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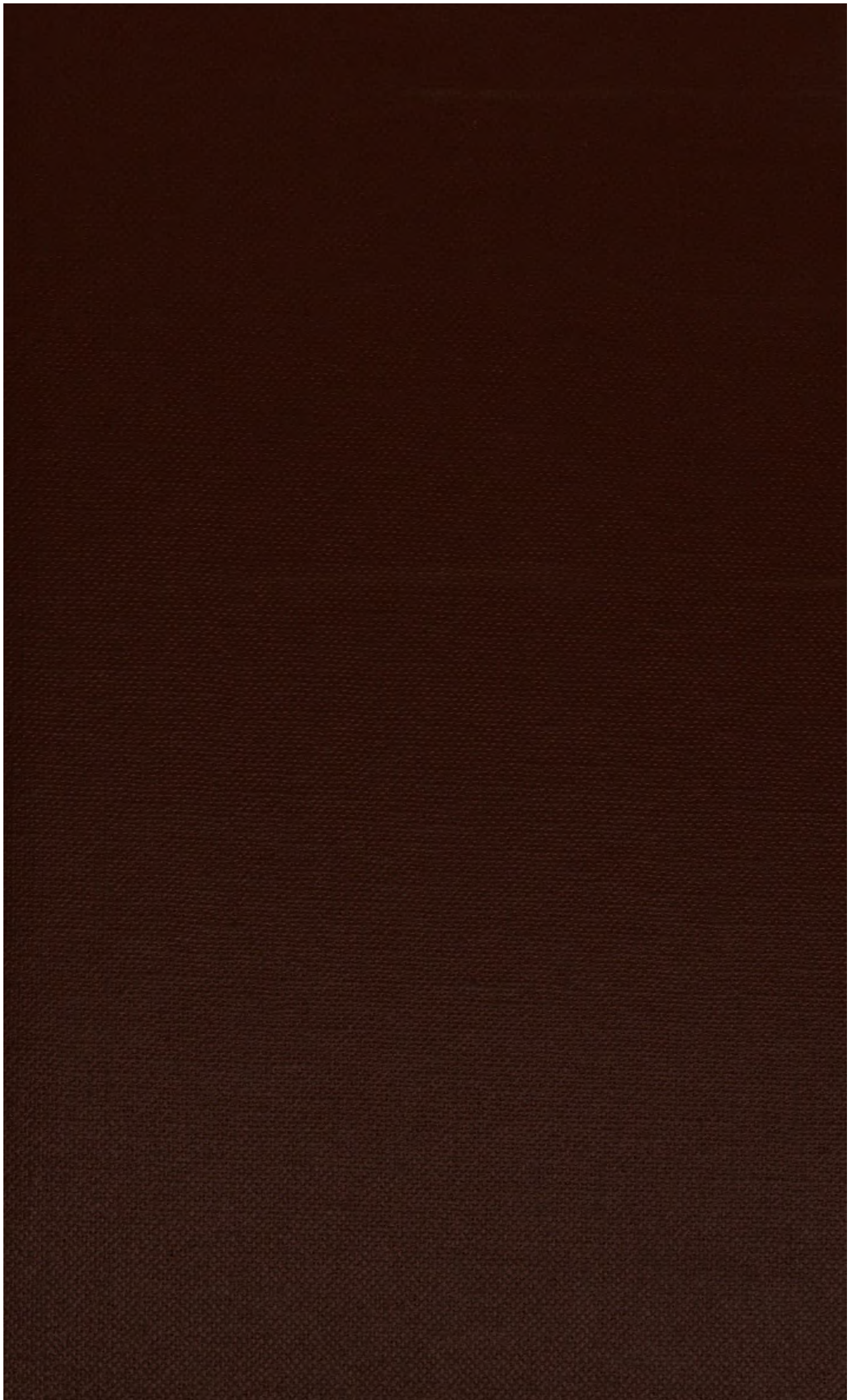
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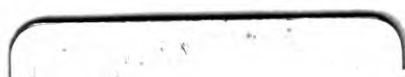
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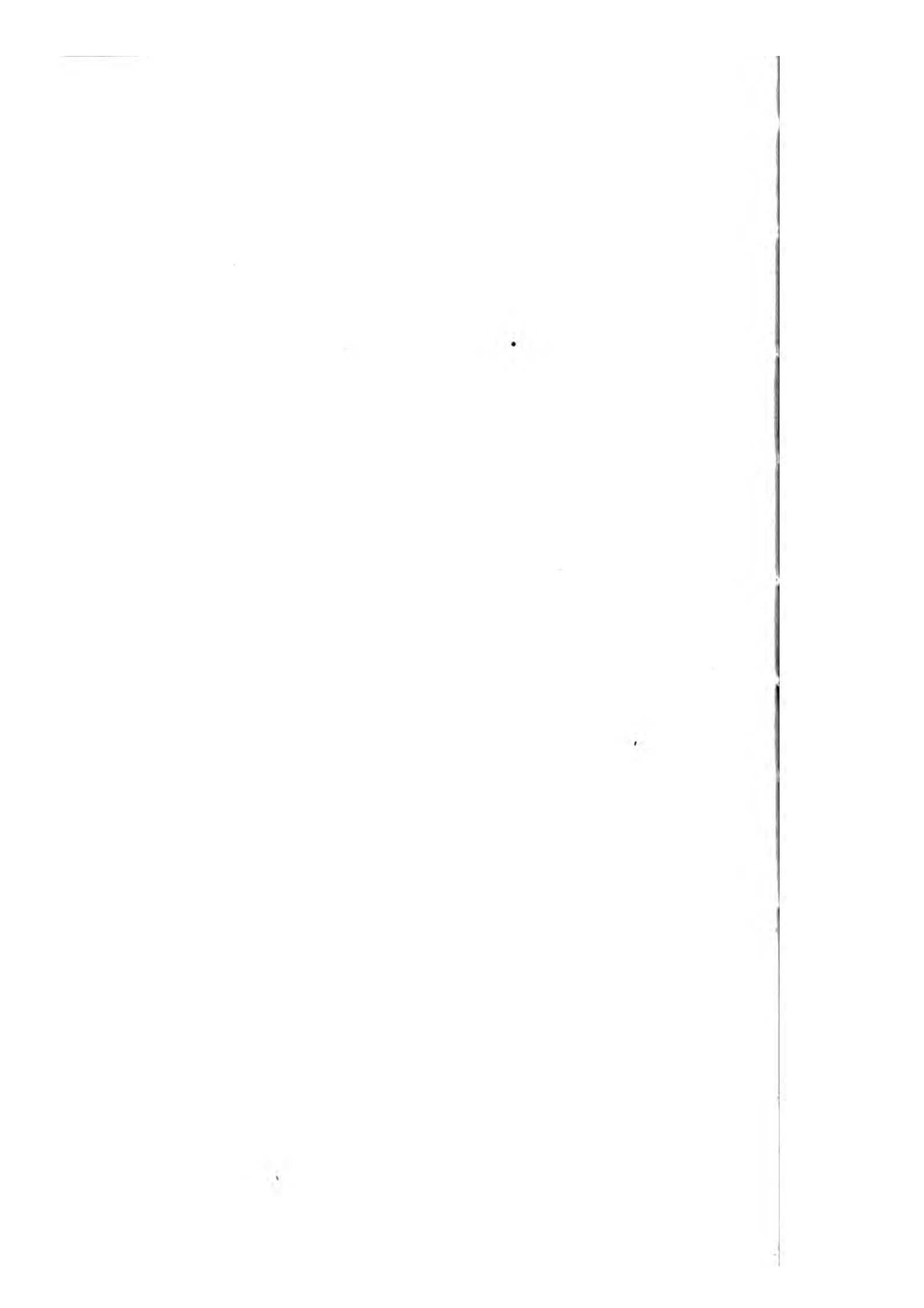


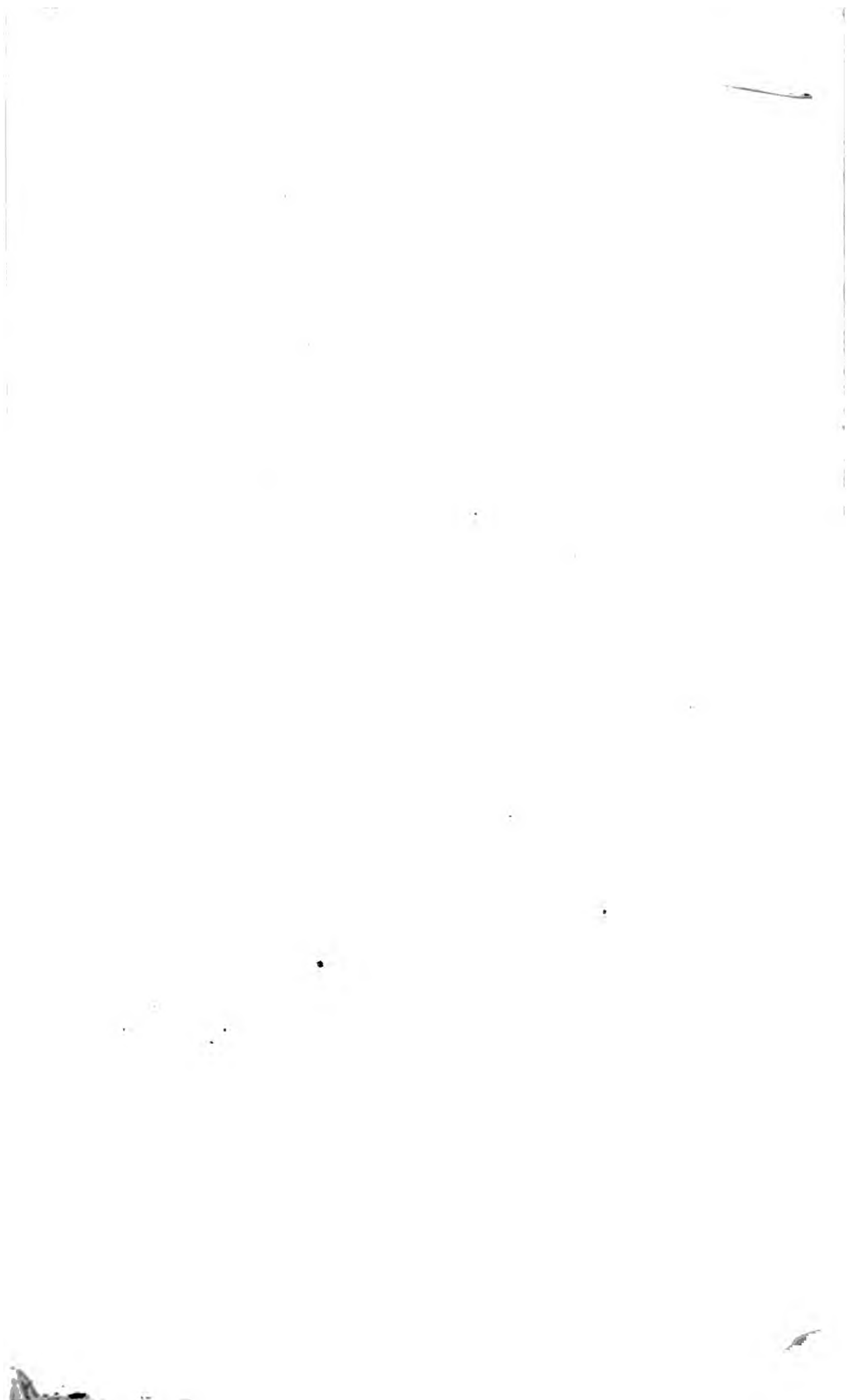
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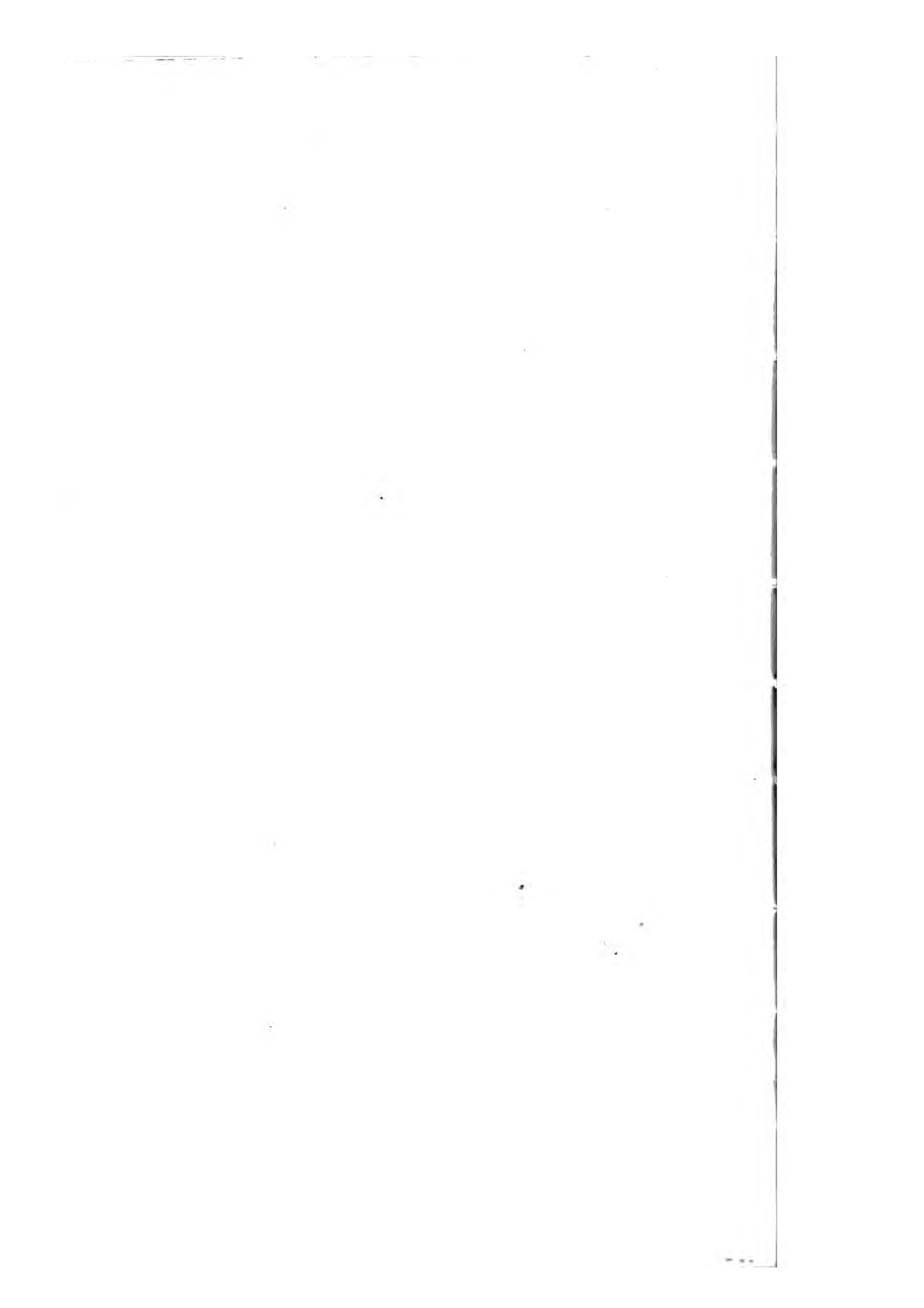


FIEDLER COLLECTION











FREDERIC THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.

FOR genius, for enterprise, and for heroism, no monarch of modern times may be put in competition with the late Charles Frederic, commonly stiled Frederic II. third King of Prussia; who filled the throne for nearly half a century, and gave his country a weight in the scale of empires, which at once awed and astonished Europe.

This magnanimous prince, the eldest son of Frederic William, by Sophia Dorothea, daughter of George I. King of England, was born on the 24th of January 1712. His early years were embittered by the tyranny of his father, who was equally avaricious and austere. At the age of twenty-one, he was married, against his will, to a princess with whom he never could be induced to live, though he always treated her with respect.

His knowledge in every branch of science was inconceivable; he wrote exquisite verses, composed several beautiful pieces of music, and was one of the finest performers on the German flute in the whole world. To which may be added that, besides his proficiency in the dead languages, he spoke most of the modern ones with fluency and grace.

On the death of his father, in 1740, he resolved to govern with little ministerial assistance. He tolerated all religions; and continued that correspondence with learned men, which he commenced when a prince.

In the milder pursuits of polite literature, however, he had not neglected to study the necessary operations of war; and the magnanimity with which he carried his theory into effect, during the long and frequent conflicts in which he was engaged, is known to all the world. Few have fought so many battles with such general success, fewer still been so little depressed by occasional defeat. He rose superior to all misfortunes, and his alliance was courted by every power in Europe.

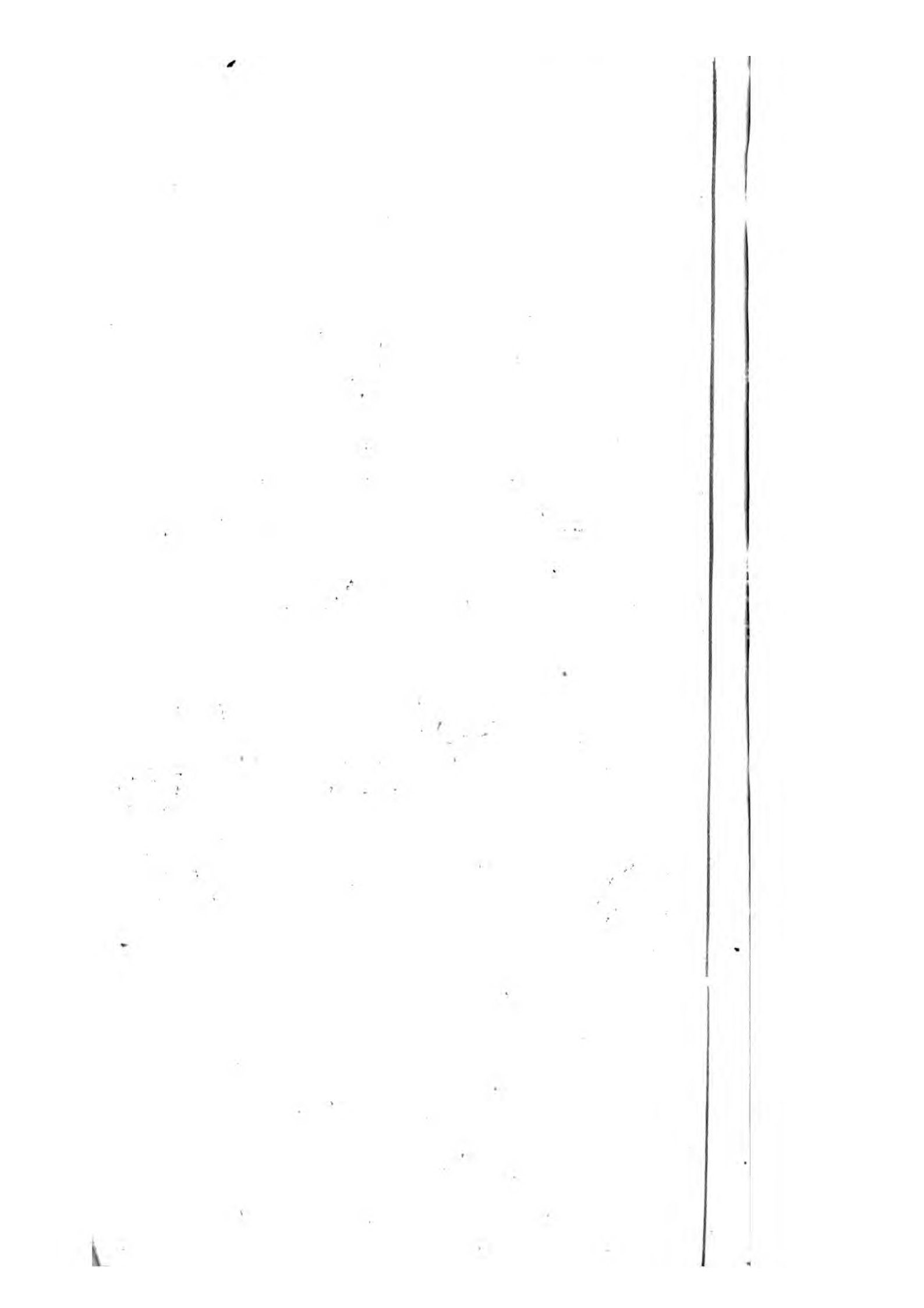
His life was one continued scene of activity. Artists and ingenious men of every nation were invited into his dominions; he erected innumerable public edifices; formed a variety of national establishments; and made upwards of three hundred towns and villages arise as by enchantment, on marshes, waste lands, and deserts. In short, he amended defective laws, made commercial regulations, and civilized and polished the rudeness and barbarism of his subjects.

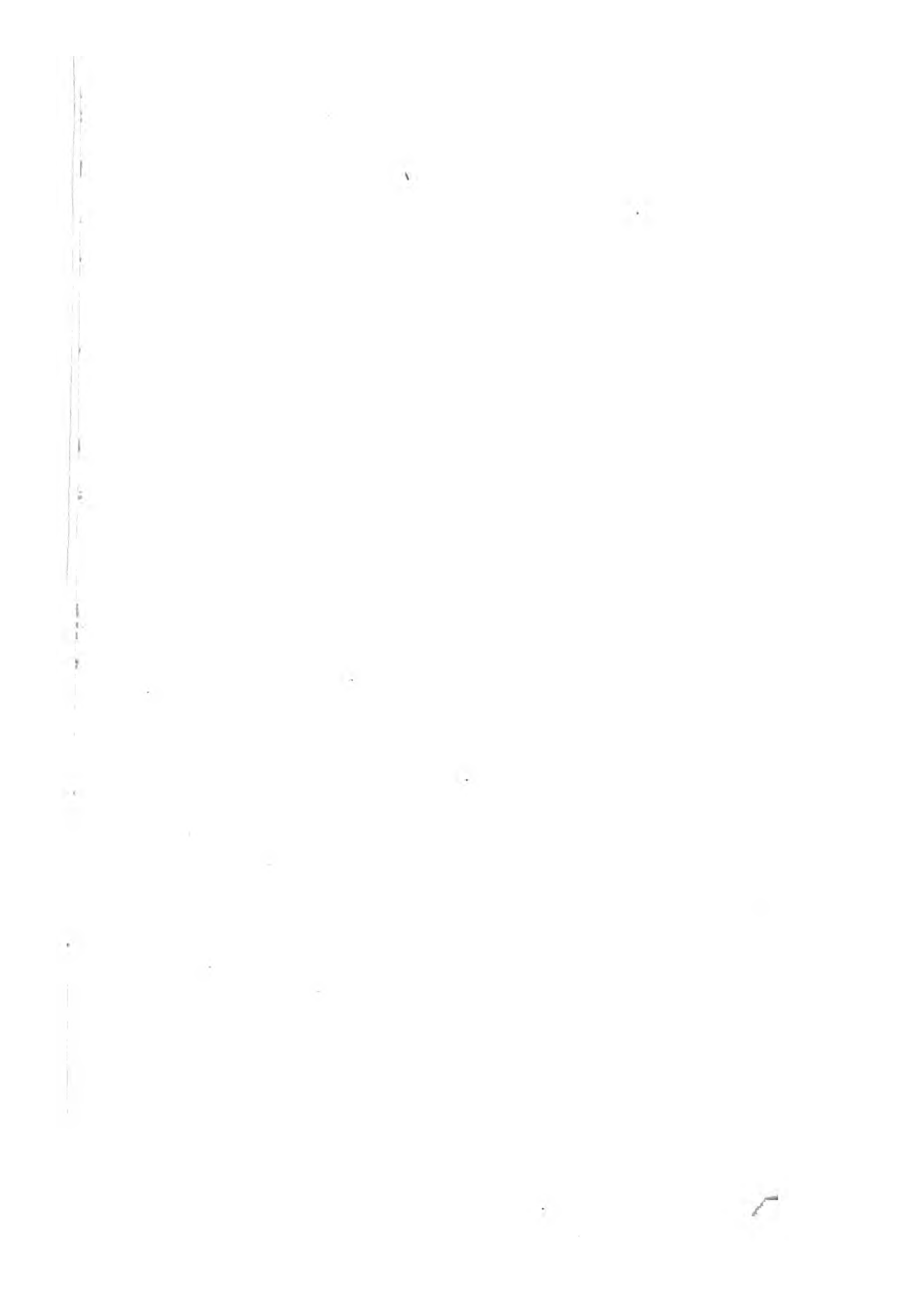
This illustrious monarch possessed almost every characteristic of greatness. He was, at once, a hero, a philosopher, an historian, a legislator, a poet, a musician, and a wit. In either of these endowments, he had sufficient ability to have formed singly a distinguished character.

