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ENGLISH HEXAMETER TRANSLATIONS

FROM

Schiller, Göthe, Homer,

Callinus, and Meleager.

40615—  
4/198

—◆—  
London:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

MDCCCLVII.



**Cambridge :**

**Printed at the University Press.**

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THE following English Hexameters and Elegiacs have been written by several persons, and at various times; and there are therefore probably some discrepancies in the versification of different parts. It is believed, however, that these are slight; for all the pieces are executed with the intention that the lines, being read according to the natural and ordinary pronunciation, shall run into accentual hexameters or pentameters. If this point be gained, such verses may be no less acceptable to the English than they have long been to the German poetical ear, and may be found suited, in our language, as well as in its sister speech, to the most earnest and elevated kinds of poetry.

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To some of the translations the original is appended, both to give a scale of their fidelity, (for the others are no less faithful,) and also, to suggest the tone of classical compactness and purity at which this kind of verse ought to aim. In other pieces the original has been omitted; and the reader will thus be better able to judge whether these essays have any of the charm of poetry, besides that which their closeness to the beautiful originals reflects upon them.

THE EDITOR.

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## CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
<b>FROM SCHILLER :</b>	
THE WALK . . . . .	J. F. W. H. . . . . 4
THE DANCE . . . . .	W. W. . . . . 29
THE SEXES . . . . .	" . . . . . 33
 <b>EPIGRAMMATA—</b>	
Columbus . . . . .	W. W. . . . . 39
Odysseus . . . . .	" . . . . . <i>ib.</i>
The Sower . . . . .	J. C. H. . . . . 41
Archimedes and the Scholar . . . . .	" . . . . . <i>ib.</i>
Human Knowledge . . . . .	" . . . . . 43
The Two Paths of Virtue . . . . .	" . . . . . <i>ib.</i>
Our Zenith and Nadir . . . . .	" . . . . . 45
The Exit from Life . . . . .	" . . . . . <i>ib.</i>
The Child in its Cradle . . . . .	" . . . . . <i>ib.</i>
The Permanent . . . . .	" . . . . . 47
The Theophany . . . . .	" . . . . . <i>ib.</i>

	PAGE
Our Highest Aim . . . . . J. C. H. . . . .	47
Value and Worth . . . . . " . . . . .	49
The Present Generation . . . . . " . . . . .	<i>ib.</i>
To the Muse . . . . . " . . . . .	<i>ib.</i>
Our Problem . . . . . " . . . . .	51
The Key . . . . . " . . . . .	<i>ib.</i>
Wisdom and Prudence . . . . . " . . . . .	<i>ib.</i>
The Three Ages of Nature . . . . . " . . . . .	53
The Enquirers . . . . . " . . . . .	<i>ib.</i>
The Master . . . . . " . . . . .	<i>ib.</i>
Philosophies . . . . . " . . . . .	55
The Fountain of Youth . . . . . " . . . . .	<i>ib.</i>
Female Judgement . . . . . " . . . . .	<i>ib.</i>
Our Common Destiny . . . . . " . . . . .	<i>ib.</i>
Human Action . . . . . " . . . . .	57
Love and Desire . . . . . " . . . . .	<i>ib.</i>
Goodness and Greatness . . . . . " . . . . .	<i>ib.</i>
 FROM GÖTHE:	
HERMAN AND DOROTHEA—	
<i>Calliope</i> —Calamity and Pity . . . . . W. W. . . . .	63
<i>Terpsichore</i> —Herman . . . . . " . . . . .	79

		PAGE
<i>Thalia</i> —The Citizens . . . . .	W. W.	79
<i>Euterpe</i> —Mother and Son . . . . .	”	105
<i>Polyhymnia</i> —The Citizen of the World . . . . .	”	122
<i>Clio</i> —The Times . . . . .	”	139
<i>Erato</i> —Dorothea . . . . .	”	161
<i>Melpomene</i> —Heriman and Dorothea . . . . .	”	175
<i>Urania</i> —The Denoument . . . . .	”	182
A POETICAL EPISTLE . . . . .	J. C. H.	204
A SECOND POETICAL EPISTLE . . . . .	”	212
ALEXIS AND DORA . . . . .	”	217
THE METAMORPHOSIS OF PLANTS . . . . .	W. W.	229
FROM HOMER:		
HELEN ON THE WALLS OF TROY . . . . .	E. C. H.	242
HECTOR IN TROY . . . . .	J. G. L.	244
HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE . . . . .	E. C. H.	263
FROM CALLINUS AND MELEAGER:		
WAR SONG OF CALLINUS . . . . .	”	272
MELEAGER TO HIS CHILD . . . . .	”	276

ART thou a lover of Song? Would'st fain have an utterance found it

True to the ancient flow, true to the tones of the heart,

Free from the fashions of speech which tinsel the lines of our rhymesters?

Lend us thy listening ear: lend us thy favouring voice.

From Schiller.

MUSE, from Teutonic lyres who hast drawn forth the cadence of Hellas,  
Harmony blending with thought, truth with the rapture of song.  
Lend to my Saxon verse, while it echoes the lays of the Maker,  
Sparks of his Wisdom and Fire,—lispings at least of his Tone.

## Der Spaziergang.

---

SEY mir gegrüsst mein Berg mit dem röthlich strahlenden Gipfel,

Sey mir, Sonne gegrüsst, die ihn so lieblich bescheint,

Dich auch grüss ich belebte Flur, euch säuselnde Linden,

Und den fröhlichen Chor, der auf den Aesten sich wiegt,

Ruhige Bläue dich auch, die unermesslich sich ausgiesst

Um das braune Gebirg, über den grünenden Wald

Auch um mich, der endlich entflohn des Zimmers Gefängniß

Und dem engen Gespräch freudig sich rettet zu dir,

Deiner Lüfte balsamischer Strom durchrinnt mich erquickend,

Und den durstigen Blick labt das energische Licht,

Kräftig auf blühender Au erglänzen die wechselnden Farben,

Aber der reizende Streit löset in Anmuth sich auf.

## THE WALK.

---

HAIL to thee, Mountain Mine! with thy crest all purple and glowing.

Hail to thy beams, O Sun! falling so sweet on its slope.

Life-teeming fields, all hail! and ye gently whispering Lime-trees—

Peopled with many a bird rocking aloft in your boughs.

Hail! thou blue and tranquil expanse, whose fathomless concave

Folds round the dark brown hill—sinks o'er the shadowy wood.

Me too receive! Escaped from my chamber's narrow confinement

Gladly to thee I fly—from the world's wearisome themes.

Rich are thy breezes of balm my inmost bosom reviving!

Strong is thy lively light poured on my rapturous glance.

Where the wide-carpeted mead with friendly welcome receives me

Free the green path I trace, rurally winding along;

Frey empfängt mich die Wiese mit weithin verbreitetem Teppich

Durch ihr freundliches Grün schlingt sich der ländliche Pfad  
Um mich summt die geschäftige Biene, mit zweifelndem Flügel.

Wiegt der Schmetterling sich über dem röthlichen Klee.  
Glühend trifft mich der Sonne Pfeil, still liegen die Weste

Nur der Lerehe Gesang wirbelt in heiterer Luft.  
Doch jetzt braust's aus dem nahen Gebüsch, tief neigen der Erlen  
Kronen sich, und im Wind wogt das versilberte Gras.

Mich umfängt ambrosische Nacht; in duftende Kühlung  
Nimmt ein prächtiges Dach schattender Buchen mich ein,  
In des Waldes Geheimniss entflieht mir auf einmal die Landschaft,  
Und ein mystischer Pfad leitet mich steigend empor.

Nur verstohlen durchdringt der Zweige laubigtes Gitter  
Sparsames Licht, und es blickt lachend das Blaue herein.  
Aber plötzlich zerreisst der Flor. Der geöffnete Wald giebt  
Überraschend des Tags blendendem Glanz mich zurück.

Bright on the blooming plain the changeful colours are playing,  
Now contrasting, and now melting and blending in grace.  
Hark! to the bees' busy hum all around. The butterfly flitting  
O'er the red clover skins, fickle, in objectless dance.  
Now the Sun darts his glow, and the west wind hushed into stillness  
Mars not the lark's clear strain cheerfully warbled on high:  
Now from the copse, and aloft in the crowns of the deep-nodding alders,  
Rustles the coming breeze, curling in silver the grass.  
Deep in ambrosial night I plunge, where freshness and odours  
Breathe 'neath the beechen roof broad over-arching in shade.  
Lost is the landscape at once in the dark wood's secret recesses  
Where a mysterious path leads up the winding ascent.  
There through crossing boughs the noonday dimly admitting,  
Smiling with furtive glance scarce the blue heaven looks in.  
Suddenly rent is the veil—All startled I view with amazement  
Through the wood's opening glade, blazing in splendour, the day.

Unabschbar ergiesst sich vor meinen Blicken die Ferne,  
Und ein blaues Gebirg endigt im Dufte die Welt.  
Tief an des Berges Fuss der gählings unter mir abstürzt  
Wallet des grünlichten Stroms fließender Spiegel vorbei.  
Endlos unter mir seh' ich der Aether, über mir endlos,  
Blicke mit Schwindeln hinauf, blicke mit Schaudern hinab,  
Aber zwischen der ewigen Höh' und der ewigen Tiefe  
Trägt ein geländerter Steig sicher den Wanderer dahin.  
Lachend fliehen an mir die reichen Ufer vorüber,  
Und den fröhlichen Fleiss rühmet das prangende Thal.  
Jene Linien, sieh! die des Landmanns Eigenthum scheiden,  
In den Teppich der Flur hat sie Demeter gewirkt  
Freundliche Schrift des Gesetzes, des Menschenerhaltenden Gottes  
Seit aus der chernen Welt fliehend die Liebe verschwand.  
Aber in freieren Schlangen durekkreuzt die geregelten Felder  
Jetzt verschlungen vom Wald, jetzt an den Bergen hinauf

Heavens! what a prospect extends, till the sight bewildered and failing  
Rests on the world's last hill, shimmering in distance and mist.  
Deep at my feet, where sheer to its base the precipice plunges,  
Lo! where the glassy stream glides through its margin of green:  
Boundless, above and around and below me, the Æther is rolling;  
Giddy aloft I gaze, shuddering recoil from beneath.  
Yet 'twixt the yawning gulph, and the cliff in horror impending,  
Led by a rock-built path, safely the wanderer descends:  
Safely and swift, while the laughing shores fly past in their richness,  
And the luxuriant vale industry's triumph proclaims.  
Hedgerows there, with tracery neat, on its velvety carpet  
Broidered by Ceres' hand, limit each rural domain.  
Legible lines of Justice and Law, whose firm interdiction,  
(Love from the world being fled) curbs the encroachments of man.  
There with a freer sweep, far-stretching o'er field and o'er meadow,  
Commerce her high-way leads, land interlinking with land;

Klimmend, ein schimmernder Streif die Länder verknüpfende Strasse,  
Auf dem ebenen Strom gleiten die Flösse dahin,  
Vielfach ertönt der Heerden Geläut im belebten Gefilde,  
Und den Wiederhall weckt einsam des Hirten Gesang.  
Muntre Dörfer bekränzen den Strom, in Gebüsch verschwinden  
Andre, vom Rücken des Bergs stürzen sie gäh dort herab.  
Nachbarlich wohnt der Mensch noch mit dem Acker zusammen,  
Seine Felder umruhn friedlich sein ländliches Dach,  
Traulich rankt sich die Reb' empor an dem niedrigen Fenster,  
Einen umarmenden Zweig schlingt um die Hütte der Baum,  
Glückliches Volk der Gefilde! noch nicht zur Freiheit erwachet,  
Theilst du mit deiner Flur fröhlich das enge Gesetz.  
Deine Wünsche beschränkt der Aernten ruhiger Kreislauf,  
Wie dein Tagewerk, gleich, windet dein Leben sich ab!

~~~~~

Now in dark woods ingulphed, now crowning the crest of the mountain  
While the raft-laden stream glides in its easy descent.  
Wide o'er the peopled mead the lowing herds are resounding,  
And the rude herdsman's song wakes the lone echoes afar,  
Bordering villages deek the gay banks, or in sheltering woodlands  
Shrink—or shelf over shelf climb the projecting ascent.  
Man on the land which he tills, in peace contentedly dwelling,  
Sees the loved fields of his youth stretched round his rustic abode ;  
Where the confiding vine up the lowly window is climbing,  
Where the old friendly tree wraps its protecting embrace :  
Blest, thrice blest in his lot ! Not yet to false freedom awakened,  
Pleased he reveres the law, sovereign o'er him and his field,  
Bounded in thought and in wish by the peaceful round of his harvests,  
Calm as his daily toil glides his existence away.

Aber wer raubt mir auf einmal den lieblichen Anblick? Ein fremder  
Geist verbreitet sich schnell über die fremdere Flur!  
Spröde sondert sich ab was kaum noch liebend sich mischte,  
Und das Gleiche nur ist's, was an das Gleiche sich reiht.  
Stände seh ich gebildet. Der Pappeln stolze Geschlechter  
Ziehn in geordnetem Pomp vornehm und prächtig daher,  
Regel wird alles und alles wird Wahl und alles Bedeutung,  
Dieses Dienergefolg meldet den Herrscher mir an.  
Prangend verkündigen ihn von fern die beleuchteten Kuppeln  
Aus dem felsigten Kern, hebt sich die thürmende *Stadt*.  
In die Wildniss hinaus sind des Waldes Faunen verstossen,  
Aber die Andacht leiht höheres Leben dem Stein.  
Näher gerückt ist der Mensch an den Menschen; Enger wird um ihn,  
Reger erwacht, es umwälzt rascher sich in ihm die Welt.  
Sieh, da entbrennen in feurigem Kampf die eifernden Kräfte  
Grosses wirket ihr Streit, grösseres wirket ihr Bund.

Fare ye well, sweet scenes! A stranger spirit is breathing  
O'er the transformèd plains, snatching your charms from my view:  
Harshly springing asunder from forced and unequal alliance,  
What shall coërce the strong, when at the lovely it spurns?  
Classes behold, and ranks. In long and stately perspective—  
Lo! where the poplar's pomp sweeps in aspiring array.  
All is Rule and Arrangement and Choïce. Each feature has meaning;  
Such an impressive train tells of THE RULER at hand:  
Brightly yon gleaming domes his presenee announce, where the city  
High o'er its nest of rocks soars in its towery pride.  
Far from their ancient haunts the Fauns complaining are driven;  
(What though piety lend holier life to the stone;)  
Man pressed closer to Man, finds his being concentred, his feelings  
Broader awake. His world rolls in a swifter career.  
There in contention fierce blaze forth antagonist powers,  
Great, opposed in their strife—greater in union linked.

Tausend Hände belebt Ein Geist, hoch schläget in tausend  
Brüsten, von einem Gefühl glühend, ein einziges Herz,  
Schlägt für das Vaterland und glüht für der Ahnen Gesetze,  
Hier auf dem theuren Grund ruht ihr verehrtes Gebein.  
Nieder steigen vom Himmel die seligen Götter, und nehmen  
In dem geweihten Bezirk festliche Wohnungen ein,  
Herrliche Gaben bescheerend erscheinen sie; Ceres vor allen  
Bringet des Pfluges Geschenk, Hermes den Anker herbei,  
Bacchus die Traube, Minerva des Oehlbaums grünende Reiser  
Auch das kriegrische Ross führet Poseidon heran,  
Mutter Cybele spannt an des Wagens Deichsel die Löwen,  
In das gastliche Thor zieht sie als Bürgerin ein.  
Heilige Steine! Aus euch ergossen sich Pflanzer der Menschheit,  
Fernen Inseln des Meers sandtet ihr Sitten und Kunst,  
Weise sprachen das Recht an diesen geselligen Thoren,  
Helden stürzten zum Kampf für die Penaten heraus.

~~~~~

Linking a thousand hands in a single effort; a thousand  
Hearts in a single pulse; thoughts in a single resolve;  
Burning with patriot love, and with long ancestral devotion,  
There on the hallowed spot where the loved ashes repose;  
Where the immortal Gods their glorious temples have chosen,  
Drawn by established rites down from their Heavenly abodes.  
Fraught with blessings they come. First, Ceres, Mother of harvests,  
Brings the productive plough—Hermes the anchor affords—  
Bacchus the grape—Minerva the genial fruit and the graceful  
Fronde of the olive bough—Neptune the warrior steed—  
Borne through the welcoming gate on her lion-yoked chariot, Cybele  
Enters, an honoured guest,—dwells, a protectress and friend.  
Sacred Walls! from whose bosom the seeds of humanity, wafted  
Ev'n to the farthest isles, morals and arts have conveyed.  
Sages in these thronged gates in justice and judgment have spoken;  
Heroes to battle have rushed hence for their altars and homes:

Auf den Mauren erschienen, den Säugling im Arme, die Mütter  
Blickten dem Heerzug nach, bis ihn die Ferne verschlang  
Betend stürzten sie dann vor der Götter Altären sich nieder,  
Flehten um Ruhm und Sieg, flehten um Rückkehr für euch.  
Ehre ward euch und Sieg, doch der Ruhm nur kehrte zurücke,  
Eurer Thaten Verdienst meldet der rührende Stein:  
“Wanderer, kommst du nach Sparta, verkündige dorten, du habest  
‘Uns hier liegen gesehn, wie das Gesetz es befahl.’  
Ruhet sanft ihr Geliebten! Von eurem Blute begossen  
Grünet der Oelbaum, es keimt lustig die köstliche Saat.  
Munter entbrennt, des Eigenthums froh, das freie Gewerbe,  
Aus dem Schilfe des Stroms winket der bläulichte Gott.  
Zischend fliegt in den Baum die Axt, es erseufzt die Dryade,  
Hoch von des Berges Haupt stürzt sich die donnernde Last.  
Aus dem Felsbruch’ wiegt sich der Stein, vom Hebel beflügelt,  
In der Gebirge Schlucht taucht sich der Bergmann hinab.

Mothers the while (their infants in arms) from the battlements gazing,  
Follow with tears the host, till in the distance it fades ;  
Then to the temples crowding, and prostrate flung, at the altars  
Pray for their triumph and fame—pray for their joyful return.  
Triumph and fame are theirs, but in vain their welcome expects them :  
Read how the exciting stone tells of their glorious deserts.  
“ Traveller! when to Sparta thou comest, declare thou hast seen us,  
“ Each man slain at his post,—even as the law hath ordained.”  
Soft be your honoured rest! with your precious life-blood besprinkled ;  
Freshens the olive bough—sparkles with harvests the plain.  
Commerce awakes, by freedom inspired, by security nurtured ;  
Beckons the azure God, pleased, from the reeds of his stream.  
Gashing, the broad axe flies—while the Dryad shrieks—and in ruin  
Down from the mountain’s brow, crashes the thundering tree.  
Winged by the lever’s force, the stone nods forth from the quarry,  
Deep in its innermost gorge plunges the miner beneath.

Muleibers Ambos tönt von dem Takt geschwungener Hämmer  
Unter der nervigten Faust sprützen die Funken des Stahls,  
Glänzend umwindet der goldene Lein die tanzende Spindel,  
Durch die Saiten des Garns sauset das webende Schiff,  
Fern auf der Rhede ruft der Pilot, es warten die Flotten,  
Die in der Fremdlinge Land tragen den heimischen Fleiss,  
Andre ziehn frohlockend dort ein, mit den Gaben der Ferne,  
Hoch von dem ragenden Mast wehet der festliche Kranz.  
Siehe da wimmeln die Märkte, der Krahn von fröhlichem Leben,  
Seltsamer Sprachen Gewirr braust in das wundernde Ohr.  
Auf den Stapel schüttet die Aernten der Erde der Kaufmann,  
Was dem glühenden Strahl Afrikas Boden gebiert,  
Was Arabien kocht, was die äusserste Thule bereitet,  
Hoch mit erfreuendem Gut füllt Amalthea das Horn.  
Da gebietet das Glück dem Talente die göttlichen Kinder,  
Von der Freiheit gesüugt wachsen die Künste der Lust.

Hark to the rude Vulcanian music from anvil and hammer,  
Where at each nervous blow flashes the bickering steel:  
Hark to the whirling reel, with its flaxen burden surrounded,  
And the swift shuttle's play, brushing the weft as it flies:  
Hark to the Pilot's hail in the distant road, where a navy  
Waits to transport abroad industry's costly results.  
Others arrive, deep laden, from far, and jovially cheering,  
Garland and streamer on high float from the towering mast;  
Rises o'er all the mart's busy din—the bustle of commerce;  
Barbarous tongues uncouth strike on the wondering ear.  
Hither the harvests of Earth are consigned. Here heapeth the merchant  
All that Africa's soil yields to the ripening sun;  
All that Arabia distils—all uttermost Thule can proffer;  
Fair Amalthea's horn brims with exuberant wealth:  
Wealth, which, to Genius wedded, a godlike offspring produces—  
Arts, which strengthen and grow, nurtured by freedom and taste.

