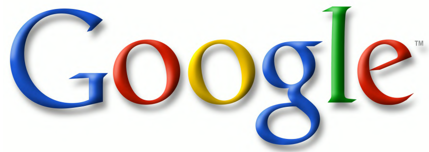

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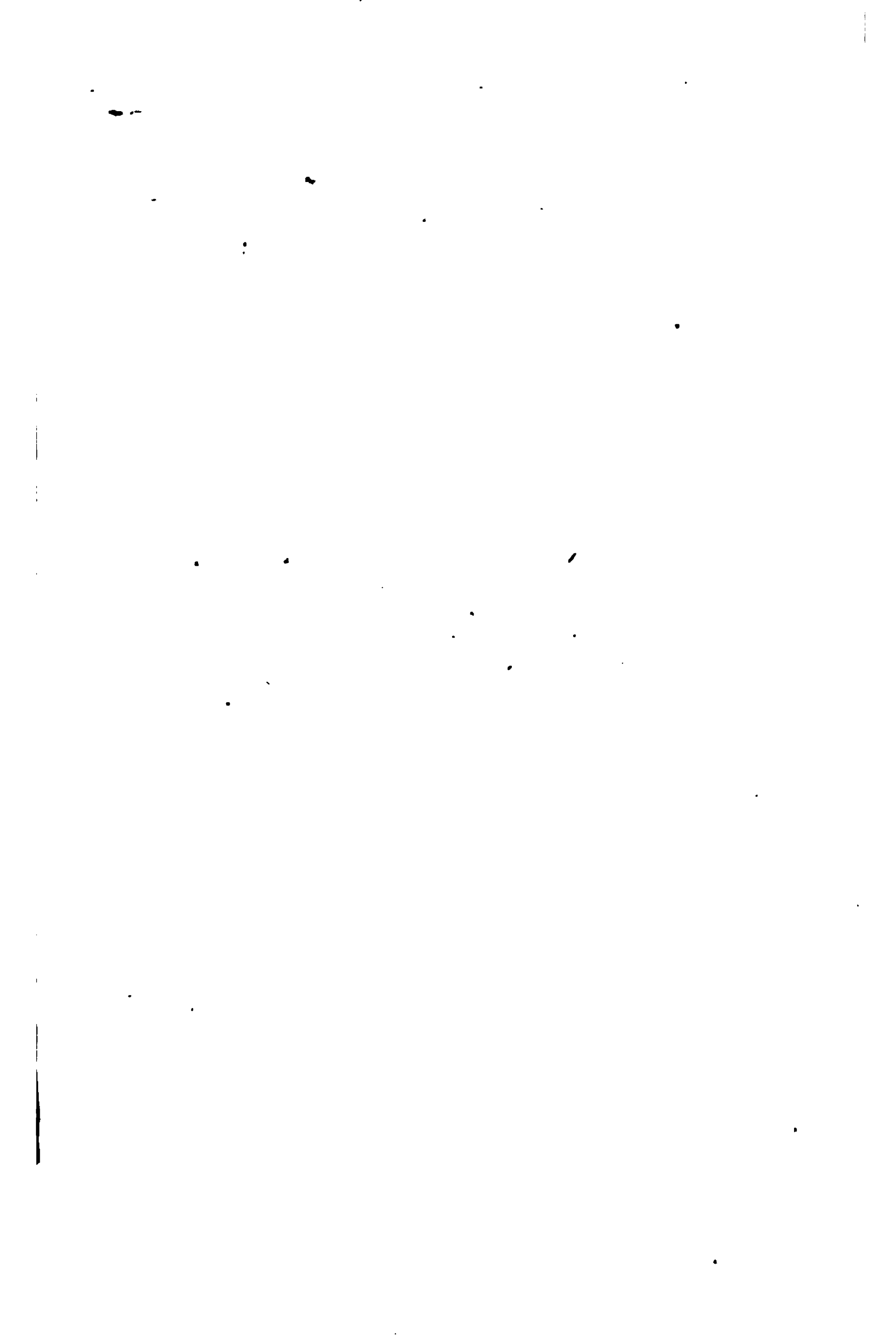

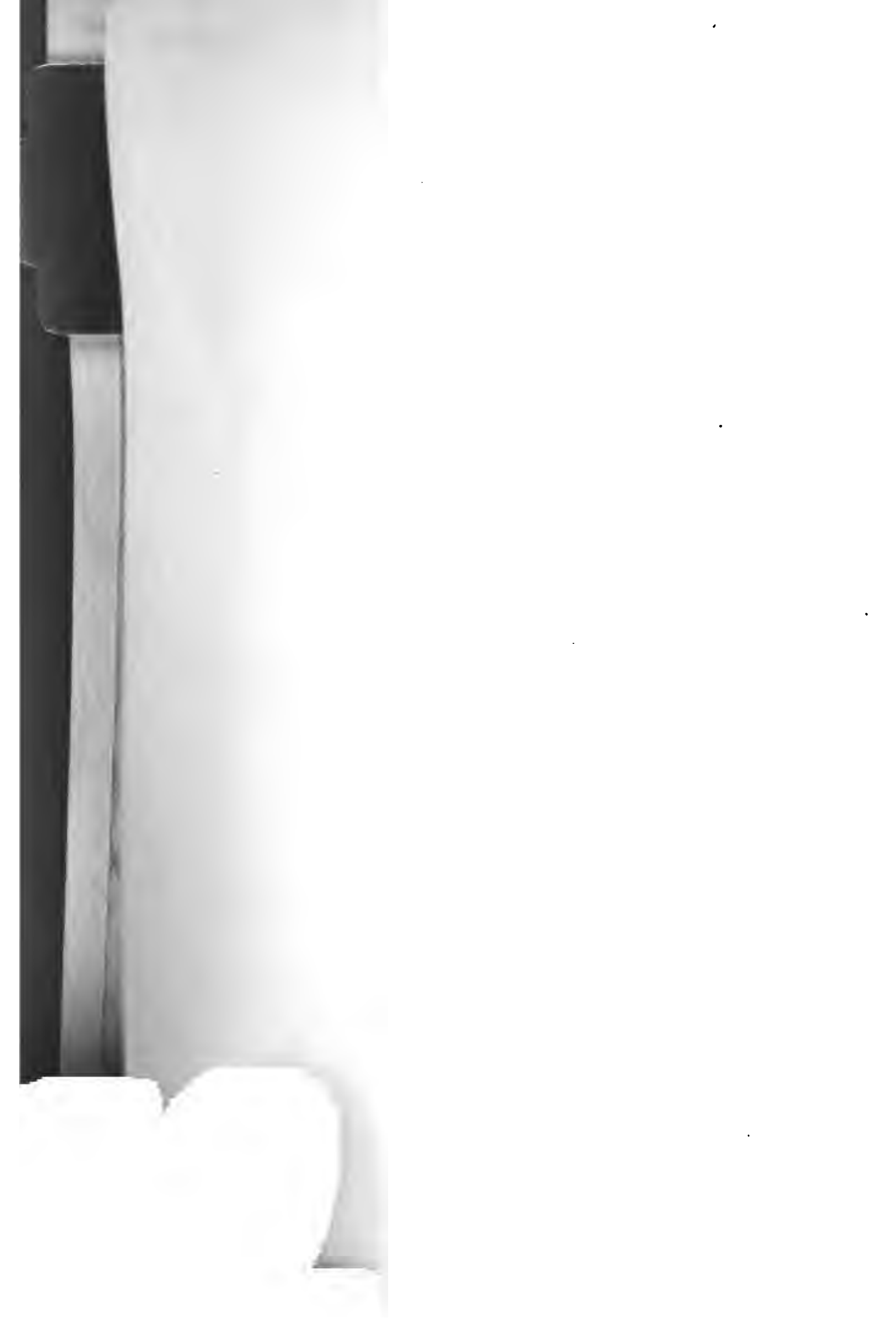

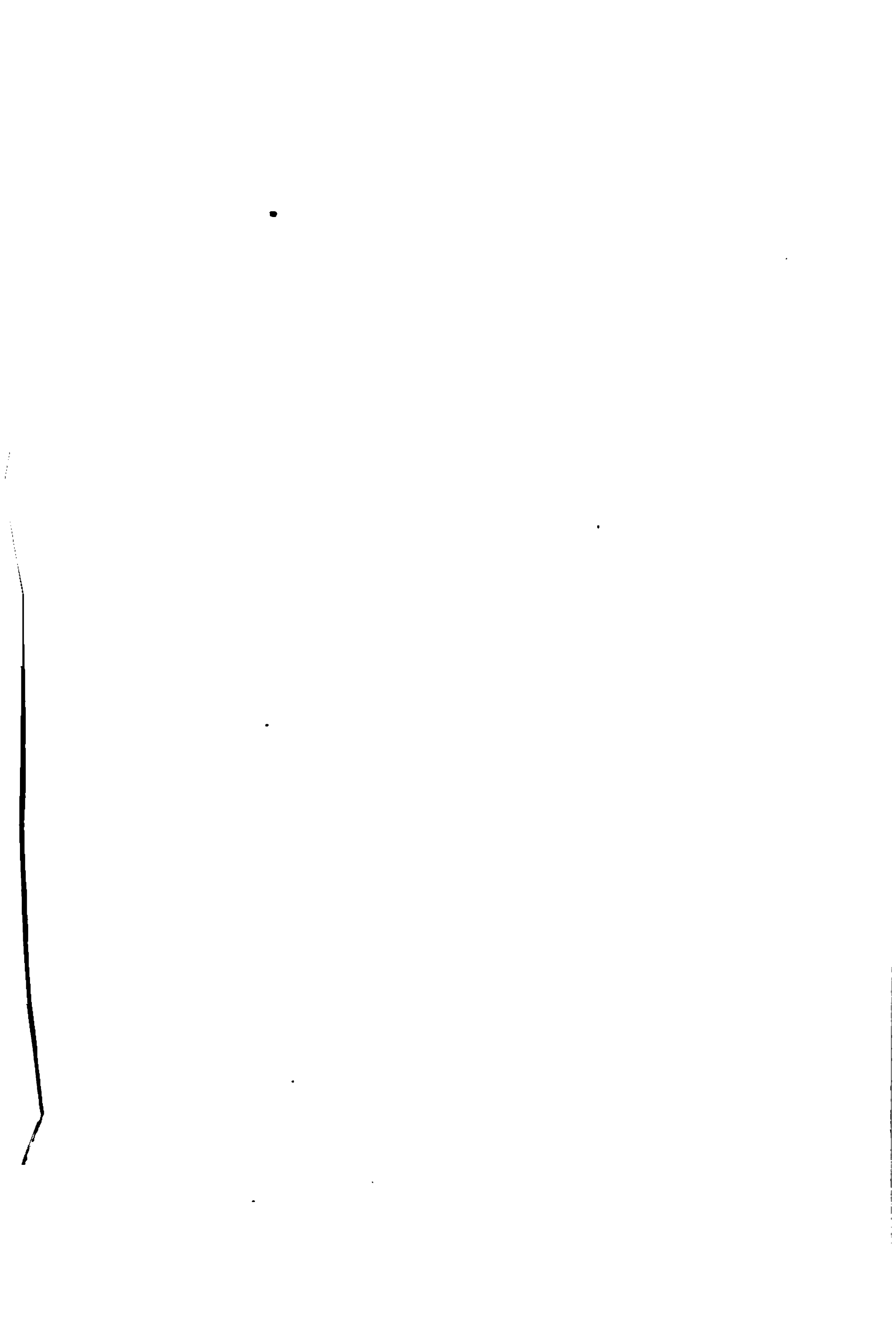

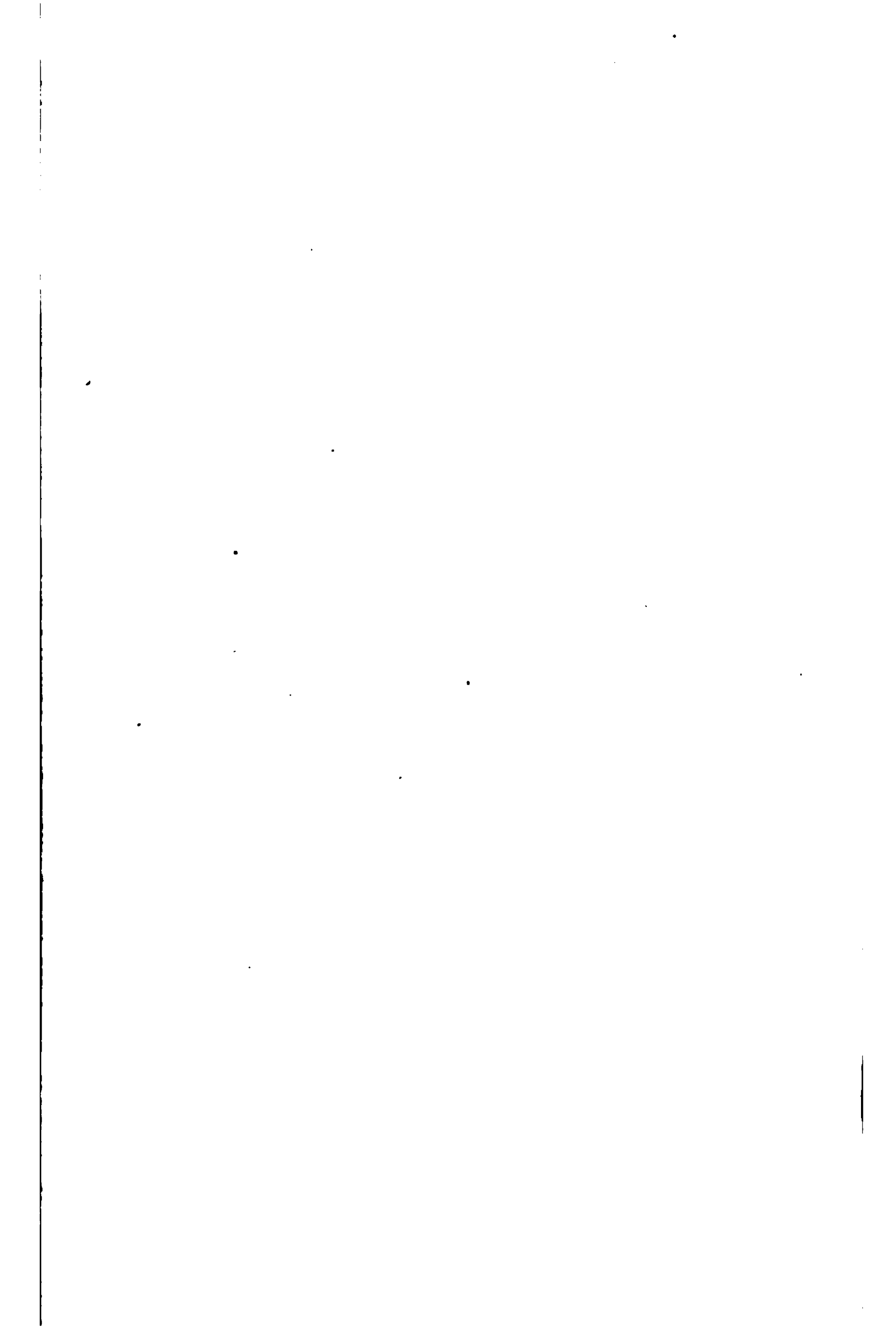

OUTLINES

OF

GERMAN LITERATURE

BY

JOSEPH GOSTWICK

AND

ROBERT HARRISON

NEW YORK
HOLT & WILLIAMS
F. W. CHRISTERN
BOSTON: S. R. URBINO
1873.

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PREFACE

These Outlines are designed to supply a want which the wide-spreading study of the German language and its literature has created. Though this study has rapidly advanced in England during recent years, it has been mostly confined to the writings of modern authors, and many readers may still ask for a book giving a general view of the literature of the German People from the earliest to the latest times. These Outlines extend from the year 380 A.D. to 1870.

More than thirty years have passed since Mr. Carlyle wrote:—'Germany is no longer to any person that vacant land of gray vapour and chimeras which it was to most Englishmen, not many years ago. One may hope that, as readers of German have increased a hundred-fold, some partial intelligence of Germany, some interest in things German, may have increased in a proportionably higher ratio.' If these words were true in 1838, with how much greater force may they be applied to the present time!

The German language is now studied in all our best schools and colleges, as well as at the universities, and is one of the subjects given by examiners to candidates for the Civil Service. 'Where a knowledge of German is rated so high,' says Prof. Max Müller, 'it is but fair that the examiners should insist upon something more than a

conversational knowledge of the language. . . . Candidates may fairly be required to know something of the History of German Literature.'

It may be asked, why have we not translated one of the best of many German books on the History of German Literature? The reply is, that, in some instances, they are too extensive; in others they are rather critical than narrative or descriptive, and are designed for readers who already have some considerable knowledge of the subject. The work now offered to English readers is moderately compendious, and while many critical remarks may be found in its pages, its general character is descriptive. As far as is possible, writers of various schools and of several periods are here allowed to speak for themselves. In several of the quotations given, the form of abridged translation is used, in order to gain more breadth of outline. With the exception of two or three stanzas (from hymns noticed in Chapter XI.), no translations, either in prose or verse, have been borrowed. The translations from minor poets, which may seem numerous, are intended to give a fair representation of German poets of the second class—writers whose genius is truly poetic, though not comprehensive, and who have especially excelled in their lyrical ballads.

It is not long since a notion prevailed, that a review of poetical literature, with a few brief notices of history and biography, might be accepted as the history of a national literature. But theology and philosophy are, though not immediately yet closely, united with general culture, and we have, therefore, made no attempt to evade the difficulty attending the treatment of these subjects.

Our work would indeed have been lighter if we could have declined the task of giving an account of recent German literature—especially its theology and philosophy.

In these sections we have viewed as useless the observance of reticence respecting the negations of Rationalism. The fact is, that they are already well known in England, as they were, indeed, more than a hundred years ago. In negative criticism, as applied to both theology and philosophy, German writers have been industrious—as in all other departments—but they have said nothing as negative as the doctrine to be found in Hume's works, written before 1760. What is now called rationalism was common in England before that date, though it is sometimes spoken of as the sole result of German philosophy.*

In Modern German Literature all the parties engaged in polemic theology, and in the present controversy of freedom against external authority, are fairly and very strongly represented. As far as our limits would allow, we have endeavoured to let all—Catholics, Mystics, Lutherans, Pietists and Rationalists—speak for themselves.

The assertion, that everything that has been called German Philosophy is 'Atheistic,' is nothing less than an untruth, and we have endeavoured to make this clear.

* 'It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons, that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly they treat it as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among all people of discernment; and nothing remained, but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were, by way of reprisals, for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world.' This was written in 1736 by JOSEPH BUTLER, author of the well-known book on 'The Analogy of Religion.' The passage is quoted here to correct the false notion that everything known as rationalism has come from Germany, and was invented there by 'the philosophers.' On the contrary, rationalism, under the name of Deism, was first imported from England into Germany before the middle of the eighteenth century. For ample proofs of this assertion, see LECHLER'S 'History of English Deism.' The only new feature we can find in the materialism now fashionable in Germany is Mr. Darwin's theory of development.

The motive is, no doubt, very good, but, nevertheless, the effect is depressing, when young students are told that philosophers—however sincere and however profound—must always end in Atheism or Pantheism, if they think of more than finite and perishable things. The tendency of this kind of warning may go farther than tho monitor's good intention, and may lead to frivolity, as easily as to an abject and blind submission to authority. It is bad to teach young men to look down on the lowliest of their fellow-creatures, and it must be worse when they are taught to look with contempt on their superiors. We prefer to the narrow and controversial mind, now too prevalent in some departments of science and literature, the charity of LEIBNITZ, who could find some truth everywhere.

The literature of the time 1830–70 has not been treated with the freedom of criticism asserted with regard to preceding periods. The reasons for reserve are obvious. In our study of the literature of our own age, we have no aid from criticism confirmed by the verdict of time. Many of the writers named in our later chapters are still living, and their reputations have still to be tested. For the account here given of recent literature, no respect is claimed more than what is due to a careful statement of facts.

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OUTLINES

OF

GERMAN LITERATURE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY—HIGH AND LOW GERMAN—GOTHIC—OLD HIGH GERMAN—MIDDLE HIGH GERMAN—NEW HIGH GERMAN—CHARACTERISTICS OF GERMAN LITERATURE—THE SEVEN PERIODS OF ITS HISTORY—THE FIRST PERIOD: ULFILAS—KERO—OTFRIED—NOTKER.

THE PEOPLE who now occupy the greater part of Central Europe and, in race and language, form one nation, have since the twelfth century called themselves 'die Deutschen.' The name 'German'—itself not German, but, like 'Teuton,' borrowed from Latin—is sometimes employed to include not only 'die Deutschen' of Central Europe, but also, and with regard to their common origin, the people of Holland, the English, and the Scandinavians. As commonly used in England, however, the word 'German' includes only the people whose literature belongs to the High German language.

Down to the time of the Reformation LOW GERMAN was the written language of the districts bounded on the north by the Baltic and the North Sea, and on the south by a line drawn from Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle) through Bonn, Cassel and Dessau to Thorn on the Vistula. One of the more obvious distinctions of High and Low German is found in the consonants, which, in the latter, mostly resemble the English. Thus we have in Low German, *t, k,* and *p* used respectively instead of the High German *s, ch,* and *f.* Low German, with which English, the language

spoken in Holland, and the Scandinavian languages are all closely connected, declined rapidly in its literature soon after the Reformation.

HIGH GERMAN, in the course of time, from the sixth century to the present, has passed through changes so extensive as to divide it into three forms—Old, Middle, and New High German—which may be practically styled three distinct languages. The first prevailed in literature from the sixth century to the eleventh; the second from the Crusades to the Reformation; and the third was established by Luther's translation of the Bible (1522-1534). The first of these languages is now as difficult for a modern German as King Alfred's English is for an Englishman of the present time, and, as Prof. Max Müller observes, the Middle High German of WALTHER, a lyrical poet of the thirteenth century, 'is more remote from the language of Goethe than Chaucer is from Tennyson.'

With respect to the times during which they were used in literature, the Old High German might be called Mediæval, and the Middle High German might be distinguished as Later Mediæval.

In the transitions made from Gothic to Old High German, and from this language to Middle High German, the general tendency was to reduce both the number and the strength of inflections; in other words, to make the language less natural and sensuous. The Gothic, like Greek, had a dual number, and some distinct forms of the passive verb; though, like all German languages, it had only two tenses. In Gothic nouns the nominative, the accusative, and the vocative are distinguished. In Old High German the vocative case, the dual number, and the passive form of the verb disappear, and the accusative is made like the nominative; but the number of the vowels is increased, many abstract nouns are introduced by translators from Latin, and changes of consonants take place; such as from *t*, *k*, and *p* to their respective substitutes *s*, *ch*, and *f*. This change is, as we have noticed, characteristic of all the three High German languages, as distinct from Gothic, Plattdeutsch, English, and the languages of Holland and Scandinavia. A great improvement in verse was made during the Monastic, or Old High German period, by the substitution of rhyme for alliteration. In Middle High German the diminution of Gothic inflections was carried farther, and thus the language

was rendered less cumbersome in grammar, and more fitted for easy use in conversation. Several very remarkable improvements were now made in versification. Its melody depended, not on a dull counting of syllables, but on both accent and quantity, and strict attention was paid to the purity of the rhymes. These characteristics belong chiefly to the poetical literature of the thirteenth century; but that literature was reduced to a pitiable caricature of itself in the course of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In those dark, yet not uninteresting times, literature became popular and prosaic, and verse was manufactured. Many illiterate men, who could not always count syllables correctly, and cared nothing for purity of rhyme, set up joint-stock companies for making 'poetry,' and produced bales of that sort 'which neither gods nor men can tolerate.' We may add, that the Middle High German differs from the Modern more in its forms than in its sounds; so that the reader who is puzzled by the appearance of a few lines from a song written in the thirteenth century, will sometimes understand them as soon as they are read aloud.

The chief characteristic which has been preserved, through all its changes, by the German language, is its independence. The root-words are few, in comparison with their wealth of derivatives and compounds. A German-English dictionary, to be useful, must be rather extensive; but all the roots commonly used in Modern High German might be very readably printed in a small pocket volume. Instead of borrowing words from Greek, Latin, and French, in order to express new combinations of thought, German developes its own resources by manifold compositions of its own roots and particles. It is, consequently, a self-explanatory language, and the German student who knows little or nothing of Latin and Greek can trace the etymology of the longest compound words which he employs. In English, in order to express one thought in its various modifications, we use German, Greek, and Latin. In German, where the thoughts are closely related, the corresponding words have a family likeness. Consequently, while the German language is far superior to our own in originality, it does not admit such strong distinctions of diction as may be made between English-Latin writers, like Gibbon and Johnson, and authors like Swift and Bunyan, who wrote a purer English.

The several States of Germany stand by no means on a level, with regard to their contributions to literature. The Northern States

have been far more productive than those of the south, and, as a fact, it may be stated without any partiality, that, in almost all departments of learning, the Protestant States have excelled their Catholic neighbours. Of the Modern German Literature now spreading its influence throughout the civilised world, a remarkably large portion belongs to Prussia and Saxony. Of one hundred and seventy authors who wrote during the period 1740–1840, sixty belonged to Prussia, about thirty to Saxony and Würtemberg, ten or a dozen to Bavaria and Baden, and very few to Austria. Of the nineteen universities of Germany, thirteen belong to Prussia and the North German Confederation. These numerous free institutions—open alike to the rich and the poor—are almost the only good results of the division of Germany into so many States. They were established by the nation itself, have been closely united with its literary and political history, and now form bulwarks for the defence of the empire. Pedants have too often reigned in these great schools for the people; but let it always be remembered that Luther and Melancthon were German professors. In 1867-68, about fifteen thousand students were attending lectures at the German universities, and the number of professors—ordinary and others—was about one thousand. It will not seem remarkable, therefore, that of the one hundred and seventy authors living between the years 1740 and 1840, about fifty were professors. To pursue the analysis a little further, it will be seen that twenty-two of these writers—including Goethe, Müller the historian, Karl vom Stein, the brothers Humboldt, and Niebuhr—were statesmen, while three were sovereigns. The greatest number of authors, including the best, arose, however, not indeed from the lowest, but from the middle classes, and were men who had been trained in the universities.

It is hardly necessary to argue now, that a devotion to learning is not inevitably followed by a neglect of the duties of social and political life. Though Germany has had her own peculiar school of pedants—men who, as Prof. Max Müller has said, 'have been admirers of that Dulcinea, knowledge for its own sake'—the Germans have not become a nation of bookworms. Von Roon, the organiser of Prussian victories, began his career by publishing a handbook of geography for schools. Von Moltke was employed as a teacher before he planned the campaign of 1866. Schoolmasters prepared the way for the success of 1870. There may still be

found, especially among the Saxons of the north and the north-east, men of powerful build, light hair, and blue-gray eyes, recalling the Teutons who refused to yield to Rome. From those people of Holstein, Mecklenburg, Pomerania, Brandenburg, and East Prussia, have descended such men as Kant, Herschel, and Gauss in literature and science, and, in politics and warfare, Blücher, Moltke, and Bismarck. The central Franks—mostly Catholics in the hilly districts around Würtzburg and Bamberg, but Protestants in the plains—have been, from the old times of the Hohenstaufen kings down to our own, well represented in poetry and the fine arts. The names of Wolfram, Frauenlob, Goethe, and Rückert in literature, of Albrecht Dürer and Lucas Cranach in art, belong to the Franks. Thuringia, the home of poetry and music in the times of the Crusades, has hardly produced, since then, a poet of the first class; but the great musicians, Bach and Händel, were natives of this district. Saxony and Silesia are illustrated by the names of Leibnitz and Fichte in philosophy; Flemming, Gerhardt, and Lessing in literature; Schumann, Schnorr, and Lessing in art.

The Suabians and the German peoples east and west of Switzerland may boast of such names as those of the Hohenstaufen kings; of Kepler, Hegel, and Schelling, in science and philosophy; of Melancthon and Zwingli in theology; of Gottfried, Hartmann, Haller, Schiller, and Uhland in poetry; and of Erwin von Steinbach and Holbein in art. The Bavarians and their neighbours—the Austrians and the Tyrolese—who have mostly remained Catholics, have not in literature and philosophy kept pace with the people of the Central and Northern States. As some compensation, the Southern Germans have had in music men like Gluck, Mozart, Haydn, and Schubert; in poetry, Zedlitz, Auersperg, Grillparzer, Stifter, and Blumauer; and in art, Schwanthaler, Stiglmaier, Schwind, and Steinle.

It would be idle to attempt to characterise, in a few words, the men of even one of the States in a nation with a population of forty-seven millions; but a few traits commonly regarded as characteristic of the German people may be mentioned here. It is generally admitted that the Germans are less sensuous and passionate, and also less vivacious, than the peoples of Latin origin, to whom they are also inferior in ease of address and fluency of expression. On the other hand, many Germans of the

higher educated classes have been remarkable for their deep thoughtfulness, their perseverance in study, and their power of retiring from the world of the senses and resting in the world of their own thoughts. So Kant, who might have truly said, 'My mind for me a kingdom is,' lived to a good old age at Königsberg, from which he never travelled many miles. And both Fichte and Hegel, though they wrote much on man's duties in society, taught that his highest life and enjoyment—as Aristotle had already said—must consist in self-knowledge and meditation. Such men as Kant, Fichte, and Hegel do not represent a nation; but there must exist a strong thoughtful tendency in the people who have produced so many retired students great in philology, theology, and philosophy.

Among more ordinary traits of the Germans may be noticed their free subordination, circumspection, caution, perseverance, and patience. The last two gifts they exhibit in their acquisition of foreign languages. The German in England listens and studies long, patiently submits to all the anomalies of our orthography, and then surprises us by delivering a lecture or writing a book in good English. The same qualities make him ready to obey, capable of ruling, and fully sensible of the truth that the first of these duties must precede the second. Industry, patience, and a love of order make the Germans, as colonists, inferior to none—not even to the English and the Scotch.

To notice briefly the most prominent external defects of German literature, it must be at once admitted that a neglect of clearness and beauty of style has too long been tolerated. Some apology may be made for the abstruseness of philosophical books. Deep thinking can hardly be made popular. A dry and uninviting style is not a proof of depth of thought; but there is truth in Hegel's remark, that 'some writers and preachers, very popular on account of their clearness, only tell the people what they already know.' The 'obscurity' found in Kant, Fichte, and Hegel may be partly ascribed to the problems they endeavour to solve; but too many authors have written in an involved style on topics less difficult. The fault must be ascribed to themselves, and not to their language; for while it allows, it by no means requires a complicated structure of periods. If an author is determined to write as few principal sentences, and to append to them as many phrases as possible before he makes a full stop, he

can do it in German without writing nonsense. His inflections of nouns and adnouns afford an advantage of which he too often makes an abuse.

Another fault of some German authors is the result of their virtues—industry and perseverance—exaggerated and made tiresome. The learned professor, in treating a topic, will refer to everything connected with it from the creation of the world down to the present time, leaving nothing unsaid that can be said about it. The Frenchman, too often, rejects all that cannot be rapidly understood and readily expressed, but gives the remainder in a fluent or brilliant style. The Englishman asks for facts of which he can immediately make some use, and cares little for the style in which they are conveyed. 'Good care has been taken that the trees shall not grow up into the sky,' says an invidious old proverb, and the divided characteristics of Germans, Frenchmen, and Englishmen seem to support the saying. A union of German depth and French clearness with the Englishman's practical purport would have a high value in life as well as in literature.

The history of German literature has been divided into seven periods, to which we venture to add an eighth, to include the literature of our own time.

I. The First Period extends from the time 360–380, when a great part of the Bible was translated into GOTHIC, down to the eleventh century. After the migrations of the German peoples, their language was reduced by monks to the written form known as

OLD HIGH GERMAN. In this language we have little more than a few heathen ballads and some translations of creeds, prayers, Latin hymns, and passages from the Bible. The literary character of the time, extending from the sixth to the eleventh century, was monastic.

II. In the Second Period (1150-1350) a transition of language was made from Old to MIDDLE HIGH GERMAN, and at the same time literature found new patrons among the nobility and at the courts of princes; especially in Austria and Thuringia.

III. In the Third Period (1350–1525) literature—cast aside as a worn-out fashion at courts and in the halls of the nobles—found patrons among the townspeople. Verse lost its union with poetry, and assumed a didactic and satirical character, but

improvements were made in prose, especially in the writings of pious men known as Mystics.

IV. In 1522–1534 LUTHER translated the Bible into German, and the general reception of that version established the language called NEW HIGH GERMAN. This is the most important fact in the literary history of the Fourth Period, included in the time 1525-1625.

V. The Fifth Period (1625–1725) includes the deplorable time of the Thirty Years' War. It might, perhaps, have been creditable to the German people if no light or imaginative literature had then existed. It was not a time for writing poetry, and, with the exception of some hymns, little true poetry was written, but great improvements were made in versification, especially by OPITZ and his followers.

VI. The Sixth Period (1725–1770) includes a time chiefly noticeable for its literary controversies, and for the appearance of LESSING—the herald of a free, national literature.

VII. It is enough to say here of the Seventh Period (1770–1830) that it was the time of a general revival and expansion in literature, art, and philosophy; the time in which GOETHE displayed the wealth of his genius, and when SCHILLER, by his noble, ideal characteristics, as well as by his poetry, gained such a permanent grasp on the sympathies of his nation as the highest genius alone could hardly deserve.

VIII. The prolific German literature that has appeared since 1830 does not belong to history. Many of its writers are still living, and their reputations have still to be tested by time. For any account we may be able to give of recent German literature, we claim no respect, more than what is due to a careful statement of facts.

We profess to give merely the Outlines of German Literature. Omissions of many names must not be misunderstood as implying any want of respect for the unmentioned writers. Every plan of treating briefly the history of an extensive literature must have some defects when it is reduced to practice. If, in accordance with the views of some literary historians, we confined our attention to works of imagination, to poetry, epic, lyrical, and dramatic, and to prose-fiction—as comprising the literature most clearly expressing the general characteristics of a people, we should leave unnoticed history, criticism, philology, and literary

history, as well as theology and philosophy—departments of study in which German thought and learning have won the highest honours. On the other side, it may be truly said, that the distinct literatures of theology and philosophy must be studied, each in its true order and union, and cannot be fairly represented in fragments, scattered here and there among notices of popular literature. The essence of philosophy consists in unitive thought. It must be systematic, or it is nothing. The enquiries of such men as Hume, Kant, Jacobi, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and Herbart are all connected as links in a chain. It might seem easy to give, in isolation, a sketch of the practical philosophy of such a writer as Schopenhauer; but even that would be better understood by a reference to other writers—to Kant and Hartmann, for example. These views might lead us to reject philosophy as a part of German national literature. But both theology and philosophy are, though indirectly, very closely united with national culture. The thoughts developed by the best writers in these departments may seem, for a time, to be confined to universities and to the studies of learned men; but they gradually find their way from one circle of society to another, until they exert an important influence on the education of the people. These considerations have led us to select the plan of giving, first, and in their historical connection, some notices of the general literature of the German language, to which may be appended some outlines of the special literatures of philology, theology, and philosophy.

The fragments that remain of the literature of the Gothic and Old High German languages all serve to tell one story, of a gradual spread of Christianity and of the establishment of the authority of the Church in Central Europe, from the fourth century after Christ to the eleventh.

The Goths were the first Teutonic people who received Christian teaching. Their bishop, ULFILAS (318–388) translated almost the whole of the Bible into their language. A considerable part of his version of the New Testament and some fragments of the Old have been preserved, and on these venerable remains German philologists have based their knowledge of the Gothic language.

For our knowledge of Old High German and its scanty literature,

we are mostly indebted to some studious brethren of the convents of St. Gallen and Fulda. We cannot wonder that these monks, who employed this language from the sixth to the eleventh century, endeavoured to destroy the remembrance of old heathen ballads that were inspired by a love of warfare and a spirit of revenge. Several fragments of those ballads which have been preserved to our times, prove that from such materials the closing scenes of the *Nibelungenlied* derived their savage character. In one old ballad the slain are every night recalled to life, that battle may be renewed on the following day. In another, warriors, after a hard fight, sit down and make grim jests on such injuries as the loss of a hand, a foot, and an eye. A third ballad describes a contest between a father and his son. Legends like these were, however, sometimes preserved by the monks, who found them useful as aids to the study of the people's language. Thus it happens that the last of the ballads referred to above was preserved in a religious book of the ninth century, having doubtless been written down by a monk. KARL, the great German king (Charlemagne) was zealous for the culture of a national literature, and, in obedience to his will, a collection of old ballads was made. Though his son Ludwig consigned them to neglect, they were not entirely forgotten, but lived among the people, and reappeared, with a change of dress, in the twelfth century.

The Old High German language lived from the sixth to the close of the eleventh century. Fragments of translations from the New Testament, and of creeds, hymns, and monastic rules, written in German, prove that the monks had already partly done what Karl demanded. The two monasteries of St. Gallen and Fulda were the chief schools for the culture of a national religious literature. In the first, founded by St. Gall in 705, a monk named KERO, about 760, made an interlinear version of the Benedictine Rules, and translated, it is said, the *Te Deum*, with other hymns ascribed to St. Ambrose. A translation of the Apostles' Creed, made at St. Gallen in the eighth century, shows that that symbol could then be expressed as concisely in German as in Latin. The *Heliand*, a Life of Christ, freely translated from the Gospels into alliterative verse, is believed to have been written in obedience to the commands of King Ludwig der Fromme (Louis le Débonnaire). It is in the Old Saxon language, and, while it gives hardly more than the letter of the Gospel, preserves some traits of heathen times.

Among the passages treated by the writer, we may notice his version of the prophecy of the end of the world, and the translation of the narrative of the Nativity, which begins thus:—'They were watchmen who first were aware of it; herdsmen, out in the field [and] guarding horses and cattle, saw the darkness in the air melt away, and God's light came gladly through the clouds and surrounded the watchers in the field. Then the men feared in their soul. They saw God's mighty angel come, and, having turned towards them, he commanded the herdsmen in the field: "Fear not for yourselves any evil from the light. I shall tell you, in truth, news very desirable and of mighty power; Christ—the Lord, the Good—is born this night in David's town, whereof the race of men may rejoice."' The chief traits of the *Heliand* are its alliterative verse and its German epic tone—both derived from old heathen ballads. These national characteristics are not found in the *Krist*, a rhymed harmony of the Gospels, which was written by a monk named Otfried (776–856), who, for some time, studied at Fulda. His work—the oldest known in German rhymed verse —is, as a narrative, inferior to the *Heliand*. The story is less popularly told, and is interrupted by reflections. The unknown author of the *Heliand* describes the end of the world as he would the close of a battle, and does not stay to moralize; but Otfried, after telling how the Wise Men from the East returned into their own land, appends a homily, reminding Christians that this world is not their home, and exhorts them to prepare for another.

Another production in rhymed verse, the *Ludwigslied*—a lay on the victory of Ludwig III. (881)—has been ascribed to a monk who died in 930; though it has the traits of a popular ballad. We are also indebted to monastic students for several Latin translations of German ballads and of the stories of the Fox and the Wolf—*Reynardus* and *Isengrimus*. The latter enable us to trace the well-known mediæval tale of 'Reynard' as far back as to the tenth century; but its origin was in fact far earlier. We have already referred to one of the ballads translated into Latin as strikingly indicative of a delight in warfare. It may be noticed, in passing, that for our knowledge of the history of these times we are mostly indebted to Latin writers.

Notker, surnamed Teutonicus, a monk of St. Gallen, who died in 1022, was the chief representative of German literature in his day. He wrote translations of the Psalms and of some treatises by

Aristotle and Boethius. His immediate successors were inferior writers:—WILLIRAM, a monk at Fulda, who wrote a paraphrase of the 'Song of Solomon,' and died in 1085, and the unknown author of a book on cosmography entitled *Merigarto* (the garden surrounded by the sea), which is written in rhymed prose.

The eleventh century was a time of darkness, of which hardly any literary vestiges exist in German. During that time, and in the opening of the twelfth century, a transition was made from Old to Middle High German. In this language, FRAU AVA, who died in 1127—the first German authoress of whom we have any knowledge—wrote a 'Life of Jesu.'

Other important changes were coincident with this transition in language. The Crusades awakened the knighthood to a new life, governed by new ideas, and both the clergy and the nobility now became more distinct as castes. The clergy, by their neglect of German literature, loosened the bond that might have united them more closely with the people. Churchmen became more wealthy and more independent of secular support; but, at the same time, weaker morally and intellectually, than the monks who had first preached to the heathen and opened schools at Fulda and St. Gallen. If their example had been generally followed, the progress of German civilisation and literature would, in all probability, have been more steady and satisfactory than that which we have to describe. But even in this earliest period we find the beginning of that separation of learned men from the general sympathies of the people, which was more remarkable in a later time. Literature was regarded rather as a world in itself than in its relation to the real world. Scholars, proud of their enlightenment, concentrated it in monastic cells. Learned men studied and wrote for their compeers, rather than for the people. While the uneducated hardly understood the simplest rudiments of moral truth, the scholastic divines of the middle ages multiplied subtleties, and exercised their intellects in the finest distinctions of doctrine. A barrier of language was raised between these two classes. Latin was the language of all respectable literature for some centuries. The romances and other poems produced during the age of chivalry form exceptions to the rule; but it was maintained, on the whole, so strictly, that even at the close of the seventeenth century the prejudices of the middle ages remained,

and the German language was then only beginning to assert its capabilities as a vehicle of literature.

The Crusades were for the Church both a triumph and a failure. They served to increase its wealth; but at the same time, to diminish its intellectual power. The knight became more prominent than the churchman. Literature, once confined to the monk's cell, was now transferred to courts and castles, and this change of residence was attended with new internal characteristics. The Church, firmly established, was less careful of the culture of the people, and monks no longer interfered in the making of ballads. The poetical literature that was one of the results of these changes in the Church and in society divides itself into two classes—a people's literature of old legends, carried about by wandering ballad-singers, and a new literature consisting of songs and romances, and mostly patronised by the nobility. The people, unwilling to forget their old legends, found writers who revived them in a form suitable to compete with the foreign romances of the times; but these revivals of heathen poetry were not generally acceptable to the higher classes. Their military spirit was now tempered with some elements derived from the Christian religion. The crusader, though a warrior, could hardly sympathise with such heroes as Hagen and Volker in the *Nibelungenlied*.

CHAPTER II.

SECOND PERIOD. 1150–1350.

THE TIMES OF THE HOHENSTAUFENS—CHIVALRY—THE CRUSADES—NATIONAL LEGENDS: THE 'NIBELUNGENLIED' AND 'GUDRUN'—EAST GOTHIC AND LONGOBARD LEGENDS.

THE period included in the years 1150–1350 is characterised in German history, as in literature, as a time of transitory splendour, followed by an almost total eclipse. The fall of Konradin on the scaffold at Naples (in 1268) marks the time when a poetical literature having some refinement, but mostly confined to a class, began to decay. It was followed by its extreme opposite, the low and prosaic, but popular literature of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

It is hard to divest the times of which we now write of their dreamlike characteristics. Distance in thought has a greater power than distance of time. We find ourselves at home in the sixteenth century; for there we meet the democratic movement, and the political and religious strife with which we are well acquainted in our own times. Going back, in imagination, another century, or rather more, we are still in an intelligible world, for the movement that promised something greater than the Lutheran Reformation was beginning. But when we come to the Hohenstaufen times, what dreamlike figures meet us there!—knights in armour, longing to expiate their sins by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and ready to encounter hosts of Saracens; yet amusing their leisure by composing and singing such over-refined and artificial verses as the *Minnelieder*; or in studying foreign romances, telling the adventures of Parzival, King Arthur, Tristan, and other visionary heroes. Realities were almost as dreamlike as these fictions. The Crusades were the acted romances of their time. The attempt to change the most internal and spiritual of

all religions into an affair of locomotion, with pilgrimages, bathings in the Jordan, and attacks on Saracens, was wilder than any legend of the Court of Arthur, and had less of a true religious purport than may be found in passages of the 'Parzival' romance as told by WOLFRAM. The Crusades indeed served a greater purpose than the development of commerce and civilisation. They inflicted a deep discouragement on externalism, and referred men back from Palestine and so-called 'holy places' to the heart as the birthplace of religion. But of this great purpose even Walther, the best of the singers of *Minnelieder*, hardly dreamed. He hints at some deep emotion when he tells us that he longed to make a pilgrimage to Palestine, as a means of gaining absolution, and 'a full release from all his sorrows,' but he goes no farther.

From the time of the great emperor Karl down to the twelfth century, literature was left mostly to the care of monks; but in the times of the Crusades the inferior nobility became the chief representatives of such culture as was patronised at the courts of princes, especially those of Austria and Thuringia. Townsmen were mostly occupied with the interests of their thriving commercial guilds. They encouraged art—especially architecture—but cared nothing for such poetry as the knights studied. The poets of the period cared as little for the pursuits of townsmen, or for any other realities of life. The wealth of the people was rapidly increasing, thousands of serfs had become freemen, cities were rising and threatening feudal institutions, mines were discovered, and a taste for luxury and ornament prevailed among the townspeople. Their grand cathedrals at Ulm, Strasburg, and Cologne were the best ideal works of the age, and expressed thoughts nobler than we find in its literature. The themes selected by versifiers and poets were mostly foreign or antique. Legends of Arthur's Court were borrowed from France and Belgium, and Virgil's Æneid was turned into a mediæval love-story. Of the contests of the Hohenstaufen rulers with the popes, of the anarchy of the interregnum, and even of the events of the Crusades, we find few traces in the contemporary German literature—the battle-poems that appeared being reproductions of old national ballads. In their lyrics and their romances, many of the knights who wrote verses seem almost destitute of national feeling. When religious themes are introduced, they are mostly treated apart from all application to life; but the ascetic character of some poems seems

as unreal as the love expressed in many of the *Minnelieder*. To read thoughts, we must turn away from poetry to the sermons of brother Berthold, and to the clear didactic prose written by the so-called Mystics.

The best imaginative works of this time are the two national epic poems—the *Nibelungenlied* and *Gudrun*, in connection with which we may notice briefly some less important national legends.

The *Nibelungenlied* may be traced to the close of the twelfth century, when it was put together from materials furnished by far older ballads. The writer or compiler, whose name, after some guesses, remains unknown, derived the substance of his narrative from several legends preserved by popular tradition, strangely intermingled, and often changed in their purport. Of these he made a selection, and while he preserved well the characteristics of an age antecedent to the introduction of Christianity, he gave to his work certain superficial traits of the days of chivalry. For example, he tells of his two heroines attending mass, and mentions tournaments as pastimes of heroes; but both Christianity and chivalry serve as mere drapery, under which the heathen characteristics of the old ballads are clearly visible. Like other long narrative poems of its time, the *Nibelungenlied* is wanting in an artistic union of its parts. It divides itself into two stories; one ending with the death of Siegfried, the other closing with the fulfilment of Kriemhild's revenge of that death. When contrasted with the romances of the time, this national epic is distinguished by its good keeping of characters, by the absence of lifeless description and forced similes, and by an orderly progress of events; though many details of the narrative—especially those of the closing series of battles—seem tedious to modern readers. The following is a summary of the story, which we endeavour to give, here and there, in a style approaching the simplicity of the original:—

There lived at the castle of Worms on the Rhine, a princess of great beauty, named Kriemhild, the sister of King Gunther of Burgundy. In another fortress, situate lower on the same river, lived the hero Siegfried, the dragon-slayer, who had overcome in battle the mysterious and unearthly race of the Nibelungen, and had taken possession of their great hoard of gold and gems. In another adventure he had slain a dragon, and, by bathing in the dragon's blood, had made himself invulnerable, except in one

spot between his shoulders, where 'a stray leaf of the linden-tree had fallen and hung.' He then came to Worms to win the hand of the Princess Kriemhild, spite of a warning he had received that his love must end in grief. He was welcomed at Worms, and there distinguished himself in tournaments; but was not introduced to the lovely princess for the space of a year. Meanwhile, however, he had won, at least, her admiration; for when he was engaged, with other knights, in a tournament, Kriemhild, at the window of her chamber, would look with pleasure on the pastime, and smiled when he was the victor. At the end of the year, and when he had rendered military service to King Günther, the hero was introduced to the princess, and they were soon afterwards betrothed. The story proceeds with the recital of a service rendered to the king by Siegfried that was of an extraordinary character, and seems to refer to some legend of northern mythology. There lived, we are told, far over the sea, at Isenstein, an Amazonian queen, called Brunhild, destined to become the wife of any hero who could prove himself her superior in martial prowess. This task was too formidable for Günther alone. He sailed away to Isenstein, but took with him the hero Siegfried; and, when the queen's challenge was accepted by Günther, the dragon-slayer, who had made himself invisible by the use of a charm, gave such assistance to the king that Brunhild, greatly wondering, was compelled to own herself defeated and won in the battle. She then came to Worms as Queen of Burgundy, and soon became jealous of the honours bestowed on the dragon-slayer and his bride. The enmity thus begun between the queen and Kriemhild soon rose to such a height that Brunhild secretly resolved on the death of Siegfried. To carry out her design, she appealed to the loyalty of Hagen, the sternest of all the Burgundian heroes—

Fierce Hagen of the rapid glances—

and represented to him that she had been grievously insulted by the dragon-slayer and by his wife. Loyalty demanded that the queen's wrong must be avenged; but even Hagen, not daring to encounter Siegfried in an open and fair fight, and sacrificing good faith as a man to his loyalty as a vassal, stooped to a base act of treachery—the most unpleasant, but perhaps not the least characteristic feature in the whole narrative. He now pretended to be the devoted friend of Siegfried, and declared he would stand

by his side and protect him in an approaching battle. By Hagen's persuasion, the unsuspecting princess marked on her husband's coat the place between the shoulders where he was vulnerable. Hagen then invited the hero to join a party going to hunt wild boars in a neighbouring forest. In several passages of the story the dreams and forebodings of women are described as prophetic, according to the belief of the ancient Germans. At this crisis, when the dragon-slayer was hastening away at morn to join the hunting party, Kriemhild entreated him to stay at home. 'For I have had a dream,' she said, 'that two wild boars were chasing you along the wood, and the grass was wet with your blood; and another dream, just before I awoke, that two rocks fell upon you as you walked along a dale.' But the dragon-slayer enfolded his wife in his arms and kissed her, to banish her fears, until she gave him leave to go. Then he hastened away into the great forest, where he had to meet enemies more formidable than the wild boars. There was a clear, cool spring in the forest, and the hero, warm with the chase, was stooping to drink when Hagen thrust a spear through his victim, just at the fatal spot which Kriemhild's own hand had marked. The body of the lifeless dragon-slayer was carried home, and Kriemhild, after recovery from her first violent sorrow, demanded the trial of the bier, in order to detect the assassin of her husband. Several heroes passed beside the bier, and when Hagen's turn came, drops of blood trickled from the corpse and silently accused the murderer. Now Kriemhild knew the man who had slain the hero-husband she had loved and adored, and her soul soon became as still as a pool frozen hard in the depth of winter. She had hitherto had but one bosom-thought —love for Siegfried. She had still but one, but it was now revenge. Hagen should die, if all Burgundy must die with him. That was her resolution, and for its fulfilment she waited thirteen years and more. The first part of the story ends here and leaves Kriemhild in deep and melancholy seclusion at her castle of Worms on the Rhine.

Hagen, having feared lest she should, by a distribution of her wealth—the hoard of gold and gems carried away from the Nibelungen—raise a powerful party in her favour, carried away the treasure and buried it in an unknown place in the Rhine. This wrong also was endured in silence for thirteen years, and then the opportunity for revenge, so long waited for, presented itself to the

widow of the dragon-slayer. Etzel, the King of the Huns, sent one of his chief vassals, Rüdiger, the noblest character in the story, to ask for the hand of Siegfried's widow. She cared nothing now for royal splendour, and had no wish to leave her solitude, but she resolved to accept a second husband as a means of avenging the death of the first. Accordingly she departed from Burgundy, and travelled with Rüdiger and his escort into the land of the Huns. There she was hailed on the confines of Hungary by Etzel, who was accompanied by a host of warriors. ''Tis well,' said Kriemhild, when she first saw the army coming to meet her; 'I shall have warriors now who will avenge my wrong.' A festival of several days followed her arrival in Vienna, and the beauty of their queen won enthusiastic praises from the chief vassals of Etzel; but in the midst of all their splendid array her heart was still with Siegfried in his castle on the Rhine. A few more years passed away, and then the Queen of the Huns proceeded to carry her plan of revenge into execution. She persuaded King Etzel to invite King Günther and his heroes into the land of the Huns. 'For,' said she, 'what will our subjects think of their queen, if my powerful kinsmen do not visit me?' When the invitation was received at Worms, its purport was at once suspected by Hagen, who said to the king, 'Be assured that the wife of Etzel will seek to revenge the death of Siegfried.' Other gloomy forebodings were not wanting; the king's aged mother, whose dreams had previously been prophetic, now dreamed that all the birds of Burgundy lay dead in the fields. But, in defiance of this bad omen, the king, with a host of followers, set out on his journey into the land of the Huns. After travelling some days, they arrived at Bechlarn, the castle of Rüdiger, by whom they were well received and entertained with great hospitality. Giselher, the youngest brother of King Günther, was here betrothed to the fair daughter of Rüdiger. When they left the castle of Bechlarn, their host gave a sword to the Prince Gernot and a shield to Hagen. As they rode away, Volker, one of the chief warriors, who was also a minstrel, tuned his fiddle and sang a cheerful farewell song:

> And little thought their host, as they rode along the shore
> Of the Danube, that his eyes must greet his wife, his home, no more.

When the Burgundians arrived in front of the palace, or castle,

of King Etzel, the queen, with a cruel joy, was glad to see that Hagen had come with them. It was soon noticed, as another bad omen, that when she received her kinsmen, she gave a kiss to none save Giselher, the youngest prince, who had taken no part in the death of the dragon-slayer. When Hagen observed this, he instinctively fastened his helmet more tightly. His fears of an attack by surprise had been mentioned to his friend, the hero Volker, and when all the other Burgundians went to rest in the vast halls of the castle, these two warriors stood all night as sentinels in the courtyard, and Volker, with a sure foreboding of the coming events that were now casting their shadow over him, sang fearlessly the death-song of the royal race of Burgundy.

But some days passed away without any outbreak of enmity, except in a conversation of the queen with Hagen. Then a grand banquet was prepared; but while Hagen and many of his friends were feasting in one of the halls of the castle, an attack was made on the Burgundians assembled in another apartment. The news reached Hagen when he was seated at the royal table. He rose, drew his sword, and said, 'Now we drink a health to the dead, and in the king's own wine.' With these words of dreadful purport he smote off the head of Etzel's youngest son. This was the signal for the beginning of a series of desperate hand-to-hand battles and duels; but the noble hero Rüdiger refused to take any part in the warfare. His fidelity was due to King Etzel; but he had sworn faithful friendship to King Günther and his men, whom he had led into the land of the Huns. The conclusion of the poem is dreadful, but the tale of carnage is relieved by the conduct of the hero of Bechlarn. There was a severe contest in his heart when his queen commanded him to call his followers to arms against his friends the Burgundians, whom he had lately entertained in his castle. 'Take back,' said he, to King Etzel, 'whatever you have given me, but set me free from this service.' Etzel might have relented now, but Kriemhild must have, at least, the life of Hagen, and as all the Burgundians are bound together by loyalty as one man, her commands cannot be obeyed without a general slaughter. She is, moreover, the queen, and Rüdiger must obey. He commended his wife and his daughter to her care, and then went forth to battle against Günther, Hagen, and their companions. 'God forbid,' said King Günther, when the purport of Rüdiger's coming was told, 'that I should draw

my sword against you, the friend by whom I have been led into this foreign land.' 'I bitterly repent that I ever led you hither,' said the hero of Bechlarn, 'but I must obey my queen.' 'Stay!' said Hagen; 'the good shield you gave me at Bechlarn has already stopped many thrusts, but is now shattered.' 'Then take my own shield,' said brave Rüdiger; 'and may you carry it home safely to Burgundy, for I have no wish to live after this. And now, the queen must be obeyed. Defend yourselves!' In the combat that followed Rüdiger fell under a sword-cut from the weapon he had lately given, as a pledge of long friendship, to the Prince Gernot. When Dietrich of Berne, another of Etzel's chief vassals, heard of Rüdiger's death, he sent his hero, Hildebrand, to assemble new forces and attack the Burgundians. After a desperate conflict Hildebrand returned alone to call for the aid of Dietrich. At last King Günther and Hagen—the sole survivors now of all the Burgundian company—were exhausted by long fighting and made prisoners. The king was placed in confinement, while his last warrior was led into the presence of the queen. 'Restore to me,' said she, 'my Nibelungen treasure.' When Hagen refused and still defied her, she gave commands that King Günther should be put to death. Then, turning to Hagen, she said, 'I have still one precious relic—Siegfried's own sword;' and, drawing it from its scabbard, she with one blow beheaded the wounded and exhausted prisoner. The hero Hildebrand, enraged to see such a warrior perish by the hand of a woman, forgot for a moment that she was the queen, and the death of Kriemhild by the hand of her own vassal ended the tragedy. All the sorrow that followed at the court of King Etzel and in many bereaved families is told in the *Klage* (Lamentation), an inferior poem of the twelfth century.

Such is the story of the *Nibelungenlied.* Though its concluding scenes are extremely savage and lie beyond the pale of our sympathies, this old epic developes two motives that command admiration. The first is the long-enduring love of Kriemhild. In Siegfried she had known a hero who, possessing supernatural power in addition to his personal beauty and his steadfast kindness, seemed to her of more value than a whole host of mere warriors like Hagen and Volker. For his sake she mourned long years in solitude; to avenge his death she married an alien king and sacrificed her own nearest relatives. Such power and endu-

rance of will commands admiration, even while we deplore its devotion to no higher purpose than that of revenge. The other noble motive that controls all the chief events of the narrative is that of loyalty unconquerable. Not to gratify any personal spite, nor to gain any selfish advantage, did Hagen slay Siegfried; but to avenge a wrong believed to have been inflicted on the queen. In good faith, and all bound together as one man by the principle of mutual loyalty, the Burgundians go into the land of the Huns. They go because they *must*, though they have gloomy forebodings of the result. However erroneous in the purposes to which it may be devoted, the power that binds men together so deeply and closely, and makes them all one in facing an enemy, will be both honoured and formidable as long as the world endures. Kriemhild wishes to slay one man, Hagen; but he is one of a stern union of heroes, and if he must die, the king and all the chief warriors of Burgundy must die with him. That is the thought that lifts into the realm of high tragedy some passages even of the terrible closing scenes of the Nibelungenlied. They describe a fearful slaughter attended with hardly a trace of any personal hatred. The heroes fight like lions, but wail like women or children over the slain.

'That sorrow ever follows love' is the key-note of the tragic epic above described. That constant love is at last rewarded is the sentiment prevailing throughout the epic poem of *Gudrun.* With regard to its conclusion, it is related to the story of Kriemhild's revenge as 'All's well that ends well' is to 'Othello;' while, in other respects, it may be said that *Gudrun* is to the *Nibelungenlied* what the Odyssey is to the Iliad. The prevalence of domestic interest, the prominence given to the characters of women, the unity preserved throughout the long story, and several improvements in style, might all lead us to ascribe the authorship of the poem to a later time than the middle of the thirteenth century, when it seems to have been known as a modified reproduction of some far older narratives. It is divided into three parts, of which the last only is devoted to the adventures of the heroine Gudrun. The best feature of the poem is that, in its conception of love, it is higher and more comprehensive than many poems and romances of later times; for the union of Herwig and Gudrun is more truly characterised by sincerity, constancy, and patience than by passion. The Princess Gudrun, we are told, was betrothed

to Prince Herwig of Seeland; but, during the absence of her father, was carried away from his realm on the shores of the Baltic, and was taken to Normandy by the piratical Prince Hartmut and his attendants. These robbers were soon pursued by the bereaved father and his followers, and a sternly contested battle took place on a part of the coast called the Wulpensand. So fierce was the fight that, 'when the evening-redness had died away in the western sky, it seemed to be shining out again in the glitterings of many swords striking fire from the helmets.' Hettel, the father of the heroine, was slain, with many of his followers; but his chief warrior survived and went home, there to wait until he could raise a new army strong enough to invade Normandy. Meanwhile the heroine remained a captive on a foreign shore, and steadfastly refused to give her hand to the pirate Hartmut, who was so far honourable that he would wait for her consent. He waited long in vain, and his mother, Queen Gerlint, was so enraged at this treatment of her son, that she degraded Gudrun to the rank of a menial, and especially employed her in washing linen. It was a bleak, frosty morn in March, and the captive princess and some companions were hanging out white linen in the breeze on the sea-coast, when her betrothed and her brother with many followers landed from their vessels and came to her rescue. A recognition followed, but King Herwig refused to steal away his bride. He waited until night came on, and then followed a battle by moonlight, in which the men from the Baltic gained the victory. A reconciliation and happy conclusion soon followed. It must be evident from these outlines that the interest of the old epic depends rather on its scenery and its delineations of character than on its plot. The scenery is fresh, and indicates that a part of the story had its origin among a seafaring people; the characters are, on the whole, distinct and well preserved, and the sentiments are frequently more chivalrous and Christian than such as are found in the *Nibelungenlied*—always excepting the passage where the noble Rüdiger goes to fight with Hagen.

Several national legends of which versions probably existed in the thirteenth century, and which were partly included in the 'Book of Heroes,' edited in the fifteenth century, may be here briefly noticed. Their merits are by no means such as to rank them with 'Gudrun' and the Lay of the 'Nibelungen.' In *Biterolf and Dietlieb* we find some ill-connected fragments of old legends

treated in the style of the Hohenstaufen times. We have two legends under the title of *Rosengarten*. In one of them a fighting monk named Islan is the most original character. In the other the hero Dietrich defeats a formidable dwarf, Laurin, whose preternatural power is dependent on his keeping safe a magic ring. The end of the story is prosaic. Laurin, after losing his ring, is compelled to earn his livelihood by honest labour. This was the author's notion of punishment and degradation. Another East-Gothic legend tells how Dietrich, after slaying a giantess, was imprisoned in a tower by the widower giant Sigenot; but was released by Hildebrand; not, however, without the aid of a dwarf. The *Eckenlied* tells of a duel of two days' duration fought between Dietrich and a giant, and we find the same hero, still fighting, in several other stories of the same class, of which one of the longest is the 'Battle of Ravenna.' Warfare for the sake of warfare, or to win the favour of princesses, and adventures with dwarfs and giants, supply the chief materials for the wild stories of *King Rothier*, *Ortnit*, *Hugdietrich*, and *Wolfdietrich*, which seem to have been founded on some legends of the Longobards, but have the scenes of some of their adventures laid in eastern countries. In several of these stories the plot depends on the abduction of a princess. Such inferior works of imagination hardly deserve notice; but they had once a high reputation, and were partly reproduced in the *Heldenbuch* (the 'Book of Heroes'), which passed through several editions in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

CHAPTER III.

SECOND PERIOD. 1150–1350.

ROMANCES OF CHIVALRY AND OTHER NARRATIVE POEMS: 'PARZIVAL,' 'TRISTAN,' 'DER ARME HEINRICH.'—CARLOVINGIAN, ANTIQUE, AND MONASTIC LEGENDS—POPULAR STORIES—'REYNARD THE FOX.'

THE national epic poems already noticed deserve the priority we have given them on account of their distinctive German origin; but they did not form the most characteristic literature of the thirteenth century. This was supplied by the romances of chivalry, mostly founded on Breton legends of King Arthur's court. The broad outlines of the original legend afforded plenty of space for the free exercise of imagination, and might be filled up with endless adventures, such as long, aimless wanderings, tournaments, duels, and enchantments, according to the fancy of the versifier. Arthur, a British prince, who lived, we are told, in the sixth century, and bravely resisted the English invasion, made his court the home of a noble chivalry. From its centre, formed by the Twelve Knights of the Round Table, champions went forth into all parts of the world in quest of adventures. It cannot be difficult to explain the attraction that such a theme had for the poets and versifiers of the thirteenth century, when we know that such a poet as Milton had great delight in reading the story of the Arthurian heroes, and meditated writing an epic on the myth of Arthur. The laureate of Queen Victoria and the versatile author of 'Pelham' have been spell-bound by the same influence. The appearance of such romances as 'Parzival' and 'Tristan' in Germany, during the thirteenth century, was hardly more remarkable than that of the 'Idylls of the King' in our industrial and commercial England of the nineteenth century. Men are imaginative and love freedom, and both freedom and imagination find an ample field of playful exercise in the adventures of the

knights of Arthur's court. In contrast with the unreality both of sentiment and manners found in most of these tales of adventures, the story of Tristan and Isolt—but slightly connected with King Arthur's series of legends—is marked by earnest passion, and may be described as modern in its tone, though it was the favourite love-story of the middle ages. Other materials for romance were supplied by the Gral Legend, of which some account will be given in our notice of 'Parzival,' and by Carlovingian, antique, and monastic legends.

Seldom has a contrast appeared in literature more striking than that presented to us in the two most remarkable romances of the thirteenth century—'Parzival' and 'Tristan.' The former is characterised in its best passages by moral earnestness, and sometimes approaches asceticism; the latter is gay and graceful in its narrative, but its purport is 'of the earth, earthy.' The former is often obscure, but, here and there at least, a 'light from Heaven' shines out of the gloom. The main purport of 'Parzival' is too often lost in a complication of many episodes. The poet's intention is sometimes clear, but at other times we are led to doubt whether he ever even faintly dreamed of the high purpose ascribed by some able critics to his wild and weird romance. The most characteristic passages of the two stories suffice to bring out the remarkable contrast of the two poems. Their costumes and their adventures belong to the middle ages; but their chief moral characteristics are for all time. The two heroes still have many representatives in the real world, and the opposite motives of the two poems are still contending in the hearts of many men. Parzival treats life as a discipline; Tristan would make it 'a perpetual feat of nectared sweets.' Tristan 'swims down with the tide of the world;' Parzival strives upward against it. The high purport ascribed to the graver romance, and the doubts that may be reasonably entertained respecting the author's own insight into such a meaning, both contribute, apart from its poetic merits, to increase our interest in the story. Mysterious lights shine here and there as we travel through the forest.

The author, a poor knight named Wolfram, derived his materials from a French version of the two legends of King Arthur and the Gral. The lighter and, for us, the less interesting parts of the story belong to the former legend; the more serious and mysterious passages are those which refer to the Gral legend.

But the two legends are strangely mingled, or, we might say, confused together, and, instead of attempting to explain the plot of their complication, we shall confine our attention chiefly to one part of the story. All that may be said here of the legend of Arthur's Court is, that Sir Gawein and other knights of the Round Table here represent the splendour of worldly chivalry, 'the pride of life,' and the quest of high renown; while the service of the Gral demands a victory over self-love, and a consecration of life to religious duty. This contrast, we may repeat, shines out clearly only in some of the best passages of the story. In others it disappears, and leaves us in doubt whether the author ever dreamed of it. Indeed, it may very fairly be said that there is scarcely, in the whole compass of mediæval literature, a book harder to describe—not to say explain—than Wolfram's 'Parzival.' The following is a summary of what may be called its central legend :—

The Gral was a chalice (sometimes mentioned as a platter), cut out of one rare chrysolite, and was first confided to the care of Joseph of Arimathea, after its use in Christ's last supper with His disciples. It ever afterwards retained a healing and life-giving power. To be appointed one of the guardians of the chalice was the highest dignity that could be conferred on a man. True penitence and humiliation alone could fit the heart for such service. For a long time after Joseph of Arimathea had brought the chalice into western lands no men were found here worthy of its guardianship. At last it was confided to the family of Titurel, of which Parzival was a descendant. The old King Titurel had built a temple for the reception of the Gral, and for its preservation had founded an order of knights of the temple. Wolfram describes this shrine as a castle situate on the almost inaccessible height of Montsalvage.

Parzival, who belongs by birth to the order of the guardians of the Gral, is left in early life without a father, and is brought up in deep seclusion in a forest, where he receives his sole education from his mother, a religious woman, who keeps her son in ignorance of the world, and especially fears lest he should be seduced by the splendour of chivalry. She teaches him to fear God and to shun evil, but tells him nothing of his own noble ancestry. Her prayer for him is that he may live and die in obscurity. During his boyhood, spent in the forest, he submits himself well

to his mother's teaching, and seems likely, as a youth, to fulfil her hopes, when his character receives suddenly a new impress. He is made discontented with his life in solitude by meeting on the skirts of the forest three knights, who tell him something of the splendour of an unknown world. He can rest now no longer in the shade, but must go forth and see the bright scenes of chivalry of which the knights have told. Without knowing clearly the object of his own ambition, he escapes from his forest home, and goes to the court of King Arthur at Nantes. There his childlike simplicity excites the mirth of knights and ladies; but, after receiving some instructions, he gains distinction in chivalry; among other exploits, rescuing a queen from the invaders of her realm. But, discontented with the reward of his valour, he wanders forth again, and travels far, urged on by a vague unrest, that cannot be appeased by any military success.

One evening, after long wanderings, he finds himself near a lake in a secluded valley, where, in reply to an enquiry for a place of shelter, a fisherman, described as 'a melancholy man, yet richly clad,' directs him to a lonely castle as the only place where he may find entertainment. For Parzival has now arrived in a deep solitude—a region where only knights of a certain high lineage are welcome. He goes to the castle, is readily admitted, and there witnesses a ceremony of a very mysterious character. In the spacious hall four hundred knights are seated around their king. Beautiful maidens, dressed in splendid robes, bring in lights and censers, and take their places near the throne, ready to bear part in some high festival. Last of all comes in a maiden of surpassing beauty and radiance, bearing 'the chalice cut from one rare chrysolite.' She places it before the king, who gazes devoutly on it, but must not taste its contents. Amid all the rich decorations of the ceremony a deep tone of sorrow prevails. Parzival sits in dumb amazement, unable to guess the meaning of the solemn rites which he beholds. The king seems to have been wounded, and when a page, dressed in mourning, enters and trails through the hall the spear, with blood on its steel, from which the king received his wound, the assembled knights bow their heads in lamentation. Through an open portal Parzival sees now, in an interior hall, 'an old, snow-white man' seated on a couch, and apparently near his death. The wounded king; the beautiful maidens richly attired and holding up the brilliant lamps; the

solemn company of knights; the dying 'snow-white old man;' the glory and the sorrow of the ceremonial—all excite enquiry; but Parzival remains silent. He asks no question, even when the king calls him up to the throne, and presents to him a sword with an intimation that it is to be used in the service of the donor. After this the silent champion goes to rest. In the morning he rises, and finds a profound stillness within and all around the castle, and everything prepared for his departure. As he rides away down the dale, the seneschal, standing on a turret of the castle, calls after him, not to invite him back, but to reproach him for his diffidence in asking no questions. Soon afterwards he meets with similar reproaches from a woman whose husband has been recently slain in battle. She claims Parzival as a relative, and, when she finds that he has been entertained in the Gral Castle, tells him that he has been guilty of a fatal error in not caring to know the meaning of the rites he has seen, and in neglecting to make enquiry respecting the wound received by the king. Amazed by these reproaches, the hero rides away, and, after passing through other adventures, returns to the court of King Arthur. Here he would gladly rest awhile; but when he is seated in the hall an angry messenger from the Gral Castle arrives, and, in the presence of the assembled knights, charges him with unfaithfulness and neglect of duty. He leaves the court of Nantes, and again wanders far, finding no service worthy of the sword given to him by the wounded king.

Meanwhile Sir Gawein and other knights of Arthur's circle are engaged in an adventure to loose the spell cast by an enchanter on the mansion 'Château Merveil' and all its inmates. Parzival, alone, rides by the mansion, and hears the battle cry of the knights coming to its rescue, but takes no part in the fight. In the course of subsequent adventures, he meets again his old companion in arms, Sir Gawein, who is travelling, without knowing it, on the road that leads to the Gral Castle. A dispute arises between the two champions, and ends with a duel, when Gawein falls wounded by Parzival's sword. In another part of the story Parzival rescues Gawein, who has been attacked by a band of robbers. But neither these nor any other adventures of worldly chivalry give satisfaction to the heart of Parzival. He represents so far a man of heroic impulse who has no knowledge of his own true destiny. For years he has wandered far in doubt, and now,

says the poet, believing 'neither in a God nor in any Providence,' he arrives, on a Good Friday, at the cell of a hermit, who also belongs to the lineage of the guardians of the Gral. The hermit explains to the knight the mystery that has hitherto attended his adventures. He tells him that the wounded king in the castle has made himself unworthy of his office by yielding to the seductions of earthly love. He has been fighting with no higher device than 'Amor' on his shield, and that is not worthy of a guardian of the Gral. Now he awaits the coming of the true champion, who will announce his arrival by asking of the safety of the holy chalice. 'You,' says the hermit, 'have been in that castle; you have seen the wounded king, who is your uncle and my brother. The maiden princess of surpassing beauty, who carried in the Gral, is your late mother's own sister, and the snow-white old man is Titurel, your ancestor, who is still there waiting for your arrival.'

In the sequel of the story Parzival overcomes all difficulties, among other adventures vanquishing a band of heathen men and gaining the victory in a duel with the great heathen prince Feirefiz from India, in whom he afterwards recognises his own half-brother. This recognition is one of the most beautiful parts of the romance. The two heroes go to the Gral Castle, where Parzival is received gladly, and is crowned as King and Guardian of the Gral. The heathen prince Feirefiz falls in love, at first sight, with the maiden who carries the sacred chalice. They are married, and, after their return to India, they have a son, who, as 'Presbyter John,' rules over an extensive Christian state in the centre of Asia.

So ends this wild and weird story. To state briefly our impression of it, on turning again and again to the more significant passages, we feel sure that they are symbolical, and include a second meaning. For example, that radiant princess who bears the Gral must be, it seems, intended to represent the spirit of Christianity. The Indian prince may be a symbol of heathenism, and his passion for the princess may be an expression for the victory of the true faith. Such an interpretation would be supported by several passages of direct and plain religious purport; but there are other passages that discourage attempts to find a deep or religious meaning in the story, and, with regard to its final

purport, the reader is left in doubts as profound as those of Parzival on his own true destiny.

The poet speaks often with an earnestness and depth of feeling that is surprising in one of the Minnesingers. His genius is lyrical rather than epic, and sometimes rises to a bold, poetic strain. One of his characteristics is that, in several places, he refers to his own history, and more frequently to his own opinions; but his egotism is frank and not unpleasing. But for these passages, the little that is known of his life would have been nothing. WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH was a poor knight and, as he confesses, could neither read nor write; but he could speak French as well as German. Though complaining of his poverty, he betrays some pride of ancestry. His feudal lord was the Graf von Wertheim, a pleasant little town situate at the junction of the Main with the Tauber; yet he calls himself a Bavarian. He survived his chief patron, the Landgraf Hermann of Thuringia, who died in 1216.

From several passages in 'Parzival' we may infer that the author was happily married and had children. He was acquainted with the minnesinger Walther von der Vogelweide. During Wolfram's lifetime his style was condemned by his clever rival Gottfried von Strasburg, who called it 'odd, dry, and obscure.' That Gottfried could write more fluent verse was proved by his 'Tristan;' but 'Parzival' survived this censure, found many admirers, and was printed in 1477. The poet's grave in the churchyard at Eschenbach used to be shown to visitors in the early part of the seventeenth century. We may add, for the benefit of students of old literature, that Simrock's translation of 'Parzival' is remarkably faithful to the original.

Whatever doubt may exist of the purport of 'Parzival,' there can be none respecting that of the rival romance, 'Tristan.' It may be given in few words—

> nec dulces amores
> Sperne, puer, neque tu choreas,
> Donec virenti canities abest
> Morosa.

GOTTFRIED VON STRASBURG wrote the romance of 'Tristan' about 1207-10, or some six years after Parzival had gained a reputation; and though he wrote twenty thousand lines, he died before the gay story was completed. He was, for his times, a well-educated man,

but apparently did not belong to the order of knights, for he subscribes his name as Master Gottfried of Strasburg. In ease and fluency of versification, and in all the graces of style, he was the best German poet of his time. He could say lightly and cleverly whatever he had to say, and never troubled himself with any problems. He laughed at his more thoughtful rival, Wolfram, for sending out, under the name of a romance, a book that required a key or an interpreter. The author of 'Tristan' describes well both the external features and the mental and emotional changes of his hero and heroine, and ably developes their characters in passion and in action. When judged by the standard of his own times, he must be commended for the good taste of which he gives proof in several passages, while treating a dangerous subject. He does not bewilder us by a multitude of ill-connected adventures. The construction of his story is comparatively good and clear, and his versification is harmonious, while it seems to be extemporaneous. His theme is 'Minne,' or Love; but not in its refined meaning, which implies little more than kind remembrance. He writes the history of a passion out of union with the whole system of life and its duties, of which a true love should be the soul and the centre. The love which is his theme is not that deep, quiet source of the power that endures opposition, submits to law, supports the burden of existence, establishes homes, binds together families, and organises society; but it is the egoistic and socially negative passion that would break all the bonds of duty, would reject all the claims of friendship and society, and prove itself as fatal to the true development of the individual as to the interests of the race. It is related to true love as the swift and transitory lightning and the destructive fire are to the genial glow of summer warmth and the expansion of light. Of this passion Gottfried makes Tristan and Isolt involuntary and helpless victims. It was, as he tells us, under the influence of an irresistible charm that both were vanquished. But while he tells their story as that of their fate, he hardly treats it as a tragedy. Their faithlessness and their transgression are described in a light and pleasant tone, and with an exuberant cheerfulness often reminding us of Chaucer in some of his Canterbury Tales. The tardy precautions of the wronged husband, King Marke, are treated in a style of humorous banter and satire that would not seem out of place in a modern French novel of 'the school of despair,' as Goethe called it. 'Women are

all the true daughters of Eve,' says Gottfried; 'she broke the first commandment ever given, and simply because it was a commandment. She might gather as she pleased all the fruits and flowers of Paradise, with only one exception—the parsons have certified that it was but a fig—and it is my firm belief she would never have tasted that if it had not been forbidden.' This is but a tame example of the author's liveliness in both narration and reflection; but for obvious reasons we must pass silently over his gayest passages. As he left the story unfinished, it has been, with extreme charity, suggested that he might, had he lived longer, have atoned for its levity by appending a moral; but he was too good an artist to be guilty of such a breach of continuity between the beginning and the end. Two inferior writers completed the romance in the course of the thirteenth century, and afterwards honest Hans Sachs made a drama of it. It was the favourite love-story of mediæval times. In modern times Immermann devoted his genius to a new version of the legend, but died, leaving it incomplete. Other poets have treated the subject so often that this brief notice of the story will doubtless suffice for our readers.

One of the best of the versifiers of Breton legends was HARTMANN VON AUE; but he was always unfortunate in his choice of a subject. Like Gottfried, who praised him very highly, he was an educated man, and possessed a talent that might be envied by reviewers; for, as he tells us, 'he could read without fatigue any book that ever was written.' He seems to have joined one of the crusades. The author of 'Tristan' speaks of Hartmann as still living in 1207, and adds, 'he can tell a story in words as clear as crystal.' It seems certain that he died before 1220. His best poem, with respect to its style and form, is 'Iwein;' but its story is not attractive. The romance of 'Erek' is the author's weakest production. In his tale of 'Gregorius,' though his purpose was good, he treated a subject that no skill could render even tolerable. The same censure may be applied, if we accept the judgment of Goethe, to the story of *Der arme Heinrich* which, however, has been highly praised by other critics. We are here told that a nobleman afflicted with leprosy was miraculously cured. The love of life had, however, proved itself so excessive in his case, that in order to obtain a cure, he had consented to the sacrifice of an innocent maiden's life. It is impossible to tolerate, even in

fiction, the gross improbabilities assumed in the story; but we must allow that its details are in some passages given with admirable simplicity and pathos. The story runs as follows:—

There lived in Suabia a rich landlord, Heinrich von Aue, noted, during his prosperity, as much for his goodness as for his wealth. But the virtues that had made him a model while all men spoke well of him failed in his deep adversity, when he became a leper and was shunned by his nearest relatives. He had neither the faith nor the enduring power of Job. In restless quest of a cure for an incurable disease, he travelled to Salerno, then famed for its medical school. 'You are curable and, at the same time, incurable,' said one of the learned doctors there; and when Heinrich demanded some explanation of the paradox, it was added, 'Curable, because a medicine for you exists in theory; incurable because the medicine cannot or must not be found. If a pure maiden, free from all constraint, would die for you, you might be cured; but on no other condition.' Utterly disappointed, Heinrich returned from Salerno; he sought for no victim to his own love of life, but left to the care of others all his wealth, and retired into a profound solitude, where he found lodgings in a mean farmhouse inhabited by one of his own poorest tenants. The devotion of this boor and his wife to the service of their landlord is well described. But their kindness was far exceeded by that of their only child, a girl twelve years old. The parents gave all the care and attendance their guest required; but the fearless and innocent girl solaced his solitude, and gave the cheerfulness of her own heart to cheer him. The boor and his wife acted with some regard to their own interest; for they feared lest, when Heinrich died, they should find his successor a harder landlord. When they urged him to try the skill of the doctors at Salerno, he recounted, in a tone of despair, the result of his visit to their school, and repeated all that had there been said to him. The little maiden, unobserved, was listening to the strange story. She retired to think of it, and dwelt upon it so earnestly, that she dreamed of it all night; and day after day she thought of it, until a marvellous resolution followed all her musings. She would die for Heinrich! The author of the story says all he can to make this moral miracle seem in some degree probable. He refers to the girl's religious faith. She really believed there was such a place as heaven, and that life there was the only life worth craving. Then she thought of the

prospects of her parents, and how their old age might be comfortable if their good landlord lived, and was restored to health. The amazement and terror of the boor and his wife, when their child expressed her wish to die, are well told. 'Child!' said the mother; 'you little dream what it is to die!—what it is to leave all we love here, and go to lie alone in a cold grave!' The mother sees only death in death, but the child sees the gateway of heaven. To persuade her parents to consent, she now talks—too thoughtfully for her years—of the vanity of life, and the certainty of sorrow for one born in such a low condition as her own. If all that pious men have said of heaven be true, there can be no loss, surely, in going early to dwell there with a Divine Friend,

> Whose home no wants, no cares assail—
> With hunger there no children wail;
> None perish there from winter's cold;
> Years never make the angels old;
>   And none can take their joys away;
> While here your twelve months' scanty gain,
> Hard earned by all your toil and pain,
>   May perish in a single day.

She argues and pleads so long and so well, that another miracle follows—her parents give their consent to her intended self-sacrifice! But Heinrich, when it is offered, sternly refuses for a long time to accept it. Long pleadings follow, and the immoderate love of life in the leper's heart gives still greater force to the arguments of the child. Then follows the most incredible part of the incredible story, The parents with their child and their afflicted landlord, go to Salerno. There the doctor—or rather say, executioner—first assures himself that the sacrifice is purely voluntary—then lifts the fatal knife, while the maiden fearlessly lays bare her bosom. 'But the sacrifice shall not be offered!' exclaims Heinrich, whose selfishness is suddenly melted. Already restored to soundness of mind, he returns with his poor friends into Suabia. On their way home he is miraculously cured, and at the same time, made to appear twenty years younger. The sequel may be guessed. He rewards the boor and his wife by making them free, and giving them a part of his estate. He calls together all his friends, who come to see him now. When they are assembled in his hall, he tells how he has been healed in mind and body by the devotion of a maiden, and then introduces her as

his betrothed. Their marriage forms, of course, the conclusion of this marvellous story, of which the style is better than the subject. It has a melody of words and a simple natural pathos that should have been devoted to the treatment of some tale that might have been believed. Hartmann follows the hero and the heroine to their grave, assures us that they went to heaven, and ends with a short prayer—

> Such bliss as was their portion then
> May God bestow on us! Amen.

Of the Carlovingian legends of this time, versified by Germans, two may be briefly noticed:—the 'Rolandslied' by Konrad, and the love-story of 'Flore and Blanscheflur' by Konrad Fleck. The latter is very slightly connected with traditions of the great emperor Karl. The story of the former—the hero of Roncesvalles, and of French legendary lore—is enough to make a good ballad; but hardly supplies materials for an epic. Roland, fighting against overwhelming heathen forces in Spain, defeats one host of foes, but another is soon mustered against him. At last, wounded and almost exhausted, he winds from his horn such a blast, that it sounds through all the din of battle, and far away to Karl's head-quarters. The emperor hears the signal, and hastens to rescue the hero, but finds him dead. Konrad's work seems to be nothing more than a dry translation of a French original.

Among the romances founded on antique traditions, the 'Alexander,' written by Lamprecht, a priest, is the most noticeable. The hero is represented as writing an account of his adventures in the East; but seems to be no more restricted by a regard to facts, than his quasi-biographer Quintus Curtius. Among other prodigies related by Alexander in a letter to his tutor Aristotle, we find an account of a forest—

> Where on the mossy turf there grew
> Large rose-buds beautiful to view—
> Some as white as drifted snow;
> Others had a ruddy glow.
> We gazed with wonder there, beholding
> Each its fragrant leaves unfolding;
> For out of every flower-cup there
> Stepp'd a maiden young and fair,
> Rosy as evening skies and bright,
> In youth and joy, as morning ligh

Alexander, having conquered all the nations of the earth, and

still in his ambition 'insatiable as hell,' arrives at the gates of heaven, and intends to take it by storm. But an angel informs the hero that heaven is not to be won in this way, and exhorts him to return to his own country, and learn the virtue of self-control. Lamprecht was indebted to a French original, and constructed his story with some art; but we find little in his poem to justify all the praise bestowed on it by Gervinus. Another poem of the same class is the 'Æneid,' or 'Eneit,' as the author styles it, by Heinrich von Veldeke. It is a sentimental love-tale, made out of some parts of Virgil's epic, and has considerable merits with regard to style. The writer seems to have died at an advanced age, some time before 1200. Like Lamprecht, he borrowed his story from a French original. Of the Trojan war, by Konrad von Würzburg, we are hardly disposed to say more than that it contains sixty thousand verses. The ancient heroes here appear as knights of the middle ages. Christians fight bravely for the Greeks, and the followers of Mohammed are on the side of the Trojans. Konrad, who died in 1287, was an industrious writer and translator; but his long stories betray under all their copious diction, a poverty of thought. His legends and short popular stories are better, and his 'Goldene Schmiede,' a lyrical poem in praise of the Virgin Mary, has been highly commended, but it is rhetorical rather than poetical. For want of original thought and true feeling, he seeks everywhere for similes, and finds too many. These decorations are externally connected with his theme, and do not arise naturally from its treatment. To use very plain words, they are stuck upon it. The author works like a mechanic in decorating his verses.

The Christian or Monastic Legends of the time have an important historical interest; but we find little of true poetry in their recitals of miracles. The 'Life of the Virgin Mary,' by Wernher, a monk of the twelfth century; a 'Legend of the Holy Coat of Treves,' and 'The Childhood of Jesu' by Konrad (not to be identified with the versifier already mentioned)—these and other works of their class mark the bare externalism of the times. Nothing less than a miraculous disturbance of nature seems to have been regarded as having any religious interest. The infant Jesu of Konrad's imagination plays safely with lions and dragons; forms clay models of birds, and makes them fly away; goes to school and finds the schoolmaster unable to teach him, and enters

a heathen temple where all the idols immediately fall down and are broken to pieces at his feet. Such stories as these were deplorable substitutes for the sermon preached on the hill near Capernaum.

We have already referred to the legends versified by Konrad von Würzburg. His 'Alexius' is a noticeable story in praise of celibacy and asceticism. In his tale of 'Silvester' we find an account of an extraordinary controversy. The Pope argues in defence of the Christian religion against twelve Jews, and soon converts eleven. The twelfth remains obstinate, and to prove his thesis brings into the arena a wild bull! By a mere whisper of one word belonging to the creed of Judaism, the animal is in a moment deprived of life. The Jews rejoice, and the Christians are for a moment depressed; but Silvester challenges his opponent to restore the bull to life. In attempting this, the Jewish theologian fails and the Pope succeeds; whereupon all the Jews present embrace the Christian faith! The better legend of 'Barlaam and Josaphat' is supposed to have been derived from a Buddhistic original. It was translated into German from a Latin source, which itself was a translation from the Greek, and its history belongs to the curiosities of literature. Its purpose, like that of the legend of Silvester, is to maintain the supremacy of the Christian religion; but the arguments used by Barlaam are superior to those of the bull-reviving Pope.

Two narrative works in verse may be noticed here, though they do not strictly belong to the class of legends. The first—one of the best productions of the twelfth century—is a poem intended to celebrate the virtues of Anno, the Archbishop of Cologne, who died in 1075, and was canonised in 1183. The author begins with the creation of the world, and gives a summary of ancient history before he describes the life of Anno. The *Kaiserchronik* is an inferior work, consisting of fragments of history (so called) oddly mingled with legends and fables. The compiler, who makes Tarquin reign after Nero, and perpetrates many similar blunders, is extremely severe in his censure of 'incorrect' historical writers. His chronicle was written, most probably, about the close of the twelfth century.

In the fifteenth century we shall find coarse satire predominant in popular literature. The materials for such a literature existed in the time of which we are now writing. Mockery of all the

pretensions of superior station, or learning, or piety, could now give a zest to the dullest story. Such satire was sometimes fairly directed against pride, hypocrisy, and pedantry; but its success must be mainly ascribed to the fact, that it appealed to the common and powerful motives of egotism and envy. It was 'a levelling down' that delighted the vulgar. So, in 'Salomon and Morolf'—a tale reproduced in the fourteenth century from a Latin original—the writer tells, with glee, how a coarse and abusive boor, Morolf, made a fool of Salomon! The king to whom all wisdom was given was so unwise as to hold a long controversy with the fool. They differed especially in their respective estimates of the virtues of women. 'Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh,' says Morolf; 'you are always thinking of your wives and concubines, and therefore you are so eloquent in their praise.' Salomon now recites his own fine chapter from the Book of Proverbs in praise of a virtuous wife; but Morolf declares that it is a mere fancy-sketch, and utters, as a contrast, a series of coarse and indiscriminate libels on women. He reminds the king that, at the creation, God looked on all the works that He had made, and saw that they were good; but that, after woman was made, the earth was cursed. At this juncture, Nathan the prophet interposes, and prudently advises King Salomon to cease from further argument with Morolf. The king replies by quoting one of his own proverbs—'Answer a fool according to his folly'—and then prosecutes the argument. At last, fatigued by the boor's impudence and pertinacity, he declines to go on with the discussion, and Morolf, of course, claims the victory. But an insurrection of the king's wives and concubines follows, and, in obedience to their demand, the fool is condemned to be hanged. In recognition of some alleviations of royal ennui afforded by Morolf's broad humour, the king gives him the privilege of selecting the tree on which he will be suspended. Accordingly the executioners lead the fool through the Valley of Jehoshaphat, to the Mount of Olives, all the way down to the Dead Sea, and into Arabia; but nowhere can he find a suitable tree on which to be hanged! The result is, that the king pardons Morolf, who thus, by his folly, triumphs over the wisdom of Salomon, and secures for himself a place in mediæval comic literature.

Among several narratives in verse which cannot be easily

classified, the story of 'Meier Helmbrecht' deserves notice, because it gives some account of the manners of the common people, of which we find hardly a trace in the romances of chivalry. It lets us see some of the realities of life which existed at the time when the minnesingers lived, and it prepares us for some characteristics of literature in the fourteenth and fifteenth century. The author of the tale, WERNER DER GARTENÄRE, was an Austrian, and lived about the middle of the thirteenth century. He tells the story of the prodigal son of a boor, who, urged by his dislike of hard work and poverty, goes forth, despite the entreaties of father and mother, to seek his fortune in dishonest ways. After many disreputable adventures, he comes home, so changed that he must give proof of his identity before his father will entertain him. He expresses his contempt of all lowly and honest occupations, seeks to win admiration by talking very bad French, insults his parents, and persuades his vain sister to elope and marry the leader of a gang of thieves. After another expedition he comes home again, but now blind and lame, and in great distress. The father sternly refuses to receive him; but the mother still supplies the prodigal with food. His depredations, however, have excited such indignation in the neighbourhood, that a party of boors take the law into their own hands, and, after a very short trial, he is condemned to death and is hanged upon a tree. All this is told in a simple but graphic style, and the author ends with an earnest warning against contempt of parents.

As the minnesingers and romancists of chivalry gained money by their songs and recitations, it was inevitable that their example would be followed by men of lower degree; ballad-singers, who travelled from one village to another, and frequented fairs, where they sang or recited stories for the amusement of the people. Between this class and the higher there seem to have existed several gradations, so that the best of the wandering singers or reciters of ballads might hardly be distinguished, by their style and their choice of subjects, from the minstrels who were patronised at the courts of princes. Among the numerous stories ascribed to one of the travelling ballad-singers, named DER STRICKER, one may be noticed, as it supplied materials for some jest-books which were popular in later times. It is the story of a vagabond priest styled 'Parson Amis,' who, for some reason that we cannot guess, is described as an Englishman. His wealth and

the popularity he gained by hospitality had excited the envy of his bishop, who first endeavoured to eject him from his living by means of an odd kind of test of his clerical qualifications. The parson, in the course of a *vivâ voce* examination, is called on first to answer the question, 'How many days have passed away since Adam was created?' From this query Amis escapes by replying, 'Seven only; but repeated many times.' He is then required to find the centre of the earth's surface, and solves the problem by saying, 'My parish church is situated exactly on the spot.' 'The distance from earth to heaven?' is the next question, to which he replies, 'It is just as far as my voice can be heard. Do you go up, my lord, and I will stand here and shout. If you do not hear me, I forfeit my church.' A severer test follows. Parson Amis, it is said, has boasted that he can teach an ass to read, and he must prove his assertion true or lose his place. 'Very well, my lord,' he replies; 'but I must have thirty years allowed for the task. There are clever men who can hardly master a science in less than twenty years.' The sequel of the story reflects less credit on the parson. Having wasted all his property, he tries his fortune as a vagabond impostor. He pretends to be a very poor and utterly uneducated, but deeply pious man, and is accordingly received as one of a brotherhood of monks, among whom he soon acquires a high reputation for sanctity. An angel appears in a vision, and tells the monk, who does not yet know the alphabet, that he must read the mass at the next service. As soon as he has put on his priestly robes, he receives the power of reading and understanding Latin. The fame of this miracle brings many visitors to the convent, and the impostor receives many presents. After gaining considerable wealth by other deceptions, Amis retires to a monastery, devotes his old age to pious exercises, and, thus prepared for a better world, dies as a venerable abbot. This conclusion is the most ridiculous part of the story. Such were the jokes of the thirteenth century. We shall find some of them reproduced in the popular stories of a later time; such as the 'Parson of Kalenberg' and 'Till Eulenspiegel.'

We have reserved for this last place in our review of narrative poems a notice of the tale of 'Reynard the Fox,' because it does not belong to the more characteristic literature of the period. It appears to have been neglected by the admirers of romances founded mostly on foreign legends.

One of the most amusing results of modern science is the derivation of man from a large hairy ape with canine teeth, the supposed inhabitant of some forests of the Old World. Such a transformation appears as a striking novelty in science; but it is old in fable. The Franks, probably as early as the fifth century, had fictions in which bears, wolves, and foxes were changed into men, and the Hindoos had stories of the same kind at a far earlier date. The old German epic of which the heroes were animals had not originally any didactic or satirical purport. It is not difficult to understand the process of conversion from a story having its interest in itself into a fable recommended to reflective readers by moral deductions. The people of primitive times were, in some respects, like children. For them there was an attractive mystery in the lives of the wild beasts of the forest. Children, we all know, will still listen eagerly to the adventures of the wolf, the bear, and the fox; but will turn away, grieved that a good story should end so stupidly, when we come to the moral. The Franks seem to have put no moral purpose into their old story of the wolf, his friends, and his foes. Isengrim, the wolf, was their leading hero; but his place was usurped by the fox, in later times, when men admired cunning more than strength. The first makers of the fictions sympathised with the reverses of fortune to which both men and animals are liable, and, as a means of expressing their sympathy, endowed the beasts of the dark old German forests with a human understanding and with the gift of speech. Thus the wolf became 'Isengrim,' and the fox was styled 'Raginohart' (strong through cunning), which name, first contracted as 'Reinhart,' was afterwards changed into the Low German diminutive of 'Reineke.' The lion of Asiatic fables becomes 'Bruno' the bear in the old German epic. Latin versions of some parts of the story were made by monks in the tenth and eleventh centuries, and received then, probably, their didactic elements. The oldest Middle High German version of 'Reynard the Fox' was compiled from some French original by HEINRICH DER GLICHEZARE, a native of Alsace, who lived in the latter half of the twelfth century. A fragment is all that remains of his work, which was soon superseded by another version, different in style and language, but not in substance. As we have said, the story does not seem to have been much noticed in Germany during the thirteenth century; but it found a better

reception abroad. It was especially popular in the Netherlands, where a good version in prose appeared in 1479. An English translation of this prose story of 'Reinaert de Vos' was printed by Caxton in 1481. The improved versified history of 'Reynke de Vos,' founded on the prose edition of 1479, and written in Low German, appeared at Lubeck in 1498, and passed through many editions. It has been ascribed to Hermann Barkhusen, a printer at Rostock, and may be regarded as the standard modern version of the epic. This was translated into German hexameters by Goethe in 1794. It has been said that he found in this occupation a relief from the annoyance caused by the political events of the time.