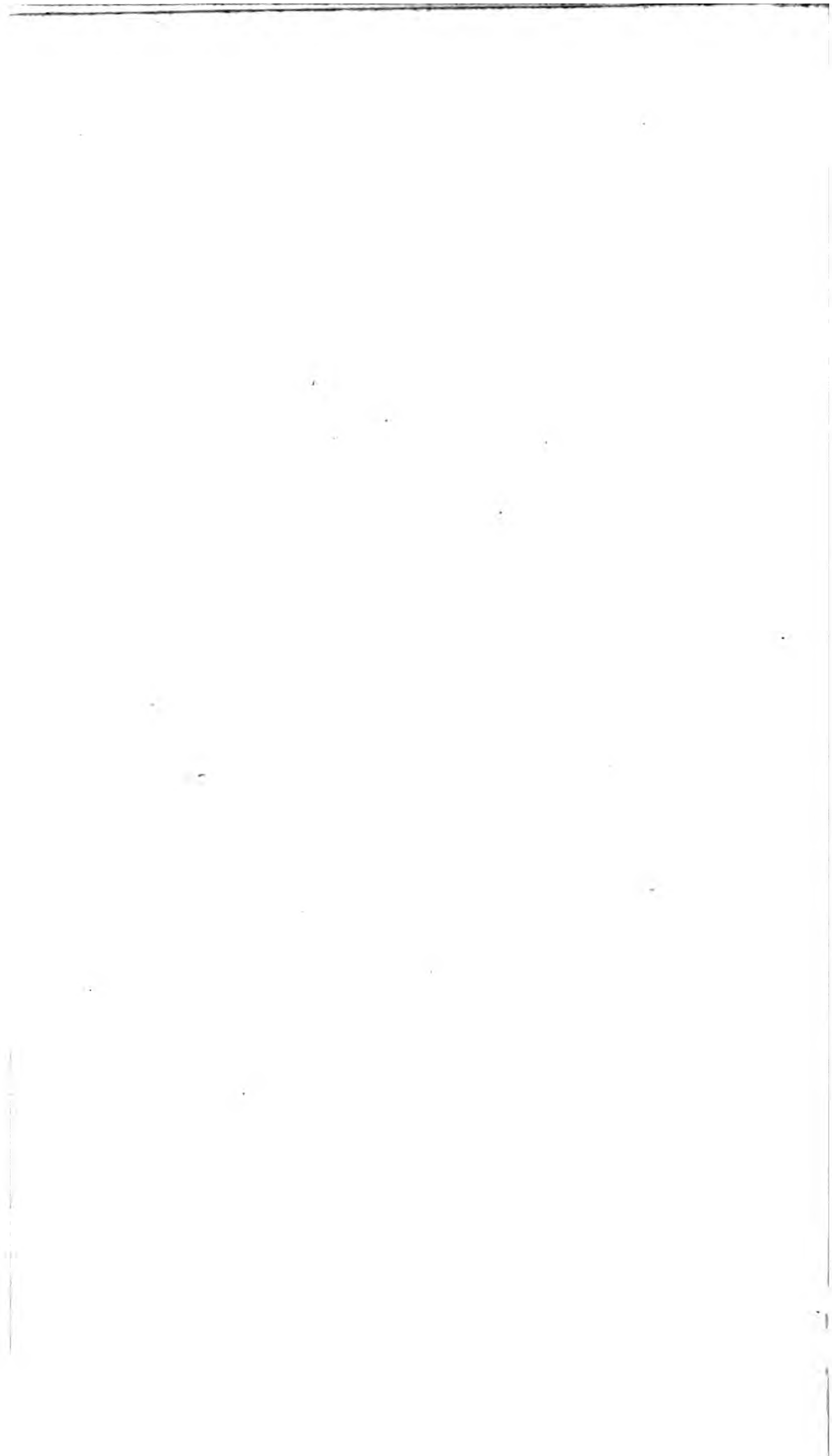
Frederic the Great, as he was often deservedly called, died of a lethargy, on the 17th of August 1786.

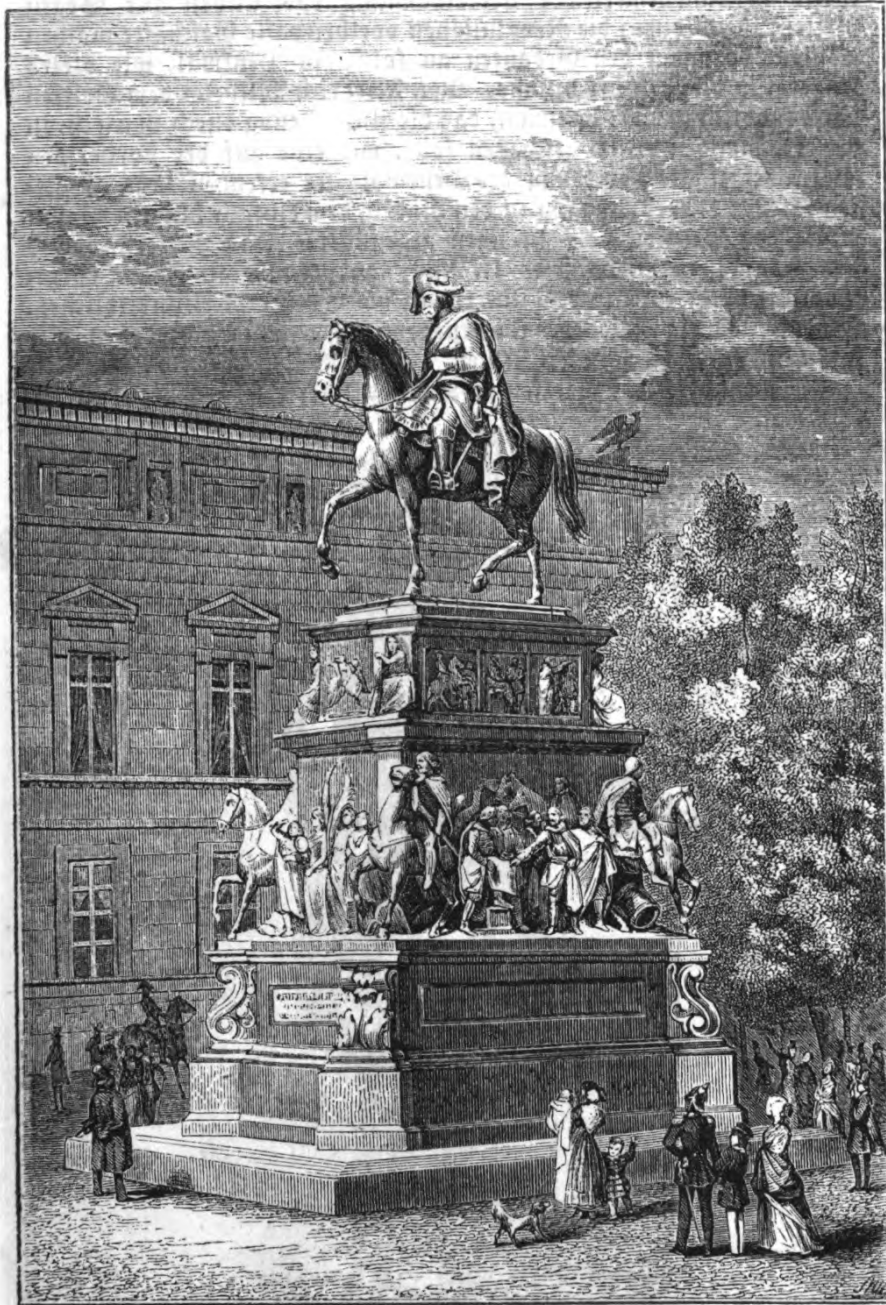
The King of Prussia's writings are so extensive, that they fill, including his epistolary correspondence with Fontenelle, Rollin, Voltaire, D'Alembert, Condorcet, &c. no less than nineteen volumes in octavo; and so various, that they embrace almost every branch of polite literature. With respect to his Military Memoirs, however, it has been shrewdly remarked, that he appears more impartial in his accounts of his campaigns, than in assigning the motives for his wars, or estimating the merits of his antagonists.

History must decide, on a profound consideration of all circumstances, how far the aggrandizement of his own country, by the seizure of Silesia, &c. and his share in the partition of Poland, may be regarded as affecting the true dignity of his monarchial









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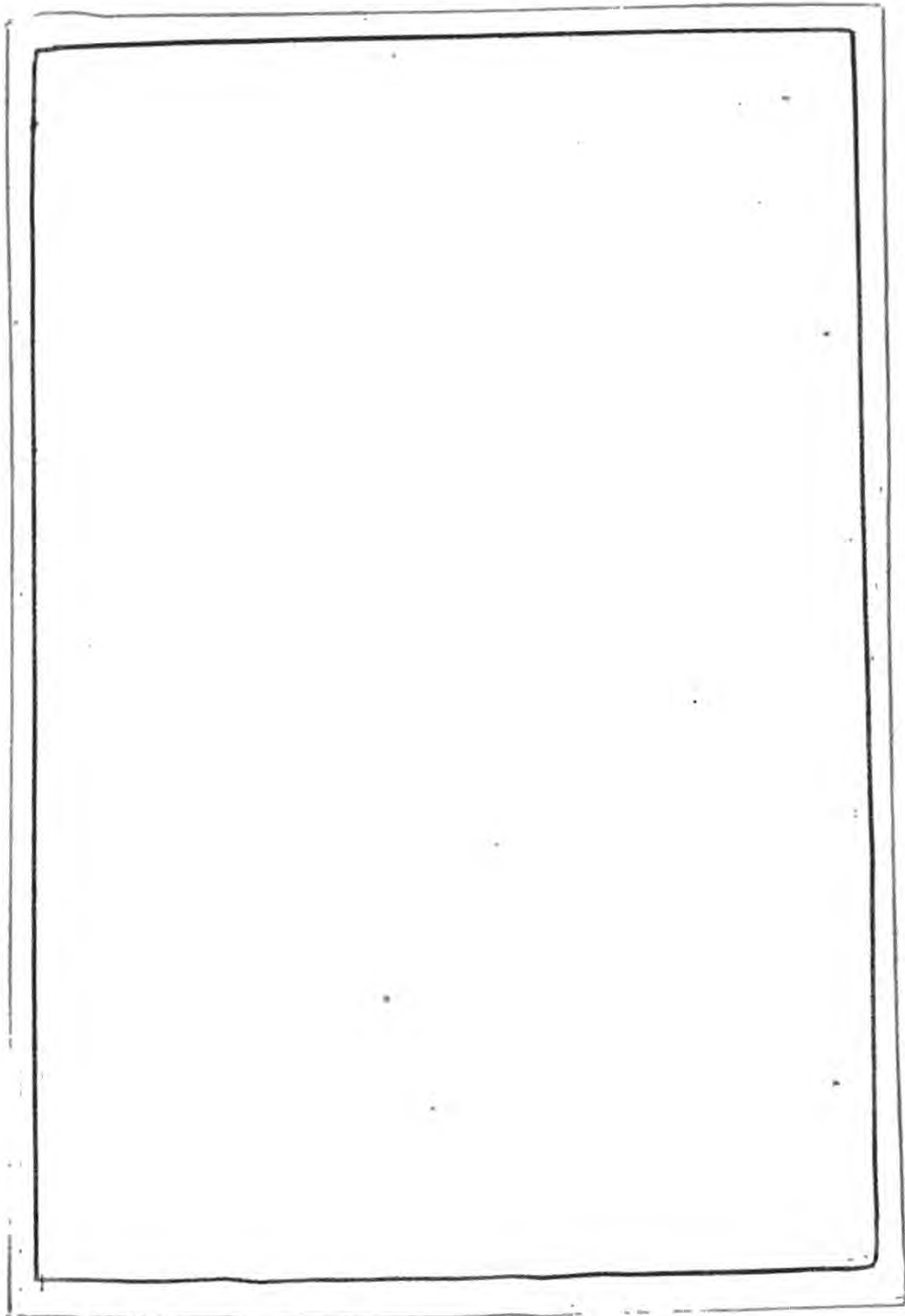
Leuten anzuwerben mußten, die als Wortfechter oder Herumzügler theils in schwärmerischer Ueberspannung das Unheil für Segen hielten, theils durch die Revolutionen vortheilhafte Geschäfte machen wollten, drängten den Gedanken an solch ein Denkmal, wie vieles Andere, in die Zukunft hinaus. Von Friedrich Wilhelm dem Dritten wurde endlich (1839) bestimmt, daß die Ausführung durch Rauch, in der großartigen Weise geschehen solle, wie eine auf der vorherigen Seite beigefügte Abbildung des Denkmals sie erkennen läßt an dessen Stelle: offener Eingang zu den Linden, dem einfach schönen Wohnhause des Prinzen von Preußen gegenüber. Das Reiterstandbild des Königs ist etwas über 16 Fuß, das Ganze 40 Fuß (rheinländisch) hoch, und in dem Unterbau sind, neben dem Sinnbildlichen, sechsundzwanzig Feldherren lebensgroß aufgestellt, von denen vier an den Ecken zu Ross erscheinen. Dies Werk, wozu Rauch elf Jahre brauchte, was bei seiner Reichhaltigkeit sehr begreiflich ist,

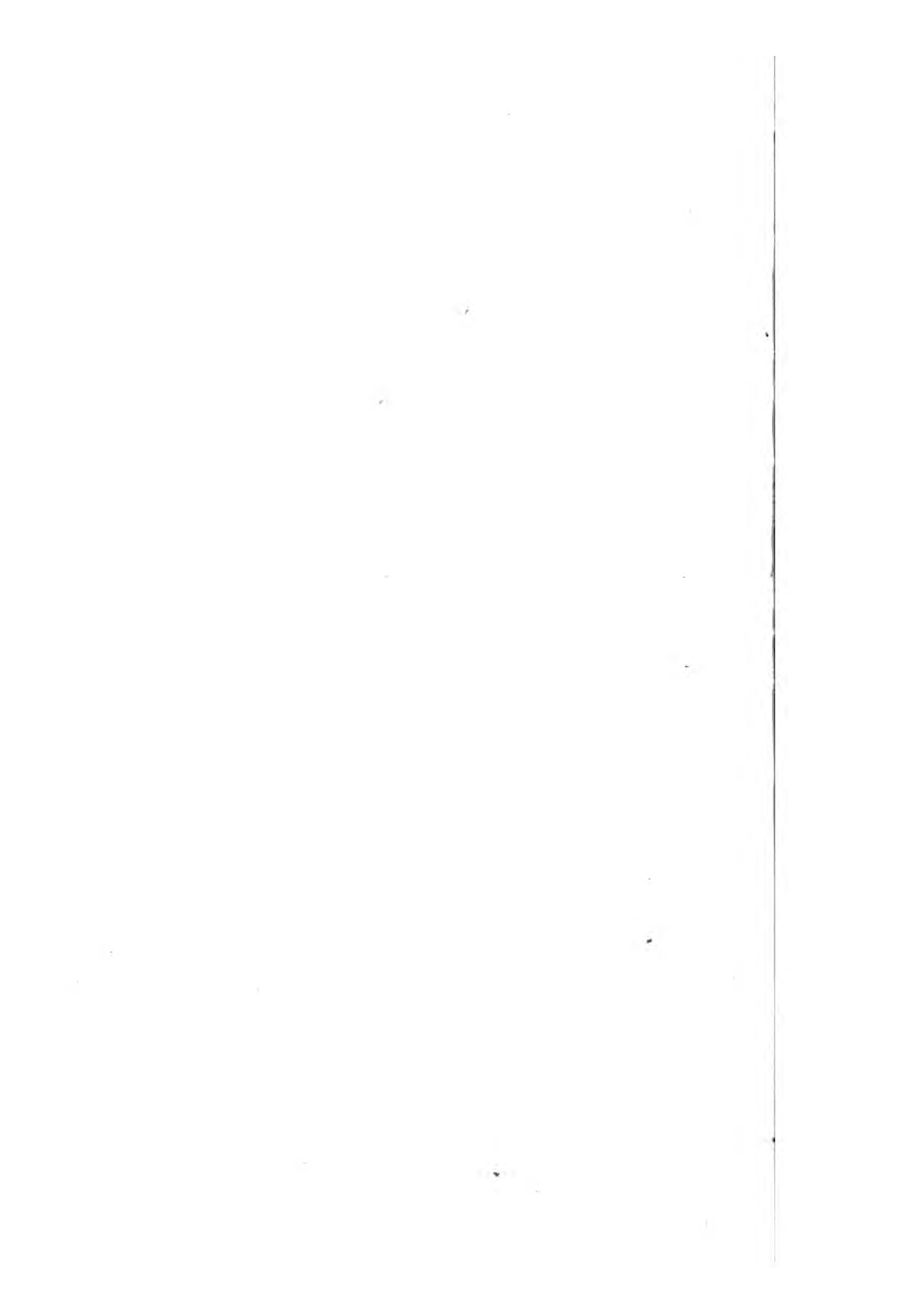


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Frederick III.^d King of Prussia.

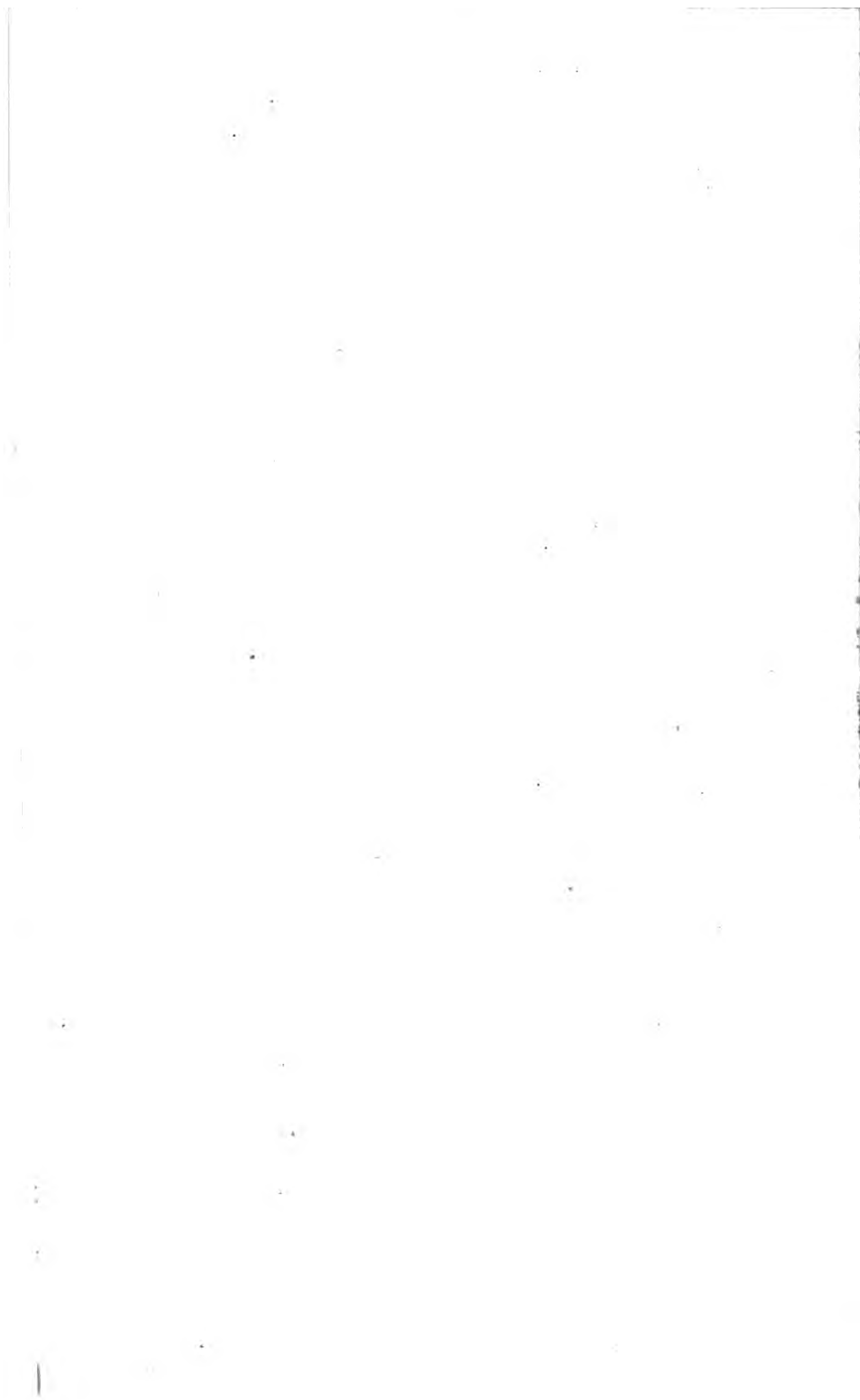






FREDERICK III. King of PRUSSIA.

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DOCTOR ZIMMERMANN'S
CONVERSATIONS

WITH THE LATE

KING OF PRUSSIA,

WHEN HE ATTENDED HIM IN HIS LAST ILLNESS
A LITTLE BEFORE HIS DEATH.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

SEVERAL CURIOUS PARTICULARS AND ANECDOTES
OF THAT EXTRAORDINARY PRINCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LAST EDITION.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR C. FORSTER, No. 41, POULTRY.

MDCXCXI.

THE
BEAUTIES
OF
LITERATURE
OR
Cabinet of Genius.
Vol. 1.
Containing the Beauties of
ZIMMERMAN.



LONDON.

Published by Tegg & Castelman, Warwick Square.

DR. ZIMMERMANN'S
CONVERSATIONS
WITH THE
KING OF PRUSSIA.

FREDERIC THE GREAT had been for some time declared incurable by very able physicians; the greater part of his subjects considered him as literally dead; all Europe judged his situation such as to ~~preclude~~ every hope of relief; the courtiers of Berlin had even purchased their mourning; and the expectation of his approaching end had caused many castles to be built in the air, and given activity to the imagination of many speculating heads, when, on the 9th of June 1786, I received the following letter from his majesty.