Mit nachahmendem Leben erfreuet der Bildner die Augen,  
Und vom Meissel beseelt redet der fühlende Stein,  
Künstliche Himmel ruhn auf schlanken Ionischen Säulen  
Und den ganzen Olymp schliesset ein Pantheon ein,  
Leicht wie der Iris Sprung durch die Luft, wie der Pfeil von der Senne  
Hüpfet der Brücke Joch über den brausenden Strom.  
Aber im stillen Gemach entwirft bedeutende Zirkel  
Simmend der Weise, beschleicht forschend den schaffenden Geist,  
Prüft der Stoffe Gewalt, der Magnete Hassen und Lieben,  
Folgt durch die Lüfte dem Klang, folgt durch den Aether dem Strahl;  
Sucht das vertraute Gesetz in des Zufalls grausenden Wundern,  
Sucht den ruhenden Pol in der Erscheinungen Flucht.  
Körper und Stimme leiht die Schrift dem stummen Gedanken,  
Durch der Jahrhunderte Strom trägt ihn das redende Blatt.  
Da zerrinnt vor dem wundernden Blick der Nebel des Wahnes  
Und die Gebilde der Nacht weichen dem tagenden Licht.

~~~~~

Charming the sight with emulous life, spreads the painter his canvas,  
And by the sculptor\* inspired, feels the cold marble and speaks.  
Sky-like vaults scarce press on the slender Ionian column;  
And a Pantheon's dome swells,—an Olympus on Earth!  
Light as the rainbow's leap—as the vaulting flight of the arrow,  
Bounds the self-balanced bridge, yoking the torrent beneath;  
Science, the while, deep musing in cell over circle and figure,  
Knows and adores the Power which through creation it tracks,  
Measures the forces of matter—the hates and loves of the magnets—  
Sound through its wafting breeze, Light through its Æther, pursues;  
Seeks in the marvels of chance the law which pervades and controls it—  
Seeks the reposing pole, fixed in the whirl of events.  
Speechless thought takes body and voice from the craft of the penman,  
Down the long stream of time borne on the eloquent page.  
Fast from the wondering sight the mists of error are clearing:  
Chased by the dawning beam fly the dark spectres of night.

\* Literally the Chisel.

Seine Fesseln zerbricht der Mensch. Der Beglückte! Zerriss er

Mit den Fesseln der Fureht nur nicht den Zügel der Schaam!  
Freiheit ruft die Vernunft, Freiheit die wilde Begierde,

Von der heil'gen Natur ringen sie lüstern sich los.

Aeh, da reissen im Sturm die Anker, die an dem Ufer

Warnend ihn hielten, ihn fasst mächtig der flutende Strom;  
Ins Unendliche reisst er ihn hin, die Küste verschwindet,

Hoch auf der Fluten Gebirg wiegt sich entmastet der Kahn:  
Hinter Wölken erlöschten des Wagens beharrliche Sterne.

Bleibend ist nichts mehr, es irrt selbst in dem Busen der Gott.  
Aus dem Gespräche verschwindet die Wahrheit, Glauben und Treue

Aus dem Leben, es lügt selbst auf der Lippe der Schwur.  
In der Herzen vertraulichsten Bund, in der Liebe Geheimniss

Drängt sich der Sykophant, reisst von dem Freunde den Freund  
Auf die Unschuld schießt der Verrath mit verschlingendem Blicke

Mit vergiftendem Biss tödtet des Lasterers Zahn.

Burst are the chains which fettered mankind! O happy! if only  
Bursting the chains of fear, kept they the bridle of shame.  
Freedom the watchword—by Reason proclaimed—by Passion reëchoed,  
Rending each natural bond, madly they tear themselves loose.  
Cast is each anchor aside (all warning neglected) which held them  
Safe to the shore. The flood sweeps them in tumult away.  
Far from the vanishing coast, on a swelling and limitless ocean,  
Tossed on the mountain-wave labours dismasted their bark.  
Quenched is each lode-star in cloud—no mark—no principle constant ;  
Even their own bosom-god\* swerves in its doubtful response.  
Truth from their language, faith from their life, and confidence, vanish ;  
Even on their glozing lips lies in its utterance the oath.  
Into the heart's most sacred recess, love's holiest secret,  
Creeps the vile sycophant's art, severing the friend from the friend—  
Treachery sews with withering glance on its innocent victim,  
And with envenomed death darts the fell slanderer's tooth :

\* Conscience.

Feil ist in der geschändeten Brust der Gedanke, die Liebe  
Wirft des freyen Gefühls göttlichen Adel hinweg,  
Deiner heiligen Zeichen, o Wahrheit, hat der Betrug sich  
Angemasst, der Natur kostlichste Stimmen entweihet,  
Die das bedürftige Herz in der Freude Drang sich erfindet,  
Kaum giebt wahres Gefühl noch durch Verstummen sich kund.  
Auf der Tribune prahlet das Recht, in der Hütte die Eintracht,  
Des Gesetzes Gespenst steht an der Könige Thron,  
Jahre lang mag, Jahrhunderte lang die Mumie dauern,  
Mag das trügende Bild lebender Fülle bestehn,  
Bis die Natur erwacht, und mit schweren ehernen Händen  
An das hohle Gebäu rühret die Noth und die Zeit,  
Einer Tygerinn gleich, die das eiserne Gitter durchbrochen  
Und des Numidischen Wald's plötzlich und schrecklich gedenkt,  
Aufsteht mit des Verbrechens Wuth und des Elends, die Menschheit  
Und in der Asche der Stadt sucht die verlorne Natur.

---

In the degraded bosom the thought is venal—the feeling  
Ev'n of Love's godlike fire dies in ignoble constraint.  
Where are thy characters, Truth? By artifice seized and perverted,  
Every one precious sign Nature has marked for her own;  
Even what the yearning heart gasps forth in the stress of emotion,  
Till but by silence expressed genuine feeling is known.  
Loud is the vaunt of right in the tribune—peace in the cottage;  
And by the Sovereign's throne stands the vain phantom of law.  
Years—aye, centuries long may the bloodless and impotent mummy  
Fixed in deceptive guise, carry the semblance of life,  
Until nature awakes—and with hand of iron unsparing,  
Heavy with time and fate, shatters the hollow device.  
Then, like the tiger at large, when burst are the bars of his prison,  
And his Numidian wild rushes in blood on his thoughts,  
Trampled humanity rises, in crime and in misery's madness;  
And through the ashes of states, back to rude nature reverts.

O so öffnet euch Mauren, und gebt den Gefangenen ledig,  
Zu der verlassenen Flur kehrt er gerettet zurück!  
Aber wo bin ich? Es birgt sich der Pfad. Abschüssige Gründe  
Hemmen mit gähnender Kluft hinter mir, vor mir, den Schritt.  
Hinter mir blieb der Gärten, der Hecken vertraute Begleitung.  
Hinter mir jegliche Spur menschlicher Hände zurück.  
Nur die Stoffe seh ich gethürmt, aus welchen das Leben  
Keimet, der rohe Basalt hofft auf die bildende Hand  
Brausend stürzt der Giessbach herab durch die Rinne des Felsen  
Unter den Wurzeln des Baums bricht er entrüstet sich Bahn  
Wild ist es hier und schauerlich öd'. Im einsamen Luftraum  
Hängt nur der Adler, und knüpft an das Gewolke die Welt.  
Hoch herauf bis zu mir trägt keines Windes Gefieder  
Den verlorenen Schall menschlicher Mühen und Lust.  
Bin ich wirklich allein? In deinen Armen, an deinem  
Herzen wieder, Natur, ach! und es war nur ein Traum

---

Open ye walls! in mercy,—ye gates! fly wide to the captive;  
Back to his long-lost plains forth let him rush in his rage.  
Where am I wandering? the path is lost! Before and behind me,  
Rifted and yawning ravines narrow the dangerous way!  
Gardens and hedges withdraw their friendly and sociable guidance!  
Trace of man's hand is none, save in the distance behind.  
Pile upon pile rude masses arise chaotic!—a Chaos  
Pregnant! The formless basalt longs for the sculpturing hand.  
Headlong now, from the cleft rock's brow, the torrent is rushing!  
Now, 'neath the wreathèd root bursting indignant its way.  
Savage and shudd'ringly lonely the spot! the companionless eagle  
Hangs in mid-air aloft—linking the sky with the world.  
Hush'd is each slumbering breeze! No Zephyr balmily stealing  
Bears on its panting plume sound of man's toil or his joy.  
Am I then truly alone? Kind Nature! Once more on thy bosom,  
In thy protecting arm, dare I look back on the dream

Der mich schauernd ergriff, mit des Lebens furchtbarem Bilde

Mit dem sturzendem Thal stürzte der finstre hinab

Reiner nehm' ich mein Leben von deinem reinen Altare,

Nehme den fröhlichen Muth hoffender Jugend zurück!

Ewig wechselt der Wille den Zweck und die Regel, in ewig

Wiederholter Gestalt wälzen die Thaten sich um.

Aber jugendlich immer, in immer veränderter Schöne

Ehrst du, fromme Natur, züchtig das alte Gesetz,

Immer dieselbe, bewahrst du in treuen Händen dem Manne,

Was dir das gaukelnde Kind, was dir der Jungling vertraut,

Nährest an gleicher Brust die vielfach wechselnden Alter;

Unter demselben Blau, über dem nehmlichen Grün

Wandeln die nahen und wandeln vereint die fernen Geschlechter,

Und die Sonne Homers, siehe! sie lächelt auch uns.

---

---

Which with the deepening gloom of the steep-down valley conspiring,  
Foreed on my harrowed soul all the dire horrors of life.—  
Pure, from thy altar pure, I drink the new breath of my being,  
And the rich glow of my youth joyous and hopeful returns.  
Wild is the will of man, and changeful its course and its object ;  
And in ephemeral round, action to action succeeds.  
Thou, in enduring bloom, and in beauty's exhaustless succession,  
True to thine ancient law, hold'st thine appointed career ;  
All that the sportive child, the confiding youth, hath entrusted  
Into thy faithful hands—back to the man is repaid.  
Changeless in all ! Each age on thine equal bosom is nurtured.  
Under the same blue vault—on the same tapestried green  
Race upon race succeeding, through countless ages have wandered ;  
Suns that on Homer smiled smile as benignant on us !

---

## Der Tanz.

---

SIEHE wie schwebenden Schritts im Wellenschwung sich die Paare  
Drehen, den Boden berührt kaum der geflügelte Fuss.  
Sah' ich flüchtige Schatten, befreit von der Schwere des Leibes?  
Schlingen im Mondlicht dort Elfen den luftigen Reihn?  
Wie, vom Zephyr gewiegt, der leichte Rauch in die Luft fliesst,  
Wie sich leise der Kahn schaukelt auf silberner Flut.  
Hüpft der gelehrige Fuss auf des Takts melodischer Woge,  
Säuselndes Saitengetön hebt den aetherischen Leib.  
Jetzt, als wollt es mit Macht durchreissen die Kette des Tanzes,  
Schwingt sich ein muthiges Paar dort in den dichtesten Reihn.  
Schnell vor ihm her entsteht ihm die Bahn, die hinter ihm schwindet,  
Wie durch magische Hand öffnet und schliesst sich der Weg.

## THE DANCE.

---

SEE with floating tread the bright pair whirl in a wave-like  
Swing, and the winged foot scarce gives a touch to the floor.  
Say, is it shadows that flit unlogg'd by the load of the body?  
Say, is it Elves that weave fairy-rings under the moon?  
So rolls the curling smoke through air on the breath of the zephyr,  
So sways the light canoe, borne on the silvery lake.  
Bounds the well-taught foot on the sweet-flowing wave of the measure,  
Whispering musical strains buoy up the aëry forms.  
Now, as if in its rush it would break the chain of the dancers,  
Dives an adventurous pair into the thick of the throng.  
Quick before them a pathway is formed and closes behind them,  
As by a magical hand, open'd and shut is the way.

---

Sieh! Jetzt schwand es dem Blick, in wildem Gewirr durch einander  
Stürzt der zierliche Bau dieser beweglichen Welt.  
Nein, dort schwebt es frohlockend herauf, der Knoten entwirrt sich,  
Nur mit verändertem Reiz stellet die Regel sich her.  
Ewig zerstört, es erzeugt sich ewig die drehende Schöpfung,  
Und ein stilles Gesetz lenkt der Verwandlungen Spiel.  
Sprich, wie geschieht's, dass rastlos erneut die Bildungen schwanken,  
Und die Ruhe besteht in der bewegten Gestalt?  
Jeder ein Herrscher, frei, nur dem eigenem Herzen gehorchet,  
Und im eilenden Lauf findet die einzige Bahn?  
Willst du es wissen? Es ist des Wohllauts mächtige Gottheit,  
Die zum geselligen Tanz, ordnet den tobenden Sprung,  
Die der Nemesis gleich, an des Rhythmus goldenem Zügel  
Lenkt die brausende Lust und die verwilderte zähmt;  
Und dir rauschen umsonst die Harmonien des Weltalls,  
Dich ergreift nicht der Strom dieses erhabnen Gesangs,

Now it is lost to the eye ; into wild confusion resolved

Lo ! that revolving world loses its orderly frame.

No ! from the mass there it gaily emerges and glides from the tangle,

Order resumes her sway, only with altered charm.

Vanishing still, it still reappears, the revolving creation,

And, deep-working, a law governs the aspects of change.

Say, how is it that forms ever passing are ever restored ?

How still fixity stays even where motion most reigns ?

How each, master and free, by his own heart shaping his pathway.

Finds in the hurrying maze simply the path that he seeks ?

This thou would'st know ! 'Tis the might divine of Harmony's empire,

She to the social dance moulds the spontaneous bound.

She like the Goddess Severe\*, with the golden bridle of order,

Tames and guides at her will wild and tumultuous strength.

And does the world in vain around thee its harmonies utter ?

Feel'st thou thy heart not swept on in the stream of the strain ?

\*

\* Nemesis.

Nicht der begeisternde Takt, den alle Wesen dir schlagen,  
Nicht der wirbelnde Tanz, der durch den ewigen Raum,  
Leuchtende Sonnen schwingt in kühn gewundenen Bahnen!  
Das du im Spiele doch ehrst, fiehst du im Handeln, das Mass.

## Die Geschlechter.

Steh in dem zarten Kind zwei liebliche Blumen vereinigt,  
Jungfrau und Jüngling, sie deckt beide die Knospe noch zu.  
Leise lös't sich das Band, es entzweien sich zart die Naturen,  
Und von der holden Scham trennet sich feurig die Kraft.  
Gönne dem Knaben zu spielen, in wilder Begierde zu toben,  
Nur die gesättigte Kraft kehret zur Anmuth zurück.  
Aus der Knospe beginnt die doppelte Blume zu streben,  
Köstlich ist jede, doch stillt keine dein sehndes Herz.

---

Not by that measure of Life which beats through all beings around thee ;  
—Not by the whirl of that Dance, which through the vacant abyss  
Launches the blazing suns in the spacious sweeps of their orbits ?  
Order rules in thy sports ; so let her rule in thy acts.

---

## THE SEXES.

SEE in the child's soft form two beauteous blossoms united,  
Youth and Maiden are there latent alike in the bud.  
Soon is the slight bond broken, and straight are the natures dissevered,  
Bashful gentleness here, there, energetical fire.  
Yes,—let the Boy sport free, swept on in the storm of his impulse,  
Not till sated, will strength feel the impression of grace.  
Now from the blossom in each bursts forth the flow'r in its beauty,  
Beauteous each, yet fills neither the wish of thy heart.

Reizende Fülle schwellt der Jungfrau blühende Glieder,  
Aber der Stolz bewacht streng wie der Gürtel den Reiz.  
Scheu wie das zitternde Reh, das ihr Horn durch die Wälder verfolgt,  
Flieht sie im Mann nur den Feind, hasset noch, weil sie nicht liebt.  
Trotzig schauet und kühn aus finstern Wimpern der Jüngling,  
Und gehärtet zum Kampf spannet die Selme sich an.  
Fern in der Speere Gewühl und auf die stäubende Rennbahn  
Ruft ihn der lockende Ruhm, reisst ihn der brausende Muth.  
Jetzt beschütze dein Werk Natur! Auseinander auf immer  
Fliehet, wenn Du nicht vereinst, feindlich, was ewig sich sucht.  
Aber da bist du, du mächtige, schon, aus dem wildesten Streite  
Rufst du der Harmonie göttlichen Frieden hervor.  
Tief verstummet die lärmende Jagd, des rauschenden Tages  
Tosen verhallet und leis' sinken die Sterne herab.  
Seufzend flüstert das Rohr, sanft murmelnd gleiten die Bäche,  
Und mit melodischem Lied füllt Philomela den Hayn.

See the voluptuous swell that rounds the limbs of the damsel,  
Yet Pride binds up her heart, close as her girdle her form.  
Shy as the trembling Fawn that flies the cry of the hunters,  
Man she shuns as her foe—hates, because Love is not come.  
Bold through the youth's dark eyelash flashes his look in its keenness,  
And he stiffens his arm, stringing his nerves to the fight.  
Into the storm of spears, and into the dusty arena,  
Drawn by his hunger of Fame, driv'n by his boiling of Blood.  
Now guard, favouring Nature, thy work! Though made for each other.  
If thou unite them not, ever asunder they stay.  
Mighty One! there already thou art, and out of the Discord  
Draw'st, when wildest its strife, sweetest of Harmony's strains.  
Silent now is the storm of the chase; the tumultuous day-world  
Sinks to silence, and calm, circle the stars in the sky,  
Sighs to the wind the reed, soft gliding rivulets murmur,  
And with melodious song fills Philomela the grove.

Was erreget zu Seufzern der Jungfrau steigenden Busen?

Jüngling, was füllet den Blick schwellend mit Thränen dir an?  
Ach sie sucht umsonst, was sie sanft anschmiegend umfasse,

Und die schwellende Frucht beuget zur Erde die Last.

Ruhelos strebend verzehrt sich in eigenen Flammen der Jüngling,

Ach, der brennenden Glut wehet kein lindernder Hauch.

Siehe, da finden sie sich, es führet sie Amor zusammen,

Und dem geflügelten Gott folgt der geflügelte Sieg.

Göttliche Liebe, du bist's die der Menschheit Blumen vereinigt,

Ewig getrennt, sind sie doch ewig verbunden durch dich.

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What calls deep-drawn sighs from the swelling breast of the maiden ?

Thou—youth—why do thine eyes tremble through gathering tears ?

Ah! she seeks in vain where her soft embrace may support her,

And the full-swelling fruit weighs down the burthened bough.

Restless struggles the youth consumed with conscious ardours ;

Ah! no cooling airs temper the perilous glow.

See—there each finds each—'tis Love who brings them together,

And in the Wing'd God's train Victory wingèd arrives.

Love Divine, it is thou that unitest humanity's blossoms—

Separate ever, and yet ever united by thee.

---

**Kolumbus.**

STEURE muthiger Segler! Es mag der Witz dich verhöhnen,  
 Und der Schiffer am Steu'r senken die lässige Hand.  
 Immer, immer nach West! Dort muss die Küste sich zeigen,  
 Liegt sie doch deutlich und liegt schimmernd vor deinem Verstand.  
 Traue dem leitenden Gott und folge dem schweigenden Weltmeer,  
 Wär' sie noch nicht, sie stieg jetzt aus den Fluten empor.  
 Mit dem Genius steht die Natur in ewigem Bunde,  
 Was der eine verspricht, leistet die andre gewiss.

**Odysseus.**

ALLE Gewässer durchkreuzt', die Heimat zu finden, Odysseus,  
 Durch der Seilla Gebell, durch der Charybde Gefahr,  
 Durch die Schrecken des feindlichen Meers, durch die Schrecken des Landes,  
 Selber in Aidäs Reich führt ihn die irrende Fahrt.  
 Endlich trägt das Geschick ihn schlafend an Ithakas Küste,  
 Er erwacht und erkennt jammernd das Vaterland nicht.

## COLUMBUS.

STILL steer on, brave heart! though wtlings laugh at thy emprize,  
 And though the helmsmen drop, weary and nerveless, their hands.  
 Westward, westward still! there land must emerge to the vision;  
 There it lies in its light, clear to the eye of thy mind.  
 Trust in the power that guides: press on o'er the convex of ocean:  
 What thou seek'st—were it not—yet it should rise from the wave.  
 Nature with Genius holds a pact that is fixt and eternal:  
 All which is promised by *this, that* never fails to perform.

---

 ODYSSEUS.

O'ER all seas, in his search of his home, lay the path of Odysseus,  
 Scilla he past and her yell, skirted Charybdis's whirl.  
 Through the perils of land, through the perils of waves in their fury,  
 Yea even Hades self 'seap't not his devious course.  
 Fortune lays him at last asleep on Ithaea's margin,  
 And he awakes, nor knows, wailing, the land that he sought.

**Der Sämann.**

SIEHE, voll Hoffnung vertraust du der Erde den goldenen Samen,  
 Und erwartest im Lenz fröhlich die keimende Saat.  
 Nur in die Furehe der Zeit bedenkst du dich Thaten zu streuen,  
 Die von der Weisheit gesät still für die Ewigkeit blühn?

**Archimedes und der Schüler.**

Zu Archimedes kam ein wissbegieriger Jüngling:

Weihe mich, sprach er zu ihm, ein in die göttliche Kunst,  
 Die so herrliche Frucht dem Vaterlande getragen,

Und die Mauern der Stadt vor der Sambuca beschützt.—  
 Göttlich nennst du die Kunst? Sie ist's, versetzte der Weise,

Aber das war sie, mein Sohn, eh' sie dem Staat noch gedient.  
 Willst du nur Früchte von ihr, die kann auch die sterbliche zeugen:  
 Wer um die Göttin freit, suche in ihr nicht das Weib.

## THE SOWER.

Lo, full of hope to the earth thy rich gold seed thou entrustest,  
 And thou awaitest till Spring draws forth the gladdening crop ;  
 Yet in the furrows of Time thy deeds dost thou scruple to scatter,  
 Which, if by Wisdom sown, shall for eternity bloom ?

---

 ARCHIMEDES AND THE SCHOLAR.

ONCE Archimedes was askt by a youth all eager for knowledge :  
 Teach me, he said to the Sage, teach me thy heavenly art :  
 Teach me the art which has borne such glorious fruits for my country,  
 Which from Syraeuse walls e'en the Sambuca repelled.—  
 Heavenly callest thou Art ? She is so, replied Archimedes :  
 But so was she before Syracuse walls were preserved.  
 Wouldst thou but gather her fruits ? those fruits may be borne by a mortal.  
 Wouldst thou the goddess woo ? seek not the woman in her.

### Menschliches Wissen.

Weil du liesest in ihr, was du selber in ihr geschrieben,  
 Weil du in Gruppen fürs Aug' ihre Erscheinungen reihst,  
 Deine Schnüre gezogen auf ihrem unendlichen Felde,  
 Wähnst du, es fasse dein Geist ahnend die grosse Natur?  
 So beschreibt mit Figuren der Astronome den Himmel,  
 Dass in dem ewigen Raum leichter sich finde der Blick,  
 Knüpft entlegene Sonnen, durch Siriusfernen geschieden,  
 Aneinander im Schwan, und in den Hörnern des Stiers.  
 Aber versteht er darum der Sphären mystische Tänze,  
 Weil ihm das Sternengewölb sein Planiglobium zeigt?

---

### Die zwei Tugendwege.

ZWEI sind der Wege, auf welchen der Mensch zur Tugend emporstrebt:  
 Schliesst sich der eine dir zu, thut sich der andere dir auf.  
 Handelnd erringt der Glückliche sie, der Leidende duldend.  
 Wohl ihm, den sein Geschick liebend auf beiden geführt.

## HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

WHEN thou readest in her, what thine own pencil hath written,  
 When thou her visible shapes rangest in groups for the eye,  
 When thou hast stretcht out thy lines across her measureless surface,  
 Deemst thou thy spirit hath pierced Nature's eternal abyss?  
 Thus the astronomer ever bescribbles the sky with his figures,  
 Fixing, to mark out his path, sign-posts in infinite space:  
 Far-off suns he combines, by Sirius distanees severed,  
 Couples them now in the Swan, now in the horns of the Bull.  
 But does his spirit ascend to contemplate their mystical dances,  
 For that the star-strewn vault stretcht on his planisphere lies?

~~~~~

 THE TWO PATHS OF VIRTUE.

TWOFOLD the path by which journeying man toils upward to Virtue,  
 And though the first may be closed, open the other still lies.  
 He that is fortunate wins her by action, the sufferer by patience:  
 Happy is he whom by both Destiny lovingly leads.

**Zenith and Nadir.**

Wo du auch wandelst im Raum, es knüpft dein Zenith und Nadir  
 An den Himmel dich an, dich an die Axe der Welt.  
 Wie du auch handelst in dir, es berühre den Himmel der Wille,  
 Durch die Axe der Welt gehe die Richtung der That.

---

**Ausgang aus dem Leben.**

Aus dem Leben heraus sind der Wege zwei dir geöffnet:  
 Zum Ideale führt einer, der and're zum Tod.  
 Siehe, wie du bei Zeit noch frei auf dem ersten entspringest,  
 Ehe die Parze mit Zwang dich auf dem andern entführt.

---

**Das Kind in der Wiege.**

GLÜCKLICHER Säugling! Dir ist ein unendlicher Raum noch die Wiege.  
 Werde Mann, und dir wird eng die unendliche Welt.

## OUR ZENITH AND NADIR.

WHITHERSOEVER thou goest in space, thy Zenith and Nadir

Thee to the heavens unite, thee to the axis of earth.

Whatsoever thou doest, thy will should mount to the heavens,

While through the centre of earth downward thy action should pass.

---

 THE EXIT FROM LIFE.

Two ways out of this life, thou pilgrim, lie open before thee:

To the Ideal the first leads, and the other to Death.

Look thou, while it is time, to secure thy escape by the former;

Ere by the latter perforce Destiny drag thee away.

---

 THE CHILD IN ITS CRADLE.

HAPPY Infant! thou findest an infinite space in thy cradle:

Grow but a man, and the world will be too narrow for thee.

**Das Unwandelbare.**

“UNAUFHALTSAM enteilet die Zeit.”—Sie sucht das Beständ’ge.  
 Sey getreu, und du legst ewige Fesseln ihr an.

---

**Throphanic.**

ZEIGT sich der Glückliche mir, ich vergesse die Götter des Himmels:  
 Aber sie stehn vor mir, wenn ich den Leidenden seh.

---

**Das Höchste.**

SUCHST du das Höchste, das Grösste? Die Pflanze kann es dich lehren.  
 Was sie wissenlos ist, sey du es wollend—das ist’s.

---

## THE PERMANENT.

TIME flies ever, and none can arrest him.—He seeks the enduring,  
 Be but true,—to thy side thus thou wilt bind him in chains.

---

## THE THEOPHANY.

WHEN on the happy I look, I forget the Gods in the heavens:  
 But before me they stand, when I the sufferer see.

---

## OUR HIGHEST AIM.

DOST thou aspire to attain what is highest? that plant there may teach thee.  
 What it unconsciously is, willingly thou must become.

---

### Das Werthe und Würdige.

HAST du etwas, so theile mir's mit, und ich zahle was recht ist,  
Bist du etwas, o dann tauschen die Seelen wir aus.

---

### Jetzige Generation.

WAR es immer wie jetzt? Ich kann das Geschlecht nicht begreifen.  
Nur das Alter ist jung, ach? und die Jugend ist alt.

---

### An die Muse.

WAS ich ohne dich wäre, ich weiss es nicht—aber mir grauet,  
Sich' ich, was ohne Dich Hundert' und Tausende sind.

---

## VALUE AND WORTH.

HAST thou anything? share it with me, and I'll pay thee its value.  
 Art thou anything? O let us our spirits exchange.

---

## THE PRESENT GENERATION.

HAS it been always as now? I see but a puzzle around me :  
 Old age only is young, ah, and the young are so old.

---

## TO THE MUSE.

WHAT I should be without thee, I know not;—but horror assails me,  
 Seeing what without thee hundreds and thousands become.

---

**Aufgabe.**

KEINER sey gleich dem andern, doch gleich sey jeder dem Höchsten.

Wie das zu machen? Es sey Jeder vollendet *in sich*.

---

**Der Schlüssel.**

WILLST du dich selber erkennen, so sieh' wie die andern es treiben.

Willst du die andern versteh'n, blick in dein eigenes Herz.

---

**Weisheit und Klugheit.**

WILLST du, Freund, die erhabensten Höhl'n der Weisheit erfiegen?

Wag' es auf die Gefahr, dass dich die Klugheit verlacht.

Die kurzsichtige sieht nur das Ufer, das dir zurückflieht,

Jenes nicht, wo dereinst landet dein muthiger Flug.

---

## OUR PROBLEM.

NONE should be like to another; yet each should be like to the Highest.  
 How can this be? let each labour to perfect himself.

---

## THE KEY.

WOULDST thou know thyself? observe what thy neighbours are doing.  
 Wouldst thou thy neighbours know? look through the depths of thy heart.

---

## WISDOM AND PRUDENCE.

DOST thou desire to attain to the loftiest summits of Wisdom?  
 Onward boldly, my friend, even though Prudence deride.  
 She shortsightedly sees but the shore which thou leavest behind thee,  
 Not that whither thy boat bears thine adventurous soul.

---

### **Die drei Alter der Natur.**

LEBEN gab ihr die Fabel, die Schule hat sie entseelet,  
Schaffendes Leben aufs neu gibt die Vernunft ihr zurück.

---

### **Die Forscher.**

ALLES will jetzt den Menschen von innen, von aussen ergründen:  
Wahrheit, wo rettest du dich hin vor der wüthenden Jagd?  
Dich zu fangen ziehen sie aus mit Netzen und Stangen,  
Aber mit Geistesritt schreitest du mitten hindurch.

---

### **Der Meister.**

JEDEN anderen Meister erkennt man an dem, was er auspricht:  
Was er weise verschweigt zeigt mir den Meister des Stils.

---

## THE THREE AGES OF NATURE.

FABLES endowed her with life; the Schools then rendered her lifeless:  
 Now with a seminal life Reason endows her anew.

---

## THE ENQUIRERS.

ALL men are fingering man; both inside and out they explore him.  
 Truth! how wilt thou escape from this tumultuous chase?  
 Armies of huntsmen with nets and with poles are gone out to catch thee:  
 But with thy spiritual tread stately thou glidest through the throng.

---

## THE MASTER.

MASTERS in art, lore, science, are known by that which they utter:  
 That which he keeps to himself, shews us the master in style.

---

### **Die Philosophicen.**

WELCHE wohl bleibt von allen den Philosophicen? Ich weiss nicht.  
Aber die Philosophie, hoff' ich, soll ewig bestehn.

---

### **Quelle der Verjüngung.**

GLAUBT mir, es ist kein Mährchen, die Quelle der Jugend: sie rinnet  
Wirklich noch immer. Ihr fragt, wo? In der dichtenden Kunst.

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### **Weibliches Urtheil.**

MÄNNER richten nach Gründen: des Weibes Urtheil ist seine  
Liebe; wo es nicht liebt, hat schon gerichtet das Weib.

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### **Das Gemeinsame Schicksal.**

SIEHE, wir hassen, wir streiten; es trennet uns Neigung und Meinung:  
Aber es bleichet indess dir sich die Locke wie mir.

## PHILOSOPHIES.

WHICH will endure the longest of all our Philosophies? who knows?  
 But Philosophy, friend, she will for ever endure.

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## THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

TRUST me, it is no fable, the Fountain of Youth; it is flowing  
 Ceaselessly ever: ye ask, where? In poetical song.

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## FEMALE JUDGEMENT.

MEN judge guided by reasons; a woman's love is her judgement:  
 Where she bestows no love, she has already condemned.

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## OUR COMMON DESTINY.

Lo, we hate, we quarrel; our notions and likings divide us:  
 But meanwhile thy locks whiten and drop off like mine.

### Menschliches Wirken.

AN dem Eingang der Bahn liegt die Unendlichkeit offen ;  
 Doch mit dem engsten Kreis höret der Weiseste auf.

---

### Liebe und Begierde.

RECHT gesagt, Schlosser ! Man *liebt* was man hat, man *begehrt* was man  
 nicht hat.  
 Denn nur das reiche Gemüth liebt, nur das Arme begehrt.

---

### Güte und Grösse.

NUR zwei Tugenden giebt's. O wären sie immer vereinigt,  
 Immer die Güte auch gross, immer die Grösse auch gut !

---

HUMAN ACTION.

WHEN on our course we enter, the universe spreads out before us :

But in the narrowest range he who is wisest will end.

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LOVE AND DESIRE.

WELL said, Schlosser! one loves what one has ; one desires what one has not :

None but the rich soul loves ; none but the poor one desires.

---

GOODNESS AND GREATNESS.

Two are the modes of Virtue. O would they were always united!

Goodness were always great, greatness invariably good.

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From Göthe.

Two great things, said the Sage, claim awe;—the Conscience within us,  
And around us the Vault spangled with stars and with suns.  
Two great Bards, meanwhile, displayed, in glorious aspects,  
That, the fixt Mind within, this, the bright multiform World.



## HERMAN AND DOROTHEA.

ANCIENT Rhine ! on thee are blessings breathed by the German  
When, by thy bounties cheer'd, his heart expands in his bosom.  
Beautiful Rhine ! the Traveler too oft wafts thee a blessing  
Bearing away in his thought full many a cherish'd remembrance.  
For who, once that has roved on the beautiful banks of the Rhine-stream,  
Joys not still to recall those castled rocks with their vine-clad  
Slopes, and the winding stream, broad-dimpled, rushing between them ;  
Godesberg gay, and the Dragon's Rock, and the Corner of Roland, .

Fair Saint Goar, and the Switzer Dale, and the voice of the Lurley  
Heard in the silence of eve, sweet answering over the water  
Cölln with its lofty vaults, where sacred harmonies float, while  
Sound, and stony shaft, seem both aspiring to heavèn;  
Towns with their nightly pomp, when, seen from the balconied window  
Lamps and serener stars reflected beam in the river,  
And the tumult of day sinks softening into its slumber!  
Wanderer, lov'st thou the Rhine? Then list to a tale of its borders  
Flung from its Master's lyre; by me, as a labour of love, thus  
Tuned, but ah, I fear me in vain! for the ear of the Briton;  
And yet never in vain, if it once to the sad or the weary  
Bring those visions again in the soothing power of their beauty  
Linking the Fair with the Fair; that so the Forms of the Poet  
Ever may float in his mind with scenes of memory blended.

M. I.

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# CALLIOPE.

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## Calamity and Pity.

“NEVER before did I see the street and the market so empty!  
All seems just as if swept with a broom. I doubt whether fifty  
People are left here at home in the town of the whole population.  
What curiosity does! each man runs off in a hurry  
Just to see as they pass poor folks that are flying their country.  
Down to the causey along which they go is a league at the smallest,  
And there ev’ry one posts in the heat and the dust of the midday.  
I should be sorry to stir from my place to see the sad pilgrims;  
Worthy unfortunate men, who now, with the goods they have rescued  
Leave, poor souls! homes over the Rhine in their beautiful land there,

Come to our side as exiles, and through that prosperous corner  
Of our favoured vale and along its meanderings wander.  
Wife, thou hast done right well in kindly sending our son forth  
Well provided with old worn linen and meat and with drink, to  
Give to the destitute folk; for to give is the duty of rich men.  
But look how the lad drives, and how he handles the horses!  
Our new chaise of a truth looks well. 'Twill hold, one may see now,  
Easily four within, besides the box for the driver.  
He has it all to himself. How nicely it turns round the corner!"  
Thus to his wife spake, under the porch that stands on the Market  
Where he sat at his ease, the host of the Golden Lion.

Thereunto answerèd straight the Housewife thrifty and thoughtful:  
"Husband, old worn linen I do not willingly part with.  
Many a turn it serves in the house, and gold cannot buy it  
When the day comes that I need it; but this time willingly gave I

---

Many a thing that is better, both shirts and wearing apparel ;  
For I heard of children and old men all going naked.  
But, wilt thou forgive? Thy clothes-press too has been plunder'd.  
And in especial the gown with a pattern of Indian flowers,  
Made of the finest cotton, and soft with a lining of flannel,  
Gave I away ; it is old and thin and quite out of the fashion."

Thus she spoke ; but the excellent Host just smiled as he answered :  
" Ha ! my dressing-gown ! old, yet good ! I am sorry to lose it ;  
Right East-Indian stuff, not easy again to be gotten.  
True ; I had laid it aside. Forsooth men now have a notion  
'Tis not right to be seen in undress. You must wear a coat ever ;  
Ever have boots to your legs ; quite banisht are slipper and nightcap."

" See !" then answer'd the Housewife, " some are already returning.  
Who have been seeing the wand'ers ; the crowd has passèd by this time.

See, how all their shoes are so dusty! and look at their faces  
All in a glow! and each one wipes his brow with his kerechief.  
Well, I would never, to see such a sight, go out in the hot day  
Running and broiling! and truly, for me, I've enough in the hearing."