To return to the story of the Fox, as told in the twelfth century —it is a tale of the triumph of cunning, and has hardly a trace of any didactic purport. Reynard, at a time when he is reduced to starvation, is received as a friend and accomplice by Isengrim (the wolf), whose hospitality is basely abused. On the other hand, Isengrim is found guilty of a breach of faith when he devours, with solitary greed, a large quantity of pork obtained by Reynard's cunning. The fox takes revenge by making Isengrim the victim of several severe practical jokes, and these end, of course, in a serious quarrel. They are mustering their respective parties for warfare, when their quarrel is interrupted by a proclamation from the king (the lion) to the effect that all his subjects must immediately make their appearance at his court. The king, who has been for some time indisposed, ascribes his disease to the displeasure of Heaven, on account of long neglect in the administration of justice. All the animals except Reynard—against whom several heavy charges are preferred—obey the royal proclamation. Several messengers, who are sent to call the fox to court, are deceived and maltreated by the criminal. At last—persuaded by 'Krimel' (the badger)—he comes to court, and, in the disguise of a physician, prescribes for the king's disease. The lion, he says, cannot be cured except by wrapping himself in the warm skin of the wolf, who must be slain and flayed. By a series of other malicious stratagems, Reynard drives all his foes, in terror, from the court; afterwards, acts treacherously towards his own friends, and, lastly, poisons the king.

To conclude this review of narratives in verse, produced, or reproduced, during the time 1150-1350, it might appear from the

order in which the several classes of fiction have been noticed, that a decline took place from stories having some high purport, like that of 'Parzival,' to such fictions as 'Meier Helmbrecht,' or 'Parson Amis,' or 'Reinhart;' but, in fact, no such decline took place. Popular literature had never been raised to the moral level of Wolfram's best passages, or of the ascetic prose writings of the monks. These were the higher strata in the literature of the time. Below them lay all the elements of that more popular literature which appeared in the course of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The refinements of chivalry had no effect on the character of the people, but served as a mere varnish. The sermons and writings of some pious monks and friars of the thirteenth century—such men as David of Augsburg and his pupil Berthold—were far in advance of the moral culture of their times, and did not remain altogether secluded and barren. They penetrated the cells of many students, and even entered the homes and the hearts of many of the common people; but they had no general and permanent effect on the character of the popular literature that followed them. No revolution took place when the coarse, satirical literature of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries appeared. Popular characteristics that had previously existed then only expressed themselves more loudly. The culture of the thirteenth century was confined to certain classes, and for these it was rather special than general.

CHAPTER IV.

SECOND PERIOD. 1150–1350.

LYRIC AND DIDACTIC VERSE—THE MINNESINGERS—PROSE.

> In days of yore how fortunately fared
> The minstrel, wandering on from court to court,
> Baronial hall or royal!

THE life of a minnesinger, or German troubadour, of the thirteenth century seems now so unreal that we can hardly imagine it as ever existing anywhere save on the stage of the opera. A modern poet writing, in his lonely study, lyric poems of which he never sings one stanza, and sending out copies of them to be read mostly in solitude and silence;—this seems real and rational. We can respect both the poet and his readers. But the mediæval singer, trained to arms, yet devoting himself, in the prime of life, to the study of versification, 'wandering on from court to court,' and there, in the presence of ladies and knights, singing his own songs to tunes of his own composing, accompanying himself, moreover, on a large, inelegant kind of fiddle with only three strings; —this is a picture too fantastic to be taken for a portrait. The minstrel-knight, riding along with a studious, melancholy face, and humming over his own newly-composed tune; calling on woods, streams, and birds to sympathise with his sorrow, while he complains of the unkindness of an elected lady, to whom he has never spoken a word;—this is a caricature that seems to have been invented by Cervantes; but it was once a living reality, however incredible it may now seem. The minnesinger was, at first, an imitator of the French troubadour, and the travelling ballad-singer represented the French jongleur. Their songs and recitations were mediæval substitutes for such intellectual excitements as are now supplied by our newspapers and our prolific

literature of fiction, our theatres and our concerts of highly-developed music.

If it be hard to understand how the commonplace verses found in many of the ordinary *Minnelieder* could ever have been tolerated and applauded, we should consider how dull winter evenings must have been in a German castle of the middle ages. There is much affectation to be found in the love-songs of the time, and some of the lyrics composed to hail the advent of spring now seem artificial; but the complaints of winter's desolation and dulness have often a tone of real feeling.

The knights and the men of lower degree who made verses borrowed at first both their themes and their modes of versification from the French troubadours, but gradually assumed more independent and national characteristics. The old popular ballads of the German people had fallen in esteem, and lyrical poems of a far more artificial character became fashionable. A greatly improved style of versification is found in the best of the so-called *Minnelieder*. This name of 'love-songs' has been incorrectly applied to the whole of the lyrical poetry of the thirteenth century; for the minstrels of that time, though love, or a sentimental respect for women, was their favourite theme, sang also of the beauty of the earth and the skies in spring and summer, and sometimes expressed their thoughts freely on such topics as morals, politics, and religion. The want of reality and common interest found in too many of their lyrics is easily explained by the fact that they were often invented as mere exercises in versification. It was a rule that a minnesinger must invent his own form of stanza and his own tune, and a repetition of a strophe or a melody already appropriated was regarded as a failure. Hence the study of the form prevailed over that of the purport; just as we find, in inferior music, mere counterpoint taking the place of inspiration.

For our knowledge of these mediæval poets and their songs we are indebted to several manuscript collections, made about the close of the period of which we are writing, the most extensive of which, though not the oldest, is commonly known as the 'Parisian Manuscript.' It is supposed to have been written, by several hands, in the fourteenth century, and contains specimens of the productions of one hundred and forty poets and versifiers, with one hundred and thirty-seven illustrations. This remarkable

manuscript was found in the library of the castle of Forsteck, near the old convent of St. Gallen, about 1600, and soon afterwards was placed in the library of Heidelberg. In some way not yet explained it was carried off to Paris about the close of the Thirty Years' War, and in 1815, when other literary treasures were restored to Germany, was retained in the Paris library. The whole collection, well edited by Von der Hagen, was published in 1838.

The reader of this book cannot but be impressed at first with a sense of contrast between the variety of the metres and the sameness of the thoughts. But a closer acquaintance with the German troubadours reveals, in their best productions, both a poetical and an historical interest. Their favourite theme is '*Minne*,' which means, in the first place, the kind remembrance of a friend, either living or deceased. This is the oldest meaning of the word, and it accords well with the purport of the best *Minnelieder*, which have been highly praised for their chaste and refined style. Others, however, have supplied arguments in support of some unfavourable representations of the morals of the ages of chivalry. There can be no doubt that both the praise and the censure are well founded. The former may be justified by reference to the best lyrical poems of Walther von der Vogelweide; while for an example of the caricature of *Minne* and chivalry, there stands the autobiography of Ulrich von Lichtenstein. These two men represent, respectively, the lights and the shadows of the higher social life of their times.

WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE is in merit, though not in the order of time, the first of his class. His master, or first model, he says, was REINMAR DER ALTE, a crusader, who died about the close of the twelfth century. Walther was born of poor parents, and in early life chose the profession of a wandering minstrel. Such a vagabond life was, in his times, by no means disreputable. There was then no home in his native land for men of intellect or genius, who were not churchmen. They were compelled to depend on the patronage of courts. So Walther invented new stanzas and tunes, and rambled from one court to another, and yet he was no servile courtier. He did not gain riches by his travels. The assertion that he joined one of the crusades seems destitute of proof. In one of his poems, apparently written when he was old and weary of the world, he expresses an earnest longing

to travel to the Holy Land. 'Though I am still a poor man,' he says, 'I should there gain great wealth. I mean neither land nor gold, but an everlasting crown. Might I but make a voyage thither over the sea! Then would I sing "'tis well," and say "alas" no more.' It is true that, in another poem, he speaks as if he had arrived in Palestine, but his voyage was, most probably, only imaginary. In his later years he resided on a small estate given to him, as it appears, by the emperor Friedrich II.; but notwithstanding this high patronage, the poet died as he had lived —poor.

Walther's lyrical poems are distinguished from those of most of his contemporaries by a strong impress of sincerity and a wide range of thought. When he hails the coming of spring after a long winter, he imitates in the gladness of his heart the carols of the birds, and goes on in melodious verses to speak of the beauty and grace of the lady to whom he dedicates his song, but whom he never names. 'When she appears,' he says, 'all the charms of the spring are forgotten.' In the next song the reader, to his surprise, will find the minstrel changed into a satirist, who denounces the political and religious corruption of his times, rebukes the Pope for his worldly ambition, and predicts a speedy ruin of the world. These are not all the notes of the scale on which his songs are constructed. As a specimen of his lighter and more popular style, the following strophe in praise of German women may serve:—

> In many foreign lands I've been,
> And knights and ladies there have seen;
> But here alone I find my rest—
> Old Germany is still the best;
> Some other lands have pleased me well;
> But here—'tis here I choose to dwell.
> German men have virtues rare,
> And German maids are angels fair!

He rises to a higher strain than this in other lyrics, where he places domestic virtue above external beauty, and speaks of *Minne* in the higher interpretation of the word. 'Even where it cannot be returned,' he says, 'if devoted to one worthy of it, it ennobles a man's life. His affection for one teaches him to be kind and generous towards all.' Walther pleasantly describes himself as by no means good-looking, and censures all praise bestowed on men for their merely exterior advantages. And he is no fanatical

worshipper of feminine beauty, affirming that it may sometimes be a thin mask worn over bad passions. Grace and amiability live longer and exert a deeper influence than external charms. Walther agrees with Reinmar von Zweter in regarding 'wife' as a title more honourable than 'lady.' The first implies some duties fulfilled; the second is only an abstract term.

With regard to their moral and social purport, the verses of Walther have a considerable historical interest. They show us how insecurely the Church held the faith and loyalty of German men in the thirteenth century. Walther is bold and violent in his defiance and contempt of the Pope's usurpation of temporal authority. Referring in one place to a fable commonly believed in his time, he says:—'When Constantine gave the spear of temporal power, as well as the cross and the crown, to the see of Rome, the angels in heaven lamented, and well they might; for that power is now abused to annoy the emperor and to stir up the princes, his vassals, against him.' The poet was as earnest in dissuading the people from contributing money to support the Crusades. 'Very little of it,' said he, 'will ever find its way into the Holy Land. The Pope is now filling his Italian coffers with our German silver.' This saying seems to have been very popular; for a tame moralist who lived in Walther's time complains that, by making such statements, the poet was perverting the faith of many people. 'All his fine verses,' the moralist adds, 'will not atone for that bad libel on Rome.' Yet the author of it was quite orthodox in doctrine, and was enthusiastic in his zeal for rescuing the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracens. In one of his best lyrics, already mentioned, he imagines that he has arrived in Palestine. The whole of this poem might serve, if it could be fairly translated, as an example of the author's bold and poetical style; but we cannot attempt more than a version of the first stanza:—

> Now I live without a care;
> For all I've longed for I behold.
> The Holy Land of which elsewhere,
> Such wonders have been truly told,
> Lies all spread out before me there,
> And I may tread the path which God,
> In human form, so often trod.

Then follows a summary of nearly all the articles in the Apostles' Creed. If this lyric makes it evident that the poet was

a Christian in his belief, other verses express, with equal earnestness, his love of his native land and his grief for the social and political disorders of his own times. He believes that the world is falling a prey to anarchy. 'I hear the rushing of the water,' he says, 'and I watch the movements of the fish that swim in its depth. I explore the habits of the creatures of this world, in the orest and in the field, from the beast of the chase down to the insect, and I find there is nowhere any life that is not vexed by hatred and strife. Warfare is found everywhere, and yet some order is preserved even among animals; but in my own native land, where the petty princes are lifting themselves up against the emperor, we are hastening on to anarchy.' The course of events proved that he was too true in this prediction. Resignation and despair, rather than any hope of a reconciliation of religion with practical life, characterise other meditative poems. We give, in the following version, the purport of one of the best of this class:—

> I sat one day upon a stone,
> And meditated long, alone.
> While resting on my hand my head,
> In silence to myself I said:—
> 'How, in these days of care and strife,
> Shall I employ my fleeting life?—
> Three precious jewels I require
> To satisfy my heart's desire:—
> The first is honour, bright and clear,
> The next is wealth, and—far more dear—
> The third is Heaven's approving smile.'
> Then, after I had mused awhile,
> I saw that it was vain to pine
> For these three pearls in one small shrine;
> To find within one heart a place
> For honour, wealth, and heavenly grace;
> For how can one, in days like these,
> Heaven and the world together please?

Many inferior names must be left unnoticed to make room for those of two or three versifiers who, with regard to their didactic tendency, were followers or associates of Walther. Of the first of these, who was styled Der Marner, hardly anything is known further than that he was a wandering Suabian minstrel, who died some time before 1287. It is related by one of his friends, Rumeland, that Der Marner lived to an advanced age, became stone-blind, and was murdered when on a journey. Like Walther,

he was audacious in his declamations against Rome; but his didactic verses have but little poetical interest. BROTHER WERNHER, who lived in the earlier part of the thirteenth century, and is described as 'a pilgrim,' was another severe didactic versifier, a *laudator temporis acti*, and a satirist of the rising generation of his times. Indeed it seems to have been necessary to die, in order to gain a good word from brother Wernher, for he praised only the deceased, and his best poems are elegies. Of *Minne*, whether in the right or the wrong sense of the word, we find very little in his verses. Dr. Johnson would have liked Wernher, for he wa 'a good hater.'

REINMAR VON ZWETER—so named to distinguish him from the older Reinmar already mentioned—deserves to be noticed if only on account of his rational respect for real good women as distinguished from the abstract and imaginary ladies celebrated by so many versifiers. It is true he is rather prosaic in his style of repeating that the honest, homely, practical wife holds a place in the world far higher than that of the dreamlike goddess of a minnesinger; that true beauty survives the loss of youth's charms, and that a devotion which has lived through trials of fortitude and patience is worth more than the bare promise of youth. 'A true wife,' he adds, 'is as precious as the Gral seen by Parzival in the castle. She is, at once, a woman and an angel.' This passage recalls Wordsworth's lines on

> a creature not too good
> For human nature's daily food,
> And yet a spirit, too, and bright
> With something of an angel light.

The portrait of Reinmar given in the 'Parisian Manuscript' is, of course, imaginary; but it is one of the most pleasing of the illustrations given in that volume. He sits, meditating, under a Gothic canopy. On his right hand a little maiden, and at his left a boy, seem to be earnestly engaged in writing down the advice he has recently given them. This picture refers, probably, to one of his lyrics, of which the beginning, considered as poetry, is far better than the close. It opens thus:—

> My life is in its eventide,
> My sunshine now has turned to gray;
> Of youth, still glowing like the dawn,
> I'm musing at the close of day.

And then follows some advice to young people, which is good and true in its purport, but prosaic in form.

With regard to their moral tendencies, the versifiers of this time may be divided into two classes;—those who hardly speak of morals and those who speak mostly in a severe and ascetic tone. While some describe life as a festival, others turn away from it in despair. Religion, as understood by Walther and others, is regarded mostly as a preparation for another world. 'This world, says Walther, 'though gay with green and rosy colours on the outside, is black within, and dark as death, for those who look beyond the outer show;' and many less powerful expressions of the same thought may be found in the lyrical and didactic verse of the times. A remarkable protest against this mediæval pessimism is found in some lyrical poems ascribed to Friedrich von Sonnenburg, who lived and gained fame as a minstrel before 1253, and died before 1287. The most striking characteristic of his verses is their anti-monastic tendency. 'To blame this fair world in which we live,' he says, 'is to be guilty of impiety; for it is through this world that we obtain our knowledge of the Creator, and its substance is so good that God formed out of it the Blessed Virgin and His own human nature.' 'All the saints who have lived have been indebted to this earth on which we dwell for their bodily existence,' says the poet; and he adds—with a reference to the doctrine of transubstantiation—'God forms daily His own body out of the produce of the earth. Through this world lies our only way into heaven, and, at the resurrection, it must be from the earth that our new bodies will arise. The commandment "Honour thy father and thy mother" forbids a contempt of the world in which we live; for if God is our Father, the world is, surely, our mother. "Forsake this evil world!" men idly say; but it is simply impossible. Let us forsake our sins, and be thankful for the world we dwell in!' These are the most original thoughts to be found in Sonnenburg's rhymes. That he could be sometimes severe in his censure of his fellowmen, and that he had no respect for the memory of the emperor, we see in a dismal elegy on the great Hohenstaufen. The poet here expresses a firm belief that Rome has for ever excluded her enemy from heaven. 'It must be so, if all that the monks say is true,' he adds, and he is not speaking ironically.

The want of individuality and other faults of the *Minnelieder* are

partly explained when we consider that they were composed to be sung, and that many of their metres and stanzas were intricate in their structure. As a proof of the difficulty of combining such conditions with a free expression of thought, we may refer to one of the best of the religious *Minnelieder*—a hymn in praise of the Virgin, which was written by EBERHART VON SAX. He lived in the later half of the thirteenth century, and was, probably, a Dominican monk. Of all the twenty stanzas—each consisting of twelve lines—it would be impossible to give an English translation of one, so as to preserve the sense and, at the same time, the metre, with corresponding rhymes. The structure of the regular Italian sonnet is less difficult than that of the stanza chosen for this hymn, which is one of the best and most musical of all the religious *Minnelieder*.

Having given some brief notices of versifiers, who, in some respects, might be associated with Walther, we may now mention those who belonged to the fantastic school. Of these, the first in rank is ULRICH VON LICHTENSTEIN, a knight of Steiermark, who was born about the beginning of the thirteenth century. If half of what he tells of himself is true, his adventures surpassed in absurdity some that we read of in Don Quixote. He was employed as page to a noble lady when he was only twelve years old, and soon afterwards made a resolution of devoting his whole life to her service, for which she never thanked him. This wasted loyalty occupied about thirty years of his life, and gave rise to a series of strange adventures which are described in his romance (or autobiography), entitled *Frauendienst*. Its absurdity makes it almost incredible; but its style is that of a dry, versified chronicle, and it has been generally accepted as autobiographical. Here he tells how, in order to vindicate the honour of his elected lady—which had never been questioned—he rode forth 'disguised as Venus,' and tilted against all knights who would accept his challenge. In another expedition, he represented King Arthur, restored to the world in order to revive the institutions of chivalry. The lady for whom he encountered all the dangers of his first series of adventures despised him, made him the butt of ridicule, and, at last, subjected him to a practical joke so degrading that he will not tell us what it was. 'If I mentioned it,' he says, 'every honest man would sympathise with my vexation.' His own wife, whom he now and then mentions kindly, and with whom he lived

on good terms when he stayed at home, seems to have made no protest against his Quixotism. His Dulcinea was a respectable married lady when he was first engaged in her service, and she must have been, at least, about twelve years older than her champion. Some critics, who accept Ulrich's story as a statement of facts, suppose that his imagination had been excited by a study of French romances. Others find in his *Frauendienst* a fair picture of manners in the times of chivalry. He died in 1277, when he was about seventy-six years old. His example was copied, on a reduced scale, by JOHN HADLAUB, of Zurich, who died in the fourteenth century; but this new Quixote was too late in the field, and his performances were hardly noticeable. Some of his verses are imitations of the style of NITHART VON REUENTHAL, a knight who lived in the first half of the thirteenth century, and whose songs deserve notice for the novelty of their character.

NITHART was lively and fluent in his versification, and gave some interest to his songs by introducing comic scenes from rustic ife and telling his own adventures at village festivals. In several instances his humour is more to be commended than his taste. Walther, most likely, referred to Nithart's innovations, when he spoke of 'low comic ballads that ought to be sent back to the boors from whom they were borrowed.' Nithart generally gives some dramatic interest to his songs; but his plots have little variety. For example, he begins a song with a few notes on fine weather, and then lightly sketches his rural scenery. It is May-time; the linden-trees are putting forth their fresh green leaves; the meadows are golden with buttercups, and the village maidens come out to dance. A venerable rustic makes her appearance, entreating her wilful daughter to stay at home and work in the garden. The mother scolds and threatens; but the girl trips away to join the dancers. In another song, the girl and her mother have changed their parts, and we have a livelier comedy. It is now the old dame who, unconscious of her age and infirmity, is seized with an irresistible passion for dancing. In vain the girl speaks of gray hairs and a becoming sobriety. The maiden must now stay at home, and the old mother trips away to the dance. Nithart had, probably, a lively style of singing and recitation that gave effect to such songs as these. We find their characteristics in the lyrics of GOTTFRIED VON NIFEN, and in those ascribed to

DER TANHÄUSER. In passing, we may observe, that the popular legend associated with the name of Der Tanhäuser is far older than his time.

Versifiers became more and more didactic towards the close of the thirteenth century, as may be seen in the writings ascribed to HEINRICH FRAUENLOB, of Meissen, who was born in 1260 and died in 1318. He was a man of some learning, and liked to show it, even when it was out of place. 'Other poets skim the surface,' he says; 'I descend into the depths.' This refers, we suppose, to his mystical verses, which are his worst. A tradition says that, on account of the praise he bestowed on good women and their domestic virtues, he was carried to his grave by ladies, and was buried, with great honours, in the cathedral at Mayence.

Frauenlob's imitator, and subsequent rival, was a wandering smith named REGENBOGEN, who left his trade and, urged, as he tells us, 'by a love of poetry'—but, more probably, by a wish to avoid hard work—chose the life of a ballad-singer. The times were unfavourable, and he seems to have been a disappointed man. Unlimited competition had injured the trade of rhyming, and the market value of verse had fallen very low. 'My noble patrons must soon pay me better,' says Regenbogen, 'or I shall go back to the anvil.' Another rhymer, MASTER STOLLE, is very emphatic in his condemnation of the king, Rudolf of Hapsburg, who would not pay money for verses. 'The king,' says Master Stolle, 'is an honourable man; but he will not spend. He is rich, no doubt, in all virtues; but he will not scatter his money. Sing or say what you will in his praise, this must be always added—he gives us nothing.' It is a hard, unpoetic fact that the development of lyric poetry was interrupted in the days of Kaiser Rudolf by a want of funds. Walther, a true poet, complained of his poverty, and no wonder that his degenerate followers, the poetasters, had to complain more bitterly. Intellectual culture was becoming more and more resident in towns, and found less and less patronage in the castles of knights and barons and at the courts of princes. The wandering ballad-singers fought bravely against the tendency of their times, and persevered in their old, idle way of life. The followers of Regenbogen were not easily suppressed. It was more than a century after his time, when a venal rhymer, MICHAEL BEHEIM, almost in despair, complained thus of hard times:—

With poverty I wage a useless strife;
I never was so ragged in my life!

About the same time, Rosenblut, a writer of heraldic ballads, gave up business; in other words, abandoned his vagabond life and his adulation of noblemen, settled at Nürnberg, and there wrote comic tales, not always edifying, for the amusement of the people. His example was characteristic of the general tendency of popular literature in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Though several itinerant poetasters continued their struggle for existence, they did not represent the popular culture of their times, which found encouragement in the towns, and especially in the guilds of the Master Singers, to which our attention must soon be directed.

Here, then, we say farewell to the German troubadours, and to their attendants and followers, the wandering ballad-singers; but before we go on to describe the guilds or schools of their well-meaning but prosaic successors, the master singers, we must notice several books of didactic verse, which belong to the thirteenth century and the early part of the fourteenth. In one of these—oddly entitled 'The Runner,' and written by Hugo von Trimberg—will be found an indication of the general characteristics of popular literature from the close of the fourteenth century to the time of the Reformation.

Hugo von Trimberg was the rector of a school near Bamberg in 1260–1309. The statement that he was a schoolmaster has been called in question, but is supported by strong internal evidence. He has all the sourness and severity of an overworked and ill-paid rector of a school, and to this he adds the bitterness of an author who has lost a considerable part of his manuscripts. He wrote, besides 'The Runner,' several books, including one entitled *Der Sammler* ('The Gatherer'), which, as he tells us, was lost during his lifetime. Hugo had learning enough to enable him to make some quotations from Horace, Juvenal, and Seneca. His book was at first planned as an allegory, but he afterwards used it as he might have used a chest of drawers in which to stow away any articles he had not room for elsewhere. His memory seems to have been injured by his drudgery in the school near Bamberg; for he often inserts the same article twice. He declaims severely against all classes of society, excepting the peasantry. 'When

the Old Serpent was cast down from heaven,' says Hugo, 'his body was broken into three pieces. The first—pride—was shared among the wealthy laity; the middle—greed—became the property of the clergy; and the tail—envy—was given to the monks. If Saint Paul and Saint Peter were living now at Rome, they would be sold, if anyone would bid a fair price for them.' Such sweeping accusations as these are repeated here and there, and the old schoolmaster apologises by telling us that his memory is 'not as good as it was forty years ago.' Turning to treat of his own profession, he assures us that elementary education is useless if it is not religious, and he makes the same complaint of the rising generation that we often hear now:—'There are no genuine children to be found now,' he says; 'the boys are far too clever, and know more than their parents and their teachers. I do not like these little old men. When they are really old, I expect they will be very childish.' Then follow some laudations of the good old times that had passed away, it seems, before the opening of the fourteenth century! Hugo condemns the waste of time in reading such romances as 'Parzival' and 'Tristan,' 'which are full of lies,' he says, and he ridicules tournaments and some other amusements of chivalry. The most readable parts of his book are the stories and fables which he inserts to illustrate his doctrines. For example, to show that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor in the confessional, he tells a story of the wolf and the fox who went to Rome to confess to the Pope. On their way,

They overtook the Ass, and so
All three to Rome together go.
And when they saw the city near,
The Wolf said to his cousin dear:
'Reynard, my plan I'll name to you:—
The Pope, we know, has much to do:
I doubt if he can spend his time
To hear our catalogues of crime.
'Twill spare some trouble for the Pope
(And also for ourselves, I hope,
As we may 'scape with penance less),
If to each other we confess:
Let each describe his greatest sin—
So, without preface, I'll begin.
To notice trifles I disdain;
But one fact gives my conscience pain.
'Tis this:—there dwelt beside the Rhine
A man who lived by feeding swine

He had a sow who rambled wide,
While all her pigs with hunger cried.
I punished her in such a way,
That never more she went astray.
Her little ones, deserted now,
Oft moved my pity, I'll avow;
I ended all their woes one night—
Now let my punishment be light!'
'Well,' said the Fox, 'your sin was small,
And hardly can for penance call;
For such a venial transgression
You've made amends by this confession.
And now I'll do as you have done;
Of all my sins I'll name but one:
A man such noisy fowls would keep,
That no one near his house could sleep;
The crowings of his chanticleer
Disturbed the country far and near.
Distracted by the noise, one night
I went and stopped his crowing quite.
But this feat ended not the matter,
The hens began to crow and chatter;
And so (the deed I slightly rue)
I killed them and their chickens too.'
'Well,' said the Wolf, 'to hush that din
Was surely no alarming sin.
Abstain from poultry for three days,
And, if you like, amend your ways.
But now the Ass must be confessed—
Donkey! how far have you transgressed?'
'Ah!' said the Ass with dismal bray,
'You know I have not much to say;
For I have toiled from day to day,
And done for master service good,
In carrying water, corn, and wood;
But once, in winter-time, 'tis true,
I did what I perhaps must rue:—
A countryman, to keep him warm
(We had, just then, a snowy storm),
Had put some straw into his shoes—
To bite it I could not refuse;
And so (for hunger was my law)
I took, or stole, a single straw.'

'There! say no more!' the Fox exclaimed;
'For want of straw that man was lamed;
His feet were bitten by the frost;
'Tis probable his life was lost.
'Twas theft and murder.—No reply!
Your penance is, that you must die.'

The author concludes his work with a passage that may disarm

criticism. Self-knowledge was rare among the satirists of these times, but Hugo had acquired it. 'I am like Balaam's ass,' he says, 'speaking to warn sinners of the errors of their way. But wherever my book travels—in Suabia, Thuringia, Bavaria, and Franken—I trust that many will thank me for putting into German some good doctrines hitherto little known in our land, and I entreat my survivors—especially women—to subscribe each a penny, that masses may be said for the release of my soul from purgatory.'

Hugo's didactic and satirical book may be regarded as representing the purport of a considerable part of the literature of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; but later satirists were even more severe and indiscriminate than Hugo in their censures. For a time, the men of reformatory tendencies had the advantage in polemical writing until Thomas Murner arose and showed them that ridicule and bitter invective could also be employed with effect against Protestants. In these times the ten commandments seemed to have been virtually reduced to two:—the first, that every man should have a good conceit of himself, and the second that he should libel his neighbours.

Der Winsbecke, written about the middle of the thirteenth century, is a more pleasing didactic book than Hugo's. It gives us the advice of an aged father addressed to his son, and its tone is both manly and gentle. A very short quotation may serve to confirm our statement that, besides fanatical worshippers and satirists of women, there lived some gentlemen in the thirteenth century. 'My son,' says the old man, 'I warn you not to follow the example of those who rail against women. You may find, perhaps, even in high rank some ladies who are hardly worthy of their titles; but let not this mislead you. To win the esteem of good women is a sure way to success in life. In their society we find our best solace, and all the cares and toils of our life are forgotten.' This book, *Der Winsbecke*, had a feminine counterpart—*Die Winsbeckin*—in which a mother gives moral instruction to her daughter. Her well-intended advice is inferior to the old man's, but is more amusing. A far better didactic book, entitled *Freidanks Bescheidenheit* ('Freidank's Advice'), has been, without authority, ascribed to Walther von der Vogelweide. The unknown author, or compiler, of this book, which includes a great number of proverbs, resembles Hugo in some of his denunciations of the

mediæval Church; but writes on the whole with greater moderation. With regard to this quality, however, 'The Italian Guest,' a book on morals and manners written by Thomasin Zirclära, in the early part of the thirteenth century, is one of the best didactic works of its time. In other respects it is not remarkable.

We find more amusement in the *Edelstein*, a series of stories and fables written by Ulrich Boner, a monk who died at an advanced age, in 1340. He wrote very clearly and without the slightest attempt to decorate his verses. 'Plain words are my fashion,' he says; 'one of my stories may look like a dry nutshell, but a kernel will be found in it. You may gather some medicinal herbs out of a homely little garden like mine.' Sometimes, however, he gives a story purely for its humour, as when he tells how an incorrigible dunce came home from the University of Paris:—

> The father spread his daintiest cheer
> For friends who came from far and near,
> Congratulating sire and son
> For all the lore at Paris won.
> John drew a long and studious face
> (For every dunce may learn grimace):
> He nodded well, and shook his head,
> And, wisely, very little said.
> Then, when the dinner-time was o'er,
> He stood beside an open door,
> And studiously beheld the sky—
> The moon was shining, full and high.
> Then whispered some good friends together:
> 'He knows the laws of winds and weather.
> Astronomy!—he knows it all,
> And what to-morrow will befall.'
> The father was a happy man
> Until the son to talk began;
> For opening wide his mouth, he said:
> 'One thing *does* puzzle my poor head;
> 'Tis this:—the moon that you see there
> And that at Paris make a pair
> So much alike, I cannot see
> Their difference in the least degree!'—
> At this the father shook his head,
> And to his friends, in anger, said:
> 'Be warned by me—don't send to school
> A boy predestined for a fool.'

We have still to mention the prose literature of this period. It is scanty, but interesting; for it includes the remarkable sermons of the Franciscan friar Brother Berthold, and the speculative writings of the so-called mystic, Master Eckhart. These were men who endeavoured, not to describe the world as it is, nor to satirise it, but to make it a new world. They belonged, respectively, to the Franciscan and Dominican orders, founded in 1208 and 1215. Brother Berthold was the best popular preacher, and Master Eckhart was the highest speculative thinker of the thirteenth century.

BERTHOLD LECH, born about 1220–30, was the pupil of David of Augsburg, a monk of some learning, who seems to have been proud of the young preacher he had trained; for the master sometimes accompanied the scholar in his travels through Bavaria, Bohemia, and Thuringia. So great was the fame of Berthold among the common people, that in many places where he came no church was large enough to hold his congregation. He therefore often chose some elevated spot in the open field, and there preached to assembled thousands. In order to give fair play to his powerful voice, he took care to place his congregation facing the quarter from which the wind was blowing. One of his chief traits was his opposition to externalism, and this alone was remarkable at a time when such a man as Walther, the poet, was longing to join a crusade in order to save his soul. Though Berthold was an orthodox churchman and denounced heresy, he preached boldly against trust in ceremonies, pilgrimages, and indulgences. 'You have paid a visit to the shrine of St. James,' he says, 'and there you have seen his skull, which consists of dead bones; but the better part of the saint is in heaven.' The chief characteristic of Berthold's preaching was the vigorous application of his doctrine to the realities of common life. However various their tenets may be, moral teachers may, with regard to their purport, be all included in three classes:—they either tolerate life as it is; or they denounce it; or they endeavour to transmute it into a higher life. Berthold belonged to the third class, and his practical character is clearly shown in an anecdote related of him. He had been preaching, on one occasion, when a notorious sinner cried aloud and expressed a sudden resolution to lead a new life. The monk immediately made a pause in his discourse, and gave orders, which were promptly

obeyed, that a collection should be made for the penitent Magdalene, to enable her to start fairly in a course of honest living. That such a practice might be abused, and lead to conversions more numerous than genuine, is only too obvious.

Berthold was a man of superior imaginative eloquence. There are some passages in the best of his 'land-sermons,' as he called them, which remind us of Jeremy Taylor's style; the following passage, for example:—'What can a child unborn know,' says the preacher, 'of the light and glory of this world; of the bright sun, the sparkling stars, the various colours and the radiance of gems; or of the splendid array of silk and gold made by man's skill; or of the melodies of birds and the sounds of instruments of music; or of the various hues of flowers, and of so many other splendours? As little can we know truly of the unspeakable pleasures of Paradise.' Other equally fervid passages are to be found in the sermon on Heaven, where the light and warmth of the preacher's imagination play mostly upon the clouds, and strike out resplendent colours there; while in his practical teaching his doctrine descends with fertilising power, and penetrates the soil of daily life. His words are seldom abstract; he clothes his thoughts in familiar imagery, and repeats them again and again, as if resolved to make his dullest hearer understand.

Berthold's errors arose from his zeal for the welfare of the poorer classes of society. It is easier to retire from the world than to mend it; but Berthold, though a monk, would not surrender the world to the power of evil. In his endeavour to reconcile his two beliefs—that the world was made to be a home for happy men, and that it has been greatly depraved—he was led to some bold conclusions. The first was an assertion of the absolute freedom of man's will, to which he ascribed the origin of all existing evils. Again, his endeavour to reconcile the benevolent purpose of the Creator with the wrongs and the sufferings of society led Berthold, though he knew nothing of Communism as a theory, to declaim in favour of something very much like it. He says nothing of the necessity of physical sufferings, in order to lead to man's higher moral education, and then to more favourable circumstances; he knows nothing of such doctrines as modern economists teach; but when he sees the sufferings of the poor he declaims thus:—'There is enough in the world for all of you, and if any suffer want it is because others

have too much. God made this world as complete as He made the heavens. As there is no star wanting there, so there is nothing for man's use left wanting here. There is enough meat, and bread, and wine, and beer, fish and fowl, and game of all kinds for all of us; and if you say it has been unfairly distributed, I reply that some one has robbed you of your proper share.' In concluding one part of the sermon from which we quote, the preacher declares that the kingdom of heaven belongs to the poor, and that the rich must buy it from the poor—in other words, must merit it by a liberal distribution of alms. Such teaching as this was, no doubt, one of the causes of Berthold's popularity, and its influence survived his times. We find its echoes in the popular literature of the following two hundred years. So strong was the general democratic tendency of these two centuries, that it was owing to Luther and his friends that the Reformation, when it did come, was not accompanied by a sweeping social revolution. Neither Berthold nor the Mystics ever dreamed of such a result; but it can hardly be doubted that to them the extreme left party of the Reformation were greatly indebted for their opinions and tendencies. From the highest truth to error there may be but a step. 'Men are created to be free,' said Berthold, 'and the gifts of Providence ought to be fairly shared.' So thought John of Leyden. The good friar never dreamed of having such a follower, and if he could have known him, would have been ashamed of him; but there was, nevertheless, an historical connection between these two men.

Apart from some tedious repetitions, the style of Berthold's sermons deserves high praise. He says two or three things distinctly, and then makes a full stop; thus avoiding the complications of which the German language is capable. The same clearness is found in the writings of Tauler, though he is called a mystic, and his master, Eckhart, though his writings may seem abstruse, on account of the thoughts they are intended to express, is, in fact, one of the best of all the writers of Middle High German prose. We cannot pretend to give here a full and systematic account of his speculative views, which belong to the history of philosophy, and should be given in their proper connection; but his general tendency as a religious teacher may be here noticed.

Master Heinrich Eckhart was born about the middle of the

thirteenth century, and died a year (or perhaps two years) before 1329, when he was excommunicated by the Pope, John XXII. The bull states that Eckhart, some short time before his death, recanted his errors; but this is clearly proved to be false by the documents of the trial for heresy, dated early in 1327, and still existing. They show that 'the father of German speculation'—so Eckhart has been justly styled—did not contradict himself. Instead of recanting, he made a protest against a judgment founded on garbled extracts from his writings. His accuser, the Archbishop of Cologne, in fact, knew and cared little about any abstruse speculations. But Eckhart had made himself enemies by his zeal for the reformation of monasteries; and hence arose a rather vague charge of having taught something like what is now called 'pantheism.' If we take this word in its plain, etymological meaning, it may be safely asserted that Eckhart did not teach pantheism; that is, he did not teach that the two concepts of the universe and of its Cause are identical. But he would not rest contented with an imaginative view of the relation of the Creator with the created. According to the common representation, each excludes the other, and, therefore, each must be finite. As this involves a contradiction, Eckhart was tempted to think further, and thus made himself liable to an accusation so conveniently vague that it has been preferred against the author of the *Bhagavad-Gita,* the Persian mystic Jellaleddin-Rumi, the great churchman and schoolman St. Thomas Aquinas, Bruno, Böhme, Spinoza, Schelling, Hegel, Goethe, and Schefer. It might be as fairly preferred against the English poets Pope and Wordsworth. The address of the latter to One who includes all others 'as the sea includes her waves' is as pantheistic as anything to be found in Eckhart; and Pope's lines—

> All are but parts of one stupendous Whole,
> Whose body nature is, and God the soul—

have been accepted by Brahmins as a fair summary of their own creed. If Eckhart must, however, be called a pantheist, his teaching was spiritual. The general tendency of his speculation was to translate into unitive thought the symbols supplied by the senses. For example, he construes those words in the Creed, 'sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father,' as meaning identity with the Divine Being. 'Heaven,' he tells us, 'is not a place,

and eternity is not an extension of time, however long, but is the substance of which all the things of time and sense are but shadows, and includes, *now*, all the past and all the future.' Such speculation seems abstruse; but for Eckhart the spiritual and the practical were one and the same, and he therefore expresses his most abstruse thoughts with evident earnest feeling. 'The spiritual man,' he says, 'lives and moves in time, but has his true being in eternity.' Some of the characteristics of such a man are these: 'he is not careful to defend himself against accusations; but leaves truth to speak for itself; he desires nothing except that God's will may be done; he is not excited by the things of time and sense, and does not depend on them for his joy; for this is in himself, and is one with his own being. God bring us all into this rest—now!' says Master Eckhart, at the close of one of his homilies. His religious purport will appear more plainly when the writings of his pupil, Tauler, are noticed. In concluding this sketch of the first of German mystics we may briefly mention another charge preferred against him and his followers. It has been asserted that their teaching was to the effect, 'that man might, without divine aid, liberate himself from sin, simply by his own will.' It is obvious that this charge contradicts that of 'pantheism;' for, if a man has no distinct existence, how can his will have it?

CHAPTER V.

THIRD PERIOD. 1350–1525.

THE LATER MIDDLE AGES—TOWNS—GUILDS—THE MASTER SINGERS—NARRATIVE AND LYRICAL VERSE—THE DRAMA—PROSE FICTION.

THE literature of the romantic mediæval time was hardly in its full bloom when it began to decay. The thirteenth century opened with the songs of Walther and closed with the 'wise saws' of the dry and severe Bamberg schoolmaster. His prosaic book, *Der Renner*, marks the close of the period we have called 'romantic.' This word, as used by German literary historians, has a far wider meaning than the popular one, and is employed, not only to designate the literature of the romance languages, and to mark some characteristics of mediæval fiction, but also to express the general tone and tendency of mediæval, as distinct from both ancient and from modern literature. That tone and tendency was nothing less than the utterance of a profound discontent—an alienation of the mind from the world in which it lived, a discontent that led the monk to the seclusion of his cell, the romancist to seek his themes in foreign or imaginary sources, and the mystic to seek rest in self-abnegation and retirement from the world. Contrast the sublime complainings of the great mediæval poet, DANTE, with the general tone of contentment and cheerfulness that pervades the 'Odyssey'—though its hero is the man 'who suffered many hardships'—and a clear view will be obtained of the opposite characteristics expressed by the words antique and romantic. Ulysses, in the midst of all his troubles, never despairs. Mind and body; 'man and his dwelling-place;' his aspirations and his fate; 'religion and common life;'—all these were, on the whole, well united in ancient times; but in the middle ages this harmony was broken, and it has never yet been

restored. We shall not find it in the times now to be described, extending from the middle of the fourteenth century to the opening of the sixteenth.

The period 1350–1525, though one of the highest interest in general history, and marked by events of the utmost importance to mankind, such as the discovery of the New World, the invention of printing, the revival of learning, and the founding of universities, was a very dark time for German literature, especially for poetry. Yet it is only by an intimate acquaintance with the growth of opinions during 1350–1525, as expressed in the popular literature, that it is possible fully to understand the great fact of the Reformation. If we imagine that, from the days of the Crusades down to the close of the fifteenth century, a mediæval Church existed, enjoying all the repose of faith and obedience, and protected externally by a powerful monarchy, and that, then, a courageous monk, offended by a hawker of indulgences, suddenly stepped out of his cell and, by his declamation, shook in pieces the Church and the empire, we have brought before our imagination a very striking spectacle—nay, a miracle;—but no such miracle ever took place. Luther was a great and an energetic man; but he did not do that. He rather checked and controlled than created the movement that is for ever associated with his name. Long before his time, the eloquent monk Berthold had gained popularity by the promulgation of democratic doctrines, afterwards widely spread by means of songs and satires; especially by irreverent stories in which the clergy—*die Pfaffen*—were the butts of ridicule. After making large allowance for popular exaggerations, a mass of evidence still remains of the gross degeneracy of the clergy in these times. The monks of St. Gallen, formerly noted for their devotion to useful learning, were now so illiterate that they could not write their own names. The names of TAULER and GEILER are so prominent as to indicate that, in their day, few faithful teachers of the people were left in the Church. Geiler, in spite of his eccentricities, was a good representative of a popular preacher; but the teaching of men of Tauler's school was suited rather to form a select brotherhood of thoughtful and religious men than to supply any basis for a reformation of the Church. Their doctrine was too spiritual and refined for the common people, and was liable to be misunderstood. What the people could most easily accept and apply was its

negative purport—that 'the kingdom of heaven' was to be found in no external church or hierarchy. The positive doctrine, that an internal renovation must supply the true basis for external reformation, was less understood. Münzer, one of the leaders in the Peasants' War, had studied Tauler's writings; but knew little of them beyond their negative purport. It is hardly necessary to add, that we are not speaking here of the intrinsic merits of their doctrine, but of its practical tendency, as commonly understood by the people.

While the old faith was thus disturbed, and the Church was losing the affections of the people, the affairs of the State were in a condition not less unsatisfactory. The efforts of the Hohenstaufens to maintain the unwieldy empire founded by Karl the Great left Germany a prey to be contended for by egoistic princes and their parties. Rudolf of Habsburg failed to restore union, partly because he was too much bent on the establishment of his own house, and partly because what he did well was undone by the errors of his followers. The attempts of Heinrich VII. and of Ludwig der Baier to extend their dominion in Italy led to new quarrels with the popes, and were followed by bans, interdicts and anarchy. It might seem impossible that any lord of misrule could make worse the disorder existing in the empire under the nominal sway of Wenzel; but a still more unworthy monarch appeared in Friedrich III., whose cowardice frustrated all the reformatory measures of the Council of Basel. He was summoned to appear, as a traitor, before the Fehmgericht of Westphalia, which had partly usurped his imperial authority. It is enough to say of the times when Wenzel and Friedrich III. were only shadows of rulers, that the spread of disorder almost warranted the existence of that secret and dreaded Westphalian tribunal, for its reign of terror was better than anarchy.

Meanwhile, as the imperial power grew weaker, the people were not gaining liberty, except in those towns which were protected by powerful commercial guilds. Beyond these boundaries knights, barons, and princes exercised authority on Rob Roy's simple plan—

> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can.

Old ballads tell us of 'Epple von Geilingen,' and other titled Dick Turpins, who lived 'by the saddle,' as they said—otherwise,

as moss-troopers—and, in several instances, closed their adventures on the 'Rabenstein'—a place set apart for the execution of thieves and murderers.

External nature seemed to sympathise with the disorder of the times. The oriental plague prevailed in several parts of Germany, and its terrors induced in many minds a tendency to gloomy fanaticism. 'Burnings of the Jews in all the towns along the Rhine,' as an old chronicler says, 'took place because it was believed that the Jews had caused the pestilence.' To call the people to repentance, 'the Brothers of the Scourge' travelled from town to town, marching in dismal processions, and armed with whips and scourges, with which they publicly lashed themselves. Forebodings of a coming time of still greater tribulation, or of the end of the world, prevailed generally. One old chronicler's book abounds in memoranda of earthquakes, and BRANDT, the satirist, died under a cloud of melancholy, because he believed that the world would soon be drowned. Literature was, on the whole, in good keeping with the realities of the times. It was not indeed all gloomy; but when not utterly dull and prosaic, it was for the most part either coarse and licentious, or bitterly censorious.

Such culture as existed among the people was, like the commerce of the times, mostly confined to the larger towns, where guilds were the chief institutions of civilisation. These unions of townsmen arose from the necessity of protecting life and property against the violence of the feudal nobility. Commerce could not exist without the co-operation of men for mutual defence. At first the guild was identical with the whole body of the townspeople; but when greater distinctions of wealth prevailed in the towns, the rich members of the whole guild became aristocratic and exclusive, and hence arose the several 'trade companies.'

The merchant learned to despise the retail trader, and the leather-seller looked down upon the shoemaker. 'No bakers, nor dealers in hides, nor costermongers who bawl in the streets, nor men with soiled hands and blue nails admitted to the Guild;'—such were some of the new regulations, and their exclusivenes led to the institution of new guilds for the several trades which they represented. Then followed contests between the new companies and the oligarchies of the old guilds. Such warfare was waged with bitter animosity in several towns, and sometimes led

to sanguinary results. Ten members of a working men's guild were burned alive at Magdeburg in 1301, and, after a battle between the Weavers' Company and the oligarchy of Cologne, in 1371, thirty-three of the associated weavers were put to death, and about two thousand—including wives and children—were banished. Such facts are enough to show that the tendency of society to divide itself into castes was strong in these times—a circumstance that helps to explain the institution of the schools or guilds of THE MASTER SINGERS.

The foundation of these schools has, without any authority beyond that of probability, been ascribed to HEINRICH FRAUENLOB, already noticed as a writer of lyric and didactic verse; but it is enough to say that they arose in several towns in the fourteenth century, when the institution of companies more or less co-operative was the fashion of the times.

The German troubadours and romancists of the thirteenth century had left unnoticed the lives and the interests of the common people, and in the fourteenth century the people took their revenge for that neglect by instituting a literature all their own. Versification, out of fashion at the courts of princes, was now patronised by ropemakers, smiths, bakers, potters, weavers, wheelwrights and tailors;—all had their songs, celebrating their several mysteries. As Gervinus says, 'There was hardly any class in society that did not meddle with versification. . . . Doctors prescribed in Latin and German verse; astrology and physiognomy were explained in rhymes, and the topographies and histories of several towns were written in verse.' But the art of rhyming was not altogether entrusted to the care of individuals. It had its co-operative stores and its co-operative productive unions. Special guilds, or schools, for the composition and recitation of verse were established at Mayence, Ulm, Nürnberg, and several other towns; the old 'Singing School' at Nürnberg was maintained until 1770, and an institution of the same kind was closed at Ulm as lately as in 1839.

The motives of the versifying weavers at Ulm might screen their homely manufactures from ridicule. Their purport was generally moral or religious, and they afforded, at least, a harmless recreation. The shuttle would fly more lightly, while the weaver hummed over his verses and his new tune, prepared for the next meeting of the Singing School. Sunday comes, and a board sus-

pended in the church announces that 'the Master Singers will hold a meeting in their school in the evening,' or in the church at the close of the afternoon service. Sometimes, on festive occasions, the members and their friends are assembled in the town-hall, where all the proceedings are conducted with a strict attention to order. In the most prominent place three umpires are seated, and in a large oaken chest, placed beside the chief umpire, the properties of the society are deposited. These consist of gold and silver chains, which have been worn by successful candidates for honours. The chief umpire opens the meeting by reciting some passages—often taken from the Bible—which have been selected as themes for verses. Several compositions are recited, or sung, and faults are noticed. Perhaps a plagiarism is suspected, and hereupon reference is made to a ponderous volume containing the notation of tunes that have already gained prizes. At last, after several compositions have been tried, one candidate is declared victorious. Thereupon the president opens the oaken chest, takes out a chaplet, which he places on the head of the victor, while round his neck he hangs a silver chain with a jewel suspended. These articles still remain the property of the club, but the master singer is allowed to wear them publicly on certain festival days. Gloriously arrayed in these decorations, he will go to recite his verses at a meeting in some neighbouring town, and vanquish all the versifying weavers or shoemakers there assembled. At the close of the meeting the best verses are copied in a large volume, which is the common property of the club. Thus many productions of the master singers have been preserved to modern times; though few have proved worth all the care bestowed on them.

Of Poetry, in the higher sense of the word, there is in this period little or nothing deserving attention. The most important writings of the time are those containing evidences of popular culture, or want of culture. We shall, therefore, pass briefly over some inferior productions in epic and lyric verse, which connect this period with the preceding, and shall chiefly pay attention to the didactic and satirical writings in verse and prose, which, however rude, are characteristic of the times.

In speaking thus of several inferior productions in epic verse, we do not include with them the story of the Fox—the best imaginative work of the fifteenth century. In the form in which

it now reappears, it is a free reproduction, in Low German verse, of the Reynard in prose which appeared in the Netherlands in 1479. The story found in the German version of the twelfth century, already noticed (in chap. iii.), is greatly extended and improved in the versified *Reynke de Vos*, printed at Lübeck in 1498, and, with some probability, ascribed to HERMANN BARKHUSEN, a printer at Rostock.

In one point of view, the versifier of this Low German story of Reynard may be described as the best writer of his time; for he does not fall into the dull didactic style of writers who can do nothing better than compile maxims. He tells the story well, though with a greater fulness of detail than is necessary, and he does not stop to insert sermons. Without doubt, he intended some parts of the tale to have a satirical application; but he does not interrupt the narrative to intrude his own reflections on his readers. One of the best passages of the story is that which describes the Fox in his most desperate circumstances—condemned to death, forsaken by all his friends, and led to the gallows. Nothing can be more reasonable than his last request. If he has not lived well, he wishes to die in an edifying manner, and therefore begs that he may be allowed to make a public confession and to warn transgressors. The king grants this request; Reynard mounts the scaffold, and thus confesses his sins:—

I see not one in all this throng
To whom I have not done some wrong;
And now, upon the scaffold here,
I wish to make my conscience clear;
I will not even one sin conceal:—
When but a cub I learned to steal.
How well I recollect the day
When first I saw young lambs at play,
And carried off my earliest prey!
From little crimes I passed to great;
The wolf soon chose me as his mate;
'Our compact'—so he said—'was fated,
Because our families were related.'
I cannot tell our murders all—
He killed the great, and I the small;
But this, with death so near, I'll say,
He never gave me half the prey.
If ever we had slain a calf,
Poor Reynard never had the half,
Wolf and his wife, with hunger keen,
Too often left the bones quite clean,

And, even if we had killed an ox,
There was but little for the fox.
Yet hunger have I never known;
I had a pantry of my own,
Of treasure such a plenteous store
'Twould serve me for my life and more.'
'A treasure! Ha! What!' said the king;
'Where is it?'—''Twas a wicked thing;
'Twas stolen!' said the fox, 'and yet
That sin I never shall regret.
There was a plot—with death so near,
I'll tell it all; for now 'tis clear
That, to bring foes to tribulation,
I'd never risk my soul's salvation—
There was a plot against the throne,
And, with the deepest shame, I'll own,
Of all the traitors, that the first
Was my own father, and the worst;
Out of his treasure he would pay
The villains hired the king to slay,
And, when I stole it, loss of pelf
So vexed him that he hanged himself.'

These dark insinuations serve their purpose; the queen, of course, longs to know all about that treasure, and to possess it; while the king wishes to have full information of the plot against his own life. Accordingly, Reynard is reprieved, and, in meek triumph over his foes, comes down from the scaffold. Then follows another long series of impositions, slanders, and falsehoods, all associated with admirable self-possession and audacity, and mostly successful. As an ill-used subject, Reynard first gains royal sympathy, and then becomes eminently pious. Though he has well defended himself from the charges preferred against him by his foes—the wolf, the bear, and others—his conscience has become so tender that he must go to Rome, to receive, at headquarters, absolution for the peccadilloes of his youth. On his return from this pilgrimage he is revered as a saint, and, as a reward for all his cunning, is elevated to the rank of Lord High Chancellor and Privy Seal of the realm governed by King Nobel.

When compared with the story of the Fox, the epic poem of *Theuerdank*, though planned by the Emperor MAXIMILIAN I.—the last representative of the age of chivalry—is hardly worth naming. The emperor suggested a plot founded on some adventures of his own youth—especially his courtship of Maria of

Burgundy—and gave it, to be turned into an epic, to one of his secretaries, who, after doing his work badly, handed it over, to be made worse, to another secretary, who added some moral reflections. The result of the labours of the trio—including an emperor—was a very dull production; but it was well printed, and illustrated with one hundred and eighteen woodcuts, at Nürnberg, in 1517. The second edition (1519) is good; but the third (1537) is inferior, especially in the woodcuts. Having failed in verse, the emperor wrote a sketch of his own life in prose, and gave it, to be extended and edited, to the secretary who had been first employed upon *Theuerdank*. This prose work, entitled *Weisskunig*, has some biographical value, especially in the second part, which gives an account of the emperor's studies for the improvement of artillery. *Das Heldenbuch*, founded on old national legends and printed about the close of the fifteenth century was far better than *Das Neue Heldenbuch*, another work of the same class, compiled about 1472. These attempts to revive old heathen legends were both more tolerable than a half-epic, half-allegorical work entitled *Die Mörin* by HERMANN VON SACHSENHEIM, who died in 1458. He attempts to tell a romantic tale of 'Frau Venus,' the knight 'Tanhäuser,' and 'faithful Eckart,' and, when he finds his powers of imagination failing, turns to dry didactic writing, and fills up his book with commonplace declamations against princes, wealthy merchants, and the clergy.

Among several writers of historical poems two or three deserve notice, because they described the events of their own times. MICHAEL BEHEIM, for example, who died in 1474, wrote in his *Buch von den Wienern* an account of the insurrection of the people of Vienna against their servile emperor, Friedrich III., who was mainly responsible for the chaotic condition of both the Church and the State in his time. It has been said that Beheim's account of the insurrection 'has a considerable historical value,' because he was an eye-witness of what he tells; but he was utterly venal, and wrote what he thought would please the emperor who paid him.

Another heraldic versifier, PETER DER SUCHENWIRT, describes, in his historical verses entitled *Ehrenreden*, many of the events of his time, especially the battle of Sempach, which is more popularly narrated in a ballad by HALB SUTER, who seems to have been one of the combatants against Austria. HALB tells how Arnold von

Winkelried made a gap in the close ranks of the Austrian nobles, who were armed with spears, and fought on foot:—

> Then 'Ha!' said Winkelried, 'my brethren, every one,
> I'll make for you a road, and thus it shall be done;
> If Switzerland hath need, a Switzer's heart shall bleed;
> To break their close array, I give my life to-day.'
>
> The foemen's spears he grasped with both his arms, and pressed,
> All in a bundle bound, their points upon his breast;
> And so he made a way for the Switzers on that day,
> As he had truly spoken; for the Austrian ranks were broken.

Several ballads by VEIT WEBER—especially one on 'the Battle of Murten'—and some war songs, telling of the deeds of the Ditmarsen men of West Holstein, are noticeable for their connection with history. *Der Ritter von Staufenberg* is an anonymous narrative poem of the fifteenth century which we cannot classify. It tells the story of a knight, whose bride, elected for him by fate, is a fairy. This strange poem seems to have suggested some of the incidents in the well-known story of 'Undine.'

The few attempts made to continue the lyric strains of a bygone time may be briefly noticed. One of the latest of the knights who wrote *Minnelieder* was OSWALD VON WOLKENSTEIN, born in 1367, a military adventurer, who wandered in England, Scotland, Bohemia, Palestine, and Spain. His verses give many incidents of his life, and are not without merit with regard to their style. The same praise may be given to some lyrical poems ascribed to MUSCATBLÜT, who seems to have lived early in the fifteenth century. The didactic and satirical temper of his times is expressed in one of his productions, oddly entitled, 'A Great Lie.' It celebrates the patriotism of princes, the equity of judges, and the piety of the clergy. The characteristic discontent of the period finds another form of expression in the religious lyrics of HEINRICH VON LAUFENBERG. They say nothing of the heroism of endurance nor of peace sought in the fulfilment of duty; but utter a restless longing to retire from the world. 'I long to be at home; to be at home in heaven!' says Heinrich in some verses nearly as popular in their tone as the hymns used in modern Sunday schools.

For heartiness and vigour of expression several popular songs by unknown authors must be commended, and the same praise belongs to the Bacchanalian songs of HANS ROSENBLÜT. Our

statement, that versification was a popular amusement in those days, might be confirmed by reference to numerous proverbs, riddles, and tricks in verse—such, for instance, as reserving all the sense of an epigram for the last line. There prevailed, in fact, a mania for making rhymes. When Berthold, the popular preacher, wished to impress a few words on the memories of his hearers, he called for a versifier:—'Now if there is any ballad-maker in my congregation, let him mark these words, and put them into a song, and let it be short and sweet, and ring so prettily that the little children may learn it and sing it.' This fashion of rhyming increased in inverse ratio with the growth of true poetry.

The dramatic productions of the later middle ages have considerable interest in the history of culture, but are destitute of literary merit. It may be assumed that the earlier religious plays, written in Latin, were introduced by monks as substitutes for some rude dramatic performances of heathen origin. The events celebrated by the Church at Christmas, on Good Friday, and at Easter, supplied the materials for dramas of very simple construction, which were recited rather than acted in churches. But when the vernacular tongue had been adopted in these sacred plays, and popular taste had insisted on the intrusion of comic interludes in them, their performance in churches was forbidden. The people were then amused with theatrical representations given, on a larger scale, in the open air. A stage with nine stories was erected at Metz in 1427. Properties were collected without any regard for correct costume. A burgomaster's robe might fit either Judas or Gabriel. The clergy performed in the serious parts of the play, and the comic interludes were supplied by the laity and by professional buffoons. The mixture of sacred and comic subjects was often offensive in the highest degree; for the most solemn events recorded in the Gospels were associated with grotesque circumstances. The characters introduced in these plays became more and more numerous; and the performance of a drama sometimes occupied two or three days. These amusements were continued after the Reformation. A grand spectacle-play, in fifty acts, performed in 1571, required the services of one hundred players and five hundred pantomimists; and in 1593, Johann Brummer put into a dramatic form the greater part of the Acts of the Apostles. In one of the oldest Easter plays—'the Innspruck Play' of the fourteenth century—the serious parts of

the plot are relieved by the appearance of the clown, 'Rubin,' and several other comic characters, who perform an absurd interlude as far out of place as possible. The 'Alsfelder Passion Play,' of the fifteenth century, is, in some respects, worse than the above-named; chiefly on account of a gross misrepresentation of the character of 'Maria Magdalena,' who here comes upon the stage dancing among a crowd of demons. In another play—*Frau Jutten*, written, most probably, in the fifteenth century—the plot is founded on the ridiculous fable of the feminine pope, Johanna. We may notice, in passing, that the 'Oberammergau Passion Play,' performed by Bavarian peasants in 1871, cannot be traced farther back than 1654. It is throughout serious, and free from the objectionable traits of the mediæval dramas we have noticed. Its performance—repeated with intervals of ten years—has had, it is said, a good moral effect on the people of Oberammergau.

The *Fastnachtsspiele*—'Shrove Tuesday Plays'—were rude in every sense of the word, and were mostly performed by journeymen and apprentices, who went from house to house and levied contributions. It seems hardly credible that such dialogues as are found in these pieces could have been patronised by assembled families, including both sons and daughters; but there can be no doubt of the fact. Many pieces begin alike: a herald begs the attention of the audience; then follow some indecorous dialogues, intended to be amusing, and concluding with an apology, urgently required. Two of the most fertile inventors of such dialogues were ROSENBLÜT and FOLZ, master singers at Nürnberg. The offences that would have justified their expulsion from the singing-school of that old town were repeated in their plays, which sometimes ended with an apology like this:—

> If aught offend you in our rhyme,
> Remember, 'tis a merry time,
> And Lent is quickly coming on,
> When all our frolics will be done!

To give a notion of the simplicity of the plot in a Shrove Tuesday play, we may take one of the most decorous specimens—'The Emperor and the Abbot.' Here is the old story of which the people never grew weary—the triumph of native wit over learning. The emperor proposes three hard questions to the abbot, who, of course, cannot answer them, and, to avoid the penalty attached to his failure, consults a miller noted for his

ready wit, as well as for stealing corn. The miller treats the churchman's dulness with contempt, puts on the abbot's robes, and, in the emperor's presence, solves the three problems. He is, of course, installed in the place of the incapable abbot, and, though a boor now comes forward and accuses the miller of theft, this is not regarded as a disqualification for his new office. Another boor contradicts the accuser, and a fray seems likely to follow, when a third boor steps forward and proposes a rustic dance, with which the performance concludes. One of Rosenblüt's pieces contains unsparing satire on the upper classes. The Grand Sultan comes from Constantinople to Nürnberg, in order to reprove the clergy and the nobility for their vices. There is in this piece a noticeable reference to the independence of the guild of Nürnberg. The representatives of the pope, the emperor, and the princes rail against 'the great Turk' for his interference with their affairs of government, and threaten to put him to death; but the Bürgermeister of Nürnberg steps boldly forward and declares that, in spite of the pope, the emperor, and the princes, 'the great Turk,' who has told them the truth, shall be defended by the citizens, and shall have safe conduct back to his own dominions.

In Prose Fiction some translations by Niklas von Wyle, who was a schoolmaster at Zurich in 1445–47, and others by Heinrich Steinhöwel, a surgeon at Ulm, and Albrecht von Eyb, a canon at Bamberg (1420–83), deserve notice as contributions to an improved style of prose. But the most interesting prose translations of the time are those of 'The Seven Wise Masters' and the *Gesta Romanorum*. The first of these favourite books of mediæval times had an oriental origin, and was probably introduced into Europe during the Crusades. A Latin version was written about 1184, and was followed by translations in several European languages. The authorship of the *Gesta Romanorum*, at first written in mediæval Latin, has been, with some probability, ascribed to a monk named Helinand, who died in 1227. The book, which consists of fables, anecdotes, and passages from Roman history (so called)—all given in a mediæval style—supplied light reading for monks, and was afterwards used as a fund of materials for fabulists, novelists, and such versifiers as Hans Sachs. The German translation was first printed at Augsburg in 1498.

CHAPTER VI.

THIRD PERIOD. 1350–1525.

SATIRES—COMIC STORIES—BRANDT—GEILER—MURNER.

SATIRE was the chief characteristic of these times, and found utterance in many popular stories, in verse and prose. Though these are often very low and coarse, both in style and in choice of subjects, they are parts of the literature of the fifteenth century too prominent to be left unnoticed. A fair description of them is attended, however, with some difficulty, as SEBASTIAN BRANDT indicates, in his 'Ship of Fools,' where he speaks of some popular jest-books and satires of his time:—'Frivolity and coarseness are canonised in our day,' he says; 'he who can make the most unseemly jest—especially on some serious subject—is esteemed the greatest genius. This low taste of the people may be partly ascribed to the neglect of our so-called wise men, or scholars, who study everything, and are ready to teach anything, save good morals for the people. So learning itself is made to appear ridiculous, and, while our scholars are studying necromancy, astrology, alchemy, and other quackeries, the multitude are left in gross ignorance, and laugh at everything that is wise and good. And this great invention of printing does not mend the matter; for the printers care not what kind of books they send into the world, but circulate fortune-telling pamphlets, scandalous satires, and anything that will sell.' The chief objects of the satires here referred to are the clergy and the nobility; but the wealthy townsmen are not spared. The peasantry are mostly allowed to escape easily, and the boor, who is often the hero of a comic story, though illiterate, and not without a taint of the rogue in his character, is described as having such a rude force of native wit that he can refute the clergy, answer questions proposed by

doctors and lawyers, and reduce a bishop to silence. The coming times of the Peasants' War were foreshadowed in this comic literature, which retained its popularity in the sixteenth century. One collection of comic and satirical stories, edited by a monk, JOHANNES PAULI, in 1522, soon passed through thirty editions. If a monk was as free as we find Brother Pauli, in his censures of the clergy and the nobility, the reader may guess what the greater freedom of the people must have been; and if DR. GEILER, the celebrated preacher of Strassburg, could introduce in a sermon a popular tale of a boor reproving a bishop, it is easy to surmise what might be said out of church. The prevailing temper of the day found expression in free and coarse satires, marked by contempt of authority, ridicule of the pretensions of the educated classes, and a mockery of things represented as sacred.

It has already been shown how, in the story of 'Parson Amis,' a beneficed clergyman is represented as gaining his livelihood by a series of impositions. In a later story of the same class, 'the Parson of Kalenberg' sells bad wine at a high price, and attracts customers by announcing that, on a certain day, he will take a flight from the top of the steeple. The peasantry are collected in great numbers to witness the feat. It is a hot day, and as the pastor keeps his flock long waiting, while he is trimming his pinions, they are glad to drink his sour wine and to pay for it. At last, he asks if anyone present can give evidence of such a flight having been safely made, and when they say 'No,' he tells them he will not attempt it. In another popular tale, the parish priest is described as so fatuous, that he cannot remember the order of the days of the week. To help his memory, he makes, on every week-day, one birch-broom, and, by placing his six brooms in a row and frequently counting them, he knows when Sunday comes, and prepares to read mass. A wag steals away the broom that should mark Saturday, and on Sunday morning the priest is found making another broom instead of going to church. In a story quoted by Geiler in a sermon, we find a bishop riding out at the head of forty mounted attendants. He sees a boor standing still, staring, as in great amazement, and reproves him for this rudeness. 'I would have you understand,' says the rich churchman, 'that I am not only a bishop, but also a temporal prince. If you wish to see me as a bishop, you must come to church.' 'But,' says the boor, 'when the enemy at last runs

away with the prince, where will the bishop be found?' In another story we are introduced to a priest whose morals are bad, though he is a good preacher. He is grieved to find that his flock obstinately follow his example, rather than his advice, and thus exposes their error. On a certain day, after long wet weather, he leads a procession through the village, and walks resolutely through the deepest mire he can find. The people refuse to tread in his footsteps. 'That is right,' says the priest; 'attend in future to what I say in my sermons, and never notice what I do.' These are tame examples of some of the satires levelled against the clergy, but, for the obvious reasons which BRANDT points out, the choice of specimens is limited.

There are many stories more objectionable than the following: —'The wife of a nobleman was deeply grieved on account of the death of a pet spaniel, and begged that its remains might be buried in consecrated soil. Her husband bribed the parish priest, and the burial took place according to the lady's wish. When the bishop heard of it, he sent for the offending priest, and told him he must be excommunicated. "But I received a large bribe," said the priest, in order to excuse what he had done. "How much?" asked the bishop; and the offender answered, "Four hundred florins." "Four hundred florins!" the bishop exclaimed, in great amazement; "and did you read the full service?" "Certainly not," said the priest, now hoping to escape. "Then I must fine you," said the bishop, "for that omission, after receiving such a liberal fee. Hand over to me the four hundred florins."'

Popular satires on the rapacity of the aristocracy are mostly too earnest to be humorous. In one, for example, we read of a youth found guilty of highway robbery and hurried away to be executed. Some noblemen, passing by, are disposed to intercede for his life, but when they are told the crime of which he has been guilty they have no mercy for him. They care nothing for his crime in itself; but 'he has usurped,' they say, 'one of the chief privileges of the nobility.' 'A fine nobility that!' says Brother Pauli; 'thank God we have nothing like it now' (1522). But this thanksgiving must have been ironical; for, as late as about 1555, old Götz von Berlichingen wrote an account of his own forays against travelling merchants, describing his robberies as if they had been the innocent pastimes of his childhood.

A long ballad of the fifteenth century, already referred to, describes the justice and kindness of many knights and barons in their conduct towards their inferiors; but, at the close, the writer says that he has been trying to utter 'the greatest possible untruth.' Several satires directed against wealthy townspeople, their guilds and their growing liberties, may be briefly passed over. In one instance, at least, the rude invectives of the peasants were well retorted by a townsman, HEINRICH WITTENWEILER, who lived in the fifteenth century. In a long versified story, entitled 'The Ring,' he gives, in a mock-heroic style, the details of a boor's wedding, and merry-making, which are followed by a fray. The coarse humour of some parts of this story proves that the author was very well matched against the boors; though in other passages he writes with sobriety and good taste. His purport, he tells us, was didactic; but he was compelled to decorate his story with grotesque features in order to suit the popular taste. That the people relished satire and humour, however gross, was sufficiently proved by the success of many stories invented or versified by such writers as HANS ROSENBLÜT and HANS FOLZ, both members of the Master Singers' School at Nürnberg in the fifteenth century. If all their jocose stories were recited in that school, it was not very strictly conducted. We refer to them as fair representatives of many comic narratives of domestic immorality. The following anecdote, intended to show the folly of extreme kindness, is one of the least objectionable of this class:— 'A bad wife, who had often been brought before the magistrates, was at last sentenced to stand in the pillory. Her husband begged that he might be allowed to suffer the punishment instead of his wife, and his request was granted when he had bribed the magistrates. He stood in the pillory for some hours, and endured all the disgrace which the woman had merited. Some short time afterwards, when his wife had returned to her evil ways, and he found it impossible to live in peace with her, he reproached her, and told her how often she had brought disgrace on his household. 'It may be all true,' said the wife, when several of her sins had been named, 'but I can say at least one good thing for myself: I have never stood in the pillory!' A passing notice must be given of the popular nonsense of such books as *Eulenspiegel* and *Die Schildbürger*.

The first of these jest-books was edited in 1519 by a monk—

THOMAS MURNER—who collected a number of jocose stories long current among the people. Eulenspiegel, the hero of the tales, was by birth a peasant, but gained his notoriety as a wandering journeyman, and concealed a love of fun and mischief under the disguise of extraordinary simplicity.

His chief characteristic makes him a model for attorneys. In obedience to all instructions given by his masters, he accepts their words in a strictly literal sense, and so as to pervert their meaning. He always means well; his purpose is honest, and his disposition is obliging; but his mental vision is oblique, like that of Ralph in 'Hudibras,' who by fair logic could defend almost any absurdity. A furrier gives Master Eulenspiegel orders to make some fur-coats of wolves' skins, and, for the sake of brevity, calls them 'wolves;' the honest journeyman, therefore, stuffs the hides with hay, and sends them back as preserved specimens of the species *canis lupus*. When the furrier refuses to pay for these curiosities, Eulenspiegel complains as an ill-used working-man, and at the same time gives his master a lesson on the correct use of language. 'If you wanted fur-coats made from the skins of wolves,' says Eulenspiegel, 'why did you not tell me so plainly?' The popularity of *Eulenspiegel* may be partly ascribed to the coarseness of some of his jokes. A considerable amount of learning has been expended on the derivation of his name, but it still remains doubtful. It has been asserted by several writers that 'Tyll Eulenspiegel' actually lived, 'probably in the early part of the fourteenth century;' that 'he travelled mostly in the north of Germany, and at last settled at Möllen near Lübeck, where he was buried in 1350,' and that 'long after that time his grave used to be visited by wandering journeymen and others.' No good authority can be referred to for these statements. Eulenspiegel's jokes were, most probably, both invented and circulated by wandering *Gesellen*—journeymen tailors, shoemakers, and joiners—who had a literature of their own in these times.

Another series of popular stories tells us how, in old times, 'the men of Schilda'—a town in Prussian Saxony—were so wise that their advice on the management of goverment affairs was eagerly sought after by many foreign princes. The result was that 'the wise men' were very seldom found at home, and their own affairs were allowed to fall into a ruinous condition. Their wives then called the philosophers back to Schilda, and, in a general council,

it was resolved that, for the future, their wisdom should be concealed under a pretence of extreme folly. This, at last, became their second nature; so that they were incapable of managing their own estates, and Schilda was again in great adversity. Numerous emigrations then followed; the men of Schilda went forth, and settled in all the surrounding lands, and this explains the fact that their descendants are now found everywhere.

The preceding notices of a popular literature characterised mostly by its satirical spirit may serve to explain the remarkable popularity of *Das Narrenschiff* ('The Ship of Fools'), printed at Basel in 1494. Though it had no beauty of style, its superiority to the ordinary didactic and satirical books of the times was soon recognised by the educated classes. Ten editions of the book were issued before the close of the year 1512; it was soon translated into Latin, English, and French, and Geiler, the popular preacher, chose it as his text-book for a series of sermons. SEBASTIAN BRANDT, the writer of this successful book, was born in 1458 at Strassburg, where he was appointed town-clerk in 1503, and died in 1521. He was the friend of Dr. Geiler, and was patronised by the emperor Maxmilian I. Of all the satirists of this period Brandt was the most amiable. He felt grief for the errors and miseries of the age, and his latest years were darkened by a foreboding that the world would perish in a second general deluge in 1524. In his 'Ship' the author arranges 'fools' in one hundred and ten classes; but in describing them he writes without a plan, and his book is a series of ill-connected homilies, proverbs, and complaints on such topics as the decay of true religion and the growth of infidelity and superstition. One of his best sermons is on the moral training of children, and another is directed against the contempt of poverty. He generally reproves without bitterness and, with good humour, classes himself with 'the fools who buy more books than they can read and understand.' Among several passages illustrative of the rude manners of the age, one of the more remarkable refers to gross disorder in places of worship. The satirist might well have been more severe than he is in describing 'the fools who bring their hounds to church, and strut about and chatter loudly while the Mass is read.' GEILER, in one of his sermons, makes the same complaint. 'Another sign of a fool,' he says, 'is disturbing divine worship, as some do who come into the church with their birds and their

dogs, as if they were going out hawking or hunting. What with the tinklings of their hawks' bells and the snarling of their hounds, neither the preacher nor the choristers can be heard.' To make his complaint more remarkable, the preacher refers to men in holy orders who were guilty of such gross irreverence.

In these notices of literature in its connection with the faith and the morals of the age the sermons of GEILER (1445–1510) must be mentioned with respect. Though he stooped too low in his endeavours to win the attention of the people, he was a faithful and practical teacher. In a series of discourses 'on the sins of the tongue,' one of the best is on a topic that would hardly be here expected—silence. The preacher ascribes all due praise to silence, but condemns it when it has for its motive either indolence, or pride, or cowardice. The discourse is very distinctly arranged, but has too many subdivisions. As an example of the preacher's extreme condescension, one sermon is noticeable in which he deduces moral lessons from natural history. He tells his congregation that a hare has long ears, which are quick in catching sounds, 'and these signify the attention with which we should hear the Bible read;' and that a hare can run better up-hill than down, which shows that a Christian should be active in climbing up the hill of virtue. When a lion had been exhibited in a show at Strassburg, the preacher followed, as a competitor for popular attention, with a sermon on 'the lion of hell.' It is possible that some of the eccentricities of Geiler's sermons may be ascribed to their editors, for among them we find Johannes Pauli, already named as a collector of jokes.

We have already alluded to a satirist far more energetic than SEBASTIAN BRANDT—a restless, wandering, polemic monk named THOMAS MURNER, who may be regarded as an extreme representative of all the discontent of the times in which he lived. He was born at Strassburg in 1475, and, after studying in several schools at Paris, Cologne, Prague, and Vienna, was crowned poet laureate by the Emperor Maximilian I. The rest of his biography is a report of controversies in which he was incessantly engaged. One of the first was that of the Dominicans and the Franciscans respecting the immaculate conception. In early life Murner was the friend of Reuchlin, and at its close he was one of the bitterest enemies of Luther. No class of society was safe from Murner's satire. He wrote against bishops, reformers, monks, nuns, noble-

men, and lawyers. Ulrich von Hutten, who was a champion for the Reformation with both sword and pen, and the principal writer of the celebrated 'Epistolæ Virorum Obscurorum,' agreed on many points with Murner, yet was not spared by him. The polemic monk travelled hither and thither with no fixed purpose in life, and hardly anywhere failed in making enemies. In 1512 he published one of his chief works, *Die Narrenbeschwörung* ('The Exorcism of Fools'), which was suggested by Brandt's *Narrenschiff*, but was not an imitation. Another of Murner's satires, *Die Schelmenzunft* ('The Rogues' Club'), consists of the substance of a series of sermons preached by the author at Frankfurt. Its style is low and coarse, but he pleads that the public liked it. 'Some tell me,' he says, 'to remember my sacred calling, and to write seriously on religious subjects; but the fact is, I have written about fifty serious books, and the publishers will not even look at them. So I have locked up all my divinity in a chest. And, as it is now counted a degradation to write German rhymes, I must plead that I cannot help it; for when I try to write sober prose, I find my pen running into rhymes against my own purpose.' Nothing can exceed the violence of Murner's declamations against simony, secular church patronage, and the luxurious lives of the superior clergy; nor are the laity spared. He denounces especially their oppressive taxation of the poor. 'When a hen lays an egg,' he says, 'the landlord takes the yolk, his lady has the white, and the boor is allowed to keep the shell.' Murner's best work, 'The Great Lutheran Fool, as exorcised by Dr. Murner' (1522), strictly belongs to the sixteenth century; but may be noticed here, that we may more speedily close our interview with this polemic monk. In this satire he introduces Luther as commander-in-chief of a large army marching in three divisions. The infantry carry a flag with the word 'Gospel' conspicuously displayed; the banner of the cavalry has the inscription 'Freedom,' and the baggage have for their motto 'The Truth.' As they march along, they boast of their exclusive possession of these three flags. We give a condensation rather than a full translation of a few lines from this part of the satire:—

Forth out of Babylon we go
To make the loftiest mountains low,
To lift the valley and the plain.
Our Luther tells us to abstain
From all good works, and not in vain—

Whatever he commands we do;
For all that Luther says is true.

Murner then goes on to say that all the three banners carried by the insurgents have been stolen. 'The evangelical flag,' he says, has been the property of the faithful for more than fifteen hundred years. 'The truth' belongs to no individual man, but to the whole congregation of believers, and Christian 'freedom' is understood only by Catholics. Luther leads on his forces to destroy churches and monasteries, but Murner and his friends offer a stout resistance. A hard fight is followed by a truce and—oddly enough—by Murner's marriage with one of Luther's daughters! What this incident may be intended to symbolise we cannot even guess. The leader of the faithful is, however, disappointed in matrimony, and soon divorces his wife. Hostilities are resumed and continued until the death of Luther makes an end of the war. He is buried with contempt, as a heretic, and Murner, with great delight, acts as conductor at a charivari, or 'concert of cats' music,' vigorously performed at the grave of the reformer!

In 1523, soon after the publication of the satire on Luther, its author was invited to England by King Henry VIII., in whose defence he had written a tract with a strange title—'Is the King of England a Liar?—or is Luther?' In the same year Murner returned to Strassburg, and there set up his own press; for he could not find printers for his violent satires. He was busy in preparing some new work, when his house was plundered and his press broken in pieces by a mob. Murner then escaped from Strassburg, and in 1529 arrived, in a state of utter destitution, at Lucerne, where a public subscription was made to provide for him a new suit of clothes. His restless life closed in mystery, all that is known further being that, some short time before 1537, he found rest in the grave.

Whatever may be thought of the quality of Murner's writings, they deserve notice as representing the temper of his times—times when men, on both sides of the great controversy then waged, were wanting in self-knowledge and charity. Under their zeal for opinions they often concealed pride, self-will, and malice. Their tenets were forms behind which not seldom lurked a self-asserting will. Satirists like Murner have a burning zeal for truth, but hardly see the results to which they lead men. If

error has an overwhelming majority, what hope is there for the truth? If all the world has always been wrong, why not distrust the satirist himself? Whatever the errors of society, they will not be corrected by abstract maxims. The polemic writer often assumes as an axiom that, since his opponents are wrong, he must be right—if two dark colours differ by a shade, one must be white. But it is clear that of two contending parties both may be in error, and the truth may rest with a third, not involved in their dispute. Murner had many followers who, dissenting from his opinions, were like him in temper. He was one of the earliest of the bitter polemic writers of the sixteenth century, and his name has, therefore, suggested remarks that may be applied as fairly to some of his opponents as to himself.

Our view of this closing period of the Middle Ages has been, on the whole, gloomy. The impression we have received from the low imaginative literature of the times is not removed when we turn to history.

CHAPTER VII.

THIRD PERIOD. 1350–1525.

CHRONICLES OF TOWNS—DIDACTIC PROSE—THE MYSTICS—TAULER—'DER FRANCKFORTER.'

Among the chroniclers of the period, one of the earliest was Fritzsche Closener, a canon of Strassburg, who died in 1384. He wrote, in very simple prose, a record of the chief events of his times, and his chronicle—excepting, perhaps, the notes on frequent earthquakes—seems trustworthy. The most interesting passages are those which describe the spread of the pestilence, the persecutions of the Jews, and the processions of the flagellants. His account of the 'black death'—so the epidemic of the times was called—makes it clear that it was the Oriental plague. 'In the year 1349,' he says, 'when the flagellants came to Strassburg, there was a mortality among the people, such as had never been known before, and it continued all the time the flagellants stayed with us, but abated when they went away. Every day, in each parish, from eight to ten corpses were buried in the churchyard, to say nothing of many others interred near convents and at the hospital. The old graveyard of the hospital was found too small, and they added a large piece of garden-ground to it. All who died of the pest had boils or tumours, mostly under their arms, and after these appeared the plague-stricken died generally on the third or fourth day; but some died on the first day. The plague was clearly infectious, for it seldom happened that only one died in a house.' 'In the same year,' he tells us, in his own calm style, 'on St. Feltin's Day, the Jews were burned on a wooden scaffold set up in the churchyard. Such burnings of Jews took place not only in Strassburg, but in all the towns along the Rhine, because the people believed that the Jews had brought the pestilence among us by putting poison into the springs and other waters. In some places the Jews were burned after a form of

trial, but in others their houses were fired, and they were not allowed to escape from the flames.' Closener's account of the flagellants is striking enough to merit a succinct quotation:—

> In the same year (1349) two hundred brethren of the scourge came to Strassburg. They marched into the town, two and two abreast, chanting a lamentation, and carrying banners and lighted candles, while, as they came into the town, the bells of the cathedral were tolled. When they entered a church, they first all kneeled down and chanted a hymn beginning thus:—
>
> 'For drink they gave to Jesu gall:
Here, fellow-sinners, let us fall.' . . .
>
> Then, extending their arms, and making themselves so many likenesses of the cross, they fell all at once, with a loud clapping sound, flat on the pavement. Twice a day, early and late, they publicly scourged themselves with knotted cords, and this was their fashion of doing it:—The bells of the cathedral were tolled as they marched two and two abreast out of the town into the open field. There, having stripped themselves down to the waist, they lay down on the grass, so as to form a wide circle, and each brother, by his mode of lying down, confessed the chief sin of which he had been guilty. Thus one guilty of perjury lay on one side and raised his hand, with three fingers extended. . . . Then, at their master's bidding, they arose in succession, and some of their best singers sang a hymn beginning with the lines—
>
> 'Come hither all who would not dwell
For ever in the flames of hell!' . . .
>
> And, while they were singing, the brethren went round about in a ring, and scourged their naked backs until the blood flowed freely from many of them. Then they fell again to the earth, and remained lying there, with arms extended in the fashion of a cross, until the singing men began a hymn on the crucifixion:—
>
> 'Maria stood, with anguish sighing,
While on the cross her Son was dying.' . . .
>
> Whereupon the flagellants arose, and repeated their scourging of themselves; and this was done again and again. . . . Then there was read to them a letter brought, it was said, from heaven by an angel. It told how, for the sins of the times, plague and famine, fire and earthquake, had visited the land, and how the Saracens had been allowed to shed much Christian blood; and it threatened that, if men would not repent, strange wild beasts and birds, such as were never seen before, would be sent to make desolate all the land. . . . Also the angel's letter commanded that Sundays and Saints' Days should be strictly observed. . . . The people at first believed in the letter, and in the sayings of the flagellants, more than in all that the priests said, and the clergy who talked against the brethren of the scourge did not gain the favour of the people. . . . Women formed themselves into companies to imitate the flagellants, and even children gathered together to whip themselves. . . . In the course of time, however, the Strassburg people grew weary of the brethren, and would not have the minster bell tolled for their processions, and at last a law was made, that whoever wished to scourge himself must do it privately in his own dwelling.

The canon ends his chronicle with one more earthquake, very briefly mentioned; thus:—'In the year 1362, on the morning of Sunday, the ninth day after St. Peter's, and while they were chanting matins in the minster, there was an earthquake. On the same day this book was finished by Fritzsche Closener, a priest at Strassburg.' His chronicle was extended by JAKOB TWINGER, who died at Strassburg in 1420.

Several books of the same class—such as the 'Limburg Chronicle,' a 'History of Breslau in 1440-79,' by PETER ESCHENLOER, and 'The Chronicle of the Holy City of Cologne,' by an unknown author, supply some interesting facts respecting the growth of the towns and their government. Two writers, both named DIEBOLD SCHILLING—one of Solothurn, who died in 1485; the other of Lucerne, who died about 1520—must be named as the best Swiss chroniclers of their times. JUSTINGER, who died in 1426, and FRICKHARD, who died, in his ninetieth year, in 1519, both wrote of the history of Berne, and MELCHIOR RUSS, who was living near the close of the fifteenth century, wrote the annals of Lucerne. In the general 'Chronicle of the Swiss Confederation,' by PETERMANN ETTERLIN, who died in 1507, the former part is fabulous; but the notices of affairs in his own time have some historical value.

Was there in these times no better German literature than such as has been described? Yes; but it belonged to another world, not to the world of contentions and divisions represented in such literature as we have noticed. The meditative men of the times, the Mystics, knew that the world around them required a renovation, not external, but spiritual and deep, and that this renovation must take place, first of all, in the reformer's own mind. So they retired from the strife of society to find or to make peace in the world of their own thoughts. Their writings would deserve notice, if only on account of their improved prose style.

JOHANNES TAULER, born, probably at Strassburg, about 1290, died in 1361. In early life he entered the Dominican Order, and was, for a time, the pupil of Eckhart. After studying metaphysics and divinity, Tauler wrote and preached many sermons, displayed considerable learning in theology, and gained a reputation before he was fifty years old. At that time he received

a visit from a layman, Nicolaus of Basel, the head of a religious brotherhood. This visitor told the great preacher that his sermons were worthless, and that his knowledge of theology was merely intellectual and not spiritual. Tauler, believing his new teacher, abstained from preaching for two years, and then once more appeared in the pulpit. He now preached with greater depth of thought and feeling, and, at the same time, more practically. Neither pantheistic nor passive, his mysticism was united with a burning zeal for the welfare of his hearers. Many passages in his sermons are full of the eloquence not derived from studied diction, but springing immediately from the heart. 'True humiliation,' he says in one place, 'is an impregnable fortress. All the world may try to carry it by storm; but they cannot.' . . . 'Dear soul,' he says again, 'sink into the abyss of thine own nothingness, and then let a tower fall to crush thee; or all the demons from hell oppose thee; or heaven and earth, with all their creatures, set themselves in battle array against thee—they shall not prevail, but shall be made to serve thee.' Such was Tauler's preaching on his favourite theme. Why or how we cannot clearly say, but he offended his ecclesiastical superiors, and, though he had devotedly laboured to spread the consolations of religion among the people during the prevalence of the plague (in 1348), he was forbidden to preach and was driven away from Strassburg. His chief work, besides a series of sermons, is entitled *Die Nachfolge des armen Lebens Christi*, which may be translated freely as 'The Imitation of Christ in His Humiliation.'

The doctrine most prominent in the writings of Tauler and his friends is that religion is neither a history nor an external institution, but a life in the souls of men. All that is represented as externally or historically true must be conceived in the soul and realised in experience before it can become spiritually true. But the word 'spiritual,' as used by Tauler, is not to be understood in a negative or merely internal sense; for he teaches that what is spiritual is also practical. There are superficial thoughts that have no power and lead to no practice; but there are also thoughts that are essentially united with deep feeling and a corresponding practice, and these are spiritual thoughts. Tauler and other Mystics, while they assert the necessary union of religious thought with good works, dwell rather on the internal source than on the outward results. 'One thought of God, attended with absolute

resignation to His will, is worth more,' says Tauler, 'than all the good works done in Christendom.'

The teaching of Tauler is concisely repeated in a little book first entitled *Der Franckforter*, to which Luther afterwards gave the title *Eyn deutsch Theologia*, when he edited a part of it in 1516. The doctrine of this short treatise—written, most probably, in the fourteenth century—reminds us of the speculations of Eckhart. The 'fall of man,' or the origin of evil, is here viewed not historically, but as a present and continuous act of man's will, in the assertion of itself as distinct from and in opposition to the will of the Infinite. Man's will is the centre and the source of a world of disunion. Before his 'fall,' or his separation from the Infinite, his will acted as a magnet on all creatures, and held them in union and subordination; but by the perversion of his will all creatures are perverted. It is vain to attempt, in the first place, any outward reformation. Man must resign his will; must claim no life in or for himself; must not imagine that he can possess anything good, as power, knowledge, or happiness. All such thoughts as are expressed in the words 'I' and 'mine' must be renounced. Such resignation is the birth of the second Adam. In him the whole creation is to be restored to its primeval divine order. This birth of the second Adam must take place in every man who would be a Christian. He must become weary of himself and of all created and finite things, and, relinquishing all his desires, must resign his whole soul and will. Though good works wrought in the life of the renewed soul are holy, yet more holy is the inner, silent self-sacrifice that can never be fully expressed in good words or good works; for by that inner sacrifice the soul is translated into the one true life beyond all death—the eternal life in which sin, and self, and sorrow, and all things that belong to the creature apart from God, are for ever lost.

Such was the teaching of TAULER and of many of his brethren in the fourteenth century. The above summary may serve as a substitute for notices of other mystic works by such writers as HEINRICH VON NÖRDLINGEN, the friend of Tauler, HEINRICH DER SEUSE (1300–66), and RULMAN MERSWIN (1307–82), another of Tauler's friends, and the author of a work entitled *Das Buch von den neun Felsen* ('The Book of the Nine Rocks').

The influence of the Mystics was very extensive, and lived long

after the Reformation. It has been said that to read one of Tauler's sermons is to read them all. This is not exact; but the general accordance of the mystic writers, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century, in all the essential parts of their doctrine, is very remarkable.

Of their relations with the external Church we have hardly satisfactory information. They were persecuted, but not to such an extent as might have been expected; for the full purport of their teaching was not understood by their opponents. It was rather remote from, than directly opposed to, the tenets of the Church, and could hardly be made a basis for ecclesiastical reformation. A vast external institution, intended to include nations under its sway, might tolerate and include pious brotherhoods like the Mystics, but could not, if it would, enforce their doctrine or their practice. With regard to the application of their teaching to practical life, some ambiguity may be complained of. The Mystics evade rather than solve the problem of uniting such a religious life as their own with a fulfilment of the duties of society. The battle of life, for religious men, is less severe in the monastic cell than in the shop, the market, the school, and the factory. If the Mystics did not intend to say that retirement from the world is the only way to heaven, they wrote words that seem to mean that. If they wished to teach men how to act rightly as neighbours, fathers, and husbands, and when engaged in trade and industry, they should have been more explicit and condescending in the application of their doctrine. We do not say that their doctrine was unpractical, for what can have a more profound effect on life than the subjugation of the passions and the resignation of the will? But, with reference to the guidance it affords for men who have to live and act in this world, the teaching of the Mystics may be described as abstract.

It is hardly necessary to say, in concluding this review of mediæval German literature, that this is no attempt at a description of the general culture of the times. That must include an account of the revival of classic literature—to say nothing of many Latin folios filled with the subtile disquisitions of the schoolmen. The German literature of the later middle ages was obscure and despised—as it partly deserved to be; yet it served to indicate some characteristics of coming events. There might be seen, among the secular aristocracy of that age, as in the Church and

in the great schools of learning, powers that rose and enthroned themselves without attempting to lift up the people. Men were not only classified, but separated, as churchmen and laymen, nobles and peasantry, scholars and illiterate. The press was multiplying copies of Roman classics for the enjoyment of scholars luxuriating in their new-found intellectual wealth, while the vernacular tongue was condemned to be used only for the most vulgar purposes. The sentence was, on the whole, strictly carried into execution. The people made a low comic literature for themselves. They could satirise existing institutions, but had no clear notions of any union of order with freedom. When freedom began to be talked of among other classes, the peasantry attempted to revolutionise society, in order to fulfil absurd predictions, falsely supposed to be contained in the Bible.

CHAPTER VIII.

FOURTH PERIOD. 1525–1625.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE TIME—ULRICH VON HUTTEN—LUTHER.

Discontent was the chief characteristic of the later middle ages. We speak of the historical world, including the men of action, the thinkers and the writers who expressed the tendencies of their times. There existed no doubt a quiet, unheard-of world—not less important than the historical—a world of obscure people, happier than the men who are ever looking forwards and beyond their own immediate interests. It is of the leading men we write when we say that the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were times of discontent. We have read how it had expressed itself with regard to social life, and the institutions of both the State and the Church. The didactic and satirical literature already noticed is made wearisome by iterated complaints of the dualism existing between rich and poor, between master and servant, the learned and the unlearned, the priest and the layman, the emperor and the pope. But, comparatively speaking, discontent had been only muttered in the fifteenth century; in the sixteenth it was outspoken. The literature of this time is, consequently, crude in form and violent in temper, but deeply interesting in its purport—in other words, in its connection with realities. It would be unjust to pass hastily over such a literature, on account of its want of a superficial polish. We might as well leave a blank in the history of English literature from Chaucer to Spenser, or briefly pass by the authors of the seventeenth century, in order to concentrate attention on Pope and Addison.

We are still living in the midst of the movement that began in the sixteenth century, and how it is to terminate is the most important question on which the minds of men are divided. Marvellous progress has recently been made in the physical sciences

and in applied mechanics, but in polemic literature written since the sixteenth century we find little that is both new and important. And this is neither to be wondered at nor deplored; for the age of the Reformation left controversies in which we are still engaged, and problems still waiting for a solution. In that age all the abstract axioms of the French Revolution were published. The years of the Parisian anarchy (1789–99) hardly gave birth to one original notion. Proudhon's startling axiom was preached in Germany in the thirteenth century, and was accepted as a new Gospel by many in the sixteenth, when men of some learning could quote Greek, and refer to the fathers and the schoolmen, to support the doctrine that property should be abolished. Luther's own notions on the subject were unsound, as modern political economists would say; but he hated the extreme opinions maintained by some educated men in his time and afterwards. Others beside the peasantry were dreaming of a new order of society introduced *ab extra*, with abstract theory for a ground-plan, and violence instead of workmanship for carrying it into execution. One learned man made a dreary sketch of a 'Model City,' where all the inhabitants were to be made happy by good sanitary regulations, improved cookery, and the abolition of religion. Another dreamer, in his 'Solar State,' arranged a system of society regulated like a complex clock-work, with the abolition of both freedom and property as a moving power. Making such Utopias on paper was one of the amusements of learned men in those days.

