. Spengler was no longer alive by then; he did not see the fruits of his machinations. The stepmother had not married the father out of affection; she was no longer young when he approached her, neither beautiful nor charming, but she could not refuse the union for fear of denying herself the happiness that presented itself. She only entered into the marriage to avoid being left without a partner. But it would be unfair to focus only on her shortcomings; she also had her merits. She was a capable housewife and took on the upbringing of her two stepsons as much as her leisure time allowed. A year after the divorce, she married her lover and moved into an apartment near the father. The father had two daughters with Wilhelmine Runde, but no son. We lost the elder daughter to tanning when she was only six years old; the younger daughter, Wilhelmine, still an infant when her elder daughter died, grew up to be a beautiful child with a gentle nature and won everyone's hearts. Her upbringing, however, remained with her father, though only after a court ruling.

My father had three children from three marriages; each of his wives had left him a child. Although we were only half-siblings, we loved each other dearly, and my father often assured me that we were his greatest joy and the only thing that could still bind him to life. He had long since taken care to reduce his expenses. His last marriage was not yet dissolved when he gave up his carriage and sold his two horses. His most fervent wish was to see his children settled down. This joy was to be granted to him, at least with regard to his sons. His household grew ever smaller. In 1793, both sons left him. My brother went to be apprenticed to a merchant, and I went to university that same year; only Wilhelmine remained with him, and everything he deemed necessary was devoted to her education, as he, being of great generosity, spared no expense required for his children's upbringing. An old, loyal bookkeeper, Deneke, assisted him in his shipping business, which he continued to pursue. When this honest man established himself as a skipper in 1802, it wasn't even necessary to replace him. My brother established himself as a merchant

at that time and, to my father's great joy, moved into the upper floor of the Golden Stag. The two of them now shared a household, and the aging and frail father had his second son constantly around him as a housemate and table companion, who also assisted him as a bookkeeper. I, having lived in West Prussia since 1798 and then in South Prussia, was too far away for visits to be possible. I last visited and spoke with him in the autumn of 1799. The fact that I was employed and happily married in my 24th year, and that I wrote to him at least once a month, greatly contributed to brightening his later years. He even wrote to me in February 1805. A few weeks later, a letter from my brother informed me of his illness, followed all too soon by the news of his death, much to my dismay and deep sorrow. He died on February 23rd from what is known as age-related cancer, at the age of 68.

He was very corpulent, but a good walker, until an unfortunate leg fracture on the street in 1790 limited his longer walks. At that time, he also got rid of his riding horse. He had not succeeded in keeping his inherited fortune intact. The extravagance of his last wife, his tendency towards generosity, and several misfortunes in his business dealings had significantly depleted his wealth. In addition to the 30,000 talers he inherited from his grandfather, he received approximately 10,000 talers from his second wife. None of these assets remained at his death. He left behind the house and the shipping business, the latter with a large stock of ships and equipment. We sold this and the shipping privilege for 15,000 gold talers; my brother took over the house for 19,000 talers. There were considerable debts to pay, but we each received almost 10,000 talers. The increased value of the house and the shipping business had raised the inheritance shares so high.

My brother Friedrich Wilhelm, born on June 9, 1778, was my constant companion, with whom I shared my upbringing, education, and every pleasure from childhood into boyhood. My brother's inclination towards a career in commerce became apparent early on. In 1784, he entered the convent school of Our Lady in Magdeburg, which I had already been attending for two years. In 1789, our father sent him to commercial school until Easter 1793. He then apprenticed with the merchant Kayser. In 1802, my brother established himself and took on the young Kaliski as a partner. After six years, Kaliski left the business, and a Mr. Loose later became his partner. In May 1805, my brother married Henriette Walter, the daughter of a factory owner in Halle. In 1828, she went to Bad Ems because of a chest ailment, where she died in August of that year.

Now to my late sister Wilhelmine. On the very day my father died, her mother, who was still married in Magdeburg to Captain von Zschüschen, demanded the return of his 17-year-old stepsister from my brother. My brother refused, and Frau von Zschüschen sought judicial assistance. A guardian was appointed for Wilhelmine in the person of the judicial commissioner Günter, and she was temporarily placed with her aunt Kunkel, as she herself refused to go to her mother. In October 1807, she married the Justice of the Peace Heinrich of Magdeburg, who soon after obtained a position as a tribunal judge in Neuhaldensleben. She died there in 1811 in the prime of her life, at only 22 years old, leaving behind two daughters. The elder soon followed her into eternity; the second, Agnes, is now about 21 years old and lives with her father's relatives in Halberstadt. My brother-in-law Heinrich became a senior judge at the Higher Regional Court in Halberstadt during the reorganization of the authorities in 1814, when Prussia regained Magdeburg.

I, Johann Friedrich Benedikt Schartow, was born on June 18, 1775, in Magdeburg at the Golden Stag Inn on Breiten Wege. According to my mother's wishes, I was not to be entrusted to a wet nurse; she intended to raise me herself. After six weeks, however, her strength gave out, and I was fed water and rusks, which is why I didn't grow up as strong as my brother. I lost my mother in my fifteenth month but had a caring nanny who was later also chosen for my brother. She died only when I was a junior lawyer; my father paid her a pension until her death. When I turned three, I was sent to a preparatory school. At that time, it was generally believed that children should learn to sit still from an early age. In my tenth year, at Easter 1785, I entered the convent school of Our Lady in Magdeburg. My father was too benevolent to dictate a profession to me; I was not persuaded to pursue any particular career. I didn't choose to become a merchant because I lacked the perseverance to learn to write beautifully and complete arithmetic; in fact, I lagged behind my younger brother in both. I soon decided to pursue university studies and developed a taste for the sciences, and even more so for languages. Even at the age of twelve, I spoke French and understood simple Latin authors. I gradually progressed in the sciences, of which, upon entering the upper grades, I favored history, geography, and mathematics. Since I had no interest in other professions, I chose and decided to

study law. When several of my classmates and friends entered university in 1792 and 1793, I endeavored to emulate them and passed the newly introduced university entrance examination in August 1793. On October 16th of that year, I traveled to Halle. There I studied diligently until I had mastered legal theory. In August 1795, I completed my theoretical studies and returned to Magdeburg to turn to practical application. At my father's suggestion, I traveled to Berlin to the house of my uncle Andresse to undertake practical training with the Berlin judicial authorities. This was on October 15, 1795. On the 22nd of the same month, I was examined by a delegation from the Berlin Magistrate, and because I passed, I was sworn in as a trainee lawyer with the Magistrate on November 12th and introduced to the City Court on the 13th. Thus, I entered the judiciary. The work was difficult for me at first, but I adapted, so that after five months I was able to transfer to the Higher Regional Court. On February 11, 1794, I passed the second state examination as a junior lawyer and was introduced on March 2nd. I had barely worked at the Higher Regional Court for six months when I felt compelled to take the third state examination as soon as possible, in order to quickly become an assessor and continue to explore the world.

I could not count on a position in Berlin, nor did I desire one. There was no rush to take my exams. My youth, my limited experience in the service, and my somewhat deficient general knowledge should have made it desirable for me to work as a trainee lawyer for a few more years. However, I considered it a welcome prospect to be completely independent, no longer a burden on my father, and to become acquainted with other provinces of the state where a position might be available. Therefore, in the autumn of 1797, I applied for trial work, thus getting ahead of all my colleagues, and I occupied myself so incessantly with my work that I allowed myself almost no rest. In the summer of 1798, I received the assignment to administer the Zinna judicial office; I gladly accepted it. My recently completed trial work allowed for the distance from Berlin, and I also anticipated that administering a teaching position would broaden my horizons. On my birthday, June 18, 1798, I traveled there and stayed in Zinna until September 3. I fondly recall the cheerful hours I spent there in the company of happy, good people. The simplicity of their customs, the tranquility of the place, and finally, my sphere of activity—how different I found everything from noisy Berlin and its inhabitants!