And the Goodman of the house to this with emphasis answer'd:  
"Such a season of weather with such crops seldom has happen'd,  
And we shall get in the corn, as the hay has already been got in.  
Dry; the sky is clear, not the smallest cloud is apparent,  
And in the morn the wind blows light, but cool and refreshing;  
Sign of settled weather! and fully ripe is the harvest:  
We will begin to reap the plentiful crop on the morrow."

While he spoke, the strings of folk grew greater and greater,  
Women and men, all crossing the market to go to their houses;  
And among them came, on the other side, with his daughters

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Quick to his new house driving along, their prosperous neighbour  
In his gay landau, of that town's tradesmen the foremost.  
Lively the streets of the town became, for well it was peopled ;  
Many a branch of trade and of work was followed with spirit.

Chatting thus, the kindly couple sat under the doorway,  
Making quiet remarks on all the people that past by.  
But the housewife started at last, and said, as she lookt out,  
" See ! there comes the Minister here ; and with him the Surgeon  
Our good neighbour, too : they shall tell us the whole of the story,  
What they have seen in their jaunt ; 'tis better to hear than to see it."

Friendly the two came up to the door and saluted the couple,  
Sat themselves down on the benches of wood that were under the doorway,  
Shaking the dust from their feet and fanning themselves with their kerchiefs.  
And when greeting was over on this and on that side, the Surgeon

First began with his tale, almost as if he were peevish.  
“ This is the way of the world ! and one is just as another ;  
All must needs go and stare when evil haps to a neighbour :  
Forth runs each, when a fire breaks out spreading ruin on all sides ;  
Forth runs each, when a wretch is led out to a rigorous death-doom ;  
And now forth goes each to look on this lot of the exiles ;  
Hard lot truly ! and nobody thinks that a similar fortune  
Soon may be his ; or at least may befall him sooner or later.  
Fie upon levity such as this is ! yet it is in our nature.”

And thereto the good-hearted sensible Minister answer'd :—  
Ornament he of the city, a youth, but nearer to manhood ;  
He was acquainted with life, and knew the wants of his hearers,  
Knew in the depth of his mind the pow'r and aim of the Scripture,  
Where man's heart and the end of his being alone are revealed ;  
And with the best of the books of this world too was acquainted :—

---

“ I not lightly quarrel with many an innocent impulse  
Which our Nature, a kindly mother, bestows upon mortals ;  
For, where Reason and Thought often fail, there comes in a help from  
These kind leanings, that guide us whether we will or we will not.  
If this curious spirit were gone, with its busy inquiry,  
Could man know how vast and how fair the things of the world are,  
Each in its bearing on each? But first he runs after what New is,  
Next he turns to pursue with toil unflinching the Useful,  
Last he yearns for the Good, and that refines and exalts him.  
Friend of his youthful years, how oft Light-heartedness cheers him,  
Veils his fears, and with healing hand the traces of sorrow  
Brushes away from his thought when the evil moment is past by.  
Doubtless him we praise, who when ripe years are arrived at,  
Casts away this lightness of mind by the strength of his reason ;  
Him who is zealous and active alike in weal and misfortune ;  
He best finds a way to the good and a cure to the evil.”

Then broke in the impatient Housewife and utter'd her question :  
"Tell to us what you have seen ; for that is the thing I would fain know."

"Tis not easy," thereat the Surgeon with emphasis answer'd,  
"Out of one's mind to cast the thought of the wo that I've witness'd.  
And who, alack ! can tell such a various story of sorrow ?  
Far at a distance, or ever we came to the slope of the meadow,  
Saw we the dust : on the distant hills the crowd was in motion  
Far as the eye could reach, but we could little distinguish.  
But when we reacht the road that turns and crosses the valley,  
There was a throng and n tumult great of wand'rers and waggons.  
There we saw full plain the Unfortunates pass on their journey,  
There we could learn from each how sad a compulsory flight is,  
Yet how dear is the joy of the thought that life has been rescu'd.  
Sad in truth is the sight of the manifold goods and the chattels  
Which in a house well plenisht are hid in its numerous corners.

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Which the sage good man has stow'd away each in its due place,  
Each to be ready for use, for what is not wanted at some time?  
Sad to see all this, on wains and waggons of all kinds  
Tumbled together and piled on a heap as snatcht in a hurry.  
There is a corner-cupboard and on it a sieve and a blanket,  
There is the bed in the baking trough, and the sheet on the mirror.  
And you might see, as we saw in the great fire, now it is twenty  
Years back, common sense is lost in the moment of danger,  
For men take what is nought, the best they leave it behind them.  
So too here, with inconsiderate haste they had brought out  
Worthless matters, a useless load for horses and oxen,  
Ancient boards and barrels, the old hen-coop and the bird-cage.  
There too women and children dragged on weary and panting  
Baskets and heavy loads that of no manner of use were;  
So unwilling are men to quit the last of their havings.  
Thus on the dusty road the throng'd crowd labourèd onward,

Tangled and void of rule. With cattle wearied, one man  
Fain would slowly move, and another was eager to haste on.  
Then rose screams of babes and women crowded together,  
While the oxen low'd, and dogs came in with their yelping,  
And a moaning of old and sick, that high amid bedding  
Sat and jolting sway'd on the top of the overpackt waggon.  
Then forced out of the rut, to the sloping side of the high road  
Grided the creaking wheel ; the huge cart into the ditch went  
Overturn'd ; far cast by the sideways sway were the men thrown  
Into the field with outcry dire. By happier fortune  
Later dropt the chests and nearer fell to the waggon.  
He who the poor folk falling saw, deem'd soon to behold them  
Buried and crusht beneath the chests and the ponderous ruin.  
So the car lay broken, and helpless those it had carried ;  
For the rest held still their way, and hastily past on,  
Thinking but of themselves and forwards swept by the current.

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And we hied us there, and found the sick and the aged,  
Who in their homes and beds their load of wearying sorrow  
Scarce could bear, on the ground all hurt and heavily wailing,  
Scorcht by the burning sun and choked by the stifling dust-cloud."

Thereto, toucht in his manly heart, the Host said in answer :  
" These may Herman find, and soon refresh them and clothe them.  
I such sights would shun ; the aspect of misery shocks me.  
We, at the first account of a case so sorrowful soften'd,  
Sent in haste some scraps of our superfluity, such that  
Some might find relief, and we some peace in our bosoms.  
But let us now no longer dwell on pictures so mournful ;  
For so Fear with her abject chill creeps into the bosom  
And dark Care, which to me far worse than the evil itself is.  
Now walk into our own back room ; the chamber is cooler,  
There Sun ne'er shines in, and there warm air never enters

Through the old thick walls. And Mother, get us a glass here  
Of our old three-and-eighty to drive off sorrowful fancies.  
Here we drink not well, the flies so buz in the glasses.”  
So they went in all, and all were glad of the cool air.

And the careful Dame brought forth of the generous liquor,  
In the rich cut flask, on the clear bright circle of metal,  
With the goblets green, the genuine glass of the Rhine-wine.  
And thus sat the three, along the rim of the round brown  
Table, varnisht well, that stood upon ponderous claws there.  
Soon the Minister's glass and the Host's, struck mutual, rang clear ;  
Moved the Third his not, but thoughtful paused for a moment ;  
Him the Host then roused, and cried with a cheerier spirit :

“ Neighbour, off with your glass ! Thus far from heavier evils  
We have been kept by God, and He will keep us in future.

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Who can fail to see, that since that terrible burning  
Which chastis'd us sore, He still has given us good things,  
Still has guarded us well in safety, e'en as a man would  
Guard of his eye the apple, his dearest bodily member.  
Think you not He will still go on to help and protect us?  
How great His might is, man sees in the moment of danger.  
He that raised, by the hands of the townsmen, out of the ashes  
All our flourishing city, and then gave blessing abundant,  
Will He dash it to earth—undo the prospering labour?"

Cheerily then and benign spoke out the excellent Pastor :  
"Fast hold still your faith, and fast the trust you have utter'd ;  
That can make you in time of wealth bear a calm and a firm mind,  
That consoles and gives bright hope in the worst tribulation."

Then the Host replied in a strain of manly reflection :

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“ Often I greet with wonder and awe the waves of the Rhine-stream  
When, from journey abroad, I turn me back to its border :  
Still it to me was great, and my spirit rose as I view'd it ;  
But I never had thought how soon its beauteous margin  
Should our bulwark be to stop the course of the Frenchman,  
And its channel a mighty foss to repel the invader.  
Nature thus is our guard, our guard is the spirit of Germans,  
And our guard is the Lord, and who'd sit idly repining ?  
Wearied are now the foes, and all things point to a peace time.  
And when at length that Festival comes, long eagerly hoped for,  
And in our church that day the bell sounds deep, and the organ  
Swells, and the trumpet blares, as the full Te Deum arises ;—  
Kind sir Pastor, would that then my Herman before you,  
His full purpose form'd, with his bride might stand at the altar ;  
And thus joy might rise from one same happy occasion  
To all lands, to me a family holiday ever.

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But,—'tis my grief,—the youth at home so busy and active  
When he ventures abroad is still seen timid and aimless.  
Little of joy finds he to go where company waits him ;  
Even the maidens' groups seeks not, but shuns and avoids them,  
And the festive dance so fondly lov'd by the youthful.”  
Thus as he spake he listen'd. Was heard the trampling of horses  
Sounding afar ; was heard the din of the wheels as they rattled,  
And the carriage at speed came thundering under the gateway.

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## TERPSICHOE.

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### **German.**

AND when comely and tall the Son came into the chamber,  
With keen look full fixt on his brow the Minister seann'd him,  
And regarded the form of the youth and his air and demeanour  
With the observer's eye that reads the meaning of faces;  
Smil'd thereon, and spake to him then with cordial accents:  
"Truly you come as an alter'd man; for ne'er have I seen you  
Bearing before so bright a glance, so lively an aspect.  
Inly content and rejoiced you come; 'tis seen, on the needy  
You have bestowed your gifts and received their blessing in answer."

---

Calmly thereat responded the Son with serious accents ;  
“ If I have well done, *that* I know not ; but my heart was the prompter  
Which I obey’d ; and I did what I now will tell as it happen’d.  
Mother, so long each nook you explored, what was oldest to find out  
And to select, that not till late was the gathering ready,  
And the wine and the beer was slowly and carefully stowèd.  
When I at length from the gate drove forth and out on the road came,  
There stream’d townsmen back, and the throng of women and children  
Adverse all ; for still far off was the train of the Outcasts.  
Quicker drove I forth and sped me towards the village  
Where this night, as I heard, the Wand’ers tarry and rest them,  
And when now on my way the new-made causey I travers’d,  
There a waggon I saw of strong bars solidly builded,  
By two oxen dragg’d, their breed the strongest and largest.  
And close by them walk’d with active paces a maiden  
And with a long wand guided the course of the powerful creatures,

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Quicken'd their steps or held them back, right skilfully driving.  
Me when the Maiden saw, she gently mov'd to me nearer  
Nigh to my horses and said: "Not always such was our fortune,  
Wretched as here to-day upon this land you behold us.  
Nor am I custom'd yet the boon to crave from the stranger  
Oft bestow'd with a grudge to rid himself of the asker;  
But hard need now drives me to speak. Here stretcht on the straw lies  
Fresh from her childbed throes, the Wife of the wealthy possessor  
Whom, with her burthen great, I scarcee, thus plac'd on the wain, sav'd.  
Late we follow the throng and hardly her life is preservèd.  
Now lies naked and bare the new-born child in her bosom  
And small means, alack! our kindred have to assist us  
If in the nearest village, for there this even we tarry,  
Still we find them abide; but in truth I fear they are gone forth.  
If ye have ought of linen your wants can spare, if a dweller  
Here in the neighbourhood ye, be kindly and give it the needy."

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Thus she spoke, and pale from the straw the suffering woman  
Rais'd her in part, and toward me lookt; and I in return said :  
' Surely oft do good men hear from angels a whisper,  
And so think of the needs that press on their sorrowing brothers ;  
Even thus in the forefeeling of griefs like yours, has my mother  
Giv'n me a store, that therewithal may the naked be clothèd.'  
And I loosen'd the knot of the cord, and gave her my father's  
Nightgown forth, and linen I gave for the bed and the wearer.  
And she thankt me with joy, and cried : ' The prosperous deems not  
That still miracles happen ; for only in misery owns man  
God's kind Hand and his Finger, by which good men are to good works  
Guided. What He for *us* through you does, may He for *you* do.'  
And the sick woman I saw the folds with joyfulness touching  
Of the linen, but most of the nightgown's lining of flannel.  
' Haste we,' to her the Maiden said, ' to the neighbouring village,  
Where our company rest e'en now, and tarry the night through ;

There will I to the child's clothes see, and all shall be cared for.  
Me she then bade farewell, and spake her heartiest thanks out,  
Urged the oxen, the wain went on; I lingerèd there still  
And held in my rein; for in my heart was a doubting,  
Should I with hasty steeds to the village, there the provided  
Food 'mid the rest of the folk to divide, or here on the spot all  
Give to the maiden's hands that she might portion it wisely.  
And I resolv'd me straight in my heart; and started, and gently  
After her drove, and o'ertook her soon, and said to her quickly:  
Good young maid, not linen alone my mother has sent out  
Which I hither have brought, to warm the naked with clothing:  
Food she also gave and drink of various liquors,  
And here, lodg'd in the ear's deep coffers, lie they abundant.  
But now rather incline I these gifts too into thy hands  
All to intrust, and so is best my office dischargèd;  
Thou with knowledge wilt portion them forth, I by accident only.'

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Thereto answer'd the Maid: 'With all true faithfulness your gifts  
Shall I bestow; the relief shall fall to the lot of the needy.'  
Thus she spoke. I opened quick the chariot's coffers,  
Lifted the dried ham forth, all ponderous; lifted the bread forth,  
Bottles of wine and beer; to *her* hand each and the whole gave.  
Willingly more had I giv'n, but empty at length were the store-cells.  
All she laid on her wain, at the feet of the sick woman,—and then  
Turn'd I, and back with speed drove into the town with my horses."

When now Herman had ended his tale, the garrulous Neighbour  
Took up the word and cried: "O happy who in the days of  
This commotion and strife, in his own small cottage alone lives,  
With nor wife nor child that anxious and close to his side cling!  
Happy I feel me now; for worlds I would not at this day  
Bear a father's name, and tremble for wife and for children.

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Oft have I thought me of flight ere now, and oft of my havings  
All that is best I have gather'd together; my gold and my treasure,  
Trinkets left by my mother, for unsold still I have kept them.  
Doubtless much had behind been left, not easily carried.  
Even the herbs and the roots with so much pains I have gather'd  
Had I unwillingly lost, though slender the worth of the ware be.  
But yet, leaving my 'prentice behind, consoled I could quit them.  
If I the hard coin save and my own proper person, then have I  
All saved, and that man who alone is easiest flees forth."

"Neighbour," to him the youthful Herman with emphasis answer'd,  
"No wise do I after your sort think, and your wisdom I praise not.  
Is he a man right-hearted, he who in good and in evil  
Thinks of himself alone, and who in his joy and his sorrow  
Seeks no sharer, and feels no need of such in his bosom?"

---

I more willingly now than erst could resolve me to wedlock,  
For full many a worthy maid now needs a protector,  
And man needs a consoling wife when adversity meets him."

Smiling then the Father said, "This willingly hear I,  
Such a sensible word to me thou seldom hast utter'd."

But the good Dame thereat broke quickly into the converse :  
" Truly Son thou art right, we elders gave the example.  
For we two made our choice not in days of rejoicing,  
Rather it was that the hour of misery knit us together  
'Twas on a Monday morn—well know I ; the previous day was  
That of the terrible fire when so much of the city was burnt down ;—  
Twenty years it is now ; just as to day, 'twas a Sunday ;  
Hot and dry was the season, and most of the water was dried up.  
All the townfolk a walking were gone in their holiday clothing,

Scatter'd about in the villages near and the mills and the gardens.  
Then at the end of the town the fire broke out; and the burning  
Quick ran all the street long and causèd a draft with its blazing.  
Then were the barns all burnt that held the garnerèd harvest,  
Burnt were the streets as far as the Market; the house of my father  
Here close by was consumed, and this along with it perisht.  
Not far off fled we. I sat the desolate night through  
There on the Green outside, and watcht the chests and the bedding.  
Sleep fell on me at last; and when the cool of the morning,  
Which before sunrise is felt, had woke me from slumber,  
There was the smoke and the glow, and the black 'bare walls and the  
chimneys,  
Then was my heart right sad; but soon the glorious sun rose  
Brighter than ever before, and that shed hope in my bosom.  
Quick then I rose on my feet. I thought I would look at the ground-plots  
Where thè dwellings had stood, and see if the poultry was rescued

Which I had tended and loved; for my thoughts were the thoughts of a child still.

And as over the ruins I clomb of the house and the homestead,  
Smoking still, and saw the perisht and waste habitation,  
Thou camest up on the opposite side the ruin exploring,  
For thy horse in his stable was buried; the smouldering timbers  
Lay on the spot in the rubbish, but nought could be seen of the beast there.  
So there face to face stood we, both mournful and thoughtful;  
For the wall was destroyed which our two homes had divided.  
Then didst thou take hold of my hand and say to me kindly:  
'What dost thou in this plaee, Eliza? thy feet will be seorehèd,  
For the rubbish is hot; my boots, though stouter, are singèd.'  
And thou tookest me up, and carriedst me out through the court-yard  
Of thy house. The door was standing yet, and the door-way,  
Just as it stands e'en now: of the whole that alone had eseapecd.  
And thou setst me down and gav'st me a kiss though I would not;

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And then didst thou say with kind and significant accents :  
‘ See my house is down. Stay here and help me to build it ;  
I in return will help thy father when he is a builder.’  
Yet understood I not, till thou to my father thy mother  
Sentest, and then was the vow pronounced of the happy betrothal.  
Still to this day in my thoughts the half-burnt beams I remember  
Joyful, and love to see the glorious sun at his rising.  
For that day gave a husband to me ; and the very same time that  
Gave me the son of my youth was the time of the utter destruction.  
Therefore I praise thee, Herman, that thou with confident heart still  
Think’st of a partner, e’en in the time of this dire tribulation,  
And canst venture to woo though war and ruin be round thee.”

Lively and quick to the narrative Dame responded the Father :  
“ Well hast thou thought and spoke, and also true is the story,  
Wife, which thou hast told, for just so came it to pass all.

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But what is better is better. It does not happen to each man  
That he has life to begin and to make his way from the outset.  
All are not doomed to trouble and toil, as we were in our time.  
O how happy is he who straight from father and mother  
Holds a well-plenisht house, which he too graces with increase!  
Hard is the outset in all things, but in house-keeping the hardest.  
Many a thing the householder wants, and each thing is dearer  
Day by day. He has need to provide him with money beforehand.  
And so, my Herman, look I to thee, with hope that thou soon wilt  
Bring to me home a bride well-grac'd with a liberal portion,  
For a sensible youth deserves a well-dower'd maiden.  
And right pleasant it is, when along with the wife of thy wishes,  
Comes, in chest and in basket, the useful store of the dower.  
Not in vain does the mother prepare through many a long year  
Linen in store for her child of fine and durable texture.  
Not in vain are the sponsor's gifts, the vessel of silver,

Nor the gold piece, rare sight, by her sire reserved in a safe nook.  
For the time comes at the last when all these savings and treasures  
Gladden the heart of the youth who has fixt his choice on the damsel.  
Ha, right well do I know how glad the young wife in her home feels  
Who sees goods of her own in hall and kitchen and chamber ;  
Who has the garniture furnisht herself of bed and of table.  
Ne'er may I see a bride in my house not duly provided :  
She who is poor comes soon to be lightly seen of her husband,  
And she is held as a Maid who came like a Maid with her bundle.  
Man is unjust, and so he remains, but soon is his love gone.  
Yea my Herman, thou'dst bring a heartfelt joy to my old age  
Wouldst thou soon to my house a wealthy daughter-in-law bring  
Out of the neighbourhood here, e'en from yon house with the green wall.  
Wealthy in truth is the man ; and grows with his trade and his fabries  
Daily richer ; for when makes not his profit the merchant ?  
Three girls has he alone ; they share the whole of his fortune.

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True; bespoke is the eldest, I know; but still is the second,  
Still is the third, and perhaps not long, to be had for the asking.  
Were but I in thy place, till now I never had lingered,  
Of those girls I had carried off one as I carried thy mother."

Modestly then the Son to the Father's urgency answer'd :

" Truly my wish was still, as yours, that one of the daughters  
Of our neighbour I might make mine. We were brought up together,  
Play'd in our earliest days around the Fount in the Market.  
Them had I oft protected from ruder boys in their horseplay.  
But that is now long past. At length these damsels are grown up;  
Stay contented at home, and come no more to the play-ground.  
Well brought up they are. At times I have paid them a visit  
Just for old acquaintance' sake, and I knew that you wisht it;  
But I never could find, while in their company, pleasure.  
Still they had fault to find with me, and I had to bear it.

All too long was my coat ; and the cloth was coarse, and the colour  
All too common ; my hair not clipt and properly curlèd.  
So at the last I must needs trick out myself, and appear like  
Those smart 'prentice youths who are aye seen there on a Sunday,  
With their silken skirts for summer hanging about them.  
But when this was done, I saw full soon that they mockt me ;  
That was ill to bear ; my pride was wounded ; and more still  
I was deeply hurt they took no note of the kindness  
Which I bore them all, and especially Minna the youngest.  
For, the last time 'twas, at Easter there I went over  
Wearing that new coat which now hangs up in the clothes-press,  
And my hair was comb'd and curl'd, like the rest of the youths there.  
I went in, they giggled ; but I took that to myself not.  
At the piano was Minna ; the father was there in the chamber,  
Listen'd his daughters sing, was in good mood and delighted.  
No great sense made I of what I caught in the singing,

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But I heard there much of Pamina, much of Tamino,  
And I wisht to be not quite dumb! As soon as they ended  
I askt after the words of the song, and who the two names were.  
All were silent and smiled; outspoke the father: 'My good friend!  
You never heard of a pair since Adam and Eve; is it not so?'  
Then they held no longer, but outright laughèd the damsels,  
Outright laughèd the youths, and the old man held in his fat sides.  
I was flurried and dropt my hat: the continual giggling  
Broke out again and again, as they went on singing and playing.  
So I hasted forth to my home, ashamed and vexèd;  
Hung up my coat in the press and pull'd my hair down with my fingers  
To its own state: and I swore not again to go over their threshold.  
And in truth I did well; for vain girls are they and heartless  
And, as I hear, I go there still by the name of Tamino."

There to answer'd the Mother: "Thou should'st not, Herman, so long bear

Anger against those children, for still they are nothing but children.  
Minna in truth was a good girl still, and for thee had a liking:  
'Tis not long that of thee she enquired. Her mightèst thou well chuse."

There to thoughtfully answer'd the Son: "I know not; so deeply  
Sank that trouble within my breast, that truly I would not  
See them again their music play or list to their singing."

But the Father then broke out in angrier accents:  
"Small is the comfort I find in thee. And this I have still said  
When thou took'st no pleasure except in horses and farm-work.  
What might suit the serving-man of a well-doing farmer  
That dost thou. Meanwhile thy father finds not a son that  
Brings him to honour and wins respect from the rest of his townsmen.  
And 'twas so from the first; thy mother fed me with vain hope  
When in the school thy reading and writing and learning was always

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Backward more than the rest, and thou sat'st ever the lowest.  
Thus forsooth it is, when there beats in the breast of a young man  
No desire of distinction, and no ambition of honour.  
Had my father but cared for me, as I have for thee done,  
Sent me to school to learn, and found me competent tutors.  
I had been something more than host of the Golden Lion."

Then the Son stood up and silent toward the door-way  
Slowly and stilly moved: but then the Father enraged  
Cried as he went: "Go hence; thy sullen spirit I well know;  
Go and manage the house right well that I have not to scold thee;  
But think not to thyself thou wilt ever to me, in this house, some  
Coarse ill-nurtured rustie wench as a daughter-in-law bring.  
Long time I have lived, and know how men should be dealt with;  
How to receive both lords and ladies, that they may depart hence  
From my house content, and how to flatter the stranger.

But I would have a daughter-in-law who with gracious ways may  
Meet my cares, and sweeten the toil I take for my children.  
Nor shall she fail to play the spinet; and so shall assemble  
At my house the town's best company pleasant and pleasèd,  
As in the house of my neighbour on Sundays." Then did the Son press  
Lightly the latch with his hand and so past out of the chamber.  

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# THALIA.

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## *The Citizens.*

Thus did the modest Son from the Father's angry rebuke shrink ;  
But the Sire, to complaint thus rous'd, went on in the same strain ;  
" What in a man is not, that out of him comes not, and hardly  
Shall I rejoice that to me my heart's first wish is fulfillèd,  
That my Son may prove a better man than his Father.  
What would come of a house, or what of a city, if each one  
Deem'd not aye that a pleasant task to preserve and restore 'tis,  
And to improve, as still new times and foreigners teach us.  
'Tis not for man to shrink like a mushroom back to his nothing,  
Merely to wither and rot on the spot that gave him his being,

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After him no trace of life's activity leaving.  
Soon at the sight of the house is known the mind of the master,  
And as we walk in a town we judge of the magistrate's wisdom.  
Where the town-walls are left to decay, where piled in the foss lies  
Rubbish in heaps, and filth encumbers the streets of the city ;  
Where stones part in the wall, and the yawning joint is repair'd not ;  
Where the timbers rot, and the tottering building in vain asks  
New support from the wright ; that place is slothfully govern'd.  
For if order and neatness are not urged by the rulers,  
Sloven and slow the burgher rests content in his meanness ;  
Even as use accustoms the ragged coat to the beggar.  
Therefore was it my wish that Herman should go on his travels  
Now ere long, and visit at least both Strasburg and Frankfort,  
Manheim also the gay with streets so open and friendly.  
For who cities has seen, all great and splendid, he rests not,  
But would his own town grace, though small it may be, in a like sort.

Does not the stranger admire our gateways neatly repairèd  
And, white-painted, the tow'r, and the church restorèd so throughly?  
Speak not all of the pavement well? The runnels of water  
Copious, cover'd, distributed well, for use and for safety,  
So that the ravage of fire may promptly be checkt in the outbreak,  
All this, is it not new from the time of the terrible burning?  
Six times I in the Council have served Director of Buildings,  
And have received the cordial thanks of my excellent townsmen,  
Follow'd my own plans out with effect, and forwarded also  
Schemes adopted of old and left unfinisht by others.  
And so the love of improvement at last seiz'd all of the Council.  
All are in earnest now, and already the line of the causey  
Fully is fixt to be made which joins this place with the main-road.  
But full sorely I fear our youth this temper inspires not;  
For some think but of pleasure and finery, whim of the moment,

Others lounge in the house and idle close to the chimney,  
And, as I greatly fear, of such kind Herman will still be."

Then replied forthwith the good intelligent Mother :  
" Father, towards thy Son thou art ever unjust, and believe me  
'Tis not so that thy wishes of good will e'er be accomplisht.  
For we cannot our children shape just as we would have them ;  
As they are given by God, e'en such must we take them and love them,  
Bring them up to the best of our power, and let them their course take.  
For one child is endowed with one gift, one with another ;  
Each must improve his own, and can but be in his own way  
Happy and good. Unfit is it thus to scold at my Herman,  
For full well he deserves whatever inheritance waits him.  
And a good man he will be, and a pattern to town and to country,  
Nor at the board of the Council the last, I tell you beforehand.

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But thus, day after day, with scolding and finding of fault, thou  
Cheekest his spirit and breakest his heart, as thou hast to-day done.”  
And therewith she the chamber left, and after her Son went,  
Bent to find him wherever he was, and with words of affection  
Him to console; for, ever a kind Son, well he deserv'd it.

Smiling said thereon, when she had vanisht, the Father:  
“Troth! strange folk the womankind are, as well as the children!  
All must follow their *own* course, all live after their liking,  
And we must praise them and pat their backs, to keep them in humour.  
And yet, once for all, that proverb is true of the old time:  
If a man goes not forward he back goes: that is the end on't.”

Then in thoughtful guise thereto responded the Surgeon:  
“Willingly I to your notions assent, and still for my own part  
After improvements seek, which, not too dear, yet are novel.