It is a mistake to regard the controversy of the sixteenth century as exclusively theological or ecclesiastical, and it is a greater mistake to ascribe the whole movement to the zêal of a discontented monk. Luther neither inspired the dreams of Münzer and the Anabaptists, nor excited the peasants and others who endeavoured to fulfil such dreams. He might as well be accused of calling Savonarola into existence. There have been historians who could ingeniously explain great events by mean anecdotes of personal interests, but it is more intelligible to ascribe great results to great thoughts—thoughts that have an irresistible power of first making themselves common and then demanding to be carried into execution. The prevalence of such thoughts in the sixteenth century made it a grand epoch. The main controversy was part of a process, still going on in the world, and having for its

object to lead men through all their errors to a knowledge of themselves and of the Divine Government to which they must submit. This was the goal kept in view by good and honest inquirers in the sixteenth century, but they differed widely respecting the ways that led to it; in other words, on the respective claims of the Church, the Scriptures, and free inquiry. The controversy that followed is only partially represented in the German literature of the time. It is hardly necessary, therefore, to say that, in our notices of writers who lived during the time of the Reformation, we do not pretend to give, even in outline, a history of that movement.

The controversy of the age gave only temporary life and vigour to German literature, which then, for a short time, might be called national. No longer confined to convents or to courts, it had its centres in several newly-founded universities, and was spread abroad by means of the printing press. The Bible, translated by Luther, was the people's book, and hymns, founded on popular models, contained the best poetry written at that period. The rapid decline of this new literature is easily explained by a reference to political and ecclesiastical history. Expectations of political freedom, cherished at the opening of the century, were soon disappointed; dreams of pious men who had endeavoured to spread the teaching of a religion independent of external forms, were not fulfilled; Luther, in his earlier years, read Tauler's sermons, and edited the 'German Theology;' but outbreaks of fanaticism soon induced him to defend his own work of reformation by entrenching himself within a strict system of theological institutes. The disappointment of men who wanted more freedom in theology was expressed by SEBASTIAN FRANCK (1500–45), one of the best prose writers of this time. Luther denounced him and his friends as wild visionaries, 'always prating of Geist, Geist, Geist;' in other words, setting up their own convictions as distinct from Luther's exposition of the Bible.

These and more serious dissensions impaired the strength of the Reformation movement, while its influence on the general culture of the people was greatly diminished by the use of two languages—Latin for the learned, and a half-barbarous German for the common people. Learned men wrote in Latin on philology and theology, and the people were left with few intellectual leaders. The enthusiastic patriot HUTTEN saw the error of this division of

languages, and endeavoured to write in his native tongue, so as to be read by the people; but he succeeded only to a limited extent, and when more than thirty years old could write far better in Latin than in German. The verse written during the sixteenth century—excepting Lutheran hymns—is, with regard to both style and purport, inferior to the literature of prose, which would moreover demand precedence here, if only on account of one fact; the greatest literary work of the century—the work that established NEW HIGH GERMAN as the language of the German people—is Luther's translation of the Bible.

MARTIN LUTHER, the son of a poor miner, was born at Eisleben on the tenth of November, 1483; he received his early education at several schools, in Mansfeld, Magdeburg, and Eisenach, and went to the University of Erfurt in 1501. After some studies in theology and scholastic philosophy, he, in opposition to the advice of friends, took vows as an Augustine monk, and devoted himself to religious exercises and the study of the Bible. A visit to Rome (1510) served to increase his dissatisfaction with some practices authorised by the Church, especially the sale of indulgences. The controversy excited by his publication of ninety-five theses against indulgences was revived by his disputation with Dr. Eck, which was followed by the excommunication of the reformer in 1520. He thereupon published 'An Address to the Nobility,' and prayed for their assistance in the reformation of the Church and the universities.

Meanwhile ULRICH VON HUTTEN, a man of noble ancestry (born in 1488), had already exhorted the aristocracy to win by the sword their national independence. He, at first, thought lightly of the controversy raised by Luther, as if it had been a quarrel of monks on a theological question; but soon understood that national and religious freedom must rise or fall together. Ulrich, who had written in Latin several of the 'Epistles of obscure Men,' against the ecclesiastical authority of Rome, now studied German, in order that he might co-operate more powerfully with Luther. But the two reformers differed in their choice of weapons. Ulrich would use the sword; Luther, as he said, would trust in 'the Word;' or in arguments based, as he believed, on the Scriptures. Ulrich, denounced as a heretic and a traitor, was driven from one town to another; till he found a refuge for a time in the castle of Franz von Seckingen. Thence he escaped into Switzerland, and

died in a retreat on the island of Ufenau in the Lake of Zurich, in 1523. His satires, in the form of dialogues, and his 'Complaint, addressed to the German People,' are remarkable expressions of the polemic temper of the time. The purpose to which he devoted his life was to liberate his native land from the religious and political dominion of Rome, and from the powers usurped by the princes of the several States. *Alea jacta esto*, was Ulrich's motto when he declared war, not only against Rome, but also against the princes, while he despised the nobles among whom he was compelled to seek for allies. 'I know I shall be driven out of the land,' he says, 'but I cannot turn black into white. No Turk, no heathen would rule so oppressively as our princes. To overthrow them, the towns must unite with the nobility.' Hutten's whole life was a bitter warfare, and his constitution was, in his youth, undermined by the disease that brought him to an early grave. When persecuted by foes, and forsaken by his friends, he 'addressed to the whole body of the German people' a 'Complaint,' of which the following short passage may give the purport:—

> Countrymen! let all unite to protect even *one*, if that one has done good service for all. I might have enjoyed the favour of Rome at this time, if I had not desired above all other things the welfare of my country. For this I have laboured and suffered. For this I have endured so many misfortunes; long journeys by day and night, so much want and care, and such shameful poverty; and all this in the prime of my life—in the best, blooming years of youth! Surely for all my good intentions I have some claim on your assistance. . . . If I cannot move you by my own case, be moved with pity for my friends and relatives. My poor and aged father and mother, my younger brother, who is in great trouble about me, all my relatives, and many who love and respect me, besides several learned men, and some noblemen; all these join in my petition. If I have added something to the honour of our Fatherland by my writings—if I have endeavoured to serve my country—help me now!'

Hutten's writings—including those in Latin—are numerous, and are mostly directed against the Romish clergy. He gives a summary of all that had been said by the satirists of the preceding century. To whom the blame must be chiefly ascribed, is a question to be decided by political and ecclesiastical historians, but the fact must be admitted, that a great part of the literature of the time immediately preceding the Reformation is full of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. Warfare seemed to be the only atmosphere in which men could breathe, and the spirit that animated many declamations against the evils of society was as bad as the evils themselves. In a word, discontent and bad temper

were almost universal, if literature is to be trusted. The spirit of Thomas Murner seemed to have diffused itself over the land. The troubles that followed Luther's protest had been prepared before his time. The discontent of the people under the rule of their princes, and the strife of the princes against each other, and against their foreign emperor—the Spaniard—were both ready to break forth into open violence and anarchy, and Luther's words were made to serve as a signal.

Trusting, as he said, 'in the word,' without the sword, Luther burned the papal bull issued against him, made his memorable protest at Worms, and then found a place of shelter in the Wartburg, an old castle near Eisenach. Here he proceeded with his translation of the Bible. He had ended his labours on the New Testament (1522) when his progress was disturbed by the excesses of one of his own friends, Andreas Rudolf Bodenstein—commonly named KARLSTADT. He was professor of theology at Wittenberg, but also an iconoclast and a radical reformer, who wished to go far beyond any reforms advocated by Luther. 'Go back to your native places,' said Karlstadt to his pupils, at the university, 'and there learn some useful trades and make yourselves good citizens. Stay not here to study, while other men are working to support you. The apostle Paul worked with his own hands. Go and do likewise.' The professor carried into practice his own teaching; put on a white felt hat and a smock-frock, and went to work in the fields. But it was by his doctrine that all sacred images in churches should be destroyed that Karlstadt especially offended Luther. Their quarrel led to the banishment of the iconoclast.

Luther knew that his own work of reformation would be censured for any results that might follow when the Peasants' War of 1525 broke out. The doctrines preached at an earlier period by Friar Berthold—that the poor shall inherit the earth and that the rich must surrender their wealth—had been long remembered; and it was supposed by many that the time had come for reducing them to practice. Luther at first advised the nobility to meet the peasantry with liberal reforms. 'You must moderate your despotism,' said he, 'and submit to God's own ordinances, or you will be compelled to do so.' But when the peasants grew violent, broke into convents, made themselves drunk in the cellars, and set fire to castles on the banks of the Rhine, Luther came forth

against them, and it is not too much to say that his denunciation was fatal to the whole democratic movement of the time. If, guided by a more selfish policy, he had placed himself at the head of the peasantry, he might have easily triumphed over all his own enemies. But he knew well the truth—confessed at last by Münzer—that 'the sensual and the dark rebel in vain;' that men must be free within before they can make a right use of external liberty. If Münzer's exploits had not worn out the patience of Luther, the anabaptists must have done it. Dreams of Utopia prevailed in those times, and a baker at Leyden had a dream. He declared that he was 'Enoch,' and sent out twelve apostles to find the new Jerusalem. At Munster they enlisted a fanatical tailor, and then gained the patronage of the mayor. Envy and rapacity, disguised by a few abused texts picked from the Bible, began the work of reformation by 'driving out the sons of Esau,' and distributing their goods among 'the children of Jacob,' in other words, the anabaptists. The destruction of works of art, musical instruments, and libraries was soon followed by the institution of polygamy. The tailor—crowned as King of Israel—acted as the public executioner of one of his own wives, while the people, assembled in the market-place, lifted up their voices in the psalm, 'To God on high give thanks and praise.' The worst remains to be told; for the sincerity of the anarchical men of Munster was very doubtful. The mayor, Knipperdolling, conducted himself more like a buffoon than an enthusiast. If the anabaptists of Munster had studied how to make the most disgraceful caricatures of freedom and religion, they could not have done their work more effectually.

The extreme notions of Karlstadt and his followers, the violence of Thomas Münzer and other leaders of the peasantry, and, lastly, the madness of the anabaptists, had all tended to make Luther more conservative and dogmatic—if this word may be used, without offence, in its true meaning. He fortified his own position by the strictly-defined tenets of his two catechisms (1529), and denounced as departing too widely from the letter of the Bible the doctrines asserted by the Swiss reformers. Ulrich Zwingli, their leader, endeavoured to maintain the democratic character of the Reformation, and departed more widely than Luther from the teaching of the Church. The two reformers met in 1529, but failed to adjust their doctrinal differences.

In the following year the Diet of Augsburg was assembled, but Luther being under imperial censure could not attend. If we may judge from a letter he wrote about this time, he was not seriously depressed by the interdict:—

Here we are sitting [he writes], and looking out of the window on a little grove, where a number of crows and daws are assembled as in a Diet; but with such a flying hither and thither, and croaking all day and all night—young and old all chattering at once—we wonder how their throats can bear it.

The letter does not conclude without some polemical bitterness; he calls the crows 'sophists and papists,' and prays ironically for their salvation. There is more sweetness in a note written by him about the same time to his son John, only four years old:—

I know a pleasant little garden, where many children dressed in golden frocks go in under the trees and gather rosy apples and pears, cherries and plums, both purple and yellow, and sing and dance and make merry, and have fine little horses, with golden reins and silver saddles. When I asked the gardener who these little children were, he told me: 'They are children who say their prayers, learn their lessons, and do as they are told.' 'Well,' said I to the man, 'and I have a little boy, Johnny Luther, at home, who would like to come here, to gather pears and apples, ride on these fine little horses, and play with these children.' 'Very well,' said the man, 'if he is obedient and says his prayers, and learns well, he shall come, and he may bring Lippus and Jost with him, and they shall all have fifes and drums, and other kinds of music, and also little cross-bows to shoot with.'

Luther published, in the same year (1530), a translation of 'Æsop's Fables.' A passage from the preface may be noticed as one of many proofs of the reformer's care for the education of young people:—

I have undertaken [he says] the revision of this book, and have dressed it in a better style than it had before. In doing this, I have especially cared for young people, that they may have instruction in a form suitable to their age, which is naturally fond of plays and fictions; and I have wished to gratify their taste without yielding indulgence to anything bad. I mention this, because we have seen what an objectionable book some writers have made and sent into the world, as 'the German Æsop'—the original fables mixed with scandalous tales, for which the authors ought to be punished; tales to be recited, not in families, but, if anywhere, in the lowest taverns. Æsop endeavoured to introduce wisdom under an appearance of folly; but his perverters would sacrifice his wisdom to their own folly.

In 1534 the translation of the Bible into German was completed. In this great work Luther's aim was to write so as to be understood by all the people, high and low, learned and comparatively

illiterate. He spared no pains; but revised his work again and again—for the last time in 1545. Its success was marvellous, but not greater than it deserved. It was soon accepted as the people's book, and in 1558, thirty-eight editions of the whole Bible and seventy-two of the New Testament had appeared. The effect was as important in general literature as in theology. Luther's Bible established the New High German language, which has become the medium of a literature now spreading its influence throughout the world. The carefulness of the translation is often disguised under an appearance of facility. 'When at work upon the Book of Job,' says Luther, 'we sometimes hardly contrived to do three lines in four days.' If, in this difficult section of his work Luther here and there failed, he seldom made so adventurous a translation as may be found in the English Book of Job (xxxvi. 33). Another merit is, that as a churchman of the sixteenth century, who had been accustomed to read mediæval jargon called Latin, he was, to a remarkable degree, free from the common error of translating words instead of their meaning. He did not always succeed; but he tried hard to put the Greek of the Gospels into such words as any German peasant might understand. The parable of the Prodigal Son may be mentioned as one of numerous narrative passages faithfully and popularly rendered, and Psalm civ. may be noticed as one of many examples of a bold and clear translation of poetry. We translate two or three paragraphs from the preface to the Book of Psalms, where Luther can be met on ground far away from all controversy:—

The heart of man is like a ship out on a wild sea, and driven by storm-winds, blowing from all the four quarters of the world; now impelled by fear and care for coming evil; now disturbed by vexation and grief for present misfortune; now urged along by hope and a confidence of future good; now wafted by joy and contentment. These storm-winds of the soul teach us how to speak in good earnest, to open our hearts, and to utter their contents. The man actually in want and fear does not express himself quietly, like a man at ease who only talks about fear and want; a heart filled with joy utters itself and sings in a way not to be imitated by one who is all the time in fear; 'it does not come from the heart,' men say, when a sorrowful man tries to laugh, or a merry man would weep. . . . Now of what does this Book of Psalms mostly consist, but of earnest expressions of the heart's emotions—the storm-winds as I have called them? Where are finer expressions of joy than the Psalms of praise and thanksgiving? There you look into the hearts of the saints, as if you looked into a fair and delightful garden, aye, or into heaven itself—and

you see how lovely and pleasant flowers are springing up there out of manifold happy and beautiful thoughts of God and all his mercies. . . . But again, where will you find deeper, more mournful and pitiful words of sorrow than in the Psalms devoted to lamentation? I conclude, then, that the Psalter is a hand-book for religious men, wherein everyone, whatever may be his condition, may find words that will rhyme with it, and psalms as exactly fitted to express his wants, as if they had been written solely for his benefit.

In 1536 Luther prepared the articles of faith afterwards accepted, first by an assembly of divines at Schmalkald, and then by the Lutheran Church. He did not live to witness the misfortunes of the Schmalkald Alliance, when they took up arms to maintain their principles. His health had long been failing, and in 1545, when he refused to be judged by the Council of Trent, he was but a wreck of himself. Thirty years of very hard work for heart and brain had made him long for rest. Writing to a friend about this time he says:—

As an old man, worn out and weary, cold and decayed, and with but one eye left, I had hoped that I might have, at last, a little rest; but here I am still harassed with calls to write and talk, and regulate affairs, as if I had never written, spoken, or transacted any business. I am now tired of the world, and the world is weary of me. I would leave it as a man leaves an inn when he has paid his reckoning. So let me have an hour's grace before I die; for I want to hear no more of this world's affairs.

To oblige his friend, he, however, took a journey to Eisleben, in winter, when the surrounding district was flooded. One of the last traits to fade from his character was humour, as may be seen in a note written at this time to his wife: 'We arrived here, at Halle,' he says, 'about eight o'clock, but have not ventured to go on to Eisleben, for we have been stopped by a great anabaptist—the flood—which has covered the roads and threatens us with immersion, and no mere sprinkling.' He is near the grave now, but his humour is still polemical, though not bitter. He died at Eisleben on February 18, 1546. 'I was born,' he says, 'to fight with gangs of men and demons, and that has made many of my books so impetuous and warlike. . . . My shell may be rather hard; but the kernel is soft and sweet.' His numerous writings — beside those already named — include controversial tracts and sermons, which belong to Church History rather than to General Literature, and cannot be fairly noticed here. Nothing could exceed the violence of Luther's tone of declamation; but it was characteristic of his times. A disposition to seek and find

in the Scriptures, not objective truth, but a confirmation of preconceived opinions, was common to the theologians of the sixteenth century. They seldom dreamed that the true meaning of the Scriptures, to which they so often referred, might lie far beyond the range of controversial exegesis. It cannot be affirmed that Luther, in his expositions of the Bible, always avoided the common error of his time. For examples of his command of a truly popular style his series of seven vigorous 'Sermons against Image-breakers' may be noticed. It is obvious that the most energetic passages of his polemical writings could not be fairly represented by any brief quotations, and this remark will explain our extracts from his less important works. His numerous letters and his 'Table Talk'—the latter not always to be trusted—are aids for an estimate of his character. Among the several editions of his writings, that published in twenty-four volumes at Halle (1740–51) may be named as the most complete.

CHAPTER IX.

FOURTH PERIOD. 1525-1625.

THEOLOGIANS: BERTHOLD — ZWINGLI — MATHESIUS — ARNDT — AGRICOLA — FRANCK — BÖHME — HISTORIANS: TURMAIR — ANSHELM — TSCHUDI—KESSLER—BULLINGER—LEHMANN—THEOBALD—ART AND SCIENCE: DÜRER—PARACELSUS.

THE Prose Literature of these times must appear poor to readers unacquainted with the fact that, during the Reformation and afterwards, Latin was the language of theologians. Their labours had no connection with national literature, but may be here mentioned in order to make clear the statement that our notices of a few German writers on theology do not pretend to represent fairly the activity of the age in this department of study. As one example of the zeal and industry that produced libraries of folio volumes in Latin we may name the 'Magdeburg Centuries,' in thirteen volumes (1559-74). Its object was to show the agreement of the doctrines of the Reformers with the ancient authorities of the Church. The work was first planned at Magdeburg, and was divided into Centuries, each occupying one volume—hence the title. Voluminous itself, the work called forth a book still more voluminous, for to refute its statements Baronius wrote his 'Ecclesiastical Annals.'

The few theologians who wrote in German may be here classified with regard to their respective views on authority, orthodoxy, and free inquiry. The principle of authority, as maintained by the most consistent advocates of the Roman Catholic Church, asserts that guidance in religion can be found neither in systems of doctrine based on the Scriptures, nor in any conclusions derived from human reason. But, as guidance with regard to both faith and practice is required by all men—including the most illiterate, and those whose powers of inquiry are most restricted—it is maintained that there must be a fixed institution having

absolute authority in all questions of religious belief and practice. Against these claims of the Roman Catholic Church Luther appealed to the authority of doctrines clearly stated, as he believed, in the Scriptures. Other theologians differed from him, either with regard to his choice of doctrines to be accepted as essential, or with regard to his interpretation of certain passages of Scripture, while they still maintained his principle of founding all authority on the Scriptures. But a third class of writers arose, differing among themselves on many questions, but all agreeing, either in demanding more freedom than Lutheran orthodoxy allowed, or in asserting, with especial emphasis, the claims of personal and spiritual religion. These theologians of the third school, as we may call them, were known by many names, such as Mystics, Weigelians, and—at a later time—Pietists. They included men of various opinions, such as Weigel, Franck, Arndt, and Böhme. The names by which they were designated—or reprobated—must be, therefore, understood as having no definite meaning. One of these names, for example, was derived from that of VALENTIN WEIGEL, a theological writer who died in 1588; but it was applied to Johann Arndt and others who were no followers of Weigel, and also to some wild fanatics who had no connection whatever with either Weigel or Arndt. Without entering into any of the details of their controversies, we may notice the leading writers of the three schools above described, so far as they are represented in the German literature of the period.

If our notices of the defenders of Church authority seem meagre, it is because few Roman Catholic divines of these times wrote in the German language. To do justice to their arguments in defence of an absolute external authority, we should have to refer to such writers as BARONIUS, BELLARMINE, and BOSSUET; but no authors of their stamp wrote in German during the sixteenth century. JOHANN NAS (1534–90), a Franciscan, author of 'Six Centuries of Evangelical Truths' (1569), was, in his time, prominent as an opponent of the Reformation, but his writings have little value. He was far less successful than the Jesuit, PETRUS DE HONDT, commonly called by his Latin name CANISIUS (1521–97), whose efforts greatly checked the spread of Lutheran doctrine in the south of Germany. His Latin works,—including 'A Summary of

Christian Doctrine' (1554) and a 'Smaller Catechism,'—passed through numerous editions.

One of the best writers in German in defence of the authority of the Church was BERTHOLD, bishop of Chiemsee, who wrote in a plain style a work entitled 'German Theology,' which was printed in 1527. The object of his book was to call back wanderers from the ancient Church, and to counteract the popular literature of the Protestants. Berthold says: 'These times have made manifest that secret hatred of the Catholic Church and its clergy which has long remained hidden in the hearts of unrighteous men.' He argues in the usual style against all innovations of doctrine, by pointing to the variety of opinions found in such reformers as Luther, Karlstadt, Zwingli, and Œcolampadius. The practical and uncontroversial parts of the book are written in an earnest and popular style.

The most important of the earlier controversies of the times respecting orthodoxy took place between Luther and Zwingli, and ended without reconciliation in 1529. ULRICH ZWINGLI, born in 1484, was a man of considerable learning, and wrote clearly in his own German dialect, but without any great command of language. Like Luther, he protested first against the sale of indulgences, but soon proceeded to denounce all additions to doctrines contained in the Bible. At two conferences held at Zurich in 1523, he defended so well his sixty-seven articles of belief, that they were accepted as the creed of the Reformed Church of that canton. Their substance was published by Zwingli as his 'Confession of Faith' in 1525. His departure from Lutheran orthodoxy consisted in a denial of the Real Presence in the Eucharist. Some well-intended political measures recommended by Zwingli served to hinder the spread of his own doctrines and to excite strife between the Catholic and the Protestant cantons of Switzerland. War followed; the men of Zurich, accompanied by their pastor, marched out to meet forces greatly superior to their own, and Zwingli fell on the battle-field at Kappel, on the 11th of October, 1531. One of his best works is a 'Manual of Christian Instruction for Young People.'

There were, even in these times, some religious writers who mostly avoided controversy, and wrote of their faith with regard to its practical results and as united with their own life and expe-

rience. Johann Mathesius was a popular preacher and writer, who lived in the midst of a mining district, and adapted his ministry to the wants and the characters of the people. He wrote hymns and songs, which the miners sang while engaged in their subterraneous toil; and his sermons, which were full of popular anecdotes and proverbs, were well adapted to the practical interests and pursuits of his congregation. In one of his discourses, entitled a 'Sermon to Miners' (published in 1597), he collects all the passages in the Bible which have any real or supposed reference to mines and metals, and employs considerable learning and ingenuity to prove that miners were recognised in the Bible as an honourable class of men.

The writings of Johann Arndt may be classed with the best practical theological productions of this period. His treatise entitled 'Four Books on True Christianity,' which was published in 1629, passed through many editions in Germany, and was translated into English. It is read and esteemed in the present day. Arndt had tendencies in some respects similar to those of Tauler, Franck, and other Mystics; but he stated his sentiments with clearness and moderation; and the pious and practical character of his book made it a favourite among religious men of various sects. It served as a manual of devotion during the times of warfare and calamity that followed the Reformation.

Johann Agricola (1492–1566) may be named here, not on account of the theological controversies in which he was engaged with Luther and others, but as the author of a collection of proverbs with annotations, which contain interesting notices of popular manners. A far better book of the same kind was written by Sebastian Franck, already named as one of the opponents of Luther. He was not alone in demanding more freedom of inquiry than Lutheran tenets allowed. Such writers as Schwenkfeld, Hubmaier, Denck, and Weigel, all agreed in their assertion of a right of private judgment; but Franck was the clearest polemical writer of their school, and was an industrious author in other departments besides theology. His religious principles agree, on the whole, with those of the 'Society of Friends' in England, as stated in their 'Apology,' published by Robert Barclay in 1676. Franck was born in 1500, was expelled from both Nürnberg and Strassburg, on account of his free opinions, and was condemned as a heretic by the conference at Schmalkald. He afterwards sup-

ported himself by printing, as well as writing, books, and died about 1545. Rejecting the claims of ecclesiastical authority, he maintained that there is in man an internal light, which can guide him aright in his faith. His best works include his 'Paradoxes' (1533), his 'Collection of Proverbs,' with comments upon them (1541), 'A Chronicle of the German Nation,' and his 'World-Book,' or 'Manual of Universal History,' which was published in 1534. Franck writes more calmly and more clearly than many of his contemporaries, and is remarkable for his charity towards the heathen; but he is rather harsh in his condemnation of everything like ritualism. Thus, for example, he contemptuously describes the popular customs of his own neighbours at Christmas-time :—

At this festive season the men-servants and other young fellows go through the towns and villages in the night-time singing songs to the people, with the greatest hypocrisy, and covering every householder, who can afford to give anything, with praises from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head; and thus these serenaders collect a good sum of money. Other companies of singers travel through the country, announcing their arrival in every town by ringing a bell; then they go into the church, and there sing for the amusement of the people: after this they of course make a collection, and often return home with a considerable booty. On the festival of the 'Three Kings,' every householder makes cakes and sweetmeats; a penny is kneaded in with the dough, which is divided into cakes according to the number of the family. One cake is presented to the Virgin Mary, and each of the Three Kings has his cake; but the child who receives the cake containing the penny is styled the 'King,' and is then lifted up on the shoulders of the family. When he is lifted, he takes a piece of chalk and makes a cross on the ceiling, or on one of the beams, and this cross is regarded as a grand preservative against ghosts and misfortunes for the following year. During the twelve days between Christmas and the Festival of the Three Kings, the people burn incense in their houses as a charm to drive away all evil spirits and witchcraft.

It is one great characteristic of the Mystics that they never tolerate two distinct forms of religious teaching: one symbolical, founded on external authority, and professing to be adapted to the moral condition of the majority of men; the other based on private feelings and convictions. The latter is the only religion which Franck allows to be worthy of the name.

In the above notices of several writers on theology who have been classed with Mystics, with regard to their principle of reference to an inner light, as a source of instruction in religion, it is by no means implied that all held exactly the same opinions;

but any attempt to point out their minor differences would exceed our limits. We have still to notice the most original of all the German Mystics—a man whose biography and writings are alike remarkable.

JACOB BÖHME—sometimes called Behmen—the son of a peasant, was born in 1575, at the village of Altseidenberg, near the old town of Görlitz in Silesia. He was left in boyhood almost without education, and was employed in tending cattle in the fields near his native place. He tells us how when a boy, he used to climb the Landskrone—a solitary hill of granite that overlooks the plain, the river, and the old church towers of Görlitz—and it was here, probably, that the love of nature so often expressed in his writings was first awakened.

After serving his time as apprentice and journeyman, he settled as a shoemaker in Görlitz, married and lived obscurely in a cottage near the bridge over the Neisse. Here he gained some education, and especially made himself well acquainted with the Bible. During his travels as a journeyman shoemaker seeking work in several towns, he had heard much of the religious controversies of the times, especially of that between Lutherans and Calvinists. His enlightenment, he tells us, was preceded by a time of doubt and depression induced by his endeavours to solve hard questions respecting Providence and the destinies of men. He had read, it appears, some parts of the writings of Weigel and Paracelsus, when he began to write the chapters afterwards collected in his first book, entitled 'Aurora,' which was printed in 1612. It contained many passages likely to be misunderstood, and its publication gave great offence to Gregorius Richter, pastor of Görlitz, who accepted as strictly literal several of Böhme's most figurative expressions. In obedience to his pastor, Böhme promised that he would abstain from writing on theology, and this promise was well kept for about seven years. He was encouraged by several friends to begin writing again in 1619, and produced after that time several mystic works, including a tract, 'On the Threefold Life of Man;' Replies to 'Forty Questions respecting the Soul;' a tract entitled 'De Signatura Rerum;' and the 'Mysterium Magnum,' containing an exposition of the Book of Genesis. During the last four or five years of his life (1619–24) Böhme gave up making shoes, and was mostly supported by the sale of his books, and by gifts from several kind friends who believed in

his teaching. His six tracts, collectively entitled 'The Way to Christ,' contain the clearest statements of his practical doctrine; but in one of them his mysticism was so stated as again to give great offence to the pastor of Görlitz. To escape persecution, Böhme now submitted himself, for an examination of his doctrines, to a jury of four divines at Dresden, who were assisted by two scientific laymen. When he had replied to many questions, one of the theologians said, 'I would not for the world condemn this man;' and another added, 'I will neither condemn nor approve what I do not understand.' The trial had been very kindly conducted; but the excitement attending it and the previous persecution had injured Böhme's health. After the conference at Dresden he paid a visit to one of his friends in Silesia, but soon returned to Görlitz, where he died quietly on Sunday, November 18, 1624. His last words were, 'Now I go to Paradise.' The clergy of Görlitz refused his remains Christian burial until it was commanded by the civil authority. The rector then excused himself on account of illness, and his deputy began the service by expressing a wish that he had been twenty miles away from the town. It is noticeable that the son of the pastor of Görlitz became one of Böhme's disciples. Jacob Böhme was a man of low stature, with a forehead low and rather broad, a nose slightly aquiline, clear blue-grey eyes, and a soft and pleasant voice. His life was free from reproach, and his manners were gentle and modest. His writings are by no means all alike, but include mystic and partly controversial expositions of some parts of the Bible—especially the Book of Genesis—some devotional and practical tracts, and speculations on the most difficult questions of religion and philosophy—such as belong to theories of creation, of the freedom of the will and of the origin of evil. The writings of his later years (1619–24) are less imaginative but clearer than the 'Aurora,' which has been erroneously described as his chief work.

The earliest complete edition of Böhme's writings was published at Amsterdam in 1682. The editor, Gichtel, it may be observed, held some doctrines never taught by Böhme. The latest complete edition was edited by Schiebler in 1831–46. Among the translators and expositors of Böhme we may name William Law, author of a well-known book, the 'Serious Call to a Devout Life;' Franz Baader, a German Catholic, and the so-called 'unknown philosopher,' Louis Claude de Saint-Martin.

It is impossible to give here any fair account of the more abstruse speculations of Böhme. A short passage from one of his tracts may show how far he differed from many writers of his times with regard to the doctrine of religious toleration:—

As the earth expresses her virtues in many flowers, so the Creator displays his wisdom and his marvellous works in his children. If, as lowly children and guided by a Christian spirit, we could dwell together, each rejoicing in the gifts and talents possessed by others, who would condemn us?—Who condemns the birds in the wood when they all praise their Lord, while each, in its own mode, sings as its nature bids?—Does Divine Wisdom condemn them because they do not all sing in unison? No; for all their voices are gifts from One, in whose presence they are all singing. The men who, with regard to their knowledge—especially in theology—quarrel and despise one another, are inferior, in this respect, to the birds of the wood and to other wild creatures; such men are more useless than the quiet flowers of the field, which allow their Creator's wisdom and power to display themselves freely; such men are worse than thorns and thistles among fair flowers; for thorns and thistles can, at least, be still.

It would be easy to quote from Böhme many passages that might seem either absurd or destitute of meaning. As he often says—especially with regard to his first book—he finds great difficulty in expressing his thoughts, and he fears lest he should be misunderstood. His most comprehensive ideas belong to speculative theology, and can hardly be given, at once, truly and concisely. Shelling's later doctrines were partly borrowed from the shoemaker of Görlitz, who was neither a deist nor a pantheist. The assertion that he represented the Absolute Being as becoming self-conscious only in man will be found erroneous by those who will refer to Böhme's own words. All his teaching is based on one thesis—made known to him, he says, by 'enlightenment'—that the Divine Nature is Triune, and reveals itself throughout creation and in the soul of man. The simple Deism of Islam was for Böhme not only erroneous but inconceivable. Pope's lines in the 'Essay on Man,' already quoted on page 64, accord well with a part—but only with a part—of Böhme's theory of creation. To give his views of nature would far exceed our limits. In one part of his theory he states that through man's freedom evil was introduced, and this clearly distinguishes his teaching from both optimism and pantheism. A few sentences given, for the sake of brevity, sometimes in our own words, may convey some notions of Böhme's religious doctrine:—Man, he says, is created in God's image, and has, therefore, a capacity for

receiving divine knowledge. But all outward means of instruction are vain, without the shining forth of an inner light, not extinguished, but overcast as with a cloud in the soul of man. His darkness is the result of his own self-will, which contains in itself both the origin and the essence of evil. Its most common forms of manifestation are pride, greed, envy, and hate. But man is a union of body and soul, and Böhme never speaks of the soul as an abstraction. Moral evil, therefore, expresses itself in natural defects. Man's sin has debased not only his own physical nature, but that of the world that belongs to him. When man becomes disobedient to God, the earth becomes disobedient to man. Böhme calls self-will, especially in the form of pride, 'Lucifer,' and writes of him sometimes as if using personification; but, at other times, he speaks of Lucifer as the first transgressor. The 'fall,' however, which men deplore is the result of their own will. The greatest of all the gifts bestowed by the Creator on his creatures is freedom, and its right use is a free obedience rendered to the will of the Giver. But self-will has made a perversion of the highest possible good. As the root of a thorn makes only thorns out of the light and warmth by which roses bloom, so self-will has converted good into evil. But evil is not to prevail. It must be finally transmuted into good; meanwhile it serves to develope the energies of Divine Love. Man's deepest misery calls forth the highest expression of mercy. A second Adam appears and reverses the whole of the process instituted by the first. The first asserts his own will and forfeits Paradise; the second resigns his will, his soul, his life; and so returns into Paradise, leading with him all who will follow him. No man is unconditionally reprobated, and none will be finally condemned, except it be by himself. The gates of heaven are everywhere, and stand always open for all. What remains of good in a man may be but a spark, but may be kindled to a flame that will burn up all his sins. A prayer may be but a faint sigh, yet the Omnipotent cannot resist it, because He has no will to resist it.

A few more sentences will suffice for Böhme's views on the external Churches and creeds of his time:—Religion, he says, is confined neither to history nor to any churches built of stone; but he by no means defends a neglect of public worship. We must remember the controversies of his times, if we find his remarks on them too severe. 'Christendom in Babel,' he says, 'quarrels

about theological science. . . . The purport of the Christian religion is to teach us what we are, whence we come, how we have come out of union into disunion, and how we may go back out of disunion into union.' Under all or any of our forms and opinions, the four sins—pride, greed, envy, and hate—may be hiding themselves. . . . Böhme's views of the heathen differed widely from those of his contemporaries. He maintained that Jews, Turks, and infidels might be saved, and that the old heathens—meaning especially the Greeks—had divine teaching imparted to them. Though, in their error, they adored the stars, they were nearer the truth than some of the schoolmen who called themselves Christians. There is no elect nation. In all lands men have sought for divine guidance, and have found it; for 'the door is opened to everyone who knocks.'

The passages above given in a condensed form must fail to convey the full purport of Böhme's more comprehensive thoughts. 'Light and fire,' he says, are not more distinct than his own doctrine is from the false interpretation of men who would think lightly of moral evil. He writes of it in words that approach near to Manichæism, and yet he describes it as a condition—*sine quâ non*—of the development of freedom, and as an opposition that makes spiritual life more vigorous. One of his more concise passages on this subject may be found at the close of a tract on 'Spiritual Life,' which is written in the form of a dialogue between a disciple and his master. The former asks, 'Why has the Creator allowed such a contest as we see between good and evil?' and the master replies as follows:—'He has allowed it that, through all the oppositions of love and anger, light and darkness, his own eternal dominion may be made manifest and be freely recognised by all. . . . The strife and the pain endured by the good in their time of trial will be transmuted into great joy. . . . The pain and the separation of finite life exist that there may be an eternal joy in overcoming.'

The theological and ecclesiastical controversy of the sixteenth century has a permanent interest, though some of the arguments employed by the contending parties have become obsolete. Authority, orthodoxy, and free thought were set in opposition to each other. A child is made subject to an external authority, because his own duties and interests are unknown by him, and must be impressed upon him from without. It is assumed by the

advocates of an absolute external authority, that the majority of men must, with regard to religion, remain in a state of tutelage. But, say the advocates of freedom, when the child arrives at a mature age, he rejects the external authority, and this rejection is not a negation; for he has now accepted the teaching, and has made it his own; so that an internal law has become a substitute for the external. The reply is obvious: a people, still in their minority, may reject authority, may assert a negative instead of a true freedom, and their errors may afford arguments for those who contend for absolutism. Such are the outlines of the controversy as it still remains; but since the events of 1864 and 1870—the encyclical with the syllabus and the decree of individual infallibility—the arguments formerly employed have become useless. The society founded in 1540 to oppose the Reformation has become predominant in Rome; the principle of absolutism has been asserted in its most concrete form, and the questions formerly discussed between Catholics and Protestants have been reduced to one question of fact. Arguments founded either on the Scriptures or on the tradition of the Church have been set aside, and appeals to reason are met by demanding 'a sacrifice of the intellect.' On one side the forces are becoming more and more concentrated; on the other they are still greatly divided. It cannot be doubted, that here we have the elements of a movement greater than that of the sixteenth century, and once more Germany is destined to be the centre of the controversy.

Among the historical writers of the Lutheran period, one of the best was JOHANN TURMAIR, who called himself AVENTINUS (1477-1534). He wrote at first in Latin, and afterwards in German, a 'Chronicle of Bavaria' (1533), noticeable for its patriotic tone. A 'Chronicle of Berne' (1032-1526), written by VALERIUS ANSHELM, who died in 1540; the 'Helvetian Chronicle,' written by AEGIDIUS TSCHUDI (1505-1572); a 'History of the Reformation in Switzerland,' written by JOHANN KESSLER, of St. Gallen (1502-1574); and a 'History of the Reformation,' by HEINRICH BULLINGER (1504-1575), the friend and successor of Zwingli, may be named among valuable contributions to the history of Switzerland. CHRISTOPH LEHMANN (1568-1638) wrote a 'Chronicle of the Free Town Speier' (1612), which contains some disquisitions on the respective merits of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy. The writer's conclusion is very safe.

'That,' says he, 'is the best government where the best men have authority.' A history of 'The Hussite War,' written by ZACHARIAS THEOBALD (1584–1627), is remarkable for its graphic account of the death of John Huss. The scene seems to be described by an eye-witness, and is brought before us with a painful reality:—

Cheerfully, and showing no sign of fear, he walked up to the stake fastened in the earth, to which the executioner tied him fast with six cords, but with his face to the east, instead of to the west, as it should be done with a heretic. Then they cast an old rusty chain over his neck, as if he were not worthy of a new one, and he said: 'Christ was bound with a heavier chain for my sins and, therefore, I am not ashamed to be bound with this old rusty chain.' They now placed under his feet—on which he still wore his boots with his fetters—two bundles of brushwood, and all about him piled plenty of wood, straw and brushwood up to his neck. Before they set fire to the pile, the duke Ludwig von Baiern and the Marshal rode up to Huss and advised him to renounce his errors, as they called them; but he replied, 'I call God to witness that I have not taught the things laid to my charge by false evidence, but, in my preaching, teaching, and writing, have striven to turn people from their sins and to lead them to the kingdom of heaven. And the truth which I have taught, preached, written, and spread abroad, as according to God's word, I will still maintain, and also seal with my death.' When they heard this they clasped their hands, and rode away. The executioners immediately kindled the pile, and it burned up quickly, for they had laid plenty of straw among the wood. Then Master John Huss, as he saw the smoke rising, cried out, with a clear voice, 'Christ, thou Son of God, have mercy upon me!' But when he would have said it the third time, the flame, flapping under his face, took his breath away, so that he could not finish with 'have mercy upon me,' but continued praying and nodding his head, as long as one might say a paternoster, and then died.

ALBRECHT DÜRER, the greatest German artist of his time (1470–1528), employed his native language in his treatises; one on the rules of perspective, the other on 'The Proportions of the Human Figure.' In the latter he insists on a careful study of nature. Dürer's letters are interesting, and show that he was a friend to the Reformation. In one of them he expresses his regret when he hears a false report that Luther has been made a prisoner, but he trusts 'that Erasmus will now proceed with the work'—a strange mistake of the character of Erasmus.

The physical sciences—especially chemistry and medicine—had one representative in the literature of this period. THEOPHRASTUS VON HOHENHEIM, commonly known as PARACELSUS, who was born near Appenzell in 1493. He was the first professor who gave lectures on science in the German language. His Latin was

too barbarous to be tolerated, and he introduced into scientific discussions all the violence and intolerance of theological controversy. He began one course of lectures by publicly burning the works of Galen and Avicenna. 'If any man wants to learn the truth,' said Paracelsus, 'he must submit to my monarchy. All the learned schools together do not understand as much of medicine as my beard does.' He was—however boastful—a reformer in chemistry, and his search for active principles indicated the road that led to the discovery of such medicines as morphia and quinine. After a restless, wandering life of alternating popularity and ignominy, Paracelsus died in the hospital at Salzburg in 1541.

CHAPTER X.

FOURTH PERIOD. 1525-1625.

LUTHERAN HYMNS—HANS SACHS—VALENTIN ANDREÄ—RINGWALDT—WALDIS—ALBERUS—ROLLENHAGEN—SPANGENBERG—FISCHART—THE DRAMA—MANUEL—REBHUHN—'THE ENGLISH COMEDIANS'—HEINRICH JULIUS—FAUST—WEIDMANN—WICKRAM.

THE best lyrical poetry of the period was devoted to the services of the Church. In older times the part which the people had taken in Church music had been confined to a few short responses; but Luther, who loved psalmody, encouraged the congregations to take a more prominent part in the public worship of God, and wrote for them hymns and psalms well suited to become popular. His first Hymn Book (1524) contained only eight hymns, but the number was increased to sixty-three in the fourth edition, to which Jonas, Spengler, Eber and others were contributors, while the collection, printed in 1545, contained one hundred and twenty-five hymns and psalms, of which thirty-seven are ascribed to Luther. His bold and stirring psalm—'Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott'—

> A safe stronghold our God is still,
> A trusty shield and weapon!—

is well known, but can hardly be with justice translated. This may, indeed, be said of many other popular hymns written by Luther and his friends. Their merit does not consist merely in the sentiments they convey, but rather in the union of style and purport; in the force, directness, and euphony of language; and also in the music of their rhymes, for which we could find no equivalents in English. As Dr. Vilmar has said, 'These hymns, like our secular popular songs, were not composed to be read, but to be sung; and so closely is their melody inwoven with their

meaning, that if we would judge them fairly, we must have their spirit, their metre, and their music given at once, as when they are sung by the congregation. They were indeed the sacred popular songs of the Lutheran times, and were founded in many instances on secular melodies dear to the people from old remembrance. Thus we account for their rapid and marvellous effect in spreading the Lutheran faith. A hymn in these times was scarcely composed before its echoes were heard in every street. The people crowded around the itinerant singer (who now, in accordance with the spirit of the times, sang Luther's hymns instead of ballads), and as soon as they heard a new hymn sung once, they would heartily take up the last verse as a chorus. Thus these sacred melodies found their way into churches and private houses; and whole towns were won over to the new faith by the sound of a hymn. Such lyrics as those of Luther—"Rejoice, my Brother Christians all!" and "From depths of woe to Thee I call!" or that by PAUL SPERATUS, "Salvation now has come for all!" or that by NICOLAUS DECIUS, "To God on high be thanks and praise!"—flew, as on the wings of the wind, from one side of Germany to another: they were not read merely, but, in the strongest sense of the words, were learned by heart; and so deeply printed in the memories and affections of the people, that their impression remains in the present day.'

To the names already mentioned, as representatives of many writers of Lutheran hymns, we may add those of NIKLAS HERMANN, who died in 1561, NICOLAUS SELNECKER (1530-92), author of the well-known hymn, 'Ah, stay with us, Lord Jesu Christ,' and PHILIPP NICOLAI (1556-69), who wrote two hymns that have long remained favourites, 'How brightly shines the Morning Star!' and 'Sleepers, wake! a voice is calling,' the latter well known in England since its introduction by Mendelssohn in the oratorio of 'St. Paul.' Several of the writers of Lutheran hymns composed or arranged the tunes to which their hymns were sung, and these tunes were in some instances suggested by popular melodies. They had, therefore, a natural, varied, and popular rhythm, and were by no means like the slow tunes stretched out, mostly in common time, and in notes of equal length, for the use of both German and English congregations. For the musical expression of simple thoughts the hymn-writers, like John Knox, the great Scotch reformer, could find no better models than the secular songs of their

times supplied. Several of the Lutheran tunes, with their original and varied rhythm preserved, may be found in a collection edited by Dr. Layriz (2nd ed., 1849) under the title *Kern des deutschen Kirchengesanges*. Other forms of the same old melodies, greatly changed by several editors, and mostly reduced to notes of equal length, are found in modern German and English books of psalmody. In some instances the old tunes can hardly be recognised when reduced to notes of equal length, on the model of the modern 'Old Hundredth Psalm.' In this style they are given in a German collection edited by Dr. Filitz. The apology offered for this treatment of the old melodies is the statement that it is found suitable for the use of large congregations. During the seventeenth century the tunes, as given by Dr. Layriz, were sung in four parts by some congregations in Germany, but such performances must have required the aid of zealous and efficient choir-masters, and could never be made general.

Among the tunes ascribed to Luther the melody of his well-known psalm, above named, and another adapted to the hymn, *Wir gläuben all an einen Gott*, are probably genuine; but the 'Old Hundredth,' often falsely ascribed to Luther, is found in a French book of psalmody edited by Goudimel in 1562. The tune of 'Luther's Hymn,' often sung in English churches and chapels, was probably, at first, a secular melody, and, in a collection printed in 1535, and edited by Klug, was adapted to a hymn on the second advent. The influence of these Lutheran hymns did not soon pass away. During the dreary time of the seventeenth century, though a great improvement in versification then took place, the hymns written for the service of the Church were almost the only productions that deserved the name of poetry.

The lyrical poetry of the Lutheran time may be connected with that of the next period by the name of GEORGE RUDOLF WECKHERLIN (1584–1651) who wrote verse in a style so far improved in form, that he might perhaps be rightly classed with Opitz as belonging to the school of the seventeenth century. Weckherlin spent the greater part of his life in London, where he was employed as secretary to the German embassy, and became well acquainted with English literature. We find included among his original productions a translation of the well-known poem, 'Go, soul, the body's guest,' which has been ascribed to Raleigh.

This is, we suspect, not the only mistake of the kind in Weckherlin's collected works.

To give an account of the popular songs of which several collections appeared in this period is as difficult as to write a description of a tune; for these songs were made to be sung—not read—and their melody is often better than their meaning.

One of the best collections is the *Ambraser Liederbuch* (1582), which was edited for the 'Stuttgart Literary Union' in 1845. The love-songs, which form the greater part of the series, may, with regard to their realism, be contrasted with the Minnelieder of the thirteenth century. Bacchanalian, military, and hunting songs are included, with a few ballads and humorous tales. Several of the satirical stories given in the Ambraser and other collections have the monks for their objects of ridicule, while a few songs about heretics are directed against Luther and his friends. Several hymn-writers endeavoured to put down the coarser specimens of the people's lyrical poetry, and in some instances their extinction was desirable. But HEINRICH KNAUST, who published, in 1571, a collection of popular songs newly converted to Christianity, was too severe. He thought it desirable to 'convert' into a hymn a harmless little song, expressing joy for the return of summer. Knaust was unfortunate; for his hymns or songs were sung neither in the churches nor in the streets. They were rather too lively for the tabernacle, while they were too dull for secular use.

The literary merits of the old popular songs are partly negative. They are neither reflective nor didactic; like Goethe's lyrics, they are without decoration, and they come from the heart. Their influence outlived the dreary artificial verse-making of the seventeenth century. Some of their best characteristics were studied by Bürger and Herder, and were revived in beautiful lyrical poems by Goethe. The collections of old popular songs edited respectively by Uhland and Hoffmann von Fallersleben must be commended for their fidelity. The same praise cannot be extended to the collections edited by Brentano, Görres, and Erlach.

If we may use the name poet in its plain and popular sense, or as claimed by all verse-writers who have displayed considerable inventive power, we may assert that HANS SACHS was the greatest German poet of the sixteenth century. Of poetry in the higher meaning of the word, we have hardly any clear criticism in English,

if we except Wordsworth's prefaces to his own poems. We do not use the name poet in Wordsworth's, but in the popular sense, when we apply it to the chief master singer of Nürnberg. The prosaic view of life; the love of satire, with a tendency to levelling downwards; the comic humour, not without coarseness; the self-assertion of the boor and the townsman, in opposition to the nobility and the clergy; all these later mediæval traits are well collected in the writings of Hans Sachs; but his own racy style, honest purpose, and good humour place him above most of his predecessors. We should not accept all the Nürnberg shoemaker's six thousand pieces in verse as a fair exchange for Walther's lyrical poems; but in all the verse written from the days of Walther to those of Opitz (born in 1597)—when we have excepted some excellent hymns—we shall find hardly anything better than the jocose and didactic stories of the Nürnberg master singer.

Hans Sachs was born at Nürnberg in 1494, and was educated at the Latin School in his native town. When he had served his time there as an apprentice to a shoemaker, he started on his 'years of travel,' and wandered freely about the South of Germany. It was a rule of the trade-unions of his time that after the expiration of the term of apprenticeship—shorter than in England—a journeyman must pass some years in travelling from place to place and working under several masters. For mutual aid during these years of travel journeymen formed friendly unions, by which they assisted each other in seeking work, and sometimes in avoiding it. The time actually employed by Sachs in making shoes, from 1511 to 1516, could hardly have been considerable; for in that interval he visited towns too numerous to be mentioned; exercised his rhyming talent in many singing schools, and was for some time employed in the service of the emperor. Having returned to his native place, Hans married and started as a master shoemaker, with a resolution to make literature 'his walking-stick, but not his crutch,' as Sir Walter Scott used to say. Several great men have begun life on a more poetical but less substantial basis. Sachs did well with shoemaking as his central fortification, and verse-making as an outwork. He made money, and was a great man in Nürnberg; but not only poetry—even its shadow, verse-making—has in its nature a fatal antithesis to wealth, and we find Master Sachs, after writing about six thousand pieces of verse—some of them long enough—poorer than he

was in his earlier days, but never reduced to abject circumstances. On the whole, he was a respectable man, and solved the problem of life better than some poets less despised. He was not misunderstood, for he wrote in a style suited to the average capacity of Nürnbergers, and he knew nothing of the dreadful 'contrast of the real and the ideal.' After living comfortably forty years with one wife, he married secondly, when he was sixty-seven years old, a girl of seventeen, whose beauty he describes in a song, and this extraordinary union of May and November was, it is said, happy. Worn out at last by verse-making, as well as by shoemaking, Sachs gradually lost his faculties, and during the last three or four years of his life was almost deprived of speech and hearing. At this time, when favoured with visits by his numerous admirers, he sat silent at a table, on which were laid some well-bound books, and in reply to all compliments addressed to him nodded his snow-white head, but spoke not a word. His portrait represents a venerable man with a high overhanging forehead, and a luxuriant but well-trimmed grey beard.

The literary productiveness of the Nürnberg master singer was marvellous. He wrote, as we have said, more than six thousand pieces of verse—lyrical, narrative, and dramatic; but he seldom, if ever, invented a plot, or a story. That was mostly borrowed from the resources of his very extensive reading. His best pieces are narratives, partly jocose, partly didactic, in which he describes popular manners in his own times. He has the satirical tone of the fifteenth century, and is not free from faults already noticed in another Nürnberg master singer—Rosenblüt—but Sachs has good humour in his satire, while his coarseness belongs to his time, and has no bad purpose. Several of his legends are pleasing, though for modern ears there is some irreverence in their tone. In the legend of 'St. Peter and the Goat,' for example, we are told, that once upon a time St. Peter was perplexed by an apparent prevalence of injustice in the world; and ventured to think that he could arrange matters better if he held the reins of government. He frankly confesses these thoughts to his master. Meanwhile, a peasant girl comes to him, and complains that she has to do a hard day's work, and at the same time to keep in order a frolicsome young goat. 'Now,' says the LORD to Peter, 'you must have pity on this girl, and must take charge of the goat. That will serve as an introduction to your managing the affairs of

the universe.' Peter takes the goat into custody, and finds quite enough to do:—

> The young goat had a playful mind
> And never liked to be confined;
> The apostle, at a killing pace,
> Followed the goat, in a desperate chase;
> Over the hills and among the briers
> The goat runs on, and never tires,
> While Peter, behind, on the grassy plain,
> Runs on, panting and sighing, in vain.
> All day, beneath a scorching sun,
> The good apostle had to run
> Till evening came; the goat was caught,
> And safely to the master brought.
> Then, with a smile, to Peter said
> The Lord: 'Well, friend, how have you sped;—
> If such a task your powers has tried,
> How could you keep the world, so wide?'—
> Then Peter, with his toil distressed,
> His folly, with a sigh, confessed;—
> 'No, Master! 'tis for me no play
> To rule one goat, for one short day;
> It must be infinitely worse
> To regulate the universe.'

Apparent irreverence and broad humour are united in several other stories written by Sachs with a good intention. Wishing to expose the loose morals and profane conversation of the common soldiery of his times, he tells us, for example, that Satan, curious to know the truth respecting the morals of these people, sent a demon to bring into hell about half a dozen soldiers as average specimens of their class. The commissioner was, however, so much terrified by the talk of the soldiers, and gave to his master such an account of their morals, that they were refused admittance into Pandemonium. In another story St. Peter, as the gatekeeper of heaven, exercises an unbounded charity, and admits a number of common soldiers. They soon prove the truth of Milton's saying, 'The mind is its own place;' for, unable to relish any of the pleasures of their new residence, they collect their pence, and begin playing in heaven at 'pitch-and-toss.' This game ends in a quarrel, and after some trouble with them, St. Peter sends his guests down to their proper quarters. There is truth in such a tale; and it is only superficially irreverent. Hans Sachs is never weary of making homely appeals of this nature to the understanding of his hearers. He tells of the tailor who clipped and stole

pieces of the cloth he had to make up. At last, his conscience was awakened by a remarkable dream or vision. An escort of demons, bearing a flag made up of strips of stolen cloth, conducts the tailor's soul into purgatory. He awakens, repents, and becomes a new man; but—on one occasion at least—steals a sample of cloth, because 'there was nothing like it in the flag.' At last the tailor dies, and St. Peter admits him, but gives him a seat so near the boundary line of heaven, that he can see clearly every sin perpetrated in the world below. Having nothing better to occupy his thoughts, he undertakes the duties of a detective, and surprises a poor woman of the lower world, who, urged by want, is stealing a pocket-handkerchief. Inspired by moral indignation, the tailor—though so lately saved—seizes a footstool, and hurls it down on the criminal, so as to make her a cripple for life. A reproof of the Pharisee follows. Here again we have wholesome truth under the disguise of a seeming irreverence. These must suffice as specimens of the subjects chosen by HANS SACHS. His dramas are inferior to his narratives; but he introduced to the German stage of his time a greater variety of characters, and gave to his men and women some traces of individuality. His 'Shrove Tuesday Plays' are better than his crude attempts in tragedy and comedy. The shoemaker and master singer of Nürnberg was one of the friends and followers of Luther, whom he hailed as 'The Wittenberg Nightingale,' and whose death he deplored in an elegy.

If we find, among other versifiers of his times, few worthy even of being classed with Hans Sachs, we must remember that a history of the German literature of the sixteenth century does not represent the higher intellectual culture of the age. HESSUS, who, in Luther's judgment, was the best poet of the times, wrote in Latin, and JOHANN VALENTIN ANDREÄ (1586–1654), a learned theologian who could write respectable Latin, almost boasted of his carelessness when he wrote German. His best work in verse is good in purport, but about as bad in style as the writer intended it to be. It describes, first, the character of a pedant, who accepts a cure of souls in order to gain for himself a comfortable position; then follows a sketch of a faithful pastor, who devotes himself to the welfare of his flock. Another didactic work by Andreä is entitled *Die Christenburg*, and describes a Christian Utopia. Some of his more visionary writings gave rise to fictions about the supposed secret society of 'the Rosicrucians.' The

author's allegories were mistaken for realities. The error of preaching and scolding in badly written verse instead of prose is found in *Die lauter Warheit* ('Pure Truth'), written by Bartholomæus Ringwaldt (1530–1557), a Lutheran pastor at Lengfeld. He describes a vision of heaven and hell in his poem called 'True Eckart's Christian Warning;' but it is didactic rather than poetical. The hell, as a work of imagination, is more tolerable than the heaven; but this is not saying much in favour of either of them.

There is more narrative interest to be found in some fables written by Burkhard Waldis (1485–1558), and in others by Erasmus Alberus (1500–1553). Both were Lutherans in doctrine, and were polemical in the application of their morals. The latter, in his fable of 'The Lion and the Ass,' attacks all the Protestants who are not strict Lutherans of his own type, and Waldis often declaims violently against Rome. His fables without any polemical interest are his best. They are certainly better than such long mock-heroic tales as *Der Froschmeuseler* by Georg Rollenhagen (1542–1609) and *Der Gansz-König* by Wolfhart Spangenberg. The first is an intolerable story of warfare between frogs and mice, every new complication and episode in which business excites in the reader a longing for some decisive engagement in which both parties may be finally suppressed. *Der Gansz-König* consists of six unconnected rhapsodies about geese. The author wrote, as he tells us, several other 'poems,' in which the heroes were cats and mice, stockfish and frogs! Fortunately, these works of imagination have never seen the light.

After the death of Luther, and during the latter half of the sixteenth century, polemical earnestness seemed to be declining, when the zeal and activity of the recently-founded order of Jesuits in opposing reformed doctrines awakened another satirist, Johann Fischart, who wrote both verse and prose. He was born at Strassburg in 1550, studied law at Basel, and, after travelling in England and several parts of the Continent, resided at Speier and at Forbach. He died in 1589. There is a want of clear information respecting some parts of his biography and the authorship of several of the works ascribed to him. He was a man of versatile talents, had considerable learning and a remarkable command of language, and was more than a satirist; for some of his writings

show his patriotism and his zeal for the education of the people. His satirical story of the saints Dominic and Francis was written in reply to a Franciscan monk, Johann Nas, already named as a polemical writer, who had asserted that 'the Enemy,' in assaulting Luther so frequently, was only claiming his own lawful property! Fischart reminds his opponent that St. Dominic was harassed in the same way. It would be requisite to refer to Latin as well as German literature, to show the character of the satires to which Fischart intended to supply antidotes. The license, personality and coarseness of many of the invectives published in these times can hardly be imagined. Not only the moral character of Luther, but also that of his wife, was made the object of virulent abuse. Acrostics were malicious in these days. In one of these vehicles of satire, the initial letters of the lines, when read perpendicularly, give Luther's name, in its Latin form; each line contains five words, all beginning with the same letter, and the whole forms an epigram made up of the most abusive terms that can be found in Latin. To such satires Fischart replied in vigorous German, and with a resolution not to be excelled either in rude invectives or in verbal oddities. When he cannot find a word to express aptly his satirical humour, he makes one. The satire above named was followed by another of a more intemperate tone commonly styled 'The Jesuit's Little Hat,'—though that was not the original title—and first printed in 1580. Its plot could hardly be decorously given even in outlines, as one incident may suffice to indicate:—in order to make 'the four-cornered hat' as full as possible of mischief, not only the special services of Lucifer and all his subordinates, but also those of 'his grandmother,' are called into vigorous exercise. 'The Bee-Hive,' another satire on the Romish clergy, is only in part an original work. Fischart's prose is, on the whole, better than his verse. His 'History of the Heroes Gorgellantua and Pantagruel' is, as the title indicates, an imitation and partly a free translation of Rabelais. In this and other books Fischart delights in strange, uncouth combinations of words, which resemble the verbal exploits of Aristophanes. Thus we read of 'the innumerable-as-stars-in-the-heavens-or-as-sands-on-the-sea-shore impositions of the astrologers and prognosticators.' In this instance his satire was well directed; for the impostors, who called themselves 'astrologers,' were some of the most prosperous literary men of these times, and established a flourishing

trade, requiring scarcely any capital beyond the ignorance of the people. The 'Prophetic Almanac' was the selling-book at fairs and markets, and was read with excitement exceeding that produced by modern 'novels of the season.' The poorest farmer gladly laid down his groat to carry home the book which marked all the 'lucky days' for sowing wheat, making bargains, 'hair-cutting' and 'blood-letting.' The events of the times, as well as the ignorance of the people, were favourable to this trade in imposition. A thousand failures did not hurt the success of the tradesmen; preachers and divines, from the time of Luther to the eighteenth century, preached and wrote against 'the magicians' in vain. One of the absurd old almanacs ascribes all the events of the Reformation to the fact, that 'Luther was born under the planet Jupiter in Capricorn.' Fischart justly says, 'It is presumptuous to involve Heaven itself in our disputes.' We cannot literally translate the strange title of the book in which he caricatures the productions of 'the impostors;' but it is something like the following:—'The Grandmother of all Almanacs, or the Pantagruelistic, thick-with-impositions, Phlebotomist's Adviser, Farmer's Code of Rules and Weather Book, suited for all times and every country; by the accomplished rat-catcher Winhold Alcofribas Wüstblutus.' In this caricature he endeavoured to recommend a safe style of prophesying, of which the following passage is a specimen:—

In this year we may expect the planets to be moveable; but they will move only in the courses appointed by their Creator. From certain aspects, we may conclude that the colic and other signs of a disordered stomach will be prevalent in the summer among people who eat large quantities of unripe fruit, especially plums, and drink plenty of sour butter-milk. Corn will be too dear for poor men, and too cheap for great landowners. Vines will not flourish in the Black Forest, nor in the Bohemian Forest; but the best vineyards on the Rhine will produce wine strong enough to throw many people down from chairs and stools. Beer also will be good this year, if the brewers will not use too much water. In short, we may expect an abundant supply of wine and corn, if the wishes of poor people are fulfilled. Dairymen may take notice that black cows will give white milk. With regard to the affairs of various nations, we may venture to say that the Bavarians and the Swabians will prosper, if nothing occur to prevent it. We have to notice dark 'aspects' for the people of Morocco and other hot countries; but the people of Sweden will be tolerably fair. Also we may promise that there will be corn in Poland, many cows in Switzerland, fine oxen in Hungary, good butter and cheese in Holland and Flanders, salt fish in Norway, fresh salmon in Scotland, and a plentiful supply of ignorance and folly in all countries.

A polemical tendency is found even in some parts of the dramatic productions of these times; especially in the plays written by Niklaus Manuel (1484–1530), a man of remarkably versatile talents. He was active as a statesmen at Berne, and was also a soldier, a writer of verse, a painter, a sculptor, and a wood-engraver. His Shrove Tuesday Plays, consisting mostly of satires on the Romish clergy, are bitter, humorous, and irreverent in the extreme.

The greatest improvement made in the so-called religious plays of this time is found in their selection of subjects from the Old Testament. By this change, they at once gained variety and avoided such extreme irreverence as had been common. But these so-called dramas founded on Bible histories were still low enough in their general characteristics. Among their writers, Paul Rebhuhn, who was rector of Zwickau in 1535, may be named as having introduced some improvements in form; but his dramas —'The Marriage at Cana' and 'Susanna'—have no poetical merits. A play entitled 'The Beginning and the End of the World,' written (about 1580) by Bartholomæus Krüger, has been commended for its tragic interest. The author possessed some versatility, for he published in 1587 a *New Eulenspiegel*, or collection of jests.

The Shrove Tuesday Plays were greatly extended with regard to their range of topics, and some of the best were written by Hans Sachs. The singing school at Nürnberg had erected there an amphitheatre without a roof, for the performance of such secular plays as had formerly been confined chiefly to private dwellings. But the most noticeable innovations in dramatic performances were introduced by a company of strolling players who called themselves 'The English Comedians,' though we have no evidence that any of them came from England. They had, however, all the self-sufficiency and audacity of the lowest class of English players of their time. It seems probable that they extemporised freely on the stage, and assumed an unbounded license, committing every fault condemned in Hamlet's warning. Nothing can be more atrocious than the plot of one of their pieces called 'Titus Andronicus.' The extreme faults of these strolling players, who sacrificed everything to excite a sensation, made them very popular. Jakob Ayrer, who died in 1605, was one of their more successful imitators. The pieces of this German

contemporary of Shakespeare—including 'Dives and Lazarus,' 'The Prodigal Son,' and 'Jan Posset,'—have no literary value, but show more tact in theatrical effect than is found in Hans Sachs.

Heinrich Julius, Duke of Brunswick (1564–1613), may be named as another imitator of the deplorable imitators styling themselves 'English Comedians.' He kept in his service a company of players, and wrote several comedies in which he succeeded well, in one respect—in laying aside all aristocratic pretensions. In literature *ad captandum vulgus* seems to have been the duke's motto. His plays are in prose, and he often introduces a Low German dialect. His best characters are his fools; but they are too much alike. He is very fond of introducing demons, even when there is no demand for their services. The humour of one of his comedies consists in a series of monstrous falsehoods, of which some were copied in the well-known stories of Baron Münchausen. As a specimen of the duke's tragic power, we may name his play of 'The Disobedient Son,' in which eighteen characters are introduced. Of these nine are murdered, four commit suicide, one is carried away by Satan, while only four survivors, three of whom are demons, escape from the tragic fury of Heinrich Julius. It might be imagined, after reading some of the plays written by the Duke of Brunswick, that the theatre could hardly fall to a lower level than it had reached in his times; but his plays would be respectable if contrasted with some of the tragedies afterwards written by Lohenstein.

Among several of the 'People's Books' written, translated, or edited during this period, the first place belongs to the notorious story of 'Dr. Faustus,' written in prose by an unknown author, and first printed by Johann Spies of Frankfort, in 1587. This successful book was followed and superseded by a tiresomely extended version of the story of Faust, written by Georg Rudolf Widmann, and published at Hamburg, in 1599.

The prose story of 'Faust,' as printed in 1587, is very stupid. Perhaps, the best part of it is the copy of Faust's 'bond' with the enemy. It is firm and clear, and could hardly be frustrated by a modern attorney:—'Having undertaken to explore the elements,' Faust writes, 'and finding that the talents bestowed on me from above are not sufficient for the task; I have engaged in a covenant with the commissioned genius now present, and

named Mephistopheles, that he shall serve me for the space of twenty-four years.' Then follows the promise to pay for such service by a full surrender of the magician's soul and body for ever. This promise was fulfilled, we are told, at the village of Rimlich, near Wittenberg, exactly twenty-four years after Faust had signed the bond, and between twelve and one in the morning.

Other versions of this tragic story are too numerous to be even named here. FAUST was made the hero of a tale including a mythology that had been long believed by the German people. It is more than probable that a man named Faust—either a professor of magic, or popularly suspected as a magician—really lived in Würtemberg, about the beginning of the sixteenth century. At that time and before, remarkable pretensions in science or learning, when existing apart from the profession of theology, had often excited suspicions of magic. The intellectual and religious movement of the times had given rise to no general scepticism respecting the reality of magic, but had rather served to confirm popular faith in old stories of demonology. That faith had been for a long time regulated by the authority of the Church, but had now liberated itself from such control. Several of the most enterprising intellects of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries still adhered to a belief in necromancy and magic, and some learned men professed themselves to be adepts in these supposed sciences. AGRIPPA VON NETTESHEIM and VAN HELMONT were believers. PARACELSUS, in his writings on the theory of magic, did not deny its reality, but gave a new explanation of its processes. While denying the virtues of external charms, rites, and formulæ, he ascribes all the powers of magic to the will and the imagination; imagination, he tells us, when it is attended with the exercise of a powerful will, on the part of a magician, can subjugate the minds of other men. CAMPANELLA held a similar doctrine. Such teaching as this—not confined to the studies of the learned—served to confirm traditions of a popular demonology, including relics of old German mythology. All that had been believed about alps, giants, dwarfs, kobolds, 'Grindel and his mother,' and other inhabitants of the mythic world, was transferred to one personage—the spiritual foe of mankind. No man could hold the popular faith, as reduced to this simple form, more firmly than Luther, and its power is shown, still more clearly, by the fact that, after Luther's time, the greatest of the mystics, BÖHME, whose life was spent in an endeavour to solve the

question of the origin of evil, and to deduce all effects from one benevolent source, felt himself compelled to write of 'Lucifer' in language hardly to be distinguished from that of Manichæism.

This popular faith fully explains the success of the legend of *Faust*. In its first form, as already intimated, it had no literary merits, and its purport—that men must not forsake the simplicity of faith and submission to God's will, either to gratify intellectual ambition or earthly passions—was but feebly set forth. But the story passed rapidly from one edition to another; it was dramatised by our English playwright Kit Marlowe at the close of the sixteenth century; in the seventeenth it was turned into a puppet-show to please the German people, and, in this form, it long retained its popularity. As recently as about the beginning of the present century, we read that the proprietor of a puppet-show, vexed by some conscientious scruples, resolved 'that Faust should never be played again by his company.' The subject of the libretto was too serious, he thought, to be placed upon the stage; though the tragic effects must have been considerably mitigated, when Dr. Faustus, Mephistopheles, and several subordinate demons were represented by wooden dolls.

There is little that is edifying in the stories written by WIEDMANN and WICKRAM; but they have several characteristic traits, and tell something of the popular taste of the times. Wiedmann, in his story of 'Peter Leu,' presents to us an extreme caricature of a parish priest; a burlesque even grosser than that we have seen in the 'Parson of Kalenberg.' Peter is poor, and, at one time, is especially in want of linen for his household. It happens, about the same time, that a dense fog settles down on his parish, and is attended—as some people fancy—with a strange, sulphurous scent. 'This has been caused,' says the clergyman, 'by some leakage from a subterranean Inferno;' but if the people will bring a sufficient quantity of their best linen, sheets, and table-cloths, he will endeavour to stop the rift near the church, from which the vapour and the bad odour escape. They obey; the fog clears away; and the parsonage is decently supplied with good linen. LAZARUS SANDRUB deserves notice for one merit—rare among the versifiers of his times—conciseness. He has no didactic purpose, and when he has said a thing once, he makes an end of it. One of his short stories opens with some pathos. A young man is to be hanged; but, when he appears on the scaffold, a maiden—though a stranger

to him—is so distressed by his fate, that she earnestly prays his life may be spared. The authorities relent and spare his life, on the sole condition that he will marry the maiden. The culprit comes down from the scaffold, critically examines the girl's physiognomy, and then expresses a wish that justice should take its course, as before appointed. 'Better to end all trouble thus at once,' says the resigned man, 'than to begin a new life of trouble.' It is hardly necessary to add that his execution followed, and excited no further sympathy.

As one more specimen from a class of books very popular in these times, we may notice GEORG WICKRAM'S 'Traveller's Little Book to Drive away Melancholy' (1555). It is written in a prose style considerably better than that commonly found in jest-books. Here is one sample:—

A monk who had the cure of souls in the parish of Poppenried was renowned for his power of vociferation. One Sunday afternoon, while he was shouting at the top of his voice, a poor widow in the congregation began to wring her hands and cry bitterly. The monk noticed this effect of his eloquence and, after the service, asked the widow what passage in the sermon had so deeply affected her. 'Ah!' said she, 'when my husband died, all that he left, to aid me in earning a livelihood, was an ass, and he died soon after I lost my husband. I have tried to overcome my sorrow, but oh, sir, when I heard your preaching this afternoon, it revived all my trouble; for it was just the voice of the ass.'

The foreign legend of 'The Wandering Jew' may be named among the People's Books of the time. Some better stories—such as 'The Fair Magelone,' 'Patient Helene,' 'Melusina,' 'Genoveva,' and 'The Four Sons of Haimon,'—though long popular in Germany, had also a foreign origin, and must therefore be only briefly noticed. A collection of 'People's Books,' containing thirteen stories, was published by FEYERABEND in 1578. Among later and better editions may be named SCHWAB'S *Buch der schönsten Geschichten und Sagen* (1836), and SIMROCK'S Collection (1845–67).

CHAPTER XI.

FIFTH PERIOD. 1625–1725.

THE TIMES — OPITZ AND HIS SCHOOL — LUTHERAN AND PIETISTIC HYMNS — SECULAR LYRICAL POETRY — DIDACTIC AND SATIRICAL VERSE — THE DRAMA — POPULAR SONGS AND BALLADS.

THAT the literature of a people represents their national life and progress, is a theory that must be understood so as to leave room for remarkable exceptions, such as we find in the earlier part of the period 1625–1725. During that time, men who wrote in verse or prose mostly turned their attention away from political and military affairs. The religious and ecclesiastical struggles of the sixteenth century, and the political movements for which the Reformation had been made to serve as a pretext, had failed to give either union or liberty to the German nation. The old order, founded on authority, had been broken in many parts of the empire, and intolerance, aided by the ambition of princes, could not supply a basis for a new union of three churches with the state. The stern divisions of opinions between Lutherans and Calvinists; the efforts of the Jesuits in the South of Germany; the competition of princes for absolute power, and—worse than all—the interference of foreign powers;—all helped to make the land a battle-place of religious, political, and military parties—a realisation, on a vast scale, of the whole theory of intolerance. The lower powers of human nature, which had been held down or regulated, to some extent, under the old authority of the Church, had broken loose, and rapacious adventurers were the rulers of the times.

Of the miseries that followed the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War, the literati of the age tell us little. Thoughtful and sentimental men turned away from evils too great to be speedily remedied, and occupied their minds, as well as they could, in

making verses, or in other harmless studies. Religious men looked away from this world into another, and expressed their longings in devout hymns which, during this period, became more and more expressive of personal feelings. Other educated men found recreation as members of several societies which were instituted for the culture of the German language. One of these literary unions included a great number of princes and noblemen, who called themselves 'The Palm Order,' or 'The Fruit-bringing Society.' Among other unions founded for the same purpose the 'German Association' at Hamburg (1643), and the 'Pegnitz Order' (1644), of which some scanty vestiges remained a few years ago, may be named. The Literary Societies established near the close of the century had a higher character than those above noticed.

Many of the poets and versifiers, who were members of societies like these, were classified with regard to their respective localities, or as belonging to several 'schools.' The First Silesian School, with Opitz at its head, was the most important. The Saxon School could boast of one poet, Paul Fleming, and the Hamburg School counted among its members Zesen, a purist in language, and one of the more earnest of the members of the Palm Order. The worst versifiers, with regard to their moral purport and their affectations in style, belonged to the Second Silesian School, of which Hoffmannswaldau was the representative.

Opitz and his followers made great improvements in versification, and the members of the unions banished foreign words from German poetry, but its internal character was mostly imitative. French models were admired at the courts where successful versifiers—such men as Canitz and Besser—found patronage. In Epic poetry, hardly anything noticeable was produced by the schools. Their best writings were lyrical, and the hymns were better than the secular songs of the times. Their idylls and pastorals, telling of the bliss of solitary or associated shepherds in flowery fields, are inane affectations; but the language of the heart may be heard in such hymns as were written by Heermann, Gerhardt, and Neumark. In the lower popular poetry of the times soldiers' songs prevail; but we hear also of the complaints of the peasantry, who were made victims by the armies of both confessions of faith.

Didactic and descriptive poems (so called) were as dull as they deserved to be; but in satires some improvement was made by

condensing them into the epigrammatic forms chosen by Logau and Wernicke.

The Drama was represented chiefly by three authors,—Gryphius, a melancholy man, who wrote heavy tragedies, but showed some humour in comedy; Lohenstein, whose style is the extreme of bombast; and Weise, who generally tried to make his dramas moral and useful in their purport. It must be added that they are full of platitudes.

The prose written during this century is, on the whole, inferior to the verse. Several men of some learning and no taste wrote in the German-Latin called by Leibnitz 'Mischmasch;' others, misled by vanity, or intending to satirise a bad fashion, inserted French, Italian, and Spanish phrases in their prose. Meanwhile, in the universities, lectures on history, law, and other branches of learning were delivered and dry controversial theology was written in Latin. Near the close of the century, the pietists made some improvement in both form and purport. German was substituted for Latin, and religion took the place of theology. It is hardly necessary to add that, in the above remarks on the German prose written during the seventeenth century, no reference has been made to the writings of Leibnitz and Wolf. With regard to both their style and their internal character, they belong to the eighteenth century.

The greatest formal improvement in the literature of the period must be ascribed to the founder of the First Silesian School, MARTIN OPITZ, who was born in 1597, at Bunzlau in Silesia. He studied at Frankfort and at Heidelberg, and published, in 1618, a Latin essay on 'Contempt of the German Language.' His most important work, the 'Book on German Poetry' (1624), passed through nine editions before 1669, and produced a reformation in versification. For three centuries nearly, the art of writing in verse had degenerated and, at last, had been reduced to nothing better than a mere counting of syllables. Opitz insisted on the importance of both metre and rhythm, while he contended for purity in the choice of words. His own attainments as a scholar—especially as a writer of respectable Latin verses—recommended his book to the notice of educated men, and its success made Opitz the founder of a new school, the First Silesian. His services were, however, confined to the form of poetry; of its spirit, or inner power, he knew little or nothing. His own poems are

correct but imitative, and show good sense rather than genius. The best of his lyrical poems, are found in his 'Consolations during the Miseries of War' (1632). 'Zlatna, or Peace of Mind' (1623), and 'The Praise of Rural Life,' both express a love of retirement, and show a tendency to reduce poetry to descriptive and didactic verse-writing. In 'Vesuvius,' we have the first descriptive poem written in German. In his later years Opitz translated the Psalms and the Antigone of Sophocles and edited 'The Annolied,' a German poem of the twelfth century. The praise bestowed on Opitz during his lifetime now appears extravagant. His fame extended to Paris, where critics who could not read his poems declared boldly that 'he had redeemed his native land from the reproach of barbarism.' As his merits were purely formal, and could not be seen in a translation, this Parisian laudation must have been an echo or an intuition; but it served to confirm the poet's fame at home. He was elected a member of the aristocratic 'Palm Order,' instituted for the culture of the German Language, and in 1627 was raised to the rank of nobility as Martin Opitz von Boberfeld. After several years of service in diplomacy, he settled in Dantzig, and gained, in 1637, an appointment as historiographer to the King of Poland. He was closely engaged in historical researches, and was looking forward to the enjoyment of years of literary industry, when his career was cut short. He died in August, 1639, of the plague, caught from a beggar to whom he had given alms.

To explain the high reputation gained by the literary labours of Martin Opitz, his works must be estimated with the aid of references to his predecessors and his contemporaries. In correctness and good taste, his theory and practice made a new epoch in German Poetry. Though its spring-time—the thirteenth century—had been promising, its summer was long in coming. Shakspere had lived in England, and Hooker and Bacon had written in their noble prose styles; but no such literature as theirs had followed the Reformation in Germany. It was a dreary time in literature and in life when Opitz lived, and he did the best thing for literature that a man of his talents could have done at such a time. He could not change its purport; but he polished its exterior.

We cannot speak as favourably of many of his imitators, who made a mere amusement of versification. Having nothing to

say, they might have said it more concisely. Their mediocrity was, however, so well sustained, that, when viewed as a proof of steady perseverance, it looked like a virtue. The road from Hamburg to Berlin is not flatter than the works of several of the poetasters who followed Opitz.

To find the best and the most sincere poetry of these dreary times, we must turn to the hymns written for the service of the Church. Here we have specimens of sacred poetry that may worthily follow the hymns of the Lutheran age. The first author who combined some lyrical inspiration with attention to the new laws of verse which Opitz had introduced, was JOHANNES HEERMANN, born in 1582, in Silesia. He was for some years a pastor at Köben on the Oder, and after a life of suffering, during which he hardly enjoyed one day's health, died in Poland in 1647. His best hymns and other lyrical poems are contained in his *Haus- und Herz-Musica* ('Music for Home and for the Heart'), published at Leipzig in 1639. They express the religious discontent—the contrast between this life and a higher—that supplies the key-note for a great part of the sacred poetry written during the Thirty Years' War. The same feeling is discernible even in the verses written by a girl, SIBYLLA SCHWARZ, who died in 1638, when only seventeen years old. 'This world has been for me,' she says, 'a school for learning sorrow;' and she might well say so, for her father's homestead was burned down in the course of the war.

'Vanity of vanities; all is vanity,' is the text so often chosen by ANDREAS GRYPHIUS (born in 1616), that he wearies his readers, who may, however, excuse him when they read his biography. His 'Churchyard Thoughts' (1656), and his Odes and Sonnets often express gloomy sentiments, as when he speaks thus of himself:—

> Since first I saw the sun's fair light, no day
> For me without some grief has passed away.
> Happy the child who, from the mother's breast,
> Early departs in Paradise to rest!

One of his best hymns begins with this stanza:—

> The glories of this earthly ball
> In smoke and ashes soon must fall;
> The solid rocks will melt away;
> Our treasures all, our pleasures all,
> Must fade as dreams before the day.

The melancholy expressed by Gryphius was unaffected. He had lost both father and mother in his early life, had been cast on the world by a stepfather, and after wandering about here and there, gaining his subsistence as a private tutor, had settled at Freistadt in Silesia. Thence he was driven by religious persecution, and after wandering again in search of employment through several places, he was elected, at last, syndic to the principality of Glogau in Silesia, where he died in 1664. In his choice of themes for sacred poetry, and in his prevailing funeral tones, he might be regarded as the master of a school. Like Gryphius in the tone of their sacred poetry were SIMON DACH (1605–59), though he could be lively in his secular verses, ROBERT ROBERTHIN (1600–48), and his friend HEINRICH ALBERT (1604–88). CHRISTIAN GRYPHIUS (1649–1706), the son of Andreas, above noticed, was an inferior versifier, whose melancholy, in one elegy at least, was quite out of place. He wrote a long and dismal lamentation, instead of a call to arms, when Vienna was besieged by the Turks in 1683.

The general tendency of the sacred lyrical poetry of the seventeenth century was towards Pietism. PHILIPP JAKOB SPENER, a Lutheran pastor, who lived near the close of the period, was called the founder of the Pietists; but their best thoughts had been expressed by earlier writers. There had long existed, not two, but three chief parties in the Church, representing respectively, external authority, intellectual orthodoxy, and mysticism, so called. The new name given to a moderated mysticism was Pietism, and, like the old name, it was used as a term of reproach. Lutheran orthodoxy, as taught by some professors, had become as dry as any branch of mathematics, and would have been as cold, if the heat of controversy had not supplied the want of vital warmth. Wrangling about articles was as dominant in the Protestant Church as scholastic disputation had been in the Catholic, and the Pietists now held in the Lutheran a position like that which the Mystics had occupied in the Romish Communion. Spener held all the Lutheran articles of belief, but asserted that a creed was no substitute for a religion of the heart. 'We must have,' said he, 'the living faith of Luther, as well as his orthodoxy.' Spener only gave expression to the thoughts and feelings of several predecessors, including some of the best hymn-writers of the time.

In the hymns written by PAUL FLEMING (1609–40), we find little of the tendency to Pietism of which we have spoken. One of his best hymns—still sung in German congregations—begins with the line, '*In allen meinen Thaten.*' Like many other lyrical poems, it is hardly translatable. With regard to his popular energy of expression, the Jesuit, FRIEDRICH SPEE (1591–1635) might be ranked next to Paul Fleming; but he was more remarkable for his benevolence than for his poetic genius. He was zealous in his endeavours to expose the cruelty of persecuting women accused of witchcraft. When asked why his hair had turned grey at the age of forty years, Spee replied:—'It is because I have seen so many women taken to the stake, to be burned for witchcraft, and I never knew one fairly found guilty.' In one of his best lyrical poems, Spee gives expression to the enthusiasm that so soon made the order of Jesuits a formidable power in Europe. He writes thus of the missionary zeal of St. Francis Xavier:—

When the stern devoted man
Talked of sailing to Japan,
All his friends conspired together,
All against him set their faces,
Talked of seas in stormy weather,
Dangers grim in desert places.

Hush you! close your dismal story!
What to me are tempests wild?—
Heroes, on their way to glory,
Mind not pastimes for a child.
Blow, ye winds!—North, South, East, West—
'Tis for souls of men I'm sailing,
And there's calm within my breast
While the storm is round me wailing.

Writers of hymns, more or less successful, were so numerous in this period, that we must, without any disrespect, pass by several names worthy of some notice—such as Frank and Schmolcke—and we can mention RINCKHART (1586–1649) only as the author of the very popular hymn '*Nun danket alle Gott*' ('Let all men praise the Lord'), introduced by Mendelssohn in his *Lobgesang*. GEORG NEUMARK (1621–81), who was a virtuoso on the viol da gamba, wrote and set to music a fine hymn, expressing an absolute trust in Providence, and beginning with the line, '*Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten.*' The tune was introduced by Mendelssohn, in

his oratorio 'St. Paul,' and was one of Prince Albert's favourite sacred melodies.

PAUL GERHARDT (1606–76), who was like Neumark in his choice of a key-note, was, on the whole, the best sacred lyrical poet of the seventeenth century. He departed from the old Lutheran style, without falling into the weak sentimentalism of the later Pietists and the United Brethren. Like Neumark, he sings of the repose that attends a firm and resolute faith. If any serious fault can be found in his hymns, it is that they are, in some instances, too long One of the most pleasing of the series begins with the melodious line, '*Nun ruhen alle Wälder*' ('Now all the woods are sleeping'), and has long been a favourite. But his best hymn—still sung by many congregations in Germany and in England—begius with the lines,

> Commit thou all thy griefs
> And ways into his hands.

The twelve stanzas of which the hymn consists all serve to expand but one thought:—

> Give to the winds thy fears!
> Hope, and be undismayed!
> God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
> God shall lift up thy head.
>
> Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
> He gently clears thy way:
> Wait thou his time, so shall this night
> Soon end in joyous day!

Several hymn-writers, differing widely in some respects, were united by one common trait—their expression of personal sentiments, rather than orthodox opinions. They were men of various creeds, and were called either Mystics, or Pietists, or Pantheists, as taste might dictate. All were weary of the dry theological controversy of their times, and wanted a religion for the heart and the life of man, rather than for his head. To JOHANNES SCHEFFLER, or Angelus Silesius, as he was called (1624–77), the titles Pantheist and Mystic might be applied more fairly than to many other writers so named. His chief characteristic was a bold and unguarded expression of views on personal religion. He had read Böhme's works; but his interpretation of them was questionable. In his later life, he entered the Roman Catholic

Church, and became a member of the order of Minorites. After this change of profession, his writings were rather didactic than mystic. His most remarkable book, the *Cherubinische Wandersmann* (1657), consists of a series of short mystic sayings in rhyme, hardly pointed enough to be called epigrams, but frequently very audacious in their assertions. It is quite enough to say of them, that, on account of their brevity, they are mostly abstract and unqualified; yet they were admired, in their day, by both Protestants and Catholics. Scheffler wrote some superior hymns, including one beginning with the line, 'Follow me! the Lord is saying,' and another beginning with the words, 'Thee will I love, my strength, my tower!' The latter was translated into English, and is still sung in many chapels. It expresses a glowing devotion, as one stanza—the last—may suffice to show:—

> Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
> Thee will I love, my Lord, my God,
> Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
> Or smile,—thy sceptre, or thy rod.
> What though my flesh and heart decay?
> Thee shall I love in endless day!

Poetry has a conciliatory power, and sects differ less in their hymns than in their catechisms. This hymn, written by 'a Pantheist,' who was afterwards a Franciscan monk, is now sung in Wesleyan chapels.

CHRISTIAN KNORR VON ROSENROTH, who died in 1689, was a mystic of a character widely different from that of the Pietists. He studied alchemy and cabbalistic, so-called science. His mysticism is generally moderated, or we may say veiled, in his sacred lyrics, of which several are translations from Latin. QUIRINUS KUHLMANN, born at Breslau in 1651, published a collection of sacred lyrical poems (1684), which contain a few good passages, and many extravagant expressions. He is now remembered chiefly on account of his miserable death. Having indulged his imagination in dreams of a millennium, he wildly endeavoured to establish it. It was to begin with a union of Jews and Christians, and to preach this doctrine, he wandered about in England, France, Turkey, and Russia. In Moscow his fanatical preaching gave great offence to the Patriarch. Kuhlmann was arrested and imprisoned as a heretic, and after a short trial was condemned to be burned alive. This horrible sentence was carried into execution on October 4, 1689.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN (1697–1769), one of the latest of the Pietistic hymn-writers of this time, was a poor ribbon-weaver, who lived for some years on a bare diet of meal and milk-and-water, and gave away his savings in alms to people who were even poorer than himself. He published a collection of poems under the title of 'A Spiritual Flower-Garden' (1731). It has no great variety of thoughts, but contains one fine hymn, of which an imitation rather than a translation was included in the hymn-books published by John and Charles Wesley. The second stanza has been thus translated:—

> Lo! God is here!—him, day and night,
> The united choirs of angels sing;
> To him, enthroned above all height,
> Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
> Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
> Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

JOACHIM NEANDER (1610–80) was called 'the Paul Gerhardt of the Reformed Church.' JOHANN ANASTASIUS FREYLINGHAUSEN (1670–1739) wrote Pietistic hymns, and published in 1704, and afterwards, an extensive collection of hymn-tunes. His book shows that a change of taste had taken place during the seventeenth century, with regard to the tunes as well as the hymns sung by many congregations. While the hymns were made sentimental, the tunes were highly decorated or disfigured. Several of the more florid and lively melodies given by Freylinghausen would now excite great surprise if introduced in public worship.

If a great prominence has been here given to the hymn-writers of this period, it has been because their writings contain more sincere thought and feeling than can be found in the greater part of the secular poetry of these times. FLEMING, who wrote at the beginning of the period, and GÜNTHER, whose poems relieved the dulness of its close, might both be called poets; but in the interval defined by these two names there are found but few verse-writers worthy of any extended notice.

FLEMING'S sonnets, occasional poems, and epistles show poetical powers far superior to those of most of his contemporaries. He was comparatively free from the common fault of the age—writing for the sake of writing—and his poems have interesting references to the events of his times. We find more historical than poetical

value in a versified 'Narrative of the Thirty Years' War' written by GEORG GREFLINGER, who died in 1682. PHILIPP VON ZESEN (1619–89) wrote lively songs and epigrams, but his best services to literature were his writings in favour of the cultivation of his native language. He had, however, more to say than JOHANN RIST (1607–67), who was little better than a rhymer, though he wrote some hymns that were accepted by the Church. PHILIPP HARSDÖRFFER (1607–59), who wrote 'Songs and Conversations in Verse,' may be commended more for his moral purport than for his powers of invention. FRIEDRICH CANITZ (1654–99) copied the French style of Boileau in several satires. His verses are cold and artificial; but he wrote neatly, and assisted in the reformation begun by Opitz. JOHANN BESSER (1654–1729) was a small laureate and master of ceremonies at the court of Dresden, and devoted to these offices the studies of his life. Many of his verses are adulatory; others are objectionable in purport, but were praised in their day for their neatness of expression. Among several of the descriptive poets of these times we may select as a representative BARTHOLD BROCKES (1680–1747), who wrote poems of no high merit, expressing his delight in the study of nature. A flower-garden might have supplied all the materials required for such poetry as he wrote. He would acknowledge the receipt of a rare tulip by writing a sonnet, or perhaps an ode, on its beauties. He was happy in his mediocrity, and wrote congratulatory verses addressed to himself on his birthdays. His translations introduced Thomson's 'Seasons' and Pope's 'Essay on Man' to German readers.

All the second or third-rate authors thus briefly noticed were more respectable than those who belonged to the Second Silesian School. Its chief representative, HOFFMANN VON HOFFMANSWALDAU (1618–79), wrote lyrical and other poems, of which both the purport and the style were extremely objectionable; the former was coarsely sensuous, the latter bombastic and affected. There might be found some minor merits, with regard to style, in some of the writers briefly noticed in the preceding paragraphs; but, on the whole, it may be asserted that they contributed hardly any thoughts to the resources of German literature. At the close of their dull period a youth appeared whose writings gave promise of a brighter day for poetry. CHRISTIAN GÜNTHER (1695–1723) wrote several poems founded on the unhappy incidents of his own short life.

His early follies had offended his father, who would not forgive him, and Günther, left without hope, became intemperate. After an attempt at reformation he gained some patronage at the Saxon court, which he soon lost, and later, when, apparently penitent, he returned home to ask for his father's forgiveness, he was driven out into the world again. After some wretched wanderings in Silesia he died in miserable circumstances. His poems give proof of imaginative powers worthy of a better development.

Among several didactic and satirical authors of verse FRIEDRICH LOGAU (1604–55) was the best. He published a series of epigrams in 1638, and another, more extensive, in 1654. Copies of the latter have now become very rare. Many of his proverbs and epigrams are rather earnest than witty or pointed, and refer to the political and social circumstances of his time, which he truly describes as deplorable. The following is one of Logau's shortest epigrams:—

> Lutherans, Papists, Calvinists abound;
> But where, I ask, are Christians to be found?

HANS WILMSEN LAUREMBERG (1590–1629) was among the boldest opponents of Opitz, and wrote in praise of the Low German language. One of his chief rules for writing well is, 'always to call a spade a spade,' and he observes it conscientiously. He writes with great freedom and liveliness, and introduces popular stories to enforce his doctrine. One of his satires is well directed against the rhyming mania of his times, but in writing it he was declaiming against himself. Another satirist, JOACHIM RACHEL (1618–63), a follower of Opitz, feebly imitated Persius and Juvenal. In one of his best pieces, entitled 'The Poet,' he pours contempt on the poetasters of his day; but this was better done in a prose satire published by JOHANN RIEMER in 1673. The following is a specimen of Riemer's advice to the poetasters of his times:—

> To attain facility you must keep your wits in practice by continually making verses on all kinds of trivial subjects; for instance, a sonnet 'on Lisette's new straw bonnet,' or a canzonet 'on Durandula's bodice.' 'Cordelia's nightcap' may suggest materials enough to fill a long ode. Acquire the art of producing rhymes for the most uncouth words, and if you are obliged to use nonsense sometimes, say that you did it to produce a certain droll effect. However insignificant your verses may be, never publish them without some high-sounding title, such as 'Parnassian Bridal-Torches.' Never mind about the sense of it, if it is only pompous enough.

Though the subject of your poem may be trivial, take care to write a grand introduction, invoking Apollo and all the nine Muses to come to your assistance in a great work. This style of building a grand entrance to a little house is very good in poetry. When you make a beginning, never care about the end: they will match together in some way, no doubt. Expletives are too much despised in these times. Fill your verses with them, as they are very cheap. Employ also as many allusions to pagan mythology as you can find; for thus you may fill your pages with numerous explanatory notes about ancient deities—Mars, Vulcan, and Venus—which need not be correct, as few readers trouble themselves about such matters. Use two or three words instead of one whenever you can; for instance, style nature 'our productive mother,' and call your dog 'the barking quadruped.' Never blot out what you have written; for if you do not esteem highly your own productions, who will? Believe all that your friends and admirers say, and praise all who praise you. If a friend declares that you are 'the Opitz of the age,' immediately return the compliment by styling him 'the Fleming of his time.'

Christian Wernicke, who died about 1720, was a critic as well as a satirist, and published a series of epigrams (1697), of which several were directed against poetasters. That his pen was as sharp in the point as Riemer's will be seen in the following brief critique, which might be fairly applied to many of the imitators of Opitz:—'Your plan is good,' says the critic; your verse, fluent; your rhyme, correct; your grammar, right; 'your meaning is nowhere to be found.' Benjamin Neukirch (1665–1729), another satirist, wrote even more severely against poetasters; but he betrays the temper of a disappointed man. He had written some unsuccessful odes and other lyrical poems. 'Writing poetry in these times,' he says, 'is the way to starvation, as I know well by experience.'

The literary aspect of this dull period does not improve when we turn our attention to the drama. Andreas Gryphius, already named as a lyric poet, wrote several tragedies:—'Leo Armenius' (1646), 'Papinian' (1659), and 'Karl Stuart,' which was founded on the fate of Charles I. of England. These dramas have been regarded as having some importance, on account of the improvements which they introduced in plot and construction; but their literary character is low, and they are full of the gloomy sentiments which have been noticed in the occasional poems of the same author. Yet through all the disguise of false taste we see some evidences of rude, undisciplined power. In his 'Charles Stuart' he introduces choruses in which 'Religion' and other personifications speak. Many of the sentiments put into the

mouths of these imaginary characters are unjust, and betray the writer's ignorance of the state of parties in England; but some of the declamations employed have force and point, such as we find in the following passage:—

Religion speaks.