B

“ DR.:

“ DR. ZIMMERMANN,

“ FOR eight months past I have been vio-
 “ lently afflicted with an asthma. The phy-
 “ cians of this country give me medicines of
 “ every kind ; but, instead of affording me re-
 “ lief, they tend only to render my disorder
 “ worse. As the reputation of your skill is
 “ well known throughout all the northern parts
 “ of Europe, I should be very glad if you would
 “ take a jaunt hither, for a fortnight, that I
 “ may consult you respecting my health, and
 “ the circumstances of my present case.—You
 “ may readily believe that I will defray the
 “ expences of your journey, and make you a
 “ proper compensation for your trouble :—if
 “ you agree, therefore, to this proposal, I shall
 “ send you a letter to his royal highness the
 “ duke of York, who will readily grant you
 “ permission to comply with my request : and,
 “ in this hope, I beg that God may take you
 “ under his sacred and safe protection.

“ *Potsdam, June 6, 1786.*”

Though alarmed, at first, by the contents of
 this letter, I soon assumed courage after I had
 made the following reflections : “ I am un-
 “ doubtedly indebted to Providence,” said I,
 “ for this mark of his majesty’s confidence ;
 “ and,

“ and, under the divine direction, one may
 “ walk with a firm step, and with perfect safety,
 “ in the most dangerous paths. Frédéric, it is
 “ true, never had much faith either in phy-
 “ sicians or medicine; and as he has always
 “ treated our art as quackery, he will be more
 “ tenacious of the opinion he has formed, that
 “ no relief can be given him. He is, and must
 “ be, incurable, since physicians so skilful as
 “ those who have hitherto attended him, have
 “ not been able to free him from his malady.
 “ However, it must be interesting, and instruc-
 “ tive, to have a near view of so extraordinary
 “ a man; and to converse with him in his last
 “ moments. How often does it happen, that
 “ I can say nothing else at the close of the day,
 “ but that I have ascended, and descended, so
 “ many pairs of stairs! Will it not be better
 “ to brave every danger that may threaten me
 “ at *Sans-Souci*, than to be always leading so
 “ insipid and monotonous a life? Even sup-
 “ posing that the king’s incredulity, with regard
 “ to physicians, is invincible, as I doubt not it
 “ is, I have, however, great faith in Frédéric.
 “ As a physician, he may esteem me very little,
 “ and treat me with contempt; but as a man,
 “ I am certain, he will not despise me: for with
 “ him, people of worth and good sense have
 B 2 “ always

“ always preserved their rights. Besides, I
 “ have learned by long experience that it is
 “ much easier to live with great men, than men
 “ of ordinary rank. There is no occasion, there-
 “ fore, to be afraid of having intercourse with
 “ the king, however peevish or morose he may
 “ be. I know also, that some of the most dis-
 “ tinguished princes generally display benevo-
 “ lence and goodness of heart upon many occa-
 “ sions, notwithstanding all the reasons which they
 “ may have for despising mankind in general.”

By reflections such as these I overcame all
 my uneasiness, and roused my courage so far, as
 to resolve to pay this *terrible visit* at *Sans-Souci*.
 I told no person that I had received a letter
 from his Prussian majesty; because at this time
 all the gazettes announced that he was better;
 that he rode out on horseback; and that the
 summer seemed to have revived him. No one
 would have believed this intelligence, had it
 been known that I was called to *Sans-Souci*.
 Having determined to go thither, I wrote to
 his majesty as follows:

“ SIRE,

“ I SHOULD think myself the happiest of
 “ men, if my presence should prove useful to
 “ your majesty. For forty years past, I have
 “ followed you with the same interest, and the
 “ same

“ same zeal, as that with which I am about to
“ depart for Potsdam.

“ The duke of York, had he known that
“ your majesty had done me the honour to write
“ to me, would have made me set out imme-
“ diately: but I thought it my duty to con-
“ form to your majesty’s orders, since you have
“ thought proper to wait for my answer be-
“ fore you send a letter to the duke.

“ Could wishing make one a good physician,
“ I am convinced that your majesty would be
“ cured the moment I had the honour of seeing
“ you.

“ To that moment I look forward with ea-
“ gerness, enthusiasm, and courage.”

I waited with the utmost impatience for the king’s answer; but as it had not arrived on the 16th of June, I thought it necessary to communicate my secret to the duke of York, begging him to make it known to the ministers of his British majesty, without whose consent I could not be absent from Hanover. Four days after, I received the following answer, which induced me to set out immediately for Potsdam.

“ DR. ZIMMERMANN,

“ I WAS extremely happy to learn by your
“ letter, of the 10th instant, which I have re-
“ ceived,

“ceived, that you intend to come and stay a
 “few days with me. I expect you, therefore,
 “and have sent, along with this, a letter for the
 “duke of York, of which I spoke to you be-
 “fore, and which you will be so kind as deliver
 “to him, in my name; and may God take
 “you under his holy and safe protection.

“*Potsdam, June 16, 1786.*”

Having passed privately through Brunswick, Magdeburg, and Brandenburg, under the title of a Russian merchant, I arrived at Potsdam on the night of the 23d. At the gate, I told my name to the officer on guard; but when he asked me, according to custom, whether I had come to that city on my own private affairs, or in a public capacity, I told him that I visited Potsdam merely as a traveller, in order to shew it to my spouse.

A little before midnight, the door of my apartment, at the inn where I lodged, was suddenly opened by a young officer belonging to the first battalion of guards, who asked me, in a very military tone, *if I was there by the king's order*. This question of the lieutenant I thought rather singular: “Sir,” said I, “do you ask that question in the name of the king?” *Yes*, replied he—*Yes*, said I also; and immediately the

the door was shut, a little more gently than it had been opened.

The king, who had ordered information to be brought to him, the moment I arrived, was made acquainted, next morning at four o'clock, with the answers, word for word, which I had given at the gate of the city, and at the inn. This circumstance afforded me great pleasure, as it enabled his majesty to judge of my discretion, from what I had said to his officers. I had afterwards several opportunities of giving him fresh proofs of my prudence in this respect, with which he appeared to be extremely well satisfied.

June the 24th was the first, and the most terrible of all those days which I passed with his majesty. I may venture to say, that it was one of the most painful and disagreeable I ever experienced. None of those which I afterwards spent with Frederic had the least resemblance to it: they all flowed on peaceably and without the least uneasiness.

At six in the morning, his majesty sent to tell me, that he was informed of my arrival at Potsdam, and that he wished to see me in two hours. With some emotion, though cool and collected, I repaired, at half after seven, to *Sans-Souci*: but when I came to the gate of

Brandenburg, near the Egyptian obelisk, which stands on a small mount, I could not help imploring the Divine assistance : no one, perhaps, ever prayed with so much fervour upon that eminence. When I reached the habitation of the greatest of kings, I found myself surrounded by the most august tranquillity, and I perceived nothing, far or near, but calmness and solitude. An officer of the king's household, a person with whom I was not acquainted, conducted me to the office of the private secretaries, to which the cabinet counsellors are accustomed to go every morning at day-break ; and there he desired me to wait for his majesty's *valet de chambre*, who would introduce me to him.

Whilst I was waiting, he remained with me, and we began a very singular conversation. He told me, that he was requested by several people of Berlin, who wished to consult me, to ask how long I would remain at Potsdam, and if I would come to the former city. He told me also, that he had in his pocket a poem, written by madam Karchin, on my arrival at Potsdam.

I could not, undoubtedly, have observed greater secrecy on any business than I did, both at Hanover, and on the road, respecting that which had called me to Potsdam. "How then," said I to myself, "can it be possible, that
" madam

“ madam Karchin has already written a poem
 “ on my arrival ?” My conductor, however, in-
 formed me that all Berlin had known some
 weeks before of the king’s having invited me to
 see him ; and that, as I had not come sooner, it
 had been spread abroad, that I had written that
 I was at Pymont, and could not comply with
 his wishes. All this astonished me so much the
 more, as I considered myself, at *Sans-Souci*, to be
 in the most secret place in the world. The
 whole matter was at length cleared up, in the
 most natural manner ; for the news of the king
 having sent for me had passed through that
 channel by which every thing in the world is
 conveyed. A lady of very distinguished rank,
 sister to a nobleman who had an opportunity of
 knowing that his majesty had wrote to me,
 learned this intelligence under the seal of se-
 crecy, and had, in the same manner, entrusted
 it to the whole city of Berlin.—“ But tell me,
 “ sir,” said I, “ if you please, how the king is,
 “ and who is his physician ?”—“ The king,”
 replied he, “ is very ill ; and, at present, one
 “ of his hussars in waiting is his physician.”
 “ One of his hussars in waiting his physician !”
 added I. “ Yes, sir,” continued he ; “ and
 “ sometimes his majesty is his own physician.
 “ This hussar is his principal valet de chambre ;
 “ his

“ his name is Schoening.—Stop; here he comes
 “ to conduct you to the king.”

Mr. Schoening saluted me very politely, but in a grave manner, and with much reserve. Concluding, very justly, that next to his majesty it was of some importance to be on a good footing with him, after I had recovered myself a little, I did and said every thing that my knowledge and the experience I had acquired of mankind, during the course of my life, could dictate, in order to gain over this huffar.

I found Mr. Schoening to be a sensible, prudent man, who spoke well, with much shrewdness and freedom; and who appeared to be perfectly acquainted with Frederic. He did not conceal from me, that he was an intimate friend of professor Selle, the physician whom the king had dismissed a little before. This confession greatly increased the good opinion I had already formed of him; because such frankness is not usual among courtiers. However, as it could not be very agreeable to him to see a stranger called in to attend his majesty, in the room of his friend, I thought it necessary to be very cautious in my conversation with him. Having followed Mr. Schoening as far as the last anti-chamber, I saw there, above a commode, two very large portraits of the emperor
 Joseph

Joseph II. which I had remarked in 1771. The remembrance of those sensations which I experienced when I ascended the little hill, and of the reflections that then occurred to me, dissipated all my fears; and in this situation of mind I entered the apartment of the king, whom I found sitting in a large elbow chair, with his back turned towards that side of the room by which I had entered. He had on his head a large hat, very much worn, ornamented with a plume of feathers equally ancient; and his dress consisted of a furtout, of sky blue satin, all bedaubed, and tinged of a brownish yellow colour before, with Spanish snuff. He wore boots; and rested one of his legs, which was very much swelled, upon a stool; while the other hung down to the floor. When he perceived me, he pulled off his hat, in a very polite and affable manner; and in a mild tone of voice said, "I return you many thanks, sir, for your kindness in coming hither, and for the speed with which you have performed your journey." I was perfectly sensible that my journey had not been performed with very great dispatch; but, reflecting that his majesty could not be ignorant that, in the dry season, one must be stopped every moment in the sands of Brandenburg, and that post horses are wretched

wretched animals, I did not think it necessary to make any apology for my delay. "The duke of York," said I, "requested me to deliver this letter to your majesty."

Frederic read the letter, and our conversation began in the following manner :

FREDERIC.

I am much obliged to the duke of York, for permitting you to come hither.

ZIMMERMANN.

The duke of York wishes, as ardently as I do, that my journey may be serviceable to your majesty.

FREDERIC.

How does the duke of York do ?

ZIMMERMANN.

Very well—He is always active, lively, and full of spirits.

FREDERIC.

I love the duke of York as tenderly as a father can love a son.

ZIMMERMANN.

The duke of York is fully sensible of the value of the good opinion which your majesty entertains of him.

FREDERIC.

You see I am very ill.

ZIMMER-

ZIMMERMANN.

Your majesty's eye is as good as when I had the honour of seeing you here fifteen years ago. I observe not the least diminution in that fire, and vigour, with which your majesty's eyes were then animated.

FREDERIC.

Oh! I am grown very old, and I find myself extremely ill.

ZIMMERMANN.

Germany and Europe are not sensible of your majesty's age and illness.

FREDERIC.

My occupations go on in their usual train.

ZIMMERMANN.

Your majesty rises at four in the morning, and by that you prolong and double life.

FREDERIC.

I do not rise; for I never go to bed—I pass the whole night in this easy chair, in which you now see me.

ZIMMERMANN.

Your majesty wrote to me, that for seven months you have found great difficulty in breathing.

FREDERIC.

I am asthmatic, but not dropfical.—You see, however, that my legs are much swollen.

ZIMMER-

ZIMMERMANN.

Will your majesty permit me to examine your legs a little closer?

Mr. Schoening being called to pull off his majesty's boots, I kneeled down, examined his legs, the swelling of which extended as far as the thighs—and held my tongue.

FREDERIC.

I have no dropfy.

ZIMMERMANN.

A swelling of the legs is often joined with an asthma. Will your majesty permit me to feel your lower belly?

FREDERIC.

My belly is big, because I am troubled with flatulencies. There is certainly no water in it.

ZIMMERMANN.

It is indeed distended, but it is not hard. May I take the liberty of feeling your majesty's pulse?

His pulse, which was full and strong, indicated a considerable degree of fever—He was much oppressed, and coughed almost without remission.

ZIMMERMANN.

Your pulse is not weak.

FREDE-

FREDERIC.

It is impossible to cure me.

ZIMMERMANN.

But your majesty may at least be relieved.

FREDERIC.

What would you advise me to do?

ZIMMERMANN.

At present nothing.—I will go immediately and learn from your *valet de chambre* the whole history of your disorder, and read all that your majesty's physicians have written on the subject; after which I shall have the honour of telling you my sentiments.

FREDERIC.

That is proper—Schoening knows the whole.

The king then taking off his hat, with much politeness, said, "I thank you once more for your goodness in coming hither.—Be so kind as to return to-morrow at three."

Having returned with Mr. Schoening to the private secretary's office, without the castle, I did not disclose my sentiments respecting the king's disorder; but I had no reason to doubt that his case was decidedly dropical. The state of his breast appeared also to be very suspicious; not only on account of the oppression, which might be owing to some separate cause,

cause, and of the water which might be accumulated ; but because his majesty's fever and cough made me apprehend an abscess. What I told the king, concerning the little change which I observed in him since 1771, was true ; but that however said very little. His visage was not only emaciated and thin, but appeared of that pale yellow colour, which always indicates a depravation of the fluids and solids ; and which, in the like cases, is always a very unfavourable symptom. His hands were also discoloured and dry ; his belly was greatly swelled ; and his legs were not only in the same condition, as much as legs could be ; but the swelling, as I have already said, extended even to the thighs.

All the papers concerning the king's state were laid before me, by Mr. Schoening. They consisted of a great number of letters, written by professor Selle to the huffar who acted as his majesty's *valet de chambre*. This able physician kept up a daily correspondence with him, respecting the state of his majesty's health ; but with all the caution and prudence necessary for so delicate a task.

Mr. Schoening then shewed me a correspondence between Mr. Selle, the king's first physician, and Mr. Cothenius, his body physician, in
which

which both parties at last displayed a little warmth. I saw, by these letters, that Mr. Selle had with great sagacity observed and treated his majesty's case, from first to last. I learned also, that the king had not taken the remedies prescribed for him, though the best that could be administered, and the most suitable for his disorder, above once or twice; and that he was a sworn enemy to medicines of every kind, except to a digestive powder composed of rhubarb, Glauber's salts, and a few other trifling ingredients, in which alone he had any faith. I learned too that no idea could be formed of the excess which the king allowed himself in his food; that his cooks were obliged to season all his dishes in such a manner, as was enough to destroy his stomach; that those which were most difficult of digestion were his greatest favourites; that he was passionately fond of Prussian peas, which are undoubtedly the hardest in the world, and would consequently be considered as coarse even in Lower Saxony and Westphalia; that this regimen was the cause of those complaints and vomitings which often came upon him after dinner, and of those fits of the colic that attacked him several times every week; and that nobody durst venture to remonstrate with him on this subject: that when his physicians Selle, Cothenius,

Frese, and Theden, had prevailed upon him to try any remedies, he would never deviate from his usual mode of living: that sometimes he would praise a medicine, after he had taken the first dose; but after the second, when attacked by his qualms, colic, and vomiting, or when he had passed a bad night, he always blamed the remedy which had been administered to him: that he railed then in a terrible manner against physicians and their art; and that, after having harangued the former as the king of Prussia, he immediately dismissed them: that after he had sent away his physicians, he confined himself wholly to his regimen, and a few insignificant remedies of his own: that his disorder had by these means increased to such a degree; and that it would probably continue the same to the end.

Such was the account which I received from Mr. Schoening. Every thing that he told me seemed to be stamped with the seal of truth. Of this I had convincing proofs the same day, and for some days following. Though I found little encouragement in Mr. Schoening's relation, yet, on account of the favourable reception which I had met with from his majesty, and the trust I had in Providence, whose gracious assistance has, in the course of my life,
delivered

delivered me from so many dangers, I returned quietly, and contentedly, from *Sans-Souci* to Potsdam, without anticipating in thought what was about to befall me the same day. I was to visit his majesty at three: at half after twelve, when I was just going to sit down to table, one of the king's chaffeurs came to tell me, that his majesty desired to see me as soon as I had dined.—Without dining, I immediately set out, and hurried as fast as I could to *Sans-Souci*. In ascending the little hill before-mentioned, a coach, in which were count Luchefini and general Goertz, the king's usual guests at table, crossed the road before me, in its way from the palace. This alarmed me a good deal; because his majesty, in general, never finished his dinner so soon. On my arrival, I learned from Mr. Schoening, that, from morning till noon, the king had coughed without interruption; that he had a violent oppression; and that he expectorated a prodigious quantity of blood. On the first view, his majesty's situation seemed to be highly alarming: he could not speak; coughed very much, and at every fit the blood flowed from his mouth. He could not breathe but after violent and painful efforts. I even thought every moment that my august patient would be stifled: sometimes he could not sit

in his easy chair, but was obliged to stand up. All his strength seemed to be exhausted, and his head hung down, resting on his breast. Soon after he suffered himself to drop into his easy chair, where he immediately fell asleep: his face became agitated by convulsive motions; from time to time a rattling noise was heard in his throat; and his pulse was full, quick, and strong, but at the same time regular.

I stood a long time near him, before he could utter a single syllable, and before I could speak to him. Every moment he appeared as if about to be suffocated; and the first words which he said were, "With all this, I have a violent colic." Scarcely had I returned an answer, when he again fell asleep, and when the rattling in his throat and the convulsive motions returned. A violent fit of coughing soon roused him from his sleep, and the blood began to flow from his mouth as before. This melancholy scene continued half an hour, when his majesty found himself a little better: I asked permission to prescribe something for his relief, which occasioned the following conversation:

FREDERIC.

What do you intend to do?

ZIMMER-

ZIMMERMANN.

To relieve your breast; and stop the spitting of blood.

FREDERIC.

The spitting of blood is nothing; I expectorated fully as much in the war of seven years. What must I do for my colic?

ZIMMERMANN.

You must take a clyster.

FREDERIC.

It will soon go off like a pistol-shot; but, however, I will try your remedy.—What must be done besides?

ZIMMERMANN.

Every thing possible must be done, to ease your breast, without irritating the colic. Your majesty must take sal ammoniac with oxymel.

FREDERIC.

Oxymel is of no service to me. What will the sal ammoniac do?

ZIMMERMANN.

It will cool and ease your breast, which is very necessary, and will not irritate the colic.

FREDERIC.

Order some sal ammoniac for me; and afterwards tell me if you are at present well informed respecting my case.

ZIMMERMANN.

I am indeed : but I wish your majesty would be pleased to allow me to send to Berlin for professor Selle, in order that we may concert a plan for the treatment of your disorder. Selle is better acquainted with your case than any one : since the beginning of it he has judged well, and always given your majesty good advice.

With terrible looks, sparkling eyes, his head raised up, and a voice such as I never heard in my life, his majesty replied, " I expected that plan from you."

ZIMMERMANN.

I will afterwards lay this plan before your majesty. At present I must endeavour, as much as possible, to relieve the symptoms of the moment.

All the king's strength appeared to be exhausted by this conversation. He soon after fell into the same state of profound sleep, his head leaning on his breast, and convulsions appeared in his countenance as before.

His majesty held in one of his hands a white handkerchief, which appeared as if it had been dipped in blood. It was of considerable importance to know whether there was not some pus mixed with the blood. Seeing, therefore,
a white

a white handkerchief on the table near me, I took it up with one hand, and with the other gently drew towards me that which the king held, when he suddenly awoke, raised up his head, and darted a furious look at me; but very luckily he soon dropped his head again, and fell fast asleep. I then put into his hand, with a little more precaution, the handkerchief I had taken from the table; and on examining that which I took in exchange, I found pure blood with a very little phlegm, but no pus at all. The king remained a long time dozing, and always seemed to breathe with much difficulty. While he was in that state, the sal ammoniac was brought; and Frederic having at length awoke, I said, "Here is the sal ammoniac." He shook his head, took the salt which I gave him, had a clyster administered, and again slept for an hour: but the convulsive motions in his face still continued. During these painful moments, I was the only person with the king, while one or two hussars attended in the anti-chamber. I considered myself then as in an awkward situation—a stranger, and alone with the king of Prussia, who appeared to be angry with me on the first day of my arrival, before I had time to say or do any thing of importance, and fearing every

moment to see the hero whom the eighteenth century had so often dreaded at the head of his armies, and always admired, expire before my eyes, and in my arms. Those who have been in imminent danger, or in alarming agitation of mind, will easily comprehend what I suffered upon this occasion.

The day was remarkably warm; the sweat ran down my face in torrents; and I should certainly, if possible, have perspired blood. Finding myself alone with this *awfully great* prince, surrounded by the most solemn tranquillity, I indulged thoughts and reflections which in turns distracted me, and inspired me with courage. Sometimes I fixed my eyes upon the king; sometimes on a superb bust of white marble and agate, which stood upon the chimney-piece opposite to his bed, and which brought to my mind that passage of his Epistle to Marshal Keith, where he says,

Virtuous Mark Aurelius,
An example for mankind,
My hero, and my model.

Without stirring from my place, I observed every thing that appeared remarkable in the king, and even in his apartment. With his dress, which was a little cynical, he had on
his

his left hand two rings, each consisting of a very large single brilliant : on the left he wore another ring less costly, but which was valuable for a different reason ; it was a green chrysolite from Silesia, which he wore as a memorial of his conquest of that large duchy. Opposite to the door of the king's apartment, which was open, I beheld a beautiful portrait of the emperor Joseph II. It appeared that his majesty had caused it to be put in the above position, that he might never lose sight of so great and enterprising a monarch.

Afterwards recovering myself, and returning to my usual situation, I reflected on the honour I had in being called as a physician to attend the greatest of kings. Thinking on the jealousy which this honour would excite in the minds of those who are vexed to see others accomplish that glorious end to which they are not able to attain, I said to myself, " If they felt all the uneasiness and all the fears which I now experience, I am certain they would be far from envying my condition."

I was not, however, apprehensive of seeing the king expire that day, because he had not the pulse of a dying person, which convinced me that, notwithstanding every unfavourable appearance, the vital strength was not exhausted ;
and

and because I flattered myself that this storm might be periodical, and consequently more alarming than dangerous.