Since May 3rd, I had been happily married to my future first wife, which gave me even more motivation to hasten through my exams so I could marry soon. Marriage among junior lawyers and assessors was not yet the custom; more than just consideration, it dictated waiting for the council's approval before marrying, and this goal was within my grasp. On September 22nd, 1798, I passed my assessor's examination, and thus the goal I had striven for so long was achieved.

My examination had gone so well that I was immediately offered the position of Court Councilor in Bromberg. However, I was only 23 and a quarter years old, declined the honorable offer because of my youth, and preferred to accept the position of Assessor with the government in Thorn; the "Council" title was unavoidable anyway. The Second and Third Partitions of Poland in 1793 and 1795 had significantly expanded the state. The inhabitants of the provinces that had come under Prussian control through the partition—Greater Poland, Masovia, and parts of Podlachia and Polish Lithuania—were treated in the same way that Frederick the Great had treated the provinces that had become Prussian in the First Partition of Poland in 1772. That is, they were given German officials of all kinds, the German language was introduced in the courts and administrative authorities, judgments were made according to German laws, and it was as if the aim was the annihilation of all nationalities. Five large judicial colleges and just as many chambers (now governments) had been established, which explains why so many young lawyers could be promoted so quickly between 1795 and 1798. Destined for the government college in Thorn, I left Berlin on October 22, 1798. Traveling by the then poorly organized postal service, I journeyed day and night on a Monday and arrived in Thorn early Saturday morning, where at first I found nothing to like except the gingerbread. On November 2, I was sworn in and introduced in Thorn and enjoyed a desirable collegial atmosphere. On April 11, 1799, I was appointed a government councilor. However, since Thorn was a joyless place and the college was facing a transfer to Plock, an even worse place, I requested a transfer to Warsaw and by the summer of 1799, my wishes had already been fulfilled.

On October 19, 1799, I left Thorn and arrived in Berlin on the 26th to celebrate my wedding. On November 1, I visited my father in Magdeburg, whom I saw for the last time. On November 21, my wedding was celebrated at the home of my brother-in-law, a Justice Councilor and Mayor of Berlin. On the 26th, my wife and I departed for

Warsaw, where we arrived on December 7. I have expressed my impressions of the city in my book, "The Poles." My time in the old capital of the Sarmatians remains the most pleasant memory of my life. I was in the prime of my life, happy and married, my position was financially advantageous, and I also enjoyed pleasant social circumstances. The only regrettable aspect was the heavy workload. My duties were so demanding that there was no time for reading; I couldn't even read newspapers in their entirety. This excessive workload is explained by Poland's history, which lacked a proper and adequate legal system. In Poland, one could not study law; Polish judges were empiricists, much like in medieval Germany. It was only after the occupation of South Prussia that the country acquired formally trained judges. Whereas deficiencies in the judicial system had previously left much unresolved, delayed much, and caused confusion, order was now restored. It was therefore no wonder that now, with peace and prosperity increasing, particularly in the area of landed property—this almost exclusive asset of the Poles—a multitude of long-standing claims were brought before the courts, the collection of which had been hindered by earlier turbulent times. Inheritances that had perhaps fallen into disposition half a century earlier were also settled. Borders that had been disputed for centuries were regulated. As a curious detail, I must add that even the private affairs of royalty were brought before the jurisdiction of the government in Warsaw. We regulated the credit affairs of King Stanislaus August Poniatowski, and another king, Louis XVIII of France, then Count of Lille and in exile, who sought refuge in Warsaw and resided there for a time, was placed under the jurisdiction of our college.

Auguste was born on November 6, 1802. In 1805, I traveled to Berlin and Magdeburg, and in 1807, I finally had to leave Warsaw as a result of the events of 1806. The lost battles of Jena and Auerstedt, and the subsequent capture of Berlin, into which Napoleon triumphantly entered, filled the Prussians in Warsaw with sorrow, but the Poles with secret joy. The nobility had long since placed their trust and hope in Napoleon; they had maintained constant contact with France. Now the hour of liberation seemed near. When Posen was occupied and the Polish legions were expected to arrive from Italy, no Pole doubted the restoration of his homeland. On the evening of November 27, 1806, the French entered the city; the Russians and Prussians had left on the evening of November 15 and crossed the Vistula.

Witnessing their departure, I was overcome by the melancholy feeling of being exposed, unprotected, to a mass of people who harbored hatred for Prussia and who intended to take revenge on the German officials by mistreating or looting them. However, the situation remained calm, thanks to the sensible orders of Prince Joseph Poniatowski, who, in the brief interim, had seized control of the government and established a civic guard. No sooner had the French occupied Warsaw than the Poles, under the leadership of the then Duke of Cleves, later King of Naples, Murat, took over the administration, established a five-member government, and began dissolving the German authorities. On December 2nd, the government was dissolved, and we were all dismissed. This did not happen with the decorum the matter required. The Polish representative, Wybicki, a bitter demagogue, delivered a rude and aggressive address to us and to the Polish Chamber of Justice, which was seated opposite us at the conference table. He soon descended, however, into formal tirades, which heaped upon our government. The Poles present disapproved of this, and no one applauded him. Thus, our existence as civil servants was destroyed. Nevertheless, I cannot reproach myself for having lost heart. Reinstatement to my post was not to be expected, for there was no doubt that Warsaw would not become Prussian again. I resolved to suspend all plans for the future for the time being, until peace was concluded, and then to return to whatever territory would remain Prussia. My livelihood was secure, for I had sufficient funds, but I frugally reduced my expenses as much as possible and moved into a smaller apartment in the spring of 1807. Master of my time, I occupied myself, as far as my mood allowed, with scholarly reading and sought solace from the terrible events of that time, which personally dragged me into their doom, by comparing them with similar circumstances of past centuries. I was not harmed personally; I had to give and deliver what the war brought with it and provide for billeted troops, which happened to everyone.

Three or four times, complete beds had to be delivered to military hospitals. We weren't spared from monetary contributions either. In December 1806 and January 1807, the city was overflowing with French troops; Napoleon himself was present with his Guard and his Great Headquarters. Every day I saw this remarkable man, surrounded by his generals. His appearance was unimpressive, nor did it suggest a hero. From December 23rd, when the fighting on the Vilna began, until the 26th, the thunder of cannons could be clearly heard. A large number of wounded were brought into the city daily. It was extremely interesting to be so close to the theater of war, but it struck me and

several friends that, despite this proximity, we learned so little that was definite and true about what was happening. The public newspapers we were allowed to read distorted everything, and the insults that the Polish newspapers heaped upon Prussia were more painful than the misfortune we ourselves suffered. In most families' homes, everything was in complete disarray, and the interactions with the billeted troops, misunderstandings arising from a lack of language skills, and other unforeseen circumstances sometimes led to strange situations, and ridiculous antics often made one forget one's own troubles. I soon found that calm and equanimity made the inevitable much easier to bear than impatience, and that dealing with French billeting was easier than with German billeting. I got along well with my billeting hosts; courtesy and eloquence are characteristic of the French and so intrinsic to their nature that even the roughest soldier retained some of it. For a friendly greeting in their native tongue, even the worst of them responded—officers of various ranks, civilian officials of the army, and common soldiers: I lodged them all and found not one with whom I couldn't get along; some left me deeply moved. On several occasions, I acted as mediator between my Polish neighbors and the eager Frenchmen I had summoned. My quarters consisted of a hall and six rooms, not counting the servants' quarters. A French colonel immediately occupied the hall and stayed for four months. Two rooms were occupied by the so-called "permanent billeting," which marched through and changed frequently, leaving me with four rooms. When our garrison marched off, Staff Captain von Zepelin asked me to look after his wife, whom he was leaving behind with a child and two servants; she was expecting to give birth soon. She was my cousin, a von Burghoff by birth, and we were friends. To protect his wife from contact with the war after his departure, he had arranged a small apartment for her on the top floor of the royal palace. However, the remoteness of this refuge offered no protection. Napoleon's arrival filled every room in the palace with his entourage. One morning in December, Frau von Zepelin received an order to evacuate within the hour and sought refuge with us; I took her in and gave her a room, and a second one for her family. After a few days, she gave birth and stayed with us until February.