Being Supreme! whose eye all souls can see;
  Whose service is pure, self-denying love;
Why in this world hast thou commanded me
  To stay? Receive me in yon realms above!
Why 'mid the sons of Mesech must I dwell?
  Alas that I in Kedar's tents abide!
Where evil-minded men would me compel
  To aid them, and their traitorous schemes to hide.
Alas that e'er from heaven I hither came!
  My robes are stained with earthly spots; my face
No longer with pure brightness shines; my name
  Is used for falsehood, covered with disgrace.

* * * *

Open, ye clouds! receive me now, ye skies!
  I fly from earth, and leave my robe behind,
Which still may serve some traitors for disguise:
  'Tis but a shadow of myself they'll find.

(*Religion flies from the earth, and drops her robe.*)

First Zealot. Stay, fairest maid! why hasten you away?
Second. I hold you fast. I love your bright array.
Third. Nay; she is gone! Her empty robe you hold!
Second. Well; this is mine. It's worth can ne'er be told!
Fourth. Some portion of it fairly mine I call!
First. Your strife is vain; for I must have it all.
Fifth. The robe is torn.
Sixth. No part of it is thine!
For it is mine.
Seventh. And mine!
Eighth. And mine
Ninth. And mine!

Gryphius was a man of gloomy temperament; yet his comedies are better than his tragedies. In his drama oddly entitled '*Horribiliscribrifax*' he gives some portraitures of the rude military manners introduced by the war, and ridicules the confusion of tongues that prevailed in his day. One character in the play is a schoolmaster who talks in bad Latin; another mixes Italian with German; a third uses French idioms, and a Jew mingles Plattdeutsch with Hebrew. The author's best dramatic writing is found in the interlude of *Dornrose,* inserted in his melodrama *Das verliebte Gespenst.* His writings are respectable, when con-

trasted with those of a dramatist who must now be briefly noticed. DANIEL CASPAR VON LOHENSTEIN (1635–83), one of the chief representatives of the Second Silesian School, wrote atrocious and bombastic plays, of which no analysis can be given. A German critic—Prof. Max Müller—has truly said that it is the duty of a literary historian to consign to oblivion the writings of the two chiefs of the Second Silesian School; but Lohenstein's plays—'Ibrahim Bassa' (1689), 'Cleopatra' (1661), 'Epicharis' and 'Agrippina,' the worst of the series—may be named as signs of the degradation of the theatre during these times. It may be safely predicted that dramatic entertainments will never fall below the tone of the German theatre in the days of Lohenstein; it 'sounded the lowest base-string of humility.' Such curiosities as 'fire-works,' 'cannonades,' 'regiments of soldiers in the costumes of various nations,' and capital punishment executed on the stage, were admired. Mars, Venus, Apollo, Fame, Peace, Virtue, Vice, France, Spain, and Italy, were introduced as dramatic characters. In one piece 'Judas hangs himself on the stage, while Satan sings an aria.' In another opera Nebuchadnezzar exhibits himself dressed in 'eagles' feathers.' In 'Semiramis' the roses in the royal garden are metamorphosed into ladies. In 'Jason' the ship Argo is raised into the heavens, and changed into a constellation. 'Echo' was a favourite theatrical character. In one of Lohenstein's pieces the 'continent of Asia' is introduced as a person deploring her calamities.

When contrasted with Lohenstein's plays, the dramatic pieces written in prose by CHRISTIAN WEISE (1642–1708) might be called respectable. His scenes are derived from real life, but his style is prosaic and trivial. He wrote several romances, in which his didactic purport was more prominent than his inventive power.

These notices of versifiers have told us very little of the thoughts and feelings of the common people, who still had their own literature, though it was scantier than in older times. Its chief materials were old jest-books and new prophetic almanacs. The folly satirised by Fischart had increased rather than abated, and we find popular preachers complaining that the peasantry had more faith in their almanacs than in the Bible. Few of the people's songs of the time have been preserved, and these are mostly soldiers' songs. One of the most characteristic is called

'The Soldiers' Paternoster,' in which lines of verse are inserted between the short sentences of the Lord's Prayer; so that the whole reads as a bitter protest against the wrongs inflicted on the peasants by marauders. The only plea that can be offered for this strange composition is that there is no levity, but rather stern indignation, in its tone.

The most common fault of the historical ballads of the time is their inordinate length; the writers try to tell everything. In one of the shortest we have a tragic tale of two soldiers returning from the war. One, who brings some booty with him, is unrecognised when he enters his father's house, a village tavern:—

> The hostess, a woman with coal-black hair,
> Stood looking out of the window there;
> He gave to her, before he dined,
> His heavy belt, with gold well lined.

In the morning his corpse was found in the cellar, and his comrade thus addressed the landlady:—

> Woman, you know not what you've done—
> The murdered man was—your own son!

On hearing this, the wretched woman escaped from the house and drowned herself, and soon afterwards—

> Her man in the stable hanged himself.
> O cursed gold and love of pelf!

One of the best of these Soldiers' Songs tells of the exploits of the great Austrian General, Prince Eugène, and is still remembered by the people.

CHAPTER XII.

FIFTH PERIOD. 1625–1725.

PROSE FICTION—HISTORY—THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR—TRAVELS—LETTERS—DIDACTIC PROSE—PIETISM—LEIBNITZ—WOLF.

THE prose written in this period is mostly rugged in style, sometimes half-foreign, and deformed by affectation and pedantry; but it contains interesting references to historical events, and some contributions to our knowledge of the state of society in Germany during the darkest years of the seventeenth century.

Among a few noticeable books in prose fiction the romance of *Simplicissimus* (1669), by HANS JAKOB CHRISTOPH VON GRIMMELSHAUSEN (1625–76), claims attention, especially for its references to contemporary historical events. In several parts of the story we find interesting, though occasionally rude, pictures of life in Germany during the miserable war of thirty years. The author had, during his youth, served in the army; but he spent his later years at Renchen, in the Baden district of the Black Forest. He had the humour of assuming several names on the title-pages of his satirical stories; so that his real name long remained unknown. He represents his hero—the son of a poor Spessart farmer—as a vagabond who, under the mask of simplicity, satirises the vices of society, especially the demoralisation of military men. There is genial humour in parts of the story; but the descriptions are often too lengthy, as a passage from the introduction would show, if given without any abridgement. Here the Spessart farmer's son ridicules the pride of many men of higher birth :—

My father's mansion was built by his own hands, which is more than can be said for the palaces of princes. In some details of architecture my father had a peculiar taste. For instance, he decorated the exterior of his building with plaster; and for the roof, instead of barren tiles, lead, or copper, he used a good thatch of straw, thus displaying his love of agriculture in a style worthy

of a descendant from the first nobleman who tilled the ground—Adam. In the painting of the interior my father allowed his walls to become slowly darkened with the smoke from our wood fire. There was an aristocratic reason for this; for the colour requires a long time to produce it in its full tone; and it is certainly one of the most permanent styles of painting. Our windows were all dedicated to St. Noglass; for as it takes a longer time to grow horn than to make glass, my father preferred the former. I hardly need remind the reader that this preference was in strict accordance with that refined aristocratic taste which values trifles according to the time and trouble required to produce them. My father kept no lackeys, pages, or grooms, but was always surrounded by his faithful dependents; sheep, goats, and swine, all dressed in their natural and becoming suits of livery. . . . In our armoury we had the weapons which my father had often boldly carried to the field; mattocks, hoes, shovels, and hay-forks, such weapons as were employed even by the ancient Romans during times of peace. My father was noted for his science in 'fortification' (against his great enemy, hunger), which was displayed in his distribution of the contents of the farmyard on the land . . . . or cleaning out the stalls of the cattle. I tell these things, to show that I can be in fashion, and talk like other people when I like; but I assure the reader that I am not puffed up and vain of my glorious ancestry.

The Spessart farmer is murdered by a band of plundering soldiers; but Simplicissimus, now only ten years old, escapes, and goes to live with a hermit, from whom he receives some religious teaching. After the death of the hermit the boy is carried off by Swedish soldiers, and serves for some time as a page to an officer; then runs away and hides himself in a forest. Here he pretends to be a pious hermit, while he supports himself by means of theft. When these resources have failed, he enters the Imperial army, where he can plunder with impunity. This part of the story describes the license of the soldiery and the sufferings of the helpless people, whose stores served as plunder for the Imperial and the Protestant armies, with all their disinterested foreign allies. Our hero next falls as a prisoner into the hands of the Swedes; but here meets with good treatment, and becomes ere long comparatively rich. Then follows an unfortunate marriage and the loss of all his money, which compel him to turn quack-doctor and beggar. He returns to Germany, gains some money by dishonesty, buys a little farm and marries—again unhappily. Once more he becomes a vagabond, and after a series of wanderings and adventures, that we cannot follow, is at last made quite weary of the pomps and vanities of this world. He retires to a hermit's cell on a desert island, and devotes himself exclusively to the practice of piety. He has a chance of escaping from his solitude, when a ship

calls at the island; but he wisely refuses to return to such society as exists in his native land, and so the tale is ended.

This story of a man living on a desert island was published about twenty years before Defoe's tale of 'Robinson Crusoe' appeared in England. The latter romance, however, was the original, imitated in about forty German stories of hermits, that were published between the years 1721 and 1751; such as 'The German Robinson,' 'The Italian,' 'The Silesian,' 'The Moral,' 'The Medical,' 'The Invisible Robinson,' and 'The European Robinsonetta'—the last telling the adventures of a solitary lady. One of the best of all these imitations—'The Island of Felsenburg,' written by LUDWIG SCHNABEL in 1743—had a remarkable success. The earliest German story of a hermit like Crusoe is found in 'Mandarell,' written by EBERHARD WERNER HAPPEL, and published in 1682, about thirty-seven years before Defoe's story appeared.

The miseries of the war must have been widely spread; for we find them noticed even in such pastoral fantasias as were called *Schäfereien*—the most unreal of all the productions of the age. Nothing less than the outlines of one of these pastorals could give a notion of their inane character. A sad shepherd, expelled from his home by soldiers, wanders, accompanied only by his faithful dog, along the banks of the river Pegnitz, near Nürnberg. He begins to sing, of course; but his melody is soon interrupted by that of another swain, and arrangements are made for performing a duetto. Enters 'Pamela,' a sad shepherdess, who, as a personification of Germany, sings dolefully of the miseries of warfare. After some vain endeavours to afford consolation to 'Pamela,' the two shepherds wander away along the banks of the stream, until they come to a paper-mill. Here they sit down and make some very bad verses on the mill-wheel and on the noise of the waterfall. The first swain endeavours to imitate the sounds he hears and the second composes lines that may be printed in the shape of an anvil. For some reason, not mentioned, they then climb a hill near Nürnberg, and obtain a view over a fertile district. The goddess Fame appears, bringing a wreath of laurel, to crown the maker of the best verses upon the wedding of some young people of whom we know nothing. The sad shepherds sing alternately, and when at last it is decided that their effusions are equally good —or bad—Fame flies away, and no more is heard of 'Pamela,' the

desponding personification of Germany. Such imaginative attempts as these *Schäfereien* drive the reader away from fiction, and make him indulgent to even the rudest attempts at describing realities.

JOHANN MICHAEL MOSENROSH—otherwise called Moscherosch —(1601-69), was descended from a noble Spanish family, and lost all his property during the war. His book, entitled 'The Visions of Philander' (1642), is partly founded on the 'Sueños' of Quevedo; but the last seven visions of Philander, written in 1641-44, are mostly original, and contain severely satirical passages, with sketches from real life during the Thirty Years' War. The writer knew by experience something of the horrors of civil war, and wrote with feelings of personal hatred. In one vision Philander is seized by a gang of soldiers, engaged in a foray on their own account, who show no mercy, save to those who buy it with gold. The Croats, Walloons, and other soldiers of the Imperial army are described in language that cannot be quoted—as sheep in the presence of the enemy; as wolves, when they are turned loose to rob the peasantry; as marauders worthy of being led by a rapacious and treacherous adventurer. Writers of fiction could hardly be guilty of exaggeration when describing some of the events of those dreadful years from 1618 to 1648, above all the atrocious sack of Magdeburg. In the space of one year—1646 —a hundred villages were burned down in Bavaria. In the course of the long war, the population of Augsburg was reduced from eighty thousand to eighteen thousand, while the devastation was far greater in the Rheinpfalz, where, in some districts, only about a fiftieth part of the former population remained.

The events of his time had, possibly, some effect on the imagination of an inferior writer of fiction, ANDREAS HEINRICH BUCHHOLTZ (1607-71), who wrote 'Herkules and Valiska,' an absurd romance, with scenes laid in almost all the known countries of the world, and full of battles, hardly one of which ends with a loss of less than three hundred thousand men on the side of the defeated army. Though he described such awful catastrophes, the style of Buchholtz is tame when contrasted with that of his successor, HEINRICH ANSELM (1653-97), the Lohenstein of prose. His romance, 'The Asiatic Banise,' begins with this passage:—'May lightning, thunder, and hail—the wrathful instruments of Heaven—crush the splendours of thy gilded towers, and may the vengeance of the gods consume thy wealth, O city!

whose inhabitants were guilty of the overthrow of the Imperial Family!' This must have been thought fine in that day; for Anselm's book was very popular, and its success encouraged him to write (in 1691) sixteen stories founded on the Old Testament, containing not only 'the love-letters of Abraham and Sarah,' but also such as passed between Adam and Eve!

LOHENSTEIN—already noticed as a bombastic dramatist—wrote, in tedious prose, an enormous romance in four parts, filling almost three thousand quarto pages, and entitled 'Arminius and Thusnelda' (1731). One of his objects in writing it was 'to include the whole history of the German people.' Its table o. contents fills ninety-six closely printed quarto pages.

It is some relief to turn from such a heavy compilation of fiction to the historical works of Mascov, Birken, Arnold, and Zingref, though these writers were generally inferior to the chroniclers of earlier times. JOHANN JAKOB MASCOV (1689–1761) wrote a 'History of the German People' (1726–37), which extended no farther than the Merovingian kings. A 'History of the House of Austria,' compiled by SIGMUND VON BIRKEN (1623–81) has some value, though it was written in submission to Imperial authority. GOTTFRIED ARNOLD undertook a very difficult task in his 'Impartial Church History' (1699). His chief object was to defend several sects that had been condemned for heresy, and to find out their real tenets. Hardly any task could be more hopeless than this.

The materials for a history of the Thirty Years' War are but imperfectly supplied by the vernacular literature of this period. PHILIPP VON CHEMNITZ (1605–78), historiographer to Queen Christina of Sweden, wrote more ably in Latin than in German, and left in manuscript a history of 'the Swedish War in Germany,' which was published at Stockholm in 1855–9. Under the assumed name of HIPPOLITUS A LAPIDE, he published, in 1640, a remarkable treatise exposing some abuses of Imperial privileges. But we must refer to several comparatively obscure histories, as well as to letters, special memoirs, and works of fiction, to find a popular instead of a political narration of the war that devastated large districts of Germany in 1618–48. One of the most interesting of the special memoirs here referred to is an account of 'The Sack of Magdeburg,' written, about 1660, by FRIEDRICH FRISIUS, an eye-witness of the events which he described. In his story, and in some other historical documents of about the

same date, we have the horrors of the war brought into a focus and presented as realities, stripped of the disguise that cold, abstract history supplies.. All the public buildings of Magdeburg in flames, except the cathedral and the old convent; hundreds of people of all ages dying in streets heated like an oven by a conflagration, driven on by a strong wind; marauders pouring in at the Hamburg gate—some carrying bullets in their mouths for ready use, and shooting down the people 'like so many beasts of prey;' superior officers extorting from fathers of families their last dollar; gangs of Walloon and Croatian soldiers bursting into houses with hoarse cries of 'Your money!' and terrified women swiftly turning out their hoards of silver spoons and trinkets, to save their lives; in all the houses 'everything burst open and cut to pieces;' companies of girls and young women rushing to the bridge over the Elbe, linking their hands together, and leaping down into the river;—these are a few of the scenes brought before our vision by the testimony of eye-witnesses. Thirty thousand people of both sexes and all ages perished in that sacking of Magdeburg in the spring of 1631.

Twice in the course of the war the Emperor had gained a victorious position, and had the power of making peace between the two chief parties; but after that sack of Magdeburg his forces seemed to be controlled by an evil destiny. The Imperial army, guilty of that atrocious massacre, was put to the rout by the King of Sweden, and Tilly, its commander—who had been called the winner of thirty-six battles—was soon afterwards mortally wounded. He was a man of strict piety, according to his notions—attended mass daily and recited many prayers. The watch-word in his army at the sack of Magdeburg was 'Jesu, Maria.' His fall compelled the Emperor to call out Wallenstein, who formed a new army, but failed to prevent the victory of the Swedes at Lützen, where their king was slain in 1632. There also fell Pappenheim, rejoicing when he knew that 'the heretic' from Sweden was slain. Pappenheim was the most impetuous and fearless of all the Imperial generals, but as ruthless as he was brave. In one month in 1626 he slew forty thousand of the peasantry, in order to quell an insurrection, and afterwards wrote a calm narrative of the campaign. After the defeat at Lützen the Emperor's army was allowed to remain almost idle, while its commander was negotiating for the sale of his services to the enemy.

Wallenstein's dark plans were interrupted by his death in 1634, when he fell by the hands of assassins, who were richly rewarded by the Emperor. In the miserable time after Wallenstein's fall the war became more and more complicated by Swedish and French interventions. Catholic France aided the Protestants, in order to divide Germany, and at last the Peace of Westphalia (1648) left the Imperial power prostrate. A Diet, with cumbrous forms, devised to make union for ever hopeless, represented the extinct empire. Petty princes were made absolute. Germany lost two provinces and was shut in from the sea. Trade, industry, and education were almost destroyed. Hardly a third part of its former population remained in Bohemia, where the great strife began and ended. The Thirty Years' War had an effect on the national life and the literature of the German people so disastrous and permanent, that these few notes must not be regarded as out of place here. They would serve as an apology for the non-appearance of any literature whatever in these sad times.

Among the few books of travels and descriptions of foreign countries produced in this period, the most interesting was written by ADAM OLEARIUS (1600–71). He attended, as secretary, embassies to Russia and Persia, acquired a knowledge of the Persian language, translated the *Gulistân* (or 'Rose-Garden') of Sâdi, and wrote, with care and honesty, an account of his own travels (1647).

One of the more important collections of letters having an historical interest contains the correspondence of CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, the Duchess of Orleans (1652–1722), who lived about fifty years at the court of her brother-in-law, Louis XIV. She describes, in her rude German style, the state of society in France, and predicts that a social disruption must follow the vices of her times. The Duchess was a woman of honest and masculine character, which it was her pleasure to assert by wearing a man's dress when she accompanied the great monarch in his hunting excursions.

Of didactic prose-writings—apart from theology—little can be said. GEORG SCHOTTEL preceded Wolf as a writer on ethics, and LUDWIG VON SECKENDORF, the author of a book 'On the German Empire,' was one of the earliest writers on the theory of government. A work on 'Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting' by JOACHIM VON SANDRART 1606–88) has been commended rather for its copper-plate engravings than for its style, and a 'History of

the German Language' (1716–20) by AUGUSTIN EGENHOLF can be noticed only as a well-intended attempt. Another writer on philology—SCHUPP—deserves more attention; for he was one of the earliest protesters against pedantry, and might be described as a pioneer who prepared the way for Thomasius and Wolf.

BALTHASAR SCHUPP (1610–61), a preacher at Hamburg, condemned the half-German and half-Latin language written by men who were called erudite. We cannot be surprised at the poverty of prose-writings in law, ethics, theology, and philosophy when we find Schupp apologising thus for writing and speaking in his own language:—

Wisdom is not confined to any language; and therefore I ask, Why may I not learn in German how to know, love, and serve God—that is, theology? Or if I wish to study medicine, why may I not learn how to discern and cure diseases as well in German as in Greek and Arabic? The French and the Italians employ their native languages in teaching all the arts and sciences. There are many great cardinals and prelates in Rome who cannot speak Latin; and why may not a man, though ignorant of Latin and Greek, become a good German preacher? I know he may; for when I studied at Leyden, a new preacher was appointed to the pulpit of the Lutheran congregation there. He had been a painter, and had no advantages of classical education; so many of the genteel students of law made jests on this preacher, because he ventured to ascend the pulpit before he had mastered Latin. However, he understood the Scriptures well, and I was more edified by his plain homilies than by the sermons of many learned and Latinised professors.

Schupp's censure of the German-Roman jargon used in his day, and afterwards, will hardly be understood without a specimen. A short extract from GUNDLING's 'Discourse on History' (published in 1737) will show that the style condemned by Schupp prevailed for some time after his death. We substitute English for German, and leave the Latin where Gundling inserts it:—

Not only Cicero, but all sensible men have agreed in saying that historia is magistra scholaque vitæ; for even the stulti, as well as the sapientes, may profit by this study: the latter may gain by it, ut caveant ab artificiis stultorum, quæ detegit, aperitque historia. It also supplies practice for logic; versatur enim circa distinguenda vero similia a vero dissimilibus.

After this Gundling, with practice, might have pronounced 'a leash of languages at once.' For preliminary exercises on two languages, he might have found models in the sermons of one of the most popular Roman Catholic preachers of the seventeenth century—ULRICH MEGERLE, otherwise called ABRAHAM A SANTA

CLARA (1642-1709), who preached very fluently in an odd mixture of German and Latin. His thoughts, like his words, made a medley; for he mingled puns, jokes, and droll stories with very severe admonitions. One of his paragraphs, if rightly punctuated, would fill more than a large octavo page without once coming to a full stop. With all his eccentricity, he was a practical and earnest teacher. His style must be allowed to describe itself. Thus he addresses his hearers on the text, 'O ye foolish Galatians!'

> Your preacher is treated now as St. Paul was treated. The Galatians, at one time, regarded him as an earthly angel, and listened to him with delight, as if his voice had been a celestial trumpet. . . . But when he began to preach severely and to say, O insensati Galatæ! . . . then all turned against him; inimicus factus sum vobis veritatem dicens. And so it remains now: as long as your preacher gives you pretty sayings—well decked out and made pleasant with proverbs and stories—you are all well pleased, and you say, 'Vivat Pater! a brave man! I hear him with delight;' but when he begins to speak sharply and says, 'O insensati Germani!' he makes enemies for himself and sic facta est veritas in aversionem. . . .

This style was described as 'Mischmasch' by LEIBNITZ in an essay 'On the Improvement of the German Language.' He admitted the wealth of his mother-tongue in words for all impressions derived from the senses, but complained of a poverty of words wanted for writings on law, theology, and philosophy. To supply this want he recommended a development of the independent resources of his native language, but at the same time condemned the extreme purists who would use no words derived from foreign languages.

Among those who endeavoured to reduce to practice such rules as were suggested by Leibnitz, one of his contemporaries, CHRISTIAN THOMASIUS, (1655-1728), must be remembered. His contributions to the culture of a national literature deserve notice; but his reputation does not rest upon them. Literature and life had been widely separated in the seventeenth century. Versifiers had studied metaphors and professors had written abstract treatises in Latin, while the miseries that attended and followed the war had prevailed throughout the land. Among the few writers of books who were also patriots, none was greater than THOMASIUS, a lawyer and an energetic, practical man, an enemy of the pedants and the bigots who were numerous in his day. He defended the

Pietists—especially HERMANN FRANCKE—not for the sake of their tenets, but because they claimed, as he believed, a reasonable freedom of thought. It must, however, be added that when they had gained it for themselves, they refused to allow others to enjoy it. In his lecture on 'The Right Way of Imitating the French' (1687) Thomasius contended for the substitution of German for Latin in lectures given in the universities. The persecution to which he was subjected, on account of his defence of the Pietists, had a good result in the foundation of a new university at Halle, where he was appointed professor (1694) and director (1710). His German writings include a 'History of Wisdom and Folly' (1693) and some 'Short Theorems' on the witch-trials of his times (1704). In the latter book he successfully denounced cruel persecutions that had too long been encouraged by the arguments of theologians and jurists. Trials for the supposed crime of sorcery had been instituted in Germany in the thirteenth century, but were suspended for some time when one of the chief inquisitors had been assassinated. Pope Innocent VIII. revived the crusade against magicians and sorcerers by a bull dated 1484, and soon afterwards persecutions were again instituted, and were maintained, with more or less rigour, for about two centuries. The victims were mostly poor women, from whom absurd confessions were sometimes extorted, which served to confirm the delusion. The miseries that had attended and followed the Thirty Years' War had spread gloom and malevolent suspicion among the people, who, like barbarians, were often disposed to ascribe their misfortunes to persons rather than to circumstances. SPEE, a benevolent Jesuit, already named as a poet, denounced the so-called trials of witches, and—rather later—BEKKER, a theologian of Amsterdam, wrote, for the same purpose, his 'Enchanted World;' but Thomasius had greater success than these predecessors, and after the publication of his book people became more and more ashamed of a doctrine that had been advocated by King James the First of England, and by many learned men in Germany.

The controversial and systematic theology of the period was written in Latin. We have, therefore, to notice here only the Pietists, and one of the later Mystics who departed very widely from the principles of such men as Tauler. Of PHILIPP JAKOB SPENER (1635–1705), author of *Pia Desideria* and other de-

votional writings in prose and verse, some account has already been given. His follower, AUGUST HERMANN FRANCKE (1663-1727), the friend of Christian Thomasius and one of the most popular preachers of his times, is now remembered chiefly on acount of his practical and well-directed benevolence. He founded in 1698 the Orphan Home at Glaucha, near Halle, which has greatly increased, and now forms a small town in which the chief buildings are schools. A few years ago they contained more than three thousand boys and girls, who were receiving instruction from about one hundred and thirty teachers. Francke was driven to Halle by persecution, and, a few years afterwards, his followers drove the philosopher Wolf from Halle! It is an old story: the Pietists, when successful, made their religion as external and as exclusive as the authority against which they had formerly protested. They insisted on forms of phraseology, and found an important difference in the words 'Shibboleth' and 'Sibboleth.' Egotism and intolerance can lurk under all forms of doctrine, and are never so formidable as when they act with the assumed sanction of religion.

One of the later Mystics, JOHANN GEORG GICHTEL (1638-1710) may be named, because his writings show the results of that want of clear practical teaching which we have noticed in the works of the earlier Mystics. Gichtel gave to their doctrines an extremely ascetic, practical character, and founded a sect calling themselves 'Angelic Brethren;' who abstained from marriage, and believed that, by the practice of devotion, they might obtain supernatural powers. Their founder was driven from Germany for his heresy, and afterwards lived in Amsterdam, where he edited the first complete edition of Böhme's writings. Gichtel's letters, which were published (without his consent) in 1701 and later, contain some extraordinary statements. It is asserted, for instance, that Gichtel alone, by the exercise of faith, and without leaving his chamber, defeated the large army sent against Amsterdam by Louis XIV. in 1672. History, as commonly believed, informs us that the Dutch opened their sluices and so defeated the enemy.

Two writers who, by birth, belonged to the seventeenth, exerted their influence mostly in the eighteenth century. Leibnitz awakened philosophic thought, and Wolf found expressions for it in his native language. GOTTFRIED WILHELM LEIBNITZ (1646-1716), one of the greatest of scholars and thinkers, wrote

his most important works in French and Latin, though he pleaded well for the culture of his native language. A union of the power of deep thought with versatile talents was the chief characteristic of Leibnitz, who was a philosopher, a mathematician, and a statesman. His life was a contrast to that of a lonely student; he travelled often, maintained an extensive correspondence, and was engaged in important diplomatic services, especially with a view to the prevention of war between Germany and France. During a visit to London he became acquainted with Sir Isaac Newton, with whom he was afterwards involved in a long controversy respecting the discovery of the differential calculus. It appears clear that both Newton and Leibnitz arrived independently and by distinct processes at the same result. After his return to Germany he lived mostly in Hanover, but frequently visited the Court of Prussia, and founded, in 1700, the Academy of Sciences at Berlin. His religious opinions were conciliatory, and he corresponded with Bossuet, with a view to mitigate the severity of controversy. Leibnitz was a man of middle stature, active in body and mind, and remarkably healthy. He was a courtier, and has been accused of avarice and vanity; was very careless of his own domestic affairs, and was never married. His philosophy cannot be fairly analysed, if seen out of its connection with the systems of other thinkers; but two or three of its leading thoughts may be here indicated. Leibnitz, in opposition to the doctrine of Spinosa, regarded power, instead of substance, as the basis of all phenomena. Numerous forces (monads), ever active in their combinations and oppositions, but all serving for the accomplishment of one design, form the substantial, ideal world. The whole universe is a collection of forces always acting, and no inert substance exists. In opposition to Locke's rejection of innate ideas, Leibnitz asserts that the mind has innate ideas, but these, he says, are, when viewed apart from experience, 'virtual' and not 'explicit.' In other words, thoughts contain elements not derived from the senses, but developed by means of sensation. In his *Théodicée* —an essay on Optimism—Leibnitz asserts that the actual world is the best possible world; that physical evil may be viewed as a stimulus for the development of power, and that moral evil is inseparable from the freedom of intellectual beings. This freedom is overruled, however, by a pre-established harmony; so that, in the end, all the powers that can deploy themselves are made to

'work together for good.' In one of his German essays Leibnitz indicated a comprehensive thought that was, long afterwards, more distinctly asserted by Fichte: that all the ideas expressed by such words as 'power,' 'freedom,' 'harmony,' 'beauty,' 'love,' and 'happiness' may be developments from one idea—that of union, or of the subordination of many inferior powers to one higher power. In other parts of his writings Leibnitz expresses a belief that all philosophy may ultimately be reduced to one system; having all its parts as closely united as the several branches of mathematics; but his own method—or rather, want of a method—could never lead to such a result. The best systematic view of his speculations has been given by Kuno Fischer in his 'History of Modern Philosophy.' The German writings of Leibnitz were edited by Guhrauer in 1838–40. We append a passage from the essay above referred to:—

The greatness of any power must be measured by the extent to which it displays itself, as an evolution of many from one, and as a subordination of many to one. . . . This union in variety is harmony. A subordination of parts one to another, and of all to the whole, produces order; whence arises beauty, and beauty awakens love. Thus we find a close connection between all the ideas which we represent by such words as happiness, joy, love, perfection, power, freedom, harmony, and beauty, as they all imply unity in variety. Now when the faculties of the human soul are developed in accordance with this law, there is a feeling of consistency, order, freedom, power, and completeness, which produces an abiding happiness, distinct from all sensuous pleasures, and as it is constant, does not deceive us, and cannot produce future unhappiness, as partial pleasures may. It is always attended by an enlightened reason, and an impulse toward all goodness and virtue. Sensuous, transitory, or partial pleasures may be mistaken for happiness; but they may be clearly distinguished by this mark, that while they gratify the senses, they do not satisfy reason. An unwise indulgence in such pleasures introduces discord in our nature, and thus produces many evils. Pleasure, therefore, must not be regarded as an end, but may be employed as one of the means of happiness. It should be viewed as a delicious cate, with a suspicion that it may contain something poisonous. In short, pleasures, like our daily diet, must be regulated by reason. But rational enjoyment arising out of a general harmonious wellbeing of our nature has in itself an evidence that it is purely good, and can produce no evil in the future. The chief means of promoting such joy must be the enlightenment of reason, and the exercise of the will in acting in accordance with reason. . . .

If external advantages and pleasures could produce the happiness I have described, it would certainly be found in the possession of great and rich men. But Christ himself has said, it is very difficult for rich men 'to enter the Kingdom of Heaven,' or, in other words, to attain true happiness. Having around them an abundance of sensuous luxuries, they are disposed to seek satisfaction in joys which must be transitory; or, when they rise

above physical pleasures, they generally depend on an ambition to gain honour and applause. But sickness and age will surely take away all sensuous delights, and misfortunes may ruin all the objects of ambition. Thus all external pleasures fail, and those who have depended upon them find that they have been deceived.

The devotion of a lifetime would have been demanded to reduce the hypotheses of Leibnitz to a system, but he never undertook such a task. One of his more important works—the 'New Essays on the Human Understanding'—was first published fifty years after his death. His doctrines were partly reduced to a systematic form by his follower CHRISTIAN WOLF (1679–1745), who threw aside such parts as he could not understand. Wolf was a man of great industry, and wrote an extensive series of works in Latin, and several shorter and clearer expositions of his system in German. In all his works he showed a love of order and clearness, which had a very important educational effect in his times, while his use of his own language greatly developed its resources. His systematic writings in German and Latin fill twenty-two quarto volumes. In 1707, and for fifteen years afterwards, he lectured with great success on mathematics and natural philosophy at Halle, until he was accused of heresy by some of his colleagues who were Pietists. The King, Friedrich Wilhelm I., willingly listened to the accusation; for he hated philosophers, and had military notions of orthodoxy. It is true he kept at his court one professor, Paul Gundling—the brother of the writer whose German-Latin style has been noticed—but he was kept only as a court-fool to entertain the King; was introduced, when intoxicated, to amuse the King's friends in their evening smoking-club, and was, at last, buried in a wine-cask. Wolf was driven as a criminal from Prussia in 1723, and did not return until 1740, when Friedrich called the Great mounted the throne. The philosopher was then re-appointed professor at Halle, where he enjoyed, for some years, a high reputation as a teacher.

Method and a clear arrangement of his thoughts were the most prominent merits of Wolf's writings; but his method was dogmatic, and his system was an aggregate, not an organism. He distinctly labelled his categories, but arranged them without regard to their logical union, and did not investigate their origin. He wrote down such predicates as 'finite' and 'infinite,' 'simple' and 'complex,' as if their meaning were self-evident and well understood

by everybody. Wolf knew nothing of such doubts as were afterwards introduced into metaphysics by Hume and Kant, and his writings, consequently, served to encourage a self-complacent dogmatism which, in a later time, disguised itself under the name of 'enlightenment.' In other respects his teaching had very good results, and the example of his clear style and methodical arrangement was followed by the popular philosophers of the eighteenth century.

Without these notices of the writings of Leibnitz and Wolf a transition from the literature of the seventeenth to that of the eighteenth century would seem abrupt. In the period now briefly surveyed (1625–1725) but little improvement has been noticed, save in the art of writing verse; in the next period—1725-70—are found prose-writings that, with regard to style, may challenge a comparison with the literature of the nineteenth century.

We have arrived at the close of a long time of intellectual dulness, extending from the later Middle Ages to the end of the seventeenth century. The songs and ballads, the satires, the popular sermons, and the people's jest-books of those times have much historical interest; but, if we had noticed books merely for their literary merits, almost four centuries might have been described as comparatively barren. Latin writers in theology and philology, too numerous to be mentioned, flourished during these ages, and many works of considerable learning were produced; but such labours had no influence on the progress of a national, and especially a poetical literature, of the German people. While Hans Sachs, the writer of homely fables in verse, fairly represented the character of German poetry in the sixteenth century, the Elizabethan era of poetical genius was in its lustre in England. Shakspeare wrote his dramas only a few years after the death of Sachs. No fact can more strikingly show how far Germany remained behind England in the cultivation of poetry. If we turn our attention to prose-writers, the contrast is equally remarkable. Not long after Fischart wrote his satires, Richard Hooker wrote his 'Ecclesiastical Polity' and Lord Bacon produced his philosophical essays. In the seventeenth century we still find a contrast between the vigour of English and the feebleness of German literature. Martin Opitz, and the imitators who regarded him as the 'Horace of his times,' represented German poetry during the age which produced such writers as Milton, Dryden, Barrow, and Tillotson.

CHAPTER XIII.

SIXTH PERIOD. 1725–70.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE TIME—LITERARY UNIONS—THE SWISS-LEIPZIG CONTROVERSY—GOTTSCHED—BODMER—BREITINGER—THE FABLE-WRITERS—HALLER—HAGEDORN—THE SAXON SCHOOL—GLEIM AND HIS FRIENDS—HYMN-WRITERS—PROSE FICTION.

THE times when WINCKELMANN, KLOPSTOCK, LESSING, and WIELAND wrote seem far removed from the days of Opitz. So great was the progress that had been made during the lifetime of Wolf (1679–1754), that centuries seemed to have passed away when Lessing appeared as the reformer of the literature of the German people. The title of reformer is, indeed, hardly high enough for Lessing. He gave to literature far more than improvements in form; he breathed into it a new spirit and inspired it with a new will. It remains no longer imitative, but asserts its own character. No longer does it make a pile of learning for the sake of learning, but subordinates all studies to one—that of life and progress. While maintaining its individuality, it becomes comprehensive and sympathetic in its recognition of the world's literature. These ideas were expanded by later writers, but they belong especially to Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. He was the foremost man of his time, but he was also the child of the age. His work had been prepared for him, and to explain his success some circumstances of the times favourable to literary culture must be named. Among them we can hardly include any patronage of literature by the State. Several of the best authors who wrote during the forty-five years 1725–70 belonged to Prussia, and the great historical fact of the time was the marvellous growth of the political power of that State under its two great rulers Friedrich Wilhelm I. and his son; but no direct connection can be traced between political and literary progress. The latter was

ignored by the Court of Berlin. Friedrich Wilhelm I., whose economy and prevision founded his country's power, scorned both philosophy and poetry, and classified literary men and professors with 'the foreign singers, dancers, and fiddlers,' for whom he entertained a hearty contempt. As before stated, he kept at his court one professor and historiographer, whom he treated as a buffoon. Friedrich II., a great king, and a man of power in both intellect and will, would not take the trouble to write his own language. In an 'Essay on German Literature,' which he wrote in French (1780), he mentioned neither Klopstock nor Lessing, and when an edition of the *Nibelungenlied* was presented to him, he declared it was 'not worth a shot,' and if found in his library, would have been swept out by his orders. Yet the King could bestow praise liberally, at times, for he styled an insignificant versifier—Canitz—'The Pope of Germany.' In literature the King was as truly French as his friend Voltaire. The latter, writing at the Court of Berlin (1750), says:—'I am here still in France. We all talk in our own language, and men educated at Königsberg know many of my poems by heart. German is left for soldiers and horses, and we have no need of it except when we are travelling.' The King's own tastes were represented in these words. Yet he indirectly aided the growth of a national literature; for he infused his own energy into the character of his people, and gave them something to be proud of. Think as they might of his opinions, his tastes, and some parts of his policy, they were compelled to honour the man who regarded himself as 'the Servant of the State,' and 'who thought, lived, and died like a king.'

The revival of national literature in the eighteenth century was a continuation of the work begun and carried on by Opitz, Thomasius, Schupp, Leibnitz, and Wolf. Political and social circumstances were more favourable to literary culture than they had been. Seventy-five years had passed since the close of the Thirty Years' War, and though the conditions of the Peace of Westphalia were unsatisfactory, with regard to their ultimate tendencies, the minds of men now enjoyed a comparative repose. The rancour of religious strife had considerably abated; for the three confessions were placed on an equal footing with regard to their relations with the State. Men, left without any great interest in general politics, and excluded from political power in the several

minor States, found in literary culture the occupation and the freedom which they could not elsewhere enjoy. Literary unions, with their journalism, correspondence, and controversies, supplied means of intercourse between students living in Saxony and Prussia; while Switzerland was reunited with Germany by means of literature.

The literary unions of the preceding century had not been altogether useless, for they had weeded French words out of German verse; but poetry was still a copy made from a copy; for its French models were imitations of the antique. One of the literary societies of the seventeenth century still survived at Leipzig, and GOTTSCHED, in 1727, gave it a new lease of existence, and partly changed its character for the better. About six years earlier BODMER, a professor of history at Zürich, and his friend BREITINGER, a pastor there, had started a literary journal, chiefly with a view to an improved culture of poetry. This formed the nucleus of the Swiss School. A literary union existing at Halle, in 1734–37, had only two active members—SAMUEL LANGE and JAKOB PYRA—and when they left Halle 'the Society for the Culture of Poetry and Rhetoric' seems to have suddenly disappeared. A more important association, however, was formed at Leipzig in 1744 by several young men, afterwards known as the Saxon School. They at first obeyed the rules stated by Gottsched, but soon went over to the side of Bodmer. The latter had hardly any consistent theory of poetry; but he pleaded for a free exercise of the imagination, in opposition to Gottsched's tyrannical common sense, and preferred English to French poets.

These two schools of Leipzig and Zürich were the highest authorities in poetry and criticism; but other unions of literary men were soon formed—especially at Berlin and Halberstadt. GLEIM, afterwards well known as the Mæcenas of his times, formed, while he was a student at Halle, a coterie consisting at first of the trio GLEIM, UZ, and GÖTZ; and, when two other young poets—KLEIST and RAMLER—had entered this miniature union, it became known as 'the Prussian School.' Ramler went to reside in Berlin, where, with the aid of several friends, he founded a literary association, which included Lessing, Mendelssohn, and Nicolai, the publisher of the 'Literary Letters,' to which Lessing contributed.

Meanwhile GLEIM maintained a very extensive correspondence

with his literary friends in all the schools, and, moreover, had in his own houses at Halberstadt a select college of young versifiers —JACOBI, MICHAELIS, SCHMIDT, and HEINSE—all destined, as Father Gleim fondly believed, to become great poets in the course of time.

These outlines of the history of several literary unions may serve to explain their relations with each other and their comparative importance. Their chief representatives may now be noticed.

JOHANN CHRISTOPH GOTTSCHED, born in 1700, near Königsberg, came to Leipzig in 1724, and there founded 'the German Society' for the culture of a national literature. He began his work well, by criticism directed chiefly against the affectation and bombast of the Second Silesian School. Having successfully ended this negative process, Gottsched proceeded to lay down strict laws for the cultivation of poetry. He maintained the three propositions: that poetry must be founded on an imitation of nature; that the understanding must prevail over the imagination; and that the best models must be found in French literature. At this time several translations from English poetry had appeared, and Milton had many admirers in Germany. Among his admirers no one was so enthusiastic as JOHANN JAKOB BODMER, born near Zürich in 1698, who translated the 'Paradise Lost.' In an essay 'On the Marvellous in Poetry' (1740) he defended Milton from certain charges brought against him by Gottsched, and so began a controversy that served to give animation to criticism, and had other good results. It was in the midst of this controversy that the new literature of the eighteenth century arose. For a time the critic of Leipzig had the advantage on his side, especially with regard to dramatic literature. Here he found two powerful allies to assist endeavours to preserve the stage from all innovations on French models. The first of his allies was a popular actress, named Caroline Neuber, who refused to appear in any plays in which 'Jack Puddings,' or other low characters condemned by Gottsched, were introduced. The other ally was his wife, LUISE VICTORIA GOTTSCHED, who had talents superior to any possessed by the dictator himself. She translated Pope's 'Rape of the Lock,' as well as several French dramas; she was the author, too, of comedies and poems in her native tongue. Yet she was one of the best of household managers, and while she regulated her husband's domestic affairs

assisted him not a little in his literary labour. With these and inferior allies, Gottsched maintained well, for some time, his contest with the Swiss literary heretics; but his dominion was overthrown at last by himself when, in the pride of his power, he went so far as to condemn Klopstock, then rising into popularity. The Leipzig critic declared that the *Messias* was a very irregular and worthless poem, and could not for a moment be compared with 'Hermann,' a new epic by CHRISTOPH OTTO SCHÖNAICH; but the public, as well as many critics, condemned the latter as intolerably dull and unreadable. In dramatic literature the critic found a formidable opponent in CHRISTIAN FELIX WEISE (1726–1804), who endeavoured to make innovations on the stage, especially by introducing light comic operas and melodramas, to supersede such heavy tragedies as Gottsched's own 'Dying Cato.' The dictator was so seriously offended by the performance of one of Weise's operas—'The Devil is loose'—that he regarded it as a personal insult offered to himself. Nor was this the last of his sad reverses of fortune. His wife—once his faithful literary assistant—went over to the side of the innovators, and the popular actress, Caroline Neuber, having also joined the new party, was an accomplice in the shameful act of representing a caricature of the dictator himself on the Leipzig stage! When Gottsched was thus prostrated, everyone, of course, was ready to strike him. One ROST, the author of some licentious poems, wrote an abusive letter—'From the Devil to Gottsched'—and distributed copies so that, wherever the critic went, he found the odious epistle. 'Fallen from his high estate,' deprived of all his literary authority, derided by the actress who had once been his loyal subject, and—worse than all—censured by his wife, as if he had lived beyond his time, the great critic of Leipzig finally retired into deep shades. He had done good service in his day, if it was nothing more than putting down Lohenstein. This one fact ought to save Gottsched's name from contempt. His 'Critical Theory of Poetry' (1730) says nothing true of poetry itself, but contains some good remarks on diction and versification. He was a reformer of the externals of literature, and was a respectable writer when contrasted with the leading men of the Second Silesian School.

BODMER and his friends were—like their enemy, Gottsched—more successful on the negative than on the positive side, when they wrote on their own theory of poetry. They declared, truly,

that French models were not final, and that a contempt of Milton was no proof of a critic's good judgment; but when they went on further, to assert their own theory of poetry, they were but a little less narrow than Gottsched. They agreed that poetry must be an imitation of nature—must be, in fact, 'a kind of painting in words'—and that its purport must be useful. Still they contended that the wonderful, and even the impossible, must be admitted as elements of poetry. These two latter conditions might seem to be irreconcileable; but they were found united in Æsop's Fables, which were, indeed, 'marvellous' in their incidents, but 'useful' in their moral purport. Hence the Æsopian fable must be estimated as holding a very high place in poetical literature. In obedience to this odd dictum of the Swiss critics, several men of respectable talents—Gellert, Lichtwer, and Pfeffel—wrote many fables in verse, and sincerely endeavoured to be instructive.

CHRISTIAN FURCHTEGOTT GELLERT (1716–69), a very amiable man, had great success as a writer of fables, hymns, and a few other poems. His language was clear and correct, though popular, and his didactic purport was always good; but he had no high imaginative powers. The people accepted his writings with an enthusiastic approval, and their feelings were shared by the higher classes. Gellert, who was modest and retiring, found himself celebrated, while he was trying mostly to be useful. His fame must have been great, for it reached the Court of Berlin. Friedrich II. sought an interview with the writer of popular fables, and was well pleased with his conversation. 'He is one of the most rational of German professors,' said the King. But the fabulist's admirers were found among men of all classes. A story is told of a peasant who brought to the poet's house a cart-load of firewood, as a thanksgiving for pleasure received in reading Gellert's fables. Good morals and piety were more noticeable than genius in Gellert; but he had humour, and his piety was not narrow. In one of his fables a man afflicted with rheumatism endeavours to cure it by an odd charm, recommended by a superstitious woman: he must wash his hands in morning dew found on the grave of some good and holy man. Guided by fine epitaphs, the patient first tries dew from the grave of one 'who lived a perfect model of faith and good works,' and who died 'lamented by Church and State.' No cure follows, and the patient next tries an obscure

grave without a name. When his rheumatic pains have abated, he makes some enquiry respecting the tenant of the grave. 'Sir,' replies the sexton, 'they would hardly give him Christian burial. He was a heretic—a writer of poems and comedies—a good-for-nothing.' It is obvious that the satire here intended is ambiguous; for either the piety of the saint or the virtue of the charm might be unreal.

Another writer of fables, MAGNUS GOTTFRIED LICHTWER (1719–83), followed the example of Gellert in making imagination subservient to didactic utility, and hardly more can be said in favour of 'the fables and poetical narratives' written by GOTTFRIED KONRAD PFEFFEL (1736–1809), who was afflicted with a total loss of eyesight during the greater part of his long life. This was not allowed to interrupt his literary and other labours. He was a successful schoolmaster, and discharged faithfully the duties of several public offices. His satirical and didactic verses are very mild, excepting when he refers to the outbreak of the French Revolution, of which he always speaks bitterly. This will be excused when it is added that the Revolution compelled the blind man to shut up his school at Colmar in Elsass. The example of his industrious life is more valuable than all the morals appended to his fables.

The writers of fables had more success than Bodmer either enjoyed or deserved, when he turned away from criticism and æsthetic controversy to write epics. It is enough to mention one, 'The Noachide,' which tells the story of Noah and the Deluge. Bodmer's attempted sublimity is sometimes ridiculous, as when he ascribes the flood to the collision of a watery comet with the earth. His best services to literature consisted in his opposition to Gottsched's bigotry, and in his attempts to revive the study of old German literature. He edited a part of the *Nibelungenlied* (1757) and a collection of *Minnelieder* (1758). These services attracted little attention until some years after his death, which took place in 1783. His friend JOHANN JAKOB BREITINGER (1701–76) published, in 1740, 'A Critical Study of the Poetic Art,' written correctly, but too closely limited in its definition of poetry. The author was a respectable, well-educated man, less controversial than Bodmer and Gottsched, and caring more for truth than for conquest. Some of his remarks—especially those given near the close of his book—go beyond his own theory. He

expresses doubts whether a mere descriptive piece in verse ought to be called a poem, and suggests that the true object of poetry —narrative, lyrical, or dramatic—should be to represent human life in all its diversities of characters and passions.

The Swiss-Leipzig controversy served to awaken an interest in poetical literature, and called forth the high critical powers of Lessing. Both Klopstock and Wieland were partly indebted to Bodmer, who found delight in encouraging the development of talents greater than his own. Hence it is easy to trace a connection between a controversy of which the details are now mostly forgotten and the rise of a new literature, of which Lessing was the founder. This fact alone gives importance to the names of Gottsched and Bodmer.

Two verse-writers, who had hardly any interest in the controversy above noticed, wrote in the earlier part of this period, and contributed to the improvement of style that followed. ALBRECHT VON HALLER (1708-77), an accomplished scholar, whose studies were mostly devoted to anatomy and physiology, wrote several odes, and other lyrical poems, characterised by dignity and thoughtfulness; several didactic poems and satires, and a descriptive poem on 'The Alps' (1732), which is one of the best of its class. That Haller did not admit the more advanced doctrine of Breitinger is shown in a didactic romance—'Fabius and Cato' (1744)—which is, in fact, a disquisition on the respective merit of several forms of government. In one of his odes—'An Address to Eternity'—he shows great vigour and dignity of language; but the subject is abstract, and the sublimity of the thoughts is not of the highest order, if we except one line, noticed by HEGEL as better than all the rest. It is the last line of the following passage:—

> Eternity!—o'er numbers vast,
> O'er millions upon millions cast
> And multiplied a thousandth time;
> O'er worlds on worlds I still must climb,
> In vain, to reach the boundless thought;
> For still I am no nearer brought;
> The highest powers of numbers make no part
> Of thine infinitude: at last,
> I sweep them all away—and there Thou art.

A lighter and more graceful tone of lyrical poetry was introduced by FRIEDRICH VON HAGEDORN (1708–54), a native of Hamburg, who was for some time secretary to the Danish embassy in Lon-

don. The topics of his songs are wine, friendship, and practical wisdom as understood by Horace. In his fables and his narrative poems Hagedorn partly followed Lafontaine and other French writers. But English authors were now taking the place of French, as models for imitative writers. ARNOLD EBERT (1723–95), who translated Young's 'Night Thoughts,' some of Richardson's novels, and Macpherson's 'Ossian,' helped to spread a literary epidemic styled 'Anglomania.' It is amusing to read that the 'Night Thoughts' of Young cherished, in Germany, a disposition to melancholy and sentimental verse-writing. Some good influence must be ascribed to translations from Milton, Pope, and Thomson. Pope's best work, 'The Rape of the Lock,' suggested some mock-heroic epics written by WILHELM ZACHARIÄ (1726–77), and Thomson's 'Seasons' encouraged several writers of descriptive poems. One of the best of these was EWALD CHRISTIAN VON KLEIST (1715–59), a major in the Prussian army, who fell in the campaign of 1758–59. His poem on 'Spring,' which was once remarkably popular, has partly an epic character, and is made interesting by the expression of true feelings arising from the writer's experience of the miseries of war.

With the exception of Haller, Hagedorn, and Kleist, it will, perhaps, be sufficient to notice most of the minor poets of the period in groups, rather than individually; for though not destitute of merit with regard to their diction, they had little distinctive genius. The schools, or coteries, to which they belonged were not imaginary—not like 'the Lake School,' invented by reviewers who could not see the difference between Wordsworth and Southey. Members of German literary societies in the eighteenth century were really united, though not always formally. Versifiers of the Saxon School, for example, were mostly associated not only as members of the literary union founded by KARL GÄRTNER (1712–91), but also as students sent out from the best classical schools of Saxony—the *Fürstenschulen*, which had been endowed out of the revenues of several suppressed convents. A literary journal entitled *Die Bremer Beiträge* was the organ of this Saxon School, which included among its members—besides Gärtner, Gellert, Zachariä, and Ebert, already named—such men as ELIAS SCHLEGEL (1718–49), a dramatist, who was opposed to artificial rules; his brother, ADOLF SCHLEGEL, the father of two sons whose names eclipsed his own; CRAMER, a pastor, who wrote

version of the Psalms; KÄSTNER, the satirist; and the dramatists CRONEGK and AYRENHOFF. One of the more noticeable men of the Saxon School was GOTTLIEB RABENER (1714-71), a mild satirist, who was described by Goethe as a man of remarkable good humour. Rabener held an inferior office under government, and, during the siege of Dresden (1760), his house was burned down. In a letter to a friend he describes his own misfortunes thus:—

My servant came and informed me that my house was burned down, that part of my property had been destroyed by bombshells, and that the remaining portion had been plundered by soldiers who had been sent to quench the fire. Sad news! All my property, furniture, clothing, books, manuscripts—all the pleasant letters from yourself and other friends which I had preserved so carefully—all destroyed! Of property worth, as I counted it, some three thousand dollars, scarcely the value of ten dollars remaining! My wardrobe is thus suddenly reduced to an old stuff frock and an obsolete peruke—item, a bedgown! All my witty manuscripts, which, as I once expected, would make such a sensation after my decease—all turned to smoke! Really, I have now no motive for dying, and shall therefore live as long and as well as I can!

In one instance, at least, Rabener's satire is well directed; for it caricatures the tedious style of certain historical books. He gives a review of a supposed voluminous history of an obscure hamlet called 'Querlequitsch.' Its historian begins thus:—'If we carry back our researches to the beginning of the world, we shall find that it was at first inhabited by only one married couple, named respectively Adam and Eve.' He then goes on, with insufferable tediousness, through the history of the Chaldeans, the Assyrians, the Egyptians, the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans—not forgetting the Longobards—and at last expresses his thankfulness that he has found his way back to his subject, the obscure hamlet of Querlequitsch.

The self-complacency, often characteristic of men of small capacity, is found nowhere more complete than in the versifying coterie over which 'Father Gleim' presided at Halberstadt. JOHANN WILHELM GLEIM (1719-1803), a good-natured man and a bachelor in easy circumstances, kept in his own house a nursery for young poets. He first formed, as has been said, a little coterie at Halle, of which JOHANN PETER UZ (1720-96) and JOHANN NIKOLAUS GÖTZ (1721-81), were members—both versifiers whose merits consisted mostly in their diction. The

best of Gleim's own poems are his patriotic songs. He wrote, beside many lyrical pieces, a didactic poem—'Halladat,' or 'The Red Book.' 'From my early days,' says the author, 'I have had the thought of writing a book like the Bible.' (!) The result of this presumptuous design was a book full of common-places on virtue, and containing hardly one original thought. Gleim must be kindly remembered as a friend of literary men, though not as a poet. The society of small versifiers—with, here and there, a man of higher powers—cheered the bachelor's house at Halberstadt, where, in one large room, he kept one hundred and eighteen portraits of relatives and literary friends. No great poet ever had, in this world, a life as happy as that of 'father Gleim.' He never found faults in any poems written by his friends or dependents. All their works were beautiful! He would patronise anybody who would write a few verses, either daily or weekly. One of the least fortunate of the objects of his patronage was ANNA LUISE KARSCH, the daughter of a peasant. She married unhappily when she was sixteen years old, and her second husband was an intemperate tailor, whose thirst consumed all that the poetess could earn by making verses. Having escaped from his tyranny, she went to Berlin and thence to Halberstadt, where father Gleim assisted her in publishing her poems, which produced for her a little fortune of about three hundred pounds. This was soon consumed by her rapacious relatives, and then the poor woman made an application for help to the king. Friedrich II. gave her six shillings, which she contemptuously returned to him. His successor patronised the poetess, whose misfortunes had now gained for her a name at Berlin. A nobleman granted her a small annuity, and the king gave her a newly-built house. She was so delighted with this change of fortune, that she would not wait until the walls were dry, and, soon after taking possession of her new abode, she fell ill, and died in 1791. Her verses give some proofs of imaginative energy; but her genius was injured, rather than improved, by the patronage she received.—Father Gleim had a better reward for the services he rendered to two or three young poets, already named. JOHANN GEORG JACOBI (1740–1814), wrote, at first, on very trivial themes, but made great improvement afterwards, when he imitated the style of a junior cotemporary—Goethe. The versification of Jacobi's lyrical poems is melodious.—Another of Gleim's more successful friends was KARL

Wilhelm Ramler (1725–98), who chose Horace for his model, and wrote odes and other lyrical poems which were praised by Goethe. Ramler was, for some years, a teacher in the Cadets' School at Berlin, and there wrote odes to celebrate the military successes of the king, who, however, took no notice of the poet. These odes, and some other poems by Ramler have now but little interest apart from their versification. His imitations of antique metres were carefully studied, and served as models for Voss and other translators. Lessing sometimes submitted his own verses to Ramler's criticism.

Several writers of odes and hymns, who were mostly imitators, may be left unnamed here. A translation of the Psalms by Johann Andreas Cramer (1723–88), one of the members of the Saxon School, has greater merit than his original hymns. Other hymn-writers belonged mostly to two schools;—the didactic, in which Gellert's example prevailed, and the Pietistic, including the writers of hymns for the services of the United Brethren. A tendency to give prominence to natural theology is found in the hymns, as in the prose writings, of Christoph Sturm (1740–86), a pastor at Hamburg, who might, perhaps, be classed with Klopstock's imitators. His best work in prose, entitled 'Meditations on the Works of God' (1779), was translated into English, and other languages, and enjoyed remarkable popularity. The most productive of all the Pietistic hymn-writers, was Nikolaus Ludwig, Graf von Zinzendorf (1700–60), who founded the societies of the United Brethren, otherwise called Moravians. He gave to the Moravian brethren, who, to escape from persecution had left their native land, a settlement on his own estate, at a place afterwards called Herrnhut. Here he presided over his 'little church in the great church,' as he called it, which became a centre from which missionary companies went forth into many parts of the world. Many of the hymns written by Zinzendorf are marked by extreme simplicity; others have a quasi-amatory character, of which the writer, in his later years, expressed his own disapprobation.

Several other names of minor poets might be mentioned without serving to indicate any progress, either in thought or in diction. When we turn from verse to fictions written in prose, Wieland's romances are almost the only productions deserving notice. Johann Timotheus Hermes (1738–1821), an imitator

of Richardson, wrote the first German story—'Sophia's Journey'—giving descriptions of the life of the middle classes. In other respects the book is insignificant. SALOMON GESSNER (1730-86), a landscape-painter, endeavoured to do with his pen work that would have been better done with a brush. He found delight in writing descriptions, of which his stories mostly consist. His 'Death of Abel' gained great popularity in England as well as in Germany. A short passage from one of his essays may indicate his style:—

> If Heaven would fulfil the wish long cherished in my heart, I would escape into the country and live far away from towns. You should find me hidden from the world, and contented, in a little cottage embowered among hazels and other trees, with a trellised vine in the front, and a cool spring bubbling near my door. On the little grass-plot my doves would often alight and please me with their graceful movements, or receive from my hand the crumbs left on my table. There chanticleer too should proudly strut at the head of his family. And in a sheltered corner I would have my hives of bees, that the sweetness of my flowers might be treasured up, and that I might be often reminded that even in solitude I must be industrious. Behind the cottage you should find my garden for fruit and flowers, surrounded with a hedge of hazels, and with a bower at each corner. Here I would employ art, not to cut nature into grotesque forms, but gently to co-operate with her workings, and to unfold her beauty. Here would be my place in pleasant weather, where I could enjoy alternately exercise and meditation. Then imagine a little green pasture near the garden, and a gentle rill flowing beside my plantation, and spreading at one point in its course into a miniature lake, having an island and a pleasant bower in the middle; and add to this rural inventory a little vineyard, and one little field of yellow corn; and then what king would be richer than I?

It is only in accordance with the most popular definition of poetry, that several versifiers of the schools of Leipzig, Halle and Halberstadt can be called poets. Some diminutive, rather less abusive than poetaster, would be a better name for them. Having little or nothing to say, they often said it neatly; but too many of their poems were mere exercises in versification on worn topics and sentiments derived from French or English sources. All the forms of poetry were tried—the lyrical, the epic, and the dramatic—and some forms that should hardly be tolerated; such as didactic and prosaic treatises in verse, on such themes as 'The Irrigation of Meadows,' and 'The Rights of Reason.' Commonplace is too often made the theme of lyrical poetry, of which the true element should be individuality; here we find, again and again, trite sayings on friendship, wine, and the beauties of

Nature, with little true variety in all their variations. In narrative poetry many fables are good, as far as they go, and, having some meaning, are better than the idylls in which inane shepherds and shepherdesses appear. Pope's fine work of fancy, 'The Rape of the Lock,' made imitative mock-heroic poems fashionable for a time. Some improvements—among them the use of iambic verse—were introduced into the drama by Weisse, Nicolai, and one of the Schlegels, before the time when Lessing introduced a national drama. The rules of versification laid down by Opitz were mostly obeyed and partly extended, and in their search for variety of forms, versifiers attempted imitations of antique classical metres, and introduced a prosody partly founded on quantity. These services rendered to the culture of language are valuable; but they cannot claim for imitative versifiers a place among the poets who have united artistic forms of expression with great thoughts or important actions and passions.

CHAPTER XIV.

SIXTH PERIOD. 1725-70.

FREDERICK II. OF PRUSSIA—HISTORIANS—POPULAR PHILOSOPHERS—RATIONALISTS—WRITERS ON ÆSTHETICS—WINCKELMANN.

THE prose-writers of the reign of FRIEDRICH II. of Prussia had mostly something to say, while too many of their versifying cotemporaries were putting trifles into rhyme; but few historians or publicists were found capable of writing worthily of such events as were then taking place. Many good essays on morals and on social life, were written by authors belonging to the school of popular philosophy, and, in the department of art-criticism, two of the most important works in the world's literature —the 'History of Ancient Art,' and 'The Laokoon,'—were written during this period. Moral philosophy and æsthetics are the departments in which the best prose writings of the time are found.

One of the more valuable historical works written in German, was a history of the petty state of Osnabrück—a bishopric which ceased to exist in 1803. It seems strange that German historians and writers on politics wrote hardly anything noticeable of the greatest events that had taken place since the Reformation. But literary men knew very little of the importance of such movements as the Silesian wars, and to find any worthy account of them we must refer to the king's own writings;—his 'Contributions to a History of Brandenburg,' the 'History of the Seven Years' War,' and the History of his own Times. These works, written by the great king and military commander, who saved Germany from destruction, are written in French! They are, however, so far connected with national literature, that they may serve as some apology for the king's neglect of literary men. With such work as he had imposed upon him, he might, with good reason,

have neglected far greater men. While authors were discussing æsthetical questions, Austria and France—one power as foreign as the other—were plotting in order that 'the German body,' as they called it, might never have a soul; or might never be guided by a head. Meanwhile, some of the petty princes—as they might be styled, without regard to the areas of their domains—were ready to sacrifice nationality to their meanest personal interests. It had been resolved, at Versailles and Vienna, that the power of Prussia must be first destroyed, and that then 'the body' should be dissected, according to a plan of which all the details had been concerted. To give the highest sanction to the work of destroying Prussia and all Germany, the warfare against FRIEDRICH II. was to be waged as a holy crusade against an infidel. It was to be a strictly religious war, and directed by immediate inspiration received from such an odd source as Madame de Pompadour! When FRIEDRICH II. marched into Saxony to defeat this conspiracy, he was acting strictly on the defensive and in favour of the establishment of peace. That 'he gave no aid to German literature,' has been made a grave topic of complaint; but it may be added that, without the hard work of his life, neither the German people nor their literature would have had much to boast of in 1870.

When compared with the king's writings, other historical and political works of his times have but a meagre interest. An exception must be noticed, however, in the history of a petty state already named. JUSTUS MÖSER, the author, was born at Osnabrück in 1720. He studied law at Göttingen, and practised, for some years, as an advocate, in his native place. For about twenty years after 1763, when the see of Osnabrück belonged to Friedrich, the infant son of George III. of England, Möser acted as prime minister in all the political affairs of the bishopric. His personal character was singularly well expressed in his stately figure, and his grave but amiable aspect. Literature for Möser was an implement to be used in the service of the state. His chief work, the 'Osnabrück History' (1765-80), is full of proofs of the writer's intelligence, research and patriotism. He seizes every opportunity of exposing the errors of centralization. The maxim of all maxims for Möser is that political institutions must grow up out of the history of a people. He will hear nothing in favour of abstract theories, or of governments made upon paper, and imposed

on a people by some external power. All such schemes he denounces again and again as mechanical and despotic, while he advocates self-government, carried out as far as possible, and based on history and old custom. Möser would have all laws developed from ancient facts. He often writes with genial humour and effective satire; for example in the essay against the use of money 'Throw it into the sea,' he says, 'or give it to your enemies, as a means of punishing them. It can never be introduced into any state without bringing incalculable evils with it!' A reader who stops before he comes to the end of the essay, may imagine the writer to be a fanatic; but Möser briefly explains his purport by saying; 'such are the arguments that may be used by sophists against the principles of religion.'

With reference to his moral aims, the range of his topics and the independent character impressed on every page of his writings, Justus Möser may be described as the model of a writer for the people. It is impossible to read many passages of the 'Osnabrück History,' or of the 'Patriotic Fantasies,' without understanding why Goethe spoke of Möser as 'an incomparable man.' The last-named of his works is a miscellany of articles published at first in a newspaper, and contains many short essays and tales mostly devoted to utilitarian purposes. He was a decided enemy of all the French fashions which were gaining ground in his time, as may be seen in the outline of one of his stories. Selinde, the heroine, is an industrious German maiden, educated in the ancient homely fashion. Her evenings are passed in the spinning-room, where all her father's family and servants are assembled, while constant occupation leaves no room for such a word as *ennui*. But a young neighbour, Arist, who pays his addresses to Selinde, is an admirer of refinement and fashion, and loves to indulge in ridicule against the antiquated spinning-room. He marries Selinde, and improves her taste. The young couple become very fashionable, neglect the concerns of their household, and endeavour to amuse themselves with meaningless trifles. But time passes now more tediously than in the spinning-room. Arist sees that his wife is unhappy, though she will not confess it. At last he confesses that there is more happiness in useful occupation than in frivolity. Selinde hears this confession with delight: the spinning-room is restored; and the old style triumphs over the new.

It is merely with respect for his patriotic character that FRIEDRICH CARL MÖSER (1723–98), can be named here. He was a very industrious publicist, but the style of his works has no attractions. He would insert anything in any place, and in this way he rambled through more than a hundred books and pamphlets on such topics as 'German Nationality,' 'Political Truths,' and 'Master and Servant.' Möser, whose knowledge of courts was partly founded on his own observations, described a cotemporary political writer, as 'the good, gentle, amiable, republican ISELIN, who knows princes only by engravings of their portraits.' This is one of the livelier examples of Möser's satirical vein. The historical writer thus censured, ISAAC ISELIN (1728–82), wrote a series of 'Conjectures on the History of Mankind,' and a 'Discourse on Patriotism,' which have been commended as indicating a philosophical treatment of history, such as was afterwards suggested and partly carried out by Herder. Iselin was not afraid of extensive problems; for he attempted to explain the true causes of the decline of Greek and Roman civilisation. His argument may be called tautological; for he tells us little more than that ancient civilisation was not permanent because it was not founded on permanent virtues.

Several prose-writers who wrote on history and politics in these times, were associated by their common tendency towards utilitarian doctrines. THOMAS ABBT (1738–66), especially demanded that all literature should be devoted to utility. 'Write for the people,' was his rule, and it was obeyed by JOHANN HIRZEL (1725–1803), who wrote a book entitled 'The Economy of a Philosophical Peasant,' partly founded on the true personal history of a Bauer, or small farmer, of whom the writer made a rural Socrates. Though his writings were partly historical, HIRZEL might be classed with the so-called 'popular philosophers' of his times. They were mostly men of talent, without genius, who wrote with clearness and sobriety, and generally with some useful purport. Their views on religion and on the foundations of morals, were generally such as at a rather later time were called rationalistic; but they hardly understood all the results of their own principles. In this respect they were like the earlier rationalists of the eighteenth century.

One of the best of the popular philosophers was MOSES MENDELSSOHN (1729–86), an Israelite, already named as Lessing's friend.

He wrote several didactic works, including 'Phaedon,' a dialogue on the immortality of the soul, which was partly a free translation from Plato, but gave some expansion to the original argument. When Lavater, the Pietist, rudely endeavoured to convert Mendelssohn to Christianity, there were not a few who suspected that the Israelite was capable of giving lessons on true religion to Lavater. The author of 'Phaedon' contended, that the highest utility must be found in moral philosophy. 'I cannot read,' he says, 'without pity the opinion of a French writer that "the efforts of Reaumur to preserve carpets and tapestry from the ravages of moths, were more worthy of admiration than all the moral speculations of Leibnitz!" Is not this saying that the vain luxuries of our houses are of more importance than our own souls, or even than the honour of the Divine character, which may be misrepresented by a false philosophy? On the other side, I would assert that, even if the alchymists had succeeded in their efforts, and had turned every stone on the earth's surface into gold, they would have made an absurd mistake if they had regarded such a feat as the completion and final triumph of philosophy.'

CHRISTIAN GARVE (1742–98), another of the popular philosophers, was, with regard to his style, one of the best of all the prose-writers of the eighteenth century. He wrote mostly short essays on morals and on literary culture—especially on style—and was employed by FRIEDRICH II. to translate Cicero's treatise on the 'Duties of Life.' The king gave some suggestions for the annotations appended to the work, and bestowed on Garve a small pension of two hundred dollars. Garve was remarkable for the patience with which he endured a long affliction, and for his modesty. With reference to Kant's writings, he said;—'I do not find myself at home in the higher regions of philosophy; I must have some practical object in view.' He would write only on such subjects as he could clearly understand. In a pleasant essay on the 'Scenery of Mountainous Countries,' he says nothing of Kant's new æsthetic doctrines; nothing of the sublime effect of vast physical objects in exciting a consciousness of 'a moral power stronger than all nature.' One of the chief causes of the impressive character of mountain scenery, says Garve, is that we see more objects on the side of a mountain than could be seen on a plain of the same extent.

One of the best rivals of Garve, in the use of a clear and popular

style, was JAKOB ENGEL (1741–1802), the author of 'Lorenz Stark,' a domestic novel, and of other stories, all intended to convey moral instruction. He published, in 1775–77, his 'Philosopher for the World,' a series of essays, sketches and stories, to which Mendelssohn, Garve, and Eberhard contributed. Though the dates of his works extend a few years beyond 1770, Engel belonged to the school of popular philosophers, and ably represented their practical purport, their sobriety, and their self-complacency. Engel's prose rises to an eloquent strain in his Eulogium of Friedrich II.

It is rather difficult to define the school of popular philosophy; for it might include such theologians as GEORG JOACHIM ZOLLIKOFER (1730–88), an excellent preacher and writer on practical religion; JOHANN EBERHARD (1739–1809), who, in his 'Apology of Socrates' (1772), opposed the doctrine that the souls of heathen men must be excluded from heaven; and JOHANN SPALDING (1714–1804), who might be also classed with the earlier rationalists, as he wrote against Pietism and described ethics as the basis of religion. GELLERT, already noticed as a poet, wrote in a popular style on moral philosophy, and may therefore be named here. Another author, sometimes classed with this school, JOHANN ZIMMERMANN (1728–95), was a physician at the court of Hanover. He gained his popularity by a book 'On Solitude,' and disgraced himself by writing to display his own egotism and vanity under a pretence of giving some account of the last days of Friedrich II. of Prussia. Zimmermann was one of the physicians in attendance on the king, during his last illness, and seized the opportunity of making a bad book! Such men as Zimmermann and Lavater could know nothing of the king's latest thoughts. He has been commonly described as an atheist; but some expressions found in his later letters might support the assertion, that his belief respecting a First Cause was not altogether unlike Kant's doctrine;—Where reason fails, the voice of conscience alone must be accepted as a revelation.

The assertion of the rights of free inquiry and the rise of the earlier rationalistic theology of these times can hardly be described as taking place in any well-defined period. They had been preceded by the study of French and English writings on natural religion (so-called) when HERMANN SAMUEL REIMARUS (1694–1768), author of 'The Wolfenbüttel Fragments,' edited by Les-

sing, wrote (1754) his 'Principles of Natural Religion,' which was followed, in 1760, by a more interesting work on 'The Instincts of Animals.' In the latter, he reasons in favour of the immortality of the soul, and evidently places great trust in his arguments founded on analogy. Having noticed a harmony between the instincts of animals and their destinies, he continues thus;—

> It is as natural in us to look forward beyond this world, as it is in the lower animals to remain satisfied with their present life. Their nature is confined within certain bounds; our own is distinguished by its capacity of continual development; and a desire for such development has been planted in us by our Creator.
>
> Now where do we find instincts falsified in the plan of nature? Where do we see an instance of a creature endowed with an instinct craving a certain kind of food in a world where no such food can be found? Are the swallows deceived by their instinct when they fly away from clouds and storms to find a warmer country? Do they not find a milder climate beyond the water? When the May-flies and other aquatic insects leave their husks, expand their wings, and soar from the water into the air, do they not find an atmosphere fitted to sustain them in a new stage of life? Certainly. The voice of nature does not utter false prophecies. It is the call, the invitation of the Creator addressed to his creatures. And if this is true with regard to the impulses of physical life, why should it not be true with regard to the superior instincts of the human soul?

Confidence in such reasonings as are expressed in the above paragraphs was a characteristic of both the popular philosophers and the rationalists of the eighteenth century. For them history, or any other external authority, could hardly be more than an echo of a verdict pronounced by reason. They were not altogether negative in their aims; the tenets which they held as true—such as the existence of God and the immortality of the soul—were held firmly, while the arguments used to support them were mostly dogmatic. Several of their expositions of natural theology were shallow and optimistic; they neither looked on the dark side of nature, nor tested the logic on which their physico-theological arguments were founded. That such a thinker as KANT might come, some day, and demolish their proofs for the three chief tenets of natural religion was a possibility hardly dreamed of by the earlier rationalists. Their general negative tendency was to reject, or to explain away, all statements of miraculous events, and their attempts to explain, rather than reject, such statements were, in several instances, ridiculous in the extreme. In their zeal for enlightenment, they separated light from warmth,

and their cold intellectual and ethical system—devised as a substitute for religion—excluded both feeling and imagination. The common intuitions found in the highest poetry, as well as in the superstitions of all peoples, were treated as empty fictions. Philosophical speculation was ridiculed if it contained anything better than commonplace. Truth that did not seem obvious to NICOLAI, the enlightened bookseller at Berlin, or to DR. BAHRDT (1741-92), was set at nought.

These and other charges may be justly preferred against several of the more negative writers on theology. But the earlier rationalists must, by no means, be described as writers who strictly belonged to one school. The last-named author stood almost alone as an indecent, burlesque polemic. It was with reference to men who only remotely resembled Bahrdt, that Lessing said of Berlin, 'all the liberty you enjoy there is that of publishing stupid jokes against religion.' This may suffice to indicate the fact, that there was an upper and a lower school of rationalism. To the former belonged such men as WILHELM ABRAHAM TELLER (1734–1804), who published, in 1764, a 'Manual of Rational Christianity,' and another representative of the upper school might be found in JOHANN FRIEDRICH JERUSALEM (1709–89), a man of high culture and one of the best preachers of his time. The affliction by which his old age was overshadowed—his son's suicide —gave rise to the publication of Goethe's 'Sorrows of Werther.'

Apart from their negative criticism and from their special tenets, the more thoughtful men among the earlier rationalists kept in view, more or less distinctly, a common object. It was to assert, that the essentials of practical religion may be distinguished from all the traditional forms through which they have been conveyed, and may be maintained and promulgated without any aid derived from a systematic orthodoxy, or from an infallible church.

In Ecclesiastical history a very extensive work was partly issued in this period—'The History of the Christian Church,' by JOHANN MATTHIAS SCHRÖCKH (1733-1808). The whole work, in thirty-five volumes, was completed in 1803. The name of JOHANN LORENZ MOSHEIM (1694-1755), reminds us that, in his times, the old prejudices of learned men against the use of their native tongue had not disappeared. He was an excellent preacher, and could write well in German; but his chief work—a 'History of the Christian Church'—was written in Latin. In the same

language JAKOB BRUCKER (1696–1770), wrote 'A Critical History of Philosophy,' which is chiefly remarkable for the extent of its erudition. It appeared in an English translation by Enfield in 1791.

The historical and didactic works already noticed are mostly characterised by the reformatory tendency of the times. A discontent with the past, like that then growing formidable in France, existed also in Germany, near the close of the eighteenth century, but here found more subdued forms of utterance in attempts to renovate the style of German Literature. Of all these endeavours the most sucessful, on the whole, are found in works belonging to the department of Æsthetics, including the theory and the criticism of poetry and art. One of the earliest critics of the eighteenth century, CHRISTIAN LUDWIG LISCOW (1701–60), wrote satires on several of the obscure writers of his times. His own prose-style was pure and vigorous.—The objects of æsthetic studies were defined in a Latin treatise entitled 'Æsthetica' (1750), written by ALEXANDER GOTTLIEB BAUMGARTEN (1714–62). His disciple FRIEDRICH MEIER (1718–77), wrote, about the same time, a German treatise on 'The First Principles of the Fine Arts.' Several years later, JOHANN GEORG SULZER (1720–79), published 'A Theory of the Fine Arts;' but made hardly any innovation on the doctrines already asserted by Bodmer and his friend Breitinger. These theoretical works were mostly both formal and arbitrary. Their theory did not include any true analysis of the best works of art, and their rules were not derived from any extensive survey of art and literature.

Lessing's writings must be noticed apart from those of the minor critics above named; but his friend CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH NICOLAI (1733–1811), may be classed with minor writers on Æsthetics. In the capacity of a bookseller and as the friend of Lessing, Nicolai rendered to literature services far more important than any to be found in his own writings. His 'Library of Belles Lettres' (1757), the 'Literary Letters,' to which Lessing contributed (1759–66), and the new 'General German Library,' extending to fifty-six volumes—all contributed to the literary progress made in his times; but in his own books, Nicolai made himself ridiculous as an intolerant and shallow declaimer against philosophy. He wrote scornfully of everything that he could not easily understand—Kant's works for example—and set up his own

notions as the final standard of common sense. It must be allowed that he did not write severely without some provocation, caused by the literary revolution that took place during his later years. When 'The Sorrows of Werther' had appeared and had spread a sentimental epidemic, the sarcastic bookseller issued his 'Joys of Werther'—not to ridicule Goethe, but to suggest a cure for the monomania of the times. It was Nicolai's misfortune that he lived beyond his own period into the times when wild young poets, with Goethe at their head, were asserting unheard-of claims to original genius. To ridicule their extravagance, Nicolai wrote his absurd 'Story of a Fat Man.' His best work, the description of 'A Journey through Germany and Switzerland,' contains his own opinions on literature and politics. In his *Sebaldus Nothanker* (1773–76), he wrote mostly against orthodoxy and Pietism. On the whole, Nicolai was fairly described as a shallow burlesque or caricature of Lessing. At the close of the eighteenth and in the opening of the nineteenth century, when such men as Hamann, Herder, and Goethe were looking onwards for the dawn of a new epoch, a critic like the Berlin Bookseller was as obsolete as an old fossil. His extinction was not so sudden as that of Gottsched, the great Leipzig critic; but it was equally complete.

None of the critics above named—always excepting Lessing—had either the genius or the learning required for writing on the theory of Art and Poetry. Their definitions and their criticisms were formal, narrow and arbitrary, and they judged works of genius before they had learned to read them. But there was living in their times, an obscure man who, while struggling with extreme poverty, was preparing himself to establish a new school of æsthetic criticism; nay, to do far more than that—to give life to the dry bones that had been labelled 'archæology' and 'philology.' He wrote, at first, of ancient sculptures; but his works introduced a new epoch in æsthetic theory and criticism, and have still a living interest in connection with the study of philology.

Johann Joachim Winckelmann, the son of a poor shoemaker, was born at Stendal in the Altmark in 1717. He educated himself, in the midst of great privations and hardships, and, during his youth, could scarcely gain the means of subsistence. When thirty-one years old, he was engaged as secretary and assistant librarian at Dresden, where the treasures of the Art Gallery aided his studies, but did not satisfy his desire to explore the history of

ancient art. This was the one great object of his ambition, and he was ready to make almost any sacrifice in order to attain it. For him Rome was the centre of the world, because the richest stores of art were there collected. Willing not only to leave home but to forsake the fatherland where he had suffered so much privation, he endeavoured to gain an appointment as librarian to Cardinal Passionei, the owner of the most extensive private library in Rome. One condition indispensable for his success was that Winckelmann should change his creed. It may be fairly doubted, whether he ever had any creed, except his firm belief in the beauty of ancient Greek sculptures. He had been formally a Protestant, but his friends had commonly regarded him as a free-thinker. However, after some years of hesitation and 'with a heavy heart' (as he said), he fulfilled the condition, went over to the Roman Church, and made himself an Italian, in order that he might study ancient works of art. By this conversion he gained the patronage of the great cardinal, Alexander Albani, one of the wealthiest collectors of works of art in Rome, who was then busy in enriching the galleries of his fine villa at Porta Salara. Winckelmann lived in the cardinal's palace, and was treated as a friend; but received no great salary. He, however, had abundant leisure for collecting materials for his great work on ancient art. In 1763 he was appointed præfect of antiquities and, in this capacity, he often acted as Cicerone to distinguished visitors in Rome. His learning had widely extended his reputation among Italian and German students of archæology, and he received many invitations to visit friends in the cold northern clime where he had suffered so many hardships in his youth. He hesitated; but at last, was seized with a longing to see his native land once more. Accordingly he left Rome in 1768 and, accompanied by an Italian sculptor named Cavaceppi, travelled towards the north. When they reached the Tyrolese mountains, Winckelmann seemed oppressed by melancholy forebodings, and expressed his earnest desire to return to Italy. With difficulty he was induced to continue his journey. He seemed to be, for a time, almost deprived of reason and possessed by one fixed thought, that he must return to Rome. When further persuasion was found useless, his fellow-traveller left him in Vienna where he was introduced to the Empress Maria Theresia, from whom he received a present in gold coins of considerable value. He then travelled towards Trieste, intending to

embark there for Venice. On his way to Trieste, as some accounts say, or in an hotel there, he became acquainted with an Italian convict named Arcangeli recently discharged from a prison. The cupidity of this miscreant was excited, it seems, by a sight of the gold coins brought from Vienna. On June 8, 1768, Winckelmann, stabbed in five places, was found dying in his chamber. The criminal, Arcangeli, was so soon detected that he failed to carry off his booty. He was executed a fortnight afterwards.

Winckelmann's first work, his 'Thoughts on the Imitation of Grecian Paintings and Sculptures' (1755), contained the germs of the ideas that were at last developed in his 'History of Ancient Art,' written during his residence in Rome and printed at Dresden in 1764. Its publication was the beginning of a new epoch in the history and criticism of ancient art. The work soon acquired a European reputation, and was accepted as a theory as well as a history of Grecian sculpture. Its erudition and its graceful style were generally admired, and its disquisitions on the union of ancient art with social, political, and religious institutions, suggested a new style of treating general archæology. The treatise is divided into four sections, of which the first is introductory and explains several circumstances that were favourable to the culture of Grecian art. Its essential characteristics are described in the second part, and its growth and decline in the third. The fourth section is devoted to the mechanism of art, and is followed by an account of ancient painting. Among external causes of the excellence of Greek artists, the influence of a fine climate is noticed; but more attention is bestowed on the moral and intellectual qualities of the Hellenic people and on their forms of government. Winckelmann was an enthusiast in his admiration of the ancient Greeks, and, in describing their character and their institutions, he hardly throws any shade into the picture. He tells, with apparent delight, how they harmonised their physical with their mental culture; how every noble power was developed in their system of education and especially in their public festivals; how men of genius contended for the palm in athletic exercises, and knew nothing of that contempt of physical life which was introduced in monastic times. Plato was once a wrestler in the Isthmian games; Pythagoras gained a prize at Elis, and acted as the trainer of Eurymenes; homage was paid to the statue of Euthymus, one of the greatest of all the victors at Elis; the

faculties of men were not confined by minute divisions of labour; a sculptor might rise to command an army; the emperor Marcus Aurelius received lessons in moral philosophy from a painter;— these are some of the facts of which the historian of ancient art writes with enthusiasm. The following brief passages may serve to suggest some contrasts between ancient and modern times:—

One great consequence of the general appreciation of beauty among the Greeks, was that the artist was not condemned to work to gratify the pride, vanity, or caprice of any one noble patron; but was supported and encouraged in the efforts of genius by the general voice of the people. And this people was not a rude, untaught democracy, but was under the direction of the wisest minds. The honours which were awarded by public assemblies to competitors in art, were in general fairly and intelligently distributed. In the time of Phidias, there was at Corinth, as also at Delphi, a public exhibition of paintings, over which the most competent judges presided. Here Panaenus, the relative of Phidias, contended for a prize with Timagoras of Chalcis, when the latter proved victorious. Before such competent adjudicators Aetion produced his painting of 'Alexander's Marriage with Roxana,' and Proxenides, the judge who pronounced the decision, was so well pleased with the work, that he gave his daughter in marriage to the painter. Universal fame did not unfairly prevail over rising merit. At Samos, in the exhibition, of several paintings of the 'Weapons of Achilles,' the renowned Parrhasius was defeated by a competitor named Timanthes. . . .

Art was chiefly devoted to its highest objects—the exposition of religious ideas, or of the nobler developments of human life—and did not stoop to make trivial playthings, or to furnish the private houses of rich men with ostentatious luxuries; for rich citizens in the best days of Athens lived in houses modestly and sparingly furnished, while they subscribed munificently to raise costly and beautiful statues in the public temples. Miltiades, Themistocles, Aristides, and Cimon, the chieftains and deliverers of their country, did not distinguish themselves from their fellow-citizens by dwelling in grand and expensive houses.

Winckelmann's theory of ancient Greek sculpture is ideal. He maintains that the artist studied the intention as well as the individual expressions of nature, and that his aim was to make all real forms and actions subordinate to a general idea of beauty. Thus the critic explains the repose and the simplicity of the finest ancient sculptures; their flowing line of contour, to which all minor features are made subservient, and their quiet dignity when action is represented.

The effects of Winckelmann's theory and criticism have not been confined to the department of sculpture. He gave a new life to the study of archæology. Some of the best thoughts in Lessing's essay, 'The Laokoon,' were suggested by the first

historian of art. His observations on the union of art with the social institutions of ancient Greece are partly applicable to literature, as well as to art, and suggest an ideal towards which modern culture should direct its endeavours. Grecian literature was a literature of life: it was intimately blended with the life, the progress, the actual interests of the people. Poets sung, and historians wrote, as sculptors and painters worked, not for a few students, but for the people. Even the highest philosophy as expounded by Plato, was not purely abstract; but was interwoven with human sympathies and social interests. The physical and the intellectual powers of human nature were harmoniously cultivated. The man, in his full and complete definition, was not sacrificed in order to make a poet, or a musician, or an historian; but poetry, philosophy, history, and all the fine arts were employed to produce the most complete and beautiful development of human nature. This was the aim which prevailed through the whole of Grecian culture; and it is a noble object to restore such a purpose to modern cultivation.

The writings of Klopstock, Lessing and Wieland unite the literature of the eighteenth with that of the nineteenth century. Klopstock expressed one great idea; that of a union of Christianity with a national poetry, and if he failed to realise it, the failure was nobler than any commonplace success. Lessing developed the ideal of a national literature, founded on a union of poetry and speculation, and expressed in artistic forms. Wieland, by the variety of his subjects and the clearness and fluency of his diction, distinguished himself from the crowd of minor authors who lived in his times. His success, in extending among the higher classes of society—especially in the south of Germany—a taste for imaginative literature, gives to his writings some historical importance. It is only with a regard to the extent of their power and influence, that Klopstock, Lessing and Wieland, are classed together in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

SIXTH PERIOD. 1725–1770.

KLOPSTOCK—LESSING—WIELAND.

FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK, born at Quedlinburg in 1724, studied at Schulpforte (one of the best classical schools in Saxony), where he read not only Greek and Roman authors, but also Tasso and Milton. In 1745 he went to Jena to complete his education, and there made a sketch in prose of some part of his epic, 'The Messias.' In the course of the next year he went to Leipzig, where he enjoyed the friendship of several of the contributors to the *Bremer Beiträge.* In 1748 there appeared in that literary journal the first three cantos of 'The Messias,' a poem in hexameter verse. The author's name was not given; but it was soon known. Bodmer, the Swiss critic, hailed the work, as a realisation of his own notions of what poetry ought to be, and invited the writer to come and stay at Zürich. After staying some months in Switzerland, Klopstock was looking out for a situation as a teacher, when he received a small pension from Friedrich V. king of Denmark, and went to live at Copenhagen, with nothing to do there but to complete his epic. On his journey, he stayed a few days at Hamburg, and there became acquainted with Meta Moller, a young woman of considerable literary attainments, whom he soon afterwards married. Their union was remarkably happy, and her death, in 1758, was the greatest sorrow in all the experience of Klopstock. His pension helped him to live free from cares and to devote his thoughts to poetry; yet his progress in writing the twenty-one cantos of his epic was very slow. He began his work when he was only twenty-one years old, but did not finish it until he was forty-six. The fourth and fifth cantos appeared in 1751; six more were published after an interval of seven years and the last five cantos were coldly received by the

public in 1773. It had become more and more apparent, that the author had written without a preconceived plan. The sufferings and the death of the Messias occupied hardly more than half the work, and in this part a want of continuous narrative interest was ill supplied by long speeches and conversations. The author gained a European reputation; but his poem was not read as a whole. Goethe tells us, that one of his father's friends used to read through the first ten cantos of 'The Messias' once in every year, in the week preceding Easter; but the wonder is lessened when it is known that he read hardly any other author, and could therefore concentrate his attention and patience in that week. Moreover, these ten cantos are the best half of the epic.

In 1792 Klopstock married a widow lady, who had long been numbered among his best friends. His later years were passed in comfortable retirement at Hamburg where he died in 1803. He was buried, with an imposing ceremonial, under a fine linden tree, and close to the remains of his first wife—'Meta'—in the village churchyard of Ottensen, near Altona. No German poet had ever before received such funeral honours. All the bells of Hamburg and Altona were tolling, and 126 carriages followed the hearse. A second Shakspere would hardly now receive like honours.

His piety and virtue, as well as his genius and heart-felt enthusiasm, conspired with the circumstances of his times to cast a halo round the name of Klopstock. He was like a star, bright in itself, and having the advantage of rising in the darkest hour before daybreak. True; German poetry had already greatly improved in style, but it wanted significance, and Klopstock came to make it at once national and Christian, as well as to give more variety to its forms. From his youth he had felt confidence in his own genius; hence his bold choice of so high a theme as 'The Messias.' His ambition seems to have had an elevating effect on his own character, for he generally maintained a dignity becoming the author of an epic on the greatest of all possible themes; yet he was neither a severe pedant nor an ascetic. His work was the result of true enthusiasm; its prevailing spirit was religious, and had a deep effect on the character of German literature. In his employment of hexameter verse Klopstock developed the resources of the German language, especially with regard to its middle quantities and its secondary accents, and he must be named with Ramler as having introduced a new style for

translations and imitations of Greek and Roman poets. But the genius of Klopstock was lyrical and not epic. Neither the men nor the angels whom he introduces in the 'Messias,' have any true individuality, and, to supply their want of action, they talk, argue and indulge in long monologues, yet without telling anything of their own characters. Some of the best parts of the poem—or rather the series of poems—are found in descriptions and similes, but these, too often, have a life of their own, and are not duly subordinated to the general narration. For example, it is said that Satan, when he comes to tempt Judas, approaches like a pestilence:—

> So at the midnight hour a fatal plague
> Comes down on cities lying all asleep;
> Their people are at rest; though, here and there,
> A student reads beside his burning lamp
> And, here and there, where ruddy wine is glowing,
> Good friends are waking; some in shadowy bowers,
> Talk of their hopes of an immortal life—
> None dreaming of a coming day of grief
> When brides, too soon made widows, will be wailing
> And mothers weeping over orphan babes—

Here the simile is so far extended that both Judas and Satan are forgotten. In many passages that might be selected from the earlier cantos, descriptive sketches, and similes occur, remarkable for power and originality of conception. Judas is tempted by a spirit who, appearing to him in a dream, presents to him a vision of some fair earthly domains to be divided among the chief followers of the 'Messias.' Then the portion of land allotted to the traitor is described as—

> A narrow desolate tract of hills and crags,
> Wild and unpeopled, overgrown with briars;
> Night, veiled in chilly ever-weeping clouds,
> Hangs o'er the land, and in its barren clefts
> The drifted snows of winter linger long;
> There birds of night, condemned for aye to share
> That solitude with thee, flit through the gloom
> And wail among the trees by thunders riven.
> That desert, Judas, is to be thine own!

When the traitor has conceived his plan, and has resolved to execute it, the triumph of his tempter is thus described:—

> With a silent pride,
> Satan looked down upon him. O'er the flood

> So towers some dreadful cliff, and from the clouds,
> Looks down upon the waves, all strewn with wrecks
> And corpses.

But if isolated passages of interesting narrative or impassioned conversation were far more numerous than they are, they could not make the 'Messias,'—viewed in its completeness as an epic poem —worthy of its theme. Klopstock failed where every poet must fail. Poetic genius is one of the highest powers of the mind; but it is not the highest. No imagination, however exalted and powerful, can do justice to such a theme as was chosen by Klopstock. For poetical uses better materials may be found in histories of comparatively trivial purport. When viewed historically and externally, the evangelical narrative is a story of rather more than a year spent in travelling and preaching on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. Then follow persecutions directed by the doctors of the Church; the people at one time hail, at another forsake their Messias; he is falsely accused of insurrection, is delivered into the power of the Romans, and is put to death. A poet must be very presumptuous, if he changes any of these facts, and what can he add to them that will not seem out of place? The external facts are too scanty for a poet's use; but the thought expressed in them transcends all powers of imagination. Profound humiliation, united with a calm assertion of boundless authority and power; predictions that might seem to have been suggested by a dream fulfilling themselves in the world; then kingdoms, religions, philosophies, fading away, and the events of nineteen centuries serving to fulfil such prophecies;—here are wonders that can never be made more marvellous or more interesting by any array of mythological imagery. They transcend the resources of poetry.

Klopstock's genius was lyrical, and his best poems are found in his odes and hymns; epecially in those written in his earlier years, or before he allowed his study of antique metres to lead him too far in the use of inversions of the common order of words and sentences. In several of his later odes, written in Sapphic, Alcaic, and other ancient classic metres, his style is involved and obscure. The best odes defy translation; for their poetical value depends, in a great measure, on their form. The elegies and several of the odes addressed to friends are too sentimental; but this was the prevailing fault of many writers of the poet's time. They tell us far too much of their sighs and of their 'weeping eyes,' which

seem to have been ready for use on all occasions, however insignificant.

Klopstock's dramas deserve notice chiefly on account of his good intentions. He wished to introduce a national German drama, to take the place of imitations, and, as he would not accept Friedrich II. for a hero, he went back into the cloudy times of remote German antiquity, selected Hermann as a hero, and endeavoured to make the old Northern serve instead of Greek mythology. Confusing the fictions of Macpherson's 'Ossian' with the statements of Tacitus, Klopstock began to talk about an ancient guild of 'bards' who never existed, and this fancy gave rise to several odd rhapsodies written by the modern bards; KARL FRIEDRICH KRETSCHMANN (1738-1809), and JOHANN MICHAEL DENIS (1729-1800). The former, who styled himself 'The bard Rhingulph,' wrote a ridiculous treatise on 'The Poetry of the Bards.' He seems to have been well acquainted with them; but where he found facts to support his bold assertions remains still a profound secret. His friend DENIS, a Jesuit, but a zealous admirer of Klopstock, was a patriotic man as well as 'a bard,' and rendered valuable services to the culture of national literature in Austria. He was a librarian at Vienna, and was allowed to retain his place after the suppression of his order. When his friends expressed their surprise that a Jesuit could be the friend of the Protestant Klopstock, Denis replied to the effect, that he could see nothing remarkable in the fact.