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But yet alack, what boots, if a man have not money in plenty,  
Still to be busy and active, improving in-doors and out-doors !  
We who depend on the town are sorely straiten'd, and though we  
Know how things should be done, our purse is too weak to effect it ;  
All too large the demands ; and thus are we hinderèd ever.  
Much have I thought to do, but who shrinks not from the outlay  
Which such changes require, and in these perilous times too !  
Long did my house, in its stylish array, greet, smiling, my pleas'd eye ;  
Long did the windows shine without compare with their large panes ;  
But who can vie with the merchant, who not only has money  
But knows best where the best can be had in every quarter ?  
Look at that opposite house, all new ! how gaily in white shows  
On the pannels of green the flourishèd pattern of stucco !  
Large are the window-frames ; the panes like looking-glass glisten ;  
Each other house in the Square of the Market is cast into shadow.  
And yet after the fire were these two houses the best, the

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Surgery known by the Angel, the Inn by the Golden Lion.  
Then my garden too was in all the neighbourhood famous,  
Every traveler stopt to look through the red palisado  
At the beggars of stone, and the dwarf all painted in colours.  
And when coffee I gave to a friend in the beautiful grotto,  
Which stands now in my grounds, all dusty and nearly a ruin—  
He, be sure, was pleas'd to remark the glistening splendour  
Of the shell-work; and even the connoisseur was delighted  
As he gazed on the wall adorn'd with galena and coral.  
And no less in the hall the paintings too were admirèd;  
Lords and ladies who, drest superbly, walk in a garden,  
Holding bouquets forth in their slender delicate fingers.  
But who looks at it now for a moment? out of conceit I  
Scarce go thither, for all must now be changèd and *tasty*  
(Such is the phrase) with trellis of white and benches of plain wood.  
All is simple and plain; and all our carving and gilding

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Valu'd no more; and these foreign woods, how costly their price is!  
Troth, no scruple have I, I would some novelties purchase,  
And would move with the time, and oft my furniture alter.  
But one still is afraid in a house to change e'en a small thing,  
For where, where is the coin to be found for the numerous workmen?  
Lately I thought in my mind I anew would gild the archangel  
Michael, who of my shop is the sign; and furbish the Dragon  
Which lies curl'd at his feet in folds all sealy and prickly;  
But I shall leave it brown as it is, afraid of the charges.

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## E U T E R P E.

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### *Mother and Son.*

TALKING thus the men went on with their converse, the Mother  
Went meanwhile to seek her Son, in the front of the house first,  
There on the settle of stone where his well-accustomèd seat was.  
When she found him not there, on went she, lookt in the stable,  
If with the goodly team he himself had busied, the horses  
Which he had bought as colts, and which he trusted to no man.  
There the Groom told straight: "To the garden-ground he is gone forth."  
Then the Dame past quick through the two long folds of the farm-yard,  
Left the stable behind and the well-built stalls of the oxen,  
Into the garden stept, that far to the walls of the city

Reacht, and through as she past, rejoic'd in the manifold growth that  
Flourisht around; and set to rights the props that supported  
Branches laden with apples and bending boughs of the pear-tree,  
And pickt worms from the wide-spread leaves of the vigorous colewort,  
For no step is idly made by a provident housewife.  
And so came she at last to the end of the spacious garden,  
E'en to the harbour of woodbine woven, nor saw she her Son yet;  
Him she found not there, as she found him not in the garden.  
But thereby the gate was ajar, that out of the arbour,  
By an especial grace, through the wall of the city, the grandsire  
Had in the old time broken, the honourèd Burgomaster.  
And so over the deep dry foss she easily on went,  
Where hard on the road, the vineyard well-palisaded  
Rose with a steeper path, its earthy slope to the sun turn'd.  
That too clomb she up, and joy'd to see as she mounted  
Clusters swelling, that scarce could hide in the shade of the green leaves.

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Shady the walk in the midst and overarcht with the vine-boughs,  
Where the path was of steps, of unhewn pieces of wood made.  
There the choice grapes hung, the Muscadell and the Noble,  
Reddening purple their hue, of largest sizes the berries,  
Planted all with care, to deck the dessert of the guests meant.  
But the rest of the slope was cloth'd with separate vine-plants,  
Bearing the smaller grape of which the excellent wine comes.  
Thus she upward went and joy'd in the thought of the vintage,  
And of the day when all the place, in festival uproar,  
Gathers and treads the grapes and fills the vats with the sweet must.  
Then comes eve, and from all sides and in every corner  
Fireworks crackle and blaze, the honours due to the vintage.  
Yet unquiet she went on still, when she had on her Son call'd  
Twice and thrice, and heard as oft but the voice of the Echo,  
Which from the city tow'rs, right talkative, readily answer'd.  
'Twas so strange to have him to seek. He never would far go,

But still told her before, to save from anxious care the  
Mind of his loving Mother, and from all fear of disaster.  
But she hop'd on yet, to find him whither the road led,  
For the gates, both that below and above, of the vineyard  
Still were open. And so she stept on into the wide field  
That with broader space slop'd down the back of the hill-ground.  
Still she roamed on ground that was hers, and rejoiced in the sight of  
Her own crops, and the ears of the corn that prosperous nodded  
And fill'd all the field with the sway of its golden waving.

On the green ridge between the furrows she walk'd on the foot-  
path,  
Kept in her eye the one great pear-tree, which on the hill top  
Stood, the boundary mark of the fields possess'd by her household.  
By whom planted, none could tell; it was in the place round  
Seen all far and wide, and noted the fruit of the tree was.

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Under it the-reapers ate their meal at the midday,  
And the herdsmen there were wont in its shadow to tarry;  
There they found them seats of naked stone or of greensward.  
And she errèd not; there sat her Herman and rested;  
Sat on his elbows propt, as looking abroad at the country  
Outwards towards the hills; his back was turn'd to his Mother.  
Gently to him she stole, and lightly touchèd his shoulder.  
And he turnèd him quick: then saw she tears on his eyelids.

“Mother,” he sadly said, “you take me thus by surprize:” and  
Hastily dried up his tears, the youth of generous feeling.

“How! thou weepest, my Son!” replied quick touchèd the Mother:  
“That is but ill like thee. Till now thus ne'er have I known thee.  
Say what load thus lies on thy heart? What drives thee alone thus  
Under the pear-tree to sit; and what brings tears to thy eyelids?”

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And the excellent Youth collected himself as he answer'd ;  
“ Truly no heart has he in his breast of iron who feels not  
Much for the lot of those, the men who are flying their country.  
No understanding has he who in times like these is devoid of  
Anxious fears for himself and cares for the weal of his country.  
What I to-day have seen and heard has touchèd my heart deep,  
And now came I forth and saw this beauteous wide-spread  
Landscape, hills on fruitful hills all rising around us ;  
Saw hill nod to hill with the golden heads of the corn-field,  
And the orchard promise abundant store for the chamber.  
But yet, alas, how near is the foe ! The waves of the Rhine-stream  
Guard us still, it is true ; but what are rivers or mountains  
In the way of that terrible people that comes like a tempest ;  
They who gather together the young from every quarter,  
And the old with the young, and fierce press on ; and the strong host  
Fears not the face of death, and army crowds upon army.

And amid times like these can a German rest in his homestead?  
Hope perhaps to shun the struggle that menaces all men?  
Nay, dear Mother, from this day forth umweleome to me 'tis  
That I exeus'd have just now been, when out of our townsmen  
Those who should war were chosen by lot. 'Tis true I alone am  
Now as your son, and large is our hostel, and weighty the home-work;  
But were it not a far worthier course to eombat beforehand  
There at the frontier's line, than here wait slavery's coming?  
Yea, my spirit replies that it is! In the depth of my bosom  
Springs up courage and strong desire, in the eause of my country  
Active to live and to die, and to give an example to others.  
O, were but the strength of the German youth at the frontier  
Gather'd and banded in firm resolve not to yield to the Stranger,  
Ne'er would they with destructive feet on the beauteous soil tread,  
And consume in the sight of our eyes the fruit of the dear land,  
And make slaves of the men, and prey of the wives and the maidens!

Mother, I tell you my thought; deep fixt in my heart the resolve is  
Quickly and surely to do what seems most fitting and worthy,  
For who ponders long, he takes not always the best course.  
Mother, I turn not back to the house. From hence I go onwards  
Straightway into the town, and offer at once to the war-host  
This my arm and my heart to work my Fatherland's service.  
Ask my Father, then, if no strong feeling of honour  
Beats in this bosom of mine, and no desire of distinction."

Then considerate said the good intelligent Mother,  
Shedding silent tears that readily sprang to her eyelids:  
"Son, what is it which thus has chang'd thy temper and nature,  
That to thy Mother no more thou speakest, as ever in past days,  
Frank and open, and tellest at once the aim of thy wishes?  
Did a third person hear thee talk, no doubt he would praise thee  
Warmly, and speak of thy purposed course as nobly resolv'd on,

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Mov'd by thy grave discourse and by thy vehement speeches.  
But I praise thee not; for ah! much better I know thee.  
Thou concealest thy heart, and different thoughts in thy breast are.  
For I know thou feel'st no call in the drum and the trumpet,  
Nor desir'st in the soldier's garb to dazzle the maidens.  
Thy vocation it is, though brave and fearless thou still wert,  
Household cares to pursue and quiet to watch o'er the field-work.  
Tell then truly to me what moves thee to thy intention."

Serious answer'd the Son: "You err, my Mother; for one day  
Is not just as another. The youth moves onward to manhood;  
Better perhaps he ripens for act in silence than in the  
Whirl of a turbulent life where youth too often is tainted.  
And though quiet I was and am, yet still in my bosom  
Form'd is a heart that deeply loathes all wrong and injustice;  
Nor do I want for skill in human affairs to distinguish.

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Labour has made my arm and foot right steady and active,  
All that I am is true; so much I boldly can challenge.—  
And yet rightly, O Mother, you blame, and surely have caught me  
Using half-true words, and half my purpose dissembling.  
For I must own perforce, 'tis not the danger that calls me  
Forth of the house of my Father, and not the lofty intention  
Aid to bring to my Fatherland and terrour to foemen.  
These were words alone which I utter'd; meant to conceal the  
Feelings lodg'd in my heart, which tear my bosom asunder.  
And so hear me, Mother! For since vain wishes I foster  
Deep in my breast, let my life as a blank run on to its ending.  
For right well do I know: the sole man injures himself still.  
Who devotes himself when all join not in the purpose.”

“ Now, my Son, proceed,” replied the intelligent Mother;  
“ All to me relate; the greatest thing and the smallest.

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For menfolk are hasty and hot, and think but of one thing,  
And so, soon are stopt in the course, when hinderance rises.  
But a woman has wit to find out ways, and can often,  
Taking a round about path arrive at the point that she aims at.  
Tell me then all, wherefore thou art so easily movèd  
As saw I never before, and why the blood in thy veins boils,  
And thy eyes fill with tears, that start in spite of thy wishes."

Then the good Youth abandon'd himself to his grief and he wept out,  
Wept loud there on the breast of his Mother; and softenèd spake forth :  
" O 'tis true! my Father's speech has wounded me deeply,  
Never deserved by me, not now, nor ever in time past ;  
For to honour my parents still with me was a chief point.  
No one seem'd to me wiser and better than they who had taught me.  
Whose grave bidding had guided the dim soft thoughts of my childhood.  
Ofttimes mischievous tricks have I patiently borne of my playmates,

When they bore me a grudge which I had never provokèd.  
Ofttimes pelting and kicks I took nor cared to avenge them.  
But if they once at my Father laught, when he on a Sunday  
Out of the church came forth with grave and leisurely paces,  
Laught at his borderèd cap, or jeer'd at his flowered night-gown.  
(Which so stately he wore, and which we parted to-day with.)  
Fiercely soon my fist was clencht. With terrible wrath I  
Headlong on them rusht, and smote and struck in my blind rage,  
Caring not for the rest. They howl'd with bloodièd faces  
And scarce 'scaped from the kicks and the blows that I in my ire gave.  
And thus up I grew. And much I bore of my Father,  
Who for want of another would vent his rage upon me oft,  
When he vext came home with what had past at the Council,  
And I paid for the wrangling mood and the quirks of his colleagues.  
Ofttimes you have been grieved for me; for much I put up with,  
Bearing still in my thoughts the thanks we owe to our parents,

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Who think but to increase for us their goods and their havings,  
And deprive themselves, to spare the more for their children.  
But alas! not sparing alone for future enjoyment  
Makes men happy; nor yet heap largely piled upon heap, nor  
Acre added to acre, though all be rounded so fairly.  
For old grows the father, and up to manhood the sons grow,  
Void of the joy of the day and full of the care of the morrow.  
Tell me: Look now forth, how fair and beauteous lie the  
Fertile fields before us, and vines and gardens beneath them;  
Barns and stables there, a goodly range of possessions.  
But there too I the house-top see, and there in the gable  
Peeps the window forth of my small room in the house-roof.  
Back as I look and think of the time, how many a night I  
There have wateht for the morn, and wateht in the morn for the sunrise,  
When sleep, healthy and sound, for a few short hours has sufficed me,

Then so alone I feel! and like my own little lonesome  
Chamber, all around, farm-yard and garden and corn-field,  
All seems lone and void. I feel the need of a partner."

Thereunto answered straight the good intelligent Mother:  
"Son, not more yearn'st thou thy bride to lead to thy chamber,  
That the night may be the fairer half of thy life-day,  
And thy daily toil may freer and more for thyself be,  
Than thy Father desires and thy Mother. We ever have giv'n thee  
This advice, yea importuned, to choose thee a partner.  
But right well do I know, and this is a truth that my heart tells,  
'Till the right hour comes, and till, disclos'd at the moment,  
Comes the right maid forth, the power of choice is afar off,  
And the fear to take the wrong still holds us in bondage.  
Shall I tell thee, my Son? thy choice, I deem, is e'en now made;

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For thy heart is toucht and sensitive more than its wont is.  
Speak it forth outright. My mind already has told me ;  
She—that exile Maid it is, thy faney is fixt on.”

“ Yes, dear Mother, you say it,” the fond Son lively answer’d,  
Yes, it is she. And, comes she not as bride to my homestead  
This day, forth she fares, to me for ever is vanisht,  
In the whirl of the war, amid courses that this way and that run.  
Mother, in vain it will then be that wealthy possessions  
Thrive in my sight ; in vain will years bring plenteous harvests,  
E’en the accustomed house and the garden will seem to me irksome,  
Yea, and even a Mother’s love no longer will cheer me.  
For all ties by Love, too well I feel it, are loosen’d  
When he twines us round ; and not the Maiden alone leaves  
Father and mother behind, when she to the man of her choice goes ;  
Even the Youth, too, knows no more of father and mother,

When the Maid that alone he can love, is gone and for ever.  
Let me then, let me then go the course despondency marks out ;  
For my Sire said words by which my fate is decided ;  
And his house is no house for me, since he on the Maiden  
Shuts the door, whom alone I desire to lead to my homestead."

Straightway then replied the good intelligent Mother :  
" Yea now, thus men stand like rocks in hard opposition !  
Proud and stiff, not one will make an approach to the other,  
Nor be the first to mould his tongue to language of kindness.  
Therefore I tell thee, Son : still lives firm lodg'd in my bosom  
Hope, he will make her, be she but good and true, thy betrothèd,  
Poor though she be, and though he so sternly spoke against poor maids.  
For he says many a thing in his warm impetuous manner  
Which yet never he does ; and gives what at first he refused.  
But for this he must have good words, and 'tis right he should have them ;

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For he thy Father is! We know too that after the meal 'tis  
That he is hot, speaks promptly and strongly, and others' opinions  
Treats with slight; for the juice of the grape then stimulates freely  
All the springs of his will, nor will he mark with attention  
What is said, himself he feels and listens too only.  
But the evening then comes on; and the lively discussions  
Which he has with his friends at length are thoroughly gone through.  
Then he is milder, as I well know, when the fervour is over,  
And he feels the wrong he has done in his vehement moments.  
Come let us take our chance; what is fresh resolvèd succeeds best,  
And we have need of the friends, who now at his table assembled  
Sit, and the worthy Pastor there will especially help us."

Thus she cheerfully spoke, and rising up from the stone, drew  
Also the Son from his seat, not unpleas'd following. Both went  
Silent back on the way their weighty purpose revolving.

# P O L Y H Y M N I A.



## *The Citizen of the World.*

BUT mean time those Three still sat conversing together,  
There at the board of the host, with the man of Religion, the Surgeon;  
And the train of discourse was still the same as it first was  
This way and that pursued, and flowing in many a winding;  
And, of right thoughts full, that excellent Minister thus spoke :

“ I gainsay you not. I know it is well that a man should  
Ever aim at the Better; and as we see, he aspires still  
Higher and higher to reach, at least he seeks what is Novel.  
But go not too far. For join'd with feelings of such sort

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Nature gave us, too, the love of abiding in old things,  
And to enjoy that best to which each long is accustom'd.  
Each condition is good that conforms to truth and to reason.  
Man has desire for much, and yet he has need but of little ;  
For full brief is time, and the lot of mortals is bounded.  
Ne'er blame I the man, who bold, energetic and active,  
Traversing all the roads of the land and the paths of the ocean,  
Fearless and restless, seeks and enjoys the gain that he finds there,  
While the rich heaps accumulate still round him and his household.  
But him, too, I esteem no less, though quiet his course be,  
Who with tranquil footsteps treads the field he inherits,  
And as the circling hours direct, his cares to the earth gives.  
Not to him with each year does the ground a varying face wear,  
Nor does the tree, new-planted, forthwith spread toward heaven  
Branching arms profuse, with blossoms richly adornèd.  
No ; he has need of a patient mind ; nor less has he need of

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Clear, calm, steady sense, and sound and right understanding ;  
For but few are the seeds he may trust to the fostering furrow,  
Few are the brutes that he knows to nurture with profit and increase ;  
While the Useful alone engages the thoughts of his mind still.  
Happy to whom a mind so moulded is given by nature !  
He 'tis feeds us all. And hail to the Burgher in rural  
Town, who joins the work of the field with the trade of the city !  
He feels not the stress which wrings and fetters the farmer ;  
Nor is beguiled by desires, in towns ambitiously foster'd,  
After the Richer and Higher to strain, though scanty the means be,  
For such still is the wont, and most, of the wives and the maidens.  
Therefore constantly bless the tranquil spirit your Son bears,  
And the Mate whom hereafter he may, like-temperèd, choose him."

Thus spoke he. Just then with the Son there enter'd the Mother  
Leading him in by the hand, and plac'd him in front of her Husband :—

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“Father, how often have we discours’d, as we chatted together,  
Of that joyful day, we trusted hereafter should come, when  
Herman should gladden our hearts by fixing his choice on a partner.  
Backwards and forwards we went in our minds, now this and now that maid  
Settled as fit to be his; fond talk, as the wont is of parents.  
Now that day—it is come; now heaven has led to him hither,  
And to his eyes presented his bride, and his heart has decided.  
Said we not still, in that past time, he should for himself choose?  
Didst not thou wish ever, he might a lively affection  
Feel for the maid, whoever she was? And now is the hour come!  
Yes, he has felt and has chosen, and come to a manly decision.  
She it is, that stranger Maid, who accosted him lately.  
Give her to him, or he will, so he says, in singleness live on.”

And the Son, too, said: “Give *her* to me, Father! my heart has  
Clearly and surely spoke; She most deserves to be your child.”

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But the Father was mute. Then quick the Minister rose up,  
Took the discourse and said: " 'Tis a moment's turn which determines  
How man's life shall take its course, and the whole of his fortunes :  
For when long he has ponder'd, still is each resolution  
Only the instant's work, and none but the Wise takes the right lot.  
'Tis for us more perilous far when we in our choosing  
Pause on this and on that, the soul's clear tenour perplexing.  
Herman's heart is clear; I know him from earliest youth; he  
E'en as a boy, reacht not with his hands towards this thing and that thing.  
That he desir'd which was fitting for him, and fast then he held it.  
Start not and be not amazed, that now comes suddenly forward  
What you have wish't so long. In sooth, it may be, the event now  
Bears not the form of the wish you cherisht so long in your bosom.  
For our wishes themselves hide from us the thing that we wish for.  
Blessings come from above and take their own form in their visit.  
Fail you not to see this, in the Maid who first and alone has

Touched the heart in the breast of your good intelligent Herman.  
Happy is he who, spared from delay, wins the hand of his first love!  
Whose heart's dearest wish pines not in his bosom in secret.  
Yes: right well do I see, e'en now his lot is decided.  
For true liking soon the youth complete to the man forms.  
Fickle his temper is not; I fear if this you deny him  
All the fairest years of his life will joyless away pass."

Then, too, utter'd his mind in weighty manner the Surgeon:—  
Eager to speak, the words already had long on his lips been:—  
"This time, too, let us choose a midway course as the wisest.  
Use good speed with good heed! the motto of Cæsar Augustus.  
I full willingly try to neighbours to make myself useful,  
And to employ for their good use my poor understanding;  
And to the young in especial, a graver guidance is needful.  
Let me go to the place; I will the worth of the Maid learn;

Will her repute inquire among those who have liv'd with and known her,  
'Tis not easy on me to impose; I the value of words know."

Then too utter'd his mind the Son in quick-flowing accents:  
"Do this, neighbour, and go and inform you.—But I could wish too  
Our good Pastor here might in your company travel:  
Two so excellent men are witnesses safe from exception.  
O my Father! 'tis, be sure, no runaway damsel,  
None who roves the country round in search of adventures.  
And deludes with her wiles unwary youth who accost her.  
No; the chance of war, involving all in its ruin,  
Ravaging all the world, and tearing up from its strong base  
Many a lofty fane, has this poor soul driven homeless.  
Are not nobles of lofty descent in misery roving,  
Princes flying disguised and sovereigns living in exile?—  
Yea; thus, alas! she too, of all her sisters the best, is

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Out of her land expelled; and, her own sorrow forgetting,  
Is the support of others, and, e'en when destitute, helpful.  
Great are the wailing and wo that o'er Earth's surface are spreading;  
Should some stroke of good, too, not come out of the evil?  
And may not I, in the arms of my bride, the wife I confide in,  
Joy at the histori'd war, as you at the tale of the burning?"

Then the Father replied, his lips with gravity op'ning:—  
“ How is it, Son, that thy tongue thus is loos'd, which for so many years has  
Still in thy mouth been chain'd, itself so scantily moving?  
Must I to-day bear that which so oft is the lot of a father:  
That the son's self-will the mother, all too indulgent,  
Favours with helpful hand; and neighbours all in agreement  
Side with them in the push that is made on the father and husband?  
But, all join'd as you are, I resist you not; 'twere of small use;  
For full well do I see there is pouting and weeping in prospect.

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Go in the name of heaven, and inquire, and bring me this daughter,  
Home ; and if this suit not, let him think no more of the Maiden."

Thus the Father. The Son then cried with joy in his gestures :  
" Ere nightfall, the best of daughters is doom'd to be yours yet,  
Such as a man would desire whose feelings are right in his bosom.  
She, good Maiden, too will be happy, for so I may well hope ;  
Yes ; she will ever be grateful to me, who again have restor'd her  
Father and Mother in you ; and such as the wisest of children  
Most would wish. But I linger no more ; I harness the horses  
Straight, and carry our friends to track the course of the lov'd Maid,  
Leave them there to themselves ; to their own sagacity trust them,  
Guide myself, I give you my oath, entirely by *their* rede,  
And see not the Maiden again until she mine own is."  
And so forth did he go, and meanwhile much did the others  
Wisely pondering speak, the grave theme quickly discussing.

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Hasted Herman straight to the stalls, where the spirited horses  
Quiet stood, and quickly the grainèd provender ate up,  
And the well-dried hay, on the best of the meadows producèd.  
Speedily then in their mouths, the bit, all bright, he inserted,  
Drew with practised hands the straps through the silvery buckles,  
Firmly fasten'd the leathern length of the reins to the head-gear,  
Led the horses into the fold, where ready the groom had  
Now drawn forward the car, by the pole it easily moving.  
Firmly then they two to the car, with the leathern traces,  
Bound the vigorous force of the fleet impetuous horses.  
Herman grasped the whip, took his seat, drove under the gateway.  
And when the friends in the roomy recess had taken their places  
Speedily rolled the car, and left behind it the pav'd road,  
Left behind the walls of the town and the turrets of smooth stone,  
Quickly did Herman drive to the well-rememberèd causey,  
Pausing not, but up-hill and down-dale driving with like speed.

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But when he now once more the tow'r of the village espied,  
And not afar off now lay the houses, garden-encircled,  
Thoughtful he in his mind rein'd in the powerful horses.

By the reverend gloom of tall limes shadily shelter'd,  
In that place already many a century rooted,  
Lay, with sward well-clothed, a broad and spacious green spot,  
Close to the village, a field for the games of the neighbouring country,  
Hollow'd below the ground a well lay under the lime-trees;  
When you the steps went down, appear'd there benches of hewn stone  
Round the source disposed where live floods constantly well'd forth,  
Neat, with a low wall girt, well fitted for those that would draw there,  
Herman here had resolved, beneath this shadow, the horses  
With the ear to detain. This straightway did he, and thus spoke :  
“ Now descend from the ear, my friends, and go and inform you  
Whether the Maiden merit the hand that I would to her offer.

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Doubtless I so do think. To me not sudden nor strange 'twere.  
Had I alone to proceed, I quickly had gone to the village,  
And the good Maid with a few short words had my destiny fixèd.  
Her ye will soon discern full easily out of the number,  
For in figure with her to compare ye find not another.  
But yet more ; I will tell by her neat dress how ye shall know her.  
For her belt of red sets off, round-swelling, her bosom,  
Tightly drawn ; well-lac'd to her shape her black boddice close fits ;  
And from within its rim, all spotless, rises in small plaits  
Under her fair round chin, the linen's gauzier texture ;  
Frank and bright looks forth the oval head from its border,  
And large tresses manifold twine the bodkin of silver ;  
Blue from beneath her belt her skirt falls downwards in long folds,  
And plays round her well-turn'd ankles still in her going.  
But this one thing say I to you, and specially ask for ;  
Hold no speech with the Maid, nor let her know of your purpose,

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But of the others inquire, and all hear that they can tell you,  
And when enough ye have learnt to content my Father and Mother  
Come to me hither again, and what remains we will see to.  
Such is the plan I have fixt in my thoughts as hither we travel'd."

Thus spoke he. The Friends, thereon, went into the village,  
Where in gardens and sheds and in houses, the crowds of the wand'ers  
Swarmed, and carts on carts quite fill'd the whole of the broad street,  
There men tended the lowing kine and the horse at the waggon,  
Women on every hedge spread clothes to dry in the breezes,  
Children sported and splasht in the stream that ran by the highway.  
Pressing then amid carts, through throngs of men and of cattle,  
Lookt all round to the right and the left those Spies on their mission,  
If they perchance the form might see, as describ'd, of the Maiden;  
But the well-turn'd shape and the dress no where were apparent.  
Soon they the crowd yet denser found; for there was, at the wains, a

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War of words of the men, and therein mixt them the women  
Screaming. Then came near with dignified paces an Old Man,  
Went the brawlers among, and straight subsided the uproar,  
As he exhorted to peace, and rebuked with fatherly sharpness.  
“Has not yet,” he cried, “distress so bound us together  
That we have all by this time learnt the lore of forbearance,  
And to have patience, e’en if our neighbour slip in his going?  
What if the prosperous man is intolerant! Has not misfortune  
Taught us better, and told us not to strive with a brother?  
Make for each other room on the stranger’s soil, and together  
Share such goods as you have, as you hope for pity from others!”

Thus spoke he; and they stood mute all, and with mutual yielding  
Order’d their kine and their wains, those once more mollified wand’rers.  
When the Minister now had heard the discourse of the Old Man,  
And the tranquil spirit perceiv’d of this Judge of the Strangers,

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Unto him straight he went, and thus significant words spoke :—  
“ Father, in truth when a people long a prosperous life leads,  
Feeding itself from the earth, that pours its bounty on all sides,  
And with the years and the months renews the gifts that are lookt for,  
All goes on of itself, and each to himself is the wisest,  
Each is the best ; and all men then are mingled together,  
And the most prudent of men is thought of just as another,  
For then affairs run smooth, and all a matter of course seems.  
But when the waters of wo come forth, and break up the highways,  
Tear the strong house down, and swirl through garden and corn-field,  
Drag both woman and man forth out of the customèd dwelling,  
Drive them through the drear wide world for many a sad day :  
Ah ! then men look round for him who has most understanding,  
And no more does he utter in vain the accents of wisdom.  
Tell me, Father,—ye are, no doubt, a Judge among these men  
Who thus travel,—ye who their minds so speedily calmèd.

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Yea, ye appear to me as one of the Leaders of old time,  
Who through wand'rings and wastes long guided a nation of exiles ;  
And I could think that I am with Moses or Joshua talking."

And thereto the Judge with serious look said in answer :—  
" Well may our time, in truth, be compared with ages of wonder,  
With the most strange that profane or sacred history speaks of.  
For who, in these our times, has Yesterday but and To-day liv'd  
Has through long years lived ; events so are crowded together !  
If I a space look back, me seems as ancient and hoary  
Years were laid on my head, though my life has the vigour of manhood.  
We, of a truth, with those of ancient days may compare us  
Who in the burning bush, in the hour of dread visitation,  
Saw their God ; we too have seen him in fire and in tempest."

When the Minister now to more discourse was inclinèd,

And would hear the tale of the man and of those who were with him,  
Privately thus in his ear his busy companion whisper'd :  
“ Speak thus on with the Judge, and lead the discourse to the Maiden.  
Meantime I go alone, to seek her forth ; and return here  
Back, when her I have found.” Thereto the Minister nodded,  
And through hedges and gardens and sheds past on the Explorer.