Whilst I was absorbed in these reflections, his majesty was awaked by another very violent fit of coughing, and a dreadful oppression. As soon as he was able to speak, he said, "This sal-ammoniac does not afford me any relief: I will take my digestive powder." This powder was composed of cream of tartar, nitre, and crabs eyes. I replied, that it would do very well: it would open and relieve his belly. He then took his digestive powder; and at the same time a great quantity of letters were brought to him open, which contained the replies he had given that morning to all the dispatches he had received from foreign countries, and from his own states. These letters were laid upon a table, close to the side of his majesty's easy chair; and, notwithstanding his exhausted state and great weakness, he drew them all towards him, and began to read them. I retired some paces backwards, as far as the door of the anti-chamber, while his majesty read all these letters, which were probably very short, and with a trembling hand afterwards signed them. When this business was over, I again advanced before his majesty, who said a few

words to me respecting his situation : after which he fell asleep, alternately dozing and coughing; but he expectorated a much smaller quantity of blood. Being alone above an hour, with Frederic always asleep, I continued my meditations : but however terrible this scene might be, it still exhibited something which gave me courage.

“ If I can extricate myself happily from this painful situation—if I can obtain,” said I, with a kind of enthusiasm, “ the confidence of this terrible prince, I shall be embarrassed with nothing that may happen to me in the course of my life. I should not be afraid of presenting myself before all the great men in the world, and of looking them boldly in the face.” Sometimes, when the king recollected himself, he addressed a few words to me. He then had some stools; the intervals of his being awake were longer; his breathing became freer; and he told me that his colic had left him.

For four hours I was at this fatiguing post, when his majesty dismissed me, with these words: *Return to-morrow morning at half past six.*

June 25th. When I arrived in the king's anti-chamber, at the appointed time, his second huffar gave me a thousand crowns,
in

in bank-notes, and told me that his majesty wished me to know that this sum was intended to pay the expences of my journey from Hanover to Potsdam; and that I should receive a thousand more for my return.

Having advanced towards the king, he received me very graciously, and with much politeness, and appeared to be in very good humour. "I have slept much better than I expected," said he; "and I find myself quite different from what I was yesterday." He indeed coughed very little, and threw up scarcely any blood; his breast was easier, and his pulse very regular.

When I thanked him for the present I had received, he replied, "The obligation is on my side, for your kindness in coming hither."

We afterwards conversed on the state in which his majesty then found himself. "At present," said I, "it would be best, in my opinion, to continue cooling remedies, and to take care that your belly be kept open." The king appeared to acquiesce, and dismissed me in a very genteel and polite manner, saying, "Be so kind as return after dinner, at three."

I waited upon his majesty according to appointment, and he conversed above half an hour, without saying a single word respecting
his

his situation. He was cheerful ; in very good humour ; from time to time brought up a little blood ; and talked, without interruption, of the English and French literature. A part of our conversation I shall mention.

FREDERIC.

Locke and Newton were, of all men, the deepest thinkers : but the French understand much better than the English the manner of expressing things well.

ZIMMERMANN.

The English language is, without doubt, very proper for treating of philosophy, and the higher branches of science : but the parliament always sees some new Demosthenes start up in its bosom. The English language is adapted also for the simple and noble style of history ; and for works of humour and pleasantry, it is inferior to no language whatever.

FREDERIC.

Robertson and Hume are historians of the first class ; I esteem them both very much.

ZIMMERMANN.

Gibbon is, perhaps, superior to either of them. All the beauties and dignity that the historical style is susceptible of, are united in Gibbon. His periods have an enchanting harmony,

mony, and all his thoughts are deep and nervous.

FREDERIC.

What has Gibbon written ?

I explained in a few words the contents of Gibbon's work, on the decline and downfall of the Roman empire. The king suffered me to go on a long time, without interruption; seemed to listen with much attention and pleasure; and then took a survey of the German literature.

FREDERIC.

How do the sciences go on in Hanover ?

ZIMMERMANN.

We have some men of talents at Hanover, who, without shewing it, rouse a spirit of emulation in each other; and this produces some interesting sparks of genius every year. The Hanoverians are indebted to Gottingen for their knowledge and improvement.

FREDERIC.

Gottingen is much celebrated; but there is not a Hanoverian amongst its professors.

ZIMMERMANN.

Several of the greatest men in Germany are settled, and teach at Gottingen. There are several very celebrated professors there, who
are

are Hanoverians by birth : for example, Meiners and Wrisberg.

FREDERIC.

I know Meiners; he wrote a very good book on Swifferland.

ZIMMERMANN.

It is an excellent work, and written with a true attachment to Swifferland, although it has been much condemned in all the thirteen cantons.

We then conversed, for a few minutes, of Swifferland, Haller, and other learned men of that country. The king spoke of Haller with much respect, a proof that he had never read his *Ufong*; and afterwards gave his opinion, which was far from being always favourable, of some other literati.

At length his majesty said, with much goodness, " Sir, I wish to see you again to-morrow morning, at eight."

June 26th. The king was still extremely polite, and in the best humour possible. Our conversation was as follows.

FREDERIC.

Have you wrote out the plan according to which my disorder is to be treated?

ZIMMER-

ZIMMERMANN.

No, sire; but I have it in my head; and, if your majesty will permit me, shall have the honour of communicating it to you in a few words.

FREDERIC,

Say whatever you please.

ZIMMERMANN.

Your majesty has many obstructions, especially in the viscera of the lower belly: we must, therefore, endeavour to dissolve all those obstructions, to establish a free circulation of the humours, and to evacuate, as much as possible, all superfluities, without lessening your strength. Your majesty must take nothing at present but a gentle, dissolvent, opening and purgative medicine; afterwards we may administer more active dissolvents and evacuants, and support them by strengthening remedies. This is my whole plan; I know of nothing else.

FREDERIC.

You intend then to cure me?

ZIMMERMANN.

I intend to relieve your majesty, if you will have patience, and allow me the necessary time. A patient relieved is half cured.

FREDE-

FREDERIC.

In that you are right : but what do you intend to give me ?

ZIMMERMANN.

A very simple, common remedy, known to every body, and used formerly by the Greeks and the Romans: the juice of dandelion, boiled to the consistence of honey.

FREDERIC.

I do not know that plant.

ZIMMERMANN.

It may be found in all the meadows in the spring.

FREDERIC.

I would gladly know for what *lion* this plant was created.

ZIMMERMANN (*laughing*).

Please your majesty, we shall see that soon.

FREDERIC.

But do you know this plant from your own experience ?

ZIMMERMANN.

Yes, from long and frequent experience.

FREDERIC.

I will take that remedy.

His majesty added, with much good humour,
“ Adieu, my dear sir ; I will follow all your orders.”

D

Mr.

Mr. Schœning, who was before the door of the chamber, which was open, and who had heard all our conversation, seemed much astonished when I went out. "I never," said he, "saw the king so mild and tractable when medicines were prescribed for him; and I believe he never in his life behaved with so much politeness to a physician."—At four the same day I again visited the king: he was still very polite and contented, and talked about an hour and a half with me on different subjects. Part of our conversation I can relate.

FREDERIC.

Do you often see the duke of York? and what is your opinion of him?

ZIMMERMANN.

I see the duke of York always when he has occasion for me; and at any rate generally once a week. He behaves to me with much affability and politeness: I am always happy when in his company. His English education has rendered him very easy of access; and he is not acquainted with that haughty stiffness which is so common among the princes of Germany. The duke of York never teased and tormented me, as the petty German princes tease and torment their physicians; his noble soul brought no other principles from England to
Hanover,

Hanover, than those which are consistent with the rights of mankind: our manners have been new modelled after his; consequently he has tended greatly to soften them, and so has that young sailor prince William Henry. He has banished from Hanover, by his mildness and engaging manner, the aristocratic reserve and excessive pride of our nobility. It is much to be wished that the sons of our king would remain among us, in order that they might destroy and efface from among our nobles and citizens the ancient Hanoverian manners, half Spanish, half German, which they have already much softened.

Having found the duke of York one morning sick, and asking permission from him to return in the evening, he replied, "Come if you have nothing of more importance to engage your attention." The duke of York is far from being so imperious and proud as many petty city or gentlemen, who make their footmen style them My Lord; or as many tradesmen in Hanover and other cities.

FREDERIC.

I have always known that the people of Hanover had a great deal of the Spaniards in them; and I love the duke of York still more

for bringing about this reformation in their manners.

ZIMMERMANN.

Many people of great worth would be highly gratified, did they know how much your majesty loves the duke of York.

FREDERIC.

I love the duke of York very much. He is highly accomplished for his age ; possesses great politeness ; and displays much knowledge. He is, besides, extremely prudent, and behaves himself well. A prince of so much merit ought to be greatly esteemed ; for, in general, princes have no merit at all. I have often followed the duke of York in little things, where he could not doubt that I observed him.

In those little things, as a man is under no restraint, it is much easier to study his disposition than in matters of great importance, where he is on his guard, because he knows that others have their eyes on him. I have always found the duke of York such as I wished to find him.

ZIMMERMANN.

It is impossible, sire, to find any person more devoted to your majesty than the duke of York. He would willingly lay down his life to preserve yours.

FREDERIC.

FREDERIC.

He knows how much I love him; and I hope in time he will become an able general.

Before he dismissed me, his majesty promised that he would next morning take the juice of dandelion which I had prescribed for him.

June 27th. When I waited upon the king at eight in the morning, the remedy had not been taken; and I found in his majesty no traces of those good resolutions which he had formed the day before. That docility, which astonished Mr. Schœning so much, had entirely disappeared. As soon as I entered the apartment, his majesty played off a battery of arguments against the juice of dandelion: but I combated them all with the utmost freedom, which was indeed a task of no great difficulty. Our conversation respecting dandelion continued still to grow more animated, and ended in the following manner.

FREDERIC.

I told you before that I would take your medicine but once a day.

ZIMMERMANN.

In that case your majesty will have a very large dose to take at once.

D 3

FREDERIC.

FREDERIC.

How much?

ZIMMERMANN.

Two or three spoonfuls.

FREDERIC.

I do not call that much.

ZIMMERMANN.

So much the better. But two or three spoonfuls of the juice of dandelion, taken at once, may occasion sickness, and even vomiting.

FREDERIC.

In that case I will not take the dandelion.

ZIMMERMANN.

What I apprehend perhaps will not happen. Your majesty may begin by very small doses.

FREDERIC.

That slow method I dislike.

ZIMMERMANN.

Your majesty may then take two spoonfuls at first, with a little fennel water, which is friendly to the stomach.

FREDERIC.

May I drink coffee soon after?

ZIMMERMANN.

Half an hour after.

FREDERIC.

FREDERIC.

But is it not possible that dandelion may have lost that virtue which it had in the time of the Greeks and the Romans?

ZIMMERMANN.

I know that plant and its virtues, not from books alone; I have used the extract of it for thirty years; every spring I administer, perhaps, more than one hundred pounds of it in all diseases arising from obstructions of the viscera. But, if what I say cannot convince or persuade your majesty, I beg that, in taking my prescription of dandelion, you will do with me as Alexander did with his physician, who according to report intended to poison him. Please to swallow this poison in my presence; let your majesty then fix your eyes upon me, and you will see that I will not change countenance more than the physician of the great Alexander.

This pleasantry seemed to make more impression on the king, than all my medical reasoning: he fell a laughing in the most pleasant and agreeable manner, and said to me, in a resolute tone, "I will take your prescription."

He then dismissed me with—"Adieu, my good sir. You will do me a pleasure to return

after dinner at three, provided it be not inconvenient."

FREDERIC.

(*At three o'clock.*)—But tell me, is it possible that at my age, after all the fatigues I have undergone, and after so laborious a life, considering my present sufferings, I can hope for the smallest relief?

ZIMMERMANN.

It is possible to relieve you.

FREDERIC.

I cannot believe it.

ZIMMERMANN.

I believe it; because the first day, when I waited on your majesty, you appeared the whole morning so weak and exhausted, that I thought it would be a very long time before you could recover any degree of strength: but when I entered your apartment next morning, trembling with apprehension, I found you lively, and in good spirits.

FREDERIC.

To morrow morning I will take your dandelion.

June 28th. At six o'clock in the morning, his majesty, before he dispatched the affairs of government, took two spoonfuls of the
juice

juice of dandelion, with fennel water. When I arrived at eight, I learned wonders so great, that I could not venture to trust either my eyes or my ears.

FREDERIC.

Your remedy, my dear Mr. Zimmermann, is a medicinal courier, who, on the first orders, repairs with the utmost expedition to the place of his destination. He possesses great sagacity; for he knows where the seat of the evil is: you hit the spot at which you take aim. You perform miracles; for I am more relieved to-day than I ever was, by all the remedies hitherto given me. In short, I find myself better than ever I did during the course of my disorder.

ZIMMERMANN.

I never performed a miracle, nor ever can; and I believe in none but those which your majesty performed during the war of seven years. You bestow, sire, too much praise on my remedy. You have rested well last night; and you ascribe to my medicine the relief arising from sleep which has given you that vigour, courage, and confidence, by which you are now animated.

FREDERIC.

No—I am indebted for my relief to your remedy. I have often slept well, without finding

ing myself better next morning. Observe with what facility I breathe.

ZIMMERMANN.

Your majesty speaks quicker, and with more ease.

FREDERIC.

My breast has not been so free for a long time.

ZIMMERMANN.

Will your majesty permit me to make one observation?

By your perseverance, you have overcome your enemies; by your constancy in all your enterprises, you rendered possible what was thought impossible, and you acquired eternal glory. By the same constancy you may at present alleviate your malady, and all your sufferings.

FREDERIC.

Will this remedy allay the swelling of my legs?

ZIMMERMANN.

Perhaps it will, if it operates by stool; but other remedies may do that afterwards.

FREDERIC.

In what time will the dandelion relieve me?
—in two months?

ZIMMER-

ZIMMERMANN.

In one month perhaps.

After this conversation, the king dismissed me in the most cordial manner, and with more satisfaction than ever. At three, when I returned, I found him equally contented ; and he discoursed with me on different subjects.

FREDERIC.

You correspond with the empress of Russia ?

ZIMMERMANN.

The empress sometimes does me the honour to write to me.

FREDERIC.

She consults you respecting her health ?

ZIMMERMANN.

She has not the least occasion, as she enjoys perfect health.—Literature, humanity, and philosophy, are the subjects of the letters which her majesty is pleased to address to me.

FREDERIC.

It is, however, known every where that the empress is ill.

ZIMMERMANN.

The empress knows that every body imagines so : this often affords her an opportunity of indulging in a little pleasantry. In one of her letters



letters she told me that her health cost her fifteen pence a year.

FREDERIC.

The information I have received, on this subject, is totally different.

ZIMMERMANN.

Your majesty knows better than any one how little dependance, in such cases, is to be placed on information apparently certain. I am fully convinced that what is reported, respecting the valetudinary state of the empress, cannot be true; for she exposes herself to the greatest fatigue. Last summer she accomplished a journey of two hundred and fifty German miles, in the highest spirits, and with the utmost composure. Good humour never forsakes her; and throughout the whole day her mind is engaged in the most active employments. During her moments of relaxation, she lately wrote two codes of laws; one for the Russian nobility, and the other for the cities of her dominions. She has likewise undertaken to execute, with her own hand, an astonishing work, the intention of which is purely philosophical: this work is a *Comparative Glossary* of all the languages, both original and derived, which are spoken in the Russian empire. This year she sent me, as a present, several comedies

medies full of wit and humour, and destined to ridicule superstition, and religious quackery*.

FREDERIC.

I allow that the empress of Russia is a woman of extraordinary genius†.

June 29th. The king was not so well this morning as the day before; but he was no less mild and good-tempered.

FREDERIC.

You understand how to simplify your art; I am very fond of simplicity in medicine.

ZIMMERMANN.

That is, because your majesty is accustomed to execute the grandest enterprizes by the simplest means.

FREDERIC.

The more complex the machinery employed
in

* *Cagliostro le Fripon, l'Aveugle, et le Schaman de Syberie de sa Majesté l'Impératrice de Russie.* Berlin chez Nicolai, 1788.

† Frederic always entertained the same opinion. After his death, my friend count Luchefini wrote to me, on the 16th of September 1786, "The empress of Russia, at one time the friend of Frederic, and at another the rival of his glory, was always the subject of the discourse and admiration of this singular prince. I shall ever remember, with pleasure, the conversations which I had with him respecting this great and enterprising sovereign; and when circumstances will permit me to undertake any work relative to the life of Frederic, I will not be afraid of displeasing her by publishing it."

in any work, the greater danger there is that some parts of it may be deranged, and destroy the whole.

His majesty concluded his conversation by assuring me, that he would continue to take my remedy. At three after dinner, I found him still very cheerful and in good humour. He had, however, an hour before, been again attacked by the colic.

FREDERIC.

The colic is owing to my having eaten too much melon at dinner.

ZIMMERMANN.

Melons are not so hurtful alone, as when eaten with other food.

FREDERIC.

Do you know the small green African melon, the pulp of which is white? It surpasses every other kind in delicacy, flavour, and taste.

ZIMMERMANN.

We have not that melon at Hanover, though we have all foreign fruits, as succulent as possible.

FREDERIC.

To-morrow I will send you some of these melons, and you will then see how difficult it is to resist temptation.

June

June 30th.—This morning his majesty was again in very good humour, and I took advantage of that opportunity to speak to him respecting his diet. He assigned a reason for every thing he did; conversed very rationally on a proper regimen; and assured me that he would observe it with the utmost attention; that he would abstain from what was hurtful and of bad digestion; and that he would be contented with only tasting each dish. He then recurred to melons, and told me that at noon he would send me one from his table, which he did. When we had conversed some time on diet, his majesty turned the conversation to other objects.

FREDERIC.

Do you find much change in Potsdam, since you saw it fifteen years ago?

ZIMMERMANN.

Yes—since that period your majesty has caused a great number of new buildings to be erected. The city is ornamented in every quarter. I often imagine that I am at Rome, Vicenza, or Venice, and not in Germany. Besides palaces, the small houses, which your majesty has caused to be built, please me very much. If individuals possessed good taste, and were fond of it, they might easily imitate that
manner

manner of building. I greatly wish that our architects of Lower Saxony would come hither to learn their trade. Architecture there is still in its infancy. It appears to me that these pretty little houses would not cost more than our *wooden boxes* at Hanover: besides, their decorations are of such a nature as to resist the inclemencies of the weather.

FREDERIC.

Their decorations are of cut stone, if you please.

ZIMMERMANN.

I observe that I have committed a blunder, and I beg your majesty's pardon.

FREDERIC.

I am fond of building, and I build a great deal.

ZIMMERMANN.

By that your majesty not only puts your residence on a footing with the finest cities of Europe; but you also relieve all the poor people in your kingdom, and give houses to those who have none.

FREDERIC.

I never experience more pleasure than when I build a house for a poor man.

At two in the afternoon I received a visit,

at

at Potsdam, from one of those who had the honour of being admitted to his majesty's table, and who told me very bad news. Frederic, at dinner, had paid little attention to those rules respecting his diet, of which he had boasted so much in the morning. He had first eaten a large quantity of soup, composed of strong and extremely hot ingredients ; and he had added to it, as usual, a large spoonful of ginger, nutmeg, and other spices. After his soup, he had eaten heartily of *bouilli à la Russe*, that is to say, dressed with a pint of spirits : and after this, an Italian dish, composed of the flour of Turkey-corn and Parmesan cheese. To this is added the juice of garlic : it is then fried in butter, until a crust is formed upon it as thick as one's finger ; and it is then seasoned with the strongest spices. This dish, invented first by lord Marshal, and afterwards improved by the king himself, is called Polenta. In short, while boasting of the wonderful appetite which the dandelion had given him, his majesty ended his repast by eating a whole plateful of eel-pie, which was so hot, that his companion at table told me and my wife, *that it looked as if it had been baked in hell.*

The effect of the king's wonderful appetite began to appear even at dinner. The good

E

humour

humour and cheerfulness of the morning had vanished; his majesty fell into a slumber, and convulsive motions again appeared on his countenance. When he awoke, he had some retchings; and the company left table an hour sooner than usual. I had no reason to doubt, that Frederic had already cursed Zimmermann and his dandelion a hundred times. The storm, however, was much more dreadful than I expected. At three I set forward to wait upon his majesty, as I had been ordered, very much discouraged, with some degree of peevishness, and, I must freely confess, with a great deal of reluctance.

His looks were indeed terrible. In the large hollows of his cheeks, and on his lips, which were usually very beautiful and agreeable, I perceived marks of the deepest and most profound sadness. The first words which he spoke made me tremble. In writing this work, I hesitated a long time whether I should not suppress them, out of regard for those who sacrifice every thing to external appearance, and who affect to shew greatness of soul even in their meanest actions: but having reflected, that the greatest men, those even placed upon a throne, and those who are in a situation calculated to fix the attention of the public, have, like us poor

miniatures

miniatures of men, moments of peevishness and melancholy, which they express in the same manner, I concluded, that I ought not to conceal, that the greatest character of the eighteenth century, Frederic the Great, at three o'clock after dinner, on the 30th of June, 1786, said to me, *I am now only an old carcase, fit to be thrown to the dogs.*

On hearing this expression, I replied, with some emotion, "Your majesty surveys only the worst side of the affair: you forget those lucid and favourable intervals which you have often had, and even enjoyed this morning: you forget what you are, and what you have done, through the whole course of your life, for your kingdom, and for those who live under your government: these critical and melancholy moments will pass, and then your majesty will soon recover your former strength and vivacity of mind. Your lower belly, sire, is at present full and distended; to-morrow, when you have had a couple of stools, your wonted gaiety will return."

During the whole time I conversed with him, his majesty looked eagerly at me, as usual, and with eyes such as were, perhaps, never formed for any royal head: but whilst I was concluding my discourse he moved aside his

face. As I continued to speak to him in a tender but firm tone of voice, he turned his eyes insensibly towards me, and at length fixed them upon me with an expression of contentment, and even of friendship. This quarter of an hour, the commencement of which was very terrible, ended by being one of the happiest of my whole life.

July 1.—At eight in the morning, the king was still melancholy, and dejected, but much less than the evening before; and the sound of his voice was very mild and agreeable.* He spoke to me in so friendly and polite a manner, that the tears were ready to start from my eyes: he often called me my dear sir, my good sir, my dear Mr. Zimmermann, and even my dear friend. Our conversation ended by the following dialogue, which contains some strokes that appear to me to be very characteristic.

FREDERIC.

Some days happiness has passed away very quickly.

ZIMMERMANN.

Your majesty really cannot bear and digest your food.

* An ingenious English traveller has said, and with much truth, "His tone of voice is the clearest, and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard."

FREDERIC.

FREDERIC.

To-day, however, I have experienced a very affecting pleasure. Some letters I have received bring me the agreeable intelligence, that the crop will not be so bad in my dominions, as I had reason to apprehend.

Perceiving what his majesty's thoughts were employed on, I spoke no more of diet, but of the weather. The king then took off his hat according to custom, for fear, without doubt, that I might recur to the subject of diet, and said to me, in a very friendly manner, " Adieu, my dear sir : be so kind as return at three."

At three o'clock.—His majesty had been relieved by several abundant stools, and I found him in very good humour. He conversed with me a long time upon different subjects ; and very luckily did not say a single word respecting medicine.

FREDERIC.

From what part of Swisserland do you come?

ZIMMERMANN.

From the small city of Brug, in the canton of Berne.

FREDERIC.

I do not know that place.

ZIMMERMANN.

It is a place where the victories and fate of

your majesty have made me pass many an anxious night.

FREDERIC.