These 'bards,' as they called themselves, were not the true followers of Klopstock. To estimate the influence of his life and his writings, we must study the literature of times later than his own. His epic ceased to be read; but his patriotic feelings and his Christian sentiments remained operative. The poet's own life agreed well with his belief, that the practice of a literary man should harmonise with his teaching. He endeavoured to abolish the notion of treating poetry as a plaything. Though his attempts to introduce an old national hero and the old German mythology failed, they afforded proofs of his independence and his patriotism. No man ever loved his own native language more than did Klopstock. He seems almost too proud of it when he says:—'let no living tongue venture to enter the lists with the German! As it was in the oldest times, when Tacitus wrote of us, so it still remains—solitary, unmixed, and incomparable!' When the poet,

in one of his odes, boldly censured Friedrich II. for his neglect of German poetry, the king might have replied, that a national existence must precede a national literature. Klopstock could have no adequate notion of the studies that occupied the attention of the king. With France and Austria plotting against him, he might well be excused if he did not read German poetry. Klopstock's indignation was more justly directed against 'the idle luxurious princes,' whom he describes as 'obscure in their own day and, afterwards, still more obscure.' The poet's love of freedom led him to hail the American War of Independence and the early proclamations of the French Revolution.. 'Forgive me, O ye Franks,' he says, in one of his odes, 'if I ever cautioned my countrymen against following your example; for now I am urging them to imitate you.' He was about sixty years old when he wrote in this vein, but he lived long enough to find his hopes disappointed, and seems to have been deeply grieved. The verses in which he gives expressions to his feelings on the failure of his hopes of liberty are earnest but rather prosaic.

Among the odes devoted to friendship and love, there may be found, besides a few weak and sentimental specimens already referred to, several of a higher character; but their merits are so far formal as to defy translation. The following attempt to translate one of the shorter of the odes—'Early Graves'—written in antique metres and without rhyme, can give only the sentiment of the original stanzas:—

> Welcome, O moon, with silver light,
> Fair, still companion of the night!
> O, friend of lonely meditation, stay!
> While clouds drift o'er thy face, and pass away.
>
> Still fairer than this summer night
> Is young May morning, glad and bright,
> When sparkling dew-drops from his tresses flow,
> And all the eastern hills like roses glow.
>
> O Friends, whose tombs, with moss o'ergrown,
> Remind me, I am left alone,
> How sweet for me—ere you were called away—
> Were shades of night and gleams of breaking day!

Among the best of Klopstock's odes, with regard to their antique metres, one in Alcaic strophes, beginning with the line:—

> Der, welcher nie freundschaftliche Bande brach,

and another, in Asclepiadean verse, beginning thus,

> Schön ist, Mutter Natur, deiner Erfindung Pracht,

may be noticed as examples of the poet's more studious versification. Such odes may, without difficulty, be put into Latin; for the sentiments they express, as well as their metres, have an antique dignity. In some of his later odes the poet employs constructions of words and sentences so intricate that they may afford practice for advanced students of logical analysis, and may suit the purpose of examiners who wish to puzzle competitors in translations from German verse.

'Klopstock,' says Hegel, 'was great in his thoughts of nationality, freedom, love, friendship and religion. His genius was, in some respects, limited by the circumstances of his times; but, as an earnest, independent and manly character, he remained without a rival until the time when SCHILLER appeared.' This was said at the conclusion of a lecture on lyrical poetry, and it is evident that the great critic confined his attention to writers in that department of literature. If he had been speaking of the whole of the German literature of the eighteenth century, he must have thought of another earnest, manly, and independent character—Lessing.

GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING, the son of a Lutheran pastor residing at Kamenz in Oberlausitz, was born there, on January 22, 1729. His studies, commenced at the classical school at Meissen (1741), were continued at Leipzig (1746), and at Berlin in 1748. During these seven years, his reading was very extensive; but he found leisure for recreation, and indulged his taste for the theatre. In 1753-60 he resided mostly in Leipzig and in Berlin, where in 1760, he was elected a member of the Academy. Soon afterwards, he gained an appointment as secretary to the Governor of Silesia, and went to reside at Breslau. His life there was so little like that of a book-worm that some plausibility was given to a false report that he had almost forsaken his studies and had turned gambler. But during the five years passed at Breslau, he produced his play of *Minna von Barnhelm*, and prepared the materials for other works. In 1767 he went to Hamburg, to assist in an endeavour to establish a national drama, and there wrote his *Dramaturgie*, at first published in the form of a theatrical journal. His project of a reformation of the theatre failed, and he was glad

to leave Hamburg, when he received an appointment as librarian at Wolfenbüttel. The resources of the great library there gave full scope to his powers of research; and one of the earlier results was the publication of a supposed lost treatise on the Eucharist by Berengar of Tours. In 1776 Lessing married an amiable widow, with whom he had become acquainted at Hamburg. Her death in 1778 was one of the greatest sorrows of his life. His publication of some fragments written by Reimarus, a Rationalist divine, brought Lessing into the arena of a theological controversy by which his later years were embittered. To assert his own doctrine of toleration he wrote his drama of 'Nathan' (published in 1779), and his essay 'On the Education of Mankind' (1780), which still remains the clearest manifesto ever written in favour of the principles of a free theology. His latest studies, and especially his polemical contests had an unfavourable effect on his health. His cheerfulness and sociality declined, and, after several severe attacks of illness, he died on February 15, 1781. A statue of the great critic was placed near the library at Wolfenbüttel in 1796, and another, of colossal size, was erected at Brunswick in 1853; but Lessing's true monument is seen in the best German Literature of the nineteenth century. It may be safely said, that the works of other great men belong partly to him. His own collected writings were first published at Berlin in 1771–94, and a better edition appeared in 1838–40.

Lessing's personal character, which was made the object of ungenerous censures during his life and after his decease, is shown clearly enough in his works and in his letters. In the latter are found evidences that he was a good brother, a kind husband and a faithful friend. As a literary reformer, he stood alone in his times, and lived in the world of his own thoughts, remote from the narrow interests of the book-worms and the abstract and specialist professors of his day. That he was, sometimes, too severe in his polemical writings, may be freely admitted; but he was a disinterested inquirer for truth, and his criticism was mostly directed against errors and not against persons.

Lessing's best works may be classified as dramatic, critical and didactic. The first of his more important dramas, 'Miss Sara Sampson' (1755), is chiefly noticeable for the introduction of scenes from real life in the middle classes. *Minna von Barnhelm* (1763), was the first truly national drama that appeared on

the German stage. Its background is supplied by the events of the Seven Years' War, and its purport is generous and conciliatory. Of a narrow provincial patriotism Lessing would know nothing; his tone throughout the drama is friendly towards both Saxons and Prussians. Tellheim, the hero, is a Prussian officer who is engaged in levying war contributions in a poor district of Saxony, and who pities and spares the people, for whom he pays money out of his own resources. After the conclusion of peace, he is accused of dishonest dealings with the enemy, is prosecuted and falls into poverty and military disgrace. His conduct has, however, won more than the admiration of Minna, a Saxon lady, to whom he has been betrothed during the war. She now comes forward to aid him; but he will not allow her to share in his disgrace and poverty. Minna endeavours to change his resolution, at first by reasonings, but, afterwards, by the stratagem of pretending to be in needy circumstances and in want of a defender. It is hardly necessary to add, that her plot has a successful conclusion. The exposition of the drama is clear, and its action—though too much retarded in the third act—moves on well in other parts; while several minor incidents are skilfully made useful in leading to the result. It must be regretted that the author did not write more dramas of this class. His next important work is of another type. He had planned, before 1760, a tragedy on the old Roman story of Virginia, and this work, modernised and otherwise changed, so as to serve a concealed purpose, appeared as the tragedy of 'Emilia Galotti,' in 1772. Its scenes are laid in Italy; but the purport is an exposure of the vices and the tyranny of a corrupted aristocracy, wherever found. The style is laconic, realistic, and often made very powerful by condensation. Nothing can be more painful than the conclusion; but the exposition and the development of the crisis make the catastrophe inevitable. The innocent victim is first made to appear guilty of a crime of which she never dreamed; she is deprived of liberty, and is artfully surrounded by deadly intrigues planned by a creature—Marinelli—for the licentious Prince who employs him. At this moment, Odoardo, the father of the heroine, gains a brief interview with his daughter, Emilia, for whom there is now only one way of escape:—

Odoardo. The thought that under a show of law and justice—O the infernal mockery!—they will tear you from my bosom—carry you away to the house of Grimaldi!

Emilia. They will tear *me* away, you say—to carry me thither? They *will*, you say, as if, father, *we* had no will!

Odoardo. It made me mad; I seized this (*he shows a dagger*) to pierce one of the two! . . .

Emilia. Give the steel to me father.

Odoardo. Child, this is no hair-pin to play with. . . . .

Emilia. Give it to me father. Now give it me!

Odoardo. There!—I give it—there!

[*She is about to stab herself, when he snatches away the dagger. . . .*
She plucks a rose from her head-dress and tears it to pieces, while she speaks in a bitter tone.]

Emilia. In the old times, there lived a father who, to save his child, buried the steel in her bosom, and so gave her life a second time. It is an old story! Such fathers once lived; but there are none like them now!

Odoardo. Yes, yes, there is, at least, one—(*he stabs Emilia*)—God! what have I done? (*She falls into his arms.*)

Emilia. Broken off the rose before it was blighted. Let me kiss that father's hand.

[*The Prince and Marinelli enter the room.*]

Prince. What is here! Emilia—what has hurt her?

Odoardo. She is well—quite well.

Prince. (*stepping nearer to Odoardo.*)
Terrible! what is this!

Marinelli. Oh!

Prince. Horrible father! what is this you've done?

Odoardo. I've culled a rose before the storm could blight it. Is it not so my daughter?

Emilia. Not you, father—I myself—

Odoardo. Not so, daughter—say not that as you leave this world. 'Twas your father!—'Twas your own miserable father!

[*She dies; he gently lays her corpse on the floor.*]

Now Prince, step hither! Look there! . . . You expect that I shall conclude this, like a common tragedy, by burying this steel in my own heart. You mistake me.—There! (*He flings down the weapon.*) There lies the reddened witness of the crime. And now to the dungeon—and then to my trial, with you, Prince, for my judge! and then—yonder!—I summon you to appear before the Judge of all mankind. . . .

The attack on bad princes and a corrupt aristocracy was partly concealed in the tragedy of 'Emilia Galotti.' The purport of Lessing's last drama, 'Nathan the Wise' (1779), was so evident and attracted so much attention that it served to cast into the shade the artistic merits of the plot. Among the leading characters, Saladin, the Mussulman, Nathan the Jew, and a Christian Templar—all separated by their creeds—are bound together by mutual good services. The interest of the drama concentrates itself in the story of 'The Three Rings'—borrowed from a novel

by Boccaccio—which is made to serve as a text from which to preach the duty of universal religious toleration. 'Nathan' was the result of Lessing's own experience of theological controversy, and this explains the fact that its purport is too manifest. It may be doubted whether, apart from such experience, his own critical judgment would have commended such a prevalence of the didactic element as is found in this drama. He was so earnest in his wishes for its success that he wrote:—'health and happiness for the place where "Nathan" shall, first, be represented!'

Nothing more can be said here of the doctrine implied in 'Nathan;' but a quotation may show something of its dramatic power. In the fifth scene of the third act, Nathan, a liberal Israelite, famous for his wisdom, is summoned to appear before the Sultan, Saladin, in his palace. The Israelite expects that some loan of money will be demanded, and is, therefore, surprised, when he finds that the Sultan wishes to talk of the three creeds professed in Palestine. 'Of these three only one can be true,' says Saladin, who now commands Nathan to state, in confidence, his own sincere belief. The Israelite, requests that, before he gives a direct answer, he may be allowed to recite a parable, and when permission has been given, he thus proceeds:—

In the oldest times, and in an eastern land,
There lived a man who had a precious ring.
This gem—an opal of a hundred tints—
Had such a virtue as would make the wearer
Who trusted it, beloved by God and man.
What wonder, if the man who had this ring
Preserved it well, and, by his will, declared
It should for ever in his house remain?
At last when death came near, he called the son
Whom he loved best, and gave to him the ring,
With one strict charge;—'My son, when you must die,
Let this be given to your own darling child—
The son whom you love best—without regard
To any rights of birth.'—'Twas thus the ring
Was always passed on to the best-beloved.
Sultan! you understand me?—

Saladin. Yes. Go on!—

Nathan. A father, who, at last possessed this ring
Had three dear sons—all dutiful and true—
All three alike beloved.—But, at one time,
This son, and then another, seemed most dear—
Most worthy of the ring; and it was given,
By promise, first to this son, then to that,

Until it might be claimed by all the three.
At last, when death drew nigh, the father felt
His heart distracted by the doubt to whom
The ring was due. He could not favour one
And leave two sons in grief! How did he act?
He called a goldsmith in, gave him the gem,
And bade him make exactly of that form,
Two other rings, and spare nor cost nor pains
To make all three alike. And this was done
So well, the owner of the first, true ring
Could find no shade of difference in the three.
And now he called his sons—one at a time—
He gave to each a blessing and a ring—
One of the three—and died—

Saladin. Well, well. Go on.

Nathan. My tale is ended. You may guess the sequel :—
The father dies; immediately each son
Comes forward with his ring, and asks to be
Proclaimed as head and ruler of the house;
All three assert one claim. and show their rings—
All made alike. To find the first—the true—
It was as great a puzzle as for us—
To find the one true faith.

Saladin. Is that, then, all the answer I must have?

Nathan. 'Tis my apology, if I decline
To act as judge, or to select the ring—
The one, true gem, of three all made alike;
All given by one—

Saladin. There! talk no more of 'rings.'—
The three religions that, at first, were named
Are all distinct—aye, down to dress—food—drink—

Nathan. Just so! and yet their claims are all alike,
As founded upon history, on facts
Believed, and handed down from sire to son,
Uniting them in faith. Can we—the Jews—
Distrust the testimony of our race?
Distrust the men who gave us birth, whose love
Did ne'er deceive us; but, when we were babes,
Taught us, by means of fables, for our good?
Must *you* distrust your own true ancestors,
To flatter mine?—or must a Christian doubt
His father's words, and so agree with ours?—

Saladin. Allah!—the Israelite is speaking truth,
And I am silenced—

Nathan. Let me name the rings
Once more!—The sons at last, in bitter strife,
Appeared before a judge, and each declared
He had the one true gem, given by his father;
All said the same, and all three spoke the truth;
Each, rather than suspect his father's word,
Accused his brethren of a fraud—

Saladin. What then?—
What sentence could the judge pronounce?—Go on.
Nathan. Thus said the judge;—'go, bring your father here;
Let him come forth! or I dismiss the case.
Must I sit guessing riddles!—must I wait
Till the true ring shall speak out for itself?—
But stay!—'twas said that the authentic gem
Had virtue that could make its wearer loved
By God and man. That shall decide the case.
Tell me who of the three is best beloved
By his two brethren. Silent?—Then the ring
Hath lost its charm!—Each claimant loves himself,
But wins no love. The rings are forgeries;
'Tis plain, the first, authentic gem was lost;
To keep his word with you, and hide his loss,
Your father had these three rings made—these three,
Instead of one—'
Saladin. Well spoken, judge, at last!
Nathan. 'But stay,' the judge continued;—'hear one word—
The best advice I have to give; then go.—
Let each still trust the ring given by his father!—
It might be, he would show no partial love;
He loved all three, and, therefore, would not give
The ring to one and grieve the other two.
Go, emulate your father's equal love.
Let each first test his ring and show its power;
But aid it, while you test; be merciful,
Forbearing, kind to all men, and submit
Your will to God. Such virtues shall increase
Whatever powers the rings themselves may have;
When these, among your late posterity,
Have shown their virtue—in some future time,
A thousand thousand years away from now—
Then hither come again!—A wiser man
Than one now sitting here will hear you then,
And will pronounce the sentence—'
Saladin. Allah! Allah!
Nathan. Now, Saladin, art thou that 'wiser man?'
Art thou the judge who will, at last, pronounce
The sentence?—
[*Saladin grasps Nathan's hand, and holds to the end of the conversation.*]
Saladin. I the judge?—I'm dust! I'm nothing!
'Tis Allah!—Nathan, now I understand;
The thousand thousand years have not yet passed;
The Judge is not yet come; I must not place
Myself upon His throne! I understand—
Farewell, dear Nathan! Go.—Be still my friend.

Lessing was one of the greatest of critics and and polemical writers. He had the power of placing himself fairly in the

position of his antagonist, and could make a true analysis of an antithesis serve as a development of his own thesis. The style of his critical writings is not a dress put upon his thoughts, but a medium so transparent, that we never think of it. It is dialectic and dramatic; thoughts arise one after another, in an inevitable order, and converse together, or contend, until the strongest gains the mastery, and asserts itself clearly as the victor. The opposites of all the faults commonly found in writers on metaphysics and æsthetics are found in Lessing's prose.

Of the contents of his critical works it is hard to give, within our limits, any fair summary. He began with an exposure of the errors of critics who had confounded poetry with descriptive and didactic writings, and he assigned to such fables as Bodmer and others had praised too highly their proper, subordinate place. Lessing's own fables are remarkably concise, and so clear that they want no appendices. Here, for example, is one of the shortest, which he addressed to imitative writers:—

> 'Name any animal so clever that I cannot imitate him,' said the ape to the fox. 'Tell me,' said the fox, 'where is there any animal so contemptible, that he would think of imitating you.'

In Virgil's story of the Priest Laokoon and his sons, the father, while he wrestles with the python, utters loud cries; but in the well-known work of sculpture representing the dreadful crisis, the central figure has no distortion of the face. Lessing, in his *Laokoon*, makes use of these facts to show the difference between poetry on one side, and sculpture and painting on the other. Epic poetry, he contends, must narrate events; painting and sculpture represent co-existent objects. In poetry the expression of extreme pain may be allowed, for it passes away; in sculpture, where it would be fixed for ever, it is out of place. Hence repose is the essential characteristic of ancient sculpture, as Winckelmann had already contended. Painting may indicate action, when the artist, though representing one moment in a series of events, suggests its antecedent and its result. So far painting may resemble poetry. Again, as the poet speaks of bodies as well as of actions, he may touch on the province of painting, when he applies to objects their descriptive epithets; but he must not dwell on descriptions. In other words, he must not try to do in words and tones what the painter can do, far more successfully, in outlines, shades and

colours. The two arts are sisters; but they must ever be clearly distinguished. 'I should have no faith in my theory,' says Lessing, 'if I did not find it confirmed by Homer's practice.' The critic then analyses the epic style of the Iliad, and especially notices that while events are fully narrated no long descriptions are given of the objects connected with the story . . . . A ship, for example, is mentioned as 'the black ship,' the 'hollow,' or 'the well-rowed black ship.' Of the stationary object Homer says no more; but when he speaks of an action, or of a series of actions, connected with a ship—such as rowing, embarking, or landing—he tells its story so fully that, if a painter would represent the whole, he must divide it into five or six pictures. When the poet would give us a notion of Agamemnon's dress, he makes the king clothe himself, putting on one garment after another and, at last, grasping his sceptre; and how is the sceptre introduced?—Does Homer try to paint, in words, its golden studs and its carvings? No; he gives its history, and tells us how it first came from the forge of Vulcan; how it then shone in the hand of Zeus, and was handed down by Hermes to the warlike Pelops, and so, at last, came into the possession of Atreus, the shepherd of his people.

Such notes as the above, may indicate the character of Lessing's theory of epic poetry. His contributions to the criticism of the drama are not less valuable. In his *Hamburgische Dramaturgie* (1767–68), which was started as a theatrical journal and review, Lessing exposes the errors of theorists who had misconceived Aristotle's doctrine of the three unities. He shows that the unities of time and place were not always observed by the best Greek dramatists, while he establishes his own doctrines on the authority of Aristotle and on examples taken from the Greek dramatists, and from Shakspere and Calderon. He denounces imitations of French models; but by no means speaks altogether contemptuously of the French theatre. Its best writers might have attained the highest honours in tragedy, he says, if they had not regarded them as already attained. Of French comedy Lessing writes with a full appreciation of its excellence.

These outlines give no adequate notion of the grasp of thought, the wide research and the extensive reading found in the critical works on which Lessing's reputation is founded. He denounced the poetry of adjectives cultivated by descriptive versifiers; he

exposed the dogmatic character of Gottsched's theory; the declamation issued as criticism by Bodmer; the sentimentalism and want of artistic form in Klopstock's epic, and the prosing of the fabulists, who wished to make a pulpit of poetry; but in all this apparently negative work, his purport was neither satirical nor destructive: he was building while he was pulling down, he at-attracted the attention of readers to the surpassing genius of Shakspere and, while denouncing slavish imitation, he demanded a profound respect for the great works of antiquity. In a word, he gave to literature an inspiring idea which has been already partly developed, and is still going on towards its full realisation. 'Every great work that has been done in the world,' says Hegel, 'has been done through the might of an idea.' The labours of Lessing supply strong proofs of that doctrine.

Soon after the *Laokoon* was published (1766), it was reviewed by Prof. Klotz, a man of extensive attainments in history, who had written a treatise on 'The Uses of Antique Gems.' Lessing, in his reply to the reviewer, attacked—unjustly, as erudite specialists have said—the reviewer's book on antique gems, and wrote several polemical lectures addressed to Klotz, which were afterwards collected as 'Antiquarian Letters' (1768–69). Their tone is, sometimes, very severe; but it should be remembered that Klotz was an abusive critic. In reviewing a book, he had described the author as a fraudulent and intemperate wine-merchant, who had run away from his creditors, and had been reduced to starvation.

Shut out from the discussion of politics, German professors in Lessing's day too often expressed in their literary controversies such angry feelings as now find a vent in the strife of factions. It has been regretted that Lessing expended his energy on unworthy topics and was not allowed to write freely on political affairs. Some indications of what he might have done in this way may be found in the interesting conversations which appeared under the title, 'Ernst and Falk' (1778). Falk is a freemason, and pleads for the formation of an International Union, intended to supply the defects of all local forms of government and to prevent war. States, he argues, must have their boundaries and their several tendencies to make themselves insular. Their relations with each other are, therefore, constantly in danger of assuming a hostile character. What is wanted, to lessen the harshness of their

divisions, is a union of catholic men, whose sympathies have no local bounds, and whose good will embraces the world. It might be thought, that religion should supply such a bond of nations; but instead of religion, says Falk, we have religions, and it is too well-known, that they have made wider the separation of one people from another. Hence the want of a free union of men, meeting, not as German, French and English, but as men, and united, not by sympathy alone—'as in an invisible Church'—but also by an organisation founded on catholic ideas. This argument is very skilfully conducted by Falk; especially in the second dialogue in which Ernst is unconsciously led round to assert, at last, the doctrine which he denied when the discussion was commenced.

The controversy in which Lessing was engaged during the later years of his life, excited him to write the series of eleven letters entitled 'Anti-Goetze' (addressed to a pastor named Goetz, residing at Hamburg), and the philosophical essay 'On the Education of Mankind.' The claim of Lessing to the authorship of this work has been recently disputed; but no ground has been shewn for believing that any other man of the eighteenth century could have written it. If it is briefly noticed here, it is because, though the style is concise, the speculative purport is far too extensive to be fairly treated within any narrow limits. The hundred paragraphs of which the essay consists contain thoughts that might be beaten out into as many volumes. Indeed, this work has been done by the German writers who represent the school of free theology; but the original essay may still be viewed as the best and clearest manifesto of their school. All the religious controversies of Germany appear to be reducing themselves to one; between the principles of toleration maintained in this essay and the claims of a personal infallibility asserted by the Jesuits.

When viewed apart from its advocacy of religious toleration, Lessing's brief treatise is still important; for it contains the germs of several far more extensive, but not more luminous, works on the philosophy of history. The honour ascribed to Herder, of having first opened that field of research must be restored to Lessing. His practical purport is to contend for a toleration of all differences of opinions, to recommend the exercise of patience in the midst of religious and other errors, and, lastly, to assert

his own trust in a slow but sure progression of the human race, in both knowledge and virtue. A gradual revelation of truth, he argues, is the best possible education for mankind. The process may be slow; but the straight line, says Lessing, is not always practically the shortest. How do we know all that Providence has to do with men besides leading them onwards? How do we know, that seeming deviations from the direct line of progress, and even some retrogressions, may not be necessary? Then arises the question; for the men whose lot it has been to live in the darker times of a progressive revelation, what consolation can there be found in the belief that, for others, the daylight will, at last, appear? To this Lessing replies by a bold suggestion, that men may possibly be allowed to return to this world, in order to amend their errors and to fulfil their best aspirations. To console those who deplore the time apparently lost by mankind, in their pursuit of errors, Lessing—speaking as a representative of the human race—declares finally, that the time so lost can be well afforded; 'for,' says he, 'is not the whole of eternity still ours?'

In this, his last work, Lessing stands on his own ground, and must not be vaguely classed with the Rationalists of the eighteenth century. When he refers to three of the doctrines of orthodoxy which have often been described as opposed to reason, he suggests that these may, some day, be made clear. He speaks with respect even of the mystics of the fourteenth century, and of some visionaries who have looked for a speedy Millennium, he has nothing more severe to say than that they had a prophetic dream, and expected, too impatiently, its fulfilment.

Lessing had not entered the arena of controversy with impunity. 'Candide' and other works by Voltaire hardly brought on their writer such reprobation as fell on the author of 'Nathan' in the last two years of his life. Gossips went from house to house among his friends, and warned them to shun his errors, and after his death, his friends had to suffer for their respect to his memory. FRIEDRICH HEINRICH JACOBI, who had a taste for polemical excitement, though he wrote in a sentimental style, founded on some words ascribed to Lessing a charge of 'pantheism.' Lessing's friend Mendelssohn, whose character suggested that of 'Nathan,' was an invalid at the time; but he came forward to repel the charge, exhausted his strength in the controversy, and

sacrificed his life to his respect for the memory of LESSING. Among the prose-writers and moralists of his times, there was hardly a character more amiable than that of Mendelssohn. The gratitude of his Israelite friends for his efforts in their behalf—especially in favour of a more liberal education—was rather extravagantly expressed when they said; 'from Moses to Moses there was none like Moses.' Three of his sons were eminent men, and one of his grandsons was the accomplished and amiable musician Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Klopstock was a poet, but he knew little of the rules of poetic art. Lessing was not a poet, in the higher sense of the name; but he was a true and genial critic. If the genius of Klopstock had been always guided by Lessing's judgment, a greater poem than 'The Messias,' might have been produced in the eighteenth century. Klopstock and Lessing were literary reformers. The writer of 'The Messias' kindled enthusiasm; the author of the *Laokoon*, wrote to unite deep thought with artistic beauty. These men represented the kindred powers of warmth and light; of life and order. Klopstock suggested that poets should employ their powers on worthy themes, and Lessing taught them how to write. The inspiration of the poet and the enlightenment of the critic were derived from one source and employed to one end. They were ideal men, and had thoughts that united their labours with the interests of a future literature.

No such ideas inspired WIELAND. The chief duty of a literary man, as he understood it, was to amuse his readers, and to fulfil it he must be, in the first place, conciliatory; he must adapt both his subject and his style to the fashion of his times. The taste of many readers in the higher classes of society was still French when Wieland began to write fictions. German literature had been cultivated, and its style had been improved, but its topics must be changed, in order that it might be introduced to courts and to the higher circles. Wieland saw the necessity of this change, and while he wrote with gracefulness and vivacity in verse and prose, he extended greatly the range of topics found in light literature. He borrowed his materials from ancient and mediæval times, and from modern European fiction, and treated them in a style adapted to the tastes of the upper classes. For them the enthusiasm and the Christian sentiment of Klopstock were tiresome, and they complained, not without a cause, of his

pompous and sometimes intricate style. No faults could be found in Lessing's style; but the great critic was a close thinker and wished to make his readers think. This was in itself intolerable, and, moreover, he had the fault of refusing to write on such topics as the aristocracy cared for. A restoration of the ancient character of the theatre, as a national institution, and a union of old and true forms of art with the growth of modern literature;—these were not subjects to attract the attention of many among the refined classes. Wieland understood their prejudices, and he wrote to suit them. He had been educated partly under the influence of pietism; but he had liberated himself from its restraints, and had become as free in the treatment as in the choice of subjects. This change in both style and purport took place, apparently, so suddenly that it excited some surprise among literary men. Severe critics even called the new writer a Parisian of the time of Louis XV.

CHRISTOPH MARTIN WIELAND, the son of a Lutheran pastor, was born near Biberach in 1733. During his course of studies, at a school near Magdeburg and at the University of Tubingen, he read extensively in French and English, as well as in ancient literature, and wrote verses. His love of poetry gained for him an introduction to Bodmer of Zürich, in whose house he lived two years, devoting his time mostly to verse-writing on serious themes. He began one epic on 'Cyrus,' and completed another on 'The Trial of Abraham.' At this time, he was, formally, Pietistic, and wrote, in a work called 'The Sentiments of a Christian,' some severe criticisms on light literature. But, after leaving Zürich, Wieland seemed to forget all the teachings of Bodmer and other serious advisers. The society to which the young poet gained access, when he went to live at Biberach, included several friends whose tastes in literature were opposed to everything severe or Pietistic. Wieland now read French romances, became more conversant with English literature, translated fluently several of Shakspere's plays, and began to write fiction in a style that was new in German literature. In his tale of 'Don Sylvio' (1764), he cast ridicule on professors of Pietism, which he now called fanaticism. He still had a didactic purport; but it was no longer serious, for he pleaded in favour of a well-regulated Epicurean practice, founded on such philosophy as might be stated in a few Horatian stanzas. He wrote playfully against severity and dog-

matism and, especially, exposed the danger of extremes in opinions or in practice. In his 'Aspasia' he suggested that ascetic piety might lead to sensuality. These views were expressed in a style so new and lively that it was said, 'Wieland's muse had cast off her nun's attire and had dressed herself as a fashionable dame.' Lessing jocosely said that 'she had forsaken heaven.'

In 1772 Wieland went to Weimar, where he was engaged as tutor to the sons of the Duchess. He established there his literary journal, 'The German Mercury,' which was soon regarded as an authority and had a long success. In his later years Wieland still wrote on industriously, though his popularity was opposed by the poets of the *Hainbund*, and by the (so-called) 'men of original genius.' The tendencies already indicated in his poems 'Musarion' and 'The New Amadis,' were continued in the prose romances written during his long residence in and near Weimar. Here, surrounded by literary friends and placed in easy circumstances, he maintained his literary activity to an advanced age, and died in 1813. Goethe, as a member of the Amelia Lodge, pronounced a masonic eulogium on the character of Wieland, who had been generally respected for his kindly temper, his tact and his conciliatory address. Friedrich Jacobi asserted that, of all the literary men of the time, 'Wieland was the only one who was not envious of Goethe's superiority.' This statement could hardly be true in its full extent; but it indicated one of the best traits in Wieland's personal character. His literary industry was extraordinary, and the quantity of work he performed made the care in polishing his style remarkable. To say nothing of his earlier works, he wrote, after 1772, his best poem 'Oberon,' his 'Stories and Fairy Tales,' the *Wintermärchen* and the *Sommermärchen*, and several other productions in fluent verse, besides his prose romances 'Agathon,' 'The Abderites,' 'Aristippus,' and two others which, though written when he was seventy years old, are good specimens of his style. In 1793 and later, he published his collected works in forty-two volumes. He translated the epistles and satires of Horace, the whole of the works of Lucian, Cicero's Letters and several of the comedies of Aristophanes.

'Thoughts may be characterised by an inane depth as well as by an inane expansion,' says Hegel. From the first of these de-

fects Wieland is comparatively free, for he seldom attempts to be profound; but he is too often verbose. His purport is clear and so easily understood, that his prolix repetitions of attempts to explain his meaning are tedious. Though he is seldom severe, he is didactic, and he too often comes forward to interrupt his own work as a story-teller. If he is ever earnest, it is in warning his readers of the unhappy tendencies of Pietism. He hardly could forgive the teachers who led him to study in a severe school during his youth, and the object of several of his works is to ex-expose the errors of that school. In his poems, 'Musarion,' 'the Graces' and 'Lamented Love,' he repeats, again and again, his censure of ascetic notions of virtue. In the last-named of these poems, Cupid is expelled from heaven, and the Graces go with him; but the place is found so dull without them, that they are soon urged to return. 'Musarion' (1768), is less prolix than some of Wieland's early works. Goethe read it with delight, when he was hardly twenty years old. It tells the story of a youth who, by severe early discipline, is led to retire from society, but soon finds out that he is not well qualified for a hermit's life. In 'The New Amadis'—another work in verse—the difficulty of finding wisdom and beauty united in one person is playfully described, and the hero, after a vain search for such perfection, marries a plain and intelligent wife. This conclusion, however dull, is the most edifying part of the story, of which some details are treated with great licence.

The tendency of 'Agathon,' a romance in prose, is polemical as well as didactic, and the style is in some parts tiresomely verbose. The writer is severe, but only against severity, and again denounces the stern doctrines which had been impressed on his memory in early life. These are now represented by the teachings of an antique philosophy. Agathon, a Greek youth, is educated at Delphi and, afterwards, lives at the court of Dionysius, where he learns to regard as impracticable all the moral theories of his early teachers. The lessons conveyed by the story are often given in a direct form, so as to interrupt the narrative.

Wieland's best and most artistic work—'Oberon,' a romantic poem—has its scenes in the East and in Fairy Land. Three distinct stories are well united so as to form a whole; for each depends on the others. The adventures of the hero and the heroine—Hüon and Rezia—are skilfully blended with the story of

the quarrel and the reconciliation of Oberon and Titania, and the whole plot, though complicated, is made clear. Goethe said; 'as long as gold is gold, and crystal is crystal, Oberon will be admired.' On the other side, severer critics have described the poem as merely fantastic and destitute of strong interest in its motives. The author, it is said, treated mediæval and romantic legends and fairy tales in a superficial and ironical manner, and gained his popularity by assuming a light, mock-heroic style.

In his antique romance 'The Abderites' (1774), Wieland chose a subject in harmony with his playful style. He made here no pretence of truly describing life in ancient Greece, but employed an assumed antiquity as a mere veil for light satire on the petty interests and the foibles of provincial life. In his account of Abdera he made use, probably, of his own recollections of Biberach, his native place. The Abderites are people ironically styled wise; they erect a fountain, with costly sculptures, where there is no water, and place a beautiful statue of Venus, of life-size, on a pedestal eighty feet high, 'so that it may be well seen by all travellers coming towards the town.' They were not solitary in this latter absurdity. One of the best parts of the story describes the theatrical tastes of the Abderites. The reader is introduced to their theatre when the 'Andromeda' of Euripides is represented as an opera, and with a text reduced and modified 'to suit the music and the singers.' The composer has given free tickets to all his relatives, who applaud every part of his work. The tenor, who takes the part of Perseus, is cheered so loudly that he loses the key, forgets the melody, and wins applause again by substituting an aria from the 'Cyclops.' The soprano, Eukolpis, represents Andromeda, and when bound to the rock and exposed to the anger of the Nereids, repeats her sad monologue thrice, in order to introduce again and again some florid passages supposed to be like the notes of a nightingale. 'Whatever she has to express—laughter or weeping, grief or anger, hope or fear—the nightingale's notes and trills must always be introduced and they are always sure of winning an encore.' But the long account of the great law-suit at Abdera is the most amusing part of the story, and is as good as anything written by Wieland. He tells us that, in Abdera, there was only one surgeon-dentist. He had an extensive practice in the neighbourhood, and travelled, in a lowly fashion, from place to place. On

one occasion, he hired an ass and its driver to carry his small baggage across a wide heath. It was a hot and bright summer's day; there was neither tree nor bush to cast a foot of shade anywhere, and the weary surgeon-dentist was glad to sit down and rest a while in the shadow cast from the figure of the ass. Against this appropriation of a shade the driver, who was also the owner of the ass, made a protest, to the effect, that he had sold the services of the ass and his own; but that nothing had been said in the bargain about any such use of the shadow! The dentist must, therefore, either come out of the shade, or pay something extra for its use. As he refused to do so, a law-suit followed; the best lawyers of Abdera were employed on each side; both the claimant and the defendant were strongly supported by their respective friends, and the whole population of the town was soon divided into two parties, styled respectively, 'Asses' and 'Shadows.' So bitter was their enmity, that an 'Ass' would not sit down at the same table with a 'Shadow.' The conclusion may be found in the twentieth volume of Wieland's collected works. His account of the process occupies half the volume; but prolixity may here be excused; for the humour of the report consists partly in its length, and a satire on the tediousness of law-suits can hardly be exaggerated.

Wieland's opinions on society and government are expressed most fully in his 'Golden Mirror' (1772). Its politics are borrowed from Rousseau and Voltaire, and its form is partly an imitation of one of Crebillon's works. The French Revolution made an end of Wieland's notions of easily establishing an Utopia on a negative basis. All the evils of society, he says, 'have arisen from tyranny and superstition;' but of the origin of these parent evils he has little to tell. In 'Peregrinus Proteus,' he ridiculed fanatics and had, it is said, an especial reference to Lavater, whose odd and difficult character he does not fairly describe. The tale is narrated in the form of a dialogue between Peregrinus and Lucian, who meet in Hades. The fanatic tells the adventures of his life, and Lucian listens with ironical interest, or adds, now and then, a satirical commentary. In 'Aristippus,' a romance written in the form of letters, Lais is one of the leading characters introduced. The author makes here some attempts to write in an antique tone, but gives us, once more, his own worn and too familiar doctrines on the art of enjoying life. He represents utility

as the test of truth, and pleasure as the object to be sought by virtue. In morals he still dislikes severity, and he especially censures dogmatism. 'If a man could be found as old as Nestor,' says Wieland, 'and seven times as wise as all the seven sages,' he would deliver his opinions with a tone of caution, 'which might, perhaps, be condemned as too much like scepticism.'

Wieland's writings have been praised by the critics who have chiefly regarded his fluent and easy style, while his moral purport has been severely censured by writers of another class. There are German authors who would describe as obsolete such poems and romances as 'Musarion' and 'Agathon,' which, however, have still some historical interest, as they afford evidence of the taste prevailing at the time when they were admired. The traits most worthy of reprobation in Wieland's stories are clearly enough indicated by a critic who, most probably, represents the opinions of not a few readers:—'Wieland,' says Dr. Vilmar, 'was the man of his time, for readers infected with the subtle and sweet poison of the French literature then current; especially for the higher classes, to whom thinking was tedious and enthusiasm ridiculous. To such people, who had formerly been dependent on the French, Wieland introduced a German literature well suited to their taste, and it is merely by their interest in the materials of his works that we now understand why he received, during his life, such praises as were hardly bestowed on Klopstock and never on Lessing.' This is only the lighter part of the critic's reprobation of Wieland's moral tendencies. A censure almost as severe is implied in few words by another critic—Prof. Max Müller. He observes that 'the severe judgments pronounced by German critics on Lohenstein are hardly to be reconciled with their praises still bestowed on the writings of Wieland.' It may be added, that some of the works to which these censures are especially applicable have not been named here. Their tendency was made too evident in the licentious writings of such men as Scheffner and Heinse, who greatly annoyed Wieland by professing to be his followers.

Wieland's important contributions to the culture of the German language will not be forgotten. Goethe was partly indebted to the writer of 'Oberon,' and the Romantic School borrowed some suggestions from his mediæval fictions. It may be pleaded, that some of his offences against good taste arose from a rather vague

notion of the extent to which playfulness might be indulged in fiction. He extended the culture of German literature in the southern states, and enlarged, for many readers, the boundaries of their imaginative world. Though he borrowed his fables from many sources, he was not a slavish imitator of any foreign literature. The censure that he misrepresented life in ancient times—especially in Greece—is hardly called for, as he never professed to write fictions correct in their archæological details. He used antique places and names, as he employed old tales of fairy-land, in order to gain freedom for the exercise of imagination and for the expression of such light and playful satire as is found in his story of the wise people of Abdera.

A transition from the humour and playfulness of Wieland to the rhapsodies of the times of 'Sturm und Drang,' would seem abrupt, if it were not noticed that Wieland continued writing and translating for some years after he had lost his popularity. Like other authors who have lived eighty years, he found himself, in his old age, surrounded by young men who had no sympathy with him. The poets of the *Hainbund* wished to be patriotic, and were partly followers of Klopstock, while the wild 'men of original genius,' despised Wieland's poetry as tame, imitative and obsolete. He reciprocated their contempt, and not altogether without reason, as the following chapter may perhaps show.

CHAPTER XVI.

SEVENTH PERIOD. 1770–1830.

THE TIME OF GOETHE'S YOUTH—RELIGION, POLITICS AND LITERATURE—'STURM UND DRANG'—HAMANN—JACOBI—HERDER.

THE SEVENTH PERIOD of German literature including sixty years—almost the whole time of GOETHE's literary activity—is so full of important movements and interests that it must be subdivided. In this and in the following chapter we shall attempt to describe the more important circumstances of the times in which GOETHE passed his youth. These notices may serve to explain not a few of the most remarkable traits in his imaginative writings; for they are all, more or less, autobiographical and are full of references to the times of which we have now to tell.

JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE was born at Frankfurt am Main on August 28, 1749. His ancestry on the father's side has been clearly traced to Hans Christian Goethe, a shoeing-smith who lived at Artern in Thuringia. Friedrich George, the son of Hans, was a tailor and went to live at Frankfurt. There he soon rose in the world and especially improved his circumstances in 1705, when he married the almost wealthy landlady of the hotel 'Zum Weidenhof.' His son, Johann Kaspar, the poet's father, a man of respectable education, gained the titles of Rath and Doctor of Laws, but was content to live in easy circumstances and without the cares of office. He was a lover of order, a man of firm will, and conservative—or old-fashioned, as irreverence might say—in his tastes and prejudices. He would not hear of Klopstock as a poet, because the 'Messias' was not written in rhyme. The boy Wolfgang was, however, one of the enthusiasts who not only read the 'Messias' but learned by heart some of its long

speeches, and his sister Cornelia helped him in getting up the furious dialogue of 'Satan and Adramelech.' 'We were delighted'—says the poet, in his recollections of boyhood—'with the violent reproaches and retorts which we thus learned to hurl against each other, and whenever we had an opportunity we exchanged such compliments as "monster" and "traitor."' His visits to the theatre and his intercourse with several French officers, during the occupation of Frankfurt in the course of the Seven Years' War, were circumstances of some importance in Goethe's early education. In 1765, when sixteen years old, he went to Leipzig to study law at the university; but paid more attention to poetry and light literature than to law. He read the pedantic critical treatises of Gottsched and Bodmer: and failing to find in them any guidance for a genius, he followed the instinct of his own heart. At this early age he began to put into verse his own thoughts and feelings suggested by real circumstances and, long afterwards, he faithfully adhered to his principle of finding in realities the motives of his poems. 'I have never been guilty of affectation in my poetry,' he once said to his friend, Eckermann;—'for example, I have not written songs of hatred against the French, simply because I did not hate them. . . . . How could I hate the people to whom I owed a great part of my education? But I was thankful to God when we were rid of them!' At another time he described his numerous occasional poems as all forming parts of 'one long confession.' 'These remarks may partly serve to explain the levity of two dramatic sketches—*Die Laune des Verliebten* and *Die Mitschuldigen*—written by the poet when he was about nineteen years old. They were the results of a youth's observation of society, and were expressed in a style suggested by readings in French literature.

The influence of Klopstock was still felt in German literature, the critical power of Lessing was respected, and Wieland—now writing industriously—found many readers in the higher classes of society; but admiration of Shakspere's genius was, at the commencement of this period, the chief source of inspiration for ambitious young poets. They wanted new and stirring themes. Lessing could tell them well how to construct dramas; but of what subject should they write was the question to which they wanted a reply. A general discontent with the past and a vague and restless ambition with regard to the future, character-

ised the class of young students to which Goethe at this time belonged.

Religious, political and social circumstances were all closely connected with the changes taking place in literature; especially in poetry. The preceding period had been, on the whole, a time of reformation; this was a time of revolution. A movement that might be fairly called a literary revolution took place in Germany some years before the time when attempts to realise abstract principles destroyed social order and led to a military despotism in France. It would be a long task to tell why revolutionary axioms that had such formidable results in France were mostly confined to literature in Germany; but that the same essential principles were prevalent in Prussia and in Paris in the latter part of the eighteenth century is a fact.

The first of these principles was a general contempt of the past, with its history, its church authority and all its moral and theological definitions. For all their views respecting the character and the destiny of mankind, 'the popular philosophers' and the Rationalists in Germany—like the politicians in France—referred not to history, but to their own reasonings. What they thought of the claims of any historical and authoritative institutions of morals or religion can hardly be stated clearly; for they regarded all such claims as hardly worthy of consideration. They did not deeply inquire how it had ever come to pass that men had been so long misguided by priestcraft. It was enough to know that this had been done in 'the dark ages,' which included the whole of the past.

Another characteristic of these enlightened men was their enormous belief in the moral power of education. Their theory was that men are born with minds like blank paper, and to write good axioms on this paper was all that was required to make a new world. Hence the bold hopes expressed in the eloquent books of Rousseau and copied in the writings of his humble German imitators, Basedow and Pestalozzi. The faith of the popular philosophers, though very narrow, was as energetic as their denial of all assertions except their own. They had not the least doubt that they were able to demonstrate to all the world such truths as the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, and they were, consequently, astounded when KANT told them that their arguments on these points were good for nothing. They had never

dreamed that any one would be audacious enough to treat them as disrespectfully as they had treated the past. It did not matter when an obscure mystic—HAMANN—spoke contemptuously of their logic; but it was to be wondered at when Hume and Kant destroyed all the positive faith of 'the enlightened men.' However, Nicolai, the Berlin bookseller, was by no means daunted, but declared that Kant hardly knew what he was talking about. Nicolai's dogmatism was characteristic of the school to which he belonged, though he was its extreme representative. His friends could not see that, if all the world had been in absolute error before their time, it was possible that they—even the men of Berlin—might be in error; or that, if they might despise and overthrow everything they called obsolete, others might arise who, with equal authority, would demolish such doctrines as seemed infallible at Berlin in 1770 and afterwards.

This anti-religious and quasi-philosophical excitement was more closely connected with the progress of literature, than, at first sight, might appear probable. The attacks of the men of enlightenment, were mostly directed against so-called 'mysticism;' but under this term of reproach they included all expressions of faith or feeling, that could not be understood as easily as 'two and two make four.' One form of mysticism lurked, it was said, under a Protestant disguise; the other had a Romanising tendency, and both were suspected as means made use of by the Jesuits. The members of this order were supposed to be still active everywhere in Germany, although their missions were suppressed there in 1773. Most probably, more than half the machinations ascribed to their industry were purely imaginary; for the Berlin men of light would not believe that any man could be religious unless he had been corrupted by Jesuits, or Mystics. The school of mysticism included such men as Hamann, who spoke like an oracle, Lavater, the dreamy and credulous writer on physiognomy, Jacobi, the declamatory philosopher, and the brothers Stolberg, who were third-rate poets.

The methods employed to defend common sense and rationalism were remarkably shallow. It was thought advisable to spread enlightened opinions by the use of such secret means as had been ascribed to the Jesuits. The order of 'The Illuminati' was, at first, openly instituted by Adam Weishaupt, a professor of law at Ingolstadt, but his followers were accused of making use of secret

diplomacy in spreading their principles; especially among the brotherhoods of the freemasons. Their doctrine included little more than a few abstract assertions respecting the existence of a Supreme Being, the advantages of republican government, and the duties of a cosmopolitan philanthropy. A more fantastic class of dreamers—'the Rosicrucians'—also intruded themselves into the masons' lodges of this time. These 'brethren of the rosy cross' professed to be the followers of a mythical sage—Rosenkreutz—who had lived, they said, in the fourteenth century and had studied the occult sciences in India and in the pyramids of Egypt! The facts concealed under this fiction were these;—Valentin Andreæ, a divine of the seventeenth century, whom we have named among the versifiers of his time, had sometimes amused himself by writing religious allegories, or rather sketches of a Christian Utopia. One of his books, the 'Fama Fraternitatis R.C.' (1614), seems to have suggested to 'the brethren of the rosy cross' their scheme of turning a dream into a reality. Their symbol was a Saint Andrew's cross, above a rose encircled with thorns; their tenets it is not so easy to explain. Like others, they were suspected of being Jesuits in disguise, and many scandals and controversies took place in the masons' lodges. A member of the enlightened order, when engaged in conversation with one of 'the brethren of the rosy cross' felt by no means sure that he was not dealing with a Jesuit, or with some alchemical swindler—perhaps, with Cagliostro himself!—for the masonic lodges were at this time overrun by adventurers, visionaries, 'grand templars,' Egyptian necromancers, and disciples of all kinds of *Schwärmerei*. That one word—for which there is no English equivalent—expresses, at once, two characteristics of the times; a fanatical devotion to mere theories and a love of making new sects. One of the more noticeable of the 'illuminati,' Adolf von Knigge, wrote a book worth reading on 'Social Intercourse,' giving rules for making friends and for keeping out of the way of enemies; but he was unfortunate in the practice of his own maxims, and often involved himself in quarrels. Scandals and disputes among other enlightened men led to the suppression of their order and to a reformation of the masons' lodges. Various reports of their abuses had been carried to Rome, and had called forth several papal allocutions against masonry. These were mostly founded on a want of information respecting the true

origin of the abuses introduced in the eighteenth century. Goethe, who was a freemason, always retained the notion of spreading new doctrines—especially on education and general culture—by means of brotherhoods or secret and benevolent societies including none but men of high character and training. Such brotherhoods are represented in the two didactic romances, Wilhelm Meister's *Lehrjahre* and *Wanderjahre*.

The revolutionary spirit of the times could hope for no immediate success in German politics. There were two reasons that made innovation hopeless. In the first place, the power of the rulers in the several states had been firmly established on the division of the empire. In the second place, the German liberals were too often vague and unpractical theorists. Liberty is the exercise of power, and the result must wholly depend on the character of the power that is set free. The main cause of the failure of hopes of political liberation at the close of the eighteenth century was that they were borrowed; the French were indebted for them to the Americans and the German Illuminati borrowed all their ideas from French theorists. Goethe's dislike of hasty political changes was founded on his observation of public events in the years 1770-93. Of the French Revolution he said, 'I see that something different from the past must be the result; but I cannot be sure that the change will be an improvement.' Of imitative and artificial revolutions he said—at a later time—'nothing is good for a nation save what grows up out of its own life and its own wants and this must be quite distinct from any imitation of foreign examples. All attempts to import foreign innovations when there is no felt want of them in the national life, are therefore foolish, and all revolutions concerted in that way must be unsuccessful; for such bad workmanship as that can never have God's approbation.'

Political dreamers with whom Goethe was acquainted during his youth had suggested these conclusions. He remembered that the emperor Joseph II. had written in 1789 the words:—'now we shall have universal peace in Europe,' and the failure of that prophecy made a profound impression. But we must refer to some specimen of the dreamy patriots of the times in order to understand fully the poet's so-called political 'indifference.' Among his earlier friends he numbered the two brothers Von Stolberg—already named as writers of verse—with whom he made

a tour in Switzerland in 1775. Christian, the elder brother, was a weak imitator of the younger, FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD GRAF VON STOLBERG (1750-1819), who deserves to be noticed because his writings throw some light on the characteristics of his times. He was the most energetic of all the singers of liberty; but his enthusiasm was as unreal as it was violent. Nothing could exceed the extravagant ravings of his odes on freedom and freethinking. They were like 'tales told by an idiot,' 'full of sound and fury,' and they signified nothing. In the song of a freethinker he calls on a tempest to come and be his companion, and next invites 'a whirlpool' to his embraces! Then he ascends into the sky and beyond the orbit of Arcturus, whence he looks forth upon 'torrents of annihilation rushing down upon globes and suns shivered to atoms.' Finally, the poet—laughing with a bitter scorn—flings himself down from Arcturus upon the fragments of the universe and there lies 'covered with midnight, ruins and horror!' This surely rivals Bottom's specimen of 'Ercles' vein'; but, incredible as it may seem, Von Stolberg could write even worse nonsense than this. His climax is found in a 'Song of Freedom' which contains passages too absurd and extravagant to be quoted. The worst still remains to be told; for this violent declamation about liberty and drinking 'the blood of tyrants' was, after all, a mere dreamery and affectation. When divine freedom for which Von Stolberg had been calling, seemed likely to come and to take away from him his title and his estate, he declined, at once, the embraces of the goddess, sought shelter in the Romish Church and thence hurled forth an anathema on all Jacobins, Illuminati and levellers. He had never dreamed that the men beyond the Rhine had some practical meaning in their talk about equality, and as soon as he discovered his error, he hastened, with the zeal of a convert, to make an apology to the tyrants whom he had denounced.

To return from politics to literature—here also revolutionary notions prevailed, and were asserted as claims of men possessing original genius too powerful to be shackled by authority or criticism. The original geniuses of the age—including Goethe—who were loud in their declaration of independence and bold in their defiance of criticism, had some passable logic on their side. If the Berlin men of light might base their teaching on a thorough contempt for all the past, then surely inspired young

poets—such men as Heinse, Goethe, Müller, Klinger and Lenz, who were then all classed together as equals—might be allowed to invent even a new kind of poetry, without paying respect either to the example of a Klopstock or the theory of a Lessing. Innovation, excluded from political life, had already attacked morals, manners, and religion, and might now be allowed to invade the realm of imaginative literature. So it was decreed, that the poetry of the past must be cast aside as a worn-out sort of manufacture. 'It was made, not inspired,' said Mauvillon and Unzer, two of the critics of the times, and their judgment was confirmed by Merck and Schlosser—both friends of Goethe. All the young men of genius were agreed, that what was now wanted was a something new—wonderful—never dreamed of before in the world! Such men as Lenz, Müller and Klinger undertook to supply the poetry wanted for the future, and wrote quite enough of it. In 1776 Klinger—who afterwards became rational—wrote a wild play called 'Sturm und Drang,' and these two words, (meaning Storm and Pressure), were accepted as the name of the period—also known as 'the time of the original geniuses.' One of its odd features was the familiarity with which poetasters spoke of 'their brother-genius—Shakspere!' If his true ghost had appeared to them—as Wieland suggested—they might possibly have been frightened into modesty. When they said that the poetry of the old times, 'was made, and not inspired,' they seemed to forget that their own was for the most part neither inspired nor made. In several instances their lives were as wild as their notions of genius and poetry. Abstinence from reading and study and a disregard for the decencies of life were proofs of original genius. Some of the wildest of the poets rambled about, half-dressed, refused to comb their hair and—as Jean Paul said—'thought it a disgrace to be seen in a library.' They were, in their own estimate, sound, healthy children of nature, and 'as free as nature first made man.'

It is difficult now—in Germany, where 'the stern realities of life' are talked of as seriously as in England—to revive, even in imagination, the characteristics of that time of 'Sturm und Drang,' when writing wild poetry was regarded as the object of life. Imaginative literature, which now supplies an occasional recreation for the student, then formed the chief bond of social intercourse for many young dreamers living in the neighbourhood of Weimar

and Jena. How they were supported, while wasting their time in dreams, we are left to guess; for of realities their poetry tells little. In what practical results their reveries ended we know too well in some cases of tragic failure of all the promises of youth. Hardships and misfortunes are everywhere ready to find victims among men who study the ideal before they have fought with the real, and it has been said of true poets, who, in their youth, 'begin with gladness,' that 'the end thereof is oft despondency and madness;' but the history of the time of 'Sturm und Drang' was especially gloomy.

Several instances of failure in practical life, among young men who began their career with literary ambition, might be ascribed to the character of the mental excitement that prevailed. That influence did not soon pass away, but remained in the days of the Romantic School. If we named here all the imaginative writers of the period 1770-1820 who died in their youth, or were especially unhappy in their lives; those who fell into deep melancholy, and those who perished by suicide; the number would be dismally large. The reflections suggested by this history of a literature out of harmony with practical life, having hardly any basis in religion, and uncontrolled by a patient study of art, are too important to be dwelt upon here. It required a strong man, like Goethe, to come out, but slightly injured, from the excitement of that time of rash innovation. As we have said, he was then known only as one wild young poet among others, and such writers as the painter Müller, Lenz, Wagner, and Klinger were his friends or his rivals. A solitary tragedy written by Leisewitz, and a work by Wezel—one of the most miserable of the geniuses—were both ascribed to Goethe, and he was classified with Heinse, the licentious and weak follower of Wieland. In his drama of 'Götz von Berlichingen' and in his 'Sorrows of Werther' Goethe made himself responsible for some of the literary and moral errors of his times; but his genius, even then, raised him far above his young cotemporaries. He had another advantage; he was teachable, and when he went to Strassburg in 1770, he found a teacher in Herder who, with regard to some of his progressive but rather vague notions of the destiny of literature, might be classed with the men of the stormy time. Herder was not original in poetry, and for the germs of his philosophy he was indebted to Hamann. In order to trace to its source the new intellectual

movement of the period we must refer to Goethe's '*Dichtung und Wahrheit*,' especially to his account of the teaching he received from Herder at the university of Strassburg.

Here we find, in 1770, the most teachable of the young poets of the day, receiving instruction from an inferior mind—one whose genius is receptive rather than creative. The teacher is a man with rounded features, a bold forehead, dark eyes and a mouth of pleasant expression, when he smiles. He would be, on the whole, good-looking, but he is suffering from a fistula in one of his eyes, for which he is expecting to undergo an operation. He wears a clerical dress, and too often speaks in the dictatorial tone of a schoolmaster, though he is only five years older than his pupil —a young Apollo, with fine features and eyes of remarkable power, as may be seen even in the shade of the invalid's chamber. The teacher now twenty-six years old, has had a hard struggle with poverty during youth. His father, a very poor schoolmaster, could not afford to send him to a university; but he studied surgery and then went to Königsberg, where he attended Kant's lectures. Since then, he has been engaged as a schoolmaster and as a preacher; but his favourite studies are poetry, literary history, and the history of culture. He is an enthusiastic believer in progress, and loves to preach about cosmopolitan philanthropy. It is one of his characteristics that, in his earnestness, he assumes an oracular tone which he does not put aside, though talking now, to no ordinary student, but to Johann Wolfgang Goethe, one of the original geniuses of the age. The latter is studying law at Strassburg; but what is there that he has not studied? Besides Latin and Greek, he reads French, knows something of Hebrew, and has read many books on pietism, mysticism, chemistry, alchemy, and the fine arts. Not long ago, he injured his health by his efforts to master the art of etching on copper. His genius requires concentration, and Herder advises him to devote himself to the study of the popular poetry of all nations! 'What we want,' says Herder, 'is a poetry in harmony with "the voices of the peoples" and with the whole heart of mankind. Our studies must be cosmopolitan, and must include the popular poetry of the Hebrews, the Arabs, the mediæval Franks, Germans, Italians and Spaniards, and even the songs and ballads of half savage races. We must go back to the earliest times to educate ourselves, so that we may write poetry, not for a school, nor for a

certain period, but for all men and for all time.' We see, in these ideas, that Herder belongs to the time of 'Sturm und Drang.' There must be a putting away of old things, and all things must be made new.

Such teaching is rather vague, though Goethe listens to it with deep interest; but when he asks for clear details he is not satisfied. Herder wishes to stimulate rather than to instruct his pupil. Several tracts, dingily printed on bad paper, are lying on the table; they have odd titles, such as *Æsthetica in Nuce* (1762), and *Socratic Memorabilia* (1759). But who, among the young poetical readers of the day, ever heard of the author's name—Johann George Hamann? When Goethe has opened one of these odd tracts, and has tried to read it, he finds something that attracts attention, but he cannot understand it, and begs his friend to act as interpreter. Herder only laughs and says:—'you must read on, and you will come to the meaning.' Goethe is teachable; so he carries away Hamann's rhapsodies and studies them. He soon finds in them some of Herder's own vague thoughts, but still more vaguely expressed. If they contain the elements of a future poetry, it is only as the mists and clouds of February may be said to enfold the germs of a latent summer. But Goethe reads on through the rhapsody on æsthetics, and is not seriously discouraged even by such passages as the following:—

> Poetry is the mother tongue of the human race, and is older than prose, as gardening is older than agriculture, and painting older than writing; or as song, parable, and barter are older than declamation, syllogism, and commerce. A deep sleep was the rest of our primeval ancestors, and their exercise was a wild bacchanal dance. Seven days they would sit in the silence of thought or wonder, and then they opened their mouths and uttered inspired words. . . . Let the blame lie where it may—outside or inside of us—we find now in nature nothing more than sybilline leaves scattered, here and there—'*disjecti membra poetæ.*' To collect them is the work of the scientific man; the philosopher has to interpret them; the poet must imitate them or—a bolder aim!—must try to reduce them to harmony. . . . The book of creation contains examples of universal thoughts revealed from God to his creatures by means of creatures, and the books of the covenant contain examples of the deeper wisdom which God is pleased to reveal to men by men. The unity of the Author is reflected in the several dialects of his works; in all, what a tone of unmeasured height and depth!

Through other passages even more obscure than these Goethe must read patiently, in order to find out Hamann's meaning. But

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something more must be said here of a writer to whom Herder and Goethe were indebted.

Johann Georg Hamann, born in 1730 at Königsberg, was for some years engaged as a clerk, as a private tutor and as a commercial agent. He was unfortunate in the last-named capacity, and, after long enduring poverty, he gained a subordinate office under government and a small pension. His life was marked by strong contrasts. He was deeply religious; but was not always correct in his morals. His principles were by no means ascetic. His faith, though strangely expressed, was orthodox, and he was a firm believer in the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins. While he was engaged as a commercial traveller, he visited London, where vexation on account of some unfortunate transactions led him into dissipated habits. He recovered his moral strength by reading the Bible; or as he says (in a letter to his friend Jacobi), he was lifted out of despair by means of a few despised texts, 'as the prophet Jeremiah was raised from his dungeon by the aid of some cords and old rags.' Hamann's subsequent misfortunes were partly the result of his own imprudence; for he was privately married to a poor village girl, while he was still in very needy circumstances, and he was heavily afflicted by the cares of his family. In his later years, several good friends—including Jacobi and the princess Galitzin—assisted him; but their aid came late, when he was worn out by the adversities of his life. He died in 1788, at the house of the princess Galitzin, near Munster, and was buried in her garden, where a stone was erected to his memory. His friends and disciples styled him 'the Magus of the North.' Though he wrote mostly in an oracular style, such men as Herder, Goethe, Jacobi and Jean Paul Richter were numbered among his readers, and he was respected by Lessing, Moses Mendelssohn, and Kant. The main purport of his teaching may be briefly stated:—Hamann was an enemy to the cold rationalism that prevailed in his day; but he did not attempt to refute it by logic. He appealed to his own feelings and intuitions, and, therefore, must be classed with mystics. For him nature, the written word, and history, were the three forms of one revelation, and must be all studied in their concords. Hamann respected Kant, but rejected his exposition of religion as rationalistic or merely ethical, and on the same ground, he denounced the Berlin philosophy which, in fact, was nothing more than the deism of Voltaire put into German. The

'enlightened' had opposed and ridiculed everything that was not commonplace. They disliked all such men as Hamann, Herder, and Jacobi, who talked of sentiments and inspiration. For Lessing, the Berlin men were compelled to feel some respect; but in his later years, he cared very little for their good opinion, and was by no means satisfied with their negative notions about religion. Hamann was the boldest opponent of the Berlin school, and though he uttered his protests in a rhapsodical style, his words had a good purport. He denounced self-conceit, negation and abstraction, and would have neither old traditions nor intuitions sacrificed to a logic based upon dogmatism. His views of the origin and the purport of poetry found an interpreter in Herder, and some of his religious principles may be seen reflected in the works of his friend, FRIEDRICH HEINRICH JACOBI, a writer who has been classed with German philosophers, though he had neither a system nor a method. His chief works—the letters 'on Spinoza's Theory,' and the Essays on 'David Hume' and 'on Divine Things and their Revelation'—are mostly controversial, but may be reduced to the assertion, that the truths of morals and religion are known only by intuition, or faith. Jacobi wrote also two imaginative works—'Edward Allwill's Letters' and 'Woldemar'—both rather didactic and sentimental than narrative. The purport of the latter is to show that a high and pure friendship may exist between persons of opposite sexes. As one of the early friends of Goethe and of other young literary men of the age, Jacobi exerted some important influence in his day. The respectful reserve and caution for which Goethe was remarkable in his references to the religious questions and interests of his times, and his dislike of theological and metaphysical controversies, may be partly ascribed to his acquaintance with Jacobi. It is, however, far clearer that Goethe, during his youth, was indebted to Herder, of whose theories and writings some further account must be given here.

JOHANN GOTTFRIED HERDER, born in 1744, passed his youth in the needy circumstances already mentioned; but gained a favourable position in 1776, when Goethe recommended him to the Duke Karl August of Weimar, by whom he was appointed chaplain to the court and superintendent of the church district of Weimar. Here he mostly resided until his death, which took place in 1803. Some years afterwards the Duke erected, in memory of Herder, a monumental tablet with the inscription,

'Light, Love, Life.' During the years when Goethe and Herder lived as neighbours in the metropolis of German literature, their friendship gradually declined; for throughout his life, Herder never succeeded in laying aside the schoolmaster-like tone that had sometimes made his conversation disagreeable at Strassburg. His later years were overshadowed by melancholy, and after all his studies and his contributions to literature, he often sighed, 'Ah, my wasted life!'

Herder's was a receptive genius and his sympathies were catholic. If any proof were wanted of Wordsworth's theory—that a great poet differs from other imaginative men chiefly in the degree of his energy of imagination—it might be found in Herder. He was a poet who required considerable aids from other minds, and his original poems are inferior to his versions of poems from many sources. By his 'Voices of the Peoples'—a series of free translations of the popular songs and ballads of several nations—and by his 'Spirit of Hebrew Poetry' (1782) he awakened a cosmopolitan taste in imaginative literature. In theology he was liberal, but less negative than the rationalists. His so-called philosophy, like that of his friends Hamann and Jacobi, was founded on faith and feeling, but it had no method, and he was quite out of his depth when he attempted to refute Kant. In his unfinished work, 'Ideas for a Philosophy of the History of Mankind' (1784-91) he suggested the aims and the outlines of that comprehensive study; but his knowledge, though very extensive in some departments, was not equal to the task of filling up the outlines of such a philosophy. His best work—the popular songs and ballads of many nations—is divided into six books, containing respectively, songs from the North, from the South, and from the North-west, Scandinavian lyrics, old German songs and some specimens of the poetry of half-savage tribes. It was characteristic of Herder that he accepted as genuine the poems ascribed to Ossian. In other translations and imitations he directed the attention of his readers to oriental poetry. The whole aim of his literary labours seemed to be to make the Germans forget the distinctive character of their own land and recognise themselves as citizens of the world. Such teaching was too readily accepted by Goethe. 'National literature,' said he, 'is of little importance: the age of a world-literature is at hand, and every one ought to work in order to accelerate the coming of this new era.' There is

some truth in this; but it may be maintained also that distinct national literatures are wanted to make a true world-literature, just as distinct outlines and colours are required for a painting, however harmonious. A whole in which all the parts are absorbed and lost can have no life. Lessing, it is said, reformed style and made German poetry artistic; but Herder inspired it with a new spirit and purport. This does not fairly and fully describe the difference between the two men. Lessing endeavoured—at least in his 'Minna von Barnhelm'—to make poetic literature national, and it would have been well if that example had been followed. Whatever may be the advantages of cosmopolitan studies for the historian or the philosopher, they have a subordinate value in poetry. Who is there that would sacrifice one of Wordsworth's local poems closely attached for ever to one of his haunts in Westmoreland and Cumberland, for the sake of any versions that he might have given us of oriental legends? Why should not every nation, while cultivating an acquaintance with foreign literature, preserve its own distinct character; or why should the expressions of poetic genius in various countries be less diversified than their climates and their vegetation? We do not go to India to see the trees and the grasses of English valleys. 'A man who would do anything good in art,' says Goethe, 'must hold himself within his proper bounds;' and so must a nation. These are considerations that may, perhaps, tend to limit praises bestowed on the vague universalism of Herder. In his times German poetry had a wide enough field to wander in without travelling into all the four quarters of the globe in search of topics. For how little had been told of a land where the enthusiasm of the crusades, the contests of Rome with the Empire, the struggle of the towns with the barons, and such events as occupied the centuries from the thirteenth to the seventeenth, had been hardly described, save by dry chroniclers. From all this life and reality Herder turned attention away to meditations on universal history, and his example had a considerable effect on his cotemporaries and his followers.

With regard to his style, Herder cannot, for a moment, be compared with Lessing. It must be allowed, that in treating of such themes as the spirit and purport of poetry, he was more exposed to the danger of falling into vagueness than Lessing could be when writing of form and construction; but, even when he

professes to be critical, Herder is too often declamatory. He is a preacher who appeals to his own feelings for a proof that he rightly interprets the scriptures. His sentiments will not allow his thoughts to develope themselves clearly. His views are very wide, but, like pictures cast on a screen by a magic lantern, they lose in light and definition as much as they gain in extent. Herder was chiefly remarkable for the animating influence he exerted on the minds of several of his cotemporaries.

CHAPTER XVII.

SEVENTH PERIOD.—1770–1830.

'GÖTZ VON BERLICHINGEN'—'WERTHER'S LEIDEN'—THE MEN OF 'STURM UND DRANG'—THE HAINBUND—PROSE WRITERS.

In 1773, the drama of 'Götz von Berlichingen' was published without the author's name, and was generally received with enthusiastic admiration. In several respects it realised the ideal desiderated by 'the originals,' or the literary men of revolutionary tendencies. It was a national drama, and the character of its hero, Götz of the iron hand, one of the latest survivors of the old *Ritterthum* (knighthood), was not too remote from popular sympathies. He had supported the Reformation, and had given proofs of manly generosity during the Peasants' War. In his biography written by himself, he describes in a tone of childlike innocence such exploits as would now be called robberies, and the frank and kind expression of the author's portrait can leave no doubt of his sincerity. He lived in the days when the princes were making use of the Reformation as a pretext for exalting themselves on the ruins of the *Ritterthum*, and he fought, as he believed, for the right. Goethe departed rather widely from the facts of his hero's autobiography, and gave expression in Götz to some of the revolutionary notions prevalent when the drama appeared. The play was written in defiance of the rules of the French drama, and therefore was hailed as being in accordance with Lessing's theory and Klopstock's patriotism; while 'the originals'—the men who would derive all their morality from crude nature—were charmed by the scene in which 'brother Martin' declaims against monasticism. On the other hand, Götz gave offence to all admirers of the French theatre, including the king, who spoke of the new national drama as 'a detestable imita-

tion of bad English plays,' and 'full of disgusting platitudes.' This critique might have been fairly applied, in all its severity, to a series of wild, shapeless 'Ritter dramas,' called into existence by the success of Götz. Nothing indeed can be said in favour of the model itself as a work of art; for it is only a series of scenes, each having a separate life and interest. Its greatest and most permanent merit is found in its truly popular style.

A still greater success followed the publication of the sentimental romance, 'The Sorrows of Werther,' which first appeared, without the author's name, in 1774, and being soon translated into several languages was circulated throughout Europe. Some parts of the work were, doubtless, founded on the writer's own experience; but it must be remembered that he was a Proteus in his sympathies. The fate of Jerusalem, a young man with whom Goethe had had but a slight acquaintance, was described in connection with several fictitious circumstances. The heroine Charlotte—one of Goethe's friends when he lived at Wetzlar—was afterwards married to a man whose character was falsely supposed to be represented by that of 'Albert,' the weak husband in the romance. The public accepted the 'Sorrows of Werther' as a faithful biography of Jerusalem, and for a time, the incidents of the story were talked of as well-known facts that had taken place at Wetzlar. 'Lotte'—afterwards, Frau Kestner—became celebrated as a heroine, while her husband felt annoyed because it was imagined that he had been described under the disguise of Albert. Travellers came to Wetzlar to find some relics of the melancholy man who died for love, and the landlord of an inn there, to please his visitors, raised a small mound of earth in his garden, and, for a trifling gratuity, exhibited it as 'the grave of the unfortunate Werther.' All the blame of this extravagance must not be cast on Goethe. His sentimental romance was the effect of a literary epidemic that might be traced back at least as far as to the English novels of Richardson, whose influence had been very extensive in Germany. Even such a recluse metaphysician as Kant had loved to read of the sorrows of 'Pamela' and 'Clarissa Harlowe.' Many of the enthusiastic admirers of 'Werther' were readers who thought Ossian a greater poet than Homer. A dreamy sentimentality prevailed, and Goethe sympathised with the feeling. The epidemic was spread, but was not created, by Goethe's romance. It was a dream of his youth—

a morbid dream. Schopenhauer, the arch cynic, regrets that Goethe employed his genius so often to write of love, but admits that the topic is hardly to be avoided; for, says he gravely, 'it will intrude itself everywhere, disturbing the plans of statesmen, and the meditations of philosophers.' Wolfram von Eschenbach, in his 'Titurel,' had long before made the same apology, but in a far more poetical style.

It must be admitted, however, that the tendency of Goethe's earliest romance was enervating, and he was soon convinced of his error. He then wrote his 'Triumph of Sentimentality' as a satirical antidote to 'Werther;' but the medicine had no great effect. The romance had been recommended, not only by its purport, but also by its excellent style, of which one proof is the facility with which it may be translated into French.

It is hardly necessary to add that 'Werther' was followed by a crowd of imitations barely worth mentioning. Among them the tedious romance of 'Siegwart' by Johann Martin Miller, might be referred to as one that enjoyed a remarkable popularity. We notice a few other inferior writers of fiction in these times, because their productions serve to show by contrast the merits of Goethe and Schiller, whose best works were written in defiance of the degraded taste that prevailed in their days. We cannot fairly estimate such works as 'Iphigenia' and 'Wilhelm Tell,' if we know little or nothing of the lower poetical literature that found numerous admirers, from the days of Klinger and Lenz to the times when Iffland and Kotzebue had possession of the German stage.

Goethe's young cotemporaries belonged to two classes—the men of the Göttingen School (the 'Hainbund'), and 'the originals,' already generally described. It is among the latter that we find the more prominent characteristics of the imaginative literature of the age. Its worst errors may be sufficiently indicated by a brief reference to the writings of Wilhelm Heinse (1749–1803), who in his youth was patronised by father Gleim, and afterwards was an imitator of Wieland. It is enough to mention his romance of 'Ardinghello and the Fortunate Islands' as a specimen of debased fiction, of which the contents are as impure as the treatment is unartistic. The less offensive parts of the book consist of some dreamy attempts to describe works of art. To pass over all the worst parts of the story—its sentimentality on the subject of

friendship may be noticed as one of the errors from which even the early writings of Goethe are comparatively free. There is nothing real and manly in Heinse's notions of friendship, and his language is so full of bad taste that it can hardly be quoted. This is the style in which he represents the sudden formation of 'an everlasting bond of friendship'—'he sprang up from his chair so violently that the glasses were knocked off the table, as he exclaimed; "Oh happy, singular, wonderful coincidence! so young, so handsome, and so full of good sense and experience! we must be friends for evermore! nothing shall part us—darling of my soul!"'

When we turn to notice another prevalent fault—the taste for such violent, unartistic writing as is now called 'sensational'—we see at once, the distance existing between Goethe and his young cotemporaries, the dramatic authors, Lenz and Klinger. About the time when he was writing 'Götz von Berlichingen,' Goethe became acquainted with these sensational playwrights. They had read Shakspere, and had been carried away by the vehemence of his dramatic power, but had learned nothing of the art by which that power was controlled. The result was that they wrote some deplorable dramas, which, however, found admirers.

JOHANN REINHOLD LENZ, born in 1750, studied at Königsberg, and was for some time employed as a private tutor before he came to Weimar. There he made himself noticeable for his defiance of the conventions of polite society, and was soon compelled to leave the town. He afterwards lived at Zürich and in Russia, was afflicted with insanity, and died in very miserable circumstances in 1792. In his dramas—such as 'Der Hofmeister,' and 'Die Soldaten' (1774–76)—he mingled comedy with tragedy, and treated with an equal contempt the rules of art, and those of decency. His cotemporary FRIEDRICH MAXIMILIAN VON KLINGER, born in 1752, was a far stronger man in intellect and character, and his worst personal eccentricity, during youth, seems to have been his dislike of a complete suit of clothes. But this is only what was said by Wieland who was the enemy of all men of Klinger's school. After visiting Weimar, where Goethe treated him kindly, Klinger was engaged for some time in writing for the Leipzig theatre. His dramas 'Sturm und Drang,' 'Die Zwillinge,' 'Konradin,' 'Der Günstling' and others are, with regard to their

offences against good taste, worse than his didactic romances; though these are also destitute of moderation and sobriety. His purport in most of his prose-fictions is severely moral; but he thinks it necessary to teach ethics by exposing crimes and miseries in all their bare deformity, and by the use of unchastened language, such as we find in 'Faust's Life, Actions and Doom.' Klinger's best romance—'the Man of the World, and the Poet' (1798)—is morose and misanthropic in its tone, but contains useful warnings for idle dreamers. In his 'Meditations and Thoughts on the World and on Literature' (1802), he gives his severe notions on ethics in a style less tedious than that of his romances. Of these it will be enough to notice very briefly one—'Faust'—as a specimen of the taste for demonology prevalent in Klinger's day. When Faust is summoned to his doom, he defies the arch enemy in words so daring that, says Klinger: 'never since Pandemonium was founded, was there such a silence as now reigned throughout the abodes of everlasting lamentation!' In short, Faust frightened all the demons. In another passage, when the tempter appears in his true form before his victim, the scene is thus described: 'Satan towers up to a gigantic height; his eyes glow like thunder-clouds from which the beams of the setting sun are reflected; his breathings are like the sighings of a tempest through chasms, when the crust of the earth is burst open; the earth groans beneath his feet, and his hair, through which a storm is raving, floats around his head like the tail of a threatening comet!' Another of the young men classed with 'the originals,' the painter, FRIEDRICH MÜLLER (1750-1823) treated the same subject in his 'Faust' but hardly with such energy as Klinger displayed. In 'Genoveva,' a drama, and in several of his ballads and idylls, Müller wrote in a natural and popular style, and, in some respects, anticipated the tendencies of the Romantic School in poetical literature.

FRIEDRICH DANIEL SCHUBART, born in 1739, may be mentioned here; for though he was not personally associated with the writers above named, his characteristics belong mostly to the time of *Sturm und Drang*. He was a Suabian schoolmaster, and a man of versatile abilities. At one time he supported himself as a teacher of music, then as a public reciter of poetry, and lastly, as the editor of a newspaper *die Deutsche Chronik*, notorious for its audacity. Writers of Schubart's biography have described him, on one side, as a dissolute man, on the other, as a patriot. He had

good talents for music and poetical declamation and was often well paid for his services; but he had everywhere the misfortune of finding or making enemies. He was expelled from his place as organist at Ludwigsburg for writing a parody on the litany. After that he was patronised at Mannheim, but soon made himself unwelcome there, and his usual bad fortune haunted him when he went to München. Then he started 'the German Chronicle' at Augsburg, where he had a brilliant success as a reciter of poetry. Again he made enemies, and was driven away to Ulm, where he continued to publish his paper. Having given offence to the Duke of Würtemberg, the editor of the chronicle was enticed into the domains of that ruler and there was sentenced, without any form of trial, to suffer ten years' imprisonment. In his own account of this transaction he wrote, with some pathos, of his separation from his family; but he forgot to confess that he had been a careless husband and father. The imprisonment was a most despotic act; but it should be added that Schubart's faithful wife and his family were better cared for while he was kept in confinement than they had been sometimes when he was at liberty to provide for their wants. After his release, he returned to his old habits of dissipation, and died in 1791. In literature he partly represents a taste for the grotesque and horrible, expressed in ballads beginning with such lines as:—

'See you the blood-stain on the wall?'

or,

'Ha! here's one bone and here's another!'

Goethe, in his grotesque ballad, 'the Skeletons' Dance,' showed that, if he chose, he could excel Schubart in this sensational style:—

'Then ah! what a dance in the churchyard lone!
And oh! what a clatter of bone upon bone.'

Schubart's poem, entitled 'the Vault of the Princes' was generally admired in his day. A few verses may serve to show another literary trait of the times, declamation on the wickedness of ruling families:—

'And here they lie! these ashes of proud princes,
Once clad in bright array;
Here lie their bones—all in the dismal glimmer
Of the pale dying day.

And their old coffins in the vault are gleaming
Like rotten timber, side by side;
And silver family-shields are faintly shining—
Their last display of pride.

Oh, wake them not—the scourges of their race,
Earth has for them no room!
Soon, soon enough will over them be rattling
The thunders of their doom.'

Though their offences against good taste, morals and rules of art were hardly pardonable, the sensational poets, already so often referred to, were progressive in some of their innovations, and an excuse may be found for their extravagance when it is contrasted with the tameness of the so-called poetry of the 'Hainbund.' This union, the latest of formal associations of literary men in the times of Klopstock, was formed by several young students of Göttingen, and in a manner suited to their sentimental taste. They were assembled one evening, near a clump of oak-trees in a field, while the moon was shining clearly. Here they agreed together to form a school for the culture of patriotic poetry, and pledged themselves to act honestly towards each other in their exchanges of criticism. Their meeting ended with the ceremony of crowning themselves with oak-leaves. In nationality they endeavoured to make themselves worthy followers of Klopstock. On the anniversary of his birthday (1773) they assembled to honour their master, and on the same occasion, they burned Wieland's portrait and some of his writings. Both the 'Hainbund' men and the men of *Sturm und Drang* disliked Wieland; the former, because he had introduced a foreign and licentious taste; the latter, because he cared for rules of art and had common-sense enough to know that Klinger was not a second Shakspere. On the whole, the Göttingen men of the 'Hainbund' were conservatives in poetry, and their representative, Voss, wrote bitterly against all the innovations of the original geniuses and against those of their successors, the Romantic School. But the 'Hainbund' produced no great poets. Bürger, the most powerful of the men associated with the union, was not, strictly speaking, one of its members. With regard to his cultivation of a popular style in ballads, he might be reckoned among Herder's disciples, while in other respects, he was associated with the sensational school.

Gottfried August Bürger, born on the first day of 1748,

studied at Halle and Göttingen, and, during his youth, was attracted by the charms of English poetry; especially by Shakspere's plays and Percy's ballads. Of the latter he translated several, but deviated considerably from their simplicity, in order to suit a taste for so-called poetic diction. Bürger's practical life was irregular and unhappy. However great his sins might have been, he was severely punished in his third marriage. A sentimental and frivolous woman pretended to be fascinated by some of his poems, and wrote to him in verse; offering her services as a mother to his three children. He was weak enough to accept the offer, but he soon bitterly repented. This third wife made him wretched for two years and then left him, about the time when his literary reputation was attacked by the severest criticism ever written by Schiller. There was only one consolation left for Bürger—his death, which took place in 1794. It was a miserable spectacle to see the woman who had embittered his last four years, when, after his decease, she travelled about the country and made small profits by reciting his ballads with affected pathos.

Bürger had great merits of style and versification. His wild, spectral ballad of 'Leonora' was rapidly spread through Germany and soon translated into several languages. An English version was Sir Walter Scott's first publication. Other ballads, such as 'Lenardo and Blandine' and 'the Pastor's Daughter of Taubenhain' were generally admired for their graphic and popular style, though in some respects they were severely criticised. Several of Bürger's songs are good, and his sonnets are excellent. The opinions of critics have been divided respecting the poet's general merits. Those who have praised him highly have spoken chiefly of his best ballads and of a few of his lyrical poems, while they have studied rather the style than the purport of his poetical works. Others, who have viewed his poems as a whole, and have had regard to their purport, as well as to their fluent versification, have censured the poet for his want of refinement, and for such passages of inflation or bad taste as are found in his *Ritter Karl von Eichenhorst*, *Frau Schnips*, 'the Rape of Europa,' and even in one of his prettiest lyrical poems, 'the Hamlet.' But however critics may differ on the general merits of Bürger, they must agree in praising his melodious versification which, though it has the characteristics of ease and simplicity, was the result of careful study. Klopstock, in his old age, when talking with Wordsworth,

expressed his belief that Bürger was a more genuine poet than either Goethe or Schiller. This strange judgment was pronounced in 1798, when Schiller had published his finest ballads.

JOHANN HEINRICH VOSS (1751–1826) the best scholar among the men of the 'Hainbund,' was far more respectable as a translator of Homer than as an original poet. He wrote in tedious hexameter verses a long idyll-epic called 'Luise' (1784), which suggested to Goethe the form of his 'Hermann and Dorothea.' In other respects, these two poems should hardly be named on one page. It has been absurdly said that the notion of domestic 'comfort' is peculiarly English, but the whole purport of one of the idylls of Voss is to expatiate on the snug and soothing circumstances of a country parson. Voss was a great enemy of all romance and mysticism, and admired a clear, didactic tendency, such as is well adapted for catechisms and reading-books in elementary schools. He was an industrious man of highly respectable character and scholarship, but was intensely prosaic, and avoided, not only everything that could be called fantastic and unreal, but almost every thought that would rise above the level of commonplace. His rural epic 'Luise,' is divided into three idylls:—in the first, a walk through a wood is described; then the pastor of Grünau—the heroine's father—joins his family in a pic-nic party on the bank of a stream, and, when every minute incident of the excursion has been tediously described, all the insipid characters return to the vicarage. The second idyll is hardly more lively, for here a young man named Walter (of whom we know nothing more than that he is betrothed to Luise) pays a visit to the old parson of Grünau and finds Luise fast asleep. In the third idyll Walter and Luise are married. No reason whatever is assigned why the reader should feel sympathy with any of the characters introduced, for they are hardly distinguished by more than their names, and they all talk the same commonplaces. Voss was proud of this idyll-epic, and preferred his own creation, 'Luise,' to Goethe's heroine, 'Dorothea.' 'They may say what they please in favour of Dorothea,' said Voss, 'she is not my Luise,' a statement afterwards universally accepted, though not in the sense the author intended. Voss was the representative of a class of versifiers, including such names as Neuffer, Kosegarten and Schmidt, whose chief characteristic was their extreme homeliness. Take away all the poetry, humour and sentiment from

some passages of Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village' and the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and leave only some descriptions of homely articles of furniture, and the result might be something like the idylls written by Voss. As they must be ranked thus low in art, it is pleasant to say anything in favour of their moral purport. They express contentment in circumstances of moderate prosperity, and such natural piety as is likely to be fostered by a general sense of comfort.

The names of a few other associates of the 'Hainbund' might be mentioned here, but it is enough to say that they hardly rose above mediocrity. There might be found one or two exceptions to this statement. JOHANN ANTON LEISEWITZ (1752–1806) wrote one tragedy, *Julius von Tarent*, which was praised by Lessing and contained some passages of powerful pathos. MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS, (1740–1815) known also by his pseudonym 'Asmus,' wrote several good lyrics expressive of simple pious feelings, such as are found in his 'Evening Hymn' and his 'Peasant's Evening Song.' His *Rheinweinlied* is national and popular.

Enough has been said of inferior poetical writers to indicate the literary tendencies of the times when Goethe was educating himself as a poet. A few years passed away, and the author of 'Götz' and 'the Sorrows of Werther' had left far behind him the wild nature-worship of his youth, and had produced such true works of art as 'Iphigenia,' 'Egmont,' 'Tasso,' as well as some parts of 'Faust' and many beautiful lyrical poems and ballads. Before we attempt to give an account of this second period in Goethe's literary biography, it may be well to notice the works of a few prose-writers belonging to the earlier part of the period 1770–1830.

Among writers of harmless and amusing fictions JOHANN MUSÆUS (1735–87), the author of many stories founded on old popular legends may be mentioned with some praise of his lively and fluent style, though his best work, a series of Fairy Tales, has been cast into the shade by the later collections of old popular myths, edited, as *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, by the brothers Grimm. On the ground that harmless fairy tales are better than misrepresentations of real life, we may leave unnamed many empty novels and wild romances containing neither truth nor poetry. A romance written in the form of 'Travels in the South of France' by MORITZ AUGUST VON THÜMMEL (1738–1817) was distinguished from the crowd by its lively style, and by some true observations of life in France,

but it was partly based on Wieland's notions of morals and contained some imitations of Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey.'

Another imitator of Sterne was THEODOR GOTTLIEB VON HIPPEL (1741–96), the writer of some books partly narrative and autobiographical but mostly didactic, in which there is no want of versatile talent, though order and clearness of arrangement are utterly neglected. If we may trust Hippel's biographers, his life was a series of contradictions and in its want of logical sequence was like his writings. To gain the means of supporting himself and a wife, he studied law, and with such industry and success that he gained what might be called wealth in his times, but instead of marrying, as he had intended, he contented himself with writing a book 'On Matrimony,' in which he laid down rules for the conduct of husbands and wives. It is noticeable as being one of the earliest arguments in favour of 'the emancipation of women.' Imitation of Sterne is found merely in the erratic form of Hippel's works. His best thoughts were borrowed from Kant, whose lectures he had attended. The eccentricity of Sterne was more closely imitated in 'Tobias Knaut,' a strange romance, at one time falsely ascribed to Wieland, who did however write a favourable review of it. The author, JOHANN KARL WEZEL, who wrote several other fictions and some plays, was afflicted, in 1786, with a delusion of the most extraordinary nature. He placed over a series of his own works in his library the inscription *Opera Dei Wezelii*, retired from society into profound solitude, and remained in this state of mind until his death, which took place in 1819. It was characteristic of the times that one of Wezel's works was ascribed to Goethe.

Many examples might be quoted from the novelists and romance writers, of morbid thought and sentiment, of license supposing itself to be liberty, and of extravagance mistaken for a proof of genius. The chief characteristic of numerous productions in prose-fiction was their total want of union with practical life and its realities. The words sobriety and moderation, when applied to literature, were in these times regarded as severe terms of reproach. One of the most extravagant and absurd fictions, 'the Adventures of Baron Münchhausen,' may be named here, because its authorship has been falsely ascribed to the poet Bürger. The true author, Rudolf Erich Raspe (1737–94) was a librarian who, after committing a robbery at Cassel, escaped in 1775 to London, where he

wrote in English, beside other books, the above-named extravaganza, which was translated into German by Bürger in 1787.

In leaving the department of prose-fiction and passing to that of didactic prose, we may mention a narrative writer whose works, though partly imaginative, were doubtless founded on realities. JOHANN HEINRICH JUNG, otherwise known as STILLING, the son of a poor tailor and schoolmaster, was born in 1740. After enduring many privations, he went to Strassburg, where he became acquainted with Goethe, from whom he probably received some help in the authorship of the book entitled 'Heinrich Stilling's Youth.' It was so successful that it was soon followed by several other stories of the same class, all mostly founded on the early experiences of the writer. There may be some doubt where fact ends and fiction begins in these stories, but the individuality of several of the characters introduced leaves no doubt of their reality. The village pastor who studies alchemy, and becomes melancholy in his old age; his opposite, the surly and proud parson who keeps a ferocious dog, and calls his parishioners clodhoppers and boors; Johann Stilling, the genius of the family, who ponders long on the quadrature of the circle, and grandfather Stilling, who, in extreme old age, climbs cherry-trees and helps to thatch cottages; these are no literary inventions, but true recollections of the author's youthful days. The trust in Divine Providence so often expressed in the stories of the Stilling Family was the chief trait in the author's own character. His misfortunes served only to confirm his faith. When his failures in some other endeavours had led him to study ophthalmic surgery and when he became celebrated for his successes in operating for cataract, he felt sure that Heaven had led him to his choice of a profession. Though a Pietist, he was neither narrow nor bigoted. With regard to both his breadth of sympathy and his childlike credulity, he might be classed with another of Goethe's early friends, the eccentric mystic, pietist, gossip, preacher, patriot and physiognomist, Lavater.

JOHANN KASPAR LAVATER, born in 1741 at Zürich, was an enthusiastic preacher, who gained his literary reputation chiefly by his treatise on the supposed science of 'Physiognomy.' His lively and declamatory style and his firm belief in his own skill in detecting the characters of men made his book amusing. As the shrewd satirist Lichtenberg said, 'Lavater could find more sense

in the noses of several authors than the public could find in all their books.' He was as hardy in his assertions as in fulfilling his duties as a pastor and a patriot. When Zürich was occupied by French troops, Lavater preached boldly against the tyranny of the Directory and published the substance of his discourses. He was engaged in reproving the violence of the soldiery in the streets of that town, in 1799, when he was shot by a French grenadier. The patriot's sufferings were severe, and he was not released by death until 1801. It was characteristic of the times that Lavater, on account of his enthusiastic piety, was suspected of being associated with the Jesuits. No charge could be more absurd. His errors belonged to the head and not to the heart. He was exceedingly credulous and was fond of gossip. His religious works, of which an indescribable treatise called 'Pontius Pilate' is the chief, are written in a fluent but incoherent style. Perhaps the most amusing of all his books is his (so-called) 'Private Diary,' published in 1772, full of confessions of such sins as wasting his time on light literature and in gossiping, followed, here and there, by such a reflection as, 'Do you call this living for eternity?' Lavater was acquainted with almost all the leading literary men of his times, except Lessing, and loved to give aid and encouragement to every good movement. He was, in short, a fanatic utterly destitute of the passion of hatred, and, if only on that account, would deserve to be remembered. This pious man was made a butt of ridicule by a clever and humorous writer, already named, GEORGE LICHTENBERG (1742–99) author of a commentary on the works of our great painter Hogarth. Lichtenberg's chief studies were scientific, and his light and fragmentary essays were merely his recreations. 'I once lived,' he says, 'in a house where one of the windows looked into a narrow shady lane running from one street to another. There I noticed that passengers, on stepping out of the strong daylight of the street into the dusky little thoroughfare, would suddenly change their expression. The man who had been smiling in the street would look grave when he stepped into the shade of the lane, or the demure tradesman would smile slyly, as if he had just gained the advantage in a bargain. Here was a puzzle for Lavater. Would he trust the face in the street or the face in the lane?' This may serve as a specimen of the satire levelled against Lavater's new science of physiognomy. He certainly deserved ridicule, for nothing could be more presump-

tuous and arbitrary than many of his assertions; for example, the following on the features of Jesuits:—

Let a Jesuit disguise himself as he may, a skilful physiognomist will easily detect him by three signs—the forehead, the nose, and the chin. The first is generally boldy convex and not angular, but rather capacious; the nose is commonly large, more or less Roman, and has a strong cartilage; the chin is rounded and prominent. . . . It is a remarkable fact that among so many Jesuits who are men of great erudition, you will hardly find one truly philosophical head.

Among the writers of criticism who were associated with Herder and Goethe two may be mentioned, with regard rather to their personal influence than to the value of their writings. JOHANN GEORG SCHLOSSER, born in 1739, the friend and brother-in-law of Goethe, edited a critical journal published at Frankfort (in 1772 and afterwards) to which Herder and Goethe were contributors. JOHANN HEINRICH MERCK, born in 1741, maintained an extensive correspondence with the chief literary men of his times, and exercised the influence of a teacher over his junior friend Goethe, on whom he impressed one maxim, never forgotten—that a man of genius needs education. Merck was very unfortunate in his domestic and financial affairs in the later years of his life, and perished by his own hand in 1791.

Of the merits of the greatest among didactic authors in these times, IMMANUEL KANT, born in 1724 at Königsberg, no adequate estimate can be given in these outlines of general literature. His metaphysical doctrines belong to a closely connected system of reasonings begun by Hume and ended, as some writers have said, by Hegel. By the publication of his lectures on morals and æsthetics, Kant made a great impression on the general literature of the decennium following 1781. In opposition to the doctrine that would base all morality upon calculations of utility, he asserted the authoritative character of the moral principle in the conscience of man. It is, as he contended as superior to all our likings and our interests, as the law that rules the solar system is superior to the masses which it governs. 'Two things,' said Kant, 'fill the soul with wonder and reverence, increasing evermore as I meditate more closely upon them; the starry heavens above me, and the moral law within me.' He goes on to argue, that if the moral law is authoritative, it implies the existence of a moral governor, and postulates the immortality of the soul and a future

state of rewards and punishments. Hence religion is inseparably united with ethics, and in the ratio of his own rise or fall as a moral agent, a man's faith in God must rise or fall. The substance of Kant's ethical doctrine may be found in the sermons of Joseph Butler, Bishop of Durham. Wordsworth, in his sublime 'Ode to Duty,' had probably some recollection of the passage above quoted when he wrote the lines:—

> Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
> And the most ancient heavens through Thee are fresh and strong.