So, my wife, child, and I were confined to the last two rooms, one of which also served as a sitting room when we had tea with the billeted troops in the evenings. Thus, the events of the time had brought about peculiar domestic circumstances. In the spring, Warsaw became quiet. The troublesome billeting decreased, and when I moved to a smaller apartment, I was spared from it altogether. It struck me and my friends as remarkable that it was far easier to get along with the French as billeted troops than with their German allies, the Bavarians, Württembergers, and Hessians who served in Napoleon's army. All these soldiers, including the commanders, were considerably more hostile to their hosts, generally more brutal, than the French, and made far more unreasonable demands. They hated each other, the Bavarian despised the Württemberger, and so on. They only agreed in their bitterness toward the French, even though the latter were their allies.

The war had understandably severed communication with Berlin; since the occupation of that capital, the postal service had ceased to arrive. Only after the French occupied Warsaw was the postal service restored. Entire parcels of Berlin and other newspapers, along with letters left behind, now arrived, bringing the long-awaited news from Germany, from friends in Berlin and from my brother in Magdeburg. As the summer of 1807 began, I made preparations to leave Warsaw and decided to go to Berlin first and wait there for the war to end. I sold my furniture, leaving only beds, linens, and the best household items for the boats. My feelings upon leaving Warsaw were indeed very painful. I was parting from friends who had become dear to me, had to abandon my relationships there, and the future was bleak, my existence as a civil servant destroyed, and no prospect of any other employment. I had to consider my future fate as dependent on that of our fatherland, and the latter was very uncertain at that time. I also had to leave almost all my assets behind in Poland; I had purchased mortgages there and received interest on only a portion of them. Fortunately, one house I had bought had already been sold before the war. Giving up so many friendships and so many separations forever pained me. But I found solace in the kind support shown to me by respectable locals during that time, and in the advice I received even then to remain in the country and await a position with the new Polish authorities, which were to replace the provisional ones after the peace. Just before the French invasion, a landowner living in the Austrian part of Poland had suggested that I move to his estate and thus escape the war and its theater. The plan would have been feasible, as the border was close and my friend's estate not far from it. However, I still found it risky to go abroad, since one couldn't know what might be done to emigrants—but thankfully, nothing came of it. I declined a position in the Polish state, but I was nevertheless

pleased that, while I was already working in Küstrin as a judicial commissioner, I was officially offered a position as an appeals councillor by the Polish Minister of Justice, Count Lubinski.

On the evening of May 31, 1807, I left Warsaw with my wife and daughter, who was then 5 years old. We made the journey in a very nice new half-carriage, purchased only in the summer of 1806, and in the company of our friends, Court Councilor Breusmann and Assessor [illegible], both of whom had also lost their positions.

We arrived in Berlin on 8 or 9 June. It was a wistful reunion with our friends and relatives; how everything had changed. Instead of our national troops, I found a French garrison. French officials were in charge of the administration, as far as the collection of taxes and the administration of the police were concerned. A general despondency was evident on everyone's faces. The residence was quieter than I had ever found it. I had completed the journey without hindrance. I had been prepared for inconveniences, as we encountered troops every day who were following the army that Napoleon had stationed in East Prussia and Poland at the time, but they let us pass unhindered, and the French commanders respected my passport, which had been issued in Warsaw and certified by the French government. In Berlin, this was taken from me, I was treated as a stranger, had to buy a security card, renew it monthly, for which a fee had to be paid. It was not until some time after the peace that this annoying arrangement ceased, which, incidentally, required me to report in person to the French commandant's office on a frequent basis. Here I found that the French officials were more compliant and polite than the Germans, whom the Berlin police directorate had sent to assist the commandant's office. Berlin was understandably not overcrowded with troops, as the theatre of war was so far away. Only officers, depots and passing troops, who stayed in Berlin for a while to be equipped at the expense of the state, formed the military quarters that had to be fed by the inhabitants. However, there were a great many French administrative officials of all ranks who had settled in Berlin at that time.

One should not believe that administration under Napoleon was a simple matter. At that time, all senior officials and many junior officials who were responsible for providing for the French army's food and other needs resided in Berlin, unless their position in the army required them to be elsewhere. In addition, a large number of officials oversaw the ongoing utilisation of finances by means of controls imposed on the Prussian provincial authorities. Higher Prussian authorities were not in Berlin at all.

Other French officials were involved in regulating the payment of the exorbitant war contributions that Napoleon had imposed on the country. How embarrassing the activities of the French authorities must have been for the Prussian civil servants: their interference in the administration, their impetuosity, their corruptibility and their self-interest. Not only did their government seek to enrich itself, but they too were intent on profiting from the upheaval and enriching themselves.

Even the ominous Peace of Tilsit, announced in the summer of 1807, did not change any of this. The French left our fatherland, Berlin, the Kurmark and Silesia only slowly, towards the end of 1809. I vividly remember the hustle and bustle in Berlin and the movement of its inhabitants when, one Saturday, a general illumination of the city was ordered for the following Sunday. The peace was to be published on Monday. The most contradictory reports about the terms of peace arrived. Those in the know feared the worst for Prussia from Napoleon's policies. His lust for land and his desire to surround France with dependent small states and, at the same time, to elevate his brothers to kings through their formation, left nothing else to be expected. A few gullible individuals flattered themselves with Napoleon's magnanimity and the intercession of the beautiful Queen Luise, whom he would not have been able to resist. Despite their despondency, the large crowd was comforted by the prospect of peace, because they hoped it would bring an end to their suffering. In their view, contributions, quartering and deliveries would have to cease once peace was declared. The illumination was indeed magnificent. A beautiful evening allowed spectators to enjoy the truly magnificent sight of the facades of the houses illuminated so generally and splendidly, and it can be said that almost the entire population was out on the streets, so enormous was the crowd that surged back and forth through the streets of Berlin; I too had joined in and had my window lit up. Years in Poland had accustomed me to involuntary illuminations. Since the French entered Warsaw on 27 November 1806, every event that seemed favourable to them had to be celebrated by illuminating the city, whether it was a real or supposed victory for the

French. The emperor's coronation on 2 October and other often insignificant occasions led to the city being illuminated, which, incidentally, was not actually ordered by the authorities, but was initiated by individual patriots intoxicated by strong drink and news of victory.