Are there still in Swisserland any of the descendants of the first founders of the republic?

To this question I really could not reply; but as I knew that his majesty did not love an indecisive answer, I boldly said, No.

FREDERIC.

William Tell was a great benefactor to his country.

ZIMMERMANN.

Tell, and his companions, did the greatest service that can be rendered to a country. To these heroes we are indebted for our liberty.

FREDERIC.

I am very fond of republican constitutions: the present age, however, is dangerous for all republics: Swisserland alone seems likely still to subsist long. I love the Swifs, and above all the government of Berne. There is dignity in every thing which that government does. I love the people of Berne.

ZIMMERMANN.

What your majesty has just now said, renders me proud and happy—I shall never forget it.

All

All republics, however, are not worthy of your majesty's esteem—for example, Holland—

FREDERIC.

The king of France rules, and commands, as much in Amsterdam as in Champagne.

ZIMMERMANN.

And the Dutch at present have been seized with a fever and phrenzy, which will ever disgrace the words patriot and patriotism.

FREDERIC.

That is true; but, however, I am displeas'd also Here the king told me several very important things, with a confidence that surpris'd me; and at the same time was so good as to add, *let that be spoken under the rose*. Luckily he forgot his condition whilst he was conversing on this and other subjects: but I recurr'd to it, by begging him to resume the dandelion next morning. His majesty replied, by telling me, that he had no confidence in that medicine. He, however, promised to take it next morning.

July 2.—The king had taken his remedy, and he inform'd me, that he found himself well: he was indeed in good humour; but I had previously learn'd the cause of it in the

antichamber. Very early in the morning he had ordered for his dinner a macaroni pie.

This morning was extremely cheerful for his majesty, and consequently for me. He spoke with as much vivacity as ever he did when in perfect health. I am sorry that both honour and duty prevent me from relating the greater part of the things which he said to me. He took a general survey of all the crowned heads in Europe, and after asked me, if I knew this or the other German prince. He mentioned a great number, of whom I knew only a part; but I said all the good of them that I could. Frederic brought them all to trial, and gave them such *severe cuts*, that, notwithstanding my reserve, it was impossible for me not to laugh sometimes. I plainly perceived that my smiles did not escape his majesty, whose full eye never lost sight of me for a moment, and that they did not displease him. I shall mention only one of those princes, to give some idea of this interesting conversation, and to shew what I ventured to say to Frederic respecting our philosophy. His majesty having said something in favour of that prince, I replied, that he was very amiable.

FREDERIC.

FREDERIC.

He does not please me altogether; he is too intriguing.

ZIMMERMANN.

They say also, that he is rather too superstitious.

FREDERIC.

Yes, he is very superstitious. He has entered into all the follies of alchymy and theurgy; and these, as you know, have had their origin in free-masonry. I laugh at all these follies.

ZIMMERMANN.

The smile of a sovereign is often the best of laws; at least, it is always the mildest.

FREDERIC.

The progress of reason has almost every where destroyed superstition.

ZIMMERMANN.

Yes—at Vienna, sire; but it is very strange to see, in countries more enlightened than Austria, superstition support itself, and still spread, as in the ages of the most profound ignorance.

FREDERIC.

Superstition, however, seldom makes its way to monarchs. But several of our learned men are superstitious. What do you think of *unknown superiors*, Mr. Zimmermann?

ZIMMER-

ZIMMERMANN.

I consider these *unknown superiors* as cast-off preceptors, or bankrupt authors.

FREDERIC.

Have you any of these enthusiasts at Hanover?

ZIMMERMANN.

One of them came from Berlin to Hanover last year. He fell in love with all the women, and railed against enthusiasts of every kind, though he himself was one of the greatest. He rolled about his eyes in a frightful manner; his visage appeared sometimes red, sometimes pale; and he made use of such grimaces and gesticulation in my house, that one would have thought there were jesuits concealed under all my tables and chests of drawers. He beseeched me, in the name of God, to write to the empress of Russia, to warn her to be on her guard against the jesuitical serpents whom she cherished in her bosom.

His majesty afterwards spoke of the catholic princes, and I took that opportunity to introduce the Pope. With regard to the latter, Frederic said very laconically, *It is all over with him.*

At three after dinner, the macaroni pie began

gan to produce its effect, and gave rise to the following conversation.

FREDERIC.

It appears to me, that the dandelion which I take is only a *fiddle faddle* kind of a medicine.

ZIMMERMANN.

Your majesty surely does not imagine that I would dare to order you *medicinal baubles*: but we cannot attack a disorder, such as that of your majesty, in a direct manner.

FREDERIC.

I am sensible of that: for if you did so, you would destroy the patient.

In short the king was very polite and friendly; and he promised to resume the dandelion next morning.

July 3. This morning the king had taken his medicine, and appeared to be tolerably well, and in good humour. The evening before, he said to Count Luchefini, and those who had been in company with him, "Zimmermann has nothing of the quack about him; he is quite different from every physician I know. One may converse with him on all subjects; I am obliged to him, and am perfectly satisfied with his behaviour."

How-

However little I merited, or may ever merit such praise, I think it my duty not to pass it over in silence, because I am too old to fear mankind; because it forms a part of this narrative; and because it inspired me with courage and confidence in my visits to the king. On these occasions I took advantage of those moments, when his majesty spoke only of medicine, to tell him a great many useful truths.

After dinner Frederic seemed very well, and in the best humour possible. A little before I arrived, he had inhaled the vapour arising from an infusion of elder flowers in vinegar, which I ordered him with a view to render his respiration easier. This remedy had given him so much relief, that he boasted of its good effects to his company, as well as to myself; adding, that he had found much benefit from the clyster I had prescribed in the morning.

We then talked of diet, and I said every thing on this subject, that I thought useful, or necessary. His majesty approved of the whole, and our conversation ended as follows.

FREDERIC.

I allow that my stomach is not capable of bearing melons.

ZIMMER-

ZIMMERMANN.

I and my spouse finished to-day the small African melon, which your majesty sent me four days ago. You see, sire, that I observe the same regimen which I recommend to my patients.

FREDERIC.

You have then seen how much my Christian soul must be tormented by resisting such a temptation.

ZIMMERMANN.

It appears that your majesty cannot bear fruits which do not relax, and that is the case with melons. Your majesty ought to eat grapes, because they purge gently; and you always find yourself better after eating things which produce that effect.

FREDERIC.

You are right—grapes are the only fruit I can bear.

ZIMMERMANN.

Grapes are, in many respects, a wholesome fruit; but in the north they can be prescribed only for few people, because there are no vines.

FREDERIC.

Have you never seen the vineyards of my country?

ZIMMER-

ZIMMERMANN.

I was agreeably surpris'd on seeing the vines which are on the road between Brandenburg and Potsdam. I had travelled from Magdeburg a great way across sands, and was charm'd to find all of a sudden, near the city of Werder, a very rich and well-cultivated country, which made me forget the sands.

FREDERIC.

Mankind are vain enough to imagine that every thing in the world was created for them; and yet I cannot conceive why God created sands.

I could not help smiling at this observation of his majesty: it appeared to me so natural, and at the same time so pleasant, that an elector of Brandenburg should confess, with so much *naïveté*, that he could not conceive why God had created sands. My smile embarrassed him for a moment.

FREDERIC.

I am very well satisfied with the industry of my subjects in that canton. There are vineyards also in Silesia: wines are made there every year, to the value of three hundred thousand crowns. Part of this wine is employed, it is true, in making vinegar; and the other, adulterated by different substances, is transported to
Stettin,

Stettin, from whence it is imported under the name of Pontac.

ZIMMERMANN.

Pontac made at Bremen, Hamburg, and Lubec, with berries from the heaths of Lunenburg, is sold also at Hanover.

FREDERIC.

Have you seen here the vineyard of Dr. Frese?*

ZIMMERMANN.

I was much pleased both with the vineyard and its owner.

FREDERIC.

That vineyard brings three hundred crowns annually to the proprietor.

ZIMMER-

* Counsellor Frese was physician to the court and the garrison of Potsdam. He is a man of great ability and judgment. The king had often sent for him, in order to consult him respecting his health; and Mr. Frese always gave him proper and useful advice, with the usual success: but though I much wished for it, the king did not see Mr. Frese during my whole stay at Potsdam. His majesty hated consultations, because he believed, and certainly not without reason, that physicians never sought them but for the purpose of charging each other with the consequences. He preferred hearing each physician separately, *ad protocollum*. Mr. Frese was of great service to me, because the king had sent him, about the conclusion of the war of seven years, to Baktshifarai, to cure the then reigning chan of the Tartars, of a pain in his head, which he effectually did.

Some

ZIMMERMANN.

I tasted some of the wine which it produces ; it is of a very beautiful red colour ; but I found it horribly harsh and sour.

FREDERIC.

For that reason I will make you taste my grapes.

His majesty then called one of his domestics ; and having ordered him to bring a plateful of grapes, he picked out the finest, and desired me to eat them.

ZIMMERMANN.

These are equal to the best grapes of Neufchatel.

Some years before, the king had begun a negociation in the Crimea, to engage the chan to fall upon the Ruffians with all his hordes. The chan replied, that he would do it very willingly, but that it would be first necessary to send him a physician to cure his disorder ; and with this view his majesty sent Mr. Frese. The moment, however, when he had effected the cure, the empress Elizabeth died, and Russia became an ally of Prussia. The death of the empress, and this revolution, greatly chagrined the chan ; and he still wished, spite of every opposition, to enter Russia with an army of an hundred thousand Tartars ; so that Frederic was obliged to dispatch courier after courier, to prevent his friend the chan from pursuing this measure, and to convince him that it would be then a piece of great folly.

FRE-

FREDERIC.

With your permission, they grow in my green-house.

After conversing about half an hour more on different subjects, the king said, "Adieu, my dear and worthy sir;" adding, with a smile, "I recommend myself to your protection and good providence."

July 4th. This morning, at eight, Frederic was in charming humour.

FREDERIC.

I am very well pleased with your dandelion; it gives me an excellent appetite, and keeps my belly open. I will continue it with great pleasure.

ZIMMERMANN.

Yesterday morning, and to-day, I took the liberty of ordering your majesty, without your knowledge, three spoonfuls, instead of two, of the juice of dandelion.

FREDERIC.

I am satisfied. When I take medicines I know very well that I take disagreeable things; and I swallow them quickly, without attending to the taste. I have again used your vapour, with which I am also pleased, and I will continue it.

F

Here

Here the king raised his arm; and, with a very significant gesture, said, *But seventy-five!*

ZIMMERMANN.

A life like that of your majesty is not to be reckoned by the number of years.

FREDERIC.

I will mount on horseback to-day at eleven; Mr. Zimmermann, I recommend myself - - -

At three in the afternoon I found the king in the most painful situation: every thing was changed and become worse. When in good humour, he had taken his dandelion and drank coffee: after this, he had applied, from half after three in the morning till seven, to public business. Great part of the morning he had spent in eating; for as soon as I left him, a plate of sweet-meats, composed of sugar, whites of eggs, and cream, had been brought him, one of which I ate, and found the cream very sour. His majesty ate the whole plateful for his breakfast; and afterwards strawberries, cherries, and cold meat. At eleven his servants found great difficulty in getting him on horseback. He remained there three hours, in the great garden of *Sans Souci*, galloped almost the whole time, and returned very much weakened and exhausted. When he sat down to table he had

no appetite ; and immediately after dinner he was seized with a vomiting.

At three I found him so ill, and so much oppressed, that he could not speak ; and he dismissed me by saying, “ Forgive me, sir ; I really cannot speak.”—I therefore talked to Mr. Schœning respecting what I thought likely to be of use to his majesty, and to relieve his immediate complaints.

July 5th. The king was much better than he had been the day before, after dinner ; he however complained of a constriction and heaviness at his stomach. I advised him to take a dose of his digestive powder, which was his favourite remedy.

FREDERIC.

I have a pain in my eyes.

ZIMMERMANN.

There is too much light in your apartment ; if agreeable to your majesty, I will draw one of the curtains.

FREDERIC.

No, no—I have always been fond of light.

ZIMMERMANN.

Your majesty likewise has always diffused it every where around you.

F 2

FREDERIC.

FREDERIC.

For all that, I never was any thing but a poor mortal.

I then began to speak of his majesty's situation, which appeared to me to be very critical. He however always resumed courage.

FREDERIC.

Hitherto we have only skirmished with the enemy ; we have not overcome him.

ZIMMERMANN.

We must always renew the attack, and never suffer him to be at rest.

FREDERIC.

Your manner of carrying on war pleases me much.

After examining his pulse, I said—

ZIMMERMANN.

Your pulse is good, and far from being weak ; whilst it continues in that state, every symptom of great weakness will be only temporary. Yesterday, in the forenoon, the afternoon, and at night, your majesty was extremely weak ; at present no traces of weakness are to be seen : and this proves that there is still vigour in the heart.

FREDERIC (*smiling*).

Do you know the reason of that ? It is because

cause my father never had the venereal disease. Have you never observed those feeble spectres, who are so common in France, and who suffer so dreadfully for the sins of their fathers?

ZIMMERMANN.

I have seen some of them at Paris, and in other places. They are true pictures of death; but though the English are as great libertines, and perhaps more so than the French (for the latter are libertines by temperament, whereas the English are so by principle, and because it is fashionable), yet these islanders are always more vigorous than the French.

FREDERIC.

That is owing to their eating more nourishing food than the French; though, on the other hand, I cannot conceive how a piece of half roasted meat, all bloody, can give strength.

This day his majesty dismissed me in such a manner as induced me to believe, that I should obtain permission to return to Hanover: for he said, when I left him, "I hope, my dear sir, that you will be so kind as to return in the afternoon, that I may thank you for the attention which you have paid to me."

When I returned, after dinner, it appeared that the king had changed his opinion: for no

mention was made of my departure. He complained still of a constriction and weight in the lower belly ; telling me, at the same time, that he was much troubled with wind : he was likewise in very bad humour, as may be seen by our conversation.

FREDERIC.

Your dandelion has performed nothing ; I find myself no better since I began to take it.

ZIMMERMANN.

Your majesty ought to remember, that I proposed this remedy merely to relieve you, and not with any hope of its performing a complete cure. You have not used it long enough to be relieved ; and, by not taking it regularly, you have destroyed all its good effects.

FREDERIC.

It is true, you told me at first that I could not hope for any relief from dandelion, unless I continued to take it for a whole month.

Our conversation was very short ; and his majesty dismissed me with these fatal and expressive words—*Adieu, Mr. Physician*.*

At six o'clock, when the company who form-

* Always when the king was in bad humour he called me *Mr. Physician* ; at other times he never made use of this expression.

ed his evening party arrived, he immediately dismissed them, by saying, "Gentlemen, I shall be in too bad humour this evening."

July 6th. The king was a little easier, and in much better humour.

FREDERIC.

I do not find that I am cured by your dandelion.

ZIMMERMANN.

My intention in giving your majesty advice was, to afford you relief; and by the use of this medicine to prevent, as much as possible, the dropsy; but it will not prevent your majesty from being oppressed by indigestion, when you eat improper food.

FREDERIC.

But I have not the dropsy.

ZIMMERMANN.

It may soon come on, and we ought to do every thing we can to guard against it.

FREDERIC.

I fear no danger; but I do not like to suffer pain; I wish for a remedy that would cure me instantaneously.

ZIMMERMANN.

I wish with all my heart that I could ad-

F 4

minister

minister such a remedy to your majesty ; but I know not where to find it.

FREDERIC.

Let every thing then happen as it may—I am not afraid of death, but of pain.

Adieu, Mr. Physician.

At three the king was again attacked by a colic, the consequence of indigestion ; and he was in very bad humour. At dinner he had eaten plentifully of fresh eels, and yet he ascribed his colic to dandelion. He railed therefore against *Mr. Physician* and the dandelion. This occasioned a conversation which I luckily diverted, by fixing the king's imagination for a few moments upon other objects.

FREDERIC (*in a very morose tone*).

Did your Hanoverian soldiers swallow any of this dandelion at Gibraltar ?

ZIMMERMANN.

No, sire ; they substituted in its stead Malaga and Port wine.

FREDERIC.

The Hanoverians distinguished themselves very much by their conduct at Gibraltar. How did they behave in the East Indies ?

ZIMMERMANN.

Immediately on their arrival, they performed
very

very long marches, before they were accustomed to the great heat; several of them died therefore by being sun-struck. After these dreadful marches they fought very badly against the French. At present they are so seasoned to the climate, that they have no desire to return. Your majesty sees that the Hanoverian troops are still the same, and that they always behave with bravery in India as well as at Gibraltar.

Adieu, Mr. Physician.

July 7th. For several days successively the king had taken some of his dear digestive powder; and afterwards rhubarb, and glauber salts, which I thought much more proper. Yesterday evening several strong stools had dispelled for a moment all his bad humour. "A new remedy," says his majesty, "has just arrived, which I mean to try at noon; this remedy," added he, "is fresh herrings." I congratulated his majesty on his new remedy, and begged him not to forget rhubarb and glauber salts, after which I was dismissed at the usual hour. After dinner, the king was not so well as he had been in the morning; but he behaved with much politeness.

FREDERIC.

I have reflected a good deal upon what you said yesterday, respecting the dropsy, which
from

from your hints I have reason to apprehend. I am now convinced that you are right; for I pressed my legs with my finger, and the part remained hollow. This is an evident symptom of the dropfy.

ZIMMERMANN.

Many people perform the same experiment, and with the like symptoms, for ten years, and yet are not dropfical.

FREDERIC.

O! do not speak to me of hopes!

ZIMMERMANN.

I shall say nothing else than that your majesty coughs less, and labours under less oppression.

FREDERIC.

That is true; but my lower belly is in a bad state.

ZIMMERMANN.

All those uneasy sensations in the lower belly, of which your majesty so often complains, do not always arise directly from your disorder; but depend upon causes altogether accidental, and well known to your majesty.

FREDERIC.

At present I suffer much from tension and spasms.

ZIMMER-

ZIMMERMANN.

Your majesty should take a little mint water.

FREDERIC.

Will mint water give me instant relief?

ZIMMERMANN.

It will relieve you as much, and as soon, as any thing.

FREDERIC.

Adieu, Mr. Physician.

July 8th. The king had slept five hours without interruption, and found himself tolerably well this morning. He complained however of distension.

FREDERIC.

I am certain that I shall be attacked also with the tympany and dropfy.

ZIMMERMANN.

Your majesty has nothing to fear from the windy dropfy ; and the ordinary dropfy may be cured by proper remedies.

FREDERIC.

I desire no remedies, nor will I take any, unless they relieve me, and perform an immediate cure. The mint water which you prescribed yesterday has not expelled my flatulencies.

ZIMMERMANN.

Alas ! we have few specific remedies ; and
even

even these do not always perform a cure, or operate instantaneously. We physicians are poor mortals.

FREDERIC.

You nevertheless abound in prescriptions.

ZIMMERMANN.

I must make one observation, which I am confident is very just :—Your majesty's most dangerous enemies are your cooks.

FREDERIC.

You cannot form any idea of my temperance. I only taste my food, and eat merely for the sake of acquiring strength.

ZIMMERMANN.

I firmly believe in the truth of another observation, which is, that people are never strengthened but by what they digest.

FREDERIC.

That is very true.

ZIMMERMANN.

You majesty's cook is a great man in his way ; but I consider him as a very dangerous man*.

FREDERIC.

* This great man, Mr. Noel, is known by an Epistle, printed some years ago, which the king addressed to him, under the title of the Emperor of China, to thank him for
a new

FREDERIC.

No people know better how to form good cooks than your Hanoverian ministers. My cook is from their school.

ZIMMERMANN.

Our ministers entertain their guests in a most splendid and sumptuous manner; but they themselves live very temperately.

FREDERIC.

I saw here Mr. de Lichtenstein, one of your ministers, with whom I was much pleased.

ZIMMERMANN.

Mr. de Lichtenstein is first marshal of the court. He possesses much knowledge of the world, and is a very amiable character. I often visit him, because I am his physician, and because the marshals of the court are fond of living in close intimacy with their physicians.

FREDERIC.

Last year I saw also Mr. de Buelwiz, the Hanoverian envoy.

a new dish (*Bombe à la Sardanapale*) which he had invented. Before I knew this Mr. Noel, I had an opportunity of seeing him, one day, at a public concert at Potsdam. The air of importance which was displayed in his countenance struck me much, though I could see nothing grand in it. After being informed by an officer who he was, I told him that I perceived by his looks that an emperor of China had written to him,

ZIMMER-

ZIMMERMANN:

He was sent to your majesty on account of the league of the German princes; and that affair lay very heavy on his heart.

FREDERIC.

In this respect, Mr. de Buelwiz thought like a good German patriot.

ZIMMERMANN.

By that pacific league, your majesty crowned all your other noble exploits.

FREDERIC.

Germany is a kind of republic: it was in danger of losing the republican form; and it was with the sincerest pleasure that I saw it re-established.

Our conversation lasted an hour and a quarter, during which the king spoke a great deal, and in a very friendly manner; but he was from time to time incommoded by the tension of his lower belly.

After a moderate dinner, Frederic was obliged to vomit, and at four I found him very much dejected, and dozing. He told me that his flatulencies would carry him to the grave. I begged him to take a table-spoonful of the tincture of rhubarb, with a few drops of Hoffmann's anodyne, and to repeat this easy remedy

at

at certain periods. His cough had again returned this morning ; and count Luchefini told me that in the evening it had been extremely violent.

July 9th. This day the king was easy, and in good humour. " I find myself very well," said he, " owing to the remedy I took yesterday evening. It purged me several times, " and even in the night." The spasms of the preceding day had disappeared ; his majesty did not cough at all ; and he experienced very little tension in his belly.

FREDERIC.

After reflecting upon what has happened to me lately, I really believe that I brought on indigestion by eating fresh herrings.

His majesty always ascribed his indigestion to every other cause than the real ; for, besides herrings, he had eaten a great many hurtful things.

ZIMMERMANN.

Herrings cannot have done much hurt to your majesty, unless you have eaten more than you could digest : in my opinion, therefore, your majesty ought to blame some other nourishment for the uneasiness and illness which you have experienced some days past.

This morning his majesty had resumed his
 tincture

tincture of rhubarb, with some drops of the anodyne. A few grains, about fifteen of the former root, were sufficient to purge him. Rhubarb seemed in general to agree very well with him; and on this account he was so fond of it, that he prescribed it once to Gellert, and very often to his soldiers.—At three in the afternoon I found the king much worse than he had been in the morning, because he had eaten too much at dinner. The tincture of rhubarb had however brought back his wonted good humour; for he appeared very cheerful, and his thoughts succeeded each other with wonderful rapidity. One idea immediately succeeded another; and our conversation continued, without interruption, for two hours. Of all those I had with Frederic, none was more interesting; but unluckily I am obliged to suppress the greater part of it. The beginning of it was as follows:

FREDERIC.

(Very pensive, and with his head inclined to one side). The examination of an important and complex affair is excessively difficult.

ZIMMERMANN.

Since the creation of the world, no one possessed

ferred that art in greater perfection than your majesty.

FREDERIC.

A kingdom greater than France cannot well be governed.

ZIMMERMANN.

Either the people of the provinces do not obey government, or the governors do what pleases them rather than what they are commanded to do.

FREDERIC.

Russia is too vast and extensive an empire.

ZIMMERMANN.