The didactic writings of Kant served to refute some popular arguments in favour of natural theology which had been employed by Reimarus and other authors of the rationalistic school. Man cannot, either by the logic of his own understanding, or by his searchings throughout nature, 'find out God,' said Kant, as the writer of the book of Job had said in old times. This doctrine was entirely opposite to the teaching of many rationalists and natural theologians. They had taught that clear, religious knowledge might be obtained by a study of nature, and that duty was only a name for self-interest well understood. Hence Kant's ethical teaching excited in Berlin and elsewhere the controversy to which we have already referred. Of his three chief works; the 'Critique of Pure Reason' (1781), the 'Critique of Practical Reason' (1787), and the 'Critique of the Faculty of Judgment' (1790), the last is, perhaps, the best example of his style. Kant's life was that of a retired thinker, but his principles were not ascetic. 'Act so that men might induce from your example a universal rule of action,' is the summary of his ethics. The teacher who laid down that law was eminently truthful and honourable in his own practical life, and was as remarkable for his contentment. He was never married, and hardly ever left his native town, where he possessed a small house and a garden in a quiet street. He had no large library, though he was a very extensive reader, especially in works of travels and geography. His patience could grapple with the long novels of Richardson, and he admired Rousseau's writings. After a life of almost uninterrupted health and quietude, Kant died in his native place, February 12, 1804.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SEVENTH PERIOD. 1770–1830.

'EGMONT'—'IPHIGENIA'—'TASSO'—'HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.'

Not soon will the world see again such a union of poetry and art with practical life as existed during the half-century of Goethe's residence at Weimar. The town and its neighbourhood were improved and beautified; abuses in the administration of law were removed, and several good plans of political reform were converted into facts; men of genius and learning were saved from their hard struggle for bread; the university of Jena was made great and celebrated, and the poverty left by war was relieved. Then art and literature appeared in their true place, not as substitutes for work, but as its reward, and as attendants of hours of leisure afforded by a faithful fulfilment of duties.

Goethe had already obtained a wide reputation when he accepted, in 1775, from the young prince Karl August of Saxe-Weimar an invitation to his court, where, in the following year, he was appointed Counsellor of the Embassy, with a seat and a vote in the privy council. Thus began a friendship which endured for fifty years. Weimar, with its pleasant valley of the Ilm, its park and garden at Belvedere, and its rural retreat at Ilmenau, was a charming residence for a poet who loved both work and repose. Here, placed in independent circumstances, he could develope his plan of writing only for his own satisfaction and of waiting patiently for the world's expression of its judgment. How much both Goethe and Schiller owed to the retreat and quietude they enjoyed at Weimar can hardly be estimated. The former, though no servile courtier, valued highly these advantages of his position. 'What has made Germany great,' he says, 'but the culture which is spread through the whole country in such a marvellous manner and per-

vades all parts of the realm? And does not this culture emanate from the numerous courts which grant it support and patronage?' There are many Germans who would dissent from Goethe's conclusions. They must, however, admit that the best works of Goethe and Schiller were not, at first, patronised by the German people, but were written in defiance of a popular taste which was satisfied with the dramatic writings of Kotzebue and Iffland, to say nothing of 'Rinaldo Rinaldini' and the rest of the deplorable 'robber-romances' of the time.

Soon after he had removed to Weimar, Goethe began to write the drama of 'Egmont,' founded on passages in the history of the revolt of the Netherlands. It has, in some parts, strong popular and political interest, but its chief attraction for many readers is in the scenes where Egmont appears with the heroine Clärchen. These must be simply described as charming, and were evidently suggested by the poet's own experience. The defect of the drama is that Clärchen calls the attention of the reader away from the idea of liberty to which the hero's life is sacrificed. A conciliation of the two chief motives of the play takes place, however, in the last scene, where Clärchen appears as the Spirit of Liberty and arrayed in all the charms of youth and beauty; but the mode in which this is effected is, as Schiller observed, more suitable for an opera than for a tragedy. Egmont, sentenced to death, falls into a deep sleep in the dungeon. In his dream, the walls expand, the place is filled with radiance, and the brave and beautiful maiden appears, to cheer the prisoner with a prophecy that, by his death, he shall win freedom for his native land. This dream, externally represented as a vision, is seen by the spectators, at the same time when it appears to the sleeper. In spite of its operatic conclusion, 'Egmont' is one of the most popular of the poet's dramatic writings.

In the course of rather more than ten years after he began to write 'Egmont,' Goethe produced, beside comedies, operettas, lyrical poems and ballads, the greater part of the didactic romance *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*, and the dramas 'Iphigenia' and 'Tasso.' Among numerous proofs of the poet's breadth of sympathy, hardly any can be found more remarkable, than that he published 'the Sorrows of Werther' in 1774 and wrote 'Iphigenia' (in prose), in 1779. It was first acted in the Duke's private theatre at Weimar; Goethe took the part of Orestes, and Thoas

and Pylades were respectively represented by Von Knebel and the Duke Karl August. The drama was not completed in verse until 1786, when the poet was travelling in Italy.

Apart from all considerations of popularity or fitness for theatrical representation, 'Iphigenia' may be described as the author's most artistic drama. All its parts are closely united, its motives are clearly developed, and one consistent tone of dignity and repose prevails from the beginning to the end. But readers who expect stirring incidents and loud passion in a play may find the coldness of Greek sculpture, as well as its repose, in this modern-antique drama. The plot chosen by Euripides in treating the same subject is considerably modified by Goethe. He does not make Orestes the bearer of the statue of Diana from Tauris to Delphi, for this would have required supernatural agency. Orestes comes to liberate his own sister and succeeds by means of her truthfulness and magnanimity. The heroine is a woman of almost perfect character. At one moment, she is tempted to deceive her friend, King Thoas; but she soon displays the truth and the gratitude that belong to her character, and this noble self-assertion—at first threatening to bring ruin on herself and her brother—leads to the conciliation with which the drama concludes.

To those who demand vigorous action arising from external causes, 'Iphigenia' must seem too quiet. The thoughts and emotions of the heroine in exile take the place of action, and are expressed rather with epic repose than with dramatic energy. As the solitary priestess of Diana, she mourns, but utters no loud lamentation. Her first soliloquy expresses the repose of grief and resignation, by which the whole of the drama is pervaded:—

> Into your shadows, 'neath your tremulous boughs,
> Old consecrated grove!—from ancient times
> Made sacred to the goddess whom I serve—
> I come, not fearless, but as if to-day
> I stepp'd, for the first time, into this gloom;
> My soul is still an exile in the land
> Where, through long years, and far from all I love,
> A will above mine own hath bound me fast.

She deplores her destiny, as one separated from all whom she loves, and stands, lonely, on the sea-shore, where only the low roar of the tide gives a reply to her sighs. 'I would not argue

with the gods,' she says, when tempted to envy the power and the liberty enjoyed by man :—

> Within the state and on the battle-field
> He rules, and far from home, can aid himself;
> Possession cheers him, victory crowns his strife,
> Or death for him is made the way to fame—

With such a destiny she contrasts her own long sufferings, and her words rise in energy, but still her grief is dignified, even when she addresses to Diana the prayer :—

> Deliver me, whom thou hast saved from death,
> Now from this second death—my lonely life!

The self-control blended with grief expressed in these opening sentences, governs the whole progress of the drama and leads to its beautiful conclusion.

In 1789 'Iphigenia' was followed by another psychological drama, 'Tasso,' at first written in prose (1780–81), and completed in iambic verse in 1789, when the poet was forty years old. Its general purport was the extreme opposite of all that had been believed in the wild days of *Sturm und Drang*. 'Tasso' represents the important truth, that the highest genius wants a moral as well as an intellectual education. 'A hundred times,' says Goethe, 'I have heard artists boast, that they owed everything to themselves, and I have been often provoked to reply, "Yes, and the result is just what might have been expected."' The central character of the drama, Tasso, represents enthusiasm and imaginative genius, wanting education, in the highest sense of the word. The thoughts and feelings of the poet take the place of external incidents; in other words, the action of the drama is intellectual and emotional. This limits the interest of the work, but not so narrowly as might be supposed. For the laws of moral education to which even genius must be obedient are general, and, therefore, are applicable to men who are neither poets nor artists.

Tasso was twenty-two years old when he came to Ferrara, at the time of the duke's wedding-festival. Here Lucrezia and Leonora, the duke's sisters, treated the poet with great kindness, and encouraged him to devote himself to the completion of his epic poem. The patronage enjoyed by the poet excited the envy of inferior men, but their whisperings could not have hurt him, if

his own too-active imagination, excited by a suspicious temper, had not created for him foes who had no real existence. After the completion of his epic, and during a visit to Rome, he yielded more and more to morbid suspicion, believing himself to be everywhere surrounded by enemies, or spies sent out by the Inquisition. Thus in the noon-day of his fame, dark clouds swept across his intellect, and the gloom grew deeper and deeper. On his return to Ferrara, after aimless wanderings in Mantua, Padua and Venice, he found himself, as he believed, treated with cold contempt. This so excited his anger that he spoke violently against the duke and his court, and, soon afterwards, was declared to be insane. He was placed in confinement in the hospital of St. Anna, where he remained seven years. Though he regained the use of his faculties and wrote sometimes calmly and well, during his imprisonment, the duke harshly refused to grant a release until 1586, and then it came too late; the malady that might, perhaps, have yielded to a milder treatment had been made incurable. Tasso, after his release, wandered about, like a spectre, in Rome, Florence, Mantua, and Naples, nowhere finding a place that he could call his home, nowhere a friend in whom he could confide. When his majestic figure, with pale face and lustrous eyes, passed through the Italian towns, the people gazed upon him, and said, 'See, that is Tasso.' He died in the convent of San Onofrio, in 1595.

The story of the drama includes only one passage in the earlier life of Tasso at the court of Ferrara, a misunderstanding existing between the poet and Antonio, who represents a man of the world and a politician. The drama opens with a pleasing scene in the duke's garden, where his highness's sisters are making wreaths of flowers to crown the busts of Virgil and Ariosto. The duke joins them, and soon afterwards, Tasso enters, bringing the complete copy of his epic, 'Goffredo,' as it was entitled in 1575.

Tasso gives the book to Alfonso.

Alfonso. You bring me, Tasso, with this gift delight,
And make this beauteous day a festival.
At last, I have the poem in my hand
And in a certain sense, may call it mine.

Tasso. If you are satisfied the work is done;
The whole belongs to you. When I regard
The labour of the hand alone, 'tis mine;

But when I ask what gave my epic song
All that it has of inner worth and beauty,
I see it clearly; 'twas bestowed by you.
Though nature gave to me the power of song,
How easily might contradicting fate
Have hid from me the face of this fair world!
The poverty of parents might have cast
A dismal gloom upon my youthful soul,
And if my lips had opened then to sing,
A mournful elegy had issued forth
In tones too well according with my fate.
You saved me from the sorrows of my home
And freed my soul from care, that in full flow
My song might pour forth all its melody;
All that I have your bounty gave to me,
And, like a heavenly genius, you delight
In me to let the world behold yourself.

Alfonso. The beauteous crown, the poet's meed, I see
Here on the forehead of your ancestor;

He points to Virgil's bust.

Has chance, or some good genius placed it here?
Methinks I hear old Virgil saying now:
'Why deck, with verdant coronals, the dead?
My marble image is adorned enough.
The living crown becomes the living poet.'

Alfonso beckons his sister, who takes the crown from Virgil's bust, and approaches Tasso, who steps back.

Leonora. Why hesitate? Whose hand bestows the crown?
Tasso. How, after such a moment shall I live!
Princess. You will allow me, Tasso, the delight
To tell you, without words, all—all I think.

He kneels down, while the Princess places the crown upon his head, and Leonora applauds.

Tasso. Oh, take it off, ye gods! and, glorified,
There let it hang, suspended in the heavens,
High, inaccessible!—let all my life
Be a continual aiming at that mark!

At this moment of the poet's triumph, when the princess has crowned him as her laureate, the statesman Antonio arrives at Ferrara, and, with coldness and caution, declines to share in the enthusiasm of the moment, but takes the opportunity of expressing an admiration of Ariosto. When Tasso contrasts his own character with that of the man of practical understanding, he feels too painfully his own inferiority. The princess, meanwhile, has resolved to unite Tasso and Antonio in firm friendship, and the poet is ready to obey her wishes, though he is not patient enough

to make use of the means required for winning the confidence of the calm and cautious politician. The secret of Tasso's failure is that he is not contented in his own realm of poetry. Genius for him is not, like virtue, its own reward, but is accompanied with an ambition to gain honours in society. This weakness is betrayed when, in the course of a conversation with the princess, he describes the impressions received on his first arrival at the court of Ferrara:—

> An inexperienced youth, I hither came,
> Just at that time when bright festivities
> Made this Ferrara glory's central light.
> O what a spectacle I then beheld!
> A circle here was formed around the space
> Where knights in armour shone—a ring so bright
> The sun will never see the like again!
> The fairest ladies and the bravest men
> Sat, all assembled, in that glorious ring.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Then when the lists were opened, how the steeds
> Stamped! shields and helmets glittered in the sun,
> While piercingly the trumpet's blast went forth;
> Then lances cracked, and shields and helmets rang,
> And whirling clouds of dust arose, to hide
> The fallen hero and the victor's pride.—
> O let the curtain fall upon a scene
> That makes me know my own obscurity!

The princess speaks of her own recollections of that time, which are well contrasted with Tasso's glowing description:—

> That glorious festival I did not see;
> But in a lonely room, where died away
> The last faint echoes of all sounds of joy,
> I sat in pain, with many pensive thoughts,
> And, with broad wings, before me hovered then
> The form of Death, and covered from my sight
> The scenes of all the varied living world.
> By slow degrees, the dark cloud passed away,
> And once again I saw, as through a veil,
> The varied hues of life shine faintly out,
> And living forms about me gently moved.

When the princess first advises Tasso to cultivate the friendship of Antonio, the poet thus replies:—

> Though all the gods assembled to bring gifts
> Around the cradle of this sapient man,
> Alas! the Graces surely stayed away
> And he who has not their endearing gifts

May be a wise and prudent counsellor;
But he can never be our bosom-friend.

After other expressions of the poet's intolerance and defect of sympathy, the princess warns him of the danger of yielding to a mood of mind that will drive him into solitude:—

In this mood, Tasso, you will never find
Companionship among your fellow-men.
This way will lead you through the lonely woods,
Through the still valleys of secluded thought,
Where more and more, the mind falls out of tune
With all the world around, and strives in vain
To find within itself that golden time
Which in the outward world is never found.

Tasso. O what a word my Princess speaks to me!
That golden time—ah! whither has it fled?
For which the heart so often yearns in vain!
When o'er the cheerful earth the sons of men
In joyous companies with freedom strayed;
When in the flowery field the ancient tree
Shaded the shepherd and the shepherdess;
When o'er the purest sands the water-nymphs
Guided at will the clear and gentle rills;
The harmless snake wound through the grass his way;
The daring fawn, by the brave youth attacked,
Fled to the wood, and every creature roaming,
And every bird that carolled in the air,
Proclaimed to men—'Live freely as you please!'

Princess. My friend, the Golden Age has passed away,
And yet true souls can bring it back again,
Yea, to confess to you my firm belief,
That golden time of which the poets sing
Was never more a truth than it is now.
Or, if it ever was, 'twas only so
That it may always be restored again.
Still close together true congenial souls,
And share the joys of all this beauteous world.
But let me slightly change your law, my friend,
And let it be—'Live truly, as you ought.'

A common tradition tells us that Tasso's unhappiness arose from an affection inspired by the princess. The drama partly combines this romantic story with the true biography of the poet, but the princess is represented as addressing Tasso only as an intimate friend. Goethe doubtless remembered that she was no longer in her youth, when he represented her as speaking thus of a friendship superior to any passion:—

Beauty is perishable : that alone
You seem to honour ; all that can endure
Is dead for you, without that transient charm.
If men could only learn to know and prize
All the dear treasury of love and truth
The bosom of a woman can enfold :
If true remembrance might renew past joys ;
If but your glance, which seems at times so keen,
Could pierce the veil that age or sickness casts
O'er beauty ; if you would but rest contented,
Then happy days might soon for us appear
And we should celebrate our golden time.

A bright world expands itself before the poet, who sees all things coloured by the radiance of his genius. Assured of the affectionate regard which the princess cherishes for him, he feels himself restored to confidence and good-will, and he is ready to embrace even his suspected foes. But though a splendid poet, he is still an uneducated man He knows not how to make prudence the friend and supporter of genius. Whatever he does he must do as he writes poetry, by inspiration, disregarding the cold rules of actual life. He forgets that all men are not just now in the glow of enthusiasm which he feels after the completion of his poem and his conversation with the princess. Determined to obey her wishes, he resolves to make an offer of friendship to Antonio. The politician receives the poet coldly, hesitates to return the offer of friendship, and refuses the hand stretched out. Tasso's feelings are outraged by this reception ; and, after the exchange of some satirical remarks, the poet draws his sword, when the duke steps forward and prevents a duel.

The princess repents of her plan of making a friendship between the statesman and the poet, and Antonio describes Tasso as an intolerant enthusiast :—'At one time,' says the statesman, 'he forgets all around him and lives in the world of his own thoughts ; at another, he would suddenly make all the world obedient to the impulses of his own mind.' Tasso speaks as severely of the statesman, whom he describes as a stiff pedagogue :—'I hate,' says the poet, 'the imperious tone with which he tells you what you know well already.' In the sequel Tasso, suspecting that the duke and his sisters are in conspiracy with Antonio, resolves to leave Ferrara ; his anger finds expression in declamation against his best friends, and confirms their belief that he has lost self-control. He

thus consoles himself in the desolation in which, as he imagines, he is to be left for ever:—

> One gift alone remains—
> Nature bestowed on man the fount of tears,
> The cry of anguish, to relieve the heart,
> When more it cannot suffer; and to me
> She gave, with all my sorrows, poetry,
> To tell the deepest fulness of my woe;
> And while in anguish other men are dumb,
> She gives me power to tell the grief I feel.

At this moment, Antonio, coming forward, grasps the hand of Tasso, and with the sudden reconciliation the drama concludes.

In writing these two dramas, 'Iphigenia' and 'Tasso,' the poet liberated himself from the errors of the first period in his development, and amended the crude defects of form which are found in his first drama, '*Götz von Berlichingen*.' This, however, with all its faults, was recommended by its national character, and it was a disappointment for many readers when Goethe selected antique and foreign themes.

Critics who accuse Goethe of 'political indifference,' during the time of the French Revolution, should remember the fact, that he endeavoured to understand it, though he could not be hopeful respecting its results. He was neither 'an apostle of liberty,' nor a blind worshipper of rulers, but belonged to the third party, if we may so name the men who held a position thus described by himself:—'I am no more a friend of the revolutionists than I am of such a king as Louis XV. I hate every violent overthrow, because as much good is destroyed as is gained by it. I dislike those who achieve it, as well as those who give cause for it.'

In accordance with his habit of putting into some form, more or less poetical, all the events that were parts of his own experience, Goethe wrote several dramatic works having reference to the political movements of the age. In the *Gross-Cophtha* (1789) he exposed the corruption of the upper classes in France, and in the 'Citizen-General' (1793), he referred to the influence of the French Revolution on men of weak and imitative minds in Germany. An unfinished drama entitled *Die Aufgeregten* ('The Agitated,' in a political sense), published in 1793, expressed the writer's belief that such an outburst of the lowest passions as had occurred in Paris could never have been made possible save by

previous unjust government. 'That play,' said Goethe, 'may be regarded, in some measure, as my political confession of faith at the time. . . . It is true that I could be no friend to the French Revolution, for its horrors were too near me and shocked me daily and hourly, whilst its beneficial results were not then to be discovered. But I was as little a friend to arbitrary rule. . . . Revolutions are utterly impossible as long as governments are constantly just and vigilant.'

'Eugenie, or the Natural Daughter' (1801)—a drama founded on the memoirs of the Princess Stephanie de Bourbon-Conti, was intended to form the first part of a trilogy—a circumstance that explains its slow progression and want of dramatic effect. The whole design, of which only a part was completed, would have included an exposition of the writer's views of the movement of 1789. The plan was left unfulfilled, says Madame de Staël, when it was found that the story of the princess was discredited; more probably, the reason was, that the poet was not in love with the subject.

In order to place several dramatic works in an unbroken series, we have deferred a notice of one of the poet's best productions. It is an epic-idyll, and with regard to its extent may be styled a miniature, but its interest is both general and national.

'Hermann and Dorothea' (1796–7) is a poem in which a simple story of domestic but universal interest is united with national events arising from the war of the French Revolution. These incidents are well placed in the background, and there serve as dark shadows in a picture. The characters are few and clearly drawn, and one ruling thought, the triumph of love and courage, is well developed throughout the story. Its foreground scenery includes only a small rural town and its neighbourhood, but in the background are seen, in shade, bands of the retreating French soldiery, who, on their way through the district of the Upper Rhine, plunder farm-houses and drive peasants from their dwellings. A great historical event is thus connected with the plot, and gives both interest and importance to the story, while its leading characters are worthy of such an association with national events. For Hermann, the hero, is honest and brave, though his character is hardly defined before the time when he meets Dorothea, the heroine, whose goodness is made more prominent than her personal beauty, while her misfortunes develope virtues

truly heroic, yet womanlike. In mentioning one trait of her character, her courage, shown in slaying a marauding soldier, the poet was probably guided by a recollection of facts. This is one exception to the rule otherwise observed well throughout the poem, of keeping scenes of warfare in the background, and covered by a cloud. Out of the darkness of that cloud the character of the heroine shines forth with the brightness of a rainbow.

The beauty of the style and the poetry of the idyll must be lost when it is reduced to a succinct analysis in prose, but this will convey a better notion of the story than could be expressed by abstract criticism. We give therefore the following outlines of this epic in miniature.

The harvest is ripe for the sickle in a fertile valley near the Rhine, where a band of emigrants, driven from their homes in the Upper Rhine district, are arriving. They are led by a venerable old man, and stay to rest themselves in a village a few miles distant from a little market-town. Among the leading men of this town the host of the 'Golden Lion' is a prominent figure. He is sitting at the doorway of his house, in the market-place, and though grieved by the tale he has heard of the emigrants and their distresses, he solaces himself by thoughts of his own prosperity. ''Tis rare fine harvest-weather,' he says to his wife; 'we shall get in the wheat, I hope, as well as we secured the hay. There is not a cloud in the sky, and a soft wind is blowing. We shall begin reaping to-morrow. . . . I never before saw the streets and the market-place of our town so empty. Hardly fifty people seem to be left in the town, so many have gone, in the heat of the day, to see these emigrants from the Upper Rhine. Well, for my part, I will not move from my place to see their misery.' But the landlord is not destitute of sympathy; he has sent out his only son, Hermann, to carry food and clothing to the poor people. One of his neighbours, an apothecary, though a man of narrow sympathies, has been out to see the refugees, and now comes back to describe their wretched circumstances. He is an egotist, and soon betrays himself, for he cannot tell the story without a prefatory reference to his own discomfort in seeing misery. This feeling is shared by the host. 'I am glad,' he says, 'that I did not go myself, for I cannot bear the sight of distress.' The landlord, with his friends, the apothecary and the curate, refresh themselves with a flask of Rhine-wine, enjoyed in the shade of a cool back-parlour,

where 'no flies intrude' (as mine host says), and their talk is of the events of the times.

When Hermann comes home, he tells his story of the pitiable condition of the emigrants. 'On my way,' he says, 'I overtook a waggon drawn by a yoke of oxen, and guided by a brave young maiden who came towards me and prayed for assistance, not for herself, but for a poor woman lying upon straw in the waggon, and clasping an infant to her breast. I gave the maiden both food and clothing, and, when she thanked me, she said, "It is only in such misery as ours that we see clearly the hand of God directing good men to relieve the sufferings of the unfortunate."' The tale told by Hermann suggests timid thoughts to the apothecary, who is a snug bachelor. 'Happy,' says he, 'is the man who, in these days of trouble, has neither wife nor children to care for! I am glad that I have already packed away the most valuable part of my property. No one runs away from danger so easily as a single man.' Against this timid sentiment Hermann makes an earnest protest. 'I do not agree with you,' he says, 'for many a good maiden, in these days, needs a protecting husband. How can a man live and think only of himself?' This bold speech gives pleasure to the good hostess of the 'Golden Lion,' who tells the story of her own marriage in times of pecuniary difficulty. In the conversation that follows, it appears that the host, like a man who has risen in the world and wishes his son to rise higher, has cherished a hope that Hermann may select as a wife the daughter of the wealthiest tradesman in the town. 'Yes, Hermann,' says the father, 'you will be a comfort to my old age, if you bring me a daughter-in-law from a certain house, not far off; you know it well.'

Unhappily, the father and the son have never been able to agree on the merits of this project. The son frankly confesses that he fails to appreciate the advantages of the proposed union, and speaks with disrespect of the showy education of the rich tradesman's daughters. This arouses the father's despotism, and the conversation soon becomes so unpleasant that Hermann leaves the house. 'Go,' says the landlord, 'headstrong as you are. Go and see to the farm-yard, for which, by the bye, I do not thank you. But think not to bring here any low country maiden for my daughter-in-law! I will have a respectable daughter, one who can play the pianoforte, and I will have all such respectable company

as my neighbour has on Sundays; mind that!' When Hermann has gone out the father's temper becomes cooler, and he solaces himself by preaching to his friends on the important duty of constantly studying how to rise in the world. 'What must become of a house, or of a town,' he says, 'if each generation does not try to make improvements on the old?' Then follow severe remarks on the son's want of laudable ambition, and these call into exercise the eloquence of the hostess, who bravely defends the character of her son;—'I will not have my Hermann abused,' she says, 'I know he has a good heart, and that he will rise to be an honourable man and a pattern for our townspeople.' So saying, she leaves her husband to continue his long discourse on 'respectability,' and goes to find her son and solace him with kind words.

The conversation continues in the cool back-parlour, and the apothecary, studious to avoid anything that might offend, ventures, nevertheless, to say something in favour of moderating ambition. He prefers repose to 'respectability,' and speaks with terror of increasingly expensive habits. 'In old-fashioned times,' he says, 'my pleasure-garden was talked of all through the neighbourhood; every stranger stayed to look through the palisades at the two stone figures and the painted dwarfs there. My grotto, too, where I often took my coffee, was greatly admired, for I had decorated the walls with artistically arranged shells, corals and spars; but who cares for such old-fashioned things now? I should like to go with the times, but I fear to make any changes, for, when you begin, who knows how many work-people you will soon have about your house? I have had thoughts of gilding the figures of Michael and the Dragon, in front of my shop, but I shall leave them brown, just as they are. The cost of gilding is so frightful.' So ends the speech of the cautious and conservative apothecary.

Meanwhile, the hostess has sought her son in the garden and in the vineyard, and finds him in the adjoining field, seated in the shade of a pear-tree, and looking towards the distant blue hills. He looks stern, and, in reply to soothing words, talks of the war and of the miseries of the emigrants. 'What I have seen and heard this morning has touched my heart,' says he;—'shall a German stay at home and hope to escape the ruin that threatens us all? I am grieved that I escaped from the last drawing for soldiers. I will go now, to live or die for fatherland, and to set a

good example to other youths. I will return to our house no more. From this place I go to give to our army my hand and my heart, to fight for our native land, and then let my father say again, that I have not a spark of honourable pride in my bosom!' The sagacious hostess hears all this and more to the same purpose, and admires her son's enthusiasm, but she will not believe that he is inspired only by patriotism. With tact and kindness she leads him to make a fuller confession of his motives for disobeying his father's wishes. The result of the visit to the emigrants' camp has been more than sympathy with their misfortunes; Hermann cannot forget that brave maiden who prayed that he would have compassion on her companion. When the mother feels assured that this is no dream, but an impression so strong that it has already changed her son's character, she resolves, that the domestic warfare impending shall be waged frankly and boldly. Having returned to the room where her husband and his friends are still drinking Rhine-wine and talking, she tells them all the truth respecting Hermann's sudden resolution. The father listens with silent astonishment, while the curate takes the mother's part and deprecates opposition. 'A moment like this,' he says, 'often decides a man's destiny.' 'Make haste slowly!' says the timid apothecary, who proposes that a deputation should be sent to make enquiries respecting the heroine.

Accordingly, the curate and the apothecary sally forth to the village, where they find a venerable man, the leader and the ruler of the company of refugees. 'He is like a Moses leading the wandering people through the wilderness,' says the curate. The old man tells his story and that of his friends, and thus the plot of the epic is connected with history. The villages from which the people were driven were plundered by a retreating army. 'Vanquished soldiers,' says the old man, 'involved all things in their own ruin. May I never live to see again men so maddened and so miserable! Let no man talk again of freedom until he is sure that he can govern himself!' In the course of further conversation, the veteran tells the story of a German maiden, who, left alone to guard children in a farm-house, repelled several marauders and cut down one of them with a sabre.

Meanwhile, the apothecary has been wandering about, until he has found a maiden answering to the description given of Dorothea.

She is seated under the shade of an apple-tree, and is engaged in preparing for destitute children some articles of clothing given by Hermann. 'That,' says the old man, 'is the maiden who guarded the farm-house, and she is as good as she is brave and beautiful.' The curate and his friend return to the town, bearing a highly favourable report of the results of their enquiry, and soon afterwards, Hermann, unattended, again visits the encampment of the refugees.

As he approaches a clear fountain, on the side of the road leading to the village, he sees Dorothea coming to draw water, that she may carry a refreshing draught to the invalid woman. 'Thoughtless people,' says the maiden, 'have allowed their cattle to disturb the stream that flows through the village, but I am glad that I have come so far to find pure water,' she adds frankly, 'for it does the heart good to see the face of a friend.' While she is speaking, Hermann notices the golden ring upon her finger that tells him she is already betrothed. She explains that she is left desolate in the world, and that when she has done all that she can for her friends, she would be glad to find any home where she might be serviceable. The result of all that she tells and of Hermann's fear to confess the whole truth is, that Dorothea resolves to accept an engagement as domestic servant at the 'Golden Lion.' She bids farewell to the mother whom she has nursed. 'When you look on your child,' says Dorothea, 'when you see him wrapped in this comfortable robe, and press him to your bosom, think of the generous youth who gave us the clothing, and who now takes me to a home where I may be useful and happy.' Then Dorothea kneels down, kisses the woman reclining on the bed of straw, and receives a whispered blessing.

Meanwhile, the report given by the curate, and the pleadings of the hostess, have had such an effect on the landlord of the 'Golden Lion,' that he can, at least, tolerate the thought that Dorothea may some day be accepted as a daughter. He is again sitting in his retired parlour and talking with his neighbours, while the hostess impatiently awaits her son's arrival. When Hermann comes home, he calls the curate aside and explains that the emigrant maiden enters the house at present as a servant. This explanation is, however, too late to prevent the pain already given by a remark made by the host, as soon as the maiden steps

into the room. He suddenly expresses admiration of her beauty, and an approval of Hermann's choice in that respect. 'Your son, sir,' says Dorothea, 'did not prepare me for this reception. I have no doubt that I stand here before a good and a respectable man, but you have not such pity as you ought to have for the poor, or you would not thus remind me how far my destiny has placed me beneath your family. I come to you as a poor maiden, with all my property in this small bundle. Is it noble, by an untimely jest, to drive away one who would have served you faithfully?'

In vain the curate interposes and prays Dorothea not to be offended by a joke. It is not a mere jest that has so deeply wounded her feelings. She has been more than grateful towards the youth whom she calls the saviour of her friends, and her feelings have made her too ready to accept service at the 'Golden Lion.' Now she sees clearly the false position into which such sentiments might lead her, and is resolved to stay no longer in the house. A storm has suddenly gathered, and the rain is heavily falling, but she hastens to the door and is turning to say 'farewell,' when Hermann steps forward and makes a full confession. The curate has, meanwhile, explained the misunderstanding and now offers his services for the betrothal of Hermann and Dorothea. But Hermann again looks at the pledge on the maiden's finger and still fears that he may be rejected, until Dorothea is persuaded by the curate to tell all the mystery of the ring. 'The brave youth who gave it me, some years ago,' says she, 'went away to Paris, there (as he believed) to fight for freedom, and there he fell. "Farewell!" said he, when he left me, "all things are moving now; laws and possessions are changing; friend is severed from friend; we are but pilgrims on the earth—more so now than ever!" I thought of his words when I lost all my own property, and I think of them again now, when a new life seems beginning for me. Forgive me, if I tremble now, my friend, while I hang upon your arm. I feel like the sailor, when he escapes from a storm, and first steps upon the land.'

'Thou art mine, Dorothea,' says Hermann, 'and all that is mine seems now more my own than ever it was before, and I will keep it, not with care and anxiety, but with strength and courage. So let all Germans say, "This is ours," and boldly assert their rights!

And, if all are of my mind, we shall, with resolute hearts, oppose the foe, and our native land shall have peace.'

Thus the poem concludes, as it opened, with a reference to national events, and the union of the hero and the heroine is associated with the prospect of national unity. If the poet had ever incurred just censure by neglecting to write in a patriotic spirit, he made a good apology by writing 'Hermann and Dorothea.'

CHAPTER XIX.

SEVENTH PERIOD. 1770–1830.

GOETHE'S LYRICAL AND OCCASIONAL POEMS—SONGS—BALLADS—REFERENCES TO AUTOBIOGRAPHY — ODES — ELEGIES — EPIGRAMS AND OTHER DIDACTIC POEMS.

The object of this chapter can hardly be more than to indicate the extraordinary variety of themes and modes of treatment found in Goethe's minor poems. If it were desirable to add anything to the voluminous criticism already bestowed on the poet, it could not be reasonably attempted within our limits. For any general remarks which we may venture to make respecting the genius of Goethe, the reader is referred to a subsequent chapter. Preceding analyses have already told something of the wide range of subjects treated by the poet. How remarkable the transition from Götz—vigorous, but destitute of artistic form—or from the 'Sorrows of Werther,' to the dignity of 'Iphigenia' and the cheerful epic tone of 'Hermann and Dorothea'! Yet only a few phases of the poet's variety have been shown; we have still to mention his ballads and lyrical poems and his unique drama, 'Faust.'

There is great difficulty in the attempt to represent in any form of English translation the melody and the charm of the ballads and lyrical poems, for they have all the ease and freedom of nature in their happy union of thought and expression. There is no apparent effort and no rhetoric in these poems. Among the songs are found several so closely united with music that they must be sung to be appreciated. They are melodious expressions of life with its common joys and sorrows, and as life is often simple and lowly, several of these lyrics have the same character. For a taste so confused as to ask for dramatic effects and didactic points in a lyrical poem, Goethe's songs were not written, and they would

certainly have failed to please the extinct critics who ridiculed Wordsworth for using in poetry the language of common life.

Several early occasional poems on art have a reference to the poet's own attempts in painting and engraving. His boyhood was partly spent in an *atelier* in his father's house at Frankfort, where painters and other artists were frequent visitors. For some years afterwards, in Leipzig, Dresden and elsewhere, the poet continued his studies in drawing, etching and painting, until, as he tells us, he felt convinced that he could rise to the rank of a master in only one art, that of writing German verse and prose.

All Goethe's minor poems may be called 'occasional,' in his own free sense of the word, and several are so far autobiographical that they require annotations to make clear their numerous references to facts in the poet's life. For example, a poem composed 'during a journey in the Harz Mountains, in winter (1776),' might at first sight seem like a fiction, but its individuality soon assures us that it is founded on facts. The poet, wishing to inspect some mines and also to pay a visit to a friend in depressed health, availed himself of an opportunity of joining a winter hunting party. Leaving his companions to pursue their sport, he undertook a lonely journey over the Brocken, which he describes in the poem:—

> Stormy winds around him blowing
> Serve to cheer him, upwards going,
> The torrent, as it roars along,
> Makes music for a matin-song,
> And for a lofty altar, lo!
> The haunted Blocksberg, capp'd with snow,
> Where, as boors and miners dream,
> Wild spectres in the moonlight gleam.

Other parts of the poem would be hardly intelligible without the biographical facts above stated. It is important therefore that this *Harzreise im Winter*, with other occasional poems of the same class, should not be given without notes, as is often the case in selections of poetry intended for general use.

Several early lyrical poems, including not a few amatory songs, may be passed by with the remark that their defects, or rather their excesses, belonged to the days of *Sturm und Drang*, when Goethe wrote also his wild dithyrambic 'Storm-song,' described by himself as a 'half-crazy' production. The following is an imitation of the opening lines:—

Genius! while by thee attended,
Neither rain nor storm can daunt me,
Fears no longer haunt me.
Genius! while by thee befriended,
Singing still, I face rough weather,
Clouds of thunder piled together:
Singing still,
As over the hill,
The lark is singing!

For a full interpretation of this rhapsody the reader is referred to the poet's autobiography. He tells us that, to quell the sorrow he felt after leaving Strassburg and Sesenheim, he took long walks in the country, without regard for stormy weather. The quasi-Pindaric effusion was the result of a walk under heavy rain. Not long after writing that 'Wanderer's Storm-song,' the poet wrote a dialogue called 'The Wanderer,' remarkable for its antique dignity. In several other poems of about the same date (1771–4) he delights to view life as a stormy journey and in one of them he calls 'Time' a 'postilion,' and bids him ply whip and spurs, that life's carriage may roll on swiftly, over the mountain and down into the valley, and by villages and lonely hostelries, where the traveller refuses to stay, though youth and beauty invite him. This rhapsody has all the vigour without the coarseness of the days of *Sturm und Drang*.

The dithyrambic audacity of that 'Storm-song' is exceeded in another poem, 'Prometheus,' the result of the young poet's reading of some of Spinosa's works. It must be understood that these defiant words are addressed by Prometheus only to Zeus, the despot, an imaginary creature of Greek mythology:—

Cover thy sky with clouds
And—like a boy who smites
The heads of thistles—
Display thy might on oaks and mountain peaks!
Still Thou must leave for me
The earth; my hut—not built by Thee!
And this my glowing hearth; its cheerful flame
Excites thine envy!

* * * * *

Here sit I, forming men on mine own plan,
A race, like me, to suffer and to weep;
But they shall also prosper and rejoice,
And—like myself—care nought for Thee!

That the solitary and defiant mood expressed in these unrhymed

lines was only temporary, is easily shown by a reference to the hymns entitled respectively 'The Divine,' and the 'Boundaries of Humanity.' The latter is an expression of humility, the former asserts only what Kant and Hegel taught, that religion must be founded, not on natural theology (so called), but on morality. In the following passage no attempt is made to follow closely the original rhythm:—

> Let man be magnanimous, generous and kind!
> Such virtues alone can make him distinct
> From all other beings of whom we have knowledge.
>
> With reverence be named the Higher Powers
> Unknown, of whose nature we have but forebodings,
> In whom man alone can make us believers.
>
> For Nature, around us, is cold and unfeeling;
> The sun shines alike on the good and the evil;
> The moon and the stars light the criminal's path,
> As well as the way of the just.

The themes chosen by Goethe for his songs are often 'as old as the hills,' but, like the hills, are ever new for poets. The forsaken shepherd stands on the hill-side and looks down on a deserted cottage. The poet tells all the shepherd's sorrow without the use of 'poetic diction;' in other words, just as the swain would have told it, had he possessed the power of making metre and rhyme:—

> All down the slope descending, and following my sheep,
> Along the valley wending, as walking in my sleep,
>
> I roam along the meadow, all gay in summer bloom;
> The fairest flowers I'm culling, and hardly know for whom;
>
> Or shelter'd from the weather, there, in a misty gleam,
> I see a hut deserted, 'tis all but like a dream—
>
> And o'er the roof a rainbow for others bright and fair,
> But not for me! the maiden, no longer dwelling there,
>
> Has wander'd o'er the mountain, it may be, o'er the sea!
> Sheep! leave the flowery meadow; 'tis sorrowful for me!

In another song, the *Jägers Abendlied*, we have the same theme, but treated with new harmonies, for it is now the hunter who tells his sorrow, and, instead of the meadow in the valley, the tree and the deserted cottage in the rainbow's gleam, we have

for scenery, the still moon shining on the ridge where the game easily escapes from the dreaming Jäger:—

As, lone and wild, along the fell
 In search of game I stray,
The form, the face I love so well
 Attend me on my way. . . .

Dost Thou behold in dreams the man
 Who wanders, east and west,
And, while so far away from thee.
 Can find no place of rest?

Another song may be briefly noticed as an example of Goethe's simplest lyrical poems written for music. It is hardly treated with fairness when taken out of its place in the operetta 'Erwin and Elmire.' There it is sung by Erwin in a garden where the roses are blighted.

I remember, love, with sadness,
 When, to win a smile from you,
Every morn, I brought with gladness
 Roses wet with morning dew. . . .

Now, no more your charms displaying,
 Flowers my love refused to wear!
Roses—ah, so soon decaying—
 Fade and die! for I despair.

Among other lyrical poems that partly lose their effect when given in an isolated form, Mignon's Song, 'Know'st Thou the Land?' (in *Wilhelm Meister*) may be noticed. It strictly belongs to the story of an exiled Italian girl, wandering about with strolling players in the cold North and longing for her home. We must know something of the singer before we can feel all the pathos of such words as these:—

Know you the land where citron-trees are growing?
 In leafy shade the golden orange glows,
A softer wind is from the blue sky blowing,
 And near the bay the lowlier myrtle grows.
  Know you the land?—
   'Tis there! 'tis there!
That I would go with thee, my love!—'tis there!

Goethe's occasional poems include songs, dithyrambic odes, elegies, ballads, epigrams, and parables. With regard to their subjects, it may be asserted, that a selection containing only a few

poems from each of the above classes would include such a variety of thoughts and sentiments as could hardly be found elsewhere in so small a compass. For here we have the many moods of mind characteristic of a writer who was, at once, a poet, a man of science, an observer of practical life, and a lover of art. The varied metres and forms of his minor poems accord with the variety of their themes. Here lyrics as simple as the songs already noticed are followed by odes of antique grandeur, and by ballads ranging in style from wild romance or caricature to epic interest and dignity. Of the ballads and other poems written to satirize literary follies one or two specimens may be noticed. There was a time, near the close of the last century, when German fiction could not be mentioned without suggesting robber-romances. ballads of 'diablerie' and 'tales of terror.' We have seen how rapidly Bürger's wild ballad of 'Leonora,' masterly in its kind, won a wide popularity, and that far inferior pieces were read with avidity. On the whole, Goethe in early life, showed a wholesome aversion from the horrors of powerful sensational writing, and to turn them into ridicule wrote two or three such caricatures as 'The Skeletons' Dance.' A few lines are enough to show that he might, perhaps, have excelled both Schubart and Bürger in this odd department of literature. However absurd, it must be represented here, and Goethe's caricature may serve to set aside quotations from inferior writers:—

> The warder looks down from the tower at night,
> On the churchyard asleep in the moon's pale light. . . .
>
> Ha! can it be real?—the graves open all,
> And the skeletons come to their midnight ball!
>
> Bone clatters to bone; legs find their own feet,
> And balls with their sockets all readily meet;
> For dancing the shrouds are too lengthy and wide,
> So, to make tripping easy and steady,
> On tombstones and graves they are all cast aside,
> And now for the ball we are ready.
>
> Then, ha! what a dance in the churchyard lone!
> And oh, what a clatter of bone upon bone! . . .
>
> The warder grows merry; he runs down below
> And one of their winding-sheets seizes. . . .

> One misses his shroud. There it hangs on the tower!
> He must have it before the bell tolls the next hour. . .
> He climbs up the turret on crocket and scroll
> ('Twas Gothic with rich decoration)
> He climbs like a spider; the warder, poor soul!
> Is quaking in dire perturbation;
>
> For up comes the skeleton! sure not to stop
> Until his claws grapple the thief on the top.
> With terror the warder is white as a smock,
> When luck the poor fellow releases;
> The bell thunders 'one,' and—thrown down by the shock—
> The skeleton tumbles to pieces!

Another caricature, 'Muses and Graces in the Mark,' a sort of pastoral, should be mentioned, as it serves to explain our brevity in noticing several writers of homely idylls. They belonged to a school of which Voss was the head-master, while Schmidt (a rural pastor who lived in a district called the Mark) was one of the more advanced pupils. He was a lover of extreme simplicity and lowliness of both thought and expression. Without this reference to the class of poems satirized in the pastoral above named, it might seem strange to find among Goethe's lyrical poems such a stanza as this:—

> By their rules let critics try us,
> Still we never care a jot;
> For we're natural and pious,
> And contented with our lot.

Several of Schmidt's own poems are more ridiculous than this. It is, indeed, more like a fair imitation than a parody of the style in which the good pastor in the Mark wrote of the pleasures of rural life. For satire in a better style we may turn to a ballad entitled *Der Zauberlehrling* ('The Magician's Apprentice'), an excellent union of apparent levity with good teaching. There is nothing directly didactic in the story, but the thought suggested has importance both for life and art. The tale, borrowed from Lucian's φιλοψευδής, tells that Eukrates, a pupil in magic, whose master was Pankrates, stole by eavesdropping half of one of the master's secrets, a formula of incantation by which a besom may be suddenly converted into a kobold or sprite who is employed as a water-carrier. When his services are no longer required, three words can, at once, reduce him to his primitive condition. The sequel shows the danger attending a half-knowledge of any

business. Eukrates, left alone, calls into activity the water-carrier, whose services are only too zealous. He fills the bath, but still pours in one pail of water after another until the house is flooded. The apprentice has, like a demagogue, excited a movement over which he has no control, and, for want of skill, has now recourse to violence. He seizes a sabre and cuts the kobold in twain, but this only makes the case worse, for there are now two kobolds, both pouring water into the house as fast as they can, until Eukrates screams out in his despair :—

See them running, coming, going,
  Pouring water, fast and faster!
Over all the rooms 'tis flowing,
  And they'll drown me. O good master!
  Hear me; and in this disaster,
Help me!—Sprites compelled to aid me
Thus, in spite, have disobeyed me.

As examples of the poet's most artistic ballads, two written in 1797, 'The Bride of Corinth,' and 'The God and the Bayadere,' must, at least, be mentioned. The painful subject of the first was taken from the 'Wonderful Stories' of Trallianus, a Greek writer of the second century. This choice of a subject, the story of a vampire, has been severely censured, and it has been especially noticed as inconsistent that a writer who condemned the mediæval legend of 'Poor Henry,' the leper, should select a more repulsive narrative. 'The God and the Bayadere' is a Hindoo legend, and, as treated by Goethe, is remarkable for the dramatic interest of the story and the varied melody of the versification.

The best of the ballads are those of which an artistic translation is difficult. It would be comparatively easy to give the substance of a few of the more didactic poems written in the poet's declining years, but these cannot serve as fair examples of his powers as a lyrical writer. The ballad of the 'Treasure-Digger' may be pointed out as a medium between the free and sometimes wild poetry of youth and the didactic sobriety of age. Here the story has a moral, one of the best in the world, but the narrative interest is not sacrificed to the moral, and the latter is not repeated like a maxim in a boy's copybook. Urged to desperation by extreme poverty, the treasure-digger comes, at the dark hour of midnight, to make a contract with 'the enemy' so often encountered in German ballads. The magic circle is duly drawn, and the requi-

site incantations are chanted, when, instead of the fiend, a bright light appears, and in the midst of it a boy, the Genius of Industry, cheerful and rosy as Cupid. He brings a bowl filled with a refreshing beverage, and thus advises the misguided digger for hidden treasure:—

Drink! and now, prepared for labour,
  You shall learn your true vocation:—
Come no more with vain endeavour,
  Here to try your incantation;
Dig no more for hidden treasure!
  Better far than conjuration
Weeks of care with days of pleasure,
  Toil relieved by recreation!

The following verses should, perhaps, hardly be classed with the didactic, for their moral is as latent as the little flower of which they tell a story:—

As in the wood I stray'd, a flower I chanc'd to spy;
Within the leafy shade, 'twas like a deep-blue eye.

'I'll gather you,' I said; the violet seem'd to say,
'Ah, why so soon must I be cull'd and thrown away?'

'I'll take your rootlets fine, and in my garden, near
My cottage, you'll be mine, and bloom for many a year.'

The youthful period in the development of Goethe's poetic genius may be said to have closed about 1783, when he wrote his meditative poem on 'Ilmenau,' a place in the neighbourhood of Weimar to which the poet and his friend the archduke loved to retreat from the cares of public life. In this interesting retrospective soliloquy Goethe speaks of the excitements of former years as if they belonged to a remote past. The love of repose that prevails throughout the poem is more concisely expressed in an impromptu of about the same date. It was at first written with a pencil in a summer-house on the Kikelhahn, a high hill near the Ilmenau valley. The following is a paraphrase:—

Hush'd now is every wild bird's lay
  In the day's calm close;
The trees are all asleep; how still
  Is the light green leaf on the topmost spray
And, list as you will, you hear not a trill
    In the woodland lone.
  O wait, my soul! and soon, repose
  Like this will be your own.

When it is said that the poem on 'Ilmenau' marks a transition from youthful inspiration to studious and artistic writing, the assertion must not be too strictly understood, for the poet gave proofs of a studious and refined taste before 1783; witness the dialogue entitled 'The Wanderer,' written in 1772. On the other hand, it must be noticed that the transition made was not one of an extreme character. It affected the form and the style more than the essential character of the poet's writings. Neither Goethe nor Schiller ever forgot all the sensual and sentimental tendencies of the literature belonging to the days of *Sturm und Drang*. Schiller's play of *Wallenstein* is injured by the long and sentimental love-episode of Max and Thecla. With regard to Goethe's more sensuous poetry, we can only briefly refer to the blame incurred by the freedom of expression found in some of his minor poems, especially in the 'Roman Elegies,' written in 1788–9, after his second visit to Italy. In other respects, they belong to the poet's classical works, and may be compared with the elegies of Propertius and Tibullus. These 'Roman Elegies,' so named with respect to their form and versification, though their tone is cheerful, are at once antique and original. To their antique form the writer ascribes no inconsiderable virtue, for he confesses that 'if they had been written in the metre and the style of Byron's "Don Juan," their import would have been thought infamous.'

No apology of that kind is required for three beautiful elegies, 'Alexis and Dora,' 'Amyntas,' and 'Euphrosyne,' all written in 1796–7. The first is truly described by Schiller as one of the finest of Goethe's poems. The third was written on the decease of Christiane Becker, an actress who had lived at Weimar, and had been educated under the care of Goethe, while he was director of the theatre there. The elegy 'Amyntas' may be noticed as a good specimen of antique versification.

The classic, elegiac metres to which such a powerful charm was ascribed by the poet were also employed in the 'Venetian Epigrams,' written in 1790, when he went to Venice, to accompany the Duchess Amalia on her homeward journey from Italy. These epigrams are less cheerful than the 'Roman Elegies.' 'I have never since been so happy as I was in Italy in 1786–7,' said Goethe. In Rome, at that time, he forgot both Germany and France, with all their unhappy politics; in Venice he expresses a want of sympathy with 'the grand movement' of the age, and

rails against the 'apostles of freedom,' and other visionaries, but also against priests and rulers. Several of these Venetian epigrams are as audacious as anything written by the poet. It is hard to give well-translated specimens, for their metres and their meanings cannot coincide in English. The import of two or three of these may, therefore, be given in prose:—

'Why talk you, O Poet, of vagabonds, tumblers, and beggars, as if you knew nothing of good society?'—'I have seen, in the course of my life, respectable people, suggesting no thought for an epigram or for a sonnet.'

The fanatic gains many disciples and stirs up the people; the moderate, rational man may count all his friends on his fingers. Wonder-working pictures [of saints] are mostly vile daubs; fine works of genius and art are not for the many.

'All may be clearly explained,'—so a student tells me—'by a new theory taught by our master to-day:'—'When you have hammered together the beams of your cross, then you can torture thereon whatever body you choose.

Other epigrams, collectively entitled 'The Predictions of Bakis' (1798), and a series given under the title of 'The Four Seasons,' may be named here. The former are rather mysterious; the latter include one of the finest of the poet's epigrams, which is placed last in the following translations:—

When the clouds burst, as freely streams the rain
On the bare rock as on the grassy plain.
The field is soon revived, the rock soon dried;
With life alone the gifts of God abide.

'Why am I transitory, O Zeus?' asked Beauty, and he replied:—'Because I make only that beautiful which is transitory.' When Love, and the Flowers, and the Dew, and Youth heard the sentence, all went away weeping from the Olympian throne.

'What is holy?'—That which unites many souls as one, though it binds them as lightly as a rush binds a garland. 'What is holiest?'—That which, to-day and for ever, more and more deeply felt, more and more closely unites the souls of men.

This last epigram is a summary of Goethe's notions of religion.

In 1796–7 Goethe and Schiller were partners in writing four series of epigrams. The first—entitled *Tabulæ Votivæ*—contains maxims and results of experience in life and art; the second, collected under the inscription *Vielen*, and the third—at first, in-

scribed *Einer* in Schiller's *Musenalmanach*—were both inserted by Goethe in his own collected works, under the title, 'The Four Seasons.' This was done in accordance with an agreement made with Schiller. The fourth series—the *Xenien*—includes many satirical and personal epigrams written as replies to some unfavourable critiques on articles published in Schiller's literary journal, *Die Horen*. The two friends wrote their epigrams on a plan of such close co-operation, that it is impossible to select all the *Xenien* that belong to Goethe. Such men as Lavater, Nicolai, Manso, Friedrich Schlegel, and some dull commentators on Kant's philosophy, were chosen as objects of satire, and, in some of the epigrams bearing the names of German towns and rivers, the supposed characteristics of the people of several districts are noticed.

The minor poems of Goethe which were written during his youth are as original and vigorous as those that belong to his second period—that of his middle life—when he paid more attention to rules of art. In his later years he becomes didactic, and reminds us often, that 'the night cometh when no man can work;' but his meditations on mortality are not gloomy. 'Remember to live,' is the maxim he makes most prominent, even when his topics are mutability and death. It is to recommend the culture of art, that he thus writes of the transitions of nature:—

> With every shower the valleys change;
> You cross the selfsame brook no more;
> The river, in another bed,
> Is gliding by another shore!
>
> The castled crags, the palace walls
> No longer can your wonder raise;
> No longer with a youthful eye
> Along their battlements you gaze;
> And where is now the rosy lip
> That stole the kiss—the first—so sweet?
> And where the foot that, on the hill,
> Was, like the wild-goat's, sure and fleet?

We have still to notice one more striking example of the poet's versatility—his 'West-East Divan,' written mostly in 1814, and suggested by Hammer's translations from the Persian poet Hafiz. As the title indicates, the 'Divan' is a union of European

thoughts with Oriental forms of poetry. It was hardly to be wondered at, that Goethe, when almost seventy years old, found recreation and repose in this new style of writing; but it was absurd that such young poets as Rückert and Platen could find in all Goethe's writings, nothing more worthy of imitation than the 'West-East Divan.'

CHAPTER XX.

SEVENTH PERIOD. 1770–1830.

'FAUST.'

There are a few poems that are as remarkable for the attractive power of their subjects as for their literary merits. The master-thought of 'Prometheus Bound' might have given success to a play written by a poet inferior to Æschylus. Without a word to detract from the poetic merits of Cervantes, it may be said that the world-wide fame of his great romance is partly owing to the happy choice of a subject. But a theme of far wider and deeper interest—the myth of Faust—haunted the mind of Goethe from youth to old age. Had he treated the story with less power, it might still have been successful; for, while its form and many of its details are intensely German, its interest is universal. It is founded on a fact—the duality of human nature.

The poet wrote some parts of *Faust* as early as 1774, and, in the following year, read them to Klopstock, who liked them well. Other scenes were added in 1777-80; in 1790 the first part was published as a fragment, and in 1806 as completed. The second part—begun as early as 1780—was not completed until 1831—a few months before the close of the poet's earthly life.

Differences of critical opinions and controversies, to which parts of the drama have given rise, must be merely alluded to here; for any attempt to interpret such obscurities as may be found in the second part would far exceed the limits of these outlines. It is therefore, to the principal subject, and to those scenes that are most closely connected with it, that our attention must be confined.

The common notion of Faust, the magician, which was cir-

culated by the crude old legend and the *Puppenspiel* (both noticed *ante* in Chapter X.) must be here dismissed. Faust, as Goethe has represented him, is, both originally and finally, a man of noble and generous aspirations, and throughout a series of trials, is represented as guilty of only one dark sin. His repentance is not described at length, but is both expressed and implied. The deaths of Valentine and the heroine's mother are results of a plot in which Faust is an unconscious accomplice. These points in the story should be noticed; otherwise, readers who exaggerate the guilt of Faust, as implied in the first part of the drama, might regard the earlier scenes of the second part as both inconsequent and heartless. In the first scene of the play, the hero shows the better side of his character. He has found out that the supposed sciences to which he has devoted his studies are mere delusions and can afford no aid to mankind; he therefore denounces them at once, and will teach them no longer. If the pedant Wagner (who is introduced as a contrast to Faust) had had the wit to make the same discovery, he would have kept it a secret, and 'for a profit' (to use his own words) would have persisted in 'leading poor students by the nose.'

In dismissing the common notion of Faust's depravity, we must not err on the other side, or imagine that he is—like Job—'a perfect man.' He is an egotist, though he does not even suspect it. His egotism is, however, by no means of the baser kind, but assumes the form of intellectual pride and ambition. 'Two souls,' he says, 'are striving in my breast; each from the other longing to be free.' The first includes the common passions of men; the second is a vague and restless aspiration for the possession of unbounded knowledge and power. When pride and ambition, however refined, are admitted into the heart, envy and hatred will not long be absent; but Faust never succumbs to the power of these lower passions. They are kept separate from the essence of his character, and this separation is powerfully represented by the poet, by calling into existence a distinct character—Mephistopheles (or Mephisto, as he is called in the old legend). Stripped of all his grotesque features and his mythological disguise, he is simply an intensely bad man; one in whom envy and hatred are predominant. In truth, Faust and Mephistopheles are one, just as, in ancient Persian mythology, Ormuzd and Arimanes were one before time existed; but, for poetic purposes,

the light and the darkness are separated, and the higher nature of Faust is placed in clear opposition to the lower nature represented in the person of Mephistopheles. In the exposition of the drama, Faust binds himself to his own lower nature; in the development, he strives more and more to liberate himself, and he at last succeeds. As he rises towards freedom, the distance between his own character and that of his 'companion'—so he calls his enemy—increases, until death makes the separation perfect and everlasting. On the other hand, the character of Mephistopheles, as it is made more and more distinct from that of Faust, becomes also more and more darkly shaded. The fiend appears, at first, as a cynical satirist, and not without humour; but as the story proceeds, he is described as a juggler, a sorcerer, and a murderer. He is Satan, without any disguise, in the midst of infernal revels on the Blocksberg, and, at the close of the drama, his character appears still worse; though this might seem impossible. He is, at last, what a man remains when every noble aspiration has left him.

These preliminary notes on the two chief characters of the drama may help to render the following outlines of the story clear. For the sake of brevity, the 'Prelude in the Theatre' must be passed over with few words, though it contains both humorous and beautiful passages, and clearly indicates the poet's personal sympathy with the destiny of Faust. The Theatre-Poet is an idealist, with an ambition above his vocation; he would write 'for posterity,' of whom the manager wishes never to hear another word. Both he and his friend, the Merryman, are realists and practical men, who insist upon it that the Poet shall insert in the play a considerable amount of folly, in order to amuse the multitude, and increase the profits of the theatre. The humour of this prelude is strongly contrasted with the beginning of the 'Prologue in Heaven,' which immediately follows.

The prologue opens with a song in heaven, where three archangels—Raphael, Gabriel, and Michael—sing severally, and then unite in harmony with 'the music of the spheres.' This form of introduction is obviously founded on the opening of the book of Job, and the song, with its chorus, was probably suggested by the text (in chapter xxxviii. of that book), speaking of the time 'when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.' The three archangels describe the sun and the planets

as ever pouring forth divine harmony while carried along around their eternal centre. The translation of this song into English presents a problem which has led to several laudable attempts, but hardly to one perfect success. The solution may be impossible, when the highest artistic form of translation is demanded. If it be required that a version, exactly representing the meaning of the original, shall also have corresponding metre and rhymes, and shall seem to be so easily done as to read like original verse, the problem becomes too complex. The last-named condition, the art concealing art, is indispensable, yet can hardly be fulfilled without a sacrifice of some minor merits. The following stanzas give nothing better than a paraphrase of the original:—

RAPHAEL.

With pace of thunder rolls along
  The Sun, in concord never ending
Still chanting a primeval song,
  With tones from all the planets blending;
The Angels from the glorious sight
  Derive their power and inspiration,
And all the wondrous works are bright
  As in the morning of creation.

GABRIEL.

There rolls the earth—so swift and bright!—
  And changeful day and night attend her,
As out of gloom of awful night
  She turns to Paradisian splendour;
While foams the sea—broad waves upthrowing
  On rocky barriers deep and strong—
And rocks and billows, onward going,
  Are carried with the spheres along;

MICHAEL.

And tempests blow, in emulation,
  From sea to land and o'er the main,
And form, through all their perturbation,
  A circling, energetic chain;
There flames the lightning's devastation,
  And thunders roll along its way;—
But we, O LORD, with veneration,
  Behold thy calmly-changeful day.

THE THREE ARCHANGELS.

The vision gives us inspiration,
  Though no one comprehend THEE may,
And all the works of thy creation
  Are bright as in the Primal Day.

This grand declaration of Eternal Divine Power is followed by its extreme opposite.

Among the heavenly host, assembled to proclaim that all the works of the Lord are glorious, there presents himself the spirit whose bad will leads only to negation and destruction; the 'Arimanes' of old Persian mythology, the 'Satan' of the venerable book of Job. He will say nothing against the glory of the sun and the stars, but he asserts that Man, with all his pride of intellect and his restless discontent, is a mere disgrace to the universe in which he lives. In the conversation that follows this assertion, the leading thought of the drama, that evil is permitted to exist only as a condition, *sine quâ non*, of energetic life, is expressed. Mephistopheles, the genius of envy and negation, receives full permission to tempt Faust, but the final defeat of the tempter is predicted.

We now descend to the earth. Here Faust, a gray professor in a German university, is seated at his desk in a narrow and high-vaulted gothic chamber, while the moon pours her light through the window. He is surrounded by books, old, dusty parchments, and some instruments of science, on which he looks with weariness and disgust. For he has arrived at the stage of thought when he despairs of the power of study. It is from powers of which man is unconscious that all the wonders of creation proceed. When contrasted with those powers, all our studies are nothing more than a 'vanity of vanities.' Law, medicine, theology—Faust describes them all as dry abstractions and dead *formulæ*, having no union with life and reality, and conferring on the student no power either to control or to enjoy the boundless energies and resources of nature. His ambition is partly sensuous and mostly egotistic. True, he complains in one part of his monologue that he finds in his studies nothing that can confer benefits on mankind, but from other expressions we learn that he longs chiefly for power and enjoyment. It is indeed nothing less than theurgic power, or what Goethe called 'dæmonic energy,' for which Faust is craving. That the object of thought should be to make this finite world appear untrue, that the aim of life and of study should be to obtain rest, not excitement, that the destiny of man is to rise above his own nature, and to subdue all its passions, its contentions and cravings; this is not Faust's belief. Such philosophy is for him a realm of shadows. He would explore, he says, 'the fountains

whence flows life throughout creation,' he would refresh himself in their streams. To gain such power and enjoyment, he tries the processes of magic that were recommended by old Nostrodamus (a magician or astrologer who is said to have lived in the sixteenth century), but after some deceptive indications of success, discouragement follows, and Faust is interrupted by a visit from Wagner, his *Famulus* or attendant-student, who is a very dull pedant. All that Faust disdains as the 'dry bones and mere lumber of erudition' is choice meat and drink for the intellectual constitution of Wagner. No amount of our modern preparations for examination could have been too great for him. He is charmed with dead *formulæ* and cannot have too many of them impressed upon his memory. His notion of the object of life is that his 'mind' may be stored with an infinite number of rules of grammar, prosody, formal logic, and barren rhetoric, and he regrets that 'life is too short' to allow the most diligent student to master thoroughly such a study as Greek prosody. The character of this 'dry-as-dust' pedant is admirably contrasted with that of Faust.

Wagner, after receiving a hint that his presence is becoming tiresome, goes away to pore on 'the dead letter' of prosody, or something of that kind, but his master, despairing of ever knowing more than mere forms and words without power, resolves to die rather than live, a melancholy inane pedant. There stands, near him, on one of the dusty shelves of his library, an old brown goblet, an heir-loom from his father, and often of yore filled with Rhine-wine at happy family festivals. Faust has filled it now with laudanum, and is lifting the poison to his lips when his resolution is suddenly disturbed by a melodious peal of bells, and by the choral hymn sung in a neighbouring church:—

> Christ hath arisen
> Out of death's prison;

for it is now Easter morning, and all the old Christian associations of the time are at once recalled by that peal of church bells and that cheerful hymn. 'Oh, heavenly tones!' he exclaims:—

> Ye call me back to life again, sweet bells!
> Ye call to mind the time when Sabbath peace
> Fell on my spirit like a kiss from heaven.

Later in the morning, Faust and 'dry-as-dust' Wagner take a walk into the fields, where all the ambition and melancholy of

Faust are brought into vivid contrast with the gladness of common life that beams from the faces of peasants and townspeople—all in their holiday dress and coming forth into the sunshine. Their cheerfulness for a moment imparts itself to Faust. But when one of the older men among the peasants recognises 'the doctor,' and thanks him for aid received during affliction, the incident suggests only a contemptuous remark on the uncertainty of medical science.

It is characteristic of Wagner that he can find no pleasure in looking on the crowd of people enjoying their Easter holiday. They do not help him in the sole aim of his life—reading to gain honours at the University! He has come out, even on Easter Sunday, solely to derive some 'profit,' as he says, from conversation with his superior in learning. 'All this skittle-playing, fiddling, and singing (as they call it) is, for me, simply detestable,' says Wagner.—His master, however, can forget, for a few moments, his own melancholy, while he looks upon the merry people of whom he thus speaks:—

> With joy they celebrate the day,
> For they themselves have burst away,
> As out of prison, or from the tomb,
> From many a workshop's dusty gloom;
> From many a narrow, crowded street
> They come, each other here to greet,
> Or from the minster's solemn night
> They wander forth into the light.

When evening comes on, the master looks on the burning western heavens, and expresses a vague longing to follow the course of the sun:—

> To drink at the eternal source of light,
> And leave behind, forevermore, the night!

Wagner frankly owns that he has no sympathy with any such aspiration, and that he cares little for the beauties of nature. For him there are better attractions in a snug, warm, and well-lighted study. 'There winter-evenings are very pleasant,' he says;—

> And, when some precious parchment you unroll,
> You have all Paradise in your own soul!

Faust spends the holiday with Wagner, and retires after sunset into the solitude of the old Gothic chamber. Here he is visited by Mephistopheles 'the spirit who always denies.' Ostensibly

the demon has been compelled to appear by Faust's magic; but in truth he is only the expression of Faust's own discontent and egotism. 'Every man is tempted by himself,' and the evil that seems to come from without comes from within. Instead of the spirit who can reveal to the aspirant the mysteries of life and creation, it is the demon who would deny and destroy that now appears in a human form. It is, indeed, the man's own worse self that arises and stands before him.

With a bitter sense of the duality of his own existence—of the contrast between his ambition and its results—Faust describes what he would call, in his mediæval Latin, his whole *curriculum vitæ* as a failure and disappointment. He denounces all attractions that bind him to life, and closes a dreadful formula of imprecation by execrating the highest virtues—hope, faith, and patience. When the utterance of the curse is concluded, a chorus of invisible spirits utter a lamentation:—

> Woe, woe for thee!—a world how fair
> Hast thou destroyed in thy despair!
> To the dark void the wreck we bear.
>
> . . . . .
>
> O mighty one, thou earth-born son!
> In thine own soul build up, once more,
> The world, so fair, that we deplore!

The reply that Mephisto gives to the lamentation is very subtle. He suggests that the best way to build up a new life is to renounce all philosophy and to seize such sensual pleasures as the world affords. In the course of the conversation that follows, Faust more deliberately renounces all the hopes of his moral and intellectual nature, while the demon undertakes to supply the want of them by such wretched excitements as a sensual life can afford. Faust denies that the fiend, by means of 'all the pomps and vanity of this world,' can ever give satisfaction to the soul of man; 'If ever,' says he, 'I am so charmed with any earthly pleasure that I say to any present moment, "Stay; thou art so fair!" then I yield myself, as your prisoner and slave, to suffer any doom that may be inflicted upon me.'—This is the substance of the bond between Faust and Mephistopheles, which is forthwith signed in his own blood by Faust.

Meanwhile, a young student has come to present letters of introduction to the professor. The genius of negation puts on

Faust's cap and gown and jocosely takes his seat in the professor's chair. A conversation follows in which the student talks with the old savant on the respective merits of several studies. Of logic, natural philosophy, and chemistry Mephistopheles speaks contemptuously, and of metaphysics and theology he presents to the student grotesque caricatures. The youth will hear nothing of law, and even the arch-sophist finds little to say in its favour; but he strongly recommends the study of medicine: not, however, for its merits as a science. The student listens with abject submission to some very bad advice, and then presents to the pseudo-philosopher, a little book of blank paper, begging that he will write in it some pithy motto, to serve as a memorandum of this interview. Mephistopheles writes down the words—*eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum*, and the student departs, well satisfied, as if he had found a treasure.

In the next scene an abrupt transition takes place from the professor's study to Auerbach's wine-cellar in Leipzig, where Faust is introduced to a number of jovial fellows who are drinking, singing and quarrelling. Their buffoonery is distasteful to Faust, who will not accept their easiest of all solutions of life's problems. Though, he has recently denounced abstruse philosophy, he is not so soon prepared to enjoy its extreme opposite. It is evident that he must be tempted by attractions somewhat more refined than such as are to be found in Auerbach's wine-cellar, and in order that he may be conquered, he must be made young again.

Now follow scenes of enchantment in 'the witch's kitchen,' where a charm is prepared by which Faust is suddenly restored to the enjoyment of youth. The gray hair, the deep wrinkles and the stooping figure of the weary student are abolished, and all that experience had gained is also cast aside with the signs of old age. A vigorous, handsome and enterprising youth takes the place of the old professor of metaphysics.

Faust—under the guidance of Mephisto—becomes, for a short time, a materialist of the most advanced school; he renounces the ideal, or all that cannot be made real and enjoyable. It is contrived by the enemy that his dupe, while in this mood of mind, shall meet the heroine of the drama—Margaret, whom we can hardly describe otherwise than as a representative of Nature herself, in all the innocence imagined by poets and mystics. Her presence makes the contrast between Faust and his 'Companion'

more apparent than ever before; in the former all the nobler aspirations of his youth are revived, while the latter becomes more and more cynical. The poet writes here in perfect accordance with a maxim given by Leopold Schefer:—'a man's honour must be estimated according to his own estimate of women.' Such a maxim would have excited all the satirical power of Mephisto. He talks of Margaret so as to expose his own extreme degradation, and succeeds, for a time, in making Faust a slave to passion. Meanwhile, their intended victim is dreaming only of an affection as pure and faithful as that told of in the simple ballad she is singing:—

> There lived a king in Thulè who was faithful to the grave:
> His love, when she was dying, to him a beaker gave.
>
> More prized than all his treasure that cup of gold remain'd;
> His eyes with tears would glisten when he the goblet drain'd.
>
> When he was old and dying, his wealth he reckon'd up,
> And gave all to the princes—except that golden cup!
>
> And to his knights, all loyal, as were the men of yore,
> He gave a banquet royal in his castle on the shore.
>
> There stood the old king, drinking one long deep health—the last—
> Then down among the billows that sacred cup he cast;
>
> And as the cup was sinking he closed his eyes; no more
> He drank the wine all rosy in his castle on the shore!

The evil 'Companion' has cast aside his mediæval encumbrances—hoof, horns, and tail—and, in a low but common sense of the word, is a gentleman! smart with scarlet mantle, a cock's feather on his hat, and a rapier at his side. A slight halt in the left foot might be concealed, but his sneer betrays him to Margaret's insight. She tells his character in a few simple words:—

> You see that he with no soul sympathizes;
> 'Tis written on his face—he never loved. . . .
> Whenever he comes near, I cannot pray.

Faust, under the influence of these suggestions, learns to abhor his 'Companion,' and, in a soliloquy, expresses a longing to be freed from contact with him:—

> with this new joy that brings
> Me near and nearer Heaven, was given to me

This man for my 'companion'!—He degrades
My nature, and with cold and insolent breath
Turns Heaven's best gifts to mockeries!

Meanwhile, with a foreboding of coming sorrow, Margaret, sitting alone at her spinning-wheel, is singing:—

My heart is heavy, my peace is o'er;
I shall find it never; oh, never more!

Subsequent scenes in the drama blend together the most discordant elements—the highest passion and the lowest cynicism, ideal aspiration and the coarsest materialism, mysticism and prosaic common-place, ethereal, religious poetry, and the most profane caricature; all are strangely mingled. The highest interest throughout belongs to the beautiful character of Margaret, whose innocent love is made the means of urging her on to crime, misery, and insanity. It may remain a question whether the poet's power is more evident in the creation of this heroine, or in the embodiment of all that is cynical, envious and malignant in the person of Mephistopheles. The fiend is seen in a light of contrast that makes him more and more revolting, and Faust who once despised, now hates yet dreads, the tempter—his destined companion through life! By the blind passion of Faust and by the machinations of the demon, Margaret is surrounded with a cloud of guilt and disgrace, which becomes darker and darker; though it can never be truly said to belong to her character. Her mother, her brother, and lastly her own child have been destroyed, and of two of these crimes she has been made an unconscious instrument. Without the use of sophistry or any palliation of guilt, she is made to appear innocent—even when she is condemned to die.

But her soul is, nevertheless, tormented by the terrors of the guilt that belongs to others, and she seeks refuge in the cathedral, where she used to pray when a child. There an Evil Spirit haunts her—as a voice—while the tones of the organ and the choir, singing the *Dies iræ*, threaten final condemnation:—

Evil Spirit. Ah, happier in her childhood's day
Margaret in innocence would come to pray,
And, kneeling here, beside the altar-stairs,
With tiny book in hand, lisped out her prayers,
While thinking half of Heaven and half of play!

. . . . . .

Would'st thou pray now for thine own mother's soul
Sent by thyself into her long, last sleep?

. . . .

Margaret. Woe! Woe!
Were I but free
From these bad thoughts that follow me
And threaten me, where'er I go!

CHOIR. *Dies iræ, dies illa*
Solvet sæclum in favilla.

Evil Spirit speaks while chords are prolonged on the organ.
Terrors seize thee!
The trumpet sounds!
The graves are opening, and thy heart,
As out of slumber in the dust
Awakening into fiery pain,
Quivers!

Margaret. Oh were I but away from here
The organ takes away my breath;
The singing breaks my heart.

CHOIR. *Judex ergo quum sedebit,*
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Margaret. Oh for one breath of air!
These pillars clasp me round;
The roof comes down on me;
Air! give me room to breathe!

Evil Spirit. Would'st hide thyself?—but sin and shame
Can never long be hidden.
Air?—light?—for *thee*?—
Woe!—Woe!—

CHOIR. *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,*
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.

Evil Spirit. The angels turn their faces from thee!
The saints all shudder to stretch their hands
Towards such a sinner!—Woe!

CHOIR. *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?*

Margaret utters a call for aid and falls senseless. Soon afterwards she is arrested. It was a devotion that became insanity which led her to yield herself an instrument in the perpetration of crimes of which Mephistopheles is really guilty.

Without any attempt to explain the scenes of *diablerie* on the Blocksberg, a 'haunted' summit of the Harz Mountains, to which

Faust is led by his 'Companion,'—while Margaret is left pining in prison—one sequence may be noticed, namely, that guilt is followed by prostration of both the will and the intellect. Amidst wild revels in which he seems to have no pleasure, the transgressor is haunted by a vision of one whom he has left, in her deepest misery, imprisoned in a dungeon.—'Save her! liberate her! or woe upon thee!' he exclaims fiercely to his 'Companion,' who coldly replies: 'Did I, or didst thou, thrust her down to destruction?'

The sentence of death has been passed upon her, when Faust—Heinrich as she calls him—comes, before daybreak, to the prison, to snatch her away from the sword of the executioner. But it is not life, it is the innocence and happiness of past days that Margaret demands; and as they can never be restored to her in this world, she is willing to leave it. She will die rather than escape from prison to live in ignominy with Faust, and she is horrified by finding him, once more, in the company of his evil genius:—

Faust. 'Tis dawning, love! no tarrying; haste away!

Margaret. Yes, it grows light; it brings to me the day
That is to be my last!—and 'twas to be
The morning for my wedding!

. . . . . .

Ah! see the crowd is gathering; but how still
The streets! the square!
It cannot hold the thousands that are there;
The bell is tolling; now they bind me fast
They hurry me along; there shines the sword
To fall upon no neck but mine!—How dumb
All the world lies around me, like the grave!

Faust. Oh that I never had been born!

[*Mephistopheles appears and speaks to Faust.*] Away!
You perish if you loiter now. See there!
My horses are shuddering in the chilly air;
The day is dawning.—Come!

Margaret. What rises from the earth?—'Tis he! 'Tis he
How dares HE to come hither?—Drive him forth!
This is a sacred place; dares he to come
Hither for me?—

Faust. No; thou shalt live!

Margaret. Thou Judge of all! to Thee myself I give!

Mephistopheles. Come! or I leave you with her—both to perish!

But this is a vain threat with regard to one of the intended victims. The Spirit who denies and destroys has lost, for ever, his power over the soul of Margaret!—'She is judged!' he exclaims, in his fierce anger and disappointment; but a voice from above replies, 'SHE IS SAVED.' Her last thought is of Faust. Though the sword is ready to fall upon her neck, it is not for herself that she has any fears, but for the destiny of Faust, who is now hurried away—whither? For the last time, she looks on his face and says:—

Heinrich! I shudder as I look on thee.

Mephistopheles to Faust. Here! hither to me!
[*Vanishes with Faust.*]

[*A voice from within, dying away.*] Heinrich! Heinrich!

The clearest harmony between this First Part of the drama and the Second is found in their concluding scenes. That pathetic last word uttered the truth, that Margaret could not be happy, if saved alone.

Some considerable space of time must be supposed to elapse between the close of the First and the opening of the Second Part. The hero—whose repentance has been fully implied, though it is not expressed here—is found awaking, at the dawn of day. All things around him are symbolical of his own resolution to begin a new life. His first monologue gives a fine description of the effects of sunrise in an Alpine valley:—

In glimmering sheen the world is wrapt around,
A thousand carols through the woodland sound;
Along the dale the misty streaks are drawn,
Yet in the deepest gorge are signs of dawn;
The leafy twigs from misty clefts shine out;
On buds and blooms fresh pearls are dropt about;
Hue after hue gleams from the dusky ground,
And Paradise is opening all around.
Upwards my glance! the mountain-peaks are glowing,
For us the signs of nearer daybreak showing;

They earlier enjoy the eternal light
That later beams upon our dazzled sight.
Now a bright glance displays the mountain's green,
Now spreads the light till all the dale is seen,
And now the sun! and, blinded by the day,
With aching sight I turn myself away.

. . . . . .

So let the sun, unseen, behind me blaze,
While here I meet his fair, reflected rays;
Yon waterfall I see with new delight,
Burst through the rocky cleft, and from the height
Falling—a thousand streams at once outpouring,
Mid spray clouds over spray clouds lightly soaring.
How glorious, beaming through the misty air,
The changeful yet abiding rainbow there,
Now clear outshining, fading now away,
Lost for a moment in the cloud of spray!—
Well shows the varying bow our life's endeavour;
For ever changing and the same for ever!

Passing over many other scenes—shifted from land to land, as in a phantasmagoria—we find a more direct connection with the chief interest of the First Part on arriving at the fourth act of the Second Part. Here Faust, who has been active in politics, warfare, and the culture of art, but has found no satisfaction in any of his endeavours, devotes himself, finally, to a great philanthropic and industrial undertaking. The king whom he has served, has given him a wide waste of land on the sea-shore, which he has resolved to save from the devastation spread by the ocean. This final enterprise has been condemned as forming a prosaic conclusion to the drama; but it should be observed that the hero—now represented as very old—is contemplating, in all his plans for drainage and embankment, nothing less than the creation of a new land, to be inhabited by a free and industrious people. Not for the indulgence of either luxury or ambition, but for the promotion of victorious industry, and for the development of rational liberty, Faust labours on; while his sneering 'Companion'—though somewhat humbled now—derides all such honest, hard work, and proposes to build, instead of dams and sluices, 'a magnificent Versailles,' with all the appendages that could be desired by a modern Sardanapalus! Faust scorns the demon's notion of life.

In spite of all satire and evil suggestion, the gray old man—formerly known as 'Dr. Faustus'—goes on bravely, working for other men; for many generations of men, as he says.

It has been suggested that the general design of some passages in this Second Part of the drama is to show that neither philosophy, art, nor literature can afford satisfaction and rest to the enterprising spirit of modern times. May we not understand the poet as telling us, that our destiny is to pass through great social changes and industrial and economic reforms into a new era, where the elements of our life, both physical and intellectual, shall be more harmoniously developed than in our present civilization?—This is the conclusion to which we are led by comparing several passages in 'Faust' with the writer's 'Social Romances.'

Such a conclusion may be called 'prosaic,' but it is, at the same time, noble; for the workman must be judged by his motive. For want of more work like that which occupied the close of the ex-magician's career, our refinements of civilization—our art, music and poetry; even our religion, so far as it is unpractical—are but glittering pinnacles on an edifice without a safe foundation. Is there no danger of our being rudely called away from art and literature, from philosophy and meditative theology, to the discussion of hard social questions respecting disorganised labour, and the strife of classes? May not such strife possibly be found symbolised in 'that coast wasted by the sea waves,' against which Faust waged warfare?—He grappled with the first difficulty of civilization; the organisation of labour for the subjugation of nature—including, under that word, the crude human nature that must be subdued in all of us. We cannot therefore see that such a conclusion of a drama is deficient in moral dignity.

To pass to the Fifth Act—here 'four gray women'—'Poverty,' 'Guilt,' 'Destitution,' and 'Care'—all come to disturb the old workman; but all excepting 'Care' are expelled from the land governed by an industrial 'king of men.' 'Care' must remain with him; for she is—as Leopold Schefer says—of divine origin, and a personage worthy of dwelling with rulers in palaces. In his extreme old age, and stricken with blindness—he is about a hundred years old—the man battles with the rude elements of nature to the last, and then enjoys, in dying, an anticipation of future results. Thus he speaks of his work:—

> Freedom, like Life, must be deserved by toil—
> Here men shall live, and, on this fertile soil,
> Begirt with dangers, shall, from youth to age,
> Their constant warfare with the ocean wage.

O could I see my followers!—Might I stand
Among free people on my own free land!
To such a moment of intense delight
I'd, fearless, say—O stay!—thou art so bright!

. . . .

Anticipating all that future bliss,
I have it now.—That moment's here!—'Tis THIS!

So saying, the fighter with the sea reclines upon the soil which he has bravely won from the waves, and in full contentment expires. By his last words, he has (if the letter of the old bond holds good) forfeited his soul to Mephisto, who is here, ready to show the bond. 'Here lies the body,' says he, 'and now, if the spirit tries to escape, I meet him, at once, with this document.'—The enemy who led young Faust into sin now makes a protest against the doctrine of 'the forgiveness of sins,' which, as he declares, is a modern innovation and utterly heterodox. 'In the ancient times,' says he, 'there was no trouble such as we have now in catching the souls of men. We were then sure of our victims when once they had signed; but now there are so many new ways of saving them!'—This zeal for orthodox and conservative principles seems very strange, when the character of the speaker is considered.

Meanwhile, companies of angels appear to welcome the soul of Faust, as one of their own communion, and to lead him up to the place where a Spirit once named 'Margaret' is waiting for him. By his devotion to a grand, benevolent aim, by living for the whole and for the better world to come, he has been prepared for communion with the unseen inhabitants of that world.

The demon summons all his subordinates to assist in preventing the escape of the intended victim. Passages of most grotesque humour are here placed in contrast with some beautiful thoughts and their imagery. Angels and demons contend for the possession of the soul, while Margaret is waiting in heaven for the arrival of the Spirit whom she once called 'Heinrich.' Transubstantiated and endowed with everlasting youth, he rises to heaven, while the angels who attend him are singing:—

This member of our heavenly quire
Is saved from evil powers;
Let evermore a soul aspire,
And we can make him ours.

CHAPTER XXI.

SEVENTH PERIOD. 1770–1830.

SCHILLER.

'He was a seer—a prophet. . . . A century has passed since his birth, and we revere him as one of the first among the spiritual heroes of humanity. A hundred years may roll away; another and yet another; still from century to century his name shall be celebrated, and at last there shall come a festival when men will say:—"See! there was truth in his ideal anticipations of freedom and civilization."'

FRIEDRICH VISCHER'S *Speech at the Centenary Festival of Schiller's Birthday* (1859).

FOR the sake of placing together notices of several of Goethe's works, so as to show both their union and their variety, we have deviated from the order of time, to which we now return.

In 1781, when Goethe wrote (in prose) his quiet drama of 'Tasso,' a contrast to that work appeared in a wild and violent play called 'The Robbers,' which produced an excitement now hardly conceivable as the result of such a tragedy. It was an unartistic, dramatic rhapsody, written in favour of anarchy, which was described as propitious to the development of 'genius' and strength of character. The praise and the censure bestowed on this crude drama were alike unbounded. 'If Germany is ever to have a Shakspeare, here he is!' said one fanatical critic—referring to the author of 'The Robbers.' 'If I might create a world,' said another and more ridiculous fanatic, 'on the condition that "The Robbers" should appear in that world, I would not create it!' The play thus absurdly spoken of was Friedrich Schiller's contribution to the sensational literature already described in Chapters XVI. and XVII. The errors of the play belonged to the time when it appeared. The extreme bad taste then prevalent has been sufficiently noticed.

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH (VON) SCHILLER was born at the little town of Marbach, situate on the Neckar, on November 10, 1759. His father, a lieutenant in the army of Würtemberg, held also an appointment as park-keeper at 'The Solitude,' a country-seat where the Duke of Würtemberg, in 1771, established a military academy, afterwards removed to Stuttgart. In this school the young poet received his education. Here he read Goethe's drama, 'Götz,' several inferior German plays and poems, and some translations from Shakspeare. He thus found solace in a world of imagination, revealing itself to him in startling contrast with the school-world of hard routine in which he was confined. His dislike of law studies extended itself to civilised life, and drove his imagination to the haunts of bandits in forests. After forsaking law and slightly studying medicine, he was appointed as a regimental surgeon. His pay was despicable, and his style of hospital practice more drastic and heroic than judicious. Meanwhile his thoughts were occupied with the success of 'The Robbers' at Mannheim, and, without leave of absence, he quitted his patients and went to enjoy the popularity of his own play. For this offence he suffered a fortnight's arrest, and received some admonition from the Duke of Würtemberg.

A deep impression had been made on the poet's mind by his acquaintance with the history of Daniel Schubart, (see Chapter XVII.), who, on account of some irreverent writings, had endured in Würtemberg an imprisonment of ten years! Calling to mind that fact, the author of 'The Robbers' was resolved to escape from Stuttgart, and a favourable opportunity soon presented itself. The Grand Duke Paul of Russia visited Stuttgart, and the authorities of the place were too busy in preparing illuminations in honour of their guest to notice the departure of a young regimental surgeon. Schiller rode, at midnight, by 'The Solitude,' lit up with a thousand candles, and the Stuttgart people did not dream that a man was leaving their town that night of whom they would some day be prouder than they were of the Grand Duke's visit. That royal visit is now remembered only on account of the fact that, at the time of its occurrence, the poet went to Mannheim.

When he arrived in the town, he alarmed the theatre-manager, Meyer, by making a confession to the effect that the duke's authority had been defied, and that his own pecuniary resources were slender, while his hopes of success were founded on a manuscript

play called 'Fiesco.' At first the manager disliked this new drama, and would hardly believe that it had been written by the author of 'The Robbers.' Afterwards, Meyer thought better of 'Fiesco,' but time was wanted to adapt it to the stage, and the poet's resources meanwhile were failing. Wishing to place himself at a greater distance from his former patron, the duke, Schiller soon left Mannheim and went to Frankfort. On the journey his strength was exhausted, and he lay down to rest in a wood, while one faithful friend—a poor musician named Streicher—watched over him. They left Frankfort ere long; for the poet's hope of receiving aid from the director of the Mannheim theatre was disappointed. The travellers next found a more obscure retreat in a village where Schiller wrote a part of *Kabale und Liebe* ('Intrigue and Love') in a miserable chamber where the damp wind of November was blowing through a crazy window patched with paper. Here Streicher was compelled to leave his companion in distress, who, dressed in a light coat and destitute of winter clothing, was carrying all his worldly goods in a small portmanteau. He now gladly availed himself of an invitation which he had received from a lady—Frau von Wolzogen—the mother of some young men who had been fellow-students with the poet at Stuttgart. In her house at the lonely village of Bauerbach, near Meiningen, he found welcome shelter during the winter of 1782-3, and there completed his third drama. In 1783 he gained a small salary by his services as poet to the theatre at Mannheim, and this poor appointment brought to a conclusion the sensational furor in the development of his genius. His next drama, *Don Carlos*, is full of enthusiasm for freedom, and expresses some traits in the poet's character; especially his wish to make the theatre serve as an educational institution.

His firm belief in the possibility of making the stage a great moral power in society explains his earnest devotion to dramatic studies. In a clear and eloquent lecture, delivered at Mannheim, in 1784, he contends that a superior drama may, powerfully though indirectly, assist the laws of a nation for the support of morality. He argues that, even where the moral condition of a people is low, they can be made to feel a wholesome dread of crime 'when the poet brings on the stage the wife of Macbeth, muttering, in her perturbed sleep:—"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand!"' 'Such theatrical impressions'

—says Schiller—'cannot be esteemed good substitutes for moral teaching; but they are strong and durable upon the minds of the common people, and must have some value.' 'Could any lecture or essay on the hateful nature of ingratitude produce the effect of Lear's exclamation to his daughters—"I gave you all"? But there are many minor virtues and vices, pleasing qualities and foibles in human nature, which religion and law cannot condescend to notice; yet worthy of observation, and without any personality or malice, these are placed before us in legitimate comedy. In this mirror we see defects and inconsistencies found in our own characters, and, without having to submit to personal reproof, we may be secretly thankful to the comic dramatist for giving us wholesome hints, while he raises a laugh at the expense of an imaginary character. If against these observations it is argued that practical life contradicts them; that spectators can witness representations of the best moral dramas, and feel no wholesome influence; that the "Harpagon" of Molière has not made extortioners ashamed of their practices; that the suicide of "Beverley" has not proved an effectual warning to all gamblers; or that the tragical end of "Karl Moor" has not frightened all robbers, and made our highways safe—still, admitting the force of these objections, I would say that the drama must not be condemned for having failed, as other institutions have hitherto failed, to produce a complete reformation in society.' Thus Schiller reasoned—his conclusions all depending on the supposition that a legitimate and moral drama can be maintained.

Almost all that can be said for and against the moral power of the stage may be found in this lecture, and in an essay on the same subject by a Catholic writer, named Ignaz Wessenberg. 'The drama,' says this author, 'however noble its character, must not give its lessons in a didactic style, but must place before us, in fair contrasts, the lights and the shadows of human nature; must make us acquainted with the wise, the virtuous, and also with the foolish and the unworthy. And characters must be naturally drawn. The goodness which accompanies evil must claim our notice. The moral or general purport of a drama cannot appear in every part; but must result from a fair view of the whole. Can we hope, even if a drama is in itself good, that all the spectators will take a fair view of the whole? If a rogue is introduced on the stage, he must be made interesting; his good

humour, his cleverness, his temporary successes, must be fairly exhibited. This will not lead a discriminating mind into error; but many young and untrained minds will admire the hero, and forget that he is a rogue. His cleverness and success captivate their attention; their sympathies are enlisted on his side, and they feel, not satisfaction, but regret when they see the failure of his cunning plot. I see no way of avoiding this evil; for if you make the drama a school for popular instruction, you injure its character as a work of art.'

It can hardly be said that Schiller fairly met these practical objections. His own ideal theory, which led both to the defects of his *Don Carlos* and to the success of his *Wilhelm Tell*, was not realised at Mannheim. Several disagreeable circumstances there induced him to leave the town in 1785. He was then thinking of forsaking poetry, and of devoting his attention to law studies, when he received aid from one of the best of friends—Körner, the father of the young poet who fell in the war of liberation. It was one of the finest traits of these times that men who had literary taste but no great mental power found delight in aiding men of genius. Such friends of poets we have already seen in Bodmer and father Gleim, and Körner was one of the noblest men of this class. Wherever the name of Schiller is known, that of Körner will not be forgotten. It was by the aid of this friend that the poet was enabled to live and pursue his studies in the neighbourhoods of Leipzig and Dresden, from 1785 to 1787, when he went to Weimar. Here he was kindly received by Herder and Wieland. Goethe was then travelling in Italy, but, soon after his return, gained for Schiller an appointment (at first, without any salary) as professor of history at Jena. There was no remarkable kindness in this action; Goethe was, at that time, no admirer of Schiller's writings, and, for several years afterwards, the two poets, though meeting now and then, remained almost strangers to each other.

Jena, the common University for five little states, could not then afford to pay an extra professor of history; although, under the Duke of Weimar's care, the place was becoming celebrated as a centre of learning. It had been, in old times, noted for the poverty of professors, and the rude manners of students. Young Göttingen (founded in 1734) was the most orderly of the universities, 'because the students there had no rules;' in other words, no bad, old traditions. At Jena amusing stories were told of

students 'in the good old times;' of their scanty wardrobes; of their dressing up one old professor so as to make him like a scarecrow, and of their duels fought in the market-place, close to the town-hall, where the magistrates were sitting. Some traces of these manners remained in Schiller's time and afterwards, until the sturdy patriot and philosopher, FICHTE, came as a reformer to Jena, and then, some unruly spirits gave trouble to the man whose will was as firm as steel. But Jena, near the close of the century, was assuming an advanced position in learning and philosophy, and, in the course of a few years, there came hither such men as Woltmann, Schelling, Hegel, the brothers Schlegel, and the brothers Humboldt. Here the Romantic School, of which we have soon to tell, was founded, and here was fostered the desire for national unity and independence that had for its result the war of liberation. Schiller might well feel anxious about the reception of his first lecture; for he was modest enough to believe that his own knowledge of history hardly equalled what might be found among the students. His fears were, however, soon dissipated; the lecture-room engaged for his use was found too small; the largest hall in Jena was crowded and the students gave a serenade to cheer the new professor.

At Jena the poet devoted his days (and too great a part of his nights) to historical and philosophical studies, which were relieved by holidays spent at Rudolstadt, where he became acquainted with Charlotte von Lengenfeld whom he married in 1790. He had now obtained a small salary and had hopes of improving his circumstances. His happiness was interrupted in 1793 by a failure of health, which compelled him to seek repose in a visit to his parents—still living near Stuttgart.

In 1794 Schiller issued the prospectus of a new literary journal—*Die Horen*—and invited the aid of many contributors, including Goethe, Garve, Engel, Herder, and the venerable septuagenarians, Kant and Klopstock. The editor was disappointed in some of his expectations when the journal appeared in 1795. The literature of *Die Horen* was too good for the public, and Schiller's philosophical articles were too far advanced to suit the taste of minor literary men. Schiller soon heard disrespectful remarks on his enterprise and read unfavourable criticisms on his own contributions. Of these matters he conversed often with Goethe, (whose friendship he had gained in 1794), and the two poets resolved to

reply by publishing the *Xenien*, a series of epigrams briefly noticed in a preceding chapter. They were planned in 1795 and appeared in Schiller's new journal, the *Musenalmanach*, in 1797. The allied poets—now converted into satirists—gained, at the time, more fame by these epigrams than by their better writings, and were respected, because they were feared. Among all the literary men who were offended by the *Xenien* the most respectable writer was Herder. He had, for some time, lived apart from close sympathy with Goethe, and had no cordial liking for Schiller. The *Xenien*, though they now seem mild specimens of satire, were so offensive to Herder that he never forgave the writers. The sense of the importance of literature and of the dignity of men of genius that once prevailed in Weimar, Jena, and other places seems now to belong to a world that has passed away. It was a genial time when the *Xenien* appeared; but a tone of youthful exaggeration in praising one another prevailed among literary men. They cared more for sentiments than for what are called the stern realities of life, and they would accept compliments that now appear too much like irony. Men who could be pleased by gross flattery were easily mortified by such satire as the *Xenien* contained.

Schiller remained an invalid during the later years of his life, and this fact makes his success in literature more remarkable. His consciousness of a duality in his existence—of warfare between the mind and body—is reflected in several of his letters. There was a discord in his life that would be resolved only in the grave. He expressed it when he exclaimed, 'Miserable man! with thoughts and hopes soaring to the heavens, yet tied down to this clod of earth; this tiresome clock-work of the body!'—In one of his letters to Goethe he writes:—'Now I have attained such intellectual clearness and have established in my mind such principles of art, that I might—if spared—do something great and good, my physical constitution is threatened by decay. Well; if it must be so—if the house must fall to ruins—I have rescued from the fall all that is worth saving.'