When such a crowd of Poles roamed the streets of Warsaw in the evening, they imperiously demanded that the lights be turned on. It would have been wrong to refuse their request, for their defiance would have been rewarded with broken windows. On Monday morning, the newspaper satisfied everyone's curiosity; the peace treaty was available to read in French and German, and now there was something in black and white about something that had moved so many hearts. I was not at all alarmed by the peace; I had not expected anything better from Napoleon and had always regarded peace in advance as his decision on the fate of the fatherland. The document on the conclusion of peace was also worded accordingly: What Prussia retained in terms of land and people was returned to it, as the document stated. I had long since accepted that we would lose South Prussia as something that went without saying; and the documentary certainty that we were no longer civil servants therefore made no painful impression on me. However, I cannot adequately describe how widespread the despondency in Berlin was. High and low, everyone expressed their opinion. Only now did the struggle against Napoleon, which we had begun under such unfavourable circumstances, appear to the people as something unheard of, reckless and foolish, as something completely inappropriate to our hardships and the skill of our military leaders, and many lost themselves in abusive remarks about the king's advisers, whose blindness had brought about this unequal struggle. Others railed against Emperor Alexander of Russia, who, concerned only with defending his country, which was already almost inaccessible to enemies, had sacrificed his friend and ally, our monarch, out of despondency. The majority cried out against Emperor Napoleon, seeing him as a hopeless, domineering oppressor, a heartless conqueror, a bloodthirsty tyrant, and suspecting that in time he would take what he had left to the king, crushing and destroying Prussia forever. But he too found his defenders, who saw in his intellectual greatness and his resolute judgement as a military leader and ruler only his destiny to suppress everything in order to give a different, better shape to the future of a Europe that had sunk into softness. He appeared to them as a mere tool of providence for achieving their ends, which, even if the present were ruinous and disastrous, would one day bring about something better. Politics had almost completely taken over social conversation, and the pamphlets of malicious writers, who vehemently attacked the Prussian government, its administration, the army and other institutions, and indulged in invective against the Prussian state, provided constant fuel for conversation about the state of affairs and their consequences. A newspaper published in Berlin at the time, *Der Telegraph*, which was edited under the aegis of the French, almost drove the best people to despair. It was always an organ for presenting events and occurrences of all kinds in such a light as was intended. Everyone railed against the wretched *Telegraph* and its editor, a Mr Lange, who had donned the French cockade to escape persecution. Nevertheless, this publication was read everywhere with great interest. No one could have foreseen the turn of events that providence would bring about a few years later. At that time, trading in government securities and other securities also began, which, bearing no interest and having fallen in price, became the subject of speculation and trading. The stock market list appeared in the newspapers to inform the public about the real value of the securities – it changed frequently.

The image of that sad time is so vivid in my memory that I could not remain silent about something that affected me so deeply and so closely. If I observed what was moving everyone more than others did at the time, it can be explained by the fact that I was a *désoervé* in Berlin and had no official duties to prevent me from reading everything that was published and discussing public affairs.

I had a strong desire to see my brother, and a family celebration also called me to Magdeburg, where my only sister was the bride of Justice of the Peace Hendrich (now president in Breslau). The wedding was to take place in October. Before my departure, I had happened to read in the newspaper that a justice commissioner had died in Küstrin. Although it was not my intention to become a judicial commissioner permanently, my idleness was so tiresome and unpleasant to me that I asked the then head of the judiciary, Chancellor von Schrötter in

Königsberg in East Prussia, to appoint me as a judicial commissioner in Küstrin for the time being.

I considered this step to be unsuccessful, as I feared competition from other, perhaps even more needy civil servants, and in the last days of September 1807 I left for Magdeburg, where I spent some wonderful days with my

family and lost the gloomy mood that had weighed so heavily on me in Berlin. Here, too, everything had changed. The people of Magdeburg were not pleased about the change of government that had befallen them and were not particularly fond of their new king, Hieronymus Bonaparte, whom Napoleon had chosen for them, but they had to put on a brave face. They were filled with melancholy at the farewell address that King Frederick William IV addressed from Memel in a brief decree to all his former subjects in the provinces that he had been forced to cede in the Treaty of Tilsit. At that time, the small state that remained to the king was ruled from Memel, which was the only city left to him at the time; everything else was occupied by the French, although the lands up to the Elbe and Silesia had the hope of one day being returned to the state. The king, his family, his court and the few ministers who remained active at that time were in Memel. I had barely been in Magdeburg for a fortnight when I was surprised by a friendly letter from Chancellor Schrötter. My application had been approved, and I was appointed as a judicial commissioner in Küstrin. I was delighted by this change in my fortunes, for the prospect of being put back into action outweighed all other considerations. However, my family did not entirely share this view. Küstrin was a fortress, an unpleasant little place with feverish illnesses. But I refuted these concerns, and besides, my fate had now been sealed. I left Magdeburg on 1 November 1807, my sister's birthday, without suspecting that we would never see each other again. She died a few years later, despite her blossoming appearance at the time.

I only stayed in Berlin as long as was necessary to prepare for Küstrin; I had to furnish my home completely, and that required a lot of shopping. Furniture was not expensive at that time. The general hardship and declining demand had pushed down the prices of all items of this kind considerably. The incessant rainy weather only made shopping and transporting everything more difficult. On 19 November 1807, I arrived in Küstrin with my wife Auguste, where an old friend had rented a small flat for me, which I later exchanged for a better one.

A new business life, completely different from my previous one, and a completely different business circle awaited me here. I confess that my feelings upon moving to Küstrin were not the happiest; I expected little from my new position, which had been chosen under such unfavourable external circumstances. The matter was not settled with the mere appointment and my swearing-in, which took place after a few days; it was important to become known to the public and to have sufficient and good practice. However, all this came about more quickly and better than I had believed. I found old acquaintances among my superiors, who took a great interest in me, and the council, the government at that time, contributed greatly to my soon being assigned business. Within a few months, I was fully engaged in business activities, which suited my inclination to work very well.

I did not enjoy the social interaction in Küstrin. Conversation revolved around daily news and the same recurring jokes; scientific questions were not touched upon. Mutual hospitality was simple. The general hardship imposed restrictions everywhere. Küstrin was, of course, overcrowded with French people, so that I too was soon given accommodation, which, however, was less of a nuisance than in Warsaw, as they only had to provide lodgings and food. I had decent French officials, people of scientific education, as housemates, so I had no cause for complaint. I soon came into contact with the more important French commanders from the civil service, the provincial intendant, the paymasters and others. This proved useful to me. Napoleon had given the Prince of Neuchâtel, Marshal Berthier, the West Prussian offices of Schöntanke and Schloppe shortly after the Peace of Tilsit.

This peace led to the creation of the well-known Duchy of Warsaw, which has long since ceased to exist. When the prince took office in the autumn of 1804, he appointed the imperial intendant of Küstrin, Sabatier, as his representative. However, with the prince's consent, Sabatier entrusted me with the administration of both offices, which I carried out until February 1813, when Russian troops occupied the duchy and drove out Napoleon's donatores. I welcomed my role as the prince's representative; the work assigned to me by the administration was not excessive, and I also found it pleasant to have to write to Paris on a regular basis, as this allowed me to improve my written French.

The year 1809 brought changes for Prussia that also had consequences for me. The French cleared out the royal states that year, and the Tsar made his long-awaited entry into Berlin; the capital was returned to the king and his family.

However, Napoleon did not let Prussia slip entirely from his grasp. The Oder fortresses of Stettin, Küstrin and Geogan, each with a small rayon, remained occupied by his troops. We received a stronger garrison, even light

cavalry. It was not considered appropriate to leave the provincial colleges of our province in Küstrin, as this could easily lead to their involuntary closure and make it impossible for those locked out to administer the province. The relocation of the colleges was therefore ordered. In the summer of 1809, the government moved to Königsberg; the High Court, to which I belonged, was relocated to Soldin, a quiet little town in the Neumark. While I was in Küstrin, both colleges had changed their names during the reorganisation of the administration at that time. The former chamber took the title of government. The judicial college abandoned its name and called itself the High Court.