Not for a woman of so much courage and spirit as Catherine; but at some future period this empire may sink under its own weight.

FREDERIC.

Do not imagine that.

ZIMMERMANN.

The Russian empire may one day be divided, as that of Alexander was after his death. The governors of provinces may erect themselves into kings of those provinces, and make war on the neighbouring governors who have followed their example.

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FREDERIC.

In that you are right ; I entertain the same opinion.—The king spoke afterwards of other countries and empires ; but I am obliged to stop here. I am well enough acquainted with mankind to know, that I may have perhaps said many things to this great prince, which people of ordinary talents, and less knowledge of the world, neither could have borne nor digested. I was at first, as I naturally am, very reserved ; and when his majesty turned the conversation to political matters, I made no answer, and was contented with listening. This however was of no avail ; for his majesty always stopped when he had delivered his opinion : and when he came to the end of his period, he looked at me with much vivacity, which was as much as to say that he wished me to speak. I was then absolutely under the necessity of replying ; and the freer, more decisive, and firm that my answers were, the more they seemed to please him.

This conversation appeared at first as if likely to be philosophical ; but it became political, and continued an hour. At length, by those sudden transitions which are very common, it became medicinal for another hour. This part I shall relate entire ; for, though it was upon medicinal

medicinal objects, I considered it as no less remarkable.

FREDERIC.

What diseases are at present most prevalent in Hanover?

ZIMMERMANN.

Of acute diseases those fevers, above all, which in France are called bilious fevers, but which are known to the German physicians by other names. We have also very frequently putrid and malignant fevers, which are very dangerous.

FREDERIC.

These diseases are more uncommon in my country.

ZIMMERMANN.

Your majesty's armies, and those cities which had numerous garrisons, suffered much by them. In the war of 1778 and 1779 some of these fevers prevailed among your majesty's troops, as well as dysenteries, which were also very common.

FREDERIC.

That is true.—Will you believe me when I tell you that I cured the dysentery very well during the last war? Being in a small town with a body of my troops, the greater part of them were attacked by this disorder, and a

number of them died. Though I am not fond of meddling with physic, I could not help turning physician, when I found that those who professed it were entirely ignorant of their art. I therefore said to them, " Dissolve a few grains of emetic tartar in a sufficient quantity of water, and make your patients swallow a table-spoonful of it, until they vomit copiously, and are strongly purged." The surgeons did so, and the remedy succeeded.

ZIMMERMANN.

Your prescription was perfectly right.

FREDERIC.

But prescriptions will not do the whole ; much depends upon proper regulations. In all the wars I carried on, my orders respecting the sick and wounded soldiers were very ill observed. Nothing, in the whole course of my life, ever pained me so much, as when I saw that the diseases and wounds of my brave soldiers, who exposed their lives so nobly for their country, were neglected. They were too often treated with inhumanity ; and on that account a great number of them died for want of care. I was at all times grieved when I saw that I had been the innocent cause of the death of a soldier : but since the last war I have given so strict

strict orders, that all these army scoundrels and rascals will find it very difficult to deceive their sovereign, and to deprive the poor soldiers, in so barbarous a manner, of the necessary assistance.

ZIMMERMANN.

That is much to be wished ; but I am afraid that your majesty is as yet acquainted but with a small part of the mal-practices prevalent in your hospitals during the course of the last war.

FREDERIC.

(Opening his large piercing eyes, and fixing them upon me).

I know it, as well as all Germany, from various papers which have been published. I know it from the author of those papers, who was born in your majesty's dominions ; who served faithfully and honourably under prince Henry in Saxony ; and who had no other reward for his fidelity than to be persecuted, hated, and oppressed, by some of his brethren at Berlin.

FREDERIC.

What is his name ?

ZIMMERMANN.

His name is Frize ; he is a physician at Halberstadt.

FREDERIC.

Write down his name, if you please.

ZIMMERMANN.

I will write it down in the anti-chamber, as I go out.

FREDERIC.

I do not know Doctor Frize; I never even heard of his name.

ZIMMERMANN.

I am sorry for it, on your majesty's account. I know no person, sire, more capable of informing your majesty, and in the minutest manner, respecting all the tricks and abuses committed in this department. He is a person who has seen every thing with his own eyes; he is not afraid to speak his sentiments, is an excellent physician, and a man of genius.

FREDERIC.

I set no value on a man of genius, if he is not also an honest man. Tell me, sincerely, is Doctor Frize of Halberstadt a man strictly honest?

ZIMMERMANN.

He is, without doubt. It was his honesty alone which ruined him at Berlin; and it is merely on account of his probity that I take
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the liberty of recommending him to your majesty. But as I am not personally acquainted with him, I do not know whether, with that vivacity for which he is distinguished, he could execute with success what your majesty may require of him; whether he has not something stiff and disagreeable in his manner; whether he is not, perhaps, too hot and violent; and whether he understands how to address people on the most favourable side.

FREDERIC.

That is all the same to me; write down his name.—After this, the king began to turn the conversation to himself; and said, “ You must see in what a pitiful manner I walk; come with me.”—His huffar being then called, he raised Frederic from his easy chair, and supported him by holding his arm. I followed his majesty, and when he spoke to me I placed myself at his side. In this manner the king traversed three apartments, with much pain and distress. My heart almost bled during this scene. His majesty advanced with the greatest difficulty; he was quite out of breath, though he walked very slowly; and when he spoke, which he did often, I could not understand him. He at length said that he wished

to return ; and when we reached the apartment which he usually occupied, I stood up before him. When he recovered, and was in a condition to speak, which was not till some time after, our conversation continued thus.

FREDERIC.

Have you at present many patients ?

ZIMMERMANN.

At this season many Hanoverians and foreigners consult me respecting their summer cures.

FREDERIC.

I dare not then detain you any longer here, and deprive your patients of your assistance. Return, I pray, at eight to-morrow morning, in order that I may thank you for the kind attention which you have paid to me so long. I will then give you a letter for his royal highness the duke of York.

Before he permitted me to depart, Frederic said, " I believe I shall be afflicted also with a hernia, because I have pains of a peculiar kind," which he described. Those pains, I told him, indicated a quite different thing, and that they generally preceded the hemorrhoids ; adding that, however singular it might then appear, I was confident the hemorrhoids would soon flow.

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“That would be very serviceable,” said the king, taking off his hat with much politeness, which was the usual signal for me to depart.

July 10. I received before the door of the king’s apartment, from his majesty’s second huffar, and in his majesty’s name, a thousand crowns more in bank notes. As soon as I entered, Frederic resumed the conversation which we had been upon before, which at first astonished me greatly, and in the end affected me much more.

FREDERIC.

You signalize yourself even to the last moment of your residence here.

ZIMMERMANN.

An idea of my own weakness, and a thorough conviction that I want many things which a physician ought to possess, have always haunted me since the first moment I attended your majesty.

FREDERIC.

You are a prophet. When uneasy yesterday evening respecting certain pains with which I was not acquainted, you told me that they announced the hemorrhoids. Last night these hemorrhoids made their appearance. I slept well;

well ; the pains are gone ; and I am very much pleased with you.

ZIMMERMANN.

One of your majesty's attendants has just now put into my hands a convincing proof that you are satisfied with my conduct ; a proof which, with what you have said, makes me blush, and be silent.

FREDERIC.

Do not speak of that, but suffer me to return you thanks for your exertions in my favour. You have done every thing that could be done. I am perfectly satisfied with you in every respect. In returning home will you pass through Dessau ?

ZIMMERMANN.

Her royal highness the princess of Dessau wrote to me at Potsdam, and begged me to spend some days with her at Woerliz, that she might consult me respecting her health. From thence I will pursue my route, through Antoinnettenruhe and Brunswick, to Hanover.

FREDERIC.

I ask pardon of all your patients for having deprived them of your assistance, and I thank you for your kindness in remaining so long with me. I wish that you may always be
happy ;

happy ; and I am very glad that you have seen me, because you may afterwards form a better judgment respecting my case.

ZIMMERMANN.

I am so sensibly affected by what your majesty has said, that I am scarcely able to return an answer.

FREDERIC.

Be so kind, sir, as to deliver this letter to the duke of York. Tell him how often I have spoke to you concerning him ; how much I esteem, and how much I love him. Tell him in my name, and in the strongest terms you can, what affection I entertain for him.

ZIMMERMANN.

I will tell the duke, with the utmost fidelity, every thing you have said.

The king then took off his hat with much dignity and politeness, and in an amicable manner said—“Adieu, my good, my dear Mr. Zimmermann ; do not forget the old man whom “ you have seen here.”

When his majesty pronounced these words, I was so much affected that I could not utter a single syllable. I made a profound bow, and quitted the apartment with an emotion such as I never experienced, nor ever can experience, in life,

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What I have hitherto said, respecting the health of Frederic, fills up the vacuum which Mr. Selle, his physician in ordinary, left for me in the history of his majesty's disorder, which he has published ; and confirms, besides, what that able physician has said.

At my departure from Potsdam, the king's situation was so far from being doubtful, that it was really desperate. He had a dropsy in the breast and lower belly ; and his thighs and legs were prodigiously distended with water. According to every appearance, he had an abscess in the lungs, where one had appeared the preceding winter. His strength was entirely exhausted, and he could neither walk nor stand upright without being supported. His courage however was still great ; and when abandoned by hope, in his moments of sadness and dejection, his firmness never forsook him entirely. It was impossible to do any thing that could really tend to cure him. He himself, indeed, expected nothing else than to be relieved ; to have his appetite preserved, digestion promoted, and his belly kept open. He asked me only for a single remedy, which was, one that could cure him in an instant. I however neither knew nor possessed such a remedy ; and on the 24th of June I renounced all hope of a regular and perfect

perfect cure.—All my conduct towards Frederic, those serious remonstrances which I made to him on the necessity of proper regimen excepted, was at bottom nothing else than *medical policy**.

In the month of August, the king often flattered himself with the idea that his father had lived five years after being attacked by the dropsy; and his majesty's imagination was even then very fertile in consolation.

Between the 4th and 12th of August, the last time that he attended to the business of the cabinet, the swelling in one of his majesty's legs burst. His voice was then exceedingly weak; but he was very attentive to business, and that day eat the half of a sea crab.

On the 17th, thirty-eight days after I had quitted him, he breathed his last. Mr. Selle has perfectly well described the circumstances of his death.

What I have said respecting my conversations with Frederic, leaves nothing else for me

* Dr. Zimmermann here speaks like an honest man. What else is the conduct of many physicians, we will not be so illiberal as to say of all, towards the rich and great, but *medical policy*, to fill their pockets, and extort another fee? There is no period at which mankind will sooner part with their money, than when they are afraid of being compelled to leave it. T.

to do, than to relate some interesting particulars of his character.

The stomach, the belly, and the imagination, which, for what reason God only knows, depends so much on the state of the two former, had more influence over this great man than one might believe. Bad digestion rendered him extremely dejected; but when that was over, his wonted vivacity immediately returned. The reader must have undoubtedly remarked how he recovered courage on the smallest change for the better. His invincible incredulity in regard to medicine, made him cry out, a miracle! when a remedy produced the least good effect; and when a physician foretold him the most trifling circumstance, he considered him as a prophet.

He was often in bad humour during the course of his disorder; yet this bad humour never in my presence broke out violently except once, on the 24th of June, when I proposed to have a consultation with Mr. Selle.

Frederic William I. who also died dropfical, was often during his malady in very bad humour; but he expressed himself in a manner quite different from that of his great son, and sometimes in a manner altogether pious and christianlike.

A certain *naiveté*, not known at present, and of which no idea can be formed, prevailed in Germany till the middle of this century, and especially in the beginning of it. The reader will perhaps hardly believe that the spouse of Frederic I. king of Prussia wrote to the spouse of George I. at Hanover—

“ Leibnitz passed the evening with me yesterday, in order to entertain me with his *infiniment petits*. Alas! my dear, who can be better acquainted with them than you or I?”

Frederic William I. possessed this *naiveté*, but it was altogether German. I do not know whether his illness had begun when he drove the citizens of Berlin from the public walk, and sent them to Spandau, merely because they were fond of walking; when he reduced the pension of a privy counsellor from a thousand to four hundred crowns, because, passing one evening before his house, he had seen several lights in it, and because he learned that this counsellor had company to sup with him; and, lastly, when he spat one day in a lady's bosom, because he found it too openly displayed. But when he was really ill of the dropsy, he made his *valet de chambre* read the evening prayer every night to him when he went to bed. At the end of the prayer there was a benediction.

nediction. One evening the *valet de chambre* read, *May God bless your majesty*; thinking that he ought to read so, from a kind of politeness. "That is not in the book," cried the king, throwing the first thing at him which he could lay his hand upon; "read again." The *valet de chambre*, not knowing in what he could have made a mistake, read again, *May God bless your majesty*.—"It is not so, you scoundrel," cried his majesty once more, throwing his nightcap at him. The poor valet, half dead with fear, read, for the third time, *May God bless your majesty*. His majesty then fell into a dreadful passion; and cried out, "*May God bless you! you scoundrel*—who does not know that, in heaven, I shall be a scoundrel like yourself?"

Frederic the Great, convinced also of his weakness, allowed that mankind are dependent beings; but not with the Germanic *naiveté* of his father, nor in so comico-christian a manner. He felt sensibly, and with an emotion of sadness, what we all are. This hero and conqueror told me, so far back as the year 1771, "Alas! I cannot overcome every obstacle." The same Frederic, the greatest man of the eighteenth century, said to me, in the last summer of his life, "I always was a poor mortal." He who, a little before the gloomy period

riod when he descended among the heroes of antiquity, still ruled his empire with a vigour of mind truly regal, said to me, on the 30th of June 1786, "I am now only an old carcase, fit to be thrown to the dogs."

According to his philosophy, Frederic the Great believed that he owed his existence to chance. He had a just sense, indeed, of his dependence on a superior power, that of age and time: but this great prince had not that consolation which arises to the meanest of mankind. He did not enjoy that comfort which proceeds naturally from our weakness—an idea of our dependence on God, and of the end of our existence beyond this life and the grave. Frederic the Great considered his life as a vapour, created by chance, and which age dissipated. He did not believe in what is the noblest, the best, and the grandest hope of man—the immortality of the soul. His creed was, that the thinking part of man is inseparable from the body, and perishes with it.

He, who was so often melancholy when he reflected how much his existence depended on age and time, was not sensible that this dependence, which renders us so little in one point of view, exalts us in another, by intimately

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connecting us with the Deity. Frederic the Great, in the latter part of his life, undoubtedly experienced very painful sensations. Men generally, either through vanity or affectation, conceal these sensations; and flatterers, who wish to praise the great, suppose that they are never disturbed by them. This eminent prince did not conceal from me what he felt in this respect: These ideas, however, were in his great mind only momentary; and though, for the most part, they destroy all the activity and faculties of the best organized heads, he preserved, till the last moment, his usual firmness and courage. On this account he was always master of himself. Till almost the very moment of his death, he applied, without interruption, to his wonted occupations. It has nevertheless been frequently asserted, throughout all Germany, that Frederic outlived himself; that his powers of mind were exhausted, and that his vivacity and vigour of thought had abandoned him. It appears to me, on the contrary, that many princes would be very happy to possess, in the flower of life, that vigour and strength of mind which Frederic enjoyed during the last summer of his: this certainly would secure to them a great name. The generals, ministers, ambassadors,

ambassadors, and private secretaries of his Prussian majesty, well know that the spirit of this prince was discernible in every thing which he did in the summer of 1786; and what Mr. Hertzberg, the minister, said on this subject, has certainly more weight than the idle reports of all Germany. I saw Frederic at many moments when he appeared to me capable of deciding respecting a war; and though he could not have taken the field in person, one might read in his eyes that his head was sufficiently clear to form the best plans, and to direct the execution of them with perfect propriety. A few days before my arrival at Potsdam, he wrote, with his own hand, instructions to his ambassador at one of the most powerful courts in Europe, which, as I was assured, were a master-piece of politics. I learned also that, during my residence there, he had formed resolutions respecting a foreign affair, which were as bold and decisive as any he had ever formed at the usual age of vivacity and vigour.

My readers will, perhaps, wish to know in what manner his majesty spent his time during the seventeen days I resided at Potsdam. His manner of living, from the period of my departure till his death, may be seen in the Memoirs of Mr. Hertzberg.

After his majesty's disorder had become so serious, he began business at a very early hour. Before that period, the cabinet secretaries never made their appearance till towards six or seven in the morning; but after it he always required their attendance at four. "My condition" (these are the memorable words by which his majesty announced to his secretaries this change) "obliges me to give you this trouble, which will not continue long. As my life is on the decline, I must turn to advantage that part of it which remains, for it does not belong to me but to the state."—What a lesson to future kings, princes, and rulers! for every one knows that there is no king or prince, great or small, who has not occasion for his time. Every morning at four, after Frederic had given audience to his adjutant, one of his hussars in waiting brought him all the reports of his ministers and generals, all the dispatches of his ambassadors, and all the letters which had arrived in the night at Berlin, from different countries. Having examined them, and selected such as were of most immediate consequence, he placed on one side those which he wished to read himself, and on the other those which he intended his cabinet secretaries should give him an account of. His
secretaries

secretaries were then called, who were obliged to come from *Sans-Souci* to Potsdam by four in the morning. When they arrived, his majesty delivered to them such papers as he wished them to read; they then repaired to an apartment without the castle, read the whole, and made short extracts from them: in the mean time his majesty perused all his letters; after which the secretaries were called in succession, each having his pen in his hand. Frederic first dictated what concerned the letters which he had read himself; his secretaries then gave an account of those from which they had made extracts; and his majesty dictated to them his orders, and the answers he meant to give, almost word for word. Thus, in general, from the hour of four to six or seven in the morning, one sick mortal ruled a whole kingdom, and dispatched at the same time all foreign affairs. The cabinet secretaries then returned to Potsdam, wrote out fair copies of what the king had dictated to them, and brought them after dinner to be signed. But, what is rarely done in the administration of states, his majesty read over again all these letters and orders, before he put his signature to them.

Frederic then, after seven in the morning, might have given himself up to indolence, and

been exposed to languor, if he had thought proper; but this he never could nor would do. Such a mode of life no sovereign can follow.

At that hour the bill of fare was brought him, but only for dinner, as he never supped; at the same hour all the productions of his gardens and green-houses, which had appeared since the preceding day, were also brought him. I always saw them in large baskets placed on the tables of the anti-chamber; they were the choicest and most beautiful of his fruits, consisting of cherries, grapes, melons, peaches, apricots, plums, and *pisangs**; and care was taken not to suffer a single cherry to be amongst them that was deformed by the smallest speck. Frederic in general ate some of these fruits.

At eight, when I arrived, he was almost always employed in reading, either a French translation of some ancient author, or some work respecting modern history; but as his hand was so weak that he could not hold a moderate octavo volume, he had every work of a large size formed into small divisions of a few sheets each. From the hour of eight I remained with him as long as he thought proper; generally half an hour, but sometimes a whole hour. After

* A beautiful kind of figs brought from the island of Java. T.

my departure the commandant of Potsdam, the worthy, honest, and mild lieutenant-general De Rohdich, arrived to receive the orders of the day; but this was always a momentary business, because at four in the morning an officer gave an account of every thing that had passed at the gates of Potsdam, and in the whole garrison. Between nine and eleven his majesty gave audience to the adjutants, and other officers with whom he had occasion to speak.

At eleven, count de Luchefini and general Goertz, his majesty's usual company at table, made their appearance. From the time of my arrival till near that of my departure, count de Schwerin, first equerry—and after my departure, till his majesty's death, Mr. Hertzberg the minister, and count Pinto a Piedmontese, and colonel of engineers, were generally of the party also. Besides these, he had with him sometimes one of his generals, and sometimes one of his majors. It is to be observed that Frederic sent an invitation every morning even to those who were admitted to his table the whole year round.

The dinner lasted sometimes only half an hour, but oftener an hour and a half. The king ate always with a keen appetite, and for the most part too much. He drank a kind of

white wine, made at Bergerac in France, but with great moderation. When dinner was over, he always slept more or less, but never long; after which he took a few dishes of coffee, then sat in the sun, on his terrace, or amused himself with some object or other. For example, he had always something to do with jewellers and lapidaries. One day, while I was with him, he reviewed all his jewels and precious stones, which were very numerous. Those in his own apartment were estimated at five millions of crowns*.

I had generally orders to wait upon his majesty at three in the afternoon; but my visit was often delayed half an hour or more, on account of his being busy, or asleep. The audience lasted as long as that of the morning. His majesty's occupations then recommenced, and various letters were brought him to be signed. One day I saw count de Finkenstein enter;

* Precious stones excited a kind of passion in the capricious mind of Frederic. His taste in this respect was singular: brilliants he considered as not sufficiently beautiful. He had always before him, besides a leaden chest full of snuff, two other wooden chests, and four snuff-boxes of Silesian agate. They were ornamented with precious stones of all colours, which were neither sapphires, rubies, nor emeralds, as I at first imagined; but real brilliants, with foils of different colours placed under them, according to his majesty's directions.

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and at the same time prince Dolgoroucky, the Ruffian envoy, had his audience of leave. Often, as I was going out, officers and engineers were entering with plans, drawings, &c.

The king's evening party arrived at half after five, and consisted usually of the chamberlain, count de Luchefini, and general Goertz. During the whole time I resided at Potsdam, and even during the time he himself resided there, count Schwerin, the grand equerry, was admitted also. Two days after my departure, he was succeeded by Mr. de Hertzberg, who, as well as count de Schwerin, attended the king, and remained at *Sans-Souci* till the period of his death. The king always conversed cheerfully with this society, who afterwards supped together by themselves; and Frederic made a young man from Berlin read to him, sometimes Cicero, sometimes Plutarch, and sometimes Voltaire, till the hour of ten, at which he usually went to sleep.

The king therefore, during his last illness, that is to say, for the space of nine months, spent all his evenings with count Luchefini and count Goertz, who composed the whole company when there were none of the ministers of Berlin at *Sans-Souci*. For the six preceding years, he had spent them, except on extraordinary

nary occasions, in a *tête à tête* with count de Luchefini; but when his majesty's oppression increased, after the review of Silesia, in 1785, he admitted, as a third, count Goertz, as he could no longer support a conversation with Luchefini alone, who was for six years in his majesty's company every day, and for five years his only companion in the evening. No philosopher, therefore, or man of letters, was better acquainted with the character of Frederic the Great, than this learned, amiable, and lively Italian. The king not only employed him often in foreign affairs, and secret commissions, but, from what the reigning prince of Dessau assured me, entrusted him with all his secrets; so that he knows the internal affairs of Prussia, as well as those of foreign countries, respecting which he was perfectly instructed by his late majesty. The worthy prince of Dessau told me, that the present king, on his accession to the throne, addressed the following compliment to the count: "You was the late king's best friend; be the same to me also." Luchefini was properly his majesty's *literary friend*. Frederic no longer read new books with any pleasure; it is well known that he never read any book in German except the Bible, and *True Christianity by Arndts*, the only two works which

the king his father suffered him to have when in prison at Küftrin. Luchefini, however, read every thing ; for he was well versed in the German, and consequently could give the king an account of every novelty in the German literature, with as much facility as he could make him acquainted with those of other nations.