Goethe and Schiller were as strongly contrasted in their physical as in their intellectual characteristics. The former, though he had his share of work and care, controlled his literary and other labours, so that they harmonized with health. His life was, on the whole, a summer's day; Schiller's career was vexed with clouds

and storms. Goethe travelled along a smooth road, and the quiet scenery of his journey was mirrored in the repose of his features. Schiller was a striving man, and his harsh and worn countenance told of the time when the world was not his friend. Goethe found poetry as if it had been already created for his enjoyment, whenever he had leisure for contemplation. Nature seemed to bestow upon him all that he asked for. Schiller had to work and fight to attain his ideal objects, and the strife gave a stern expression to his face. 'Except the eyes, there is nothing soft or gentle in his face,' said Goethe. But, however differing in these and other respect, the two poets were firm friends, and their friendship had better results than could have followed rivalry.

In 1795–1800 Schiller wrote his finest ballads, each inspired by some noble idea, and his most elaborate drama, *Wallenstein*. In 1800 he went to reside at Weimar, and, in the same year, wrote the drama 'Maria Stuart,' which was followed by 'The Maid of Orleans' (1801). 'The Bride of Messina' appeared in 1803. In the same year, the poet was occupied on his drama of *Wilhelm Tell* and went, sometimes, with Goethe to Jena, where they often met Hegel, for whose character and powers of mind Schiller had a high respect. 'I can excuse,' he said, 'Hegel's want of facility in expression, on account of his depth and earnestness.'

In the winter of the same year, Schiller received modestly the homage paid to him by Madame de Staël, during her visit to Weimar. As Goethe was indisposed at the time, his friend was called upon to exercise his slight ability in French conversation, in order to entertain 'the most fluent, vivacious, and controversial of all talkers'—so the poet described his visitor. 'In her company,' said he, 'the whole man ought to be converted into an organ of hearing, in order to keep pace with her.' . . . 'She would explain, see through, measure and define everything.' . . . 'She knows nothing whatever of poetry, in our sense of the word.' . . . 'Where her torch can cast no light, there is nothing existing for her.' . . . 'She made me more contented than ever to remain a German.'

Of Schiller's talents in conversation Madame de Staël wrote thus:—'He reads French very well; but he has never been accustomed to talk in our language. I warmly asserted the superiority of our own dramatic system over all others. He had to contend with a slow utterance and a difficulty in finding French words to

express his ideas; but without fearing the opinions of the audience, which were opposed to his own, he was ready to meet me in controversy; indeed, his earnest convictions compelled him to speak. At first I used against him our French weapons—vivacity and pleasantry—but I soon discovered such a fulness of thought amid all the embarrassment of his words; I was so much impressed by the simplicity of character that led a man of genius to enter into a dispute, though he wanted language to express himself; I found him so modest; so careless about his own success in the argument, but so firm and animated in the defence of what he believed to be true—that I devoted to him, at once, a friendship full of admiration.'—Was this friendship anything more than a sensation of triumph in the exhibition of a fluent eloquence?

Six years later, Madame de Staël published, in her work *De l'Allemagne*, her observations on Germany, its general literature, poetry, fine arts, morals, manners, religion and systems of philosophy. In the compilation of this book she was, no doubt, greatly indebted to her friend August Wilhelm von Schlegel, who, for several years, resided or travelled with her. A glance at the chapters on philosophy and on classical and romantic poetry may suffice to show that Madame de Staël was not the sole author of the book. To prove that she might have been, it has been said (and, no doubt, truly) that she often contradicted Schlegel, and controverted his judgments on departments of literature and philosophy with which he was very well acquainted. But it is obvious that she might do all this, and, at the same time, use very freely the resources of his extensive reading. Her book—noticeable as the first that offered to French readers a tolerably fair account of German literature—was seized by the police of Napoleon I. in 1810, and the writer received orders to quit France at a day's notice. The agent in this transaction addressed to the authoress a note containing these remarks:—'It appears to me that the air of our country does not agree well with you; and on our part it may be added, that we are not yet reduced to the necessity of looking for models among the people whom you admire. Your last work is not French. I have confiscated the whole impression, and am sorry that this must be a loss to your publisher; but it is impossible for me to allow the book to appear.'

To return to Schiller—in 1804, while in failing health, he completed his last and most successful play, *Wilhelm Tell*. The

acclamations with which it was received seem exaggerated to English readers; for men who have never been weary of a long night cannot know how beautiful the first streak of dawn appears. What did the poet say for national freedom?—Nothing more than what had been said before. But the question should be rather—*When* did he say it?—In 1804—near the midnight-hour of national degradation (1806). To say nothing of the petty states—the want of union between Prussia and Austria had destroyed all hopes of liberty. In Austria the liberal measures of Joseph II. had been repealed, and ignorance and bigotry were made the bases of a restored despotism. In Prussia men were resting under the shadow of a name—Friedrich II.; but the spirit of the king had left the land. There were men who called themselves patriots; but their plans had no practical value. Others—like the rhetorical historian, Müller—were easily made apostates, and bestowed adulation on the despot, while there were enthusiasts who, even then, had hardly awakened from their dreams of enjoying liberty without national honour.

Literary men had talked wildly of a Utopia coming from the clouds—or from Paris—and students at universities had amused themselves by planting dead 'trees of liberty.' A tale was told in 1793, that Schelling and Hegel, then young philosophers at Tübingen, planted one of the barren emblems in a meadow by the Neckar! Another version asserts that Hegel—a grim Jacobin, only twenty-two years old—performed, with the aid of his friend, Hölderlin, a frantic dance about a liberty-tree set up for the occasion in the market-place at Tübingen.

Schiller also dreamed in his youth; but he awakened early.—'The French Republic will pass away,' said he, 'as suddenly as it arose. It will pass into anarchy, and this will end in submission to a despot, who will extend his sway over the greater part of Europe.'—It may be suggested that, possibly, the poet's wife, who recorded this prediction, might make some mistake with regard to its date; for she quotes the words as if they had been uttered in 1794. Yet Schiller had then read enough of Kant's moral philosophy to know that freedom must be founded on morality and that morality must be founded on religion. In his later years he was a true enthusiast in the service of freedom. He had seen the errors of a vapid cosmopolitanism, and had learned that good-will for men of all nations must have its centre at home, and be

united with a supreme care for national honour. His later works maintain the doctrine that virtue, patriotism and true freedom are inseparable. Sympathy with his patriotic enthusiasm conspired with admiration of his poetic genius to make his name more and more popular near the close of his life and after his decease. His fellow-countrymen then understood the tendency of his best works, to cherish a love of unitive freedom and national honour. People had called him 'an idealist' and 'a visionary.' He was, indeed, possessed by two or three ideas; but these were so true and so powerful that they insisted on being converted into realities. The idea of liberty, pronounced, at first, so crudely in 'The Robbers,' was more and more purified and ennobled, as it passed through other forms of expression,—in *Fiesco, Kabale und Liebe, Don Carlos, Wallenstein* and 'The Maid of Orleans'—until, at last, it shone forth splendidly in *Wilhelm Tell*, as a prophecy of coming liberation.

'Thousands who trembled not when the earth groaned under the weight of the despot's mailed cavalry; men who, with fearless hearts, confronted the thunders of his artillery; thousands who fell to be mingled with the ensanguined soil, on so many battle-fields;—all carried with them into the struggle the enthusiasm kindled by Schiller's poetry; his songs were on their lips, and his Spirit fought along with them!—And if the time come again when such sacrifices shall be demanded—for Fatherland, for morals and laws, for truth—the poetry of Schiller shall once more inspire us, and his burning words shall be our battle-cry!'

The above quotation from a speech delivered by Friedrich Vischer, at the centenary festival of Schiller's birthday (1859), may serve to express the enthusiasm awakened in Germany by the patriotism and poetic genius so well united in the poet's last drama.

In the spring of 1804 and after a visit to Berlin, the poet suffered again from a severe attack of his constitutional malady, pulmonary consumption, from which he only faintly rallied; and, about a year afterwards, the disease returned with fatal power. On April 28, 1805, he was seized with fever, and lay for about a week, still cherishing hopes of life. On May 6 he fell into delirium. On the 7th he seemed restored to self-possession, and began to converse with his sister-in-law on 'the nature of tragedy.' Fearing the excitement of his ruling passion, she exhorted him to

be quiet. 'True,' he replied, 'now, when no one understands me, and I no more understand myself, it is better that I should be silent.'

At the beginning of this illness he had regretted the interruption it must occasion to his projected tragedy of 'Demetrius.' On the night of the 7th, the servant, watching by his bed, heard him reciting several lines from the drama upon which his mind was still engaged. In the morning, he called for his infant daughter, gazed upon her face, kissed her, and wept bitterly. In the evening of the same day, when his sister-in-law asked him how he felt, he answered, 'Better and more cheerful.' Then he longed to behold, once more, the setting sun; they drew aside the curtains and he looked, for the last time, with a poet's sympathy, on the great light. As after a cloudy afternoon there comes, sometimes, a short season of splendour, just before sunset; so it seemed, on Schiller's death-bed, that the character of the man, the father, and the poet was allowed to shine out for a few moments between the clouds of delirium and the darkness of death. The next day he was exhausted and speechless, and in the evening he breathed his last.

Goethe was ill at the time of his friend's departure, and none durst tell the news. He observed the embarrassment of his friends and servants, and feared to demand the whole truth. The members of his household heard their master, so remarkable for his control of feeling, secretly weeping. On the next morning he asked, 'Was not Schiller very ill yesterday?' A silence followed. 'He is dead!' said Goethe, and covered his eyes with his hands.

So died Friedrich Schiller, aged forty-five years. His life was short; but it was a life, not a sleep. He had devoted himself to a great object, to win a high place among the poets and intellectual heroes of his country; he used the means of attaining this end; he studied long and felt deeply, esteeming his vocation more than his earthly life—and he gained his object; he was crowned with more than the admiration, with the love of his people, and died as he touched the goal.

'He lived as a Man, and as a mature Man he departed from us. In that form in which one leaves the earth he still lives and moves for us in the world of spirits. Achilles is, for us, still present as an ever-striving youth. That Schiller went away early is for us also a gain. From his tomb there comes to

us an impulse, strengthening us, as with the breath of his own might, and awakening a most earnest longing to fulfil, lovingly and more and more, the work that he began. So, in all that he willed to do, and in all that he fulfilled, he shall live on, for ever, for his own nation and for mankind.'

Thus Goethe spoke of his departed friend, Schiller.

The question sometimes discussed by young students, 'Whether Schiller or Goethe is the greater poet?' was long ago answered by the younger poet, who was 'too clear-sighted and modest' (as Mr. Carlyle has observed) to claim equality with his friend. The breadth of mind and the comprehensive sympathy of Goethe were —we might almost venture to say—excessive. In Schiller's mind the height is more remarkable than the expanse. In Goethe's best poems art and nature, thought and its symbol, are united, fused and welded together. In Schiller's poetry we find division; there is a visible strife between the thought and its symbol. The idea seems to be discontented with its incorporation, and endeavours, again and again, to assert itself in an abstract form. The poet first fixes his attention on some noble thought, and then proceeds to find imagery for its expression; but, after all his endeavour, the thought is left too often solitary or abstract, as if too pure and high to be incorporated. This abstract elevation may be seen in the drama of *Don Carlos*; especially in the conversation between Philip II. and the Marquis of Posa. Here, as in many other passages, we are reminded, that the writer was not contented with his vocation as a poet; he wished to analyse and systematise his thoughts, and he had an earnest desire to teach.

How lofty his thoughts of his own duty were, may be seen in a passage from his 'Letters on Æsthetic Education' which has been often quoted, but is too characteristic to be omitted here:— 'The Artist is the son of his time, but it is not good for him that he should be its pupil or even its favourite. Let some beneficent divinity snatch him, while he is a suckling, from the maternal bosom, that, under a distant, Grecian sky, he may be nurtured with the milk of a better time. And when he has arrived at maturity, let him return to his own century and appear there, not to give pleasure to his cotemporaries, but—like Agamemnon's son—to chasten and to purify them.'—To understand the force of these expressions we must refer to the low literature of the times when

Kotzebue ruled in the theatre and Clauren supplied novels and romances for crowds of readers.

Schiller's endeavour to avoid all that is common and mean led him to the opposite extreme of ideal abstraction. His views of human life were lofty, but were not comprehensive. If he did not despise, he neglected to study, many common, lowly realities. His poetry is therefore the antithesis of such poetry as was written by our English realist—George Crabbe. 'Nature's sternest painter' could look on life with a poet's eye—as his story of 'The Lover's Journey' might prove—but he would not describe either an Arcadia or a Utopia as possible in a world like this. As he travelled through life, he stayed to look into workhouses, prisons, and 'the huts where poor men lie,' and he became so much interested in his duties as an inspector of miseriès, that he forgot all about Utopia. His poor people hardly ever look up to heaven. Crabbe lived in the present, and looked around on the objects—the hard facts—presented by every-day life; Schiller looked around him, but more frequently, upwards and onwards, as we see him in one of his portraits. He despised, or he defied low realities, and boldly uttered his belief that, after all the failures of which history is the record, men shall enjoy, first moral, then political and social freedom. The poet who will pass through all Crabbe's realism and arrive at Schiller's idealism will be a new phenomenon in literature.

The differences of intellect and character existing between Schiller and Goethe have been accurately described by German critics; but the agreement of the two poets in their thoughts of the vocation of literature has hardly received due attention. One of the objects professed by the writers of the Romantic School, who made themselves prominent near the close of Schiller's life, was to assert that literature and art (including poetry) should be closely united with a religious faith and with the institutions of practical life. To find such a union, they proposed to do that which was utterly impossible—to return to the social circumstances of the middle ages. Both Goethe and Schiller had thoughts and hopes of a more harmonious world than the present; but they looked forward and into the future for the realisation of their hopes. Their views of the progress of society were far in advance of the notions prevalent in their times. Apathy had, too generally, followed the great failure of the Revolution and,

(as Schiller said) men who had been 'terrified by freedom asserting itself as negation and destruction were too ready to fall into the arms of any protecting despotism.' But, against all the discouragements of that age, the poet of freedom maintained his own faith, and there was more sobriety in his doctrine than in such as had been taught by some 'philosophers' of the eighteenth century; for he held that freedom could never come from without to any man or to any nation. So lofty, however, was the poet's notion of the culture which he styled æsthetic that he made it—though not a substitute for morality—a most important aid for the renovation of society. It may be asked, Did Schiller give due attention to the historical fact, that the idea of freedom for all men was first introduced to the world by the Christian Religion? However that may be, the poet—like his friend Goethe—had no faith in any such changes as can be produced by external and superficial politics. He was, after all that has been said of his idealism, more practical than some grave men who have talked derisively of 'dreamers.' The writer of such poems as the 'Eleusinian Festival' and the 'Song of the Bell' suggested a future poetry in harmony with life and culture. He endeavoured to widen his own sympathies, when he came near to the close of his career and was fully conscious of his own defects.

From his philosophical essays and letters, his poems and his life, there shines out a noble ideal of a poet's mission. He must not be content (as we understand Schiller) either with dreams or with the so-called realities of the present, and he must not think that his duty is fulfilled by declamation against the errors and miseries of the world. He must feel that the genius which inspires him is the true catholic element of human nature and penetrates the souls of all. He must be content to see those visions of beauty which his songs anticipate—not coming with sudden and triumphant fulfilment of the hopes and desires of prophets in all ages; but slowly breaking through the clouds of dark and painful realities, beaming forth gently as the morning light, and shining more and more to the perfect day. He must neither forfeit the real nor the ideal; but must see good in the contradiction between them, as it is the condition of faith, constancy, activity, and enterprise. He must not hope to live in a region of indolent contemplation, where beauty and poetry and truth will

be found ready-made all around him; but he must feel that he is called to be a maker—to

> Stifle the contradictions of his fate,
> And to one purpose cleave—his being's godlike mate.

The influence of a sincere and genial literature is wanted to soften the contradictions which exist between our poetry and our actual life, our best faith and our practice; and, to fulfil his duty in promoting such a literature, the man endowed with the gift of song must add to the power of imagination the virtues of faith, fortitude, and patience, and, in short, must strive to be a good man as well as a great poet. That endeavour made Schiller noble.

To conclude—he was eminently an ideal poet, but facts should reprove the error of taking the word ideal as always a synonyme for unpractical. The true ideal is spiritual and operative. Intense thoughts are just as expansive as they are intense, and lofty aims are—like lights on high towers—seen at a great distance. To descend to facts—the influence of Schiller's poetry on the characters of young men in Germany has been so important, and is so closely united with the memory of his life, that this sketch of his biography can hardly be out of place here. There is no modern writer to whom the young men of the German Empire are so much indebted as to FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

CHAPTER XXII.

SEVENTH PERIOD. 1770–1830.

SCHILLER'S WRITINGS:—'THE ROBBERS'—'FIESCO'—'INTRIGUE AND LOVE'—'DON CARLOS'—HISTORICAL STUDIES—ÆSTHETICS—BALLADS—LYRICAL POEMS—POEMS ON THE HISTORY OF CULTURE—LATER DRAMAS:—'WALLENSTEIN'—'MARIA STUART'—'THE MAID OF ORLEANS'—'THE BRIDE OF MESSINA'—'WILHELM TELL.'

SCHILLER'S writings belong respectively to three periods in his short life:—youth, middle life, and the last decennium. The lyrical poems and the dramas of his early life are his weakest productions. After years of wandering and striving against poverty, he cast poetry aside and studied history and philosophy. Then followed a happier time—the last ten or eleven years of his life—during which he wrote his best dramas and the well-known series of ballads.

Schiller sympathised, as we have said, with the revolutionary tendency of the time in which his youth was passed. Like some older men, he protested against all existing institutions and gained popularity by the use of violent declamation. There was no truth in the characters described in his first three dramas. Men were absurdly divided into two classes;—noble spirits on the right hand, and fiends on the left. A wild craving for negative liberty is the most remarkable trait in 'The Robbers' and in 'Fiesco,' and the success of *Kabale und Liebe* ('Intrigue and Love') was partly gained by its attacks on the aristocracy. These three plays must be judged as the productions of a youth.

In the play of 'Don Carlos'—written at various times in 1784–87—the poet moderated his revolutionary fervour and expressed a wish to build up rather than to destroy. Though defective in unity and unfaithful to history, the drama, by its representation

of a noble but ideal character—the Marquis of Posa—won the admiration of many young readers.

The story of 'Don Carlos' departs widely from historical facts and is founded mostly on a French work by Saint-Réal, which is nothing more than an historical romance. The Marquis of Posa is an entirely fictitious character, invented to give expression to the poet's own sentiments on civil and religious liberty. In a long conversation (Act iii. scene 10) Posa delivers, without interruption and in the presence of Philip II. of Spain, a series of lectures on the evil effects of tyranny. This is a gross improbability; for it is quite certain that the hard and narrow bigot who caused the death of his own son would not have listened for one moment to such language as is here used by the advocate of liberty. Thus, for example, the enthusiastic Marquis of Posa ventures to express his sentiments (or rather Schiller's) in the presence of Philip II.:—

> My home! my fatherland!—There's none for me.
> Spain all belongs to you, and not to Spaniards;
> 'Tis the gigantic body for one mind—
> Your own—throughout that body you alone,
> As omnipresent, think and work to make
> Yourself a mighty name; you flourish here
> And none can grow besides you. What you give
> Is but the food to gladiators given
> To make them strong to fight for you. . . .
> Souls here can merely vegetate and die;
> Genius and virtue grow to be cut down,
> As corn grows yellow for the reaper's scythe.

In this direct style the Marquis (or rather Schiller placing himself in the sixteenth century) lectures the king for the space of about an hour, and Philip II. of Spain—marvellous to say—listens very patiently and is greatly edified! When he has heard the whole of the long sermon, he graciously extends his hand to be kissed by the faithful preacher, and invites him to call again as soon as possible. There could hardly be a grosser contradiction of historical facts. The play contains eloquent and enthusiastic passages of declamation; but wants dramatic life and unity. The interest which, in the first three acts, has a centre in Don Carlos is afterwards transferred to the imaginary character of the Marquis of Posa.

Schiller's youthful and vague enthusiasm for liberty was moderated by his historical studies, of which the results appeared in a

'History of the Revolt in the Netherlands' (1788) and in a 'History of the Thirty Years' War' (1791–93). These writings give no proof of laborious research; but advocate civil and religious freedom, and have a tendency to support the doctrine, that 'the History of the World is the Judgment of the World.' The poet could hardly have chosen a more difficult historical subject than the Thirty Years' War.

After his appointment at Jena (1789) Schiller devoted not a little of his time to a study of Kant's philosophical works, and the results of such reading and meditation appeared, in 'Letters on Æsthetic Education,' in the Essays 'On Grace and Dignity,' 'On the Sublime,' and 'On Naive and Sentimental Poetry,' and in the didactic poem entitled 'The Artists.' One of the poet's own doctrines is, that the study of beauty, as revealed in art, while it must not be made a substitute for moral training, may render essential service as an ally. The object of ethical education is to convert the obedience due to an apparently stern law into a free expression of love. As the ideas of goodness and beauty are united, though distinct, there must be a natural connection between ethical and artistic training, however they may be separated by the errors and the frailties of individuals. Schiller extended to other departments of art his faith in the educational power of the drama, which he had professed in the lecture delivered at Mannheim in 1784. That faith he maintained, even while Kotzebue reigned in the theatre. Schiller still asserted his own ideal and hopeful doctrine, and would not be discouraged by looking on realities. It must be added, that his philosophical writings want systematic arrangement. He criticised them fairly when he said: 'My poetry interferes with my philosophy.'

He returned to poetry soon after 1794, and his finest ballads (written in 1797–8) combined successfully his inevitable didactic tendency with a study of artistic form. Almost every one of the series of ballads produced at this time serves to express and illustrate some important thought or precept. The 'Diver' may perhaps be mentioned as an exception; for we would not extort from it such a common-place maxim as 'be not too venturesome.' The whole story serves, however, as a symbol of perfect courage; for the Diver, after he has explored the horrors of the whirlpool, and has been alone among the monsters of the deep, plunges a second time into the waves and returns no more. In the equally

well-known ballad, 'The Fight with the Dragon,' the noble illustration given of self-conquest, as the greatest heroism, might have saved the poet from the reproach, that 'he knew nothing of Christianity.' The story told in this ballad is too well known to be again narrated except in the briefest form; but it should be noticed as showing that the poet of liberty could write powerfully of Christian humility and obedience—the bonds of society and the necessary attendants of true freedom.

One of the Knights of St. John ('named Dieu-Donné de Gozon,' says Vertot, in his history of the Order) had, without receiving or asking permission from the Grand Master (Helion de Villeneuve) sallied forth to attack a huge dragon which had spread devastation over a large district near Rhodes. Dieu-Donné had employed every precaution to insure success in his bold adventure. To train his charger and his hounds for the combat, he employed an artist to make an image of the monster, and, when the dogs were accustomed to attack the hideous effigy, they were led out against the dragon. The Knight returned victorious, dragging behind him the slain enemy, and accompanied by crowds of people loudly hailing their deliverer. Meanwhile, the Knights of the Order were assembled in conclave in their hall, and, when the hero appeared before them, he received from the Grand Master a stern reprimand for disobedience, and a command to divest himself of his badge and to surrender all claims to the honours of Christian knighthood. The crowd of people who have pressed into the hall, expecting to see some great reward bestowed on their hero, stand in mute amazement when this heavy censure falls upon him, and some of his brethren come forward to plead for grace; but the penitent meekly submits, takes off his badge, and, before he turns away, kisses the hand of the Grand Master.

> 'Here! to my heart!' the Master cries;
> 'Come back!—by deeds of valour done,
> You only risked the Christian's prize
> Which now your lowliness hath won.'

The lesson artistically conveyed in 'The Cranes of Ibycus' has a true and profound meaning. The Nemesis described as haunting the transgressor is inseparably united with himself; a man's moral destiny is an evolution of his own character; the Euminides are mere shadows for all save guilty consciences. This truth was

never more finely uttered in poetry than by Schiller. He found in Plutarch a story which might be treated so as to make it serve a higher purpose than that for which it was at first narrated.

Plutarch, after telling the story of Ibycus, appends to it a shallow moral, to the effect, that the murderers of the poet were betrayed, not by the cranes, but by their own garrulity. Ibycus, a Greek lyric poet (of whose writings some fragments have been preserved), was travelling, we are told, from his native place, Rhegium, to Corinth, there to take part in the Isthmian Festival. He was near the end of his journey, and was passing through the dark pine-wood consecrated to Neptune, when he was attacked by robbers, who murdered him for the sake of such small booty as a poet could carry with him. Ibycus, left alone and dying, looks up and sees, in the sky, a long flight of cranes, migrating to the south :—

> 'Ye Cranes! bear witness how I fall,'
> Said Ibycus, with failing breath;
> 'If human tongues are silent all,
> Fly!—tell the story of my death.'

The poet's corpse is found in the wood, and the news of his melancholy fate is soon spread among the people assembled at the games. Meanwhile, a tragedy in which the Furies appear is to be performed in the great roofless theatre, where all the tiers of seats are crowded with spectators, including many who knew and loved the murdered poet.

Out of the dim background of the stage there come forth—like remembered sins rising out of the gloom of a bad conscience—the terrible forms of the Furies, the detectors and avengers of crime :—

> Dark robes about their loins are flowing;
> And in their fleshless hands they bear
> Their torches, dimly, redly glowing;
> Their cheeks are bloodless, and for hair—
> Instead of such as, soft and lithe,
> About a human forehead hangs—
> See dusky snakes and vipers writhe
> And twist, and show their deadly fangs.

Then, with their rhythm of long and slow paces, the Furies going round about on the stage, sing, with hoarse voices,—

> How blest the man unstained by crime,
> Who keepeth clean both heart and hand!

He travels, free, through every clime,
  His steps we track not o'er the land;
But woe to him who from the light
  Would hide a murder in his breast!
The Furies—daughters of the night—
  Will follow him and give no rest;

Will follow! Ay—on pinions fleet,
  We follow; we are everywhere;
The criminal, in swift retreat,
  Can only run into a snare;
And when he falls, 'tis vain for grace
  To pray to us—forgiving never—
Down to the Shades, our dwelling-place,
  We drag the wretch—our own for ever!

The silence that follows this terrible denunciation is suddenly broken by a strange outcry from the highest tier of the roofless theatre. A long flight of cranes is passing over and blackening the sky. The Furies have vanished into the dark background of the stage; but the natural accident of the cranes appearing at this moment is made effectual for the detection of the two criminals. Nature and art conspire together to alarm a guilty conscience:—

'There!'—sounding from the loftiest tier—
  A voice is heard:—'Timóthĕus, see!
The cranes of Ibȳcus are here!'

'Why should a flight of cranes be associated with the name of Ibycus?' say the people, and their suspicions soon become convictions:—

'Of Ibȳcus!'—in accents low
  The people talk, and through the crowd,
Like spreading waves, the murmurs go,
  Until they grow to voices loud—
'Of Ibȳcus, whom we deplore,
  Who fell beneath a guilty hand,
What have the cranes to tell?—Say more!
  Speak out, that we may understand.'

As by the lightning's flash revealed,
  The crime appears in open day;
''Twas murder; could not be concealed;
  He has confessed!' the people say;—
'Seize there the murderer, self-betrayed,
  And him to whom the words were said!—
The Furies have their power displayed,
  And Justice will avenge the dead.'

Several other ballads written by Schiller during the years 1799–1803 (when he was chiefly employed in dramatic literature), are so well known that this brief reference may suffice.

Of the early lyrical poems included in an 'Anthology' (published in 1781), it may be enough to repeat what has been said of the early dramas—they must be viewed as the crude productions of youth. The 'Song to Joy' belongs to the close of the poet's youthful time, and the poem 'Resignation' has a biographical interest, and speaks of hopes unwillingly resigned. Another poem, *Der Kampf* ('The Combat'), contains only a part of an earlier and far wilder expression of passion. Both may be referred to as confessions that the poet, in his youthful time, longed for the so-called 'physical freedom' which was, often enough, asserted in life as well as in poetry. But it must be added, that the subordination of passion to duty and the reconciliation of duty with happiness of which he speaks so well in his 'Letters on Æsthetic Education' were fully realised in his own life after 1790, when he married Charlotte von Lengefeld. Another poem of biographical interest, *Das Glück* ('Good Fortune'), may be named, because it has been falsely imagined that it expresses some envy of Goethe's success in life. This supposition has in its favour only a few words in one of Schiller's letters to Körner, and the poem is clear enough in itself, without any reference to that letter.

As one of the best examples of Schiller's ideal lyric poetry, the poem originally entitled 'The Realm of Shadows,' and, afterwards, 'The Ideal and Life,' deserves more attention than can be given here. It describes life as a battle-field where duty and inclination struggle, and where æsthetic culture may afford an important aid in effecting a reconciliation of the contending powers. The true idea of freedom is expressed in this fine poem, and is again found in 'The Power of Song,' which blends lyrical enthusiasm with true philosophy.

Schiller had studied history, and was no cold spectator of the events taking place in his own times. He had a strong tendency to generalise, or to reduce to forms of pure thought, the results of his observations, yet, at the same time, he could not rest contented with this process, but wished to clothe his thoughts in poetic imagery. These characteristics are all united in a series of poems still to be noticed. The 'Song of the Bell,' completed in 1799, belongs to this series, which includes also 'The Walk,' and

'The Eleusinian Festival.' In these poems the writer gives, in an imaginative form, his thoughts on the history of culture. In the first (which is well known everywhere), the various uses of the Bell call up, in the poet's mind, a succession of scenes in human life, and the progress of the individual is traced from the cradle to the grave. Then thoughts of the political movement of his own times lead the poet into a digression on the French Revolution, and the Song closes with a prayer for the advent of peace.

'The Walk' is a fine poem of its class, in which thoughts on history and some reflective passages are well combined with a series of varied landscapes through which the poet wanders. Cultivated fields and gardens are left behind him, as he enters into a pastoral seclusion where dreams of Arcadia and of the Golden Age are suggested; but a glimpse of some hamlets and scattered dwellings of men turns his thoughts to the growth of cities and to the history of civilisation. He describes its advantages and its splendours; but his contentment is suddenly interrupted by a remembrance of the recent reign of terror. Meanwhile, lost in grave meditation, he has left behind him the valleys, with all their sights and sounds of rural life, and has ascended a mountain, where he is glad to find himself alone and yet, as he says, not solitary. The poem is thus concluded:—

But where am I? My path is lost. I find
  Myself alone on wild and rocky ground:
Gardens and hedge-rows all are left behind;
  No trace of human life or toil is found;
But rude, uncultured hills about me stand,
And piles of rock await the builder's hand.
The torrent from the mountain's melted snow
  Foams over rocks and roots of trees laid bare,
And pours its waters in the dell below;
  While o'er the desolate place, in the lone air,
The eagle hangs, with outspread wings, on high,
And knits the savage landscape to the sky.

No winds can hither waft the faintest sound
  Of human joys or cares. Alone I seem,
And yet am not alone. Thy arms surround
  Thy child, maternal Nature! 'Twas a dream
Of human woes that led me far astray;
But now thy presence drives my fears away;
From thee I drink once more a purer life;
  The hopes of youth revive within my breast.

The minds of men, in a perpetual strife,
  Revolve from age to age, and find no rest;
While nature, in unfading youth and beauty,
Obeys one everlasting law of duty;
Upon her constant bosom, ever green,
  Beneath her sky of never-fading blue,
Lived all the generations who have been,
  And still her children find her fresh and new.
And the same sun that, o'er some Grecian hill,
Homer beheld, is shining on us still!

While Iffland and Kotzebue were gaining popularity by writing common-place dramas, Schiller remained faithful, as we have said, to his noble idea of making the theatre a school for the people. The last six years of his life were mostly devoted to the fulfilment of this design. In his drama of *Wallenstein* (completed in 1799), the poet chose a very difficult subject; but it is national, and is connected with historical events of great interest. When, in the prologue, the hero is described as 'a Creator of Armies' and 'a Scourge of the Nations,' as 'unsatisfied, though he had attained the highest pinnacle of honour,' and as 'falling, at last, a victim to his own unbounded ambition,' the words seem more fairly applicable to Napoleon I. than to Wallenstein, who could hardly be more selfish than his secret and his open foes, and who, after all his ambition, was raised only to the rank of a Duke of Friedland. The drama is arranged as a Trilogy; but the Second Part is not independent. The First Part gives a succession of scenes among the rude soldiery—Croats, Walloons, and others—in Wallenstein's camp. In one scene their revels are suddenly interrupted by the arrival of a Capuchin Friar, who takes his stand among them and preaches boldly against their vices. His style—consisting of a crude mixture of German with Latin, and garnished with puns—might seem too absurd to be used even in a caricature; but it is, in fact, a faithful representation of such sermons as were preached by the Augustine friar, Ulrich Megerle, of whom a brief notice has been given in our twelfth chapter. This is only one of many examples of Schiller's careful historical study of his subject. There are many passages in Megerle's sermons more eccentric than the following in the Friar's homily, as given by the poet:—

Neminem concutiatis!
(Violent hands on no man lay;)

Neque calumniam faciatis!
(Never a word of slander say;)
Contenti estote (be content)
Stipendiis vestris (with your pay)
And of your evil ways repent.

When the preacher proceeds to rail violently against their Commander-in-Chief, and to call him 'a heretic' and 'a Nebuchadnezzar,' the sermon is promptly brought to an end amid the loud outcries and threats of his soldiers, and the screaming friar is driven from the field.

The impression left by these scenes in the Camp accords as well with facts as with Wallenstein's own estimate of his army, and affects our estimate of his subsequent conduct. In the Third Part of the drama, he gives his own account of the soldiery employed as 'defenders of the faith.' Their Commander is here talking with a Swedish Protestant general:—

Your Lutherans are fighting for their Bible;
They are in earnest to defend their faith. . . .
There's nothing of the kind among these men. . . .
'Tis true, the Austrian has a fatherland,
He loves it well, and not without a cause;
But this so-called 'Imperial Army' here
Has neither faith, nor church, nor any home.
It is but refuse, sent from foreign lands
Into Bohemia.

The Second Part—*Die Piccolomini*—serves as an exposition to the Third—'The Death of Wallenstein.' The character of the hero, as described by historians, is complex and mysterious. He was the leader of vast armies, over whom he exercised a marvellous personal control. He had resolved to revolt against the Emperor, and had grounds for justifying such a resolution; but his indecision or procrastination in carrying his designs into execution was fatal. Ascribing both his fortunes and his misfortunes to the influence of the planets, he was guided partly by the advice of an Italian astrologer. Thus too many motives are brought into action in the unfolding of the plot. The hero is represented as believing that the war-policy of the bigot Emperor—Ferdinand II.—would be ruinous to Germany, and if he held such a belief, he had some grounds for it. While these traits win sympathy for Wallenstein, there is little to be said in favour of his enemies, who secretly used against him the power he had conferred upon them. What

cares the reader for Ferdinand the Second; for Octavio Piccolomini; or for the hirelings Buttler and Gordon, who assassinated their General? The weakness of the drama is that it ends with a negation; there is nothing that can be otherwise described in the triumph of Wallenstein's enemies.

The theory may be entertained that he was a mercenary traitor; but this is not stated in the tragedy. His character is left as mysterious here as in history. His trust in astrology and in his own power; his indecision, and his revolt;—all lead to his downfall. For two years he hesitates to act so as to punish imperial ingratitude; then, when the deed is done, when he has formed an alliance with the Swedes, he gives his enemies time to conspire against him. For this neglect of precaution against foes there is, however, a noble excuse—he believed them to be friends, and it was not his nature to mistrust them. He gives to his opponent Piccolomini the command of the Spanish forces, and trusts in the honour and friendship of the mercenary Buttler.

Wallenstein is thus surrounded by danger, while dwelling in a repose founded not only upon self-confidence and astrological predictions, but also on a belief in the sincerity of friends, when—like crash after crash of a thunderstorm following a dead calm—tidings of the failure of his plans and the defection of his friends are brought to him. But nought can break down his proud spirit. He is only roused to self-confidence when the worst news reaches him; that his 'friend'—Octavio—has, with all the Spanish forces under his command, decided to fight for the Emperor. All is lost for Wallenstein, who thus boldly encounters the ruin of his plans:—

> I am as desolate as I was left
> After that diet held at Regensburg,
> When I possessed myself and nothing more;
> But, since then, I have shown you what a man
> May do, when left alone.—Strike off the twigs!
> Yet here stand I—the trunk—and in the pith
> There's still creative energy, to make
> A new world all around me!—You have known
> How I was, once, an army in myself. . . .
> I am the same man still, and strong as ever.
> It is the spirit that builds up the body;
> FRIEDLAND will fill his camp with followers.
> Lead on your thousands!—men once led by me
> To victories, but arrayed against me now—
> They're but the limbs, and soon shall know their fate,
> When they rebel against the Head!

The hero, while speaking thus undauntedly, knows enough to crush the bravest spirit; yet he knows not all. He suspects not that one of his most trusted followers—Buttler—while seeming faithful to his master in adversity, is in fact the confidential agent of the Emperor. The enemies of Wallenstein have surrounded him on all sides; his plan for effecting a junction with the Swedes is too late in its execution, and when he advances to Eger, to fulfil his design, he only marches into a prison prepared for him.

At the midnight hour, when without suspicion of treachery he has retired to rest, he is slain by assassins led on by Buttler, and paid by the Emperor. If the act was just, it was lamentable that it should assume such a cowardly character.

The circumstances attending Wallenstein's death would—even if he were clearly shown to have been a selfish traitor—make impossible any sympathy with his enemies. Whatever his transgression may have been, he is represented, in this drama, as a great man, and such a man ought not to fall before a mean faction. If it be said that he falls because he has too blindly confided in his own power; it may be true, but it is not stated in the drama. Nor is the indecision that, at times, was so remarkable, described here clearly as the cause of his ruin. If he falls simply as a traitor who meets such punishment as he deserves, the conclusion is rational; but it is also common-place, and it does not agree with the exposition of the drama.

We are left, then, without a satisfactory reply to the query, Who is the conqueror at the close of this tragedy?—'It is,' says Hegel, 'the fall of a great man under a destiny both deaf and dumb. . . . Wallenstein is represented as a man who, by his individual energy, holds command over a vast army; for his indefinite greatness of character even such aims as the restoration of peace to Germany, the winning of a sovereignty for himself, and great rewards for his followers;—all seem insufficient objects of ambition. Aspiring beyond earthly boundaries, he seeks guidance from Heaven, and would read his destiny in the stars. This vaguely ambitious character finds himself surrounded by smaller men of definite aims; he becomes involved in their strategies, and he falls.' . . . . 'The close of the tragedy is unsatisfactory,' says Hegel;—'life against life!—but here we have death against life, and—incredible! detestable!—death has the victory over life.'

The diction of the drama is chaste, appropriate, and dignified.

The long episode containing the love-story of Max and Thecla has been highly admired by many young readers, and has beauty and purity in itself; but it must be condemned as having—with the exception of one passage—but little connection with the evolution of the chief dramatic interest.

After completing 'Wallenstein,' the poet selected as the subject of his next drama another difficult historical character—'Maria Stuart.' Her imputed guilt is implied; but is cast into the shade by sympathy with her sorrows; while the unhappiness of her later years is represented as a penance patiently endured.

The motive of Schiller's next play deserved success. He endeavoured to defend the character of 'the Maid of Orleans' against the satire of Voltaire in *La Pucelle*. The poet could believe what the enlightened philosopher could not imagine; that an ardent hatred of oppression may, without fraud, assume the character of inspiration. Historical probability and a generous interpretation of facts are both on the side of Schiller; but it must be regretted that, after he had clearly distinguished the true heroine from the mean caricature in *La Pucelle*, he partly contradicted his own noble design by the arbitrary invention of an attachment existing between the heroic maiden and the Englishman, Lionel—the enemy of France! Why should such a weakness have been thought possible? The poet Platen might well protest against this sentimental episode.

In the 'Bride of Messina' we find such passages of splendid diction as were never surpassed by Schiller; but his endeavour to introduce in this drama the form of the antique Greek Chorus is a failure. The indistinct notion of fate expressed in some parts of the drama suggested the deplorable 'fate-tragedies' written by Werner, Müllner, and Grillparzer; but Schiller must not be held accountable for their absurdities.

Schiller's first play was a wild rhapsody against law and order; his last play—'Wilhelm Tell'—was a true prophecy of freedom. While writing of 'Gessler' the poet was thinking of Napoleon I. 'I would like him if I could,' said Schiller, 'but I cannot; his character is the extreme opposite of my own.' True; for if the poet had one fixed idea it was that of national freedom.

In 'Wilhelm Tell' nothing is said in favour of that negative and destructive liberty of which Franz Moor declaimed so wildly in 'The Robbers.' It is of freedom united with order, and de-

fended by venerable traditions, that the poet writes in his last completed play. For this freedom Schiller spoke out boldly in 1804, while his native land was in a disgraceful state of bondage. It was of Germany, divided against itself and trodden down, that he was thinking, more than of Switzerland, when he wrote the last words of the Swiss patriarch—Attinghausen:—

> Therefore, hold fast together!—firm for ever—
> Let no free place be foreign to another;
> Set warders, to look forth from all your hills,
> To call your Bund together, and, in the fight,
> Let all be ONE—ONE—ONE—

Schiller once thought of writing something in the shape of an apology for the literary sin of his youth. He was then in love with a shadow. In his later years he fixed his affections on true liberty—the companion of national honour and of intellectual and moral culture—and to this pure love he remained faithful. Thus he especially won the hearts of the German people.

It is but too probable that neither Tell, the hero of the drama, nor his antagonist—the despot Gessler—ever existed, except in fiction. The story of Tell, as given by the chronicler Etterlin, is not supported by earlier writers, whose silence would have been hardly less than miraculous if such a hero had lived, or had been talked of before their times.

These facts, however depressing to both students of history and lovers of romance, do not decrease the value of Schiller's drama. Its subject is the assertion of their national independence by the Swiss people, who, in fact, take the place of the hero in the drama.

An earnest wish to justify the assassination of Gessler—in the fourth act—seems to have led the poet to add a fifth act, which may be described as an appendix. The same motive may have induced him to dwell so long on the principal scene in the third act, where Tell shoots at the apple placed on the head of his son Walther. We subjoin a quotation from this part of the play:—

[WALTHER TELL, *the son, stands under a linden-tree; the apple is placed upon his head.*]

Tell [*bends the cross-bow and places a bolt in the groove*].
Make clear the way there!

Stauffacher. Tell! you will never venture it—O never!
See!—your knees tremble, and your hand is shaking.

Tell [*lowering the cross-bow*]. All swims before my sight—

. . . . . .

Landvogt! O spare me this!—Here is my heart—
[*He bares his breast.*
Call here your horsemen; let them tread me down—
Gessler. Your life is safe, when I have seen this shot—
What!—Men say you fear nothing, Tell; your hand
Can hold the rudder firm against the storm,
As well as bend the bow. No tempests daunt you
When you would aid the Switzers. Help them now!
Ay, in one moment save yourself and all!

[TELL, *in an agony of doubt, and with hands quivering, looks first at the* LANDVOGT, *then to heaven; then suddenly takes from the quiver another bolt. The* LANDVOGT *watches* TELL'S *movements.*]

Walther Tell. Shoot, father! I am not afraid—
Tell. I must!
[*He collects himself and takes aim.*
Rudenz [*stepping forwards*].
Landvogt, no more of this!—You cannot mean it;
'Twas but a trial of the man's submission,
And now your end is gained; your purpose, urged
Too far, must contradict itself; the bow
Too violently strained asunder snaps—
Gessler. Pray, save your words till they are wanted, sir.—
Rudenz. But I *will* speak, sir! and without a fear—
The Emperor's honour and the government
That you would make detestable, for me
Are sacred still, and, fearless, I declare
This is not ALBRECHT'S will!—his people here
Shall not be made your victims!—I deny
Your warrant for an act like this—
Gessler. How dare you!—

. . . . . .

Rudenz. The Emperor is my lord, and you are not—
I'm free-born, like yourself, and I will match
Myself against you in all warlike virtue;
Were you not here to represent the king
(Whose name I reverence, even when 'tis abused,)
I'd throw my glove down for you; you should give
Account to me for words that you have spoken—
Ha! you may call your followers. I am not
Defenceless like these people; I've a sword—
Let any man come near me!—
Stauffacher [*shouts*]. The apple has fallen!—See!—
Rösselmann. The boy's alive!

. . . . . .

Walther Tell [*leaping towards his father and bringing the apple*].
See, father, here's the apple!—I was sure
You would not shoot at Walther—

[TELL *stands, for some moments, bent forwards, as if still following the bolt's flight; then steps on quickly to meet the boy, lifts and embraces him; then sinks helplessly on the ground. The bystanders look on him with sympathy.*]

. . . .

Leuthold. There was a shot!—Switzers will talk of that
To the latest times—
Rudolph. Ay! while these mountains stand
On their foundations men shall talk of that!
[*He gives the apple to* GESSLER.
Gessler. By Heaven! the apple's split!—A master's shot
Was that! . . .
Ha, Tell!—
Tell [*steps towards* GESSLER]. Vogt, what command you now?
Gessler. You had another bolt there—Yes; I saw it—
What was your meaning?
Tell [*embarrassed*]. Sir, 'tis our custom.
Gessler. No, Tell!—that reply
Will not suffice—there was a meaning in it;
Speak out! your life is safe; I pledge my word—
What was that second bolt to do?—
Tell. My lord,
My life is safe, you say—then hear the truth:—
If I had chanced to hit the boy, this bolt—
[*He draws forth the bolt and looks fiercely at the* LANDVOGT.]
Should have pierced through your heart!—ay; for I'm sure
I should not then have missed my mark!—
Gessler. Enough!
Your life is safe; I gave my word for that—
And, now I know your temper, I'll be safe
From such a marksman! you shall spend your life
Down in a prison, where neither sun nor moon
Shall ever shine upon you more!—Away!
Come hither, men! and bind him fast!
[GESSLER'S *followers bind* TELL.]

How the cords that bound the Swiss hero were loosened that, by his power in rowing, he might save his own warders from a storm on the lake—all the world knows. The above scene was necessary to introduce another in which the death of Gessler takes place. There is, even in the removal from the earth of such a monster as the Landvogt, something with which we cannot sympathise; for Tell shoots from an ambush, while the tyrant is detained in a narrow pass. In the preceding scenes of the drama all that could be done by the poet has been well done to reconcile us—if possible—to the conclusion of the third scene in the fourth act, of which we translate a part:—

[SCENE:—*The narrow pass of Küssnacht. On the rock* TELL *appears, armed with a cross-bow.*]

Along this close defile the Vogt must ride:
There is no other way to Küssnacht. Here
I end my work, for which the place seems made.
This alder-bush will screen me from his view,
And hence my bolt can be more surely pointed.
The rocky cleft will hinder all pursuers.
Now, Gessler, balance your accounts with Heaven—
Your latest hour has sounded. You must go!

I once lived harmlessly, and only pointed
My shafts against the creatures of the forest—
I thought not then of hurting human life:
But you have driven from me all thoughts of peace;
Ay, *you* have changed the current in my veins
To poison. When you forced the father's hand
To point the shaft so near his darling boy,
You made me think of aiming at your breast.

Now, to defend my children and my wife
I'll spend this shaft. When last I drew the string,
'Twas with a faltering hand, to strike the apple
From my boy's head—then, while I prayed in vain
That I, a father, might be spared that trial,
I made a vow (within my secret breast
Breathed deeply—God was witness of that vow)
That the next target for my arrow, Gessler,
Should be thy heart! And now the vow I made
In that dark moment of infernal pain
Shall be fulfilled: it was a sacred oath.

. . . .

[*A Marriage Procession, accompanied with music, winds through the defile.* . . . ARMGART, *a poor woman, comes with her children, and occupies the entrance of the pass.* . . .]

Friesshardt. Make clear the path! Away! The Landvogt comes!
[TELL *retires.*

Armgart. The Landvogt comes!
[GESSLER, *attended by* RUDOLPH, *enters on horseback.*]

Gessler [*to Rudolph*].
Say what you will, I am the Emperor's servant,
And all my care is to obey his wishes.
He did not send me to this stubborn land
To soothe these people. No! the question now
Is this—who shall be ruler; prince or peasant?

Armgart. Now is the moment! Now I press my claim!
[*She approaches* GESSLER.

Gessler. I did not bid the people to bow down
Before the Hat, that I might laugh at them—
No; but to bend the sinew in their neck,
Which would not bow before their rightful lord.

I placed the Hat there, in the road by Altdorf,
To keep in their unwilling minds the truth
That I am master, and must be obeyed.

Rudolph. And yet the people have some ancient rights.

Gessler. We have no time to talk about them now:
There are more serious interests at stake.
The Emperor's house must flourish: what the father
Began so well, the son must now complete.
This people is a stone upon our path—
And—once for all—they must submit.

[ARMGART *kneels in the way before* GESSLER.

Armgart. Mercy, lord governor! Hear my petition!

Gessler. Woman, how dare you thus obstruct the pass?

Armgart. My lord! my husband in a dungeon lies—
All his poor orphans scream for bread. Have mercy!
Have pity, governor, on our distress!

Rudolph. What is your name?—who is your husband, woman?

Armgart. He was a peasant on the Rigi mountain,
And mowed, for life, the scanty grass that grows
Over the mouths of fearful chasms and sides
Of rocks, where even wild cattle dare not climb.

Rudolph [*to Gessler*]. Good Heaven! a poor and miserable life!
I pray you let this wretched man be free:
Whatever his transgression may have been,
His life is a sufficient punishment.

[*To* ARMGART

You shall be heard; but this is not the place:
Apply to us when we arrive at Küssnacht.

Armgart. No, no! I will not move, sir, from this spot
Until my prayer is granted. Free my husband!
Six moons have o'er his dungeon passed away,
And still he lies there, asking for a trial.

Gessler. Woman, no more of this. Make clear the path!

Armgart. Justice for me, my lord! You are our judge!
The servant of the Emperor and of God:
Perform your duty. If you have a hope
That Heaven may listen to your prayers, hear mine!

Gessler. Away, I tell you! This audacious people!

[ARMGART *seizes the reins of his horse*.

Armgart. No, no, sir! I have nothing now to lose.
You go not through this narrow pass until
My prayer is heard! Ay, you may knit your brow,
And roll your eyes in anger—I care not.
I tell you that we are so wretched now,
We care not for your fury!

Gessler. Woman, move!
Or over you I soon shall find a way.

[ARMGART *seizes her children, and throws herself with them on the path before* GESSLER.]

Armgart. Ride on, then! Here I lie with all my children.

Now trample on us with your iron hoofs;
It will not be the worst deed you have done!
Rudolph. Surely the woman's mad!
Armgart. For years you've trodden
Upon the Emperor's people in this land.
I'm but a woman; if I were a man,
I would do something better—not lie here
Down in the dust before you. Now ride on!
[*The music of the wedding-party is heard.*
Gessler. Where are my servants? Call my followers
To drag this wretched creature from the path;
Or I may act too rashly, and repent.
Rudolph. Your followers are all detained, my lord;
A marriage-company obstructs the way.
Gessler. I see it—I have been too mild a ruler;
The people grow audacious in their talk!
They are not tamed and fettered as they shall be;
It shall be otherwise—I swear! I'll break
Their obstinate will and bend their spirit down;
A new law shall be published in the land;
I will—

[*A bolt strikes him. He places his hand on his heart and speaks faintly.*]

O God, be merciful to me!
Rudolph. My lord! What is it? Whence came that? O God!
Armgart. He falls!—He dies!—The governor is slain!
[RUDOLPH *has dismounted and hastens to support* GESSLER.]
Rudolph. What sudden horror this!—my lord, 'tis death—
Call for God's mercy! pray! your time is short.
Gessler. That was Tell's bolt!—

[*He sinks from the saddle into the arms of* RUDOLPH, *who lays him down on the slope at the side of the road.* TELL *appears on the summit of the rock.*]

Tell. You know the marksman! Search not for another.
Free are our huts, and innocence is safe;
The tyrant's hand shall vex the land no more.

A brief criticism may be appended to this scene. However great the atrocity of which Gessler had been guilty, Tell, with his friends, should have met the despot face to face, as Arnold von Winkelried encountered the Austrians at Sempach. The scenes of which Tell is the hero have been quoted, because their interest is almost complete in itself; but they are not the best parts of the play; they are hardly worthy to be compared with the scene (Act ii. scene 2) in which the gathering of the Swiss people at Rütli is represented. There Schiller makes the manly and sober orator, Stauffacher, assert the rights of the people on grounds that are truly religious. He preaches no new dreams

about 'the rights of man;' but asserts the ancient, lawful, and constitutional freedom of the Swiss people, in harmony with the welfare of the whole empire of which they form a part. The moral strength of the drama has its centre and heart in the oration delivered by Stauffacher at Rütli. We must, as an act of justice to the poet, give a quotation from this speech. On reading it once more, we wonder again that Napoleon I. allowed 'Wilhelm Tell' to be performed. It was no act of liberality; but rather a mistake respecting the influence of poetry. What did he care for anything that a poor obscure poet at Weimar could say about liberty? The mechanical Emperor heard of the success of the play, and sneered at the Germans for their admiration of a piece founded on a revolt (so called) by which their own empire in old times had lost a province. He could not imagine that there was anything greater or stronger than a vast empire held together (like the rudest and least durable works in mechanism) by a merely external power. The poet, with all his idealism, was, in the long run, a more practical man than the Corsican who invaded Russia and then went to Leipzig and to Waterloo.

In the scene from which we quote a few paragraphs, the leaders of the Swiss people are assembled, at night, on a plot of meadow-land at Rütli, surrounded on all sides but one by rocks and trees. By steps cut among the crevices of the rocks and by ladders suspended from the cliffs, the confederate leaders of the people are hastening down to join the national gathering. A lake shines in the background and, in the distance, white Alpine mountains and glaciers are glistening in the moonlight. Stauffacher, one of the older members of the *Bund* ('union'), stands in the centre of the confederate patriots, and delivers a speech, which may be fitly called a German declaration of 'the rights of man.' It is as sober as it is enthusiastic, and gives us the poet's last ideas of liberty, which are strongly contrasted with the crude notions found in 'The Robbers':—

> *Stauffacher.* We make here no new *Bund*, to-night, my friends!
> It is the old, old *Bund* of our fathers' time
> We renovate.—Mark that, Confederates!
> Lakes may divide us; mountains rise between us;
> Still we are all one race—all of one blood—
> We're all the sons of one dear Fatherland!
>
> . . . . .
>
> *Auf der Mauer.* All of one blood!—Ay; and we've all one heart!

[*All the people shout; meanwhile grasping one another's hand.*]
We are one people! We will act as one.
Rösselmann. Our union with the empire was our choice;
That's written down by Kaiser Friedrich's hand.
Stauffacher. Ay, we are free!—As free men we would serve;
We would be loyal; there must be a judge,
So that when strife begins, it may be ended,
And, therefore, our forefathers, for this soil,
Which was their own—won from a wilderness—
Paid homage to the Emperor, the lord
Of our own German and of foreign lands;
But it was paid by men whose rights were safe
Within the realm; they gave their lives to guard
The realm that over them had spread its shield.
Melchthal. Service on other terms is fit for slaves.

. . . .

Stauffacher. The land is ours; it is our own creation!
By our own labour, those old gloomy forests,
That once were lairs for wolves and bears, were felled,
To make space for our homesteads, and the brood
Of the old dragons that among the swamps
Lurked, or, with venom swollen, issued forth
For prey, were all destroyed; the dense, gray fogs
That hung o'er fenny pastures were dispersed;
The rocks were rent asunder; over chasms
Were flung these bridges, to make safe the way
For passengers;—ay, by a thousand claims,
The land is ours for ever!—Shall we bear it,
That this, the creature of a foreign lord,
Shall here insult us on our own free soil?
Is there no help for us? Must we bear this?—
[*A great commotion takes place among the people.*]
No!—there's a limit to the tyrant's power.
When men, oppressed, can find no aid on earth,
To rid them of their burden, then they rise;
The people rise; they stretch their hands to heaven,
And thence fetch down their old, eternal rights;
Their rights, all—like the everlasting lights
There shining in the heavens—unchangeable,
Imperishable as the stars themselves!—
Then nature's own primeval rule returns;
Man stands in battle, ready for the foe.
'Tis our last means; but, when all others fail,
We draw the sword!—The best of all life's boons
We will defend!—In front of this our land
And of our wives and children, here we stand!

The instantaneous and splendid success of this patriotic drama is noticed in a letter from Zelter to Goethe:—'Schiller's "Tell,"' says Zelter, 'has been received here, in Berlin, with the liveliest

acclamation, and has been played thrice in the course of the last eight days. The people like the apple well.'

This was only the beginning of a success, not confined to theatres, but soon spreading, as with electric energy, throughout the people, who felt and understood all that the poet had intended to say to the men of his own nation. He had talked of making the theatre serve as a school for teaching virtue and patriotic devotion. A more hopeless ideal could then hardly have been dreamed of. Frivolities served as opiates to relieve a sense of national degradation, and enthusiasm was made to appear ridiculous. Kotzebue, it was judged, was a poet quite good enough for people who were governed by a despot possessing neither French nor German virtues.

At a time when the continent was crouching under a theatrical revival of oriental despotism; when men and women were expected to submit to such discipline as would hardly be tolerated by boys in a respectable school; when the moral evil of tyranny was not more apparent than the contemptible nature of the means employed to uphold it; when it was expected that intelligent nations could be governed by an intellect which, though urged by a mighty will and skilful in strategy, belonged to the mechanical class;—at such a time, Schiller persevered in striving on towards his ideal, in working—not for the market, such as it was—but for Germany. And he succeeded.

So great was his success that—after all that has been said of his defects—there are still thousands of readers who will not think that we have assigned too many pages in this book to an account of the life and the works of FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SEVENTH PERIOD. 1770–1830.

SCHILLER'S COTEMPORARIES—JEAN PAUL—MINOR POETS—PROSE FICTION—LOW LITERATURE—THE DRAMA.

NEXT to Schiller's endeavours to improve the drama, the most important movement in literature, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, was the rise of the Romantic School, represented by the brothers Schlegel and other writers. Whatever may be thought of the value of their services in connection with religion, art, and political life, it is clear that they led to important results, and had an effect on the progress of general literature in the period extending from 1800 to 1820. Without attempting to speak very precisely, it may be said, that the Romantic School became powerful at the time when Schelling taught his first philosophy (at Jena), and that it declined rapidly when Hegel's teaching prevailed. In order to give a connected account of the school and its associated interests, it will be convenient to notice first a few authors who can hardly be classed in any other way than by saying, that they were the cotemporaries of Schiller.

To follow the beaten track of several literary historians, we ought to mention in the first place a few versifiers who were ambitious enough to write epics; but we cannot so highly estimate the value of form as to place epic writers like Alxinger and Blumauer, or even their superiors, the lyric poets Holderlin and Matthison, above a greater poet who wrote in prose, and who —though justly censured for many faults—had a wide grasp of sympathy and an imaginative power that distinguish him from many of his versifying cotemporaries.

In 1796, when Goethe and Schiller had left far behind them the days of *Sturm und Drang,* there came to Weimar—'the sacred citadel,' as he called it—an enthusiast and humorist who

had recently gained fame by writing a book called 'Hesperus.' He was a genial child of nature, and came from Hof, an old town in the Baireuth district, where he had been living in extreme poverty, of which he made no secret; indeed, he rather gloried in it. Of a world where pretension and disguise are the highest virtues, and where poverty is almost the only sin that can be neither gilded nor forgiven, the writer of 'Hesperus' had no conception. He had 'a genial time' of his own; it began in his childhood, continued through all his privations, and ended when he died. His literary life was commenced by the mistake of writing some satires intended to be sharp; but he 'closed,' as he said, 'the vinegar manufactory' in 1788. His first visit to Goethe at Weimar is described as the introduction of a wild 'forest-man' to polite society. Nevertheless, he was received with enthusiasm by Herder and Wieland, and was lauded by some other people who wished, if possible, to vex Goethe; but the attempt failed, for the latter was incapable of so base a passion as envy. The literary hermit from Hof enjoyed his introduction to the society of Weimar. 'All the women here are my friends' (he wrote to one of his correspondents), 'and the whole Court reads my books. I felt shy on my first visit to Goethe; for Frau von Kalb had told me that he admired nobody; not even himself. . . . However, he read to me one of his splendid unprinted poems; the tones of his voice, while reading, were like low thunder with gentle whisperings of rain. His heart warmed while he was reading, and the fire glowed up through the ice-crust. He gave me a grasp of the hand; another, when he said good-bye, and asked me to come again.' It is plain that, though Goethe did not think 'Hesperus' a classical work, he might have agreed well with the genial and humorous author; but some gossips at Weimar made a distance between the two men. Schiller in his literary journal, *Die Horen*, had called Goethe a modern 'Propertius,' and Jean Paul Richter, the man from Hof, said (truly enough) that 'the times wanted a Tyrtæus.' This was of course reported to Goethe, who retorted by publishing in *Die Horen* a satirical epigram entitled 'A Chinese Visitor in Rome.' With a reference to Jean Paul's style, the celestial visitor confesses that he likes all sorts of gilt-gingerbread decorations better than the simplicity and quiet beauty of the antique.* At a later time, Goethe spoke more kindly of Richter.

* JOHANN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER (commonly called JEAN

PAUL) was born in 1763 at Wunsiedel in the Baireuth district. His father, who was in his early life a schoolmaster and organist, was appointed pastor at Schwarzenbach in 1776. Jean Paul's writings abound in pleasing recollections of his youthful days, though they were passed in poverty. After some schooling in the gymnasium at Hof and a course of studies at Leipzig, he made the crude attempts in satire already referred to, but without success. He was for some time employed as a private tutor in several families, and, after the publication of an incomplete romance entitled 'The Invisible Lodge' (1793), gained a reputation as a humorist. His later works include 'Hesperus' (1794), 'Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces' (1796), 'The Life of Quintus Fixlein' (1796), 'Titan' (1800–3), 'Wild Oats,' and several other very discursive romances. In 1798 he was induced by his friendship for Herder to visit Weimar a second time, and there he stayed until 1800, when he went to Berlin. A few years afterwards he received a pension which enabled him to live in modest and comfortable circumstances at Baireuth, where he died in 1825. His biography ('Truth from Jean Paul's Life'), partly written by himself and completed by friends, explains many traits in his writings.

It has been said that Jean Paul is fully appreciated only by his own countrymen, and it may be added, that among his German critics great differences may be found in their respective estimates of his merits. Readers who admire his youthful enthusiasm, his fertility of imagination, and his genial humour often blended with pathos, have given him a place among the true poets who have written in prose; others, who maintain that beauty of form is an essential part of poetry, have severely criticised even the best of his writings. Both parties agree that his romances contain abundant evidences of a breadth of sympathy as remarkable as the wide range of his imaginative powers. His rural descriptions and his stories of lonely, persevering battles with poverty are his most successful passages; but he luxuriates in the wildest liberty of imagination, and it is his humour to soar away from all such domestic quietudes as he wrote of in 'The Invisible Lodge,' and to speculate or dream on remote, mysterious and incomprehensible subjects. His reading was diffuse, and its results were given 'in season and out of season.' Accordingly his writings contain fragments carried away from all classes of literature and thrown

together. He fills his pages with the results of the most multifarious reading; so that, sometimes, to understand one of his stories, one must be something of a geologist, a chemist, an astronomer, a natural historian, and an antiquarian. If a deluge should break in upon some old museums, and bear away on its billows promiscuously-scattered curiosities in all the sciences, it might afford a symbol of his style. Or, if anyone would collect some hundreds of miscellaneous quotations from works of science, old histories, and modern newspapers, put them together and shake them well in a bag, then write a story to employ them all as they came to hand, he would make some approach to Jean Paul's style. Indeed, he actually wrote on a plan similar to that just suggested! All this and more that has been said by critics on Jean Paul's æsthetic offences may be summed up in the epigram which Schiller addressed to him:—'You would indeed be worthy of admiration, if you made as good use of your riches as others make of their poverty.'

After all that may be said of his rococo manner, there is a certain consistency in his works; but it is to be found (as Goethe says) only in their moral tone. In other respects they are ill-constructed and unfinished. The *Flegeljahre* ('Wild Oats'), esteemed by the author as his best work, is so lengthy in descriptions and so microscopic in details that it must tire the most patient reader. 'The true way of ending with ennui is to try to say everything; and the author who cannot limit himself does not know how to write.' It must be regretted that Richter never learned the value of these maxims. If he had studied them, there would have been less difference of judgment respecting his merits. There may be found in his works more of hearty sympathy with life than we find in thousands of books by authors who have treated literature as an amusement, and have written clear, cold thoughts in a correct style. With these remarks, which include the substance of many critiques, the praise and the blame bestowed on Jean Paul may be left to moderate each other. There is only one way of conveying a true notion of his genius, and that is to give a fair selection of passages from his writings; but this can be done here only in the form of abridged translations.

JEAN PAUL wrote sixty-five volumes of tales, romances, didactic essays, dreams, visions, and homilies. Considering their voluminous extent, his works have, with all their rich variety of

imaginative illustration, a remarkable similarity in their leading ideas. By his early attempts in satire—the 'Greenland Lawsuits' and the 'Selection from the Devil's Papers'—he gained some experience of his own defects. Then he abandoned the attempt to write sharp and direct satire, and wrote, with genial humour, of the sorrows and the consolations of poverty as exemplified in the experience of 'the poor little schoolmaster Wuz.' There is a noble playfulness in the author's descriptions of the hardships with which he was too well acquainted. In another story of a schoolmaster (very poor, as a matter of course) JEAN PAUL tells how his starving hero yielded to the strong temptation of purchasing a lottery-ticket, giving him a chance of becoming the owner of 'certain desirable estates, named respectively Walchern and Lizelberg, and charmingly situated between Salzburg and Linz!' .... 'The circumstances of poor Seemaus (the forlorn schoolmaster) had been—as the government seemed to think—exactly suitable to his wretched and obscure profession.' Thus the author continues the story:—'When Moses was preparing to become the teacher and the lawgiver of the Jewish people, he fasted forty days upon a mountain; and from this sublime example our legislature seems to have deduced the conclusion, that the man who would be the guide and teacher of the rising generation, must prove his capabilities by his endurance of fasting. A starving schoolmaster is consequently one of the features of our civilisation, and Seemaus is a perfectly normal specimen of his class. Under the excitement of a lottery-ticket his frail nerves are quivering, and in a letter which he has sent to me, he expresses an apprehension that if he finds himself on June 30 owner of "the princely estates of Walchern and Lizelberg, peopled by 1,000 families; also, the new and spacious mansion, with the brewery, and the 700 acres of forest, with shooting and fishing"—he shall die for joy! His letter contains the following paragraph:— . . . "In my excited condition, I have been so injudicious as to read several chapters of a translation of 'Tissot on Nervous Disorders,' in which I have found several accounts of persons who have died under the influence of sudden joy. For instance, we read of a pope dying in his delight on hearing of a victory gained by his friends, and of a hound which died in the joy with which it hailed its master after a long absence. Weber tells a story of a man whose nerves were so much affected by

a sudden shower of good fortune, that he became paralytic, and was afflicted with stammering. The 'Nuremberg Correspondent' has lately given an account of two great bankers who both died suddenly in one day, one in joy on receiving a large profit, and the other in sorrow for a heavy loss. I have also read of a poor relation of Leibnitz, who heard with calmness the news of a rich legacy bequeathed to her; but when the real property—the costly linen and valuable silver plate—were spread out before her eyes, she gazed upon them for a moment in silent ecstasy, and immediately expired! What, then, must I expect to feel when I look upon the princely estates of Walchern and Lizelberg, &c. &c. &c., and realise the fact that they are mine!"'

To appease the natural fears of the hopeful but timid pedagogue, the poor author writes to confess that he has been guilty of the same folly; he has purchased the lottery-ticket numbered 19,983. 'If,' says he, 'this number prove the winning card in the game, what a destiny will be mine! According to the proclamation made under royal authority at Munich, I shall possess, in the first place, "all those most desirable estates named respectively Walchern and Lizelberg, in the district of Hausruckviertel, charmingly and beautifully situated between Salzburg and Linz; estates which, even in the year 1750, were valued at 231,900 Rhenish florins; *item*, the saw-mill in excellent repair, and the complete brewery situated at Lizelberg. . . . . Such is the gold mine of which I shall be the possessor if my ticket (one out of 36,000) prove fortunate, of which I am strongly disposed to hope. . . . . So now I can put my finger on the spot in my almanac marking the day when, like an aloe suddenly bursting into bloom after forty years without flowers, I shall expand my golden blossoms, and flourish as the Crœsus of our times. . . . . I can assure you, my dear friend, that I fully sympathise with your excited feelings, for I am now in circumstances exactly like your own. . . . . Many others around me are hoping and fearing to evaporate in joy on that day, and such is the benevolent feeling prevailing here that everyone is willing to become a martyr for the benefit of his fellow ticket-holders—willing, among 36,000 men, to be the one man doomed to die! . . . However, as you wish to cherish your hope of gaining Walchern, Lizelberg, the excellent saw-mill, and the complete brewery, &c. &c., without giving up all hope of life, I will give you some means of calming

your fears. Allow me to recommend to you an umbrella to defend your head against the sudden thunder-shower of gold; or a parasol to guard you from the sun-stroke of good fortune. The danger to be apprehended when we step suddenly into the possession of such enormous wealth is, that our minds will be unprepared to cope with our external circumstances. A thousand schemes of expenditure will at once present themselves. While our nerves are tingling with delight, and our veins are throbbing, the brain will be oppressed by ideas too vast, too new, and too numerous to be comprehended, and even the fatal explosion which you apprehend may take place. To prevent such a calamity, we must now calmly prepare ourselves for the great crisis. We must familiarise our minds with thoughts of the possession and the distribution of such wealth as will soon be ours. . . . Accordingly, I have made charts of the travels I shall enjoy during my first year in possession. . . . If you could visit me now, you would find among my papers some elegant plans and elevations of houses (for after all that has been said in favour of the mansion, I shall build another to suit my own taste); *item*, an extensive catalogue for a new library; *item*, a plan for the benefit of the tenants; besides sundries, such as memoranda, "to buy a Silbermann's pianoforte," "a good hunter," &c. &c.

'You will not be surprised to learn that I intend to continue my authorship; but it will be in future conducted in a princely style, as I shall maintain two clerks as quotation-makers and copyists, and another man to correct the press. But my great care has been to prepare a code of laws for my 1,000 families of subjects. . . . Allow me to remind you that you should be preparing a *magna charta* for your subjects; for all rulers must be bound before they can be obeyed. . . . The old Egyptians wisely tied together the fore-claws of the crocodile, in order that they might worship him without danger.

'Prepare yourself according to my plan, and then you need not fear that the great gold mine will fall in and crush you as you begin to work it. At least let us enjoy for a few days the hope for which we have paid twelve florins: let us not spoil it with anxieties. This hope is like butter on a dog's nose, which makes him eat dry bread with relish. With their noses anointed with this butter, all our fellow ticket-holders are now eating their bread (black, brown, or white, earned by toil, or tears, or servility) with

an extra relish. This, for the present time, is a positive enjoyment, and if we are wise, we shall not disturb it.'

This is an example of Jean Paul's quiet style; but it shows only one side of his character. It was his humour to range from one extreme to another, and a great part of his writings consists of variations on the themes given in 'The Invisible Lodge' and in 'Titan;' the first idyllic, the latter containing some rhapsodies according well with its title. The stories of 'Quintus Fixlein,' 'Siebenkäs' and 'Der Jubelsenior,' are passages of transition between 'The Lodge' and 'Titan.' Of the last-named romance it would be as hard to give a concise account as to give a notion of a forest by selecting a few twigs. But, on the whole, we may venture to say, that Jean Paul's success is in inverse ratio with his ambition, and that his longest works are not his best.

In 'Siebenkäs,' as in other tales, the author harps too much on the contrast between the real and the ideal. The Ideal is here represented in the person of a poor author; the Real is his wife, who plies her needle while Siebenkäs writes. A collision between the Ideal and the Real is thus described:—

'The evil genius who delights in raising matrimonial disputes out of mere trifles had thrown into the way of our hero a classical anecdote of the wife of Pliny the Younger, who (it is said) held the lamp over her husband's table, while he was employed in writing. Siebenkäs admired this example, and, as he had no lamp, he suggested that his wife might, by snuffing the candle for him, imitate, in a humble way, the conduct of that noble Roman lady. Lenette—closely engaged with her needlework—allowed the snuff to rise almost above the flame, and after receiving a lecture on this offence, promised to do better another time. . . . . This promise was duly remembered the next evening; for now she would hardly keep her fingers from the snuffers for five minutes. As Siebenkäs expressed by frequent nods his thanks for her attentiveness, she imagined that she could not be too active, and was thus led into an extreme. Her husband observed this, and said, "Try to preserve a just medium." But again Lenette was too hasty. "Really," exclaimed Siebenkäs, "was there any need of snuffing then?" Lenette now tried to find "the just medium," but it was too late. "Now, now!" said the author. "Yes, yes!" she responded, immediately performing the required amputation. At length Siebenkäs became deeply engaged in his

writing; and Lenette, being left without a prompter, thought so much of her needlework, that the forgotten wick rose again in dismal blackness as a witness against her. Siebenkäs fixed a despairing look upon it; then threw down his pen, and exclaimed, "This is a miserable life for a poor author! I have not in all the world a friend who will even snuff a candle for me!" So saying, he hastily snuffed it out.

'In the interval of darkness which followed, he walked to and fro, and expressed some unfavourable views of feminine characteristics. "Women," said he, "have no just sense of moderation; but will always do either too much or too little!" As this abstract theory provoked no answer, he proceeded to apply his remarks, and complained that his wife had always been unwilling to perform for him even the most trifling services. Even this extorted no reply.

'"Indeed," he exclaimed, rising to a declamatory tone, "when have I required any save the slightest services? And when have even these been paid to me? Now I demand an answer. Speak!"

'Lenette said nothing; but lighted the candle, and placed it on the table, while Siebenkäs saw tears in her eyes for the first time since their marriage.'

These excerpts may serve as examples of the writer's quiet humour and of two of his peculiarities; his love of bringing in many references to his reading, and his minuteness in descriptions. The account given of snuffing the candle (which we have closely abridged) occupies four or five pages in 'Siebenkäs.' To show that such passages represent only one side of Jean Paul's genius, we may refer to his terrible 'Vision of a Battle-Field,' and to the gloom and despair of his 'Dream of Atheism.' But as a shorter specimen of Richter's serious style we may translate two or three paragraphs from the dream of 'A New Year's Eve.'

'At midnight, when the old year was departing, there stood at his window an Old Man, looking forth, with the aspect of a long despair, on the calm never-fading heavens, and on the pure, white and quiet earth, where there seemed to exist then no creature so sleepless and so miserable as himself! Now near the grave, this Old Man had, as the results of all his long career, nothing but errors, sins, and diseases—a shattered body, a desolated soul, a poisoned heart, and an age of remorse. The beautiful years of his youth

were all changed into dismal goblins shrinking away now, to hide themselves from the dawn of another New Year. . . . . In his desperation and unutterable grief, he looked up towards the heavens and cried aloud:—"Oh, give me back my youth!—O Father! place me but once more upon the cross-way, that I may choose the path on the right hand, and not again that on the left." . . . .

'But his Father and his Youth were gone—for ever! He saw misguiding lights (*ignes fatui*) gleaming forth out of the marsh, and fading away in the churchyard. "There are my days of folly!" he said. Then a shooting star fell from heaven, flickered, and vanished on the ground. "That is myself!" said he; while the poisoned fangs of remorse were biting into his bleeding heart. . . . .

'Then, suddenly, a peal of bells—distant church music hailing the New Year—sounded through the calm air, and his agony was appeased. He looked on the dim horizon, and on the wide world all around, and he thought of the friends of his youth; of the men who—happier and better than himself—were now teachers of the people, or fathers of joyous children growing up to a prosperous manhood, and he exclaimed:—"Ah, my Parents! I too might have been sleeping now with eyes not stained with tears, if I had followed your advice and had responded to your New Year's prayers for me!" . . . . He covered his face with his hands, and a thousand burning tears streamed down his cheeks, while in his despair he sighed:—"Oh, give me back my youth!" . . . .

'And his youth suddenly returned—he awoke, and lo, all the terror of this New Year's Eve had been only a dream! He was still young; but the sins of his youth had not been dreams. How thankful he felt now, that he was still young; that he had power to forsake the false path and to enter the road lighted by a bright sun and leading on to rich fields of harvest!

'O young reader! if you have wandered from the right path, turn back now! Or this terrible dream may, some day, be for you a condemnation; and when you cry out: "O beautiful Youth, return!" your prayer may not be heard; your Youth may come back to you no more.'

A sermon like that may make readers pardon many of Richter's faults of style. He wrote, besides the romances already named and others left unnoticed, several discursive, didactic works;—the

Kampanerthal (an Essay on Immortality); an 'Introduction to Æsthetics;' *Levana*, an Essay on Education; and *Selina*, an unfinished Essay on Immortality. This last work was placed on his bier and carried to his grave.

Jean Paul's virtues won the love of enthusiastic readers, especially of the young and of women. Their interest in his sentiments made them overlook all his faults. Many who, when young, admired his works, afterwards grew tired of them, and readers of mature age, accustomed to read dry, sober authors, could hardly be induced to read many pages of Richter; but his admirers forgave all his sins of taste, because he had, what many correct writers have wanted—a sympathetic heart.

The subjects which he treated most charmingly were spring-time, childhood, poverty, the patience of women amid the cares and sorrows of domestic life, and the sacrifices made by the poor to aid the poor. 'He loved to travel in imagination' (says one of his friendly critics) 'through mist and storm, and over the frozen brook to the snow-covered cottage of the village schoolmaster; there to share in the joys of the children on Christmas Eve.' He was never less successful than when he attempted to describe scenes in the so-called 'higher circles of society.' There Jean Paul was quite out of his element. It must not be forgotten, in his praise, that his general tendency is to encourage virtue and to cherish all the best hopes of youth. If many women were counted among his readers there was a reason for it; they appreciated his respectful sympathy.

RICHTER's humour and earnestness have been represented as fairly as our limits allow; but there remains to be noticed an amiable phase of his character—his delight in dreaming of the happiness of other men; especially of a domestic happiness such as the realities of this world can too seldom afford.—'Go away, sweet tones!' says Jean Paul (in a description of music), 'for ye tell me of a beautiful world that I shall never see.' The words might have been applied to the author's own vision of 'The Morning and the Evening of Life,' which may serve as a conclusion to our quotations. It must be given—like all our excerpts from Jean Paul—in the form of an abridged translation:—

'GOTTREICH HARTMANN lived with his father, the aged pastor of a church in the village of Heim. Happy were the old man's declining years; for, as his strength failed, his son stepped into

his place, and fulfilled his duties; and truly edifying were the homilies of the young preacher to the father's heart. . . . If it is painful to differ in opinion from one whom we love, to turn away the head from one to whom the heart is always inclined, it is doubly sweet at once to love and believe in accordance with one in whom we find our own better self sustained and perpetuated with youthful energy. Thus life is like a fair starry night, when no star sets until another has arisen. Gottreich had a paradise about him, in which he held the post of gardener for his father, and enjoyed all its fruits, while he laboured chiefly for the gratification of the old man. Every Sunday brought a new delight in a new homily prepared to gladden the father's heart. . . . The moistened eye of the old clergyman, his hands folded now and then in silent thanksgiving during the sermon, made for the young preacher an Ascension festival out of every Sunday. Those who imagine that the preparation and delivery of a course of homilies throughout a year must be a dry task, should have heard this father and his son conversing on the last, or consulting on the next discourse for the little congregation at Heim.

'A new member was added to this congregation. Justa, a young maiden of considerable wealth, and an orphan, left her residence in a neighbouring town to find rural happiness in the little village where Gottreich lived with his father. Two may be happy together, but three may be still happier; for two may talk on the merits of the third, and so the harmonic triad of friendship will allow of several pleasing variations. This required third person was found in Justa; for, after she had heard four or five of the young preacher's homilies, she consented to listen also, very patiently, to his addresses, and resolved to withhold her hand only until the disturbances of the country (for it was then the time of our war with the French) should subside into peace. . . .

'In the fresh delight of this May morning of his life, Gottreich could not avoid thinking that his morning star must some day shine as his evening star. He said to himself:—"My prospects are clear and joyous now; the happiness of life, the beauty of the universe, the glory of the Creator, the constellations of eternal truths;—I see and feel them all clearly and warmly. But it may be otherwise with me in the latest hours of my life; for approaching death sometimes holds an inverted telescope before the eye, and then nothing is seen but a drear, void space, extending be-

tween us and all whom we love. But should this mere optical deception be taken as the truth? No; *this* is the truth which I see and feel now, in the youth and vigour of my life. Let me remember it well, that the light of my morning may appear again in my evening sky." With this intention he opened a diary, and wrote down his best sentiments under this title—"Recollections of the Fairest Hours preserved to cheer the Latest Hours of Life." . . .

'From these happy occupations Gottreich was called away by the demands of his country during the warfare of liberation. He left his father under the care of Justa, and took a place in a regiment of volunteers. He closed his campaign after some active service, but, somewhat to his disappointment, without a wound. And now, as peace again brooded over the rescued country, the young soldier travelled homeward through towns and villages full of festivity, but knowing that none were happier than himself.

'As he approached his native place, the little church tower of Heim seemed to grow up out of the earth, and as he went down into the valley, the lowly parsonage again met his eye, while all its windows were shining in evening radiance. But when he entered the house, he was surprised to find the lower rooms empty. A slight noise called his attention to his father's chamber. He entered it, and found Justa beside the bed of the old clergyman, who sat propped up by pillows, while his pale wasted face gleamed strangely in the rosy light of evening. Justa related, in a few words, how the father had overwrought himself in attention to his duties, and had remained now for some days half sunk in lethargy, taking no interest in all that had once been dear to him. As she spoke the old man heard not, but sat gazing on the setting sun surrounded with crimson and golden clouds.

'After a little time the sky was overcast, a dead calm lasted for a few minutes, and then a heavy shower fell, accompanied with lightning. This disturbance of elements seemed to waken the dying father from his stupor. "See!" said he, pointing to the sky; "see the glorious works of God! And now, my son, tell me, for my comfort, something of the goodness of the Almighty One, as you told us in your sermons in the spring."

'Gottreich wept, as he thought that the little manual which he had written for his own consolation must first be read at his father's death-bed. He drew out his little book of "Recollections,"

and read a passage with a faltering voice, while the old man folded his hands in silent prayer. "Have you not known and felt," said Gottreich, "the presence of that Being whose infinitude is not only displayed in power and wisdom, but also in love? Remember now the sweet hours of childhood, when the clear blue sky of day, and the dark blue sky of night, opened upon you, like the eyes of your preserving Angel. Think how a thousand reflections of the Eternal Goodness have played around you, from heart to heart, from eye to eye of mankind, as one light shines from sun to sun, and from world to world, throughout the universe." . . .

'Gottreich read other passages from his manual, and administered Christian consolation to his father. The old man drank in the words of his son, and seemed to be refreshed with the recollections of his own life, as he whispered now and then, with failing breath, "All is good—all is good!" At last the brightness of these views of life was lost; not in the darkness of death, but in the superior light of another life.

'"He is gone," said Gottreich. . . . "The sun has set and risen at once, and he knows now that the same light makes glorious both the morning and the evening."'

'The accomplishment of verse' which was wanting in Jean Paul was the chief talent possessed by several of his cotemporaries who, writing in rhyme, were very kindly called 'poets.' The lyrical verse-writers were better than the writers of epics who may be briefly noticed here; for they belonged, with hardly any exception, to the imitative class. If an exception must be made, it would, perhaps, be in favour of the unhappy young writer Franz Anton von Sonnenberg (1779–1805), who, when only fifteen years old, began to write a poem (*Das Weltende*) on 'The End of the World.' Another epic, *Donatoa*, on the same subject, was completed only a short time before the writer committed suicide by throwing himself from the window of a house in Jena.

The choice of such a theme as 'The End of the World' is enough to show that the writer had no true conception of what an epic poem ought to be. When the destruction of the world is first meditated, an assembly of all 'the guardian-angels of men' is convened, and the majority votes for annihilation. One angel, Michael, who votes for a reprieve, justifies his vote on the ground that two righteous persons—the old man Eliora and a youth

named Heroal—are still living on the earth. The reprieve is granted, on the condition that both tempting demons and guardian-angels shall leave the world, and that men shall be left free to determine their own course of life. Eliora and Heroal, as preachers of repentance, travel from land to land; but everywhere their warnings are despised. They are then called away from the earth, and Donatoa, 'the angel of death,' receives permission to destroy the world. Klopstock suggested the more ambitious passages in this wild epic; but Wieland was mostly imitated by epic versifiers.

Ludwig Heinrich (von) Nicolay borrowed both his materials and his style from Bojardo, Ariosto and Wieland, and the author of 'Oberon' was the principal source of all such inspiration as visited Johann von Alxinger and Friedrich August Müller, whose names are mentioned here only in deference to the judgment of some conservative literary historians.

The irony that Wieland had made too fashionable was imitated by Aloys Blumauer, a Jesuit, who, after his order had been suppressed in Austria, settled as a bookseller in Vienna, and wrote, among other trifles, a travesty of Virgil's epic. Kosegarten and Neuffer, who imitated the homely idyllic style of Voss, may be mentioned here as fair specimens of several other versifiers whom we cannot even name.

Of several popular poets who wrote in German dialects, Johann Martin Usteri (1763–1827) was one of the best. His idylls, *De Vikari* and *De Herr Heiri*, are in Swiss-German. Johann Grübel, a very homely but humorous versifier, employed the Nürnberg dialect in his comic stories, and Daniel Arnold wrote a comedy and some poems in the dialects of Strassburg and Alsace. The poems written in Alemannian German by Johann Peter Hebel (1760–1826) were truly popular and were praised by Goethe; but the stories in prose contained in Hebel's *Schatzkästlein* ('The Casket') are, we think, more interesting than his verses.

Among didactic versifiers Neubeck gained a reputation by a poem (so called) on 'Medicinal Waters,' and Tiedge wrote 'Urania,' an essay in verse on the Immortality of the Soul. His diction is correct and harmonious; but is more rhetorical than poetical. 'Urania' was, however, very popular in its day, and its topics were so often discussed in society that they were made

tiresome. Goethe (who firmly believed in the soul's immortality) was annoyed by incessant arguments about it, introduced by 'ladies, who,' as he said, 'had nothing else to do.' 'When they examined me on the doctrine,' said he, 'I told them, I hoped to meet in another world none of those who believed in it here. For how should I be tormented! The pious would throng round me and say, "Were we not right?—Did we not predict it?—Has it not happened just as we said?"'

A less tedious didactic versifier, CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH HAUG, was a humorist who wrote—besides lyrical poems and ballads—one hundred epigrams, all sportively addressed to one of his friends who had a very long nose. The following may serve as a sufficient specimen of Haug's hyperbolical style:—

> When you were lying on the ground
> And looking at the sky, the people,
> In all the hamlets far around,
> Said, 'Look!—they've built another steeple.'

Of all the young poets who were followers of Schiller, the most promising was FRIEDRICH HÖLDERLIN, born in 1770. He studied at Tübingen, visited Schiller at Jena, and was afterwards engaged as a private tutor. His enthusiastic admiration of the life, the poetry and art, and even the religion of the ancient Greeks was not an affectation, but a fixed idea. It was expressed in his romance, 'Hyperion, or the Hermit in Greece' (1797), as well as in odes and hymns written in antique metres and showing both earnest feeling and imaginative power. After leaving a situation in Bordeaux, the poet wandered alone through France, fell into a mood of deep melancholy, and, in 1802, was found almost entirely deprived of his intellectual faculties. In this deplorable condition—still sometimes writing verses and often expressing a delight in the beauties of nature—he lived on for the long space of forty-one years.

The lyrical poems written by FRIEDRICH VON MATTHISON (1761–1831) were praised by Schiller, and must, therefore, have some merit; but it consists mostly in their diction and their melodious versification. The well-known song, 'Adelaide,' set to music by Beethoven, was written by Matthison. His style was partly imitated by his friend JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS-SEEWIS (1762–1834), who studied in a school at Colmar (kept by the blind fabulist, Pfeffel), and, afterwards, served in the French army.

His lyrical poems have a melancholy but not unpleasant tone, and there is true feeling in some of his descriptive passages.

JOHANN GOTTFRIED SEUME (1763–1810), though included among lyrical poets, was more noticeable as a prose-writer and a bitter satirist. He was for some years a soldier; then a corrector of the press, and to recruit his health travelled on foot through a great part of Europe, and published an account of his tour under the title 'A Journey to Syracuse.' It tells more of his own character and of his political opinions than of the scenery on his way. When he climbed Mount Ætna, he was accompanied, he tells us, by a travelling Briton, to whom he ascribes the following platitude given as an estimate of the view from the mountain :—' 'Tis worth a young man's while to mount and see this; for there's not such a sight in the parks of Old England.'

JENS BAGGESEN (1765–1826), a Dane, who wrote some humorous and other poems in German, deserves to be remembered chiefly for his kindness to Schiller at the time when the poet's health failed. A strange epic, intended to be comical, on the subject of 'Adam and Eve,' may be mentioned as a proof of the writer's bad taste. He represents Eve as conversing in French with the Serpent. Baggesen was one of the most resolute opponents of the writers belonging to the Romantic School. He hardly understood their best thoughts; but he justly ridiculed some of their mannerisms. There is hardly anything in his lyrical poems better than his philosophical, bacchanalian song—a parody on some of the phrases or formulæ used in Fichte's system of philosophy. The first strophe may be rather freely translated as follows :—

Since old father Noah, his cares to assuage,
First squeezed out the grape's purple blood,
His example's been followed from age to age,
Yet no man has understood,
Hitherto, the strict logic of drinking :
Men have tippled, as if the act—
Like living—required not a word of instruction,
Or could always be properly done without thinking;
Of toping, in fact,
To this day, we have no scientific deduction!

The subsequent stanzas of the song are better than this, but could not be readily put into English. Nothing of its kind can be better than the assumed philosophical gravity and the strictness

of logical sequence with which the Fichtean formulæ are applied, and the conclusive result obtained by the process must have been amusing enough to the students at Jena, who respected Fichte, but could enjoy a laugh at his expense.

The names of the minor poets, or versifiers, already mentioned, fairly represent the lower poetical literature of the age. We may, however, very briefly notice some specimens of poetry written by women. Some of the idylls and other poems written by AMALIE VON HELWIG—a court-lady of Weimar—are graceful. FRIEDERIKE BRUN imitated Matthison, whose own poems can hardly be called original. The name of another amiable poetess, KAROLINE RUDOLPHI, must be mentioned with much respect for her amiable character; but her poems are less interesting than her book entitled 'Pictures of Female Education' (1808). She superintended, for several years, an excellent ladies' school at Heidelberg, and gave in her writings the results of her own observations on teaching. 'The formation of the characters of young women,' says this writer, 'should be the matron's care; but men ought to be our teachers in all studies that are purely scientific and intellectual. In vain would men vie with us in quick intuitive perception, or in delicacy of feeling, and as vainly might we attempt to rival men in the depth or the close order of scientific thinking. Women educated mostly among men lose their best distinctive qualities, and women confined to the society of their own sex become narrow in their minds and their sympathies.' These remarks are noticeable as contrasted with more recent doctrines on the education of women. Karoline Rudolphi describes as unnatural all rivalry between men and women.

In Schiller's literary journals—*Die Horen* and *Der Musenalmanach*—may be found several poems written by LUISE KAROLINE BRACHMANN, who was hardly more than fourteen years old when the poet accepted some of her contributions. Her biography is one of the most melancholy in the pages of literary history. At one time she maintained herself by writing romances, for which she received as payment only four dollars a sheet, with the understanding that one half of her pay must be accepted in the shape of books. Her life, made miserable through adverse circumstances and by her own want of self-control, was terminated by suicide. It would be too severe to criticise her novels, written in the circumstances referred to. Several of her ballads are good,

and her lyrical poems are far better than a reader of her biography might expect. They contain, indeed, some passages remarkable for a poetic expression of true feeling, such as inspired the following stanzas on Consolation in Absence:—

> Our eyes still drink from the same fount of light;
> The same wind round us softly breathes or blows;
> We both lie veiled in the same cloud of night;
> One Spring to both its opening glories shows.
>
> When morning dawns, I cry: 'Awaken, day!
> And strew thy roses wheresoe'er he roam;'
> When in the sea the sun is sinking—'Stay!
> And cast a gleam to light him to his home.'
>
> In visionary, moonlit, silent night,
> When ghostly forms on distant mountains shine,
> My heart beats high—I say with deep delight:
> 'He lives—however distant, he is mine!'
>
> And, when a star looks out, a gladdening ray
> Seems darting from his eye to cheer my heart—
> All thoughts of earthly distance melt away,
> We meet in heaven—and never more to part!

These notices of verse-writers who had no association with any new movement in imaginative literature may suffice, at least, to show how great was the distance existing between Schiller and the majority of his cotemporaries.

Our attention must next be directed to the more fertile department of prose-fiction. Here we find, besides a few didactic stories by Pestalozzi (which will be noticed in a following chapter), the 'Idylls' of Franz Xaver Bronner and some humorous novels by Ulrich Hegner, who described scenes from life in Switzerland. The 'Parables' written by Friedrich Adolf Krummacher may be commended for their style as well as for their didactic tendency.

Other works in prose-fiction include—besides mediocrities too numerous to be named—some respectable novels and romances written by ladies, and a host of inferior fictions by such popular authors as Vulpius, Spiess, Cramer, and Lafontaine. The works of these four writers may, on the whole, be fairly classed together as representing the Low Literature of their times. Before noticing its characteristics we may name two or three ladies who wrote respectable fiction. Benedictine Eugenie Naubert (1756–1819) published anonymously several stories, including *Thekla von*

Thurn, an historical romance from which Schiller derived some suggestions for his *Wallenstein*. The modesty of the amiable novelist was more remarkable than her knowledge of history. Until a short time before her death she kept concealed the authorship of all her writings.

JOHANNA SCHOPENHAUER (1766-1838), the author of the romances 'Gabriele' and 'The Aunt,' and of an interesting book on 'Johann von Eyck and his Followers,' lived for some years at Weimar. Her style, like her character, was lively and superficial, and her novels were read and admired, while the original and powerful writings of her son, Arthur, were generally neglected. His character was as strongly contrasted with her own as are midnight and noon, and she disliked so much his gloomy theory of human life, that she refused to dwell in the same house with him. 'Your lamentations,' said she, 'about this stupid world and the miseries of mankind deprive me of rest at night and give me bad dreams.' Arthur told her that his own books would be read when her novels were forgotten, and the prediction has been fulfilled.

The fault of prolixity is found in most of the novels written by KAROLINE PICHLER (1769-1843), but in their moral tendencies they were well contrasted with many fictions too popular in her times. Her best work, 'Agathocles' (1808), was written in opposition to Gibbon's misrepresentations of Christianity. In several of her romances she endeavoured to give a popular interest to some passages in the history of her native land.

Another lady who wrote respectable prose-fiction was KAROLINE VON WOLZOGEN (1763-1847), the friend and sister-in-law of Schiller, whose biography she wrote. This interesting work is more valuable than her romances, 'Agnes von Lilien' (1798) and 'Cordelia' (1840); though the former had a remarkable and deserved success. This lady was the latest survivor of all the circle of Schiller's literary friends at Weimar.

These notices of female writers may be closed by naming THERESE HUBER (1764-1829), daughter of the philologer Heyne. Her novels were, at one time, erroneously ascribed to her second husband, Ludwig Ferdinand Huber. She wrote especially for women, and one of her leading motives was to show the happiness of—celibacy.

If any apology were wanted for noticing the fictions we include

under the heading Low Literature, it might be found in one of two humorous epistles written in verse by Goethe and addressed to the father of a family. The anxious parent complains—not without good reasons—of the character of such popular literature as the circulating libraries, in his time, supplied. Goethe, in reply, states his belief, that the demand produces the supply in the class of fictions to which the letter refers. In other words, he asserts, that the character of the people impresses itself on their favourite literature; which is not the cause, but the consequence of a depraved taste. To illustrate this doctrine, he invents a humorous story of an improvisatore at Venice, who gained popularity by telling a story of his adventures in Utopia. There, he asserted, he had been severely and justly punished for wishing to pay his debts and to work for his own maintenance. The people, says Goethe, listened with delight to a romance which expressed so clearly their own notion of a happy life. If we accept this theory of literary success, the sensational romances and sentimental novels that gave delight to numerous readers during a long period must deserve attention, when we would describe literature as expressing the character of a people. A popular series of extravagant robber-romances and ghost-stories may first be noticed.