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# C L I O.

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## *The Times.*

WHEN the Man of Religion had askt the Judge of the Strangers  
What his people had suffer'd and when they from home driven forth were,  
Thereto answer'd the man :—"Not brief has our story of wo been ;  
For we have drunk, through year upon year, the bitters of sorrow,  
Bitterer too for us, who mourned the fairest of hopes crost.  
For what man now thinks to deny that higher his heart swell'd,  
That his breast breathed freer and beat with loftier pulses,  
When he saw the first bright gleam of the sun that was rising ;  
When we heard of the Rights of Man that are common to all men,  
Freedom's sacred flame, and fair Equality's preepts !

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Each man thought he should live for himself henceforth ; and the fetters  
Seem'd to be loosed for aye, that had bound full many a fair land,  
Where the chain was held in the grasp of Greed and of Idless.  
Lookt not nations then, in the days of rising emotion,  
Towards that city, so long the world's great capital deemèd,  
And now more than before that lofty title deserving ?  
And were not those men, who the heralds of coming events were,  
Names not less than the first that beneath the stars are inscribèd ?  
Rose not each man's soul and his speech at the call of the epoch ?

“ We, near neighbours, caught full soon the contagious fervour,  
Then the war began : and the armèd hosts of the Frenchmen  
Nearer prest ; yet still they seem'd but friendship to bring us.  
And they brought it in truth ; for their souls all were exalted ;  
And with exulting joy they the Tree of Liberty planted,  
Promising all should their own possess, should be their own rulers.

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High then joyèd the young in their hope, high joyèd the aged,  
And round the new-raised banner the gay danee livelily wheelèd.  
And thus soon they won, those Frenchmen ever ineroaching.  
First the minds of the men with their bold and vigorous projects,  
Then the hearts of the fair with the witching grace of their manner.  
Light to us seem'd then e'en war's importunate pressure,  
For in the distance far, hope's hues play'd gaily before us,—  
Tempted our eager looks through yet unvisited pathways.

“ O how sweet is the time, when join'd, the bride and the bride-  
groom

Whirl in the danee, expecting the blissful day of espousal !  
But yet fairer the time seem'd then, when the loftiest objects  
Which man shapes in his mind show'd near and ready for grasping.  
Loosened then was the tongue of all : then utter'd the aged  
Utter'd the man and the stripling alike high thoughts and aspirings.

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“ But the sky was soon overcast. A vile generation  
Strove for the mastery, barren of good and greedy of luere.  
Murderers one of another, and foul oppressors of new-made  
Brothers in neighbouring lands, they sent a ravenous host forth.  
Then on large scale revel'd and robbèd among us the Leaders.  
While, to the least things down, the small folk revel'd and robbèd,  
Each seem'd only to care how spoil might remain for the morrow.  
Then was the stress too heavy to bear, and daily the grief grew ;  
But they were deaf to the cry of the wrong'd ; they were lords of the moment.  
Then even calm minds burned with indignation and anger ;  
Each man swore to avenge, and sought but the method of vengeance ;  
Sought to requite the wrong of fair hopes doubly deceivèd.  
And now fortune turned, and shone on the side of the Germans,  
And with march reversed the Frenchmen hastily baek fled.  
Ah, then first we felt war's dire calamity grind us !  
For the victor is great and good ; at least in his seeming ;

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And he spares the vanquished man as though he his own were,  
While from him and his goods he daily reaps his advantage.  
But the flying man owns no law;—shuns death for the moment,  
And destroys and wastes with no regard of the future.  
Then too his soul is sour'd; and dark despair in his anguish  
Out of his heart's abyss each wild atrocity drags forth.  
Nought is sacred or pure in his eyes. His lust on the woman  
Rushes with violent hand, and desire is mingled with horror.  
Death is on every side; he enjoys what moments are left him,  
Grimly rejoices in blood, and exults in misery's howlings.

“Then did our men conceive the stern resolve in their bosoms,  
That to avenge which was lost, and that to defend which remainèd.  
All then ran to arms, by the fugitive hurry invited  
Seen in the foe, and his visage pale, and his timorous glances.  
Loud and ceaseless pealed the sound of alarm from the belfry,

Wrath its work began, nor paused with fear of the future.  
Soon was the peaceful gear of the plowman chang'd into arms of  
War, and death; the scythe and the fork all ruddy with blood show'd.  
Frequent fell the foe, without or pity or sparing;  
Every where rag'd ire, and the spite of cowardly weakness.  
Never again may it be my lot, thus basely degraded  
Man to behold! a fairer sight the beast in his rage is.  
Ne'er let him liberty claim, as to govern himself he were fitted,  
Fierce unbound comes forth, when once restraint is removèd,  
All that is worst, and law shrinks searèd into a corner."

"Excellent man!" thereto the Pastor with emphasis answer'd,  
"If you of man think ill, yet therefore cannot I blame you;  
For full sore you have felt what flows from his vice and his madness!  
Yet would ye but your eye cast back through the days of your sorrow  
Ye would yourself confess how oft ye have somewhat of good seen;

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Many a virtue which deep had lain conceal'd in the bosom,  
Had not danger its force call'd forth, and necessity urg'd man  
Till he appears as a god, the guardian angel of others."

Smiling then that ancient Judge with dignity answer'd:—  
"Shrewdly you bring to my thought that oft when the homestead is burnt  
down,  
Men the disconsolate owner remind of gold and of silver,  
Melted down in the fire and buried in masses of rubbish.  
Small is the treasure in truth, yet is it a precious treasure,  
And the impoverisht man digs for it, and joys to have found it.  
And so turn I gladly my cheerfuller musing to those few  
Deeds of worthier sort which now my memory offers.  
Yes;—I deny it not;—I have seen reconciliation of foemen  
Join'd to rescue the state from its ills; I have seen among friends too,  
Seen among parents and children, the love that essays what is hopeless;

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Seen how the stripling at once to the man grows; seen how the aged  
Grow to be young again, and the strong youth comes in the child forth.  
Yea, and the weaker sex, as men are accustomed to term it,  
Shows itself bold and mighty and filled with presence of spirit.  
And here let me, before all others, the fairest of deeds tell,  
Which with a noble courage was wrought by a virtuous Maiden,  
Who was left in our village alone with the rest of the damsels;  
For the whole of the men to face the foemen were gone forth.  
Then swept into the town a troop of reprobate rabble  
Bent on plunder, and broke their way to the place of the women.  
There they saw the form of the fair and womanly Maiden,  
And of the lovely damsels, rather as children to speak of.  
Then were they filled with fowl desires; and callous to pity  
Fierce on the trembling flock and the high-soul'd Maiden they darted.  
But from the side of one forthwith she snatchèd the sabre,  
Smote him with strong arm down; in his blood he down at her feet fell.

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Then with vigorous strokes she, daring, rescued the damsels,  
Smote yet four of the ruffians band; they fled for their lives forth;  
Then she barred the close, and, armèd, waited for succour."

When the Minister now had heard the praise of the Maiden,  
Mounted a hope for the love of his Friend in the depth of his bosom,  
And already he thought to inquire, what further had hapt her;  
If she were still on her way in the wretched throng of the exiles.

But just then came up with rapid motion the Surgeon,  
Toucht the Minister's elbow, and said to him words in a whisper:—  
" Well! I at last the Maiden have found, out of so many hundreds  
By the description known! With your own eyes come and behold her;  
And bring with you the Judge, that we may hear of her further."  
And they turnèd them round, but the Judge was called away then  
By his people, needful of counsel, who sought his assistance.

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But the Minister straight pursued the steps of the Surgeon  
Unto the breach in the hedge, and he there cunningly pointed.  
“ See you,” he said, “ the Maideh? The bantling has she enfolded;  
And I recognize well the ancient gown, and the bright blue  
Covers of sofa-seats, by Herman brought in his bundle;  
Speedily, troth, and well, she has dispos’d of the present.  
These be certain tokens, and thereto answer the rest all:  
For her belt of red sets off, round-swelling, her bosom  
Tightly drawn; well lac’d to her shape her black boddice close fits;  
And from within its rim, all spotless, rises in small plaits  
Under her fair round chin, the linen’s gauzier texture;  
Frank and bright looks forth the oval head from its border,  
And large tresses manifold twine the bodkin of silver;  
Her though sitting we see, her tall fair form we can measure,  
And the skirt of blue, too, plaited full at her girdle,  
Bravely down to her well-turn’d ancles spreads with its large folds.

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Doubtless she it is. Come therefore and let us inform us  
If she be good; a maiden fit for a virtuous household."

Then the Pastor, scanning the Maid with his look as she sat  
there:—

"Truly I wonder not that the Youth was smit with the Maiden;  
For full well she the scrutiny bears of the man who has much seen.  
Happy to whom kind Nature, our Mother, a beautiful form gives!  
That commends him to all, and no where is he a stranger.  
Willingly each comes nigh him, and willingly lingers beside him  
If with the graceful form are gracious manners conjoinèd.  
Trust me in this, the Youth in her has found him a maiden  
Who can spread a radiant joy o'er the rest of his life-time,  
And stand by him with womanly strength through every season.  
Yea, so perfect a form insures us, doubtless the soul, too,  
Pure, and the vigour of youth gives happiest promise of ripe age."

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And thereto with thoughtful manner answer'd the Surgeon  
"Yet does the seeming deceive full often! I trust not the outside;  
For how oft have I found the usual proverb confirmèd:—  
Till thou hast eaten a bushel of salt with a new-made acquaintance,  
May'st thou not trust to him fully; time only can surely instruct thee  
How thou standest with him, and how far firm is the friendship.—  
Therefore first let us take our account from sensible people  
Who the Maiden have known, and who can tell us about her."

"I your thoughtfulness praise;" assenting the Minister answer'd;  
"Not for ourselves we choose; 'tis a grave thing choosing for others."  
And thereon they forwards to meet the excellent Judge went,  
Who, engag'd in his cares, came up the street of the village.  
And to him the Pastor said with provident caution:  
"Tell us; for we have a Maiden observed, close by in the garden,  
Who sits under the tree, and clothing makes for the children

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Of a vestment of cotton, to her, we conjecture, presented.  
Much are we ta'en with her form; she looks so active and kindly.  
Tell us what of her you know; we ask with a laudable purpose."

And when now the Judge nigh came to the garden and lookèd,  
Said he: "That Maid already you know; for when I the tale told  
Of the noble deed perform'd by the vigorous Maiden,  
How she laid hand on the sword and freed herself and her damsels,  
This was she! Ye see by her look she is healthily formèd,  
Nor more active than good; long eare of her ancient relation  
Took she, till that he died, hence swept by harassing sorrow  
Felt for the ills of the state and peril that threaten'd his fortune.  
Then too with calm emotion she bore the pain that she deep felt  
At her bridegroom's death, a noble youth, who incited  
By the first glow of his ardent mind to combat for freedom,  
Went on his way toward Paris, and soon a violent death found,—

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For he there, as at home, still warr'd against guile and oppression."  
Thus the ancient Judge. The two then thank't him in parting;  
And the Priest drew a gold piece forth; (the store of his silver  
Was some hours before all spent by him in his pity  
When he the fugitives saw pass by on their sorrowful journey :)  
And to the Magistrate gave he the coin, saying: "Take and bestow ye  
This my mite on the needy, and God add worth to the bounty!"  
But the man refus'd it, and thus said: "We of ourselves have  
Many a crown which we saved, and much of goods and of clothing;  
And I trust we return to our home ere all is expended."

Then the Pastor replied, and prest the gold in his hand still:—  
"In these days let none delay to give, and let no one  
Shrink to receive such offering as by compassion is tender'd.  
None knows how long is his, what he now possesses in quiet;  
None, how long he may still be in foreign countries a wand'rer

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Far from the field and the garden to which he lookt for subsistence."

"Yea now," said thereon with busy demeanour the Surgeon,  
"Had I but coin in my purse to you had I willingly given it,  
Great and small, for doubtless many are with you that need it.  
Yet ungifted I leave you not, that ye of a goodwill  
See the token, although the deed with the will correspond not."  
Thus the Surgeon spoke, and drew the embroiderèd pouch out  
Forth by the strings, wherein he carefully kept his tobacco,  
Open'd it in due form, and therein was a seanty supply found.  
"Small is the gift," he said, as he shared it. Answ'ring the Judge said:  
"Yet is the fragrant weed to the traveller never unwelcome."  
And the Surgeon prais'd what he gave as genuine Knaster.

But the Pastor drew him away, and they quitted the Judge then.  
"Haste we!" said that thoughtful man; "for the young man is waiting

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Anxious. To him be our joyful tidings quickly reported.”  
And they hasted, and came and found the Youth as he leanèd,  
Under the lime-trees against the carriage. The horses were stamping  
All impatient the sod; but he stood thoughtfully musing,  
Holding the rein; and forward looking, saw not the friends till  
They, nigh moving, called his name and signal of joy made.  
And at a distance began already the Surgeon his story;  
But still nearer they stept; and then the Minister graspt him  
Fast by the hand and spoke, and took the discourse from his partner:

“Hail, young Man, to thee! Thy eye is true, and thy heart too  
Truly has chosen. May joy on thee and the wife of thy youth be!  
Worthy she is of thee. Come turn. then that way the carriage,  
That by its aid we may reach forthwith the side of the village,  
And to the good Maid sue, that she with us back to thy house  
come.”

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But the Youth stood there, and gave no token of pleasure  
When he the Envoy heard speak words of joy and of comfort.  
Deep he sighèd and said: "We came here rapidly driving,  
But ashamed perhaps and slow it is ours to return hence.  
For since here I stand, dark Cares have fallen upon me,  
Doubt and Suspicion, and all that racks the breast of a lover.  
Think ye, soon as we come the Maid will follow us straightway,  
For that we are rich, and she is poor and an exile?  
Poverty makes men proud, when undeservèd; and active  
Seems the Maid and calm, and so the world is before her.  
Think ye, such as she is, with such a form and demeanour,  
She to woman has grown, nor drawn the eyes of a suitor?  
Think ye that till this time her heart to love has been closèd?  
Drive not hastily on; perhaps in shame and confusion  
Must we the team lead slowly home. For surely I fear me  
Some one youth has already her heart's affection obtainèd,

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And to some fortunate man her hand and her troth she has plighted;  
Then stand I in shame with my proposal before her!"

And the Minister open'd his mouth, as prompt to console him,  
But in his talkative sort the Surgeon took up the converse :  
" Truly in ancient days had no such trouble assail'd us,  
For in its due course then each thing was fitly arrangèd.  
Soon as a bride for the son the father and mother had lookt out,  
First some friend of the house was confidentially call'd in ;  
Then this friend, as an Envoy, forth was sent to the parents  
Of the selected bride ; and he, arrayèd in full-dress,  
Visited after dinner, belike on a Sunday, the father ;  
First on general matters in friendly converse engaging,  
And well skilled to guide the discourse in devious channel ;  
Led to thus, was somewhat said in praise of the daughter,  
Somewhat, too, in praise of the man and the house that had sent him.

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Shrewd folks markt the end that was sought; and shrewdly the Envoy  
Markt the hearers' thoughts, and then could further declare him.  
Was the offer declined? No soreness brought the refusal.  
But an if the event was good, be sure that the Envoy  
First guest was in the house at household festivals ever.  
For the wedded pair rememberèd ever their life long  
That his skilful hand had first the fortunate knot bound.  
But now is all this, with other laudable customs,  
Out of fashion grown; and each young man for himself woos.  
So let each man now, from the maid that he woos, with his own hand  
Take in shame the willow she gives, and wear it in sorrow."

"Yea—be that as it may!" the Youth replièd, who hardly  
All the discourse had heard, but stilly himself had resolved:  
"I myself will go, myself my destiny seeking  
From the mouth of the Maid, in whom I confident trust feel.

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Firm as ever man repos'd in the soul of a woman.  
What she may say, that is good ; that is right and reason, I know it.  
Should I but for the last time see her, yet will I once more  
That dark eye behold, its look of openness meeting ;  
Though I may press them never, yet will I the breast and the shoulders  
Once more see, which my arm so gladly would fold in embraces ;  
Yet the mouth will I see, from which a kiss and a Yes would  
Make me happy for ever ; a No give endless affliction.  
But leave ye me here, Ye shall not tarry. Return ye  
Back to my Father and Mother again, that ye may assure them  
That their Son erred not, and that the Maiden is worthy.  
And now leave me alone ! By the footway over the mountain  
Past that old pear-tree, and down the slope of the vineyard  
Go I a nigher way back to the house. O might I the lov'd one  
Joyful and soon bring home ! But haply must I alone seek  
Sadly that homeward way, nor ever tread it with joy more !”

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Thus spoke he, and gave the reins to the hand of the Pastor,  
Who them skilfully grasping, the foaming steeds in command held.  
Mounted quickly the car, and took the seat of the driver.  
But joint-traveller Sage! thou still didst linger and saidest  
“Gladly, my friend, to you do I trust my soul and my conscience,  
But the body and bones are somewhat, I fear me, in peril,  
When the spiritual arm thus hold of the temporal rein takes.”  
But then smiledst thou, intelligent Pastor! and saidest:  
“Take your seat, and as with your soul, trust me with your body;  
For the rein to direct this hand was long ago skilful,  
And well practis’d this eye to take the critical turning.  
For our custom at Strasburg it was, in the carriage to go forth  
When I the youthful Baron thither accompanied.—Daily,  
Driven by me, did the car roll forth through the echoing gateway.  
On by the dusty road, and far to meadows and lime-groves,  
Through the crowds of the people that roves all day in the free air.”

Comforted half, did the Neighbour then mount into the carriage;  
And there sat as a man in an instant ready to spring forth.  
And the horses homeward ran, all keen for the stable,  
While the clouds of dust rolled up at their powerful paces.  
Long still stood the Youth, and watcht the dust flying upwards,  
Watcht it vanish away: then stood he vacant of thought there.

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## E R A T O.

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### **Dorothea.**

As when a wandering man, at sunset loitering, once more  
Gazes intent on the orb fast sinking just ere it vanish,  
Then in the thicket's gloom and upon the side of the dark rock  
Sees its similitude float: wherever his vision is turnèd  
Still it dances and glances before him in gorgeöus colours:  
So to Herman's eyes the lovely form of the Maiden  
Softly moved before, along the path of the corn-field.  
But from the startling dream he broke, and turnèd him slowly  
Towards the village to go; and started again; for again there  
Lo! to meet him came the tall fair form of the Damsel.

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Stedfast then he lookt: 'twas no illusory vision,  
'Twas herself: a pitcher, and by the handle a smaller,  
Bearing in either hand, thus careful sought she the fountain.  
And he joyful towards her turn'd; the sight of her gave him  
Courage and cheer; and thus, to her much-wondering, spake he.  
"Thus so soon, good Maiden, afresh intent do I find thee  
Help to others to give, and busièd still to refresh them?  
Say, why com'st thou alone to the well that thus so remote lies,  
While the rest with the streams that flow in the village content them?  
This, in truth, has virtues especial, and sweet to the taste is:  
And thou seekst it for thy siek friend, so faithfully rescued."

Friendly in turn the kindly Damsel greeted the young man,  
Saying: "Already my way to the well is amply rewarded,  
Since I the good friend find whose gifts so largely we sharèd:  
For the sight of the giver cheers, no less than his bounty.

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Come ye, and see yourself the folks your pity has holpen,  
And receive, calm utter'd, the thanks of those you relievèd.  
But, that ye now may know why hither my way I have taken,  
Water to draw, where pure and unremitting the stream flows,  
This is the cause: already have our improvident wand'rers  
Troubled the streams the village throughout; with horses and oxen  
Wading through the source that sends supplies to the dwellers.  
In like sort have they disturbed with washing and cleansing  
All the channels, and sullied the spouts that run by the houses:  
For each man cares but for himself; and, hasty and headlong,  
Sates the moment's need and takes no thought of the future."

Thus as she spoke, adown the broad-laid steps she descended,  
With her companion, she. And there both close to the fountain  
On the low wall sat down. She bent her over, as drawing,  
And the other pitcher he took and over he bent him:

And they saw their forms reflected float in the blue sky,  
And in the mirror below they nodded and greeted each other.  
“Give me to drink,” then said the ardent Yonth to the Maiden;”  
And she reacht him the jar. Then they, leant each on a vessel,  
Still and confiding sat: and thus of her friend she demanded:  
“How is it here thou art? and with nor carriage nor horses,  
Far from the place where first we met? How camèst thou hither?”

Thoughtful Herman gazed on the ground, then raised he his glances  
Quietly toward the Maid, and friendly into her eyes lookt,  
Felt him tranquil and cheer'd. Yet to speak to her as a lover  
Was not now in his power. No love was seen in her glances,  
But a clear calm sense which call'd for sensible converse.  
And he master'd his soul, and frankly said to the Maiden:  
“Now child listen to me, what I too, questioning utter.  
Thou art the cause that hither I came, and why should I hide it?”

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For in my home I am blest with two affectionate parents,  
Whom in duty I help to manage their house and their havings,  
I, as the only son; nor few nor small are our labours.  
Mine is the care of the land; my Father is busied indoors;  
And my Mother's eye gives life to the whole of the household.  
But thou too of a surety hast known how sorely the housewife  
Partly with servants' neglect and partly is vext with their untruth;  
And so is changing still, but to gain one fault for another.  
Hence long time my Mother has wisht in the house for a maiden  
Who not alone with hands, but with true heart too may assist her,  
In the stead of her child, too soon removed! her daughter.  
And as I drove to-day, when I saw thee cheerful and helpful,  
Saw there was strength in thy form, and blooming health in thy visage,  
And when I heard thee speak, so sensibly, much I was movèd;  
And to my home I sped: to my parents spoke of the Stranger,  
Praising her as she deserv'd. And now I come, and would tell thee

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What their wish is, and mine. Forgive my stammering story."

"Shrink ye not," said she, "to speak the rest of your message;  
Me ye will not offend: I grateful guess at your purpose.  
Right forth speak it at once; the name has nought that affrights me:  
Me ye would hire as a servant-maid to your Father and Mother,  
That to the house I may see which you it behoves to provide for:  
And you think that in me a damsel fit for the service,  
Able to labour and not too dull of wit, you discover.  
Brief is your offer and plain: brief also shall be the answer.  
Yea—with you I will go, and follow the call of my fortune.  
My first duty is done. The child-bed woman already  
Have I brought to her friends; they joy them all in her safety,  
Gather'd already the most; the rest will speedily find them.  
All of a surety deem some few days more shall restore them  
Back to their home: so still, self-flattering, hopes the poor exile.

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But too well know I, with empty hopes to deceive me,  
In these sorrowful days, that bode long courses of sorrow.  
All dissolv'd are the bands of the world, and who shall re-knit  
    them,

Save necessity, direst and worst, that soon will o'ertake us!  
If in a good man's house these hands can avail to support me  
Under the eyes of his virtuous wife, that willingly choose I.  
For a wandering maid bears still a repute that is doubtful.  
Yea, with you will I go, so soon as I back to my friends, these  
Vessels have taken, and begged of them, good people! a blessing.  
Come! Ye too must see them, and at their hands must receive me."

Joyful heard the Youth the free resolve of the Maiden,  
Doubtful whether now the truth to her to discover;  
But to him seem'd best yet a while to leave her in error,  
Into his house to lead her, and not till then of his love speak.

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And he spied too, alas! the golden ring on her finger.  
So he checkt her not, but eagerly listen'd her converse.

“And let us now,” she said, “go back to our friends! for the maidens  
Ever incur reproof who tarry long at the draw-well;  
Yet by the gushing source to tell our story is pleasant.”  
And so up they rose, and once more into the well lookt  
Both, ere away they turn'd, and longing rose in their bosoms.

Silent then the Maid the pitchers took by the handles,  
Upward trod the steps, and Herman follow'd the lov'd one.  
Fain he the burthen had shared, and one of the vessels had taken;  
“Leave it thus,” she said; “so balanced easier carried,  
Nor let him serve me, whom I must obey as a master.  
Look at me not so gravely, as though my lot were a sad one!  
Woman should learn betimes to serve, for that is her office;

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'Tis by obeying alone she comes to rule, and attains to  
Merited sway and gentle command which is hers in the household.  
Still in the outset of life the sister yields to the brother,  
Yields to her parents; and still her life is a Going and Coming,  
Fetching and Carrying still, and Making and Mending for others.  
Well for her, when so she is wont that no way is too rugged,  
That the hours of the night to her as the hours of the day are,  
That the work never seems too nice, too cunning the needle,  
That she forgets herself, and lives in those who are near her!  
For, in truth, as a mother she needs all virtue and patience,  
Oft in her weakness roused by the nursling asking refreshment,  
From her suffering form; her cares thus sharpen her sorrows.  
Ne'er could a score of the stronger sex endure such a burthen;  
Nor is it theirs to endure; yet should they gratefully view it."

Thus spake she; and came, with her mute companion, winding

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On by a garden path, to the ample door of the shed, where  
Lay the new-made Mother, rejoicing there with her daughters,  
Damsels by her preserved, in youth's fair purity blooming.  
Into the space stept both; and from the opposite quarter  
Came, with a child in either hand, the Judge of the people.  
Until now these two had been lost to the sorrowing mother,  
But that ancient man in the throng of the people had found them.  
Forth they joyful sprang, to cling to the mother they lovèd,  
And their brother, a playmate new, to handle and gaze on.  
Then Dorothea they saw, and springing, eagerly held her,  
Asking for bread and for fruit, but most of all for the water.  
So she gave them to drink all round. First drank it the children,  
Drank the sick woman then, with her daughters; then did the Judge  
drink.

All were slak'd and refresht, and prais'd the excellent water,  
Sweet and sharp to the taste, a wholesome draught to the thirsty.

Then spoke forth the Maid, and with look right serious, thus said :  
“ Friends, 'tis the last time now, that I your lips with my pitcher  
Moisten, and give to your thirst the grateful gush of the water.  
But when in future time, refresht from the dust and the hot day,  
Still in the shade you enjoy the cooling draught and the quiet,  
Think then kindly of me, and of my office of friendship,  
Giv'n you of love far more than because of kindred that binds us.  
Good that to me ye have done, through life shall I gratefully think on.  
And full sad is my heart that I leave you; but here as we wander,  
Each is to each more burthen than help; and we in the end must  
All amid strangers disperse, if speedy return is denied us.  
See, here stands the good Youth, who deserves our thanks for his bounty,  
Garments that warm the poor child, and welcome food that ye tasted.  
Hither he comes, and sues that I to his home should betake me,  
And that I there should serve his wealthy and virtuous parents.  
And I refuse not the proffer; for still is the maiden a servant;

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And an incumbrance were I, did I seek attendance of others.  
And so willingly go I with him ; right-minded the Youth seems,  
And right-minded the Parents will be, as should be the wealthy.  
Wherefore now farewell, you, much-lov'd friend ! and rejoice in  
That young infant that lies at your breast and healthfully eyes you.  
And, when your arms fold round the babe in his gay-colour'd swaddlings,  
O then, think of the Youth to whom, kind-hearted, we owe them,  
And who to me, your own, henceforth gives shelter and clothing.  
And you, excellent man," to the Judge then turning her, said she,  
"Take my thanks that a father to me you in many a strait were."

And so knelt she down by the side of the woman and child, and  
Kissèd her weeping friend, and received her whisperèd blessing.  
Then didst thou, much honourèd Judge, thus answer to Herman :  
"Truly, O friend, we must among wise householders account you  
Who will have none in their house but persons thrifty and helpful.

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For full oft have I seen that men their cattle and horses  
Carefully sean, and their sheep, when taken in barter and purchase ;  
And yet the persons to manage the whole, who, if they are trusty,  
Keep all right, but ruin and spoil it if they are unthrifts,  
Thoughtlessly into the house are brought, and chosen at random,  
And too late they rue resolves so hastily rusht on.  
But ye know what ye do ; for ye have chosen a Maiden  
Worthy and steady and true, to wait on you and your Parents,  
Use her and guard her well : With her to manage the household  
Ye and your friends, be sure, will ne'er miss sister and daughter."

Meantime many there came, the sick-woman's kindred, and brought her  
Needful matters, and spoke of a better abode they had found her.  
All were told of the tale, and gave their blessing to Herman  
With significant looks, and guesses quickly conceivèd.  
For one whisper'd another, and sideways spoke as she ey'd them ;

“What if the master should soon be the bridegroom! All’s well that ends well!”

Then took Herman the Maid by the hand, and spoke to her gently :

“Go we hence ; for the day is declining, and far is the city.”

Then with many a parting word did the women embrace her.

Herman drew her away, while greetings she left for the absent.

Forth then sprung the children with crying and sorrowful moaning

Would not quit her, but held her garments, lov’d as a mother.

Then this wife and that spoke out with chiding and coaxing :

“Children, peace! for into the city she goes, and will bring you

Many a fine sweet eate, which your brother bade to be made you

When the stork, as he brought him here, just stopt at the baker’s,

And you will see it soon, all bright with patches of gilding.”

