

**MY FRIENDSHIP
WITH PRINCE
HOHENLOHE**

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My friendship with Prince Hohenlohe by Alexandrine von Hedemann & Denise Petit

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ALEXANDRINE VON HEDEMANN & DENISE PETIT

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Baroness von Hedemann.

MY FRIENDSHIP WITH PRINCE HOHENLOHE

BY
BARONESS VON HEDEMANN

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CALIFORNIA

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MY FRIENDSHIP
WITH PRINCE HOHENLOHE

I

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF THE BARONESS
A. VON HEDEMANN

Do you know the Cossacks of the Don? My father is of their race—his name betrays him. In the sixteenth century they established up there by the Black Sea a kind of republic, whose head was called "Hetmann." Mazeppa, the much-sung Mazeppa, hero of a score of legends, was one of them; and his blood, his "spirit of the steppes," still throbs in the generations of the Hetmanns—the Hedemanns. Often even now, in these far-distant days of his dying race, there leaps forth in a member of the clan some wild, fantastic trait, some

TO MY
MOTHER

My Friendship with

dæmonic passion, some of the old longing for the Infinite.

I, too, when I review my life, seem to myself such a creature of the steppes, riding on a foam-beflecked horse, my hair a-stream, into the Land of Romance.

My mother's family does not seem so akin to me, though in it also there is adventure and romance. My grandmother, when a young girl, took the veil, and was carried off from the cloister by her lover. She climbed the wall of the garden, and threw herself down to him who was awaiting her on horseback.

My parents' marriage, on the other hand, began in a more dignified, orderly, Philistine manner. My father, Baron von Hedemann, a stately, slender man with a blond beard and blue eyes, was a Counsellor to the Forest Court, lived in Silesia, and was the youngest of four brothers and sisters. At the age of twenty-one, Destiny willed that at the funeral of the General Albert von Stephany, he should be one of the "Salute-of-Honour" party at the grave.