In September 1809, the college moved to Soldin with all its records. Previously, whenever the possibility of relocating the college had been discussed, everyone had considered such a move desirable. As they found the stay in Küstrin unhealthy due to its low-lying location and the excessive amount of water in its surroundings, the stay in the fortress tiresome because of the early closing of the gates, the social conditions boring, and especially the coexistence with the French garrison uncomfortable. Now that an event that had previously been the subject of conversation as something uncertain had come to pass, other views emerged. The homeowners among the civil servants lamented the fate that separated them from their property. Others were unhappy about the necessary separation from relatives; almost everyone found something annoying about the now inevitable change of residence in a small country town, which was exchanged for the better-built Küstrin. No one had anything good to say about Soldin, and no one wanted to emphasise the cheerful side of the move and the change.

But as is so often the case in life: when what one wishes for comes true, it appears in a different light. The move, which at least enjoyed fair weather, did indeed have something ridiculous about it. Files were transported with an escort of court messengers, along with children and panting old men, an immense line of wagons laden with all kinds of household goods, and finally, families in carriages—all of it covering the country road and grinding up the sand that shone brightly upon it. The displeasure of some over forgotten trifles left behind, the annoyance of others over old furniture broken on the wagons, the occasional minor misunderstanding, which is simply inseparable from such occurrences, the truly cheerful mood of many, brought on by the sight of the colorful spectacle of the procession—all this made a very unique impression. Finally, everyone found their accommodation, and they grew accustomed to the new surroundings. I soon felt better off than I had in Küstrin. The air in Soldin was undeniably healthier than in the fortress so far below. My apartment, though small-town, was cheerful. I occupied an entire house with a garden. Everything was considerably cheaper, and I was more centrally located within my business sphere, as Soldin lies more in the middle of the province, which facilitated contact with my clients. I felt extremely comfortable in the quiet little town of Soldin and spent many happy days there. Only one event later clouded my life there—I lost my wife, with whom I had lived very happily. On October 26, 1812, my dear, unforgettable Pauline was born, ten years after Auguste's birth. She shared a birthday with my deceased father. I had long since given up hope of seeing more of my family; fate had other plans, but later snatched away from me my beloved second child, who was dear to my heart. My dear wife had been suffering from a cough since the summer of 1811, which no remedy could cure. Baths, medicines, a strict diet—everything was tried in vain. After Pauline's birth, the treatment was resumed, and she finally decided in September 1813 to travel to Berlin, where she was to consult an excellent doctor. I accompanied her and entrusted her to the careful care of her sister, my sister-in-law, Burgemeister. No stone was left unturned. The efforts of Privy Councilor Fromey, one of Berlin's leading physicians, were unsuccessful. The lung disease was too advanced; our wishes could not save our beloved sister, our dearly cherished wife. In the last days of October 1813, I traveled to see her once more, prepared that our reunion would be the last. I had taken Pauline, then just over a year old, with me so that her mother could see her one last time. My heart was broken at the hour of parting, for the sick woman's condition was such that one could not be mistaken about her imminent demise. She also bid a tender farewell to Auguste, whom I had brought with me to Berlin. On November 7, 1813, the suffering woman passed away peacefully, entering a better life. Within a few days, I received the news I had been prepared for. I had lost my father and sister, and their loss had deeply saddened me. Now, my loving companion was torn from my side. We had lived together for 14 years, sharing our changing fortunes. My home life was desolate. My children, including Pauline, were left without a mother at a tender age, so that I cannot recall those days without horror. My mother-in-law, who was staying with us in Soldin at the time, was much more composed and understanding. I have never experienced a sadder time in my life than the winter of 1813/14.

I avoided all public company and attended private circles only when absolutely necessary. I read and wrote almost all day, unless my duties or a solitary walk took me away from home, and found the best recreation in sustained mental exertion. The returning spring of 1814 cheered me greatly. However simple and unadorned the surroundings of Soldin may be, every walk had a beneficial effect on my gloomy mind, and I found myself relieved after being outdoors.

The momentous events of the winter of 1813/14 also greatly helped to alleviate my grief. I read newspapers again, which I had long neglected. Weren't we all deeply moved by what we experienced at that time? What one scarcely dared to hope for, what seemed impossible to everyone, or at least extremely improbable—Napoleon's downfall, a transformation in the relations between European states along such a heroic path through a general war against the conqueror and his glorious successes—occurred in a short period of time. That the peoples of Europe, especially the Germans, could not be subjugated for a whole century, or even half a century, as they had been in the final years of 1808–1812, was assured to me by the heightened culture of our age and also by the experience that history teaches: that despotisms, when they originate with a soldier, do not last excessively long. Great monarchies established through rapid conquest have never endured for long. I was counting, however, solely on the dissolution of the great empire after Napoleon's death, and on the fact that succession disputes would then arm the French against each other, and that the hour of redemption would then strike for the Germans, and that the inevitable unification would allow every previously exiled dynast to reclaim the lands that had been taken from him. I did not believe I would live to see this. The only exception was the case that Napoleon were assassinated, and this, as an unusual event, was not probable. That was roughly how I had idealized the future. When Napoleon launched his attack on Russia in 1812, opinions on the success of his assault were extremely divided. The majority expected that Russia would be pushed back into Asia and cease to have its position as a European state; or that it would henceforth be a second-rate power. Drawing a parallel between Napoleon and Charles XII was entirely inappropriate, and Charles's downfall, attributed solely to his misguided campaign against Tsar Peter, was due to his haste, his overly ambitious march east and south, and his relatively small armed forces. Napoleon's army surpassed that of the Russians in numbers; he and his marshals were more experienced commanders than their opponents; and Napoleon, who was said to have brought Voltaire's **Histoire de Charles XII** with him, would utilize in the campaign all the experience imparted by that book. Others predicted the undertaking would fail and that Napoleon would abandon it after a few battles, as it was likely aimed more at amassing wealth than at conquest. Some truly considered the campaign merely a grand demonstration. No one could have foreseen that this campaign would, through Napoleon's downfall, give oppressed Europe a different shape. Later generations will find it mere fiction when they read that everyone took up arms against the conqueror driven from Russia. The indescribable enthusiasm of the people and their loyalty, the incredible sacrifices generously offered from all sides, the immense losses suffered by the combatants and the battlefield, and the resounding success all contributed to a serious and almost religious conviction. Even skeptics acknowledged that Providence was at work and that God's retribution was pursuing the wicked man who had sought to overthrow everything.

In February 1813, several detachments of French troops, whose condition was pitiable, passed through Soldin. A few Cossacks quickly followed, and I witnessed small scenes of war in Soldin. One Cossack looted a Frenchman in front of my house, while two others chased a group of French infantry. Resistance from them was unthinkable at the time. Soon I received Russian billeting, specifically Cossack officers. I cannot think of all that was brought about by the events of that war without laughter. Even the serious has its ridiculous aspects. Through a curious misunderstanding, two Cossacks billeted with me took me for a doctor. I was questioned about the condition of a sick horse and formally consulted. Since they understood very little Polish, and I could only communicate with them in that language, I had some difficulty making it clear to them that I was not a veterinarian. The Cossacks, by the way, as far as I came into contact with them, were good-natured and simple people in their customs, but our social conventions, and the proper and improper ones inherent in them, were foreign to them. They had little geographical knowledge; at that time, they considered Paris to be the object of their desires, believed themselves to be not far from it, and were quite astonished by the distance I gave them when they asked. Besides the Cossacks, Bashkirs and Kalmyks also marched through Soldin, but fortunately, I had none of them to provide for. Their physiognomies revealed their Mongolian heritage. The Kalmyks, in particular, belong to this race and are a striking sight. They all look alike, as if

they belong to one family, which is understandable since they do not mix with any other people. Flat noses, small, deep-set eyes, their yellow complexion, their excessively prominent cheekbones—all of this gave them a peculiar, repulsive appearance. It is sometimes said jokingly that the commanders kept them believing that everything up to the Rhine still belonged to Russia, in order to prevent them from scorching and burning.