Man always wishes to commit certain thoughts and sentiments to some friend, in order that he may unburden his mind. Many princes choose for confidants their valets or game-keepers; but Frederic the Great had good sense enough to choose Luchefini. He was, above all, his confidant respecting his literary works: the king gave him all his manuscripts to read, and conversed with him on the subject of them. No one therefore would be fitter to publish his majesty's works, as he could enrich them with notes and illustrations received from Frederic's own mouth. Luchefini, who forgets nothing, is on this account richer and more abundant in anecdotes than any person is or could be. Had he been the historian of this modern Cæsar, as he must at least know the literary history of all his works, the public would have set a higher value on many little pieces, which at present appear uninteresting, because we are not acquainted with the circumstances

stances that gave rise to them, and which Luchefini must have been informed of by his majesty himself. But all this will die with him, unless he executes what I have earnestly requested, and here again request him to do, in the name of the whole world and of posterity.

Count Luchefini is at present thirty-two years of age; and the greatness of his character, his candour, probity, integrity, love of truth, prudence, fidelity, deep penetration, prodigious memory, erudition, and profound philosophical and political genius, convince me that he is fully qualified to execute what I expect from him, and which no person living can do so well. By this he would merit the gratitude of posterity, and undoubtedly acquire immortal glory. I saw in his house at Potsdam a striking proof of the confidence which the king had in his discretion. Having asked him what was become of his majesty's correspondence with d'Alembert, "The minister of France," said he, "imagines that the whole of this correspondence has been sacrificed to Vulcan. The day when that learned man died, Mr. de Vergennes, the minister of state, hastened to his house, and demanded, by order of the king of France, all the king of Prussia's letters to him. The letters were accordingly delivered to the minister, who
immediately

immediately committed them to the flames. But notwithstanding this precaution," continued Luchefini, "this correspondence is not destroyed, as the French minister believes; for though all the letters were written by the king's own hand, they were, in compliance with his majesty's desire, all copied by Mr. Cat: Frederic sent only copies to d'Alembert, and preserved the originals." To convince me that this was true, Luchefini opened his bureau; and shewing me six large packets, said, "These are the king's letters to d'Alembert:" they undoubtedly amounted to some hundreds. The late king's answers exist also. "You know his majesty's writing," added Luchefini: "I will open some of the letters, as chance directs, and you will plainly see that they are originals." One of the letters he read, and afterwards put it into my hands. One part of it related to literary, philosophical, and theological objects; and the other contained sarcasms on the politics of the time: the whole was written in a bold and decisive strain. Few of the French literati, philosophers, and above all theologians, and ministers of state, could read these letters, which according to every appearance will never be published, without being affected in the most sensible manner. From what my intimacy

timacy with count Luchefini gave me an opportunity of knowing, I am of opinion that they will never be all printed.—The second question I asked him was, whether it was true that the king had written the history of the war of seven years; that through the stupidity of a page it had been one day burnt; and that the king said nothing else to the page, who threw himself on his knees when he informed his majesty of the misfortune, than these words—“So I must write this history again?” Luchefini assured me that this anecdote was true; and that Frederic had really written a second time the history of the war of seven years.

A heroi-comic poem, in the style of the *Maid of Orleans*, the subject and design of which I neither should nor will mention; and which, as I have been told, will perhaps be published, was intended to be so several years ago. Schmid, the celebrated engraver of Berlin, had executed the plates with which it was to be ornamented; but the king having changed his mind, the poem was suppressed, and the plates were burnt. Counsellor Brandes of Hanover, who has in his collection the finest books and prints that the world ever produced, is now in possession of these engravings.

Another heroi-comic poem, on the partition
of

of Poland, in the style also of the *Maid of Orleans*; which the king had no intention of printing, and which probably never will be printed, was found some years ago, very much to the king's sorrow, in the press at Hamburgh: a well-known bookseller had advertised it, and even quoted some passages from it. This came to the knowledge of Luchefini, who was much surpris'd when he saw the extracts copied, word for word, from the king's manuscript; and he hastened to inform his majesty of this singular circumstance. Frederic was as much astonish'd as Luchefini; for he had entrusted the manuscript only to Voltaire and another person. "What is to be done in this conjuncture?" said the king. Luchefini replied, "Send as soon as possible a courier to Hamburgh, to order the Prussian resident to go instantly to the bookseller, and to demand, with threats of vengeance in case of a refusal, the manuscript, and all the sheets that have been printed: then reward the bookseller in a manner worthy of a king." This plan, which pleas'd Frederic, was punctually and successfully executed, after four sheets had been already printed. I was told by some person at Hanover, that Voltaire had stolen this poem from Frederic, and, causing it to be copied, appropriated it to himself; and that Beau-

marchais

marchais had bought the manuscript of Voltaire's executors, and sold it at Hamburgh.

Frederic, at an early period of life, spoke the French language, and employed it when he wrote in preference to any other. He was therefore, during his whole life, fond of the French literature, and composed all his works in French. But it may be asked, why did he not pay attention to the light which Gotsched, and several professors at Leipzig, diffused abroad, throughout all Germany, after the year 1740? I shall reply, because he was too modest; for though he had got far before the whole second half of the eighteenth century, he however considered himself so deficient in those kinds of literary objects, that he never looked from *Sans-Souci* to Leipzig; and, with regard to what concerns the empire of fashion, he was great enough to emancipate himself from it, and he always remained voluntarily behind his age in this respect. His army, till the time of his death, was dressed in the same manner as they were when he mounted the throne. He even neglected very necessary alterations, which his successor was obliged to make; and he neglected them merely because they were alterations. In consequence of this mode of thinking, the clothes of his footmen and chaffeurs were cut in the same style in

1786 as they had been in 1740. His strict adherence to these minutiae was agreeable to the firmness of his mind and character; and this was the true reason why he set little value on the German literature. He did not, however, despise the German muses: on the contrary, he never disputed that rank which they deserved and held; and he was contented with not cultivating them himself. During his youth, we had no German Voltaire; our geniuses were not then born; and on this account Frederic applied to the French literature, which in the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. was as flourishing and as far advanced as the German literature is at present, a hundred years later: for this reason Frederic never read any German book. His taste for foreign literature, and above all for the French, was strengthened, on the other hand, by his intimate and daily intercourse with Algarotti, Voltaire, and D'Argens. For some time after the two first wars of Silesia, he had these celebrated men always with him; and that was the happiest and most tranquil period of his reign. The pleasure and charms of their company surpassed every thing that he saw, heard, or knew of the spirit of the society of the German literati. Sulzer loved and respected the Germans; but he however allowed

that many of them, being unacquainted with the world, would have been greatly embarrassed in the marble hall of *Sans-Souci*, if seated at table with the king, Voltaire, Algarotti, and D'Argens; and that such a situation would rather have given them a colic, than inspired them with wit. Sulzer has often assured me that it was a thousand times more agreeable and more delightful to hear Voltaire, Algarotti, and D'Argens converse together, than to read the best written and most amusing book. This candid philosopher, this good patriot, therefore, was not astonished that a German literary man, dull and awkward in every thing which he said or did, should appear to the king very stupid, in comparison of those lively and brilliant geniuses. He assured me that the king considered a German wit as a being absolutely imaginary; and though the number of geniuses increased every day in that country, none of them were ever seen in the marble hall of *Sans-Souci*. But it was frequented by a Voltaire, an Algarotti, and a D'Argens; and their suppers in the marble hall of the castle of *Sans-Souci*, so justly called the abode of peace, happiness, domestic ease, genius, and the muses, continued so long, that the servants who waited at table contracted swellings in their legs. At those nocturnal
festivals

festivals of wit and the muses, the company drank champagne. There is undoubtedly no place in Germany where so much wit was ever displayed, as in the marble hall of *Sans-Souci*. This I often repeated to myself, when seated between the Corinthian pillars opposite to the *Venus Urania*, and the Apollo, who holds in his hand Lucretius, in which is written, in large gold characters—

Te faciam studeo scribundis versibus esse,
Quos ego de rerum naturâ pangere conor.

Frederic did not despise the Germans, though he never invited any of their literary men to dinner. All his grand enterprizes were executed by Germans; and it was with their assistance that he signalized himself by so many bold and immortal actions: neither did he despise the German language; for he required that all letters sent to him on the foreign affairs of his kingdom, all the reports of his ministers and generals, and every thing that concerned the whole army, should be written in German. The Academy of Sciences at Berlin alone was obliged to write to him in French; and he always returned an answer in the same language. All this was established, and continued the same, from the beginning of his reign to the close of it. He himself dressed in 1786 exactly in the same

manner as he dressed in 1740. His whole wardrobe, which I have seen, except two furtouts—that which he wore, and another—consisted in two suits of uniforms, one for summer, and the other for winter. The furtout which he never wore, was of sky-blue sattin, embroidered in gold by his sister, the duchess dowager of Brunswic. He never put it on, because he considered it as too gaudy.

Though Frederic read only French books, and set a higher esteem on Voltaire than on Gottsched, he was no less great and good, at all times, in every thing which he did; and, notwithstanding this, his goodness was doubted even till the moment of his death. Count de Mirabeau was not ashamed to say, in his famous Letter to Frederic William II. “Frederic merited the admiration, but never the love, of mankind.”—The king’s behaviour to me, and many expressions which I heard from his mouth, prove the goodness of his heart; for, without this valuable quality, he would not have shewn himself so friendly and grateful towards me. One day, when I had the good fortune to console him in a moment of dejection, had he not possessed real goodness of heart, he would not have said—“I never receive greater pleasure than when I can cause a house to
“ be

“ be built for a poor man. Nothing in life
 “ ever gave me greater pain, than when I saw
 “ my poor soldiers, who had exposed their lives
 “ for their country, neglected when sick or
 “ wounded; nothing ever afflicted me more
 “ than when I have found myself the innocent
 “ cause of the death of any person whatever.”

It appears to me that, if any ever existed, these are traits of humanity, and of a noble and feeling heart.—Haller seems as if desirous of insinuating, in the third book of his *Ufong*, that, according to Frederic, there was no difference between right and wrong, and that this great man placed vice above virtue: yet the most certain and best authenticated anecdotes of the life of my hero plainly shew, that he possessed the most amiable qualities—goodness of heart, mildness, a disposition to attend always to the different situations of mankind; in short, benevolence, sensibility, and the most paternal tenderness towards his subjects. When his father, who was far from treating him as a good father ought to treat a son, sent for him to his bed-side, in the last moments of his life, he was seen to quit the apartment in tears, very much affected, and oppressed with grief. Tears, in this situation, indicate quite another thing than the tears which are generally shed.—But

let us read only his affecting and interesting correspondence with Suhm; or the charming and friendly letters which he wrote, during the war of seven years, to the old countess of Camas; and we will then see whether it is possible to doubt respecting the character of the hereditary prince, and that of the king. His constitution was not robust; and the weakness of his nerves, and some excesses in youth, had brought many complaints upon him at a very early period of life. When very young, he had exhausted and enervated himself by women; and, the year before his accession to the throne, he confessed to Suhm that he was become impotent. My unhappy experience, says he, in one of his letters to that gentleman, has made me a physician. But who ever knew better than Frederic how to harden and strengthen his body by the effects of character and disposition?

This weakness was a subject of triumph to the French, in the beginning of the war of seven years, a little before the battle of Rosbach. “With the marquis of Brandenburg* “we hope to have soon done,” said they; “for how

* This was the title which the French lieutenants and ensigns gave to Frederic the Great.

“ can

“ can an impotent king make war upon *us* ? ” In certain respects the French were much in the right : for a man who is in this situation may be a wit, and good-humoured ; but he rarely possesses true genius, or energy and strength of mind. The French, for this very reason, thought themselves so certain, before the battle of Rosbach, of realising their ideas, that they openly boasted at Versailles that they would soon bring the king of Prussia prisoner to Paris. A lady, to whom this was told, replied—“ So much the better ; I shall at least have the pleasure of seeing a king.” At the same time there appeared an epigram on Frederic, ascribed to a lady, in which it was said that he was the greatest of heroes and of kings ; but the author added, “ Alas ! what a pity that *he is not a man !* ”

He was naturally weak ; and yet, when he was only hereditary prince, he was decidedly a philosopher. The trifling and apish tricks of the military art, which his father was fond of, and which are the delight of so many princes, gave him great disgust. His father having employed a whole day, from morning till night, in reviewing his troops, and making them march from right to left, and from left to right, he wrote to Suhm, “ We kill ourselves here with performing exercise ; and lose in folly that

“valuable time which can never be recovered.” In another letter to Suhm, he calls all this military vanity “the real amusement of children.” Amidst his father’s reviews, he sighed after his books, his vines, his melons, and his cherries ; but his studies afforded him the greatest pleasure. When prince royal, he was niggardly of nothing but his time ; and he always sowed for futurity. He could not comprehend, however elegant he might be at that period, how people could speak of fashions, dress, and other objects relating to women ; how they could seriously occupy their thoughts with such trifles—expose themselves continually to misery, and yet fear death. The life of a courtier appeared to him to be no life at all.

The victories of Munich over the Turks, however, agitated and disturbed his mind, amidst all the tranquillity of his philosophy. It appears to me that this inquietude excited that ardour for the glory of arms, which afterwards glowed so warmly in the bosom of Frederic. But this ardour soon appeared to be extinguished. On the 26th of November 1737, he wrote to Suhm—“Do not talk to me, dear Suhm, of
 “heroic dispositions, except with regard to
 “friendship. If goodness of heart, fidelity, and
 “humanity are as necessary as the ferocious rage
 “of

“ of the warrior and conqueror ; if a proper
“ choice of men, who may be useful to us, can
“ supply the want of that great strength of
“ mind which forms vast projects ; and if
“ mildness and good intentions are of more
“ worth than that irresistible activity of men
“ who seem born to overturn the whole world—
“ in that case I aspire at being a hero, but un-
“ der these conditions only. Benevolence and
“ mildness form a good citizen, but not a great
“ man ; for this reason I am not so vain as to
“ seek for a great name ; I choose rather to be
“ only a man, since I cannot be so unless I do
“ all the good that the situation in which I am
“ will permit.”—Such were the sentiments which
Frederic entertained three years before he
mounted the throne. The people of Berlin, how-
ever, were not acquainted with his greatness.
They were told that he gave elegant entertain-
ments at Rheinsberg ; that he was fond of
women and music ; that he had a neat foot,
and danced elegantly : and all Berlin promised
themselves, under his reign, golden days, con-
tinual festivals, plays, operas, and balls.

This was not altogether the idea of Frederic
William his father, when he said on his death-
bed to the queen his spouse—“ Well, you
“ are going to rejoice at my death. At pre-
“ sent

“ sent the people of Berlin are going to amuse themselves ; but remember what I say—in the end matters will be quite different.”—Frederic was not born a warrior ; but he was the boldest warrior and the first general of his age, because he was forced and wished to be so. Notwithstanding his propensity to effeminacy, he dispensed with the most requisite conveniences of life, and those which few people can renounce. When king, he never used a morning gown, night-cap, or slippers. In bed, he always slept with his hat on. One day, seeing me cold, he complained of the severity of the climate of Germany, and added that he had always found cold and dampness very disagreeable to him. Nevertheless he brought on his last illness by his own imprudence ; for during the two last grand operations in Silesia, in the year 1785, he used to remain from morning till night without a cloak or great coat, before his army, exposed to cold, and very heavy rains ; and afterwards to dine, without changing his wet clothes, in an open barn, with his generals, and foreigners from various countries.

Frederic possessed a vigour and activity of mind which were almost above human ; and on this account he often required from his generals,

rals, ministers, soldiers, and physicians, things far above the usual powers of man.

It has been often said, by French as well as German officers, that Frederic had as good engineers, and as good officers of artillery, in his army, as any other sovereign. But he always expected that they should perform wonders, with little money; and though the Prussians understood sieges very badly, he never employed above half of what was necessary for carrying one on. At the siege of Prague, in 1757, he had not in the space of thirty miles round a single cannon of large bore. The garrison of Olmutz, in 1758, was twice as numerous as the Prussian army who besieged it; and the city had two communications open with the Austrian army: but his vast genius undertook every enterprize with a half, or even fourth part, of the forces necessary; and yet he always succeeded. How great would his joy be, did he know that the duke of Brunswick took, in Holland, batteries and fortresses with a handful of *cuirassiers*; and vessels armed with cannon by the help of a few hussars!

Notwithstanding his superior genius and courage, the private life of the philosopher of *Sans-Souci* was always calm and simple; and, in that retreat where he was not obliged to act the hero and the king, he loved to act the man.

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In music, in painting, and even in the colour of his furniture, he loved every thing pleasing and soft. His taste for painting, in the grand Italian style, was not fixed till the latter part of his life; but he had always an aversion to the terrible of that art, which he thought was invented for executioners. One day when a young girl attempted to drown herself below his windows at Potsdam, he called out for assistance, with every sign of the utmost terror and distress.

But Frederic shewed very few sentiments of mildness, when the two thirds of Europe took up arms against him, and threatened his destruction. He did not preserve the honour of his family, or the immortality of his name; and at a time when he thought every thing lost, he did not procure safety by mildness and soft words. When a lion is severely wounded, he never presents his paw, in a friendly manner, to his persecutors. Sophists may say that the enlightened beneficence which organizes and vivifies empires, has never yet appeared upon thrones, pure and without mixture. Cold and harsh politicians may despise the millions of crowns which Frederic, after the war of seven years, distributed among his subjects; they may say, as long as they choose, that he gave with one hand, to plunder doubly with the other.

But

But whatever they may say in this respect will be an absurdity ; for Frederic certainly never expected large interest for those sums which he distributed among his subjects who had suffered by fires or inundations.

Of all that the pen of a celebrated minister, who possesses great genius, has transmitted on this subject to posterity—of all that historians may say in their immortal works—and of all that a great French warrior * has remarked—nothing can elevate or touch the soul so much as the two following anecdotes, which display great humanity and magnanimity, and which in my opinion are the most authentic proofs of the king's greatness of mind. These anecdotes were related to me by one of those men for whom I entertain the greatest esteem and respect—lieutenant general Stamford, at present chamberlain to the Stadtholder, and preceptor to the two Princes of Orange. I shall relate them here, though they may have been printed already.

One day, while the king was alone in his apartment at *Sans-Souci*, he happened to fall asleep. Before the window, which was open, stood a box containing a large quantity of ducats,

* Count de Guibert, in his Elogium on the King of Prussia: London (Paris), 1787.

rolled up in different pieces of paper. One of his laquais, who chanced to pass the window at that time, seeing the king asleep, took a roll of the ducats without any ceremony, and walked off with it. Frederic, however, soon discovered that he had been robbed; and calling one of his hussars in waiting, said to him, "I have lost a roll of ducats, and I desire to know who has taken it." The hussar, in great consternation, assured the king that he knew nothing at all of the matter; adding, that his majesty perhaps laboured under a mistake, and that it seemed impossible that any one could take his ducats in his presence. "If you cannot," replied the king, "tell me the name of the thief, I will make you responsible for the robbery." The poor hussar, frightened almost to death, represented to his majesty that he could not answer for what passed in his apartment when he was not there. "I am not unjust," said Frederic; "but as you are well acquainted with your comrades, you must know whether there be a thief amongst them." The hussar instantly retired, made every enquiry possible to discover the guilty person, and at length succeeded. As soon as he was brought before his majesty, he addressed him in the following words: "You villain! you have robbed me of a roll of ducats.

“ ducats. Hold—here is another roll, of the
 “ same value ; quit the palace this moment,
 “ and get out my territories as fast as you can :
 “ lose not a single moment ; for if you remain
 “ here long you will infallibly be hanged.”

Another huffar had robbed him, at different times, of sums to the amount of twenty thousand crowns ; and had, besides, accepted presents from several of the foreign ministers resident at Berlin, for communicating to them every thing that he heard and saw. The king, being informed of this perfidy, sent for the huffar, reproached him with his crime, and said, “ You
 “ have robbed and deceived me ; as a punishment
 “ for your ill conduct, I make you a drummer.” His majesty then called an adjutant, and immediately gave orders for his being made a drummer. The huffar retired with the adjutant, went into his apartment under pretence of fetching something, and shot himself through the head. When the adjutant told the king what had happened, he appeared very much affected, and exclaimed—“My God ! tell me, then, did I treat this man too harshly ?

After such traits as these, Frederic undoubtedly well merited to be stiled the Solomon of the North. Vestris the dancer said therefore, at Paris, that there were only three great men
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In the world—the king of Prussia, Voltaire, and himself. Vestris was a fool, and the caustic Voltaire an impertinent fellow. It is well known that the latter had the impudence to say, that he gave Frederic the nick-name of the Solomon of the North, and that he had always retained it. But there are some minds who find poison every where; who take delight in collecting it, and then diffusing it abroad in epigrams.

It will perhaps not appear altogether out of season, if I say a few words here respecting the king's dogs, for even allowing that he carried his fondness for them too far, it is at least one proof more, to be added to a great many others, of his warmth and goodness of heart. Amongst mankind he never found the same fidelity and attachment as amongst those animals; and it is probably for this reason that he loved them so much. I always saw two of them in his apartment; they were greyhounds, of the small Italian species; and one of them always lay on a chair, covered with blue sattin, close to the king, while the other occupied a large couch made of the same stuff. They seldom stirred, and never barked when I entered. When Frederic made himself be carried to the terrace, to enjoy the sun, a chair was always placed

placed at his side for one of these greyhounds. No stranger could then approach the terrace without being announced by the dogs. Frederic, who loved solitude and repose above all things, could no longer bear any stranger whom he had not invited to approach his hermitage, nor to see him even at a distance.

In 1785, when he was at the review of Silesia for the last time, one of his dogs being sick, he gave orders that a courier should be sent every day to bring him an account of its situation. On his return, finding that the little animal was dead and buried, he caused it to be taken from the earth, that he might have the pleasure of seeing it once more; shut himself up the whole day, and cried for it like a child.—Stamford is my authority also for this anecdote.

No one can deny that goodness of heart, with all its attending circumstances and mild effects, always occasions our chief happiness in this world. Without goodness of heart, genius, wit, and the most brilliant abilities, will never secure us perfect enjoyment. Of the truth of this no one was more firmly persuaded than Frederic the Great. The inhabitants of Berlin preserve the remembrance of a great many instances of goodness in this celebrated prince—instances worthy of a celestial soul; and which

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being imprinted in the minds of his subjects, and repeated from mouth to mouth, will be transmitted to posterity.

But when any one was so impertinent as to approach him with any insipid play upon words, or affected wit, he indeed was no longer found mild, patient, and affable. He well knew how to dismiss such people very drily, or to turn his back upon them without the least ceremony.

Frederic often complained, especially during the latter part of his life, of being harassed with impertinence from strangers; and very often from young Frenchmen, who, as I was told by count de Luchefini, surpassed in this respect any thing that can be imagined. The king said, one evening, to Luchefini: "Having asked
 " a French officer, who was this day presented to
 " me, what regiment he belonged to; Sire, re-
 " plied he, to the regiment of *Rouiffilon*, otherwise
 " called *Trouffe-cotillon*. Your servant, Sir, said I;
 " and immediately turning on my heel, left the
 " fool to meditate on his stupidity."—He detested cringing, and those compliments which people at courts are generally so lavish of: he loved openness, boldness, and loyalty in every thing; but nothing pleased him more than honesty. Though he often carried his goodness and condescension a
 little

little too far perhaps, he never lost sight of his dignity, even in the simplest parts of etiquette.