So at the last they let her depart, and Herman withdrew her

Scaree from their straining arms, and kerchiefs waving afar off.  

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# MELPOMENE:

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## Herman and Dorothea.

So they together went on, towards where the sun in his setting  
Plungèd him deep in clouds with tempest-threatening aspect,  
Through the shattered veil, now here now there, with his glances  
Over the field a sad prophetic radiance beaming.  
“Grant heaven,” Herman said, “this sky so menacing bring not  
Hail and passionate burst of rain, for heavy the crop is.”  
And they joy’d them both in the corn-field loftily waving  
Which nigh equal’d in height the two tall forms as they trod through.  
Then of her guide and companion thus enquirèd the Damsel:  
“Friend, through whose kind aid a gentle destiny mine is,  
Roof and home, when the storm finds many a wanderer houseless,  
Tell yet further to me; with your parents make me acquainted,

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Whom truehearted to serve, henceforth my innermost wish is,  
For when the master's nature is known we easier please him;  
Then we think of the things which he as weightiest reckons,  
And on which his thought and his will are steadily fixèd.  
Tell to me then how best I win thy Father and Mother."

Then to her the kind intelligent Youth said in answer:  
"O right well dost thou, my kind and excellent Maiden,  
That thou beforehand thus would'st know the mood of my parents!  
For, this left unmarkt, in vain thus far with my service  
Seek I my Father to please; though still I care for the household  
As it were mine, and am early and late in field and in vineyard.  
Easily could I my Mother content, she valued my service;  
And to her thou still wilt seem the choicest of damsels  
If thou ear'st for the house which is hers as thou wouldst for thy own care.  
But not so with my Father; he loves the show with the substance.

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Good kind Maiden, think of me not as cold and unfeeling  
Parents' weakness thus to thee, a stranger, disclosing.  
Truly to thee I swear, for the first time now has escapèd  
From my tongue such word, not lightly given to babble.  
But thou draw'st all secrets forth of the depths of my bosom.  
Somewhat of fair outside my Father loves in his household,  
Wishes for outward signs that love and reverence token,  
And he would be perhaps content with a servant that worse were,  
Who this knew and us'd, and would peevish be to be better."

Then said she with joy, meanwhile with livelier motion  
And with doubling steps on the dusky path she advancèd;  
"Truly my hope is still that I to both may content bring;  
For thy Mother's turn is mine own natural temper.  
Nor has my youth a stranger been to graces of manner.  
Our near neighbours the French, such as we knew them in past time,

Set great store by courtesy still; both gentle and simple.  
Yea and the peasant possess it, and each one taught his children.  
And so, e'en on the German side of the border, the wont was  
That the child came in the morn with a kiss of the hand and a curtesy,  
Gave good day to her parents, and still must mannerly bear her.  
All that once I learnt, and that then in my youth was a custom  
Courtesy, felt in my heart, shall all be shown to thy Father.  
But yet one thing tell: in speech what name shall I call thee,  
*Thee*, the son of the house, and to be hereafter my master?"  
Thus she spoke, and just then came they under the pear-tree;  
Bright from on high the full moon pour'd her radiance downward;  
Night was come, and closed was every gleam of the sunlight.  
And so before them lay, spread out in neighbouring masses,  
Lights as bright as the day, and dark abysses of shadow,  
And right gladly did Herman hear the confiding enquiry  
There in the pear-tree's shade, the spot so dear to his fancy,

Which already to-day had seen his tears for the exile.  
And as the two there sat them down to rest for a moment,  
Said the enamoured Youth as he took the hand of the Maiden :  
“Let thy heart reply, and freely follow its bidding.”  
Yet no further word did he dare, all fair as the hour was,  
Favouring all; he fear'd too soon a Nay he might draw down,  
Ah, and he felt on her finger the ring, the token of sorrow !  
And so sat they still and silent each by the other.  
But the Maid broke silence and said : “How fair to me still seems,  
Fair and sweet the shine of the moon! 'Tis bright as the day-light.  
There quite plain in the town do I see a house and a farm-yard,  
And in the gable a window; I count the squares of the casement.”  
“What thou seest,” thereto the entrancèd Youth said in answer,  
“That is our abode to which I downward must lead thee,  
And that window belongs to my chamber that under the roof lies;  
Now 'twill perhaps be thine; some changes have we in prospect.

Ours are all these fields ; they wait the sickle to-morrow.  
Here in the shade we rest, and eat the meal of the noon-day.  
But let us onwards now ; and down the vineyard and garden  
Follow our way : for over us spreads the lowering tempest  
Heavy with rain and covering up the beauteous full-moon.”  
And so stood they up, and downhill trod on the field-path,  
Through the noble corn, and joy'd in the fresh of the night-air ;  
And to the vineyard came, where through the darkness the path lay.

And so down the long stair of planks he guided the Damsel,  
Which, unhewn, made steps in the alley with leaves overarchèd.  
Slowly down she stept, and kept her hands on his shoulders ;  
And, with a flickering light, through leaves the moon shot her glances,  
Ere yet, wrapt in the cloud, she left the pair in the darkness.  
And his strength supported the Maid, and over him hung she ;  
But, all strange to the path, where now more rugged the steps lay

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Footing she mist; her foot thus wreicht, well-nigh she had fallen.  
Quick and attentive the Youth his arm right skilfully stretcht forth,  
And upheld the dear Maid; she lighty sank on his shoulder.  
Breast toucht breast, check, cheek. All still and motionless stood he,  
E'en as a statue of stone, fast bound in the depth of his feeling,  
Nor did he eloser press her, but, stiffen'd, bore up the burthen.  
And so felt he the much-lov'd form, the warmth of her bosom,  
And the balm of her breath which floated close to his own lips,  
Held in his manly arms the well-shaped form of the Maiden.

She dissembled the pain, and, jesting playfully, thus spake:  
“That denotes ill-luck, so tell us folk that are knowing,  
When, as you enter a house, not far from the threshold you stumble.  
And in truth I had wisht for a better token of fortune!  
Here let us tarry a while, that you meet not blame of your parents,  
And, home bringing a halting maid, be deemed an unthrift.”

# U R A N I A.



## **The Denouement.**

MUSES, ye who so gladly regard the course of a true love,  
And have brought thus far the excellent Youth on his progress,  
And have prest, e'en ere the betrothal, the Maid to his bosom:  
Lend ye your aid, the knot to complete that binds them together!  
Part ye the doubtful cloud that still hangs over their fortune!  
But first say, for ye can, what now goes on in the household?

Now for the third time enter'd the Mother impatient, the chamber  
Where were seated the men, which, full of cares, she had quitted;  
—Spoke of the suddenly overcast moon, and the gathering tempest,

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And of her Son who so long staid forth, and of perils of night-time ;  
Sharply gave blame to the friends, that, no word said to the Maiden,  
No suit urged for the Youth, so soon from him they had parted.

“ Make not worse what is bad !” thus spake the Host out of humour ;  
“ For as thou seest, we too must wait, and tarry the ending.”

Tranquilly then as he sat, began with his story the Neighbour :  
“ Still do I gratefully think, in such disquieting seasons,  
Of my father who, when I a boy was, pluckt out the root of  
All impatience in me, that not a fibre remainèd,  
And much better I learnt to wait than many a wise man.”  
“ Tell us,” the Minister said, “ what the old man’s clever device was.”  
“ That will I gladly narrate, for each to himself may apply it,”  
Said the Surgeon thereto. “ As a boy, ehanced once on a Sunday  
That I impatiently stood, for the carriage eagerly waiting

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Which was to take us a drive to the Fountain under the lime-trees.  
It came not, and I ran like a weasel hither and thither,  
Upstairs and downstairs oft; and from the door to the window.  
Seem'd to me all my fingers itcht; I scratcht on the table,  
Drumm'd on the floor with my feet, and had almost fallen a weeping.  
All this saw my father in quiet; but when, at the last, I  
All too silly became, by the arm he tranquilly took me,  
Led me up to the window, and spoke what well I remember:  
'Seest thou the carpenter's shop there opposite, clos'd for the Sunday?  
Soon on the morrow it opens, and plane and saw are in motion,  
And from morning to night they there are constantly working.  
But bethink thee of this: in the end there will be a morning  
When the Master will work, and all his journeymen with him,  
Making a coffin for thee, to finish it quickly and fitly.  
And here over the way the wooden house they will carry,  
Which at the last the patient alike and impatient must lie in,

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And which a heavy roof full soon is appointed to cover.'  
And forthwith in my spirit I saw all this as before me,  
Saw the boards join'd together, the sad black colour prepared,  
And sat patiently down, and waited then for the carriage.  
Now when others I see with eager solicitude flutter'd  
This way running and that, I bethink me still of the coffin."

Smiling the Minister said: "the touching image of Death stands  
Not as a Fear to the wise, and not as an End to the pious.  
*Him* it sends to the bus'ness of life, and teaches him action;  
*This one* finds in it solace, and hope of a glorious future.  
Each in death sees life. 'Twas not well done of the father  
Thus to the sensitive boy death *as* death only to set forth.  
Let men show to the youth the worth which in ripenèd manhood  
Lies, and to age, the vigour of youth; that each may rejoice in  
That continual round, and life may ever to life lead."

But then open'd the door, and the goodly couple appearèd,  
And the friends were struck, the affectionate parents were startled  
At the form of the Bride, fit match for the form of the Bridegroom;  
Yea, too small the door-way seem'd, the towering stature  
Of the pair to admit, who trod the threshold together.  
And with wingèd words did Herman place her before them:  
"Here is a Maiden," he said, "c'en such as ye wish in the household;  
Dearest Father, receive her well, she deserves it; and Mother,  
In whate'er to housekeeping belongs inquire of her knowledge,  
That you may learn how well she deserves, to you to be nearer."  
Hastily then the excellent Pastor drew he aside, and  
Said: "Kind sir, do ye from this perplexity free me.  
Quickly untying the knot, for I tremble to what it may drag me.  
For I the Maid have in no wise woo'd she should here as my bride come;  
But she believes as a servant she comes to the house; and I fear me  
She will take fright and fly hence, as soon as the talk is of wedlock.

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But yet soon be decided the lot! No longer in error  
Must she remain; I, too, cannot bear the uncertainty longer.  
Haste, and in this that wisdom show which we venerate ever!"  
And the Minister straight then back to the company turn'd him.  
But already, alas! the gentle soul of the Maiden  
Was by the speech of the Father disturb'd; he had freely address her  
In his gamesome mood, nor meant he ought of unseemly:  
"Yes, my Child, it is well! With joy I perceive it, my Son has  
Taste, like his Father before him, who in his time, it was well known,  
Ever the fairest led to the dance, and at last on the fairest  
Fixt, and brought her as bride to his house; for such was my Wife  
here.

When a man chooses a bride it is well seen what is his spirit,  
If he have judgement, and whether he feels that he has a value.  
But you needed, I ween, small time to make your decision;  
And, by my troth, to follow our Herman is not a hard thing."

Herman heard but faintly the words; for all in a tremble  
Was he within; and at once the whole of the circle was silent. ✓

But the excellent Maid, by such strange lightness of converse,  
As to her it appear'd, offended and deep in her soul hurt,  
Stood, with a flying blush from her cheeks e'en down to her bosom  
All suffus'd; yet still she refrain'd, and herself she collected,  
Then to the Host she spake, her pain not fully dissembling:  
" Truth! your Son had prepar'd me not for such a reception,  
Who his Father's ways, as a worthy citizen's, painted;  
And I know that I stand before a person of culture,  
Who to the state of those he accosts still moulds his behaviour.  
Yet it would seem that ye scarce feel pity enough for a poor maid  
Who on your threshold has but just trod, and is ready to serve you;  
Else ye never had sought, with bitter mocking, to show me  
How remote my lot from yours and that of your Son's is.

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True it is that I came to you poor, my all in my bundle,  
Into your house, well stored with all that can serve to your comfort;  
But myself I know, and how we stand to each other.  
Is it then noble and right to cast such mockery on me  
As at my entrance well-nigh seares me back from your threshold?"

Anxious Herman moved, and unto the Minister sign made  
Into the middle to break, and quick to demolish the error.  
Soon forth stept the prudent man, and lookt at the Maiden's  
Deep offense, and her pain supprest and the tears in her eyelids.  
Then did his spirit urge, not straight to dispel the confusion,  
But still further to probe the high-wrought soul of the Damsel;  
And forthwith to her then, with words deep-searching, he thus said:

“Surely, O foreigner Maid! not well in thy thought thou hast weighèd,—  
When, too hastily all thou resolv'dst to serve with the stranger,—

What it is to enter the house of a lord and a master.  
For the fate of the whole of the year is stamp'd by the hiring,  
And when 'Agreed' is said, most sure you have much to put up  
with!

That which is hardest to bear is not the wearying task-day,  
Nor the sweat, though bitter, of labour pressing on labour.  
For full oft he toils who is free, no less than his servant;  
But with the 'master's humour to bear, when he elides thee unjustly,  
Or would have now this and now that, with himself disagreeing;  
Then the passionate fits of the women, so easily anger'd,  
That, and the rudeness and pertness of spoilt and troublesome children,—  
This it is hard to endure, while still all duties performing  
Quick and alert, nor once to show thee sullen or stupid.  
Yet for this thou seem'st but unapt, since the jests of the Host here  
Wound thee so deeply; and yet it is, sure, nought strange or unfrequent  
Jesting a maiden to tease, that she for a youth has a liking."

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Thus spoke he. And deeply the Damsel felt what he utter'd,  
And she refrained no more. Forth burst the tide of her feeling  
Strong, and her full heart heav'd, and a sob burst forth from her bosom,  
And with a flood of scalding tears thus suddenly said she :  
“ Ah ! the prudent man, when he counsels us in our anguish,  
Little he knows how ill his cold word boots to relieve us  
From the load of our grief that Providence places upon us !  
Ye are happy and gay, and how should a jest give to *you* pain !  
But who is sick at heart, though slight, feels sorely the touching.  
No ! to me 'twere of no avail e'en could I dissemble ;  
Forth at once come that which, later, bitterer pain were,  
And might plant in my heart a silent cankering sorrow.  
Let me hence depart ! no longer here may I tarry ;  
Quick will I now return and seek my desolate people  
Whom I left in their wo, my own sole profit pursuing.  
Such is my firm resolve ; unshrinking therefore I tell you

What had else long years in my heart's recesses been buried.  
Yea, the Father's jests have deeply wounded me : not that  
Proud I and sensitive am, beyond what is meet for a servant :  
But that my heart, in truth, was inly aware of a leaning  
Towards the Youth who to-day as a kind preserver had sought us.  
For when first on the road we parted, still he remainèd  
Firm in my memory fixt ; I thought of the bliss of the maiden  
Whom already perhaps in his heart, his betrothèd, he cherisht.  
And when again at the fountain I found him, I drew in a joy from  
His dear sight, as if an angel from heav'n were before me.  
And so readily with him I went, though sought as a servant.  
Yet the fond thought still flatter'd my heart, (I will not deny it,)  
As on the way we came hither, I might at the last, by deserving  
Win him, if once I became the needful prop of the household.  
But, now alas ! at length my eyes are unclos'd to the danger  
Which I had run, while in silence I lived so near to the lov'd One.

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Ah, and at last I feel how far the destitute Maiden  
Is from the opulent Youth, e'en were she the best and discreetest.  
All this now have I said, that of me judging ye err not,  
Now that my heart, chance-bruised, has taught me to know my own  
weakness.

For, living on with my secret wish, this too I must look for,  
That he at last his selected bride had brought to his homestead;  
And how then had I borne the inward pangs of my bosom!  
Happily now I am warn'd; and happily, loos'd from my breast, the  
Veil of mystery falls, while yet the ill may be healèd.  
And so all is said. And now nought longer shall keep me  
In this house, where I stand thus cover'd with pain and confusion,  
Freely owning my love, and my hopes so fond and so foolish.  
Not the night, and the sky all deep with lowering clouds spread,  
Not the roll of the thunder (I hear it) shall hinder my going,  
Not the burst of the rain from the sky impetuous pouring,

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Not the howl of the storm. All this, already I've borne it,  
Join'd with the terrors of flight, and the foeman pressing upon us.  
And now again I go forth—such long has my customèd course been—  
Swept by the stream of the time and parting from all I have clung to.  
Fare ye well! I tarry no longer; the struggle is over.”

Thus as she spoke she moved her quickly back to the threshold  
Under her arm, as she came, her little packet retaining.  
But then both her arms the Mother threw round the Maiden,  
Grasping her round her waist, and cried, amaz'd and astonisht:  
“What is the meaning of this? And whence come tears so uncall'd for?  
Nay! but I let thee not go; thou art the betroth'd of my Herman.”  
But thereat the Sire much ruffled stood and displeasèd,  
Lookt at them both as they wept, and drily said as he turned:  
“Even so! this is the beautiful sight at the end of the story!  
That the day, for its close, has that which most I recoil from!

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For nought worse can I bear than weeping and wailing of women,  
Passionate sobs and cries, that make a scene of a matter  
Which with an atom of sense might be far easier righted.  
Tiresome it is to me, this incomprehensible bus'ness  
Further to hear. It may take its course, but I shall to bed go."  
And he turn'd him away, in act to go to his chamber,  
Where was the bed of the married pair and where he his rest took.  
But the Son held him back, and said with hurried accents,  
"Father, be not too hasty, nor anger'd be with the Maiden!  
I alone am to blame for all this train of confusion  
Which our Friend has increast, dissembling thus in his seeming.  
Worthy sir, speak forth! for to you I trusted the matter.  
Add not trouble and pain, but rather clear up the whole tale!  
For it were not in my power so highly hereafter to prize you  
If you, admir'd as a wise good man, were a maker of mischief."

Smiling thereat, thus said the worthy Pastor in answer :  
“ What course other than this had giv’n us the pleasing confession  
This good child has made, and shown the truth of her feeling ?  
Is not thy care all eured, thy sorrow to rapture and joy turn’d ?  
Speak then out for thyself ! What need of a stranger between you ? ”  
Then stept Herman forth, and said in friendliest accents :  
“ Never may’st thou these dear tears rue, these griefs of a moment !  
For they the pledge of delight to me, and I trust too to thee, are.  
Not as a servant the aid to gain of the excellent Stranger  
Took I my way to the well ; I came to sue for thy heart’s love.  
But, alas for my timorous glance ! no trace it discover’d  
Of thy leaning of heart ; it saw but the visage of friendship  
When from the glass of the tranquil well thou gav’st it a greeting.  
But to my house to bring thee, already the half of my wish was ;  
Now thou hast giv’n me the whole ! O, therefore blest be thou ever ! ”

And the Maiden lookt on the Youth with deepen'd emotion,  
Nor did she shun the embrace and the kiss, which the summit of joy  
are,  
When, long inly desir'd, to the pair they come as assurance  
Of a future of bliss which, now as it seems, shall be endless.

Meanwhile unto the rest the Minister all had explainèd.  
But the Maid came, and before the Sire with a genuine grace stood,  
And, low bending, kist with affection the hand he retracted,  
And said: "Ta'en as I was by surprize, you kindly will pardon  
First the tears of my pain, and now the tears of my gladness.  
O forgive me that former feeling! Forgive me the present!  
And let me feel me secure in the new found joy which is shown me.  
Yes, let the first offence, which I, bewildèrèd, gave you  
Likewise be the last! The service, trusty and loving  
Which the maid had vowed, she trusts as a daughter to render."

Then the Father embrac'd her and hid the tears he was shedding ;  
Lovingly leant the Mother to them, and heartily kist her ;  
So, hand shaking in hand, wept on the women in silence.

Quickly then took the hand the good intelligent Pastor  
Of the Host, and drew the wedding-ring from his finger ;  
(Not with ease ; the plump well-rounded member retain'd it ;)  
Took the ring of the Mother therewith and betrothèd the children,  
Saying : " Once more have this golden hoop for its office  
Firmly a bond to knit, which blessèd be as the former.  
This Young Man is deeply possest with love of the Maiden,  
And the Maiden owns that he is the Youth of her wishes.  
Therefore thus I betroth you, and bless your union henceforth,  
With your Parents' leave, and with your Friend as a witness."

And with wishing of joy the Surgeon made his obeisance.

But when the Minister now prepar'd on the hand of the Maid the  
Circlet of gold to place, he saw with wonder the other,  
Which before at the well with trouble Herman had notie'd.  
And he said thereon, in kind tones playfully chiding,  
"How! thou betrothest thee now to a second? See that there come not  
Thy first bridegroom back to forbid the banns at the altar!"

And she said thereon: "O yet to that mark of remembrance,  
Let me a moment devote! for well he deserves my remembrance.  
- That true friend who gave it in parting and never returnèd.  
All did he well foresee, when, urg'd by the ardour of freedom,  
Urg'd by desire to act in a world transform'd and renewèd,  
Eager to Paris he went, and there soon fetters and death found.  
—'Fare thee well and live happy!' he said: 'I go and I leave thee.  
All is in motion on earth; all things at once are dissever'd.  
Nations see their foundation laws reversed in a moment,

Rich possessions quit the grasp of the ancient possessor,  
Friend is sever'd from friend ; so love from love is divided.  
Here I leave thee now ; but where I find thee hereafter  
Who can tell ? Perhaps we talk thus now for the last time.  
Well of a truth it was said that man on earth is a stranger,  
And he, in our wild times, a stranger more than of yore is.  
Ours is the solid ground no more ; our treasures away fly ;  
Gold and silver melt from the ancient hallowèd figures ;  
All is in change, as if the world, with its varièd forms, would  
Back into Chaos and Night dissolve, new-formèd to come forth.  
Keep thou thy heart for me ; and if we meet as we walk on  
Wrecks of a broken world, we meet as regenerate creatures,  
Lifted and transform'd, nor more by destiny fetter'd ;  
For what chains bind him who times like ours has survivèd ?  
But if it may not be that ever again from these dangers  
We, triumphant emerging, embrace each other in gladness,

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O do thou keep still in thy thought my image before thee,  
That thou with equal soul may'st bear or weal or misfortune.  
Does a new home invite, new bands of union draw thee?  
Then with gratitude take the good that destiny offers.  
Give to the loving thy love, and thank the kind for their kindness.  
But e'en so, set lightly thy foot, as easily lifted.  
For some fresher loss may lurk, to double thy sorrow.  
Sacred deem thy day; yet prize not higher thy life, than  
Other gifts that thou hold'st, and gifts may still be deceitful.—  
Thus high-minded he spoke; and back he never returnèd.  
Mean time I lost all; and thought full oft of the warning.  
And e'en now do the words come back, when joy for me once more  
Love prepares, and Hope spreads forth her loveliest prospects.  
O forgive me, my excellent friend, that e'en while I hold thee  
Thus by the arm, I quake; to the long time sea-tossèd sailor  
Seems, when landed, the solidest ground to sway with a motion."

Thus spoke she, and placed the rings on her finger together.  
And the Bridegroom spoke with a manly accent of feeling :  
“ All the faster bound, amid this loosing of all things,  
Be, Dorothea, the tie! We firm will hold to each other ;  
Firm and long ; nor quit our hold of the good that is giv'n us.  
For the man who in wavering times has a wavering mind too,  
He adds weight to the ill and spreads it wider and wider ;  
But who firmly stands, he moulds the world to his posture.  
Not the German's work should it be, the violent movement  
Onward to urge, or to reel in his courses this way and that way.  
‘ Here we take our stand !’ Such be our word and our action.  
For men honour still those Peoples, firm and resolvèd,  
Who for their God and their laws, their homes, their wives and their children,  
Fought and repell'd the foe, or banded fell and unvanquisht.  
Thou art mine ; and Mine now is mine more truly than ever ;  
Not in fear to be held, in stealth to be poorly enjoyèd,

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But with courage and heart. And if the foemen assail us  
Now or in future days, I don my harness and go forth.  
Whilst thou guardest my house and tendest the days of my parents  
Fearless and tranquil I can turn my breast to the foeman.  
Yea and were all like-minded with me, Force quickly would come forth  
Menacing Force to repel, and Peace would return with her blessings."

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## A POETICAL EPISTLE.

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[This and the following Epistle were first published in 1795, in *The Horen*, a Journal conducted by Schiller, who may therefore be regarded as the friend addressed in them: what is said of him is well suited to his ardent and noble character.]  
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Now that the whole world reads, and that many a reader will only  
Turn impatiently over the leaves, and then snatching his pen up  
Dextrously graft on the tiniest book a new portlier volume,  
I too, thou wilt have it, my Friend, must add to the number,  
Writing to thee about writing, and telling thee all my opinions,  
So that others again may broach their opinions about them,  
And wave following wave may roll everlastingly onward.  
Thus however the fisherman puts out to sea, when the morning

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Summons him, if but the wind bids fair; he plies at his task still,  
Though his comrades by hundreds are skimming the glittering waters.

Generous Friend, thou hast so much at heart,—the good of mankind  
first,  
That of thy countrymen then, above all of thy townsmen and neighbours:  
Thou art alarmed at the mischief of mischievous books. We have seen  
such  
Often, alas! What then ought one to do? what might be accomplisht,  
Would honest men join firmly together, were princes in earnest?  
It is a grave, a momentous enquiry, but happens to find me  
In an agreeable humour. The corn-clad country is smiling  
Under the warm bright sky, and the gentlest breezes are blowing,  
Cooling their wings in the waves, and gathering scents from the blossoms;  
And to the cheerful the world has a face of gladness; afar off  
Care seeds floating away in thin clouds that are ready to vanish.

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All that my light slim pen marks down you may easily blot out ;  
Nor are the traces of types much more enduring or deeper,  
Though they are said to defy eternity. True, the black column  
Speaks to a thousand at once ; but anon, as every one, after  
Seeing his face in the glass, forgets it, in spite of its sweetness,  
So words too are forgotten, although they be graven by iron.

Speeches are tost to and fro with such marvellous ease, when a number  
Talk away, each only hearing himself in the words that he pours out,  
Yea, only hearing himself in the words that proceed from his neighbour.  
Just in the same way fares it with books ; all, every reader  
Reads himself out of the book that he reads ; nay, has he a strong mind,  
Reads himself into the book, and amalgams his thoughts with the author's.  
Thus it is all lost labour, whene'er you endeavour by writings  
Man's preconceived inclinations and made-up opinions to alter.  
But you may do thus much ; you may strengthen him in his opinions ;

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Or, if he be but a youth, this and that you perchance may inculcate.

Shall I tell you my mind? it is life, life only, that fashions  
Men, and that teaches and trains them; words mean little, do little.  
True, we readily listen to all that confirms our own notions:  
But what we hear never forms those notions. If we dislike aught,  
We may perhaps go along with its advocate, should he be clever;  
But when escaped from his clutches we hasten adown the old sheep-track.  
Would you be heard with delight, and be hearkened to willingly, you must  
Flatter. Whether you speak to the mob, or to nobles, or princes,  
You must amuse them with stories that place as though living before them  
Just what they like, just what they themselves would wish to befall them.

Think you that all would have listened to Homer, that all would have  
read him,  
Had he not smoothed a way to the heart, persuading his reader

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That he is just what he would be? and do we not high in the palace,  
Or in the chieftain's tent, see the soldier exult in the Iliad?  
While in the street or the market, where citizens gather together,  
All far gladlier hear of the craft of the vagrant Ulysses.  
There every warrior beholdeth himself in his helmet and armour;  
Here in Ulysses the beggar sees even his rags are ennobled.

Thus I was walking one day on the well-paved quay of the city,  
Dearly beloved by old Neptune, in which winged lions are worshipt,  
Almost as though they were gods, when a tale was a telling. A circle,  
Close, thick, breathless, surrounded the voluble tatterdemalion.  
"Once," so he sang, "I was driven by storms on the shores of an island,  
Called by the name of Utopia. I wot not whether another  
Out of this company ever set foot there; it lies in the ocean,  
West of the Pillars of Hereules. There I was welcomed most kindly,  
Led to an inn hard by, had the best both of eating and drinking;

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All were on tiptoe to serve me ; my bed was the softest and warmest.  
Thus did a month glide swift as a song. I had wholly forgotten  
Care's grim looks and the furrows of want ; when in secret this question  
'Gan to disquiet me sorely : What face will the reckoning put on,  
When thy meals are all done ? There was not a doit in my pocket.  
Do not bring me so much, I cried to the host ; but he brought me  
Still more dishes and more. This increast my distress ; and I could not  
Eat any longer through my uncasiness : so I entreated,  
Pray, master host, let my bill be a fair one. At this he grew angry,  
Eyed me askance with a dark frown, caught up a cudgel and swung it  
Over my head, and the blows came pattering down on my shoulders,  
Down on my back without mercy, and beat me almost to a mummy.  
Fast as I could I ran and enquired for the Justice : he straightway  
Sent for the host, who was now grown calm, and grave was his answer :

“ So must it happen to all who outrage the laws of our island,

O

Wronging a host, whose rights are sacred, and wickedly asking  
After a bill from the man who has courteously treated and fed them.  
Was I then tamely to brook such an insult? In my own house too!  
No! I should have but a sponge instead of a heart in my bosom,  
Had not my blood boiled over at such an offense to my honour."