The organization of the Landsturm (Home Guard) was also one of the extraordinary phenomena of such a turbulent time. Men of many social classes, for whom nothing was as foreign as the use of weapons, had to learn to drill, and it was a truly unique sight to see such diverse people of different social standing, ages, and other characteristics united for one purpose: the defense of the fatherland. Napoleon was finally defeated, and peace was won. The subsequent Congress of Vienna secured for the fatherland the possession of Lower Lusatia and part of Upper Lusatia, provinces that the Crown of Saxony had to cede. This led to changes in the division of the government departments bordering Lower Lusatia, and one of these was the Neumark, in which Soldin lies. A completely new, consolidated department was formed, and the city of Frankfurt was chosen as the departmental capital and therefore also designated as the seat of the government and the Higher Regional Court. Thus, I had to abandon my stay once again.

In May 1815, the relocation of the colleges was carried out, and I went to Frankfurt an der Oder that month. I confess that I left Soldin reluctantly. Although this little town was insignificant, and its houses offered little comfort for its inhabitants, and its surroundings little variety for nature lovers, one is reluctant to change one's place of residence in certain years, especially when no advantages present themselves, and I had no such advantages to expect. The relocation of the colleges to Frankfurt deprived me of part of my income, which I have not received in compensation, and living in Frankfurt required more expense than in Soldin. Household expenses there were almost twice as high, but this was compensated for by the greater and more varied enjoyment of life. Frankfurt is a beautiful city and has become much more beautiful during the years I lived there. Old houses have been torn down. The gates and towers that separated the city from its suburbs have disappeared, but a wretched cobblestone pavement remains in the streets. Police forces in other cities are sorely missed, even though they are the thankless branch of administration and receive more criticism than praise.

Nineteen years have passed since I moved to Frankfurt, and much has changed in my homeland during that time. The army was reorganized, soldiers were treated more humanely, the privileges of the nobility in officer positions were abolished, Jews were granted citizenship, a university was founded in Berlin, and so on. The other German states took similar measures, and society has made great strides since Napoleon's rise and fall. His interventions in the German states, in all aspects of German affairs, had beneficial consequences alongside the misfortune they brought. Princes learned to govern better, the people were freed from the foreign oppression that most of them experienced, were encouraged more than ever to be diligent and industrious, and everyone came to know the blessings of peace. Just as a destructive hurricane leaves behind beneficial consequences, so too does the political world need physical events for its purification. Napoleon's appearance, the upheaval he caused, awakened forces beyond what was necessary and thus brought significant benefits to society. In particular, industry has made great strides and trade has taken on a completely new form. Numerous paved roads, improved postal services, simplified tax systems, and many other institutions have increased activity, brought nations closer together, and brought about many positive developments for the benefit of the people, even if some individuals have experienced hardship as a result. Almost all manufactured goods have become cheaper, as have the country's own products.

Since the general state of peace in Germany, the desire to travel has also increased. Pleasure trips were formerly reserved for the wealthy and the inquisitive. Spas and health resorts were once visited only by the truly ill, and belief in their healing powers was not at all widespread. How different the past and present are! Convenient postal services, roads, better inns, the widely available express mail, and popular travelogues imitated by foreigners about the sights of the country and its cities—all this facilitated travel, which the spirit of the age had already elevated to a necessity for the educated. When summer arrives, it is as if half the generation has set out on a journey. The highways are filled with travelers, and even the foot traveler, formerly the journeyman, at best a special case, has become commonplace. A traveler on foot could not expect any special welcome at an inn; the innkeeper would have considered him a poor wretch or even a suspect. Now it's common to see people of all classes traveling on foot with a knapsack on their back and a walking stick. Especially during the summer months, the spas are overflowing with

visitors. Many healing springs only achieved a fame they didn't originally possess after being discovered or promoted by doctors or publications. All the spas have made the most suitable arrangements to accommodate spa guests and visitors. Advances in chemistry have made it possible to better analyze the components of thermal springs, and medicine has objectively expanded their use. As a result, entire groups of travelers flock to the spas, many simply for pleasure. Spa vacations have become quite fashionable; travel is considered de rigueur. For the scholar, for the businessman chained to his desk by his profession, an interruption from the arduous business of his work, the movement brought about by travel, the diverse impressions of the constant change of landscapes and scenery, is a welcome cure. One is at one's best, both mentally and physically, when, after completing a journey, one returns to the work of one's profession. My own experience has taught me this well. Apart from a short trip to the Harz Mountains, I had not yet undertaken any pleasure trips. Since 1816, however, I have traveled almost every year, usually accompanied by my wife. I have visited Silesia, Bohemia, the Rhineland, Vienna, and Salzburg alternately, and have been to Dresden frequently. I haven't even come close to the level of travel one is now expected to reach in order to meet the demands placed on a man of the world. One must have seen Paris and Italy to be able to hold one's own in society. In my youth, such journeys were unheard of. Now, almost all young people studying at universities in southern Germany take a hiking trip across the Alps during their holidays. Thus, the desire to travel has spread. Its source, however, is not always a thirst for knowledge, but often hedonism and vanity.

I met my second wife in the summer of 1815, and we celebrated our union on December 16th of the same year. She was Auguste Ernestine, born November 7th, 1785, the youngest daughter of Chamber Director Stubenrauch, who died in Berlin in 1806. She was also the sister-in-law of the then Chamber Director, now retired Privy Senior Finance Councilor Ludolf, and Privy Councilor Borsche. We became engaged on October 1st, and the wedding was celebrated at the Borsche home. I had made Stubenrauch's acquaintance while a trainee lawyer in Berlin. His wife was the daughter of a once-famous Berlin physician, Privy Councilor Mutzel. My wife is an excellent companion; she has proven herself a faithful and comforting homemaker in good times and bad, and has earned great merit in the upbringing of my children, which she primarily oversaw, as I, as a businessman [? civil servant!], was tied to my desk. Chamber Director Stubenrauch was a lawyer, formerly also a court advocate, and was married twice. His first wife, née Scholtz, aunt of my son-in-law Scholtz, bore only one daughter, Mrs. Stosch of Sonnenburg. She suffered the cruel fate that of her 13 children, only 3 survived. His second wife, née Muzell, had the following children:

1. Wilhelmine, married Borsche, no children
2. Amalie, 2. Frau des Borsche, Kinder
3. Henriette, married Ludolf, 1 Son – no children
4. Ernestine-Auguste, married Schartow, 2 sons
5. Wilhelm, district administrator in Soldin, estate owner in Denz, Neumark
6. Carl, Judge in Frankfurt, sons Herrmann and Rudolf

My wife Auguste and I have two sons:

- 1) Friedrich Adolf Schartow, born 30. Sept. 1817. His godparents on his baptism day, November 16, 1817, were:

Privy Councillor Zarnack, Senior Regional Court Judge Schreiner, Dr. Born, Mrs. Privy Councillor Hoffmann, Mrs. Government Councillor Stosch, Mrs. Privy Councillor Herford. The following godparents are also listed on the baptismal certificate: Mrs. President Brassewitz from Potsdam; Mrs. Ludolf, Berlin; Court Councillor Lentze, my brother-in-law from my first marriage, Berlin; Privy Senior Finance Councillor Borsche; District Administrator Stubenrauch; my brother, merchant Schartow in Magdeburg; Privy Councillor Berend, Berlin

- 2) Friedrich Wilhelm Gustav Schartow, geb. 30. Mai 1819, baptized July 15. Witnesses to his baptism: Senior Regional Court Judge Behrend; Government Councillor Steinkopf; Carl Stubenrauch, Assessor in Frankfurt; Government Councillor Stosch in Sonnenburg; Mrs. Consistorial Councillor Probsen in Potsdam; Mrs. Government Director Kessler, née Heim, daughter of Dr. Heim in Berlin; Mrs. Referendar Kienitz; Mrs. Borsche; Mrs. Antonie Stosch; Auguste Scholtz (**Hermensdorff**), my daughter from my first marriage. The latter had married Councillor von Scholtz on November 21, 1821.