Two of the Pope's chamberlains having requested, by general Lentulus, an audience of his majesty, he complied, and appointed a time when he would receive them. Lentulus misunderstanding the king, or choosing to be more polite than his master, added, that his majesty wished that the chamberlains should be conducted to the palace in his own carriage. Many people, indeed, had some of the king's carriages at their command : I myself had one during the whole time I staid at Potsdam ; but it was only a carriage from his majesty's stables, as ugly as a common hack, and drawn by two horses, which, as I sometimes carried my wife with me, stuck a long time one day in the sands, at the distance of half a league from Potsdam.—His majesty never intended that these gentlemen should be brought in one of his coaches ; but as the domestic who received the orders of Lentulus comprehended the general as badly as the general had comprehended the king, six beautiful horses were put to one of the finest of the royal coaches, and in this manner the chamberlains were conveyed towards Potsdam. The king, who happened to be at the window, seeing the two Italians advancing in triumph, asked who

they were; and being told that they were the Pope's chamberlains, he fell into a violent passion at this mistake; ordered the coach to be immediately sent away, and a hack to be brought to carry the chamberlains back to their lodgings. When the chamberlains came forth from the palace, they were in the utmost astonishment; and having asked one of the king's domestics why their equipage was changed, he replied, with great coolness, that it was a piece of ancient etiquette in the court of Prussia, that persons of their rank should be conducted to an audience in a splendid carriage, and sent back in a common hackney coach.

I might here mention many of Frederic's epigrams and sarcasms; and I should certainly have published them, had I alone been the object against which they were directed; but he employed them against princes, literary men, and great lords. Princes and lords might easily have endured them; but they would have hurt men of letters, whose existence often depends on the opinion entertained of them. He often bore with patience, and good-nature, very bold answers; but he could never suffer affected witticisms: the conversation at his table was however, for the most part, lively and entertaining.

The conversation having one day fallen on the fondness which physicians formerly shewed for treating their patients in such a manner that they almost stifled them in their apartments, his majesty related the following anecdote :— The emperor Leopold being once seized with a violent fever, was shut up in his chamber in such a manner, that the smallest ray of light could not find admission. His physician arriving one morning, had a good deal of difficulty to find the bed; and when he had at last succeeded, he was still embarrassed to find the emperor's arm. He felt all over the bed and bed-clothes; while the emperor, who was a very grave man, never said a single word; and after a good deal of labour, thinking that he had gained his point, and got hold of his majesty's arm, he began with great composure to count the beats of his pulse. But the emperor, much surpris'd at the incredible mistake into which the physician had fallen, undeceived his simplicity, by saying, in a very pathetic tone of voice,

*Hoc est membrum nostrum imperiale, sacro-
cesareum.*

One of the severest sarcasms Frederic ever uttered was addressed to the French ambassador (the marquis de Valori, if I am not mistaken) in the opera-house at Berlin. All the actors

were ready upon the stage ; and when the servants attempted to draw up the curtain, it was prevented by some obstacle from rising any higher than just to shew the legs of the performers : upon which the king cried out from his box—“ Monsieur de Valori ! Monsieur de Valori,” addressing himself to the ambassador, “ you now see the French government—many legs and no heads.”

His majesty being much displeas'd with a windmill situated above his orangery at *Sans-Souci*, sent word to the proprietor, that, if he would resign his right to it, he would make him a present in money, and give him three mills in another place. The miller replied very drily, that his mill had for a long time maintained him and his children ; that it stood on a spot from which he enjoyed a beautiful prospect ; and that he was resolv'd to live and die in his mill. The king was satisfi'd with this answer, and the man retained his mill. Some time after, Frederic walking with one of his favourites in the gardens of *Sans-Souci*, look'd towards the mill, and said he was extremely sorry that the miller would not part with it. The favourite, well-knowing how fond the king was of accomplishing his ends by money, had the boldness to reply, that his majesty had nothing

thing to do but to gild it. To this observation the king returned no answer. He however laughed very heartily one day at the answer of a Dutch architect, whom he called an ass—"I must indeed," said the architect, "be an ass, to bear all the burden which your majesty is pleased to lay upon me."

There were formerly within the circumference of Berlin several fields and meadows; and, if I am not mistaken, the proprietors had the right of hunting in them. The king said one day to Mr. De la Touche, the French ambassador, that, on comparing the plans of Berlin and Paris, it appeared to him that the former of these cities was as large as the latter. The ambassador's reply made the king laugh heartily—"That is true, please your majesty; but we never reap in Paris."

Frederic had in Baron de Munchausen an excellent minister of state. I often had the happiness of seeing this extraordinary man at his house in Berlin. To great penetration he united deep learning, integrity, proof against every attack, and a firmness of character which made him often contradict Frederic; but nevertheless Munchausen died in the ministry. The king once imagined that Munchausen had rejected a donation of the abbey of Klosterberguen from an in-

inclination towards pietism. This suspicion was very unjust : Munchausen was a man of enlightened piety, but not an enthusiast. The king one day at table told him his suspicion, and tormented him a long time by pleasantries, to which Munchausen replied with much dryness, and in a very laconic manner. The king at length said, “ Munchausen perhaps is a Moravian.” “ No,” answered Munchausen, much hurt, “ but I am “ a man of honour.”—Every one knows the epigrammatic answer of Mr. Michel, when the king asked him, in the war of seven years, Do you imagine that God is your ally also? Notwithstanding this, Frederic had as much esteem for Michel as for any man in the world. Michel was often admitted to his table for several weeks successively. A little time before the battle gained so seasonably at Leigniz, the king found himself in the greatest danger: before him he had three armies of Russians; and every body believed that the horrible tragedy which the half of Europe was engaged in with him, was about to close. I was told by Mr. Sulzer and Mr. Cat, who, as his majesty’s readers, had free access to his tent, that he was already thinking of spiking up his cannon; and that he begged Michel, in as pressing a manner as Cato begged his friends at Utica, to leave him. Michel,

who

who thought every thing irrecoverably lost, burnt all his papers ; but he did not quit Frederic.

The following anecdote deserves to be mentioned here, though it has been printed already. His majesty being informed that a corporal in his guards, a handsome young fellow, and at the same time very brave, wore through vanity a watch chain, to which, for want of a watch, he had affixed a leaden bullet, in order to know the truth of this circumstance, sent for him under some pretence or other. “ Corporal,” said the king, “ you must be brave and economical
“ both, to have saved so much of your pay as to
“ purchase a watch.”—“ I flatter myself that I am
“ brave,” replied the corporal ; “ but my watch
“ is worth very little.”—Frederic pulling out his watch, which was of gold, set with diamonds, said, “ My watch points to five ; what o’clock
“ is it by yours ?” The corporal, with a trembling hand drawing out the leaden bullet from his fob, returned, “ Mine, sire, points neither
“ to five o’clock nor to six o’clock ; but it tells
“ me plainly what kind of a death I must die
“ for your majesty.” The king was so highly pleased with this answer, that he gave the corporal his own watch ; saying, “ Here, take this,
“ in order that you may see every day the
“ hour when you are to die for me.”

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There is no crowned head, undoubtedly, who would not give a watch set with brilliants to obtain so pleasing an answer; though there are no people in the world who ought to be so cautious in their gifts as princes, or more prudent and wise in their liberality.

Mankind never perhaps display so much folly, impertinence, and avarice, as in their pretensions, demands, and solicitations, when they once know that emperors, queens, or kings are ready to give and to do good. This folly is carried farther in Germany than can well be credited; and of this I had many proofs and examples.

Goodness of heart in a sovereign is, however, the most respectable of qualities, notwithstanding the abuse which may be made of it, and the facility with which people forget it when the royal benefactor approaches the grave. It appears to me that Frederic the Great held it as a maxim, not to shew all his goodness, for fear that an improper use might be made of it. He often concealed within his breast a very strong desire of being useful to some man of merit, of advancing him in the world, and of rewarding him; but he often did more than the objects of his favour could hope, and that when they least expected it. He knew also that a monarch often gains more by fear than
by

by love. He was too well acquainted with the human heart not to know likewise, that the great attention and zeal for his service, which he required in all things, were not so easily obtained by love, which cannot always be depended on from mankind, as by the fear which is universally inspired by the force of authority.

A minister who served Frederic a number of years, and with whom he had more than a thousand conferences, often said, that though the king treated him always politely, and never shewed the least displeasure against him, yet he thought, every time he was introduced to his majesty, "To-day, perhaps, I shall lose my employment, my honour, and my fortune."—The severest and most cutting speech however that Frederic ever made to any minister, was the following: "Do you think that I have need of your eyes to see?"

Frederic the Great was a friend, and for many years, to people who perhaps rejoiced at his death.

It sometimes happens, that to those who follow and observe the motions of a monarchical state, there is no epoch more interesting than that when a rising sun is about to take the place of that which is setting. The report of the king having enjoyed good rest during the night,
was

was sufficient to make a great number of people of the first rank at Berlin grow pale ; and they trembled lest the moths should attack their mourning, which had been bought for some time. I had occasion to make several other observations, which displaying the like passions, and the like spirit of intrigue, inspired me with the utmost indignation ; and afflicted me the more, as I saw the noblest conduct pursued, at the same time, at Potsdam ; and I am firmly persuaded that an honest and rational prince, who wishes to render himself agreeable to his successor, cannot accomplish his end better than by sacrificing himself, with love and fidelity, for the monarch who is still on the throne. But, in all courts, the minds of the courtiers are, on such occasions, too much agitated and deranged ; the fear of being dismissed, which continually haunts them, renders them often dissemblers and traitors. It banishes from hearts, whose good qualities parchment cannot preserve, integrity, true greatness of soul, and stability in their manner of thinking and acting. The air of a court, which is always a little pestilential, renders the best heads weak, and destroys their energy. There greatness in thinking and acting, as well as other valuable qualities, disappear ; there warlike valour is changed

ed into political effeminacy, and the most resolute firmness into simple volition; there men become absolute women; and it is there, in short, that the basest scoundrels dare to talk of probity, fidelity, and honour; virtues with which they can never be acquainted, because they are insensible to every thing but their own private interest, and that of their families.

Such souls, destitute of energy and vigour, can display nothing but baseness, timidity, and weakness; the head of the state is the spring of all their actions, and the sole object of their attention. Even in the pettiest courts of Germany, in which there is little to be either gained or lost, a courtier is to-day an atheist, and to-morrow believes in Jesus Christ, Lavater, or the Devil: all these to him are the same, for he never thinks or speaks but as his highness. This court spirit, of which I am speaking, is however obliged sometimes to yield to the warlike spirit; especially in great courts, where there are always great interests to be discussed. There is a very wide difference between a military veteran of Spartan courage, expert in his profession, possessed of fidelity, openness, and probity; and one of those creeping insects of a court, deceitful, and abounding in duplicity, and who under a specious outside con-

ceals

ceals nothing but fraud, shame, hypocrisy, weakness, and cowardice. But a great, good, faithful, wise, and active monarch, who loves his people, and esteems his army, and who retains only great men around him, will always be a terror to the most skilful court Proteus, however hackneyed in the ways of deception. Under such a sovereign, the most artful courtier never exercises his base occupation but with fear ; and he can neither be an obstacle to the advancement of real merit, nor cause one useful and enlightened man to be dismissed. We ought, however, to be very careful not to judge of a whole nation from the base and ignoble sentiments of a few contemptible individuals. The Brandenburgers and Prussians always shewed their love and admiration of Frederic the Great, at a time when he discharged with pain those duties which the father and defender of a state can never entirely divest himself of. When the news of Frederic's death were spread abroad, every other sentiment gave place to that of an affliction universally felt by his subjects ; and all shared in the general grief. Notwithstanding the love which the Brandenburgers bore to the new monarch, notwithstanding their desire for seeing him king, and notwithstanding the mildness and greatness of mind with which they

beheld Frederic William the Second govern them, and the moderation, wisdom, and spirit, with which he protected the right of the house of Orange, and of his sister—I cannot help observing, that the sorrow and consternation displayed during the funeral ceremony of Frederic the Great at Potsdam, prove how difficult it is to forget a truly great man. This monarch, as every great mind when placed on the throne ought to be, was constantly the same; that is to say, always equally good. It was this disposition towards perseverance, carried perhaps too far in certain objects, which induced him to preserve his errors. Respectable divines have often asked me, if the king on his death-bed had not returned to the bosom of the church; if he had never testified any change, or shewn any doubt, respecting his religious sentiments; and if he had persisted in incredulity to the last moment of his life. It is with great pain that I find myself obliged, in order that I may not betray the interests of truth, to declare that Frederic never believed in the immortality of the soul; and that even in the hour of death he had no more belief in the christian religion than in physicians and their art.

Frederic allowed the people of Berlin the
greatest

greatest freedom in their opinions ; but this freedom was never carried so far as to tolerate incredulity. The king wished his subjects to think freely ; and he consequently renounced those rights of authority which, in certain objects, ought never to shackle a free people. He preached up liberty ; and every thing in morals, as well as in religion, degenerated into mental anarchy both at court and in the city. Notwithstanding this situation of affairs, Frederic never shewed any inclination for restoring order ; and the result was, that irreligion and deism became fashionable. The king indeed wished for a liberty confined within wise and just boundaries : but some of those men who call themselves *enlightened* * opposed every restraint on opinions ; and *enlightened* women set no bounds to their inclinations and passions. Before the eyes even of their wives, and in the open day, the former caused prostitutes to be brought to them, with as little ceremony or mystery as people observe when they send for a bottle of wine, or an ounce of tobacco : and the women surpassed their husbands in follow-

* People will continue to make use of this expression to denote those free-thinkers who at present abound in Berlin, and who form a kind of sect dangerous to reason and good morals.

ing their own inclinations ; through the effect, in a great measure, of that joy and enthusiasm which they experienced on seeing *light* diffused throughout Berlin.

Several of them, very honest women in other respects, were unfaithful to their husbands, because they were deists ; that is to say, very *enlightened* women. Female infidelity and divorces became as common at Berlin as they were at the most corrupted period of the Roman empire. Some of the most *enlightened* people of fashion instituted dances in which they danced naked ; and formed expensive establishments, till then unheard of, to facilitate the libertinism of old dowagers. The clergymen of Berlin, the ablest preachers in Europe, were hooted from society, because they still lived in *obscurity* ; that is to say, because they still believed in the religion of Jesus. Deism was preached up in the country pulpits by young ministers, who repeated there what they had heard when preceptors in great families at Berlin : they laughed at the consistory ; and preached in tied hair, like deistical corporals. In this manner the cities were *enlightened* ; and the country soon was in the same situation. But this pretended light made no where so much progress as at Potsdam. The principles of deism, and *this pro-*

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gress of reason, were there carried to such a length, as some officers of the king's household informed me, that, during the last ten years, above three hundred people had committed suicide at Potsdam only.

All these disorders at Potsdam and Berlin are not however to be attributed to the king; for it was impossible for him to oppose what his subjects absolutely would have, and what he could not alter.

The ministers of the principality of Neufchatel had a dispute on the eternity of future punishments; and the greater part of them were of opinion that they must be eternal. Those who opposed this opinion, begged Frederic to punish such of their brethren as dissented from them; but his majesty replied, "If my subjects of Neufchatel wish to be eternally damned, they may do as they choose." Frederic thought, no doubt, in the same manner respecting the *progress of reason* at Berlin.

It was necessary that a Frederic William should come to set bounds to such excesses. This prince wrote to president Seidlitz, at Breslau—"As for my part, I am against all restraint upon conscience; and I leave every one to follow his own creed. But I will never suffer the Christian religion to be trampled
" under

“ under foot in my dominions. I will never permit my people to be encouraged to despise the Bible; nor the standard of deism, infidelity, and materialism to be publicly erected.”—The hereditary prince, son to the present sovereign, an amiable and spirited young man, has openly manifested, at Berlin, that he has adopted judicious and respectable principles of religion.

But, in the time of Frederic the Great, the greatest indifference prevailed respecting this head. It is well known what religious sentiments he entertained. He more than once testified to me, that he adhered, in every thing, to the principles exposed in the *Works of the Philosopher of Sans-Souci*; and I expected that he would not proceed farther: but, after the publication of his works, his religious principles became still worse. Luchefini, however, did every thing that an honest man could do; he brought him back from atheism to deism: and I was very much surpris'd to find, during my residence at Potsdam, that he spoke much more of the latter than he had done for many years. But he however generally admitted only a few of the received principles of the deists; he then often repeated his ancient opinions, and seem'd to be very anxious that people should

comprehend him well. Some might therefore conclude that Frederic fluctuated very much in his religious opinions towards the close of his life, and that he was often in doubt whether he should not adopt others. But those who might judge in this manner would undoubtedly be deceived; for I well know that, though his majesty listened attentively to every objection made to him on this head, he remained always firm and unshaken in his sentiments.

I shall here relate, and in a few words, what is known to only a few persons. Frederic the Great never believed, not even at the moment of his death, in the christian religion, or the immortality of the soul; though he was not perhaps always free from uneasiness, in this respect, in the latter part of his life. He shewed a great spirit of toleration towards those who thought differently from him, and who even told him so; and he was mild and indulgent to enthusiasts, fanatics, and fools. Of this he gave a convincing proof, a little while before his death, in his behaviour towards a person who endeavoured to bring him within the pale of the church. Amongst the letters which had arrived one day, and which the king delivered into the hands of his cabinet secretaries, there
was

was one without any signature, which surpris'd them so much that they brought it back to his majesty. The author, from conscientious motives, represented to the king, out of respect and love for him, that, though he had been incredulous all his life-time, there was still room for him to amend, and return to his duty ; but that, as he was on the brink of the grave, he had not a moment to lose, unless he wished to go to that place where there are gnashing of teeth and eternal wailings, and to be *roasted in hell* throughout all eternity. The same evening the king made a present of this letter to Luchefini ; saying, “ You see how careful they “ are of my soul.”

Frederic often joked respecting death, when he had the glass in his hand. His letters to d'Alembert, at the time when that philosopher was approaching towards his end, contain sublime consolations, replete with the most stoic philosophy against the dread of ceasing to exist.

Count Luchefini asked me however, one day, at Potsdam, in what manner his majesty's fears respecting death might be quieted ; as he was not susceptible of that pleasing consolation which arises to those who believe in the immortality of the soul. Comfort him, said I, by representing to him the immortality of his
name ;

name; the indelible remembrance of every thing great and sublime that he has done, and of all the good actions he has performed; and, lastly, by shewing him that all these will live a long time after him. The king, as he himself has often told me, is not afraid of death, and I believe it; but he hates and detests it, and would wish to oppose it if possible. Suffer him to deny, to the last, the immortality of the soul; for in this point you will never be able to convert him. But tell him boldly, and without ceasing, that he has done more than any king before him could do in a similar situation; and that all he has done has taken too deep root not to expand and flourish till the remotest period of futurity. Repeat to him, and even proclaim with a loud voice, in his latest moments, that *the Prussian Eagle shall never be humbled.*

Tender and sublime soul! thou wonder of the eighteenth century! at once philosopher, hero, legislator, and conqueror—monarch whose name shall live to the end of ages, and from whose glory every thing has already been separated that jealousy or malevolence could throw upon it with a view to tarnish it—thy earthly frame, deposited at Potsdam, is not the only part which remains of thee. Placed in the abode of the immortals, thou art now near thy Marcus

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Aurelius ; and this production is only the smallest of the flowers scattered over thy tomb. Thy name will be always engraven on my heart, as the soft and tender sound of thy last words—
Zimmermann, remember the good old man that you have seen here!

F I N I S.

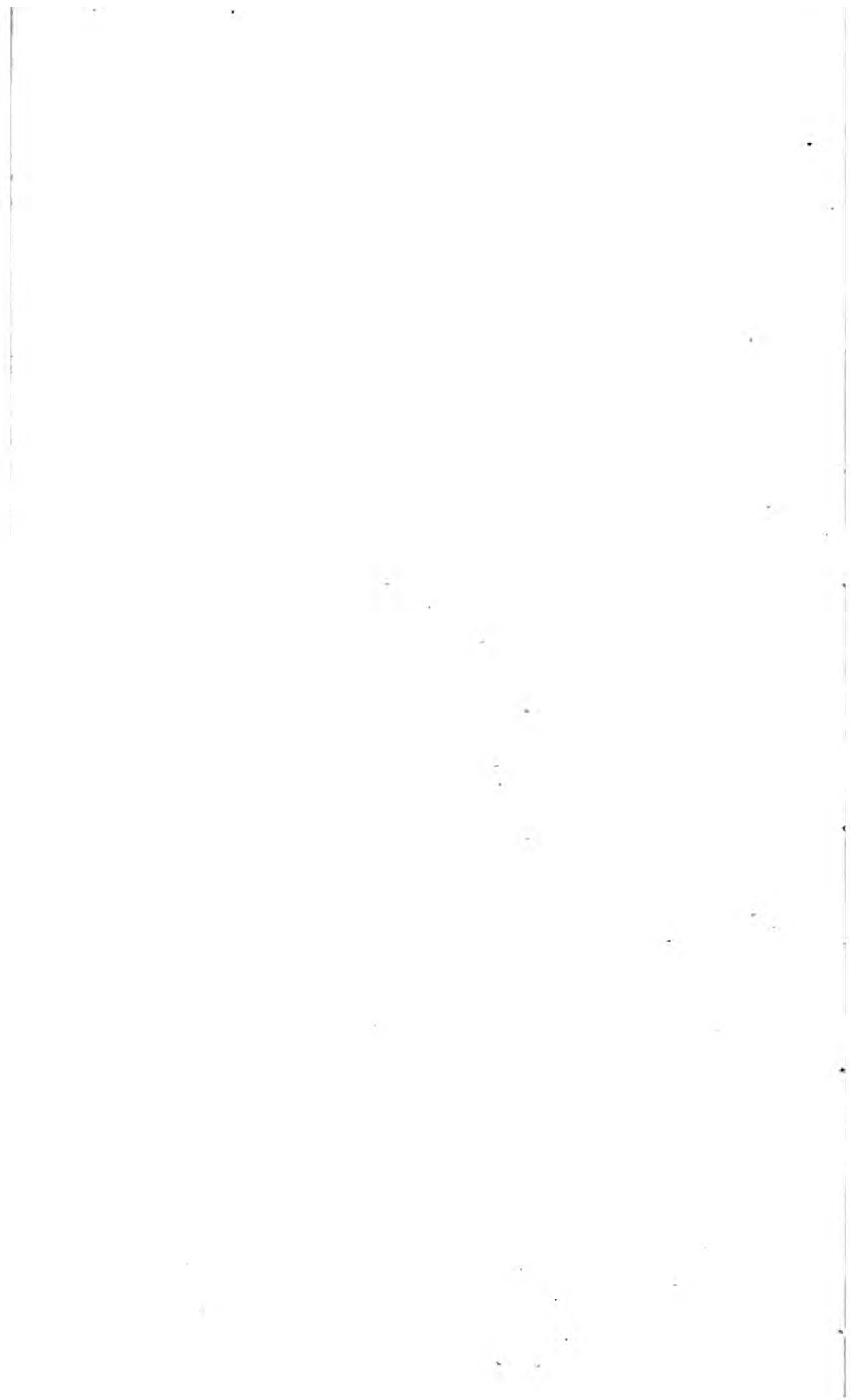




Fig 4 p 125.

R.W.F. 66