Then said the Justice to me: "Friend, think no more of your  
beating:

For, if you had your deserts, your punishment would be much harsher.  
But if you choose to abide in this island and settle amongst us,  
You must prove yourself worthy and fit to be one of our body."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "kind Sir, I have very unluckily never  
Felt any liking to labour; and nature gave me no talents  
Wherewith to earn my bread at my ease: my brethren all called me  
Jack Do-nothing, and turned me away from the house of my father."

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“O then, welcome amongst us,” the Justice replied: “thou shalt always  
Sit at the top of the table whenever the Commons assemble,  
And in the Senate shalt take the place thou nobly deservest.  
Only be well on thy guard that no backsliding entice thee  
E'er to disgrace us by working, that no spade ever be met with,  
No oar ever be found in thy house; for if so, in a moment  
Thou wilt be utterly ruined, and no one will honour or feed thee.  
But to sit hour after hour in the market-place, folding thine arms thus  
Over thy well-filled paunch, and hearing the merriest minstrels  
Singing their ballads, seeing the gay girls dancing, the glad boys  
Gamboling: these are the duties that thou must promise and swear to.”

Such was the story he told; and there was not a hearer whose forehead  
Grew not open and cheerful; and all on that day began wishing,  
They might find such a host, nay, e'en might earn such a beating.

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## A SECOND POETICAL EPISTLE.

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EXCELLENT friend! thou knittest thy brows; thou exclaimest, that jesting  
Here has been quite out of place: thy question was grave and momentous;  
And it required to be answered as gravely. I know not, by heaven,  
How it has happened that some pert demon of laughter possess me;  
But I will now continue more seriously. Men, thou declarest,  
Men may look after themselves, watch over their lives and their lessons;  
Choose they to go wrong, let them; but think of thy daughters at home,  
think  
How these pandering poets are teaching them all that is evil.

This is a mischief, I answer, 'tis easy to remedy; more so

Than many think perhaps. Girls are so good, so glad to have some-  
thing

They may be busy about. Give the eldest the keys of the cellar,  
That she may see thy wines placed right, whenever the merchant,  
Or when the vintager sends in the barrels of generous liquor.  
Here will be much for a damsel to look to; such numbers of vessels,  
Bottles, and emptied casks, to be kept all clean and in order.  
Oft too will she observe how the must keeps frothing and stirring,  
And she will pour in more when it falls short; so that the bubbles  
Easily float to the mouth of the vat, and the noblest of juices  
Ripens in delicate clearness, to gladden the years that are coming.  
Daily moreover she draws it unweariedly, filling the bottles  
Ever afresh, that its spirit may always enliven the table.

Next, let another be queen of the kitchen: there in good earnest  
She will have work enough;—dinners and suppers all summer and winter;

And they must always be savoury, yet without draining the pocket.  
When spring opens its doors, she has motherly cares for the poultry,  
Feeding the ducklings betimes in the yard, and the yellow-beakt chickens.  
All that the season produces she brings in its turn to the table,  
Happy if only before-hand. Daily she changes the dishes,  
Tasking her wits to devise a variety. Soon as the summer  
Ripens the fruit, she stores for the winter. Down in the cool vault  
Cabbages lie fermenting, and vinegar mellows the gurkins,  
While in the breeze-loving loft she treasures the gifts of Pomona.  
Joyfully lists she to praise from her father, her brothers and sisters;  
But, if in aught she miscarry, alack! 'tis a greater misfortune,  
Than if thy debtor absconded and left thee his note for thy money.  
Thus will the maiden be constantly busy, and quietly grow up  
Full of all household virtues; and happy the man who shall wed her.  
Then, if she wishes to read, she will take up a treatise on cooking,  
Such as our teeming presses have issued already by hundreds.

---

Has she a sister? her care be the garden. Thou dost not condemn it.  
Surely, to girdle thy house with a belt of romantical dampness :  
But it is laid out neatly in beds for the use of the kitchen,  
Bearing the wholesomest herbs, and the fruits that make children so happy.

Thus, like a patriarch, let thine own house be a kingdom in little ;  
And let thy offspring around thee be ever thy trustiest servants.  
If thou hast still more daughters, who like sitting quiet and working  
Works such as women delight in, 'tis only the better : the needle  
Finds little leisure to rust in the year round : be they so homely  
While they are staying at home, when abroad they would willingly look  
like  
Ladies with nothing to do. How much too has sewing and darning,  
Washing and plaiting increast, now that every damsel is wearing  
White Arcadian garments, with long-tailed petticoats trailing,  
Sweeping the streets and the garden, and stirring a dust in the ball-room !

Verily, had I a whole round dozen of daughters to manage,  
I should be ne'er at a loss for employment; they get up employment  
All for themselves in abundance; and so not a volume the year through  
Should ever come from the book-lender's library over my threshold.

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## ALEXIS AND DORA.

---

AH! every moment the vessel is driving incessantly onward!

Over the foam-crested waves further and further it flies.

Still does the keel's track lengthen its furrow, along which the dolphins

Follow it leaping as though chasing their fugitive prey.

All things betoken a prosperous voyage: the boatswain is gently

•Righting the sail, which toils blithely that others may rest.

Forward the souls of the mariners speed with the flags and the pennons;

—All save one by the mast, fixing his eyes on the shore,

Watching the last blue tints of the hills as they vanish: he sees them

Sink in the ocean; and now all that he joys in is gone.

Now from thee too has vanished the vessel that bears thy Alexis,

Bears, O Dora, thy friend, bears thy beloved away.

Thou after me too gazest in vain: our hearts are yet beating  
Each for the other; but each presses the other no more.  
It was a moment, the first I have really lived in, outweighing  
All those years which have crept coldly and dully along.  
Yet was it only a moment, a parting moment. My life dawned  
Suddenly out of thine eyes, as it were sent from the gods.  
Why does thy joyless radiance thus idly illumine the heavens!  
Thy all-brightening day, Phebus, it sickens my heart.  
Backward I'll go and converse with my memory, fondly reviving  
Times now gone when her sight daily enlivened my eyes.  
How was it possible e'er to behold yet be blind to her beauty?  
How could thy spirit remain dull to her heavenly charms?  
Blame not thyself, poor wight! It is thus that a poet will often  
Utter a riddle abroad, cunningly setting the words.  
All feel pleasure in seeing the posy of sprightly devices;  
Yet they know not the word which will its meaning unfold.

Lo, that word has been found; how at once ev'ry countenance brightens!

That which was pleasing before, doubly delightful has grown.

Wherefore wert thou so tardy in stripping my eyes of the bandage,

Which thou hadst bound on them? Why wert thou so tardy, O

Love!

Long had the vessel been laden and waiting for breezes to waft her;

And now at length they blew right from the land in her stern.

Vain were the days of my youth, most vain were my dreams of the  
future;

They all crumble apace; nothing endures but one hour.

Yes, it endures, my bliss is enduring: I hold thee, my Dora:

Hope has one image to shew; Dora, that image is thine.

Oft had I seen thee repair in thy maidenly garb to the temple,

Whilst thy mother would walk solemnly close by thy side.

Early thou hastenedst ever to carry thy fruit to the market.

O how nobly thy head bore up the pitcher on high,

When from the fountain thou camest ! how stately thy throat and thy neck rose !

Every motion thou madest, harmony guided them all.

Often I watcht with uneasy alarm lest the pitcher should tumble ;

But on the round striped cloth steadily onward it sailed.

Thus, my beautiful neighbour, I daily was wont to behold thee,

As one beholdeth the stars, or as one looks at the moon.

Gladly we see them again and again ; but the bosom is quiet,

Joying contentedly ;—no wish to possess them is felt.

Year after year rolled past me : but twenty paces asunder

Stood our dwellings ; and yet ne'er have I entered her door.

Now divides us the wide blank sea. False mirror of Heaven,

Ocean, thy glorious blue is but the colour of night.

All were already in motion : the boy came hastily running

Up to my father's house, bidding me hie to the shore.

Come, they are hoisting the sail, and it flaunts with the breezes, thus  
spake he ;

---

Now too the anchor mounts, tearing its fangs from the sand.  
Hasten, Alexis, O hasten! On this my excellent father  
Gave me his blessing, his hand smoothing the curls on my brow.  
Quickly the ready-made bundle was fetcht by my anxious mother;  
Come back happy, they cried, happy, Alexis, and rich.  
Thus I hurried away, and under my arms was the bundle;  
Down alongside of the wall ran I: but thou, as I past,  
Stoodst by the gate of thy garden, and saidst with a smile, Good Alexis,  
Are those screamers on board going to carry thee off?  
Far-off coasts thou'lt visit, and bring back costliest treasures,  
Jewels of silver and gold, fit for our wealthiest dames.  
But bring me too, I pray thee, a light gold necklace: I'll pay thee  
Thankfully for it: my heart often has longed for a chain.  
I had arrested my steps; and I askt in a merchantly manner  
Questions concerning the chain, as to its shape and its weight.  
Pensively thou computest the cost: my eyes in the meanwhile

Light on a neck that would grace gems such as circle a queen's.  
Boisterous cries now mount from the ship: thou saidst to me kindly,

Wilt thou not on thy way take from my garden some fruit?  
Take of my mellowest figs, of my juiciest oranges with thee.

Seas bring forth no fruit; many a land too has none.  
Thus do I enter thy gate; thou busily pluckest the choice fruit;

So that the bright gold load weighs down thy up-gathered gown.  
Oft I besought thee, O that is enough! but another still finer

Fruit, and another yet dropt into thy lap at a touch.  
Following thee I advanced to the arbour; a basket was lying  
There, and the myrtle-tree hung blossoming over our heads.  
Silently thou arranst the fruit in the comeliest order,

Laying the heavier gold ball of the orange beneath;  
Next the soft-pulpt figs that the slightest pressure disfigures;

Lastly the myrtle at top roofing the whole with its green.  
Still I did not remove it; I stood. We lookt at each other

Full in the eye; and a mist suddenly clouded my sight.  
Thy soft bosom I felt it on mine. The neck I had gazed at  
Wondering, was claspt by my arm; kiss after kiss from my lips  
Fell on thy beautiful throat; thy head now drops on my shoulder;  
Now too thy fair arms form round me a circle of bliss.  
Love's own hands I feel: he presses us firmly together;  
And from the clear blue sky thrice does it thunder: then tears  
Chasing each other besprinkle my cheeks: thou weepest; I weep: joy  
Mingles with pain so, the world seems to be fleeting away.  
Cries of impatience resound from the shore: my feet as if fastened  
Cling to the ground; I exclaim, Dora, and art thou then mine?  
Thine for ever! thou answerest softly. The tears that were trickling  
Sparkle and vanish, as though dried by a breath from the gods.  
Straightway approaches the cry of *Alexis!* The boy who was seeking  
After me, peeps through the door. How he the basket took up!  
How he drove me away! how I covered thy hands with my kisses!

How I arrived at the ship! Surely I seemed to be drunk.  
So too my comrades deemed me, regarding my sickness with pity.  
Shortly the dimness of sad distance enveloped the town.  
Thine for ever! O such was thy whisper! it sounds in my ears still,  
Mixt with the thunder of Jove! Yea, and she stood by his throne,  
She, his daughter, the Goddess of Love! the sisterly Graces  
Stood by her side! our vow chimed with the will of the gods!  
Hasten then, hasten my vessel, with all fair winds to befriend thee;  
Put forth thy strength thou keel; cleave through the flood till it foams.  
Bear me with speed to thy goal in a far land: so shall the skilful  
Goldsmith begin forthwith working the pledge of our loves.  
Dora, thy chain shall grow far beyond what thy modesty askt for;  
Nine times shall it be wound loosely encircling thy neck.  
Jewels besides will I buy thee, the fairest and costliest: golden  
Bracelets shall fashion a rich girdle to compass thine arms.  
There shall the emerald vie with the ruby; the heavenly-eyed sapphire

Matching the jacinth shall stand over against it; and gold  
Chasing the bright-hued gems shall inweave them in beautiful union.  
O 'tis the bridegroom's prime pleasure to deek out his bride.  
Let me but look on a pearl, I shall think upon thee; let a ring shine,  
Wooing my sight, thy fair finger will glimmer within.  
Barter will I and bargain; whatever is best thou shalt echoose out;  
If all the cargo were mine, I would bestow it on thee.  
Nor shall trinkets and jewels be all thy beloved will purchase.  
Much that a housekeeping wife joys in, he'll bring thee besides:  
Quilts of the goodliest woolen, with bright wide borders of purple,  
Fit for the couch where we softly and sweetly may rest;  
Fine white linen: I see thee sitting, and sewing, and clothing  
Me and thyself, and perhaps also another therewith.  
Visions of hope come and quiet me, while you delude me! Ye gods, calm  
This tempestuous joy, which is upheaving my heart.  
Yet shall I soon claim baek these transports of sickening sweetness,

When grief's clay-cold hand creeps with its palsyng touch.  
No, not the Furies torches, the hell-dog's barking could ever  
Scare poor sinners with like force in the land of despair,  
As I am scared by the calm cold spectre that shews me my fair one  
Far from her lover: the gate, still it is standing ajar:  
Lo, and another now enters: for him too the orange is falling;  
Nor does the fig-tree deny honied refreshment to him.  
Him too she lures to the arbour! and look, he follows her! strike me  
Blind, kind gods! blot out memory's treacherous forms.  
Is she then anything more than a woman! and she who so lightly  
Yielded to one, will scarce close up her heart from the next.  
Laugh not this once, great Jove, at a vow so wantonly broken!  
Thunder, thou monarch of dread! strike,—but thy lightnings withhold.  
Shoot out thy rivers of clouds after me! in the darkness of midnight  
Let thy glittering bolt smite this unfortunate mast;  
Scatter the planks all round; and give to the bellowing waters

All these wares, yea, give me to the dolphins a prey.  
Hush, ye Muses! enough! in vain do ye labour to shew forth  
How grief's currents and joy's cross in a love-smitten heart.  
Powerless are ye for healing the wounds which love has inflicted;  
Yet are ye our best friends! none can assuage them but you.

"Your Idyl (Schiller says, in a letter to Göthe, speaking of this Poem, which he had just seen in manuscript,) has affected me no less powerfully on a second reading, or rather still more powerfully, than on the first. Assuredly it is one of your most beautiful compositions; so full of simplicity, at the same time that there is in it an unfathomable depth of feeling. Owing to the precipitation of the action, by means of the ship's crew who are waiting for Alexis, the lovers find themselves so prest for room, their situation becomes so urgent and important, that this one moment does actually contain the sum and substance of a whole life. It would be difficult to conceive any other case in which the flower of poetry can be culled from an object with the same ease and felicity. Your introducing a fit of jealousy so immediately after, and making the lover's happiness swallowed up so rapidly by his fears, I have not yet been quite able to reconcile with my feelings, though I have no convincing objection to allege. I merely feel that I should have liked to prolong the trance of bliss in which Alexis leaves the girl and embarks." (Vol. II. p. 51.) In a subsequent letter (p. 97) he adds, "Humboldt says very much that is true about the Idyl: some things he does not seem to me to have felt quite as I feel them. Thus the

admirable passage, '*Thine for ever, thou answerest softly,*' does not strike me so much on account of its solemnity, which is a matter of course, but because the secret of her heart bursts forth in these little words at once and entirely, with its endless train of consequences. These words, in this place, serve instead of a whole love-story; and the two lovers stand immediately in the same relation to each other, as if their affection had subsisted for years." And again (p. 108): "People talk a great deal about the *Idyl*, and say, it contains things which have never yet been uttered by mortal man. In spite of all the raptures about it, Q. was scandalized at the bundle which the hero has to carry, and says that this is a great blemish in the beautiful poem; that the work is so rich, and yet the hero does just like a poor man. You may suppose that at this criticism I fell out of the clouds. It was so new to me, that I thought she was speaking of some other work. I assured her however that this poverty does not offend me, if I do but find the other riches."

To the remark on the conclusion Göthe replies (p. 59): "I am very glad that the *Idyl* does not lose ground on a nearer inspection. For the jealousy at the end I have two reasons; one from nature, because in fact every unexpected and unmerited success in love is followed at the heels by the fear of losing it; and another from art, because the *Idyl* has a pathetic character throughout, and therefore the passion must become more intense toward the close; where the poet's parting bow restores the balance and cheerfulness of the whole. Thus much in justification of the inexplicable instinct by which such things are produced."

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## THE METAMORPHOSIS OF PLANTS.

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Thou, my love, art perplexed with the endless seeming confusion  
Of the luxuriant wealth which in the garden is spread ;  
Name upon name thou hearest, and in thy dissatisfied hearing,  
With a barbarian noise one drives another along.  
All the forms resemble, yet none is the same as another ;  
Thus the whole of the throng points at a deep-hidden law,  
Points at a sacred riddle. O could I to thee, my belov'd friend,  
Whisper the fortunate word by which the riddle is read !  
Come then, trace we the plant through all its succession of changes,  
As its inherent pow'r forms it to blossom and fruit.  
Out of the seed unfolded it comes, as soon as the silent  
Nourishing womb of the earth sends it to life and to light.

## Die Metamorphose der Pflanzen.

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Dich verwirret, Geliebte, die tausendfältige Mischung  
Dieses Blumengewühls über dem Garten umher;  
Viele Namen hörst du an, und immer verdränget  
Mit barbarischem Klang einer den andern im Ohr.  
Alle Gestalten sind ähnlich, und keine gleichet der andern;  
Und so deutet das Chor auf ein geheimes Gesetz,  
Auf ein heiliges Räthsel. O, könnt' ich dir, liebliche Freundin,  
Ueberliefern sogleich glücklich das lösende Wort!—  
Werdend betrachte sie nun, wie nach und nach sich die Pflanze  
Stufenweise geführt bildet zu Blüten und Frucht.  
Aus dem Samen entwickelt sie sich, sobald ihn der Erde  
Stille befruchtender Schoos hold in das Leben entläßt,

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Holy Light, ever active, which makes the forms that it shines on,  
Broods o'er the delicate leaves, e'en as they burst from their cell.  
—Slept in the seed such power; an unborn type of the future  
Lay, wrapt fold within fold, deep in the heart of the mass;—  
Leaves, and the root, and the bud, as yet unformed and uncoloured;  
So the dry kernel holds, stilly, the springs of a life.  
Then the young birth breaks forth, confides in the genial moisture,  
Gathers and lifts itself up, out of the chaos of night.  
Simple at first is the form, and plain and unvaried its aspect;  
Simple is childhood still; now as a child is the plant.  
Upwards straining again and again, the formative impulse  
Thrusts forth, stage above stage, shapes that are like to the first;  
Like, and yet different still: for lo, still higher and higher,  
Multiform more does the leaf show us the working of change.  
Spreading and notcht and carved with varied and multiplied members,  
Which, all merged in a mass, dwelt in the stages below.

Und dem Reize des Lichts, des heiligen, ewig bewegten,  
Gleich den zärtesten Bau keimender Blätter empfiehlt.  
Einfach schlief in dem Samen die Kraft; ein beginnendes Vorbild  
Lag, verschlossen in sich, unter die Hülle gebeugt,  
Blatt und Wurzel und Keim, nur halb geformet und farblos;  
Trocken erhält so der Kern ruhiges Leben bewahrt,  
Quillet strebend empor, sich milder Feuchte vertrauend,  
Und erhebt sich sogleich aus der umgebenden Nacht.  
Aber einfach bleibt die Gestalt der ersten Erscheinung;  
Und so bezeichnet sich auch unter den Pflanzen das Kind.  
Gleich darauf ein folgender Trieb, sich erhebend, erneuet,  
Knoten auf Knoten gethürmt, immer das erste Gebild.  
Zwar nicht immer das gleiche; denn mannigfaltig erzeugt sich,  
Ausgebildet, du siehst's, immer das folgende Blatt,  
Ausgedehnter, gekerbter, getrennter in Spitzen und Theile,  
Die verwachsen vorher ruhten im untern Organ.

---

And thus reaches at last the leaf its fulness of fabric,

Which in full many a kind much thy astonishment moves,  
Ribb'd and indented about, and in rich convexity swelling,—

Seems as the impulse of growth freely and boundlessly wrought.  
But, at this point arriv'd, the expanding urgency Nature

Cheeks with her mighty hand—guides to a loftier plan—  
Tames the flow of the juices—contracts the vessels—and straightway

Finer workmanship shows in the refinement of form.  
Back to the center retreats the expanding thrust of the margin :

Fuller the leafy rib gathers itself in the midst.  
Leafless and smooth, a more delicate stalk springs rapidly upwards,

And a marvellous show meets the contemplative eye.  
Close ranged round the stalk,—or fixed in number or boundless,—

Leaflets, each like each, gather themselves in a ring.  
Here, with protecting circle, the Calyx girdles the axis,  
And in the fairest forms lovely-hued coronets wears.

Und so erreicht es zuerst die höchst bestimmte Vollendung,  
Die bei manchem Geschlecht dich zum Erstaunen bewegt.  
Viel gerippt und gezackt, auf mastig strotzender Fläche  
Scheinet die Fülle des Trieb's frey und unendlich zu seyn.  
Doch hier hält die Natur, mit mächtigen Händen, die Bildung  
An, und lenket sie sauft in das Vollkommnere hin.  
Mäsziger leitet sie nun den Saft, verengt die Gefässe,  
Und gleich zeigt die Gestalt zärtere Wirkungen an.  
Stille zieht sich der Trieb der strebenden Ränder zurücke,  
Und die Rippe des Stiels bildet sich völliger aus.  
Blattlos aber und schnell erhebt sich der zärtere Stengel,  
Und ein Wundergebild zieht den Betrachtenden an.  
Rings im Kreise stellet sich nun, gezählet, und ohne  
Zahl, das kleinere Blatt neben dem ähnlichen hin.  
Um die Achse gedrängt entscheidet der bergende Keleh sich,  
Der zur höchsten Gestalt farbige Kronen entlässt.

Nature thus stands forth in her pride, refined and exalted ;  
Member on member imposed—fulness and symmetry joined.  
And with wonder thou seest the Flow'r, as it waves on its footstalk,  
Over the changeful Leaves—scaffolding, these, of the flow'r.  
Yet does this splendour all but announce new formative changes :  
Yet does the petal again yield to the pow'r which transforms.  
See—it contracts to the slenderest shapes, which, higher aspiring,  
Twofold show in their forms ;—double, yet made to unite.  
Each confiding in each, the lowly pairs, as they gather  
Numerous, orderly, stand circling the altar of Love.  
Hymen hovers above, while around, a deliciöus fragrance,  
Breathed from each to each, floats with a life-giving pow'r.  
And now, separate all, the Buds in the motherly shelter  
Each of its swelling fruit, rip'ning, innumeros, swell.  
And thus Nature rounds the eternal Ring of her working,  
There where it seems to end, ever beginning again.

Also prangt die Natur in hoher voller Erscheinung,  
Und sie zeigt, gereiht, Glieder an Glieder gestuft.  
Immer staunst du auf's neue, so bald sich am Stengel die Blume  
Ueber dem schlanken Gerüst wechselnder Blätter bewegt.  
Aber die Herrlichkeit wird des neuen Schaffens Verkündung.  
Ja, das farbige Blatt fühlet die göttliche Hand.  
Und zusammen zieht es sich schnell; die zärtesten Formen,  
Zwiefach streben sie vor, sich zu vereinen bestimmt.  
Traulich stehen sie nun, die holden Paare, beisammen.  
Zahlreich ordnen sie sich um den geweihten Altar.  
Hymen schwebet herbei, und herrliche Düfte, gewaltig,  
Strömen süßen Geruch, alles belebend, umher.  
Nun vereinzelt schwellen sogleich unzählige Keime,  
Hold in den Mutterschoos schwellender Früchte gehüllt.  
Und hier schliesst die Natur den Ring der ewigen Kräfte;  
Doch ein neuer sogleich fasset den vorigen an,

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Thus is the chain prolonged through the endless circuit of ages ;  
Thus, as Each Thing has a Life, is there a Life in the Whole.  
And now turn, O belovèd ! thy glance to the motley assembly  
Troubling thy mind no more, now, with its manifold show.  
Now does each plant proclaim the eternal Law of its being ;  
Every plant as it blows speaks to thee clearly and plain.  
But if thou here canst decypher the sacred letters of Nature,  
See them ev'rywhere stampt, though in a varying form.  
See how the Grub creeps low, till the butterfly flutters expanded ;  
See even Man himself changed by the formative pow'r.  
And O ! then reflect how in us too the bud of Acquaintance,  
Opening day by day, grew to the Sweetness of Use.  
How then Friendship next disclosed its pow'r in our bosoms ;  
How Love came at last ;—came with his flow'rs and his fruits.  
Think how many a shape, each springing out of another,  
Nature, unfolding our hearts, unto our feelings has given.

Dass die Kette sich fort durch alle Zeiten verlänge,  
Und das Ganze belebt, so wie das Einzelne, sey.  
Wende nun, o Geliebte, den Blick zum bunten Gewimmel.  
Das verwirrend nicht mehr sich vor dem Geiste bewegt.  
Jede Pflanze verkündet dir nun die ew'gen Gesetze,  
Jede Blume, sie spricht lauter und lauter mit dir.  
Aber entzifferst du hier der Göttin heilige Lettern,  
Ueberall siehst du sie dann, auch in verändertem Zug.  
Kriechend zaudre die Raupe, der Schmetterling eile geschäftig.  
Bildsam ändre der Mensch selbst die bestimmte Gestalt.  
O, gedenke denn auch, wie aus dem Keim der Bekanntschaft  
Nach und nach in uns holde Gewohnheit entspross,  
Freundschaft sich mit Macht in unsrem Innern enthüllte,  
Und wie Amor zuletzt Blüten und Früchte gezeugt.  
Denke, wie mannigfach bald die, bald jene Gestalten,  
Still entfaltend, Natur unsern Gefühlen geliehn!

---

Joy with me in the thought of to-day :—when Love, in its yearning,  
Seeks Love's fairest of fruits,—seeks a Communion of Thought ;  
Seeks a Oneness of View in the pair, that, harmoniously musing,  
Heart may, united to heart, rise to a loftier World.

---

Freue dich auch des heutigen Tags! Die heilige Liebe  
Strebt zu der höchsten Frucht gleicher Gesinnungen auf,  
Gleicher Ansicht der Dinge, damit in harmonischem Anseham  
Sich verbinde das Paar, finde die höhere Welt.

---

From Homer.

TIME-HONOUR'D Bard, all hail! that on eagle's pinions sailing  
Mark'st with their rhythmical sweep measures of loftiest song,  
Roll'st into ages to come the sounding strain of the Epos,  
Here may its echo revive, here on Cimmerian \* shores!

- Ἦ δ' ἐς πείραθ ἵκανε βαθυῤῥόου Ὀκεανοῖο  
Ἔνθα δὲ Κιμμερίων ἀνδρῶν δῆμος τε πόλις τε.

For the image, see the cover of this book, imitated from an antique design on a cup  
found at Herculaneum.

ILIAD, BOOK III. vv. 234—244.

HELEN FROM THE WALLS OF TROY LOOKING FOR HER BROTHERS.

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“ CLEARLY the rest I behold of the dark-ey'd sons of Achaia,  
KNOWN to me well are the faces of all ; their names I remember ;  
Two—two only remain, whom I see not among the Commanders,  
Kastor fleet in the Car—Polydeykēs brave with the Cestus—  
Own dear brethren of mine—one parent lov'd us as infants.  
Are they not here in the host, from the shores of lov'd Lakedaimon,  
Or, tho' they came with the rest in ships that bound thro' the waters,  
Dare they not enter the fight or stand in the council of Heroes,  
All for fear of the shame and the taunts my crime has awaken'd ?”

So said she ;—long since they in Earth's soft arms were reposing,  
There, in their own dear land, their Father-land, Lakedaimon.

ΟΜΗΡΟΥ ΦΙΛΙΑΣ Γ

ΕΛΕΝΗ ΑΠΟ ΤΟΥ ΠΥΡΓΟΥ ΤΟΥΣ ΑΔΕΛΦΟΥΣ ΖΗΤΟΥΣΑ

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Νῦν δ' ἄλλους μὲν πάντας ὄρῳ ἐλίκωπας Ἀχαιοὺς,  
Οὓς κεν εὖ γνοίην, καὶ τοῦνομα μυθησαίμην·  
Δοιῶ δ' οὐ δύναμαι ιδέειν κοσμήτορε λαῶν,  
Κάστορά θ' ἱππόδαμον, καὶ πύξ ἀγαθὸν Πολυδεύκεα,  
Αὐτοκασιγνήτω, τῷ μοι μία γείνατο μήτηρ.  
Ἦ οὐχ ἐσπέσθην Λακεδαίμονος ἐξ ἐρατεινῆς,  
Ἦ δεῦρο μὲν ἔποντο νέεσσ' ἐνὶ ποντοπόροισι,  
Νῦν δ' αὖτ' οὐκ ἐθέλουσι μάχην καταδύμεναι ἀνδρῶν,  
Αἴσχεα δειδιότες καὶ ὄνειδα πόλλ', ἃ μοι ἐστίν;

Ὡς φάτο· τοὺς δ' ἤδη κατέχε φυσίζοος αἶα  
Ἐν Λακεδαίμονι αὖθι, φίλη ἐνὶ πατρίδι γαίῃ.