On February 2, 1829, we lost our daughter Pauline from my first marriage. She rests in the protestant cemetery in Frankfurt. Her grave is marked by a simple cross. She died at the age of 17 from pneumonia.

January 1, 1834, was an unlucky day for me. The weather was dreadful; the rain poured down, and a violent storm raged. Undeterred, I made a few visits around midday to wish friends a happy new year. On my way back, the storm had intensified. I was quite close to home and, completely wrapped in a large coat that I had thrown over myself, was walking on the sidewalk. The storm whipped the coat collar into my eyes, I lost my footing and fell into the gutter, landing to my left in the street. I had difficulty unwrapping myself out of the coat while lying down. My left arm was in agony; it was damaged, and I couldn't get up. I had no control over my left foot and felt that it was broken. Two men who were summoned carried me to my apartment. Soon, a surgeon who had been called arrived and examined my condition. According to his assurance, my left femur was dislocated, meaning the neck of the femur had slipped out of the socket in which it supports the torso as it moves. An experienced and skilled surgeon, Dr. Hohenhorst, who was also summoned, examined my condition only superficially, seemed to agree with the first surgeon's assessment, and preparations were made to relocate my left femur. I didn't feel particularly comfortable during these procedures. Two towels were placed under my arms, and another was tied around each ankle. Dr. Hohenhorst wrapped a fifth towel around my dislocated femur, knotted its ends together, removed his coat, and put his head in the noose he had created by tying the heavy towels together. The upper end of the sling rested on his shoulders; as he rose, he simultaneously lifted his thigh, thus being able to give it any movement he wished and having both hands free to reposition it without hindrance. My foot didn't hurt; even when they took off my boot, it hadn't hurt at all.

Now the doctor demanded that I be slowly pulled apart. Four men were summoned. Two pulled on the towels under my armpits, two on my feet, and so I was stretched apart perhaps half an inch, which caused me severe pain, further intensified by a cramp in my right leg. However, I did not lose my composure and was pleased with the good arrangements for my recovery, which had to be limited to purely mechanical operations. A glass of wine was presented to me after the repositioning. The doctor then explained that the assumption that the femur was merely dislocated was a misconception; the neck of the femur was fractured, the upper part had not even come out of the socket, but the two ends of the broken bone seemed to have been joined together by the operation. My recovery was beyond doubt, but I would have to endure lying in a completely horizontal position for a long time and submit to all instructions. He couldn't guarantee a successful outcome, however, as paralysis almost always followed, since shortening of the broken limb was unavoidable. This offered little comfort, but still a glimmer of hope. For the moment, the only priority was preventing infection. To this end, ice packs were applied around the fracture site day and night. Until January 7th, I received only oatmeal as soup or drink, and a slice of white bread with butter daily. Despite this dietary restriction, I felt better than one might expect; I was completely fever-free and felt quite well, only lying down became more and more bothersome by the hour. By the second day, I was already dictating letters and reading incoming mail. On January 7th, the doctor informed me that a machine from Berlin would have to be prescribed, into which I would have to be strapped and clamped to prevent any movement of my leg. Such a machine had been invented almost a year earlier. Previously, in my case, the patient would have been tied to the bed, or the affected bone would have been placed in wet sand to immobilize it. On January 11th, the machine was fitted. It tormented me considerably, but I must acknowledge its excellent and practical design. It consisted of a wooden batten connected to a board. This board served to brace my feet against it. The batten was placed against my healthy side and extended up to my armpit. Straps and belts secured it to my foot and thigh, and a waist belt went around my abdomen. My healthy leg was strapped so tightly that I could hardly move it. I could brace the sole of my foot against the board, and my diseased foot was strapped to this board and stretched out towards it. The stretching was extremely painful, because the affected leg had contracted due to the thigh muscles, shortening by almost an inch, and it now had to be restored to its former length. A leather strap was fastened over the ankle and pulled towards the board with straps. As soft and pleasant as this strap was, after a few days the skin at the point of contact became inflamed. The inflammation worsened to such an extent that gangrene was feared, and the foot had to be fixed with another strap above the knee. However, this caused swelling of the entire foot and had to be abandoned. The doctor varied the method of securing the foot to the bed, but always kept the purpose of the treatment in mind. I was to be pitied: although internally healthy, I was positioned in such a way that I could only

move my right arm and neck. I was fed like a child.

My left arm had been forgotten above my leg; it was strapped down. As a result, my forearm was so engorged with blood that it was all the colors of the rainbow. An examination revealed that a piece of bone had broken off at my elbow. It shifted back and forth, so my arm was splinted and wrapped in numerous compresses. I couldn't use it at all, which only exacerbated the discomfort. Given my innate impatience and restlessness, this became very tiresome. My fate was only eased by the loving care of my wife. Eventually, however, everything turned out better than I had expected. Fortunately, I was able to continue my business in bed, which greatly helped to cheer me up and keep me going. Finally, on March 1st, I was lifted onto the sofa for a quarter of an hour. The broken bone had healed, as I could move my foot, but it had visibly shortened since coming out of the machine, so they hurried to strap me back in. At last, the hour of relief had arrived. On March 21st, the machine was removed from my body. Freed from my restraints, I lay miserably in bed, for I had completely lost the use of my feet, nor the strength to stand up. The interrupted use of my muscles had robbed them of all power. On March 23rd, I also left the bed and was placed on the sofa. I still could not stand or walk. Only on April 1st, three months after my accident, was an attempt made to get me to stand on crutches. The shortening of my left foot was corrected in the boot. However, as the doctors had predicted, the skin on both heels had detached and been replaced by a very delicate new layer, so that I could only walk with pain until a new callus had formed. On April 5th, supported by my wife and a walking stick, I tried to walk. To my delight, I succeeded. On April 27th, I ventured out, specifically to lunch at the home of my brother-in-law, Senior Judge Stubenrauch. Using stairs and getting in and out of the carriage still caused me discomfort with my stiff limbs. On May 1st, I ventured onto the pavement and from then on went out daily, accompanied by a servant whom I could touch. On May 26th, I re-entered the Higher Regional Court and was now able to devote myself fully to my profession again. In July, I went to Teplitz for a spa treatment, which I repeated in 1835. In 1836, we visited Dresden, and in 1834, Freienwalde.

In 1838, we travelled via Dresden, Leipzig, and Halle to Magdeburg to visit my brother [Friedrich Wilhelm Johann Schartow]. Travel is faster now, thanks to railways and steamships. Even the mail service has improved. We departed Magdeburg at 7 p.m. with the so-called [illegible] mail and arrived in Berlin at 7 a.m. the following morning. In 1839, my wife and I travelled to the Silesian spa town of Obersalzbrunn to cure my cough.

In 1840, I also traveled to Magdeburg, where my niece Bertha's wedding to the merchant Humbert took place on May 15th. I took my daughter Auguste with me on the way through Berlin. I stayed with my brother for a week and was delighted to be able to spend time in the rooms where I had spent my childhood. The wedding celebration was distinguished by a pre-wedding party and a splendid dinner. In July, I went again to Obersalzbrunn to repeat the previous year's spa treatment. We took the return route via Warmbrunn to Dresden, where we stayed for a week. We planned to celebrate our silver wedding anniversary on December 16th. Then came the news of the sudden death of President Einbeck in Berlin, with whom we were very good friends. Therefore, the pre-wedding party, for which performances and other events had been planned, was cancelled. We contented ourselves with the planned luncheon with family. Unfortunately, my son Adolf (Heidelberg) and my brother were unable to attend. My daughter [Auguste] and her husband Scholtz were present.

On October 19, 1842, I suffered an accident that will forever remain a very painful memory, for it caused my paralysis, thus crippling me. Even today, almost two years after the accident, I am still lame and must rely on a servant to walk outside the house; a walking stick suffices indoors. I long ago gave up the prospect of a full recovery, although my condition has gradually improved. The mechanism of my foot is still impaired, although I can use it somewhat better than in the first year after the fall. On that day, I was invited to dinner at the home of Count Bouverot, who lived on the other side of the Oder River. I returned at 9:30 p.m., as I disliked eating late. It was overcast; a faint moonlight sparsely illuminated the Oder bridge, and it was quite dark on the level section of the bridge road. Scaffolding in front of a house obscured the meager moonlight. It had been raining, and I had the misfortune of slipping on a wet stone and falling, landing on my right hip on the sharp edge of the gutter. I immediately felt a violent jolt in my hip, got up, and with difficulty and pain crossed the gutter, reached the nearest house, leaned against the wall, and was unable to go any further. A passerby offered his help and carried me home. With further assistance, I was carried upstairs and lay down on the sofa in my study in utter distress. The doctor

diagnosed a contusion of the hip joint and explained that the recovery was not in doubt, but would be slow. After 14 days, I was able to get out of bed and use the sofa as before. I had the crutches from my first accident brought to me, and with their help, I learned to use my limbs again. At the end of May 1843, I finally traveled with my wife to Teplitz to take advantage of the thermal baths there. In the autumn, my strength returned, and I was able to go out on foot, though I limited my walks to the casino, which I could reach without having to walk on cobblestones. I had to travel to my office at the Higher Regional Court. The winter was less joyless for me than the previous one. I went on outings and attended the theater several times.

The winter of 1843/44 was very changeable in terms of weather. Spring 1844 greatly invigorated me; I took longer walks, even as far as the Higher Regional Court, including across the Oder bridge, and eagerly awaited the day when I could depart for Teplitz. On July 19th, we traveled to Dresden and arrived in Teplitz on the 23rd, where the spa treatment did me a world of good. At the end of August, we returned to Dresden and met up with Gustav [Friedrich Wilhelm Gustav - his son], who had a command in Magdeburg. We traveled together as far as Spremberg, where Gustav left us to return to Magdeburg via Muskau. We also visited Teplitz in 1845 because I still couldn't get rid of my crutches and still needed an escort on my walks due to the cobblestones and the horse-drawn carts. But it wasn't the hope of healing my foot through the spa treatment that motivated me to travel, but rather the belief that spa treatments are beneficial to all those growing old, the longing for a break from my business, and the prospect of visiting beautiful Teplitz. On July 16th, we left Frankfurt and arrived in Dresden on the 18th. Upon entering Bohemia, we were subjected to numerous inspections, more than usual. This was due to the chance presence of a high-ranking official. On August 15th, I received from my brother the deeply distressing news of the death of his eldest son, Wilhelm, who had been suffering from mental illness for over a year. The autopsy revealed that his recovery, so longed for by all of us, was not to be expected, as a growth had been found in his brain. This finding explains why the mental deterioration must have preceded his death. He was a very amiable man. My brother did not enjoy for long the pleasure of seeing him established as a merchant in Magdeburg. I spoke to my brother in Berlin in October. To my dismay, I found him very ill. I thought he looked much older, which he also confirmed.

This concludes the essay written by the author, Justice Commissioner Johann Friedrich Benedict Schartow, in Freienwalde in August 1831 during a spa treatment. He continued to reside in Frankfurt. There, on August 30, 1846, he celebrated his 50th anniversary in office, receiving numerous honors. Among other things, his colleagues in the government presented him with a silver goblet, gilded on the inside, to commemorate the occasion. The names of the donors are engraved on the base: Aschenborn, Bardeleben, von Beyer, Hannemann, Hintze, Joch..., Keller, Kern, Marquard, Mittke, Preusse, Tirpitz, von Thielenfeld, Ulrici, and Vogel. Ten years later, on October 7, 1856, he died and was buried in the family burial plot he had established in the Frankfurt cemetery, where his daughter Pauline, who had predeceased him, was already interred. His wife Auguste (née Stubenrauch) left Frankfurt and moved to her hometown of Berlin, where their eldest son Adolf also lived. She died there on August 10, 1860, and was also buried in Frankfurt in the old cemetery next to her husband, with whom she had been happily married for 41 years.

Source: <https://homorechte-galerie.hpage.com/familiensaga-2.html>

Insertions: Dr. H. Haase

ATTACHMENT 1

Excerpt from:

Włodzimierz Zientara: **Verordnungen und Stereotype** - Deutsche und polnische Wirtshäuser in der Frühen Neuzeit
Uniwersytet Mikołaja Kopernika w Toruniu

Bulletin der Polnischen Historischen Mission
ISSN 2083-7755 (print) / ISSN 2391-792X (online) Nr 15/2020: 139–158
DOI: <http://dx.doi.org/10.12775/BPMH.2020.005>

p. 152f.

“Prussian officials like Uklanski, Ernst Theodor Amadeus Hoffmann, Johann Friedrich Theodor Baumann, and **Johann Friedrich Benedict Schartow** traveled to this foreign land, mostly directly after completing their law studies. They suffered to varying degrees—like Hoffmann in his ‘exile’ in Płock, who was also constantly short of money. He felt humiliated and dreamed of a trip to Italy. Schartow was an exception among these officials. He was also the one who described learning the difficult Polish language as hard work in his little book*. But what connection does this have with an inn? Schartow traveled with his newlywed wife from Berlin to Warsaw to work there for an extended period. The young lady, also influenced by an equally whining coachman, became increasingly panicked as she lost the security of her familiar language. She still heard the German she knew until Poznań. But on the rest of the journey, she already heard a foreign language, the coachman she wailed loudly in fear and ultimately lost her composure. The travelers arrived at an inn that evening, where the peasants were dancing and singing. The lady, however, preferred to continue her journey overnight rather than spend the night there. [...] Schartow worked hard in Warsaw and, in his own opinion, was an exemplary official who, like his colleagues, brought “true civilization” to occupied Poland through the introduction of Prussian law. He even sacrificed his family life for this mission.”

* Schartow J. F. B.: *Die Polen. Ein Beitrag zur Charakteristik dieses Volkes aus den Erinnerungen eines alten Justiz-Beamten*, (1848).

ATTACHMENT 2

During his time in Warsaw, ETA Hoffmann (1776-1822) drew three councilors of the city government: Friedrich Ferdinand David Siebenhaar (*1776, a 28-year-old indebted dandy), Emanuel Goldschmid von Goldenberg, and **Friedrich Schartow** (1775-1856).



E.T.A. Hoffmann

Three councilors from the Warsaw government: Friedrich Ferdinand David Siebenhaar (*1776, a 28-year-old indebted dandy), Emanuel Goldschmid von Goldenberg (†1812) and **Friedrich Schartow**.

„Siebenhaar and **Schartow** gaze admiringly with their small heads at Goldschmid von Goldenberg, of whom only his back is visible. His stiff posture gives him a marionette-like, interchangeable appearance, the bearing of a scarecrow. For Dietmar Ponert, the print conveys "a good impression of his [Hoffmann's] ability to truly and devastatingly expose in all their ugliness the ignorance, lack of character, arrogance, vanity, and philistinism that his artistic soul had to endure.”

Source: https://etahoffmann.staatsbibliothek-berlin.de/leben-und-werk/zeichner/karikaturen/#_ftn5