ILIAD, Book VI. vv. 236—516.

HECTOR IN TROY.

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HECTOR arriving anon at the Skaian gate and the oak-tree,  
Eagerly round him the wives and the daughters of Ilium cluster'd,  
Asking how fared it in field with the son or the brother or husband,  
Kinsman or friend; and he answer'd, and each in her order at parting  
Warn'd to petition the Gods; but for many was misery destined.

Thence he immediately past to the beautiful mansion of Priam,  
Bright with its fair stone halls, where in fifty contiguous chambers,  
All of the smooth-wrought marble, the King's sons slept with their consorts;  
Over against them as well, on the opposite side of the Court-yard,  
Twelve fair chambers of marble ordain'd for the daughters of Priam,  
Each to inhabit apart, with the Lord that in wedlock revered her.

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There in the midst of the court did the kind-faced Heecuba meet him,  
As to Laödice's chamber she past, of her daughters the fairest,  
And with her hand on his raiment she held him, and motherly question'd :

“ Wherefore, my child, com'st thou from the field when the battle is raging?  
Grievous the pressure, I ween, of the sons of accursed Achaia  
Troyward swarming to-day ;—since the impulse could not be resisted,  
But thou must turn thee to pray from the holiest Tower to Kronion.  
But stay here till I bring thee a beaker of cordial vintage,  
Whereof duly libation to Zeus and the other Immortals  
First make thou ;—then drink, O son, that the draught may refresh thee,  
For to the toilworn man great strength is the generous wine-cup,  
Weary and worn like thee in defending the home of thy kindred.”

Thus in reply to the Queen spake tall bright-helmeted Hector :—  
“ Fetch me not generous wine, O mother revered, to unnerve me,

Lest as I taste of the goblet my strength and my spirit be weakened.  
Nor yet mine be the daring, to pour black wine to Kronion  
Thus with my hands unwasht : it beseems not to pray to the Highest,  
Standing before him in blood all clotted and grim with the war-slime.  
Better thyself should be seen with the worshipful matrons assembled,  
Moving, with censer in hand, to the temple of awful Athena.  
Also the veil, that for splendour and size is the first of thy garments,  
That lay thou on the knees of the fair-hair'd Goddess of War-spoils,  
Vowing withal twelve heifers, the choice of the herd, for her altar,  
Yearlings, untouch'd by the yoke—so she may have eyed with compassion  
Troy's vext town and the woe of the wives and the stammering children :  
So she withhold of her grace, from the rampart of Ilion holy,  
Tydeus' blood-wild son, whose countenance scatters the spearmen.  
Thou, then, swiftly repair to the shrine of the terrible Goddess :—  
I have mine errand to Paris, to summon him back to the battle,  
If he will hear when I speak. Would Earth were to gape and devour him !

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For he was rear'd by the Gods to afflict us with measureless mischief,  
Fatal to Troy, and her King, and the lineage of generous Priam,  
Early and late our disgrace:—Could I see him descending to Hades,  
Light were the spirit that now is with shameful perplexity burthen'd.”

So did he speak; and she enter'd the dwelling and call'd on her  
handmaids,

And at her bidding anon were the worshipful matrons assembled.  
She meanwhile by herself to her odorous chamber descended,  
Where in the secret recess great treasure of raiment was gather'd,  
Rich, with the handiwork rare of Sidonian women embroider'd,  
Brought from the city of Sidon of yore by divine Alexander,  
Then when across wide seas he was sailing with Helen the highborn:  
Whence one veil was elected, a gift right meet for Athena,  
Largest of all in the store, and with many a hue in its texture:  
Bright as a star did it shine, and its place in the coffer was lowmost.

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This being chosen, the Queen came forth, and, the matrons attending,  
Past, on the citadel height, to the temple of Pallas Athena.  
Then were the gates of the Shrine thrown wide by Theano the comely,  
Kisseus' daughter, the spouse of Antenor the tamer of war-steeds :  
Her whom the Ilian elders had named to be Priestess of Pallas.  
All with a wailing of woe then lifting their hands in the Temple,  
Comely Theano accepted the garment that Hecuba tender'd ;  
And when it lay on the knees of the fair-hair'd Goddess Athena,  
Thus did the votaress pray to the daughter of Mighty Kronion :—

“ Awful Athena, protectress of cities, in majesty peerless !  
Break now Diomed's spear, and surrender himself to be trampled,  
Prone, in the sight of us all, as we gaze from the Ilian ramparts.  
Speedily then will we bring twelve heifers to bleed on the altar,  
Yearlings, untouch'd of the yoke ; for in thee is the rescue of Troia,  
If thou behold in compassion the wives and the stammering children !”

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Earnest the voice of the Priestess; yet spurn'd was the prayer by  
Athena.

Hector was gone, meanwhile, to his brother's magnificent dwelling,  
Which Alexander himself had contrived, and the workmen of Troia,  
Foremost in fame, uprear'd, with the porch and the hall and the chamber,  
Near the abode of the King and his own, on the rock of the fastness;  
On to the hall past he, in his right hand bearing the war-spear—  
(Cubits eleven had the staff, and the brass head glitter'd before him  
Girded with circles of gold)—and he found him within, in the chamber,  
Brightening his beautiful shield and the peaks of his bow and the breast-  
plate,  
Argive Helena by—in the midst of her maidens presiding,  
Tasking their delicate skill;—and austere when he saw was the greeting.

“Strangest of men! 'tis not well to let temper have mastery wholly!

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Great is the thinning amongst us : the battle approaches the ramparts  
Swiftly—and only for thee does the tumult and storm of the war-cry  
Burn to the walls of the town—and another were sure of thy censure  
If thou beheld him avoiding the field when the struggle is fiercest.  
Up ! lest the summons at hand be the blazing of Ilium captur'd !”

So spake Hector : and this was the answer of fair Alexander :—  
“ Brother, thy word is severe ; but I am not rebuked with injustice ;  
Therefore the truth shall be spoken by me, and with confidence hear me.  
Anger o’ermaster’d me not, nor the pang of Dardanian insult,  
Here in the chamber to sit—but I fain would resign me to sorrow.  
Helena also but now with a gentle persuasion was urging  
Instant return ; and ’twere better, I know, than the sloth of dejection ;  
None can be serv’d by Despair, and the chances of battle are changeful.  
Only abide till mine armour be donn’d, or, if that be displeasing,  
Go ; I will follow, be sure, and I think I shall soon overtake thee.”

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So Alexander ; to whom bright-helmeted Hector replied not ;  
But fair Helena open'd with words that were humble and soothing :—  
“ Brother !—if still thou wilt own me, with shame and fatality branded—  
O had the hurricane blast, on the day I was born of my mother,  
Blown me afar to the mountain, or over the roar of the sea-waves,  
Under the deep to be plunged, ere the sin and the curse were accomplish'd!—  
Would that at least, if the ill must be, and the Gods had decreed it,  
He that the Destiny markt for my love had been other and better,  
One to confront Fate's worst, and to fear not death, but dishonour !  
Feeble and fickle is this :—in his bosom the firmness of manhood  
Never will root :—but the seed that he sows will have fruit to be gather'd.  
Yet now enter the chamber, and sit for a space to repose thee,  
Brother !—for still upon thee is the worst of the care and the labour  
Due to unhappiest me and the madness of frail Alexander,  
And to the sorrowful doom that will darken our memories ever,  
Bruited in proverb and song among men of unborn generations.”

This was the answer she had from the tall bright-helmeted Hector :—  
“ Helena, bid me not sit : thy kindness cannot persuade me.  
Eager am I even now to return to the help of the Trojans ;  
For great trouble is theirs when they miss me in front of the battle.  
Quicken the arming of him, and let zeal be awake in his bosom,  
So that he yet may o’ertake me before I have past from the Town-gate ;  
For I too, being here—I would look once more on my household  
Ere I depart, and the wife that I love and the stammering infant --  
Since it is veil’d in the dark if again they shall see me returning,  
Or that the Gods are to slay me to-day by the spears of Achaia.”

So he to Helena said, and departed : and, eagerly stepping,  
Soon to his own fair home came tall bright-helmeted Hector ;  
But not then in her chamber was comely Andromache waiting :  
She with her damsel alone and the child had ascended the ramparts,  
Up to the Ilian Tower, while the tears rain’d fast on her mantle.

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Then, when the hero beheld not his innocent wife in her chamber,  
He on the threshold remain'd—but he summon'd and question'd the hand-  
maids :—

“ Come now, hear me, ye damsels, delay not but answer me clearly.  
Whither to-day from her home has the beauteous Andromache wander'd ?  
Whether to sister of mine she hath gone or the wife of a brother,  
Or with the noble attendance of Dames to the Shrine of Athena,  
In the solemnity vow'd for appeasing the terrible Goddess ?”

This was the answer he had from the diligent chief of the handmaids :  
“ Hector, since thou hast commanded an instant and clear revelation,  
Neither to brother's of thine nor to sister's abode was her errand,  
Nor with the noble attendance of Dames to the Shrine of Athena  
In the solemnity vow'd for appeasing the terrible Goddess.  
Up to the Ilian Tower is she gone—for a rumour of evil  
Came, of the Trojans distrest, and that victory gladden'd Achaia :

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Hearing the tidings she started, and stands ere this on the watch-tower,  
Like one phrenzied in soul: and the nurse ran too with the infant."

Thus did the handmaiden answer, and turning at once from his house-  
door

Hector departed, nor paus'd he again within Ilion stately,  
Pacing the high-built streets till the Skaian Gate was before him,  
For thereby he was minded to issue again to the champain.  
Then did his well-dower'd wife, the noble Eëtion's daughter,  
Comely Andromache, see him, and hastily quitted the rampart—  
She that from Theba was sent, where Eëtion held his dominion  
Under the Plakian hills among shady Cilicia's woodlands,  
Sent in her maidenly prime to be wedded to Hector the warlike—  
She now met his approach, and beside her a damsel attended,  
Bearing the boy on her bosom,—as yet but an innocent infant,  
Dear to the fatherly heart, as a star in the freshness of beauty:

Hector Scamandrius call'd him at birth, but Astyanax all men  
Else in the town—for his sire was the only protector of Troia :  
He then halted and smil'd as in silence he gazed on the infant :—  
Comely Andromache stood meanwhile at his side, with her fingers  
Clinging upon him, and wept : but she named him at last and addrest him :—

“ Noblest of madmen ! thy fury will ruin thyself, and compassion  
None for the innocent babe feel'st thou, or calamitous mother  
Soon to be widow'd of thee :—for the raging Achaians will slay thee  
Whelm'd in a rush of them all ; and for me, if bereav'd of my husband,  
Better at once to go down to the grave,—for complete desolation  
Waits me on earth thenceforth, if the doom upon thee be accomplish'd :  
Misery only to come—neither father to shield me nor mother.  
Him slew fearful Pelides, and razed the Cilician fastness,  
High-tower'd populous Theba ;—he slew, but he stript not the body ;  
Shame barr'd that : but interr'd him unspoil'd in his armour resplendent,

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Piling an earth-mound o'er—which the nymphs that inhabit the mountains,  
Daughters of cloud-girt Zeus, have benignantly planted with elm-trees.  
Seven fair brothers as well did I leave in the house of my father,  
And on the self-same day all sank to the darkness of Hades,  
All in the midst of the heifers and white-wool'd sheep they were tending,  
Scatter'd in blood at a swoop by the terrible runner Achilleus.  
Lastly my mother, the Princess supreme by umbrageous Plakos,  
Hither his captive was borne, with the rest of the plunder of Theba ;  
And though her father redeem'd her, in vain was the infinite ransom,  
Soon to be slain in his home by the arrows of Letogeneia.  
But thou, Hector, art father to me and affectionate mother,  
Brother as well, and my husband art thou in the bloom of thy manhood !  
Come then—have pity upon me, and stay even here on the rampart ;  
Cause not thy child to be orphan'd to-day and thy wife to be widow'd :  
Station the host in our sight where the field slopes up to the fig-tree ;  
Easiest there the approach, and a rush to the walls may be fatal.

Thrice, thou know'st it, already the first of their chiefs have essay'd it,  
Telamon's son, and Oileus', and Nestor's, the glory of Pylos,  
High Agamemnon himself, Menelaus, and stern Diomedes,—  
Whether combin'd in obedience to skilful direction of Augur,  
Or that the spirit within drives all with determinate impulse.”

Thus, when Andromache ended, said tall bright-helmeted Hector:—  
“ All thy cares, dear wife, are partaken by me—but above them  
Hangs the unbearable thought of the men and the matrons of Troia  
Stalking past me in scorn as a coward that slunk from the battle.  
Nor does infirmity urge me, for aye from the days of my boyhood  
Foremost in arms have I stood, undismay'd when the fury was wildest,  
Winning a worthy renown for myself and the house of my fathers.  
Well do I know—the presentiment clings to my soul and my heartstrings—  
Fate stands fixt, and a day of destruction for Ilion holy  
Comes, and for Priam the hero, and all that are liegemen to Priam.

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Yet less near to my heart is the woe of the Trojans hereafter,  
Yea, and of Hecuba's self, and of Priam the King, and my brothers  
Many and brave, all trodden in dust at the feet of the foemen,  
Than the forethinking of thine, when some brass-clad man of Achaia  
Leads thee weeping away, and the hour of thy freedom is ended;  
Or in some Argive abode thou art spinning the web of a mistress,  
Or bear'st water perchance from Messëis or clear Hypercia,  
Sorely abhorring the toil, but the strength of Necessity conquers.  
Then one says peradventure, beholding thee weep with the burthen;—  
'This was the wife of the noblest of all the Dardanian Captains,  
Hector, the son of the King, that famous defender of Troia.'—  
Thus will the passenger speak, and the anguish within thee is sharpen'd,  
Calling the husband to mind, that alone could have sav'd thee from  
    bondage.  
O! be the death-sleep mine, and above me the darkening earth-mound,  
Ere I can hear thy shriek and the dragging away of the helpless!"

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So said the glorious Hector, and stretcht out his arms for the infant—  
But back-shrinking, the child on the deep-veil'd breast of the damsel  
Cower'd with a cry, and avoided in horror the sight of his father,  
Scared at the shine of the brass and the terrible plumage of horse-hair  
Tossing adown, as he stoopt, from the crest of the glittering helmet :  
Then did the father laugh right forth—and Andromache also ;  
But soon glorious Hector had lifted the casque from his temples,  
And on the ground at their feet it was laid, the magnificent head-piece ;  
Then in his hands he receiv'd him and kisst him and tenderly dandled ;  
Which done, this was his prayer unto Zeus and the rest of the Godheads :—

“ Zeus ! and ye Deities all ! may your blessing descend on mine offspring !  
Grant estimation to him, as to me, in the land of the Trojan !  
Gallant in arms may he be, and his reign over Ilion mighty.  
Let it be spoken of him, when they see him returning from battle,  
Bearing the blood-stain'd spoils, having slaughter'd his enemy fairly ;—

‘ This is the first of his lineage, more excellent far than his father.’  
Such be the cry—and in him let the heart of his mother be gladden’d !”

Thus pray’d he, and surrender’d the child to the hands of the mother,  
And she receiv’d him and presst to the fragrant repose of her bosom,  
Smiling with tears in her eyes ; and the husband beheld her with pity,  
Gently caresst with his hand, and bespake her again at departing :—

“ Dearest and best ! let not trouble for me overmaster thy spirit.  
None, contravening the doom, prematurely to Hades shall send me,  
Nor, full sure, can the sentence of Fate be avoided by mortals,  
Whether for good or for ill, firm fixt from the hour of our birthtime.  
Go now back to thy home, and attend to thy proper concernments,  
Plying the loom and the distaff, and watching the band of thy maidens,  
Lest there be sloth among them : ’tis for men to take thought of the  
warfare,

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Each in his station, for me above all that were nurtur'd in Troia."

This did he speak, and the helmet was rais'd by illustrious Hector  
Grasping the horse-hair plume: and Andromache went at his bidding,  
Looking behind as she went, while the tears ran still in abundanee.  
And the magnificent dwelling of Hector the slayer of heroes  
Speedily held her again, and the plentiful troop of the damsels  
Rose in the chamber, but sorrow was stirr'd in them all at her entrance:  
Hector, though living as yet, was lamented of these in his mansion;  
For it was said of them all that no more from the battle returning  
They should behold him, escap'd from the rage of the deadly Achaians.

Paris, the while, had not linger'd behind in his fair habitation,  
But having cased him complete in the dazzling array of his armour,  
Instantly issued, and travers'd the city with confident swiftness.  
As when a stall-fed horse, full pamper'd with corn at the manger,

Bursting the halter stamps, and with eagerness over the champain,  
On to the clear-pool'd stream where he often has lav'd him aforeside,  
Rushes exulting: high bears he his head—and the mane on his shoulders  
Tossing profuse, he careers at his ease in the pride of his beauty,  
Right for the well-known haunts where the herd of the mares are at pasture:—  
So from the Pergamus towery, the palace ancestral of Priam,  
Paris appear'd, in the blaze of his panoply, bright as the sunbeam,  
Joyous of cheer, light-limb'd—and o'ertook great Hector his brother,  
Even as he turn'd to the gate from the place of Andromache's parting.

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ILIAD, BOOK VI. vv. 394—502.

THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

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THERE came hast'ning to meet him his consort, the fair and the wealthy,  
She, that Andromache hight, stout-hearted Eëtion's daughter,  
Daughter of him, who dwelt under Placus, the forest-beerownèd,  
O'er Hypoplacian Thebes and Cilician warriors reigning.  
His was the daughter, whom Hector, the brasen-erected, had chosen :  
She was the wife, who met him, her handmaid pacing beside her  
Holding a babe at her breast, that tender delicate infant,  
Hector's only belov'd, who shone like a star in its brightness.  
Hector had namèd the boy Seamandrius, all beside Hector  
Callèd him King-of-the-City ; for Troy had no guardian but Hector.  
Then did he smile, as he gaz'd on the child in affectionate silence.  
Near him Andromache stood, and the tears stream'd fast from her eyelids :

Then did she cling to his hand, and with words such as these she  
address'd him :

“ Hector, my brave one, but oh, too brave to be safe, or to pity  
This, thine infant child, or me, the unhappy—thy widow  
Soon to be callèd ; for soon the Grecian warriors will slay thee  
Rushing together on One ; but for me far happier were it—  
Were I bereavèd of thee—to sink in the grave ; for what other  
Hope of comfort have I, when fate thy career shall have ended,—  
What, but to grieve ? They are gone, both the father and mother, who  
bare me ;

For my father was slain by the hand of the mighty Achilles,  
Then, when he took by storm the Cilicians' populous city,  
Thebes with her high-rais'd gates, and Eëtion slew in the capture,  
Slew, but spoiled him not ; for a sense of religion restrain'd him.  
Him did he burn on the pile with his arms in their brightness around him ;  
Then on his ashes a tomb did he raise ; but the Nymphs of the mountain

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Planted an elm-grove around—the Ægis-arm'd Jupiter's daughters.  
Then too the seven brave youths, the brothers that dwelt in our palace,  
They in a day went down to the darksome mansion of Hades.  
All were in one day slain by the swift-footed mighty Achilles,  
While they were tending the white-fleeced sheep and the slow-footed oxen.  
But for my mother, who reign'd under Placus the forest-becrownèd,  
Her he had taken away with the rest of the spoils of the conquer'd,  
Then did he let her go free for a ransom of infinite value,  
So by Diana's shafts she died in the hall of my father.  
Hector—to me thou art all and enough for father and mother,  
Aye, and for brothers too—my brave—my beautiful husband!  
Oh, then pity me now, and stay where thou art on the ramparts.  
Make not thy child here an orphan, thy wife too a desolate widow.  
Bid the men halt by the fig-tree-grove, where approach to the city  
Seems to invite the foe and to give a clear path to the onset.  
Thrice already the bravest have that way tried to assail us;

Ajax, the swift, and the bold, and the far-famed king of the Cretans.  
One must have told them the way, well-skill'd in the art of divining,  
Or their own spirit has urg'd them prophetic of victory onwards."

Then to her answer made the great helm-quivering Hector :  
" I too have thought of all this, dear wife, but I fear the reproaches  
Both of the Trojan youths and the long-rob'd maidens of Troja,  
If like a cowardly churl I should keep me aloof from the combat :  
Nor would my spirit permit ; for well I have learnt to be valiant,  
Fighting aye 'mong the first of the Trojans marshall'd in battle,  
Striving to keep the renown of my sire and my own unattainted.  
Well, too well, do I know,—both my mind and my spirit agreeing,—  
That there will be a day when sacred Troja will perish.  
Priam will perish too, and the people of Priam, the spear-arm'd.  
Still I have not such care for the Trojans doom'd to destruction,  
No, nor for Heenba's self, nor for Priam the monarch my father,

Nor for my brothers' fate, who, though they may be many and valiant,  
All in the dust may lie low by the hostile spears of Achaia,  
As for thee, when some youth of the brazen-mailed Achæans  
Weeping shall bear thee away and bereave thee for ever of freedom,  
Then for another perchance thou'lt handle the shuttle in Argos  
Slave-like, or water bear from Messeis or else Hypereä,  
Sorely against thy will, for force will weigh heavily on thee.  
Some one perchance will say, while he looks at thee bitterly weeping,  
'Lo, this is Hector's wife, who once was first in the battle  
'Mong the Dardanian host, when they fought for the safety of Ilion.'  
So will the stranger say; and thine will be bitterer anguish,  
Widow'd of husband so brave, who might have kept off the enslaver.  
Oh! may the earth o'erspread first cover me deep in her bosom,  
Ere I can hear thy wail, when they drag thee from 'Troy as a captive.'"

Thus said Hector, and stretch'd his arms to encircle his infant;

Then did the child on the breast of the deep-zon'd handmaid in  
terror,

Screaming shrilly, recline, all alarm'd at the look of his father,  
Dreading the brass, and the crest that fearfully nodded with horse-hair,  
While he beheld it shake from the glittering cone of the helmet,  
Oh, then his father laugh'd out, and so did his beautiful mother.  
Quickly did Hector take down from his head that quivering helmet,  
And on the ground, where he stood, all glittering laid it before him.  
But when he'd kissèd his boy and fondling gently caresst him,  
Loud then pray'd he to Jove and the other Gods of Olympus;  
"Jove and ye other Gods, oh grant that this child may be honour'd  
E'en as I honour'd have been among all the Dardanian heroes,  
Brave like me in the fight, and to rule over Ilion with valour!  
So shall some gazer exclaim, 'Far braver is he than his father,'  
When he returns from the fight with blood-stain'd trophies adornèd,  
Freshly ta'en off from the slain, while the heart of his mother rejoices."

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So said the chief, and replac'd his child in the arms of his consort  
Gently, but she then at once on her fragrant bosom receiv'd him  
Smiling amidst her tears, and her husband pitied her weeping,  
Soothing her grief in his arms, and thus consoling address'd her :  
“ Dearest, do not too much afflict thy spirit with sorrow,  
None can in spite of the fates send me to the mansion of Hades ;  
Yet what they have decreed no man has the power of escaping,  
Coward or brave though he be, from the hour when he first was created.  
Go then, go to thine house, where duties befitting await thee  
There by the distaff and loom ; and order thy handmaids about thee  
All to their daily employ. For men is the care of the battle,  
Most of them all, for me 'mong the native heroes of Ilion.”  
Such then were Hector's words, and he raised his helm at departing,  
Crested on high—but his wife was now on her way to the palace,  
Turning again and again, while tears flow'd fast from her eyelids.  
Soon did she reach the abode of Hector, the hero-destroyer,

Fair to behold; and there did she find her numerous handmaids  
All in attendance within; and their grief was arous'd at her coming.  
Sorely for Hector they griev'd, yet alive, at his palace of Ilion.  
"Never," they said, "will he come back again from the din of the battle  
Safe to his home from the hands of the Grecians in fury assailing."

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From Callinus

and Meleager.

SET to the Dorian mood of flutes and heart-stirring recorders  
Thus did Callinus' strain fire the Ephesians to war.  
Gentlier elegy flowed to comfort thee, sad Meleager,  
When in her early tomb Heliadora was laid.

## WAR SONG OF CALLINUS.

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BRIGHT and glorious it is, that soldier's fate, who in armour  
Stands for his children and home, stands for the wife of his heart,  
Bravely oppos'd to the foe. So death may come on, when he listeth,  
And life's thread's at an end. Then let him on to the field,  
Holding on high the spear, and pressing his heart to the buckler  
Firmly, when Arès first mingles the bold in the fray.  
Think not fate will allow for a man to live always unharmed,  
Great though he be, though he boast sires of the race of the Gods.  
What though the coward pass through the rattle of lances and arrows,  
Safe to his home he may flee—death will o'ertake him at home.  
But then think not he dies lamented, lov'd by the people,  
While both the high and the low weep, by the tomb of the brave.

ΚΑΛΛΙΝΟΥ ΛΕΙΨΑΝΟΝ.

ΤΙΜΗΣ τε γάρ ἐστὶ καὶ ἀγλαὸν ἄνδρι μάχεσθαι  
Γῆς πέρι, καὶ παιδῶν, κουριδῆς τ' ἀλόχου  
Δυσμένεσιν· θάνατος δὲ τότε ἔσσεται, ὕπποτέ κεν δὴ  
Μοῖραι ἐπικλώσωσ'· ἀλλὰ τις ἰθὺς ἴτω  
Ἐγχοσ ἀνασχόμενος, καὶ ὑπ' ἀσπίδος ἄλκιμον ἦτορ  
Ἐλσας, τὸ πρῶτον μιγνύμενου πολέμου.  
Οὐ γάρ κως θανάτὸν γε φυγεῖν εἰμαρμένον ἐστὶν  
Ἄνδρ', οὐδ' ἦν προγόνων ἢ γένος Ἀθανάτων.  
Πολλάκι δηϊότητα φυγῶν καὶ δοῦπον ἀκόντων  
Ἐρχεται, ἐν δ' οἴκῳ μοῖρα κίχεν θανάτου.  
Ἄλλ' οἱ μὲν οὐκ ἔμπης δήμῳ φίλος, οὐδὲ ποθεινός·  
Τὸν δ' ὀλίγος στενάχει καὶ μέγας, ἦν τι πάθη.

Yes; with a nation's tears, where e'er he may die, we bewail him;

And, if he live, he is hail'd all but a Mars upon earth.

Strong as a tow'r of defence in the fight do we gaze on our hero:

His are deeds of an host;—aye, and he does them alone.

  

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Λαῶ γὰρ σύμπαντι πόθος κρατερόφρονος ἄνδρος  
Θνήσκοντος· ζῶν δ' ἄξιος ἡμιθέων  
Ὡσπερ γάρ μιν πύργον ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὀρῶσιν·  
Ἐρδει γὰρ πολλῶν ἄξια μῶνος ἔων.

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## MELEAGER TO HIS CHILD.

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THOUGH the earth hide thee, yet there—even there, my Heliodora,

All that is left me I give—tears of my love—to thy grave;

Tears—how bitterly shed! on thy tomb bedew'd with my weeping.

Pledge of a fond regret—pledge of affection, for thee.

Piteously, piteously still—but in vain—grieves on Meleager:

Thou art among the dead; Acheron heeds not my woe.

Where is the flow'r that I lov'd? death tore it away in the spring-tide—

Tore it away; and the dust stains the fair leaves in their bloom.

Genial Earth, be it thine, at the mourner's humble entreaty,

Softly to fold on thy breast her whom I ever deplore.

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## ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑ.

ΔΑΚΡΥΑ σοὶ καὶ νέρθε διὰ χθονὸς, Ηλιοδώρα,  
Δωροῦμαι, στοργᾶς λείψανον εἰς Αἶδαν,  
Δάκρυα δυσδάκρυτα· πολυκλαύτῳ δ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ  
Σπένδω μνάμα πόθων, μνάμα φιλοφροσύνας.  
Οἰκτρὰ γάρ, οἰκτρὰ φίλαν σε καὶ ἐν φθιμένοις Μελέαγρος  
Αἰιάζω, κενεὰν εἰς Αχέροντα χάριν.  
Αἶ αἶ, ποῦ τὸ ποθεινὸν ἐμοὶ θάλος; ἄρπασεν Ἄιδας,  
Ἄρπασεν ἄκμαϊον δ' ἄνθος ἔφυρε κόνις.  
Ἄλλὰ σὲ γουνοῦμαι, γὰ παντρόφε, τὰν πανόδυρτον  
Ἑρέμα σοῖς κόλποις, μᾶτερ, ἐναγκάλισαι.







29/87

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