Goethe and Schiller, by their earliest dramas, called into activity the imitative talents of the men who wrote absurd tales of knights and bandits, and, rather later, the 'Ghost-Seer' (1786–89), an unfinished romance by Schiller, was accepted as a new model for imitators; though it was very unfavourably characterised by its author. Then 'shrieks heard in uninhabited castles' and 'noises of chains dragged about at midnight through long and mysterious corridors' were freely employed as materials in unearthly fiction. But, on the whole, the robbers had a greater success than their spectral rivals. Schiller was not allowed to forget the extravagance of his own first play. When he came to Weimar in 1787, one of his first visitors was a literary man, described as an insignificant figure and oddly dressed. This young man was afterwards celebrated as CHRISTIAN AUGUST VULPIUS, author of 'Rinaldo Rinaldini the Robber,' one of the most successful sensational romances ever written, and a fair type of a numerous class of similar productions. It appeared first in 1797, and its great popu-

larity is proved by the facts that it was translated into several languages, and that a new edition in German appeared in 1858.

'Rinaldo Rinaldini' might be called, with reference to popularity, the chieftain of a formidable gang of robber-romances compiled for the circulating libraries. But another hero—the renowned great bandit 'Abällino'—claims precedence in the order of time. To readers who know HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE (1771–1848) as the writer of 'Hours of Devotion' and of numerous didactic stories and historical works, it may seem strange that his name should be mentioned here; but his celebrated robber-romance, 'Abällino the Great Bandit,' was written as early as 1793 (six years before Schiller's *Wallenstein* was completed), and was, soon afterwards, put into the form of a play which had great success. SPIESS, another writer of sensational dramas and romances, may be mentioned, but merely with reference to his remarkable popularity.

'Abällino' and 'Rinaldo Rinaldini' were both respectable when compared with some of the romances written by CRAMER and LAFONTAINE; especially some stories of domestic life by the latter, who wrote more than one hundred and thirty volumes of unwholesome fiction, made worse by the insertion of false moral reflections. He was followed, at a later time, by HEUN, who used the pseudonyme Clauren, and ruled in the circulating libraries as Kotzebue ruled on the stage. The Low Literature represented by these names, and including a host of bad romances and plays, enjoyed an extensive popularity during Schiller's time, and survived for several years after the War of Liberation. If we could be deceived by the prominence given in literary history to such names as Lessing, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, and Fichte, or could suppose that they expressed the mind of a nation, the question might arise: How could a people represented by such men fall into the political degradation in which Germany was found at the beginning of the present century? There existed, in fact, no such contrast as such a question would imply between the intellectual and the political condition of the people. The taste and, to some extent, the moral character of the majority of readers were represented by such writers as Vulpius, Spiess, Cramer, Lafontaine, Kotzebue, and Clauren, whose fictions enjoyed a popularity extended over more than a quarter of a century.

JAHN, (the patriotic founder of the Gymnastic Unions, that have

been so fruitful in good results) gives, in a few plain words, a condensed inventory of many circulating libraries. 'Here we have,' says he, 'romances with titles like mountebanks' placards; "Wonderful Stories!" (amazing, indeed, that men could be found so senseless as to write them); "Ghost Stories!" (where such goblins make their appearance no mind exists); "Romances of Knighthood" (I wish "the iron hand of Götz" might fall on their authors!); "Robber Romances" (in old times robbers took away men's goods or, sometimes, their lives; now they would deprive us of our brains); and then we have Poison-Books' . . . . The more energetic part of Jahn's denunciation may be left untranslated, but not because it is too severe.

The popular drama of Schiller's times may be lastly noticed, as it is historically connected with the movement in literature of which some account must be given in the next chapter. In the genial time when Goethe and Herder were friends at Strassburg, literary men were divided, as we have seen, into two parties, who might be called the old school and the new. Another division took place a short time before Schiller's death. Several young writers, led by the brothers Schlegel, and associated under the title of the 'Romantic School,' made themselves prominent by their opposition to the tendencies of popular literature in their time. They had other and higher motives, which may be mentioned in our next chapter; but here it is enough to say that they were reasonably dissatisfied with such dramas as were written by Iffland and Kotzebue, and with the romances of Lafontaine and Clauren. On the whole, this literature might fairly be called low; there was in it no breath of aspiration towards any higher thoughts than such as would have been sanctioned by Nicolai, the champion of commonplace, whose name may be once more mentioned, as serving to represent briefly, the characteristics of a crowd of writers of plays, novels, and romances.

Among the dramatists here referred to the most respectable was AUGUST WILHELM IFFLAND (1759–1814). He was an excellent actor in comedy and in such domestic plays as he could write. In 1796 he was appointed director of the National Theatre at Berlin, where he remained until the close of his life. His dramas, founded on domestic interests, though prosaic, have good moral motives, and contain passages of natural and powerful

pathos; but, in all their essential features, they have a close family-likeness one to another. They consist mostly of scenes from every-day life; such as might be found in the lowliest of Crabbe's domestic stories. Iffland's boundaries of thought and sympathy were narrow; but he was respected in his day, as he wrote better plays than 'robber-tragedies,' and brought upon the stage such men and women as may be seen in daily life. One of his best pieces—*Die Jäger*—enjoyed remarkable popularity. As fair specimens of the whole family group, we may mention 'The Old Bachelors,' 'The Advocates,' and 'The Legacy.' In his moral tendency Iffland was too respectable to be classified with his more versatile cotemporary Kotzebue—a play-writer as remarkable for tact and cleverness as for the absence of any higher qualities.

August Friedrich Ferdinand (von) Kotzebue was born at Weimar in 1761, held, in the course of his life, several political offices in Russia and Germany, and gained a wide reputation, by no means founded on respect for his character. He was intensely unpatriotic, and might be concisely described as the extreme opposite to Schiller. Kotzebue was a thoroughly practical man, and wrote for the market. Schiller had tried to make a school of the theatre; but Kotzebue viewed it as a shop in which he could carry on an extensive trade. The same motive guided him in politics. The cynical invectives published in the paper he edited were directed against men whose motives were more generous than his own, and he found delight and profit in writing to discourage the hopes entertained by liberal politicians. This conduct and the suspicion that he was acting as a Russian spy roused to a state of fanaticism a young student (Karl Ludwig Sand), by whom Kotzebue was assassinated at Mannheim in 1819.

It must be granted that he possessed one virtue—industry. He wrote, beside several romances and a deplorable history of Germany, a host of plays, comedies and farces, by which he gained a European reputation. His play 'The Indians in England' had a success that now seems incredible, and his 'Old Coachman of Peter III.' gained for its author the patronage of the Czar Paul I. of Russia. If Kotzebue's dramas had been written to make Schiller's theory of 'an educational theatre' appear ridiculous, it could not have been done more effectively. Critics wrote severely of such plays as 'Brother Moriz;' but the unscrupulous author

had an applauding public on his side. He had good tact in making arrangements for stage-effects—especially in farces and comedies—and some of his tragedies are highly sensational. His farces are pardonable, or may be praised when compared with some of his sentimental or falsely-pathetic pieces; especially such as end with repentance and conversion. In these his aims and the means which he used to attain them are alike contemptible. One of his most successful plays—'Misanthropy and Repentance'—is also one of the worst in its moral tendency. This frivolous exhibition of a sudden, so-called 'repentance' as a means of making an effective closing scene to a base career is one of the writer's greatest offences. A few crocodile tears are shed, and are made effectual to cancel, in a moment, all remembrance of transgression.

It is not intended to be said that Kotzebue, who ruled so long in the theatre, gained and maintained his popularity merely by pandering to the depraved taste of the public. Pieces that kept their reputation for twenty years and more must have some merits, such as lively action, a fertile invention of effective situations, and some rather clever portraitures of the lower characteristics of men and women. These traits may be found in such pieces as 'The Epigram,' the 'Affinities,' 'Reconciliation,' and 'The Two Klinsbergs.' But the writer's offences against good taste and morals are unpardonable. In several of his plays and farces he makes age an object of ridicule. One of his 'amiable' women openly declares her gladness when she finds herself a widow, and this is a venial offence when compared with the bad taste that may be found in 'Brother Moriz' and other pieces that may be left unnamed. One high eulogium of Kotzebue's moral tendency appeared in his own times; but it was written by himself:—'There is more morality in my plays,' he said, 'than can be found in the thickest volume of sermons ever printed.'

Kotzebue was profoundly irreverent, and had not the slightest suspicion that he was in any respect inferior to Goethe, whom he seems to have viewed as an intruder in Weimar. On one occasion, the playwright made arrangements for a showy coronation of Schiller as poet-laureate, which was to take place in the town-hall at Weimar; but the sole object of the scheme was to give annoyance to Goethe. It, however, gave greater annoyance to Schiller, who declared that the bare suggestion had injured his

health. Kotzebue respected nobody. One of his farces ('The Visit') was intended to make the philosopher Kant appear ridiculous; another (not worth naming) was directed against Fichte; 'The Incognito' was a satire on the brothers Schlegel, and another farce, called 'The Hyperborean Ass,' was written to expose the errors of the Romantic School, who had ventured to suggest that people ought not to be satisfied with such plays as were written by Kotzebue.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SEVENTH PERIOD. 1770–1830.

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL.

IT is like stepping out of the sunshine of an open field into the twilight of a dense forest when we leave the society of Kant and Schiller and enter the Romantic School, where Schelling teaches philosophy, where the brothers Schlegel read lectures on criticism, and Tieck revives the poetry of the Middle Ages. How great the transition from Kant's clear moral doctrine to Schelling's theory of 'The Soul of the World;' or from 'Wilhelm Tell' to Tieck's 'Genoveva'!

A severely logical or rationalistic reader may be surprised by this transition from works in prose and verse that may be easily understood, to writings in which an imaginative mysticism more or less prevails. It should, however, be remembered, that the object of these outlines is to give a fair representation of German Literature, and not a selection of passages accordant with English taste. Any history of German Poetry that would leave unnoticed, or barely mentioned, the extensive department occupied by mystical and fantastic fictions would be defective and false.

It is with deference to the judgment of several German historians of literature that we have included the sixty years 1770–1830 in one period. The beginning of the nineteenth century was an epoch in literature and philosophy, and was marked by tendencies and innovations as important as any that we have noticed in the eighteenth century.

In the years 1725–1770, there was a general tendency to make all speculation, philosophy, religion, and poetry serve immediately the interests of morality and practical life. If that tendency, as promoted by Kant's doctrine of ethics, and as shown in the

writings of such men as Möser, Engel, and Garve, had been continued, the Romantic School of poetry would never have arisen. An English tone of sobriety and clearness is prevalent in the essays and other writings of the popular philosophers and their cotemporaries, and if their style of writing had been followed, we should have heard nothing of German obscurity.

About the time of Schiller's death (or rather before), both literature and philosophy seemed to be weary of their old topics and desirous of enlarging their boundaries, especially such as had been defined by Kant. Men would seek to know what, as he had said, could not be known.

It must appear strange to an English reader to learn that the prevalence of a system of philosophy was closely connected with a certain class of tendencies in the treatment of historical, political, and religious questions, and also in the culture of imaginative literature; yet there can be no doubt of the fact. It is clear that the abstract-ideal character and the didactic tone of some of Schiller's poems on art and culture may be ascribed to a study of Kant's writings and to the poet's respect for the judgment of his friend, Wilhelm von Humboldt, who held a theory in favour of the union of poetry with philosophy. This union, he said, must be the centre of all culture and the source of inspiration for all the special sciences. The assertion seems a bold one in prose; but Wordsworth has said the same thing in verse.

As long as Kant's philosophy was accepted as final, it might lead to abstruseness, but hardly to what we may, without offence, call mysticism. This was avoided by refusing to attack the problems that lead to it. 'Of what nature may be in itself,' said Kant, 'we can know nothing. We see only phenomena, and these are beheld through a certain medium—our own mind. The world around us supplies the objects we contemplate, but they are like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope. Our own faculties are the slides by which the fragments are arranged in various designs.' Kant thus left a division between the intellect and the conscience, and drew lines of close limitation around metaphysics. He taught that, as all our knowledge is derived from experience, and our experience is finite, we can know, by theoretic reasoning, nothing of the infinite. But he also taught that 'the truths which never can be proved' by the intellect may be found implied and asserted in ethics.

Fichte, like his predecessor, had mostly a moral aim in view, and wrote and lectured to promote a union of the highest science with political and practical life; but he protested against the toleration of duality in a system of philosophy, and demanded that all its parts should proceed from one centre, and be indissolubly united as one organism.

This severe demand led to the speculations of Schelling and to Hegel's laborious dialectic method.

Philosophy, as understood by Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, has for its substance the results of all the special sciences and endeavours to find their union, or to reduce them to a general theory. It, therefore, does not confine itself to abstract metaphysics, or to a few questions of psychology; but interferes in the several departments of the physical sciences, history, ethics, politics, religion, and æsthetics.

We say nothing of the wisdom, or of the hopelessness, of such a comprehensive endeavour to grasp in their own union all the results of knowledge; our object is only to show that a philosophy such as we describe must, if accepted, produce effects on the tendencies of general literature.

In the first eight or ten years of the present century, the bold and imaginative theory of Schelling was closely—though indirectly—connected with the tendencies of several writers who were included under the general heading of the Romantic School. This title had, at least, two meanings; a wide and a narrow one. If the latter only were accepted, as including the brothers Schlegel and their friends who wrote fantastic romances, the importance of the new school would hardly be understood; but, in its wider meaning, it includes a number of writers on history, politics, religion, philology, and archæology. The tendencies in literature, politics, and religion of all the men who have been included under the name of the Romantic School were by no means derived from the brothers Schlegel. These two critics made themselves very prominent in the defence of theories and sentiments that were called 'Mediæval' or 'Romantic;' but such men as Baader and Görres, Adam Müller and Ludwig von Haller, Steffens and Schubert, must not be described as followers of the Schlegels.

The fact is, that the title Romantic School has been used by some writers so as to include at least five or six distinct mean-

ings. In the first place, it includes (in its most restricted sense) the Schlegels and their poetical friends, Tieck, Novalis, and Wackenroder. Then followed several imaginative writers known, in literary history, as the 'Later Romantic School,' which includes he names of Fouqué, Brentano, Arnim, and Eichendorff. To this latter group the name of Hoffmann has been added. Again the writers of patriotic songs, before and during the War of Liberation, are associated, by their romantic tendency, with the authors of some dismal dramas known as 'fate-tragedies,' which were written during the time when a romantic literature prevailed.

In its widest acceptation the title 'romantic' is so vague as to be useless. It includes, for example, such a writer as Baader, whose mystic works are in favour of a moderated Catholicism, and Steffens, who endeavoured to unite philosophy with Lutheran doctrine. Then we find classed with the men of the Romantic School several writers on German philology and archæology, studies which were greatly encouraged by the tendencies of the times, and were represented by the brothers Grimm and other able men, including Hagen and Lachmann. Their nationality is, indeed, almost the only bond that unites all the writers we have named, as belonging to one school. Several might be more distinctly classified, either as having tendencies in favour of Mediæval Catholicism, or as having become converts to the Roman Catholic Church. These might be called the retrogressive men of their times. A vague and imaginative tendency towards Catholicism was one of the more important traits in the literature now to be noticed. In the German literature of the eighteenth century, the controversy between authority and freedom in religion was mostly set aside or regarded as concluded. The writings of 'the popular philosophers' show this clearly enough. In the nineteenth century the question has been revived, and has led to a discussion calling forth, from each of the parties engaged in it, abundant resources of historical learning and controversial powers.

It is of the Romantic School, in the more limited acceptation of the name, that some account must next be given.

In the first decennium of the present century, Jena, 'the Athens on the Saale' (as it was sometimes called), was the centre of a new movement in literature and philosophy, which took place during a time of national degradation.

In the course of the thirty years already reviewed (1770-1800)

literature had received its new impulses, first, from Königsberg, where Kant, Hamann, Hippel, and Herder resided; then from Strassburg, in the days when Herder and Goethe met there, and, next, from Weimar (1775–1800); but about the close of the eighteenth century, Weimar, though still famous as the residence of Wieland, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller, was surpassed in intellectual activity and innovation by its neighbour, the seat of learning on the Saale. The University which, before the time of Schiller's appointment there, had been (as we have noticed) notorious for the rudeness of the students, had been greatly improved by the liberal measures of Karl August and his minister Goethe, and, during Schiller's lifetime, literature was represented at Jena by such men as the brothers Schlegel, Tieck, and Novalis, and philosophy by Reinhold, Fichte, Wilhelm Humboldt, Schelling, Steffens, and Hegel.

Literary society lost dignity, but gained energy and freedom, when Jena was made the centre. The meetings of poetical and philosophical men which took place here (in the elder Schlegel's house) were genial, and included some amusing contrasts of character. There might be seen Fichte—a short, sturdy figure, with hair flowing on his shoulders—speaking imperiously, 'but often in urgent need of a louis d'or' (says Scherr), and sometimes dressed 'not better than a rag-picker.' No sharper contrast could be seen than when this philosopher seated himself beside Woltmann, the historian, who was almost a dandy, and wore a claret-coloured coat, with a blue satin vest and spotless snowy linen. In rather later years some romantic youths, in their endeavour 'to blend life with poetry,' resolved to abjure the use of tobacco; but this grand design was not realised at the time of which we write. Then, on the contrary, one of the cares of Wilhelm von Humboldt, while he stayed at Jena, was to preserve his best suit from the taint of that obnoxious herb. For this purpose (we are told) he generally wore, when he went to spend an evening with philosophers, an old and rusty coat 'which a barber would scorn to put on his back.' Among the poetical men and the philosophers who were assembled at Jena, there sometimes appeared a young man with luminous eyes, a round head, and a projecting brow. This was Schelling, who had recently published several essays containing the outlines of a new philosophy of nature. Whatever might be its intrinsic value, it had

remarkable power as a stimulant in several departments of study, changed the tone of controversy on some religious questions, and indirectly favoured the more important tendencies of a new school of poetry.

It may be asserted—but without any attempt to write precisely—that each of the systems of German philosophy had an ascendancy of about ten years. Kant ruled in 1780-90, and Fichte during the next decennium; in 1800–10 Schelling's theories (or intuitions) were predominant, and were followed by Solger's teaching. Hegel's system had to wait long before it gained (about 1820) the predominance which it retained until 1830 and later.

It was about the time (1799) when Fichte left Jena, and when Schelling began to rule there, that the ROMANTIC SCHOOL became prominent in literature, and it had assumed some importance before Schiller's death occurred.

The times were indeed gloomy when the enthusiastic men we have mentioned were assembled at Jena, and endeavoured to forget political degradation while they dreamed of new theories in philosophy, or of a new school of poetry in which 'all the picturesque life of the Middle Ages should be restored.'

These dreams at such a time might remind us of the men who wrote pastoral fantasias during the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, or of the amiable 'unknown philosopher,' Saint-Martin, who, during the French Revolution, occupied himself in the study of Böhme's theosophy; but the apparently hopeless state of political affairs may explain a retirement and quietism that was not altogether voluntary. What could poets or philosophers do at such a time?

Prussia was dismembered, and the spoliation of Germany was planned at Luneville; then followed the disaster at Austerlitz, and events were moving on rapidly towards the greater catastrophe at Jena in 1806.

However oppressive the conqueror's rule might be, thoughtful men knew well that there was stern justice, not on the side of the enemy, but in the punishment inflicted on Germany for its long and obstinate policy of self-division. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand,' and a merely military union, even though animated by no spirit higher than a national or a personal egoism, must prevail over disorganisation.

There was no true national life in Germany. This was too well understood by intelligent men. A disunion represented by numerous and envious particular interests had been an institution in Germany for at least two centuries, and how could its disastrous results be remedied in a lifetime?

The French, who had been fighting, in 1792, to extend a formal and external freedom, were fighting soon afterwards to extend such a mechanical and Oriental despotism as had hardly been heard of since the time of Xerxes; but they had a union, though one of the least durable character, and they were, of course, for some time victorious over a mere aggregate of factions. The 'house divided against itself' fell. It was in accordance with the law that governs the world; the greatest and the firmest union must win.

Prussia lost half its territory; a third part of Germany was reduced to a state of vassalage; the slavery of the *Rheinbund* was made more oppressive than ever, and the great minister, VOM STEIN, who had in his mind, and at his heart, grand projects for the deliverance of the nation from thraldom, was dismissed from office.

Napoleon I., in 1807, ruled, formally or virtually, over all Europe, excepting England and Turkey. His despotism was as minute and petty as it was extensive. Amid all his plans for the final degradation of Germany, he could find time to wage warfare against Madame de Staël. Palm, a bookseller at Nürnberg, had in his shop a few pamphlets complaining of the Corsican invasion (so it should be named, we think), and, though he had not sold a copy, he was shot in obedience to orders received directly from the emperor.

'I suppose,' said Napoleon, writing to his agent, 'you have arrested the booksellers at Augsburg and Nürnberg. It is my will that they should be tried by a court-martial and shot, and within the space of twenty-four hours.'

These were the times when (if we might believe all that Falk tells us) Goethe wept with indignation, and talked of wandering, as a ballad-singer, about the land, to complain of the wrongs endured by his friend, the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

Such political circumstances might, at first sight, condemn the men who were writing poetry or dreaming and speculating in 1800–7; but, in another point of view, the despair of their times

might serve as an apology even for the reveries of the Romantic School. They might well look back to past ages of a national existence and to such freedom as was enjoyed in mediæval times; for the present condition of things was intolerable, and of the future there seemed to be no hope.

Freedom was nowhere to be found, save in abstract thought, or in imaginative literature, and into these ideal regions men retreated.

Goethe, after Schiller's death, wrote, to beguile care, first novels, and then his autobiography. Wilhelm von Humboldt studied æsthetics and philology, while he waited for an opportunity of rendering service to the State. His brother was arranging the results of extensive explorations in tropical lands. Schelling endeavoured to animate with a new spirit the study of nature. The brothers Schlegel were engaged in the culture of 'the world's literature,' and called attention to the beauties of Spanish, Old French, and Hindoo poetry. Their friends Novalis and Tieck were dreaming of restoring to life and of uniting with modern culture the poetry and romance of the Hohenstaufen period. Hegel, who, at this time, had attracted the notice of Goethe and Schiller, was dissatisfied with the Sybilline and rhapsodical character of his friend Schelling's teaching, and was laboriously planning the outlines of the most comprehensive of all systems of philosophy. He had advanced as far as the conclusion of his 'Phenomenology of the Mind,' when the thunders of the French artillery were heard at Jena. Deprived of such scanty means of subsistence as Jena had afforded, he was then compelled to migrate to Bamberg, where he found employment as editor of 'The Mercury.'

Enough has been said of political circumstances to explain the fact that, the men associated under the name of the Romantic School expressed—though vaguely and under a disguise of fiction—the national spirit that, subsequently, more boldly asserted itself in the war of liberation. The poetical dreams and æsthetic theories of Tieck and the brothers Schlegel were followed by the patriotic orations of Fichte and the war-songs of Moritz Arndt and Theodor Körner. This sequence alone would give some importance to a school of fiction having tendencies that were mediæval but also national.

The term 'romantic,' as used by German critics and literary

historians, is generally equivalent to mediæval, but refers more particularly to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when the imaginative literature of the German people was partly borrowed from Provençal poetry. This borrowed literature consisted mostly, as we have seen, of romances founded on fantastic or extravagant adventures; hence the secondary meaning of the word 'romantic,' as commonly used by English writers. But, as we have already noticed (*ante*, Chapter V.), the term is used, with a more extensive meaning, so as to include the chief characteristics of art, poetry, and religion during the Middle Ages, and to place them in contrast with classic-antique art and literature.

The contrast intended to be expressed by the words classic and romantic is found not only in æsthetics, but also in practical life and in religion. The poetry and the sculpture of ancient Greece are the symbols of a life that, long ago, ceased to exist, except in history. The shrines of the Middle Ages are not yet utterly deserted, but remain as symbols of a religious life that has not yet passed away. On these facts August Wilhelm von Schlegel based an argument in favour of his own mediæval tendencies. It may be read in the book commonly ascribed to Madame de Staël. We cannot, he says, revive antique art and poetry; it is foreign, and can give rise only to cold imitations. Mediæval poetry is national, and belongs to our own soil, to our own history and our religion.

The eulogies of the Middle Ages that were written by the brothers Schlegel and their friends may be contrasted with the popular mediæval literature of which some account has been given in these outlines. That literature must not be altogether accepted as either fair or complete testimony; it was, no doubt, one-sided. There was something better than popular satires tell of in the times when the foundations of modern civilisation were laid; when such grand poems in stone as cathedrals, abbeys, and innumerable parish churches were constructed, and when the working-men of the guilds at Nürnberg and other places were accustomed to assemble after their day's labour, and to find solace in competitive versification on moral and religious subjects. There existed then some bonds of society that were stronger than gold.

But there are less pleasing parts in the story of those ages, and these the brothers Schlegel, Görres, and other writers of the

mediæval school left in the shade. They referred to the picturesque times of the Minnesingers. Why did they not go back a little farther—say to the last year of the eleventh century? They would then have encountered among all the 'romantic' events of the Crusades such a fact as the Storming of Jerusalem. Thus Von Raumer concludes his narration of that event:—'No dwelling-house was spared: grey-headed men, women, domestic servants, and children, were not merely slain, but barbarously mocked and tortured. Some were compelled to leap from towers; others were thrown from windows; children were torn from the bosoms of their mothers, and dashed against the walls. . . . Some victims were burned by slow fires; the bodies of others were cut open, because it was suspected that they had swallowed pieces of gold. Of 40,000 Saracens (or, as Oriental historians write, 70,000), there were not left enough to bury the dead. The meaner classes of pilgrims, therefore, assisted in the work of burial; while many piles of bodies were burned, partly to prevent the infection of the air, and partly because there was a hope of finding gold in their ashes.

'And now the work was done; and the host of pilgrims, fatigued with massacre and pillage, washed themselves, and marched in a long procession, with bare heads and feet, and chanting hymns of triumph, to the Church of the Resurrection. Here they were received by the clergy with great solemnity, and the highest homage was paid to Peter the Hermit, who, fifty years before, had promised aid to the Christian clergy in Jerusalem, and thus had kept his word.'

If it would have been inconvenient to the Schlegels and their friends to have travelled back much farther than to the Hohenstaufen times, to find the ideal Middle Ages, it would as little have served the Romantic School to have referred to numerous satires expressing the dualism of religious profession and practical life, and the strife of classes that prevailed in the period 1350-1525; or to have noticed such facts as 'burnings of the Jews in all the towns on the Rhine.'

There were good men and able teachers living in those ages; but culture was mostly confined to a few castes, religion was mostly an external institution, and, if the concurrent testimony of a host of witnesses is to be accepted, discontent was the spirit of the times. The expression will hardly seem too strong, if the

reader has made himself acquainted with the outlines of such popular literature as was circulated from the decline of chivalry to the era of the Reformation. Many writers in these ages—at least, many of those who wrote popular German literature—could find hardly anything to praise, or on which they could dwell with satisfaction. Everything they saw excited their serious displeasure or their satirical humour. Brandt, though far milder than many other satirists, thought that the world in his day was ready for a second deluge. Geiler, the popular preacher and one of the best men of the period, railed from the pulpit at the vices of his age, and by no means spared either the aristocracy or the highest authorities in the Church. It is more than probable that the compilers of such books as 'Parson Amis' and 'The Parson of Kalenberg' circulated some libels, but they were accepted as truth by thousands. Lastly, Thomas Murner appeared as an embodiment of satire—a polemic to be described only by his own pen.

It is true, there were some contented and conciliatory men who lived in these times; but they generally found rest only by turning their thoughts away from this world. If we had noticed the Latin literature of the period, we might have found, here and there, peace of mind in the cells of learned schoolmen; but it was abstract and intellectual, and implied a forgetfulness of the world with all its cares; by no means a real victory in which the laity might have a share.

This dualism, found nearly everywhere—between the Church and the State, the hierarchy and the laity, morality and sanctity, soul and body, heaven and earth—was reflected in poetry and romance. There is, after all that has been said in praise of 'brave and gentle knights,' hardly a single hero of mediæval romance who is as manly, self-mastering, and contented as the hero of the 'Odyssey.' The latter, it is true, expresses discontent when he is detained a prisoner on the island ruled by Calypso; but he is neither tired of the world, nor longing for any unearthly state of existence; he reasonably wishes to see his own realm, Ithaca, once more, and he is contented when he is again settled there.

This spirit of contentment breathed through old classic poetry may be contrasted with the vague longing of 'Parzival' in his quest of the mysterious 'Gral,' or with many of the lyrical poems

of Walther and his cotemporaries. Among all the Minnesingers who wrote on any serious subjects, we remember only one (Sonnenburg), who generally expresses himself as a man at rest in the world that is his dwelling-place.

It was the unrest and discontent of meditative minds in the Middle Ages that, by the force of contrast, gave an intense charm to the most perfect of all the subjects represented by Mediæval-Christian art—the Madonna. There was seen perfect love in perfect repose—an absolute union of divine and human love. No wonder that such a subject was so often repeated, and that it shed its beautiful light over so many churches, chapels, and walls of convents. But the harmony of this subject was unique; nothing to be compared with it is found in mediæval poetry.

The want of artistic unity in the romances of chivalry; their endless episodes and didactic or reflective passages; such traits as are found in Wolfram's 'Parzival,' where the author inserts autobiographical scraps and passing comments on his own eccentric style;—all these were so many expressions of a discontent and unrest strongly contrasted with the general tone of ancient art and poetry.

The contrast has been, sometimes, exaggerated; for neither in history nor in nature are the lines of demarcation drawn so strongly as in theory. There are classic passages to be found in mediæval art; but these exceptions may be allowed without denying that a profound difference exists between antique Grecian and Mediæval-Christian poetry. It is seen, at once, if we compare the most natural and truthful of all antique poems—the 'Odyssey' —with the 'Divina Commedia,' the poetic embodiment of the Middle Ages.

Union is the prevailing characteristic of the 'Odyssey.' Every adventure in the story is connected with the hero's return to Ithaca, and the treatment of the subject is throughout epic. In the 'Divina Commedia,' dramatic, epic, and lyric elements are mingled, according to the poet's will and pleasure, and philosophy and theology are called in to aid the poet in the expression of his thoughts.

The author of the 'Odyssey' was contented in his own world of poetry. There is no abstract theology and no philosophy to be found in Homer. He wrote no allegories, though critics afterwards treated as allegorical some of his stories. Dante's great

poem is certainly not to be called an allegory; but its meaning is, nevertheless, twofold. Beatrice is, at once, a saint and a symbol of theology, and several distinct departments of thought, and all the forms of poetry, are blended in this unique poem.

The contentment of the old Greek poet with the means of expression at his command is another mark by which he is distinguished from both mediæval and modern writers. He never complains that he cannot find words to tell us what he wishes to say; but nature and the language of the senses supply all the symbols he wants. A poet can hardly recede farther from the goal of art than when he confesses that he is unable to tell us exactly what he means. Yet this confession is found, not only in the poetry of the German Romantic School, but also in modern English poems.

This defect of utterance was praised by the romantic writers. The strangest of all their errors was a contempt of artistic forms. It can be understood how imaginative men found, here and there, in 'Parzival,' 'Titurel,' and other romances of chivalry, some half-expressed ideas more sentimental and interesting than those found in antique poetry; but it was not only the meaning of the romance that was commended; its want of definite and intelligible form was described as the expression of a freedom that was the soul of art! How this notion of æsthetic freedom was derived from Fichte's philosophy, the romantic writers must explain for themselves. Their doctrine of an arbitrary rejection of all the laws of form was, apparently, supported by Schelling's essay on Dante's 'Divina Commedia.' The critic described Dante as 'the high-priest of modern art,' and spoke of his great poem as 'a prophecy and a prefiguration of all modern poetry.'

Accepting these assertions as true, the romantic writers imagined that they were authorised by the great mediæval poet to neglect all the natural distinctions of lyrical, epic, and dramatic poetry, and, moreover, to confound poetry and prose, and to mingle imaginative with reflective writing. Errors and defects that had been inevitable in old times were recommended by Friedrich Schlegel's criticism, and 'irony' was described by him as a substitute for art. The mind of the poet or the artist, we are told, can find in the external world nothing better than a gross parody of divine ideas. A genius must therefore make his own world of imagination, and must govern it by his own laws.

An ironical tone (like that of Socrates when talking with his inferiors) is the grand characteristic of a genius, with regard to any materials that he may condescend to borrow from actual life, or the real world. This is Schlegel's 'irony.' Other critics have called it self-conceit.

The men of the Earlier Romantic School — including the brothers Schlegel, Wackenroder, Tieck, and Novalis—had three leading notions, which they expressed, on the whole, in a dreamy and fantastic style in their imaginative writings. They talked of uniting practical life with art and poetry, of restoring the catholicism of the Middle Ages, and of the culture of a 'romantic' as opposed to a classic or antique school of poetry and art. On the whole, it may be briefly asserted that their more important tendencies were mediæval and retrogressive, in politics, as in religion and literature. But their writings are by no means fully described by such general statements as these, which must be accepted as only prefatory to an analysis.

It can hardly be necessary to say that a class of writers having such tendencies as have been mentioned must have excited controversy. The brothers Schlegel, who were the chief critics and polemical writers of the school, began their literary careers by attacking not only the low literature of their times but also the rationalism (*Aufklärung*) to which we have already so often referred. One of the more important facts in the history of German literature is the frequent recurrence of a contest between rationalism, in one form or another, and all the tendencies that may (without any implied censure) be included under the title of modern mysticism. On the former side, we have clearness and simplicity in the few tenets maintained as founded on common sense; 'but the clearness,' says the elder Schlegel, 'is gained mostly by an arbitrary "clearing-away;"' or by putting out of sight ideas that have guided the progress of mankind. '*Aufklärung* ['clearing-up'] is,' says Schlegel, 'nothing more than *Abklärung* [a 'clearing-away'] of everything in history, in nature, or in man's conscience that cannot be very readily explained.' Rationalism, he asserts, does not seek for truth alone, but for a supposed utility; it makes a clear and definite understanding the final standard of truth, and dismisses as unworthy of notice all traditions and religious sentiments which, though described as destitute of any basis in reason, have exerted a powerful influence on the destinies of

mankind. In accordance with Schlegel's tendency, to assert the claims of tradition, of sentiment, and of imagination against the negations of rationalism, Steffens (another writer associated with the Romantic School) used an argument that may be mentioned here: 'How,' said he, 'can all the intuitions implied in the highest poetry of all ages be described as destitute of any true basis?'

Steffens, most probably, borrowed that thought from JOSEPH VON SCHELLING, whose writings are noticed here only with regard to their influence on general literature. One fair example of his attacks on rationalism is found in an essay written in 1806, in which he replies to the accusation of *Schwärmerei*, which had been preferred against him and his friends. The foreign word *Schwärmerei* would not be used here if a true equivalent could be found in English to express at once the two notions of fanaticism and proselytism. Schelling clearly explains the sense in which he uses the word:—'The blindest of all fanatics,' says he, 'are those whose zeal is purely negative. All that is truly positive occupies the mind and gives satisfaction; but men whose zeal is destructive find a vacancy in their own minds, and, therefore, must seek beyond themselves for objects on which they can employ their powers. Thus certain zealots for enlightenment may be described. What do they want? . . . . Generally speaking, nothing positive; they would only clear away [or destroy] all such things as religious superstition, with its monasteries and its images of saints. But what follows when the convents, with all their absurdities, have been put out of the way and have disappeared? The "enlightened" will then be left standing idle, and there will remain nothing better for them than that some detachment from their company should sacrifice itself for the good of the whole. Let them turn themselves into monks or saints, or something of that kind, so that there may be left for their friends something still to be destroyed.'

Schelling then goes on, rather vaguely, to confound extreme rationalists with iconoclasts and leaders of the peasantry in the sixteenth century. He then more fairly describes the arguments of his opponents as based on an exaggeration of some commonly accepted principles. 'Who would not,' he says, 'honour the modest self-limitation of an honest mind that finds in itself no calling to attempt any systematic study of things, but rests

quietly in its own moral convictions—such convictions as that the man who acts righteously has the Divine approbation; that the essence of all religions is included in morality, and that a plain, practical man may leave further study uncared for?

'But a man now comes forward with the reputation of a philosopher; a man distinct from and superior to the common people to whom he preaches their own doctrine, adding, however, his new commentary. This is to the effect that, if we think of the Supreme Being as more than the general idea of a universal moral law, we must be suspected as superstitious men or as idolaters. Can it be wondered at if the people, with all their good humour, call out to such a teacher, "Hold your tongue and come down; you are a miserable comforter, and know no more about it than we do, though you thus exalt yourself, and your discourse makes a noise like the waves of the sea"?'

The above passages may serve as examples of Schelling's declamatory power. But it was by his philosophy of nature and by the imaginative style of his lectures on that subject that he led young romantic writers into the recesses of poetical mysticism.

Nature and the Mind, said Schelling, are in their essence one. In Nature ideas are divided and become external and visible; in the Mind they return to union. The processes of Nature are so many ascending steps by which the Mind escapes from its subjection to external laws, recognises itself, and becomes conscious of its own freedom. Every phenomenon in Nature is the incorporation of an idea.

These doctrines, vaguely conceived by imaginative young men, led them to write as interpreters of a meaning concealed and revealed by the symbols of the external world. They gave, in their romantic stories, sentiments and thoughts to landscapes, heard tales of wonder told by running brooks and waterfalls, and described, or implied, reciprocal relations existing between man and the surrounding world.

The thought thus expressed in fantastic forms seemed new and bold, when pronounced as philosophy and written in prose; but in poetry it was far older than the times of Schelling. It is implied in Milton's words—

> The Mind is its own place.

When man first sinned 'the sky lowered,' says the writer of 'Paradise Lost.' Wordsworth speaks of—

> The human soul of universal earth
> Dreaming of things to come.

He might have derived the thought from Schelling, through Coleridge, who wrote the lines—

> We receive but what we give
> And in our life alone doth nature live;
> Ours is her wedding-garment; ours her shroud.

The Scottish peasant Burns, when he has to say farewell to 'the bonnie banks of Ayr,' makes the scenery reflect his own grief—

> The gloomy night is gathering fast,
> Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast.

But this is an accidental coincidence of which the poet makes use. His words by no means represent Schelling's doctrine. That it may be fairly stated, we quote a few passages from a dialogue (written in 1816–17) on 'The Connection of Nature with the World of Spirits.' It was, afterwards, entitled 'Clara,' and was published separately in 1862. The following passage shows that Schelling could view as credible the virtues ascribed to holy places and pilgrimages:—

'There is a peculiar and mysterious power' (said the physician) 'that dwells concealed in a locality. Certain tenets or views of the world are found indigenous in certain defined localities, and not only on large continents (as in the East) but in small districts and such as lie in the midst of regions inhabited by people of an alien creed. . . . Were not the ancient oracles confined to certain places? And may we not thence infer generally, that locality, in its relations with the higher [spiritual] life, is not such an indifferent thing as has been commonly supposed?'

The writer of the dialogue then proceeds to state his belief of a doctrine implied in a thousand superstitions, and often expressed, more or less distinctly, in poetry:—'How often should we be surprised to find (if we had not the confirmed habit of seeing only outward things) that the circumstances which we mistake for causes are merely means and conditions, and that—while we are little thinking of it—spirits are active around us, and ready to

lead us, either to good or to evil, according as we yield to the influence of one or the other.'

In another passage of the same dialogue, one of the speakers expresses, at least, a willingness to believe that certain regions are under the care of patron saints :—'May it not be assumed,' says Clara, 'that the souls of the men who have long had reverence paid to them in certain districts may, through the magic influence of faith, actually become the Guardian Spirits of those localities? I speak of the men who first brought into these forests the light of the faith, who first planted vines on these hills and corn in these valleys, and who were thus the authors of a more humanised life in regions previously wild and almost inaccessible—is it not natural, I say, that they should retain a permanent interest in the district which they brought to a state of culture and in the people whom they led to union in one faith?'

Schelling accepted, as we have seen, the intuitions of poetry and even the general doctrine implied in some old Catholic legends of saints. But he did far more than this. He asserted, in its widest generalisation, the theory of a sympathy of the Mind with Nature—a union which he describes in the following passages :—

'O Springtime, the season of aspiration! with what delight in life thou fillest the heart! On one side, the spiritual world is attracting us, and we feel assured that only in its closest bond of union can our true happiness be found. On the other hand, Nature, with her thousandfold witcheries, calls back our heart and our senses to her own external life. It is hard that neither the internal nor the external can fully satisfy our desires, and that the souls in which the two are united are so few. . . . A life purely spiritual cannot satisfy us; there is something in us that has a longing for reality. . . . As the thoughts of the artist can find no rest until he has embodied them in an external representation; as the man of genius, when inspired by an ideal, strives either to find it, or to reveal it in a bodily form; so the object of all our aspiration is to find in the perfect material the counterpart and the reflection of the perfect spiritual.' . . .

'It is the Springtime that has awakened in me this blossoming of thoughts and hopes. I see it clearly, and feel it deeply.—We are the children of Nature; we belong to her by our birth, and we can never be wholly separated from her, and if Nature does

not belong to God we also cannot belong to Him. . . . Not we alone aspire; but all Nature longs to return to the Source of her existence. True, she is now made subject to the law of externality. . . . But this firm structure of the world will, at last, be resolved into a spiritual life. . . . The divine fire that now lies imprisoned there will finally prevail, and will consume all that now exists only by means of a repression of Nature's true inner life.'

In an essay from which we have already quoted some passages, Schelling asserts that he was accused of coinciding with some of the doctrines of mystics whose works he had not read. If he had not, when he wrote this dialogue ('Clara'), studied the principal doctrines of Jacob Böhme, their agreement with the last of the above-quoted passages would be very remarkable. From one of Schelling's poems it might be inferred that, as early as 1800, he had read some works by the theosophist of Görlitz. To him must be ascribed the boldest enunciation of a thought that gave to Schelling's earlier lectures their mysterious charm and attraction.

A notion has so long prevailed (among some classes of English readers) of the negative character of all German philosophy, and of its tendency to destroy even the foundations of religion, that it is a duty to represent fairly speculations that might serve rather to encourage superstition than to spread unbelief.

The passages that have been quoted are not selections made to represent only the earlier doctrines of one speculative writer. Numerous passages might be referred to in the writings of Meyer, Schubert, and Baader, to show how prevalent was the doctrine expounded by Schelling, and how deeply rooted was the mysticism expressed in some fictions of the Romantic School.

'There is in Nature an ascending metempsychosis,' says Schubert, 'and an aspiration that man alone can fulfil.' It is with a reference to this view of his own doctrine that Schelling says, 'Teach a man what he is [as the minister and interpreter of Nature], and he will be what he ought to be.'

The most extraordinary of all expressions of such mysticism as we have described may be found, not in German, but in a French book ('Le Ministère de l'Homme-esprit'), by Louis-Claude de Saint-Martin, 'le philosophe inconnu,' as he was styled. He

thus describes 'the sun' as 'setting, every day, with grief,' on account of the ignorance and the sins of mankind:—

'Oui, Soleil sacré, c'est nous qui sommes la première cause de ton inquiétude et de ton agitation. Ton œil impatient ne cesse de parcourir successivement toutes les régions de la nature. Tu te lèves chaque jour pour chaque homme; tu te lèves joyeux dans l'espérance qu'ils vont te rendre cette épouse chérie, ou l'éternelle *Sophie*, dont tu es privé. Tu remplis ton cours journalier en la demandant à toute la terre avec des paroles ardentes où se peignent tes désirs dévorans. Mais le soir tu te couches dans l'affliction et dans les larmes, parce que tu as en vain cherché ton épouse; tu l'as en vain demandée à l'homme.'

For the ideas so enthusiastically expressed Saint-Martin was indebted to his study of Böhme's writings, from which Franz Baader also derived his doctrines. To conclude these statements respecting mysticism, it may be added, that Hegel, who has been described as an enemy to religion, spoke with the greatest respect of Böhme and of his disciple Baader. For proof of an assertion that may appear improbable, we refer to the preface to Hegel's second edition of his 'Encyclopædia.'

The speculations we have mentioned are now almost forgotten, or belong mostly to history. The modern, or, we might say, recent school of materialism in Germany—a school represented by such writers as Moleschott, Vogt, and Büchner—is utterly hostile to mysticism and religion, but also to everthing that was accepted as philosophical teaching before 1832. Vogt's teaching represents a contempt for everything called speculation or philosophy, and would confine us within the limits of the special physical sciences. The origin of the school to which he belongs should be sought in France, or in England, rather than in Germany, where, however, materialism is now boldly enough asserted. Such are the revolutions of opinions. A day may come when ideas and even sentiments may be again esteemed as more important than the things now exclusively called 'realities.'

For examples of the influence of speculation on imaginative literature we refer to the writings of one of Schelling's friends and disciples—HEINRICH STEFFENS, a Norwegian, who was born in 1773 and died in 1845. He was a man of versatile talents, and wrote, beside several scientific works to which we can only

refer, a series of imaginative stories, including 'Walseth and Leith,' 'The Four Norwegians,' and 'Malcolm.' They are defective as works of art, but may be commended for their originality and deep religious sentiment. The mysticism that led other men into the Roman Catholic Church led Steffens back to the Lutheran faith, from which he had wandered. He describes the process of his conversion in an interesting book, entitled, 'How I became a Lutheran once more,' which contains a remarkable argument in favour of the Christian religion.

Despite all the progress of science, says Steffens, a belief in the supernatural manifests itself everywhere as an irrepressible element in human nature. Though driven back, again and again, it always returns to the contest against exclusive physical science and rationalism. A thousand cases of supposed supernatural interference in the order of Nature have been found to be erroneous; still the belief in such events remains, and can be neither demonstrated nor refuted. There must be some ground for it, says Steffens. He then refers to the popular belief, or notion, that 'commotions or revolutions in human society have been frequently or generally attended with extraordinary phenomena in nature.' 'Everyone,' he says, 'must acknowledge the fact that man, as an individual, is intimately connected with the system of nature; that his existence, indeed, depends, as a part, on the whole to which it belongs. But we assert more than this. We maintain that history, as a whole, or as a total organisation of all human events and relations, and nature, or the external world, have always existed in mysterious and intimate union. And as man was ordained to be the regulative principle in nature, so when his influence has not been duly exercised, the restless and violent elements of nature have displayed their ascendancy. This assertion is founded on the general convictions of mankind, which remain even in the present age. . . . . That a general sentiment in accordance with our assertion has pervaded all nations, and that in every age of the world, during times of commotion in human society, the people have expected with dread some extraordinary or destructive movements in nature, is too well known to be denied.'

This belief in the supernatural, says Steffens, when left without control and guidance, must give rise to such terrors and superstitions as history tells of. It is, therefore, necessary that the vague

faith inherent in mankind should find its true object and should be confined within a system of religious doctrines, such as is found in Christianity.

As an example of this writer's powers in blending picturesque descriptions with mystical and highly imaginative reveries, we may notice an essay on the sources from which old Scandinavian and other popular legends were derived. Steffens is not a concise writer. We may, therefore, give rather a summary than a translation of some passages. Thus he speaks of some 'remnants of superstitious legends found in the more lonely and romantic districts of Denmark and Norway:—

'Tame scenery and tame animals, cultivated fields and educated minds, orderly, rectangular streets, and logical notions, are naturally found together, while, if we would discover any relics of the wild and beautiful fantasies of early times, we must turn aside from the abodes of civilisation, and wander among uncultured mountains and secluded valleys. These old legends arose in the days when rude Nature in her primeval mystery lay all around the haunts of men, while her phenomena sometimes excited terrors, and at other times inspired delight.

'Well might our ancestors, who had to contend for existence with the vast powers of nature, conceive of such adventures as combats with giants and genii; for such tales, indeed, were symbols of the condition of human society. The unmeasured forests wore a threatening aspect, and the wild animals which came out from their gloomy recesses sometimes seemed to be united in a league against mankind; rocks impended over the traveller in the narrow valley; loud waterfalls, with voices of thunder, proclaimed the power of nature, and few and feeble were the contrivances of art to relieve the gloom and mystery of long and stormy nights in winter.

'Such were the external circumstances favourable to the growth of a romantic imagination; and we may also observe that the feelings of men, not yet softened and relaxed by ease and indulgence, were more intense in hope, or fear, or joy, than we can expect to find them in highly-civilised society. But with stern and strong feelings, our Scandinavian ancestors united some gentle virtues. Resignation to want and suffering was often found connected with courage and energy in the hour of peril. . . .

'Amid my researches in natural history, I had always a great curiosity in exploring what I may call the physiognomy of the legends of various districts, or, in other words, the resemblance which these legends bear to the natural scenery amid which they had their birth. Various districts are marked by the prevalence of various kinds of plants and grasses; granite, limestone, and other rocks give peculiar formations to chasms, hills, and valleys, and these distinctions affect the varieties of trees. The effects of light and shade in the morning and the evening, the aspects of waters, and tones of waterfalls, are various in various districts. And, as I have often imagined, the natural characteristics of a district may be recognised in its legends.

'I know no better instances to support my supposition than such as may be found on the northern side of the Hartz Mountains, where a marked difference may be noted between the legends of the granite district and those of a neighbouring district of slate-rocks. The old stories that may be collected between the Ilse and the Ocker differ in their colouring from the tales preserved among the peasantry in Budethal or Selkethal; while the legend of Hans Heiling in Bohemia is a genuine production of a granite district.

'Seeland, the island-home of my childhood, is, on the whole, a level country, and only here and there hilly; but in some parts it can show prospects of surpassing beauty. The hills are rounded with an indescribable gracefulness; there is a charm in the fresh greenness of the pastures; the beech-woods have an imposing and venerable aspect; the sea winds its arms about amid the verdure of these woodland solitudes, and lakes of silver brightness lie encircled by graceful trees. The leaves rustling, brooks murmuring, the sounds of many insects, the plaintive notes of birds, and the gentle plashing of waves upon the lonely shore, are the only sounds which break the silence. While I write of such a scene, I feel a longing to return to the quiet home of my childhood. In such a solitude I have sometimes felt as if I had approached the sacred resting-place of one of the old northern deities, and have almost feared lest I should disturb his long sleep. Here is the hiding-place of the old legends, and in such a solitude we still may feel their power. When twilight gathers over woods, lakes, and pastures, we may see once more the

phantom-ships, guided by departed spirits of the olden times, sailing among the green islands; we may hear the melancholy dirges for fallen heroes, or the plaintive song of the forsaken maid; and when the storm is bending all the boughs of the beech-wood, we may hear, blended in the gale, the loud cries of the wild huntsman and his followers.'

CHAPTER XXV.

SEVENTH PERIOD. 1770–1830.

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL (*continued*).

THE EARLIER ROMANTIC SCHOOL included the brothers Schlegel (as critics), Wackenroder, an enthusiastic writer on art, Tieck, the poet of the school, and Novalis, who was called its 'prophet.' The LATER ROMANTIC SCHOOL is represented by Fouqué, Arnim, Clemens Brentano, and Eichendorff; all writers of prose romances.

The writings of the brothers Schlegel served greatly to extend the culture of universal literature which Herder had introduced. The elder brother, AUGUST WILHELM VON SCHLEGEL (1767–1846), first acquired fame by some specimens of a 'Translation of Dante,' and, soon afterwards, commenced a 'Translation of Shakspeare.' At Jena he was united with his brother in the production of a critical journal, 'The Athenæum' (1798), and in writing a series of 'Characteristics and Critiques' (1801). He issued a translation of 'Calderon's Dramas' in 1803, and 'Garlands of Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese Poetry,' in 1804. His Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature were given in Vienna in 1808. Subsequently he devoted his studies with enthusiasm to Oriental, and especially Sanscrit literature.

In all these writings August von Schlegel displayed a mind endowed rather with comprehensive intelligence than with original creative genius. He was a genial interpreter or translator, and, when prejudice did not obscure his views, an excellent critic, as may be seen in his reviews of several of Goethe's poems. As we have already said, the merits of Madame de Staël's work on German Literature must be partly ascribed to her friend, A. von Schlegel.

His poems are, by no means deficient in elegant diction, but may be thus briefly referred to; as they are not remarkable for originality. 'Ion,' a drama written by the elder Schlegel, was a failure, like the tragedy of 'Alarcos,' written by his brother. Goethe, as director of the Weimar theatre, had long ruled there with success, but his authority was defied when he introduced 'Alarcos' on the stage. The play was received with derision, and Goethe's loud and commanding call—'No laughing there!'—was quite ineffectual. The chief innovation in the elder Schlegel's criticism is indicated by the facts, that he lavished enthusiastic praises on Calderon and depreciated Molière. A partial translation of Shakspeare must be named as one of the best services rendered to literature by A. W. von Schlegel, who translated seventeen plays. The work was completed under Tieck's editorship.

August von Schlegel received, during the earlier years of his career, considerable literary assistance from his wife, Caroline (1763–1809), whose correspondence (first published in 1871) is an interesting contribution to the literary history of her times. She was the daughter of the theologian Michaelis. After her marriage with Schlegel she often presided over social and literary reunions at Jena and wrote both criticism and controversy. In the latter she ventured to attack Schiller, and described his character as 'too pathetic.' Her union with A. von Schlegel was terminated by an amicable divorce, and she afterwards married the philosopher Schelling, who was twelve years younger than herself.

Karl Wilhelm Friedrich von Schlegel, the younger brother, (1772–1829) gained a reputation by a 'History of the Poetry of the Greeks and the Romans,' 1798, and in the following year wrote the notorious romance 'Lucinde,' the tendency of which is directly opposed to the institution of marriage. This publication, which brought great discredit on the Romantic School, should not be mentioned as representative of the general tendency of other writers associated with that school. In 1808 Friedrich von Schlegel went over to the Roman Catholic Church, and, subsequently, his lectures and writings were intended to advocate, more or less directly, the faith which he had embraced.

His views in favour of Roman Catholicism may be found in his treatise 'On the Wisdom of the Hindoos,' as well as in the 'History of Ancient and Modern Literature.' His lectures on the 'Philosophy of History' were written with religious and political

purposes, to which he sometimes sacrificed a fair statement of facts. The best argument contained in these lectures is that which exposes the danger of 'negative' reformation; or, in other words, the inexpediency of destroying old institutions before new ideas are prepared to develope themselves in consistency with the order of society. In the 'History of Ancient and Modern Literature' (1811–12) the author describes its development in connection with the social and religious institutions of various nations and periods. The history of the world of books is thus represented as no pedantic study, but as one intimately connected with the best interests of humanity. The design was noble, though its execution was disfigured by prejudices, as the following summary may prove:—

The first and second lectures are devoted to Grecian poetry, history, and philosophy; but the historian, instead of giving a clear view of these rich departments of ancient literature, wanders into digressions on religious and other topics. In the third and fourth lectures, the imitative character of Roman poetry is exposed, and the oratory and the historical writings of the Romans are described as the most favourable exhibitions of their intellectual character. The fifth lecture gives an account of the ancient literature of the Hindoos. The seventh and eighth describe the poetry of the Germans during the Middle Ages, and the ninth the progress of Italian literature during the same time. In the tenth lecture Schlegel expresses his censures on the character of Luther, and then proceeds to place in contrast with each other the poetry of Catholic countries and the imaginative works produced after the Reformation. He praises very highly Calderon and Camoens, and ascribes the wealth of poetical genius found in Spenser and Shakspeare to the influence of the Roman Catholic faith still remaining in England during the Elizabethan age. Where facts are apparently favourable to the author's theory, he exaggerates their importance, as when he ascribes the French Revolution to the theories of rationalists, and neglects to describe fairly their historical antecedents. On the whole, it may be said that these lectures, while containing abundant proofs of the writer's great capacity and extensive learning, must be viewed as the arguments of an advocate. The brothers Schlegel provoked opposition by writing in a controversial tone; and, on the other side, it may be noticed that some of the severest censures of the younger Schlegel's

writings were rather polemical than fairly critical. The errors of his earlier life were not exclusive characteristics of the school to which he belonged. His poems can hardly be described as original or powerful. The epic 'Roland' and the tragedy 'Alarcos' are, however, far inferior to his lyrical poems, which include some genial expressions of national enthusiasm. It should not be forgotten that the Schlegels and their associates, with all their eccentricities, gave new interest and a national tendency to literary history.

It must not be imagined that all the literary associates of the Schlegels borrowed ideas from them. On the contrary, with regard to the depth and sincerity of his convictions, the author of the mediæval romance *Heinrich von Ofterdingen* might be placed at the head of the school to which he belonged. The tendencies mentioned in the preceding chapter were all united in this young author, who called himself Novalis, though his proper name was FRIEDRICH VON HARDENBERG. He was born in 1772. After residing for some time at Jena, he went through a course of study in the mining-school at Freiberg, and prepared himself for the duties of practical life. He was hardly thirty years old when he died. His mind, like his physical constitution, was sensitive and delicate, and it may be said that his life in this world was mostly spent in meditation on another world. He dreamed of a church that would unite all men as one family, and of a faith that would have for its symbols both art and practical life. He was not content with the internal vision, but, seeking for its realisation on earth, he imagined that he had found it in the Roman Catholic church of the Middle Ages. He described that church as the only centre from which a religious life could diffuse its influence through society. To find peace for nations as well as for individuals, we must return, said Novalis, to mediæval institutions. In his unfinished romance, *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, he endeavoured to treat the common events of this life as symbols of a higher life, and in his 'Hymns to Night' he wrote of the vague longings or aspirations of the soul as higher and truer than all science and philosophy.

The poetry written by Novalis belongs only in part to the school of which he was styled 'the prophet.' Several of his hymns should be noticed as true and melodious expressions of pious feeling, and they are perfectly free from sectarian narrowness.

The gentleness, sincerity, and piety of this young enthusiast tended to make critics blind to the defects of his writings.

One idea—the consecration of art to the service of religion—may be said to be the substance of all the tales and essays written by another enthusiast, Wilhelm Heinrich Wackenroder, who, like Novalis, died at a premature age.

The romantic and enthusiastic students associated with the Schlegels at Jena (in 1799-1800) believed that they had found a great poet in Ludwig Tieck. He was born at Berlin in 1773, and studied at Göttingen and Erlangen. His early writings gave proof of an exuberant imaginative power and of some depth of feeling, but expressed also a dislike of restraint that made him too ready to accept Friedrich Schlegel's doctrine of art and poetry. A neglect of classical forms might, it was said, be regarded as a proof of original genius. Accepting this teaching, Tieck developed in his (so-called) dramas, *Genoveva* and *Kaiser Octavianus*, the principles advocated by the Romantic School.

If his physical health had befriended his genius, Tieck might, perhaps, have been known as one of the greatest actors of his times. His powers of poetic improvisation were extraordinary and, even in his later years, his reading of dramatic poetry could hold the attention of his audience as if they were bound by a spell. 'When he read,' says Eckermann—referring to Tieck's reading of Goethe's *Clavigo*—'it seemed as if I heard it from the stage, only better; every character and situation was more perfectly felt; it produced the impression of a theatrical representation in which each part is well performed.'

Steffens tells how Tieck could, for the amusement of his select friends, extemporise and perform, as a solo, a farce introducing half a dozen characters and including as their chief an ourang-outang. The last-named character was represented as a sentimental admirer of Kotzebue's dramas.

The extreme versatility which his friends admired was unfavourable to the artistic culture of Tieck's talents. Studies of old German literature and of the English Elizabethan drama, the assistance given in a translation of Shakspeare, and numerous contributions to poetical and dramatic criticism, must all be added to a long list of works of fiction, in order to represent the literary industry of Tieck during a career which was frequently interrupted by a painful physical malady. He died in 1853.

Variety without harmony is the general impression left after reading many of Tieck's poems and prose-fictions. In his early life he derived from his study of Wackenroder's tales an impression that art and literature should be more than playthings for adult children. Thus he wrote (in 1799) of 'The Seductive Character of Art':—'Surely it is a noble endeavour in man to create a work of art, transcending all the low and common utilities of life—a work independent, complete in itself, subservient to no utilitarian purpose—a beautiful object shining in its own splendour. The instinct to produce such a work seems to point more directly to a higher world than any other impulse of our nature. . . . And yet this beautiful art is a seductive and forbidden fruit; and he who has once been intoxicated with its sweetness, may be regarded as a lost man in practical life. He becomes more and more absorbed in his own internal pleasures, and at length finds that he has no heart to feel, no hand to labour for his fellow-men. . . . I am shocked when I reflect on my whole life devoted to the luxury of music! Here I have sat, a self-indulging hermit, drawing sensations of sweetness from harmonious tones. . . . I cannot avoid knowing that thousands are suffering under as many varieties of affliction: I know that every vibration of the pendulum is like the stroke of a sword for some fellow-creature, and that the world is crying loudly for all possible help—and still here I sit, amusing myself with luxurious music, as carelessly as a child playing with bubbles; as if I knew nothing of the earnestness either of the life around me or the death that awaits me. . . . Here is evidently a seductive poison in the apparently innocent love of art. . . . In striving to be an artist, I may become like a theatrical hero, who fancies his stage to be the real world, looks on the world round his theatre as a very dull place, and only regards the actions and sorrows of mankind as crude materials out of which dramas may be manufactured.'

It can hardly be said that Tieck wrote, afterwards, in accordance with these sentiments. His notions of a union of art and poetry with social life were mostly dreamy and romantic. His *Genoveva* and *Kaiser Octavianus* were both intended as representations of the chivalry, the piety, and the domestic virtues that flourished, we are told, in Germany and elsewhere during the Middle Ages; or rather in such selected times and places as Tieck and his friends might wish to refer to.

The beautiful old legend of *Genoveva*—one of the best of all the old popular legends—is used by Tieck as a cord upon which to suspend a series of pictures of life, religion and poetry as he imagines them to have existed in mediæval times. One fact that makes the poet's enthusiasm more remarkable, is that he was well acquainted with some sections of mediæval literature. He had read and studied the *Minnelieder* and Ulrich von Lichtenstein's didactic book (*Itwitz*), which describes the refinements of chivalrous manners as having become obsolete as early as the thirteenth century.

The two romantic dramas *Kaiser Octavianus* and *Fortunatus* contain some beautiful passages, but they want unity. Their neglect of laws of art is the most inexcusable of all the errors of the Romantic School. Granted that the chivalry, the mystic or imaginative religion, and the social and monastic life of the Middle Ages supply the best materials for modern poetry—it still remains true, that the character of a drama is distinct from that of an epic, and that every poem should have a beginning, a middle, and a conclusion.

The best of Tieck's shorter poetical tales are found in his *Phantasus* (1812–17), a delightful book for readers not too old or too logical to enjoy the dreamy poetry of solitary forests and woodlands haunted by fairies. Several old and popular myths and legends—such as 'True Eckart' and 'Tannhäuser'—are here connected by a series of dialogues in which the author's notions of æsthetic criticism are given. These conversations serve also as examples of a style of writing in which Tieck excels.

The story of 'The Love-charm' is quite unworthy of a place in the book. On the other hand, 'True Eckart' may be noticed as an example of the author's happy treatment of old popular legends. The ethical character of the story is so noble that the charm of the original may not all be lost even in a summary, which is all that our space will allow. It may be observed that Tieck departs widely from the oldest story of Eckart (as given in the *Vilkini-saga*); but in doing this he has made more complete the character of the hero, who might be called the personification of loyalty.

Eckart, we are told, was the greatest hero employed in the service of the Duke of Burgundy, whose life he had saved. The result of this and other important services was that the hero became the most powerful man in the state, and stood next to the

throne. His enemies then plotted and represented that he wished to make himself master of the whole realm, and that he had already gained the favour of a majority of the people. The duke's jealousy was excited by slanders; but—fearing to attack Eckart himself—he listened too willingly to a false accusation of treason preferred against two of the hero's sons, who were seized and confined in one of the ducal castles. Their elder brother had already fallen on the battle-field, where the duke's life had been saved by Eckart. His third surviving son, Conrad, having boldly demanded that his brothers should be liberated, was also accused of treason, and, shortly afterwards, the three sons of Eckart were put to death.

'When he heard that his sons were slain, he was so torn with grief and rage, that he lost his senses. He left his fortress, and wandered into a vast wood, where he roamed about like a wild beast, and satisfied his hunger with roots and herbs. When sometimes light broke in upon his mind, and he remembered the death of his children, he tore his gray hair from his head, and cried aloud, "My sons! my sons!" . . . . Meanwhile the duke was uneasy when he heard that Eckart had escaped, and that no man knew his hiding-place. One morning all the duke's followers and huntsmen were summoned to go in many parties, to explore the forest and all the neighbouring hills, and Burgundy, attended by his squire, rode at the head of one party. The day was spent in endeavours to find Eckart; but the duke would not leave the forest even when the sun was going down, for he said that he could not sleep securely in his castle until the traitor Eckart was found and imprisoned. . . .

'After sunset the sky was overclouded, and a black thunderstorm lowered over the wood; the wind howled among the trees, the rain fell fast, and lightnings glittered among the branches of the oaks. The duke rode as fast as he could through the twilight, and lost himself in the heart of the forest, while the squire lost all trace of his master. And now the exhausted steed which carried Burgundy stumbled over a fallen oak and was lamed, while all the huntsmen and followers were far beyond the sound of their master's cries. He called loudly for help, until his voice failed, and he was faint and despairing, when a tall old man, with long gray hair, made his way through a thicket, and—coming near the duke—stood and gazed earnestly upon him. Burgundy prayed

the stranger to show pity, and to guide him out of the wood; but the old man drew his sword, and raised it over the head of the trembling duke. In another moment the sword was put back into its sheath, the stranger grasped the hand of Burgundy, and led him along until he fell to the ground exhausted with fatigue and terror; then the old man lifted his companion and carried him. They had proceeded some distance in this way, when the squire found them, and gave his assistance. He climbed to the top of a lofty fir-tree, and was glad to discover the light of a cottage twinkling not very far off. Having descended, he pointed out the way to the skirts of the forest, while the old man, still carrying Burgundy, followed but spoke not a word. . . . When they had entered the cottage, the stranger relieved himself of his burden, and gently placed the duke in a recumbent position. Then the old man stepped to the shaded side of the room where his features were hidden. "I feel assured," said Burgundy, "that I shall not long survive this night of terror; and now, old man, step forward, and let me see your face, that I may reward you for your service. You have saved my life, though, at first, you drew your sword against me. I know not why you did that; but I know that one man (if still living) might have justly slain me—for I slew his three sons!"

'The old man stepped out from the corner and stood in the light, so that his face was clearly seen; but he spoke not a word. The duke gazed upon that sorrowful face and recognised the features; then, trembling and kneeling, he exclaimed:—"Can it be possible, that I owe my life to the man whom I made childless?"

'"Say no more!" said the old man; "it is enough. You know now that Eckart is true."'

Several stories of the class to which 'True Eckart' belongs—and such as 'Fair Eckbert,' 'The Runenberg,' and *Die Elfen*—make 'Phantasus' a book that may still be read with pleasure by those who care nothing for the romantic theory of poetry.

In 1819, or soon after a visit to London, (where he collected materials for the study of English dramatic literature) Tieck deserted the Romantic School, and began to write novels founded on real life. The change was accepted by some as an improvement, but there were other readers who thought that fairies, dreaming or half-intelligent trees and wild flowers, enchanted

birds, and even the witches, young and old, to which we were introduced by 'Phantasus,' were better than Tieck's additions to the pile of historical (?) novels and romances.

In his *Dichterleben* ('Lives of Poets') Tieck is presumptuous enough to introduce us to —— Shakspeare! Some of the dialogues in this audacious novel are clever and the style is good of its kind; but these subordinate merits can hardly make amends for the writer's error in the choice of a subject. There is, however, one trait for which Tieck deserves credit—he represents the greatest of all dramatic writers as a modest young man. Shakspeare, who is a lawyer's clerk (as Tieck supposes), goes, in company with his theatrical friends, Kit Marlowe and Robert Greene, to consult a fortune-telling astrologer, who, by means of a pack of cards, can predict future events. The seer's prediction that the unassuming lawyer's clerk will, some day, be more celebrated than his friends, excites Marlowe's loud, derisive laughter, which however betrays some vexation.

'"By Saint George!" exclaimed Marlowe—striking his fist upon the table so as to make all the cards dance about—"but the prophet has made a rare, absurd guess at last!—What say you to it, Mr. Clerk?"—This is addressed to Shakspeare. . . . "Why, you are an idiot; a miserable old imbecile!" Marlowe continued, turning to the astrologer, "and we are still greater fools, to come here and pay money for such low, commonplace imposition as this! However, I will take care to let the stupid public know how grossly you cheat them. You have fairly exposed yourself now, you old necromancer!"

'"Blind and arrogant man!" said the magician indignantly—putting on his cap and assuming a commanding attitude—"say just what you please!—You have drawn the bolt from my lips, and have allowed words to escape that I intended to retain as prisoners in my own breast, lest they should blanch your cheeks and quench that brightness in your eyes. What care I for your fame and your perishable works?—your own life will be of still shorter duration. . . . Not a month, not a week will pass before you are snatched away by a violent death!" . . . .

'Both Greene and Marlowe were pale and meditative when they walked down the stairs and crossed the court leading into the street, now dim in the twilight. . . .

'"Put away all that nonsense out of your head, my friend," said Marlowe to Greene. . . .

'"You are yourself more disturbed," said Greene, "than I have ever seen you before."'

This novel was recommended by lively dialogues and by such portraitures of English life as many readers accepted for truth. Success induced the author to write his 'Poet's Death,' a tragic novel founded on the more romantic incidents in the life of Camoens.

Several other novels produced by Tieck after he had left the Romantic School were more or less intended to express special tendencies. In 'The Young Master-Joiner' he wrote vaguely of the elevation of the working classes, and in *Vittoria Accorombona* (one of the worst of all his novels) he suggested 'the emancipation of women.'

The unfinished novel *Der Aufruhr in den Cevennen* ('The Insurrection in the Cevennes') meddled with subjects better left alone by writers of fiction, who, in their 'religious novels,' succeed too often in making religion seem fictitious. Tieck fails to make a clear distinction between the religion long cherished by the Cevennes people and the stern fanaticism to which they were excited by Louis XIV. and his 'dragonnades.'

One of the more remarkable parts of the story describes the conversion of a spy who, disguised as a peasant, has entered one of the secret Camisard conventicles. There is some graphic power in Tieck's descriptions of scenery in this part of the story; but the good taste of introducing such a subject as personal religion in a work of fiction may be questioned, and the account given of the so-called 'conversion' of the spy is theatrical and shallow, though it was probably intended to be reverent. Thus the spy describes his visit to the conventicle:—

'As we advanced further among the hills, there passed us—going stealthily along the narrow footpath—several dimly-seen figures. Following them, we arrived, after a two miles' walk, at a solitary barn-like shed. They knocked at the door, and it was opened. I cannot describe the sensation with which I entered, to play my part as one of this assembly of fanatical peasants. I felt a shudder of horror pass, at once, through soul and body. Some were kneeling; others were standing. I took my place among the latter, and endeavoured to imitate their demeanour, so

as to avoid detection. All, for a time, went on quietly. Every eye was fixed upon the ground, and only a few aged women interrupted the silence by their muttering of psalms; but, suddenly, a boy of about eight years old fell to the ground and struggled as in convulsions. My feeling of aversion was at its height; for I was now an eye-witness of that gross fanaticism of which the mere description had so long offended my reason.'

The conversion that so soon follows aversion has no sufficient psychological motives, but seems to have been physical, or, at the best, imaginative, and by no means deep and true. It is followed by an excitement thus described:—

'The assembly broke up, and the worshippers went forth to find their ways to their several places of abode. . . .

'I followed them, and—like one introduced to a new world—returned down the valley and plunged into the densest part of the forest. "What is Nature?" I had often asked, when, in a fit of imaginative inspiration, I had roamed far among wooded hills and green valleys, decked in all the lights and shades of morning, or fanned by the light wind, and breathing a charm to lull the heart in soothing dreams. Now I could understand the deep voice of lamentation in the forest, on the mountain, and in the murmuring stream. I could hear and understand it now as the voice of the Eternal Himself uttering His sympathy with all His creatures. His voice seemed sounding from every wave of the river, and whispering from every leaf and twig of the forest. All things around me seemed to rebuke me for my past, cold, unbelieving, and indolent existence. I thought, at once, of the past and of the future. Every thought was a prayer, and my heart was melted down to one feeling of devotion. I plunged into the deepes recesses of the wood, and gave free vent to my tears.' . . .

This excitement subsides, and the new convert is described a wandering on until he reaches a desolate landscape, where no tree, not even a shrub, casts a shade all around. There is scarcely a patch of grass on the dry, white soil of limestone; as far as the eye can travel, solitary blocks or massive groups of limestone are seen, some splintered by frost, so as to resemble rudely forms of men, cattle, and houses. It is a confusing and wearisome prospect of bare shingle on the mountain-side, and far down below lies a gloomy and lonesome little town. 'Here,' says the visitor to the Camisards, 'I lay down in weariness and gazed around me on the

scene of desolation and upwards on the dark-blue sky. A strange change of thoughts and feelings came upon me here. I cannot, in any words I know, express how entirely, how suddenly, every sentiment of belief, every noble, inspiring thought, vanished—died away—and left me utterly disconsolate. I cannot tell you how Nature, the whole creation, and man, its greatest problem, with all his marvellous powers and all his weakness and pitiable dependence on these external elements were changed for me; how hopeless and dreary, nay, how absurd and contemptible all things now appeared to me—to me who had so lately seen all things in a new, celestial light!—I could not repress my scorn—I could not control myself; but gave vent to a cynical, despairing laugh at the whole world, as I now saw it. There was no immortal soul, nothing but absurdity, objectless existence, and miserable delusion in all that creeps, swims, or flies, and, most of all, in this head of mine (the crown of the visible creation, forsooth!) that thinks and mourns, and, at intervals, must condescend to the lowly necessity of eating, to support this wretchedness called life. Oh let me bury such morbid thoughts in silence! Annihilation—dead, cold negation—seemed to me better than all the sum of being. Faith and hope and my whole inner life were, for the time, extinguished, and long and difficult was my return to the cheerful, breathing world.'

These passages have been referred to as dramatic and powerful; but they are mostly theatrical, and convey a shallow notion of religious sentiments. Feelings and convictions that are worthy to be called spiritual are not liable to be changed by a physical accident like this of wandering out of a wood into a mountain-limestone district, however barren and lonesome it may appear. This story of the Camisards, though admired by many readers, was judiciously left unfinished.

Tieck's imaginative powers were far greater than any possessed by his friends the Schlegels, and his influence on the poetic literature of his times was important. His romantic friends described him as 'the rival of Goethe.'

The fictions of Tieck and his friends were all sober and practical when compared with the *diablerie* written by Hoffmann, who, in the order of time, precedes the writers of the Later Romantic School. It is only fair to them to say that they are not represented by the author of the 'Night Pieces,' and other tales of the

same character. But on account of his fantastic style and the merits of such a story as 'Master Martin,' he may be named here in association with the later romantic authors. The error of describing him as a follower of Jean Paul hardly needs a word to refute it. As we have seen, Jean Paul has often a good meaning which he is pleased to express in a rococo manner, while Hoffmann has delight in the excesses of a morbid imagination. His works had in their day a considerable popularity in Germany, and some influence on cotemporary French literature.

Ernst Theodor Wilhelm Hoffmann (who styled himself Amadeus Hoffmann) was born at Königsberg in 1776. He studied law, and held several inferior offices under government until 1806, when war deprived him of his means of subsistence. He was afterwards engaged as music-director at Bamberg, and in connection with the theatres at Dresden and Leipzig, but found timo to write many grotesque and horrible fictions and some stories of a better description. He died in 1822.

His 'Fantastic Pieces in Callot's Manner' belong to the grotesque department, but include one good fiction—'The Story of the Golden Pot.' Other clever pieces—such as the shorter novels 'Master Martin,' 'Fräulein von Scudery,' and the 'Doge und Dogaressa'—may be found in a series of tales entitled 'The Brothers of Serapion.' Jean Paul said—with reference to such dreams as are found in the 'Night-Pieces'—that 'belladonna' (deadly night-shade) 'was Hoffmann's muse,' and the criticism may be applied to several other wild fictions that may be left unnamed.

Hoffmann had versatile talents. He composed music, drew some clever caricatures of Napoleon, and wrote musical criticisms in a rhapsodical style that was too often imitated. His audacity in narrating as facts the most marvellous adventures is his chief trait, and he does not condescend to give explanations according to the method of Mrs. Radcliffe. One of his more sober stories may be noticed to show something of his manner.

In the tale here abridged Hoffmann describes, in a lively style, an adventure in Berlin. The writer of the story, strolling in the *Thiergarten*, was listening to some indifferent music, when his attention was attracted to a stranger—a tall old gentleman, who spoke disrespectfully of the Berlin opera, and particularly of the performance of Gluck's music. After some conversation with the

stranger (who has a highly intellectual expression when he talks of music), the author receives an invitation, and pays a visit to an obscure part of Berlin, where the old man has his lodgings. It soon becomes evident that the critic who condemns the Berlin opera knows something of music.

'I shall now give you,' said the old gentleman, 'some notion of the style in which Gluck's music ought to be played.'

So saying, he opened a pianoforte and a music-book, which was labelled on the back as if it contained the opera 'Armida.' There was, in fact, nothing in the volume except blank paper. 'You will please turn over the pages for me,' said the stranger, and the author obeyed.

'Now comes the overture!' said the old man, and immediately began to play in a masterly style the introduction. Almost every note was exactly correct according to the best edition of the opera. In the following *Allegro* the leading subjects were given, with several genial variations and bold modulations that excited wonder. The face of the player glowed with enthusiasm; his features assumed now a stern expression, then an air of sadness, and while he played, as if from the full score, his voice would imitate, now and then, the low muttering of the drums. At the close of the overture, he leaned back in the chair, closed his eyes, and rested a few moments.

'Now,' said he, 'we will have Armida's grand *scena.*' Then he sang, now in low, then in high and thrilling tones. Love, hate, despair, and madness, all were expressed with intense feeling. His voice seemed to have recovered all its youthful qualities. 'I trembled,' says the writer, 'while he was singing, and, when he ended, I exclaimed, "What can this mean?—Who are you?"

'He arose and looked at me with an earnest expression; then took up the candle and walked out of the room. I had been left in the dark about a quarter of an hour, when the door was opened. There stood a tall figure richly dressed as for attendance at Court, and with a small sword at his side. He held the lighted candle in his hand. I stood dumb with amazement. He stepped towards me, grasped my hand gently, and said, with a peculiar smile, "I am the Ritter—GLUCK."'

This adventure, Hoffmann assures us, took place at Berlin in 1809. We may add that the composer Gluck died at Vienna in 1787. The difficulty suggested by these dates is, however, a trifle when

compared with the wonders that in other stories are found mixed with a dry statement of facts in every-day life and with the coldest and most sceptical reflections. But enough of a class of fictions that were once more popular than any of the romances of better tendency which we have still to notice.

Tieck, Brentano, Arnim, Fouqué, and Hoffmann might all be classed together as writers of romances in which will be found a fantastic mixture of scenes from real life with grotesque or visionary adventures. But Hoffmann stands almost alone as a fantastic dreamer, and it would be erroneous to confuse with his morbid stories such romances as were written by FRIEDRICH BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ (1777-1843), a romancist whose early popularity was revived in recent years by the influence of the English author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe.' A good meaning is often expressed by means of a fantastic narrative in Fouqué's best fictions, and his wildest dreams have sometimes a clear interpretation. He leads his readers through enchanted forests and among mysterious wandering knights, gnomes, fairies, 'kobolds,' and talking waterfalls; but we come out of the wood, at last, and find a moral interest in the wonders through which we have been led.

The well-known story of 'Undine' (1819), which was translated into almost all European languages, is the author's best work. He might have borrowed the idea of the fiction, either from the *Entretiens du Comte de Gabalis*, by the French Abbé de Montfaucon de Villars (a writer of the seventeenth century), or, more probably, from the strange romance, *Der Ritter von Staufenberg*, which was written in the fifteenth century, or earlier. Its story has, however, no close resemblance to that of 'Undine,' which is too well known to be further described here.

Of other tales by Fouqué—such as 'The Magic Ring,' Thiodolph the Icelander,' and 'Sintram'—it may at least be said that, as their incidents are too visionary to be mistaken for realities, they are more harmless than novels that misrepresent facts in social life, or serve as vehicles of sectarian or political satire.

Instead of merely naming or noticing very briefly several romances by Fouqué and other writers of the school to which he belonged, it may be better to give a summary of one of his shorter stories as a specimen of fictions that may be styled ethical and

symbolical. It should be premised that, in old German demonology, the 'kobold' or 'hausgeist' is a ghost of domesticated habits who is attached to some locality or homestead, where he is often found harmless, or even useful (like Milton's 'lubber-fiend'), though he demands respectful treatment, and can, at times, be spiteful and mischievous. In the following story it will be easily guessed what human passion is symbolised by the 'hausgeist, Redmantle.' The whole story may be described as a moral truth decorated with picturesque scenery.

BERTHOLD, we are told, was an enterprising commercial man, who was very eager in the acquisition of wealth. On one of his long and solitary journeys, when travelling on horseback and carrying with him much gold, he lost his way in a hilly and thickly wooded district, and began to feel anxious, if not fearful, 'when the twilight gathered over the oak-trees around him, and no path was visible.

'He now felt assured that he had wandered into a very lonely part of the country; for even the wild animals, which came out from the thickets, looked upon him without fear; they seemed, indeed, altogether unacquainted with the dangerous powers of man; while the gray owls, with melancholy hootings, fluttered about his shoulders so nearly, that he often bowed his head to prevent their flying in his face. Berthold felt so lonely that the face of any honest man would have been the most pleasant sight in the world, and great was his pleasure when he saw a man dressed in the garb of a charcoal-burner. In reply to Berthold's questions, the stranger pointed the way to his lonely hut in the forest, and offered to the traveller a night's secure rest and guidance on his way in the morning. Though Berthold could not distinctly see the face of his friend, he followed him until he came to his lonely hut.' . . .

Soon after Berthold had entered the hut and had been made welcome by all the charcoal-burner's family, the door was gently opened, and 'a gray-headed, quiet-looking old man of low stature entered, and accosted all the family in a friendly way, but gazed with an expression of wonder on the stranger. Berthold returned the look in a similar style, while the new-comer went to the round table and took a seat on the lowest stool, which seemed to have been left vacant for him. There was an expression of sorrow on his face, which excited the sympathy of Berthold, who wished to

ask if this was the grandfather of the children. But the old man folded his hands, and asked the host if he was ready for evening-prayer. At this question the husband immediately began to sing the old hymn—

> "Now all the woods are sleeping,
> Peace over all is spread"—

while his wife and all the children joined softly in the melody. But the voice of the old man was predominant, and he expressed, by several angry glances, his displeasure against Berthold, who did not sing. When the hymn and the evening-prayer were concluded, the dwarf suddenly rose and left the house; but, after closing the door, he opened it again for a moment, and, looking in, threw upon Berthold such a fierce and angry glance, that our traveller was amazed at the sudden change of a countenance lately composed in an expression of quietness and devotion.

'"This is not the old man's usual way," said the charcoal-burner, as an apology to Berthold.

'"He is crazy, I suppose?" said Berthold.

'"He may be," said the host: "but he is quite harmless: at least he has not done any harm here for a long time. You need have no fear, though he has free entrance into our house at all hours of the night. The door of the chamber where you must sleep does not shut, and the old man often wanders into that chamber; but I assure you he will not hurt you, nor will he even disturb you, if you are as sleepy as myself; for, as you must have observed, he has a very light tread, and glides about like a ghost." At this story Berthold tried to smile, but he did not feel easy in such mysterious circumstances.'

Some sleepless hours passed away slowly, and, about midnight, the avaricious traveller opened his portmanteau, to see that his gold was all safe. He hardly knew whether he was waking or dreaming, when he imagined that he saw, close beside his bed, the face of the gray old man, who was also looking eagerly at the money! '"I love," said he, "to see such shining gold as you have here! Yet I know where there is far more of it—gold—heaps of gold—plenty. . . . I will show you if you will come with me. It is under the earth—in the forest—under the moorland." The speaker's face showed strange excitement.

'"Well; if I venture to go with you?" said Berthold.

'"I will be back in a minute," said the old man, going out of the chamber. "I must put on my mantle."

'He had not been out of the chamber more than a minute, when another figure entered. This seemed taller than the former one, and was covered from head to foot in a blood-red mantle. "Now," said Redmantle, "come along! Let us hasten to the forest!"

'Berthold seized his weapons. "With you!" he exclaimed: "I will not leave the house with you! Where is the little old man?"

'"Ha! you do not know me in this dress!" said Redmantle, throwing back the red cloak from his face. Berthold recognised the features of the dwarf; but their quiet aspect was changed into a fierce and eager expression.' . . .

Soon afterwards, the intruder, offended by Berthold's refusal to assist in digging for gold, suddenly left the hut and hastened away into the forest. The traveller, excited by the hope of finding great treasure, at length resolved to follow the tempter. 'Courage!' said he, as he rode into the forest, 'the adventure of this night may make me a wealthy man!'

'He had hardly uttered these words, when, turning his head, he saw Redmantle close beside him. The apparition seemed to have heard the soliloquy, and nodded his head in approbation of the resolution of Berthold, who now endeavoured to maintain all the courage he had summoned, but could not speak a word to his strange companion. Redmantle soon broke the silence by saying, "I say, my friend, I have had a very dull life for some years with the poor charcoal-burner and his family there. The perpetual psalm-singing and praying quite wore me down, until I became a little, feeble, low-spirited old man, such as you saw. But your coming at first excited me strangely, and then encouraged me to return to my old ways again. I saw in you something that reminded me of my former self; for I know you love hunting for gold as I used to love it, and as I love it now again. How the company of a fellow-spirit animates me! You see how much I have grown in one night; and I shall now continue to grow higher and higher still! But no more words! Let us dig for the gold! You see that hillock? There it lies! Ho, ho! the charcoal-burner is too stupid for this work. I could never excite him to it. Come along!"

'Berthold dismounted, and after tying the bridle to the branch of a tree, followed the apparition to the hillock, which was covered with the cones of the fir-tree. "Dig—dig," said Redmantle; and Berthold began to turn up the earth with his dagger, while his companion laboured violently with his bare hands, tearing up the ground, until they discovered two earthen vessels, which broke in pieces, and disclosed their contents—mere ashes!

'At this disappointment the restless demon began to wring his hands, moaned dismally, and pointed to another hillock. Berthold followed, and both began to dig; but their efforts ended again in the same disappointment—they found nothing but ashes! From one hillock they passed to another, and laboured vainly, again and again, until our traveller was exhausted, but still durst not disobey the commands of Redmantle, who, becoming more and more exasperated and violent, struck his fists against the ground until sparks flew from it, and angrily accused Berthold of having found and secretly buried the gold again, instead of sharing it fairly. The red mantle streamed in the air, the figure of the spectre rose higher and higher, and assumed violent and threatening attitudes, until Berthold caught a glimpse of morning light, and heard the cock crow and the morning-bell tolling in a neighbouring village. Redmantle was seen no more by our traveller, who soon found his steed, and rode away, hardly able to determine whether he had been awake or dreaming during the night. . . .

'Years passed away and, once more, Berthold, in one of his long journeys, found that his road led him near the great forest. He felt a longing to see once more the charcoal-burner's hut, and to hear the sequel of Redmantle's history. Late one evening, he arrived at the lowly dwelling, and was recognised by all the family. All things here seemed unchanged, except that the children had grown taller. Again the family were assembled around the table at the hour of prayer, and Berthold saw, with some dread, the same low stool left vacant for the unearthly visitor. The host seemed to guess the thoughts of his visitor and said:—"Sir, I know not what passed between you and our other visitor, when you lodged with us some years ago; but I assure you that, after that time, we had great trouble with him. He had been so much excited by your presence that, night after night, when you had gone away, he was roaming through the forest and disturbing our household. But all that is over, and he

is again subdued. . . . When our own minds are subject to evil passions, we are liable to be disturbed by such a visitor as Redmantle. . . . It is our time for prayer, and I trust you will join in our devotion."

'Then the father began the old hymn, and the children and Berthold joined in singing:—

> "Now all the woods are sleeping,
> Peace over all is spread."'

It is hardly necessary to say that the above is not a common ghost-story, but a dream with a truth in it. The poor charcoal-burner, who had once been vexed and haunted by avarice, had so far subdued the passion that it might be aptly represented as a feeble old man; but the presence of the covetous trader, acting by a powerful sympathy, called again into life the demoniac energy that was almost extinct. Redmantle, in fact, was created, not by Berthold's imagination, but by his will, and was afterwards subdued once more by the piety and contentment of the charcoal-burner. Stories of this class must not be classed with the wild fictions written by Hoffmann.

The best characteristics, and some of the worst faults of the school to which he belonged, are found in the romances written by LUDWIG ACHIM VON ARNIM (1781–1832), the brother-in-law of Clemens Brentano, whom he assisted in editing the *Wunderhorn*, a book of old popular songs. Arnim's unfinished romance 'The Crown Guardians,' and his numerous novels and some dramas, may be left unnoticed here; for all his merits and his extreme defects may be found in one romance—'The Poverty, Wealth, Guilt, and Penance of the Countess Dolores'—which was highly commended by Jean Paul. The character of the heroine, her sinfulness, her long penance of poverty and disgrace, and the circumstances of her death, are described with imaginative power and true feeling; but the romance may be said to be ruined by the intrusion of too many episodes and reflections, and when it is ended it begins again.

Several of the episodes are in themselves attractive, and one deserves notice, as it casts some light on a class of literary men too well known in Arnim's time. His sketch of an egotistic and sentimental *littérateur* seems now very fantastic, but was founded on facts. It was of such a poetical phenomenon as 'Waller,' that

Fichte was thinking when he warned young men of the danger of making light literature serve as a substitute for moral culture. Waller is a poetaster who supposes himself to be a genius, cultivates no faculties except fancy and self-conceit, and neglects the common duties of life. We meet him first when, travelling with his wife, he pays a visit to a nobleman to whom he is thus introduced:—

'The poet's wife addressed the count, and after thanking him for his kindness, assured him that in this instance his hospitality was well bestowed; for he had the honour of entertaining in his mansion the "celebrated poet Waller," whom to call her husband was her highest pride and delight. Hereupon various compliments were exchanged, but not without some awkwardness; for the count and his lady differed in their opinions of the poet's merits. The count could not say that he regarded all Waller's verses as counterfeit coin, and the countess durst not say how much she admired them. . . . Waller soon became so confidential, that, with little invitation, he gave, in an animated style, various details of his personal history.' [We must condense his narrative, as it was inflated with many passages of questionable sentiment, and numerous quotations from his own poems.] 'He first explained how, like other men of genius, he had been poor, but had found a wife who possessed some property. . . . He persuaded his wife to sell her house in town, in order to purchase a rural cottage and a garden which had charmed his fancy once as he rode through a lonely part of the country. The lady at once consented; for "in all things she obeys my pleasure" (said Waller), and he travelled down to the romantic cottage to prepare it for her reception. . . .

'One day was passed after another in vain attempts to be romantic and happy. He determined that his wife should be, like himself, an enthusiastic admirer of nature; so he led her over the damp pastures, and through plantations of firs, in the early morning, to see the sun rising; but this practical poetry was accompanied with such unromantic realities as wet stockings, colds, and coughs. Waller was surprised to find that real Nature was not so pleasant as she had appeared in the verses which he wrote when in town, and that the rustics who lived near his cottage were not of the Arcadian kind. He read his verses to some of them, but they could not understand such poetry, and preferred their own rude

stories and jest-books. This was in the summer, but in the winter rural happiness was sad indeed for Waller. He wrote to all his friends, begging them to come and see "a poor poet in a wilderness;" but the roads were deep in snow, and no friend would undertake the journey. The poet was therefore left in domestic quietude, until he became quite weary of the company of his wife, and expressed his unamiable sentiments in such verses as the following:—

> "In this, my lonely nest,
> I see no welcome guest;
> In vain my letters go—
> The ways are deep in snow.
> My heart is restless as an aspen-tree—
> Ah, why did fortune link my wife and me?"'

In the spring Waller was glad to escape from his solitude, and hastened away to Leipzig to sell, if he could, a manuscript poem. 'In my pleasure' (he continued) 'at finding myself once more in the society of civilised men, I quite forgot my wife, the rural cottage, and all the beauties of nature, until one day, as I was sitting at my dessert in Mainoni's hotel (I was eating almonds and raisins), the bookseller's boy brought to me a letter from my wife; and what did it contain? My absence had excited her, for the first time in her life, to write verses. . . . . . Well, what could I do after receiving this touching letter intreating me to return? I hastened away from Leipzig, and left my transaction with the bookseller unfinished. For a time I continued my studies in our lonely cottage, and my wife (who is a clever artist) made some drawings to illustrate my poem. But now a new trouble arose. I had bought a little estate, and knew nothing of its management. I was losing money; so I persuaded my wife to let me sell the cottage, and we returned to live in town once more. Here our circumstances were straitened; she was very anxious, and worked hard, so that all her drawings were finished before half of my poem was written. To incite my industry, she wakened me early every morning, and prepared for me a cup of coffee in my study. Of course she meant well in all these little attentions and indulgences bestowed on me; but she did not know that all such things tend to depress poetic genius. In a gloomy mood I now wrote an elegy, in which I represented myself as a weaver, and my wife as a spinster. I will read it to you.' Here

Waller tried the count's last degree of patience by reciting some absurd, sentimental verses.

Bettina von Arnim, the sister of Clemens Brentano and the wife of Von Arnim, may be mentioned as the authoress of an enthusiastic book, 'Goethe's Correspondence with a Child,' which was once read with great interest and may be referred to as a strange psychological romance. In Bettina von Arnim's stories it is impossible to determine where facts end and imaginations begin. Her melancholy memoirs of a friend, Caroline von Günderode (who committed suicide), read like chapters from a wild romance, but they are founded on facts.

There is, however, hardly anything in Bettina's writings as rhapsodical and obscure as some of the tales and poems written by her brother, Clemens Brentano (1778–1842). A want of harmony, or, we might say, a love of discords, was the chief trait in his life, as in his fantastic novels and dramas. His cantata, 'The Merry Musicians,' if it could be translated, might serve to represent his own characteristics. The miseries of a strolling company are here placed in extreme contrast with their merry and boisterous music. The following is one of the less tragic stanzas:—

> Like nightingales, unseen, that sing
> So sweetly all night long in spring,
> We come to sing and play, at eve;
> For we could not make the listener grieve.

Then all the family of strolling singers and players severally relate their misfortunes. The blind mother, a deformed boy, and his two miserable brothers, tell their sorrows, one after another, and their lamentations are, here and there, followed by a wild chorus:—

> While we're strumming and thrumming the tambourine,
> The shrill little bells in it jingle and tingle,
> And while we are singing the cymbals are ringing
> A cling and a clang to our sing and our 'sang,'
> And the little fife, shrill, with a squeak and a trill,
> Pierces the heart, with a joy and a smart.

This strange cantata was set to music by Amadeus Hoffmann.

Brentano's prose fictions and poems include the romance 'Godwi,' the dramatic and lyric poems 'Ponce de Leon' and 'Victoria,' the story of 'The Brave Kasperl and the Fair Annerl' (described as the writer's best work), and the humorous and pleasant

fable of 'Gokel, Hinkel, und Gakelia.' 'We have cultivated nothing but our imagination,' said Brentano, 'and that has been the cause of our failure.' This was a just criticism on his own writings and on several fictions written by his friends.

One of the best of the writers who, after the War of Liberation, endeavoured to maintain the poetic traditions of the Romantic School was Joseph von Eichendorff, who was called 'the last knight of the School.' He was born in 1788, served as a volunteer in the Prussian army (1813–15) and subsequently held several offices under the Prussian Government. He died in 1857.

There is nothing strong or remarkably original, but much that is gentle and beautiful, in Eichendorff's writings, which consist of lyrical poems, romances, and dramas, besides some works on literary history. His genius is lyrical, as may be seen even in his dramas. The world described in his poetry is not extensive, and the characters we meet in his romances are few and hardly to be called individuals. In his lyrical poems he loves to meditate in secluded dells and to enjoy the quietude of sunset, or of Sunday morn as described in one of his songs beginning with this stanza:—

How deep the calm o'er all extending!
How lonely all the field, the sky,
The woods!—their boughs so gently bending,
As if the Lord were passing by.

In tones still more subdued he speaks of a common domestic sorrow—the loss of a child:—

Then there came, at break of day,
Notes of music far away,
Breathing over dale and hollow;
And the singing seemed to say,
'If you love me, father—follow!'

The author's dramas, though they contain some fine passages, are rather lyrical than dramatic, and his longer fictions in prose want sustained interest. Among his short novels *Das Marmorbild* ('The Marble Statue') may be mentioned as one of the dreamy and romantic class; but the best is entitled *Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts* ('Passages from the Life of a Good-for-nothing').

The story is full of the youthful buoyancy and careless good-humour of the hero, who is a wandering fiddler—a vagabond in

the milder and more imaginative sense of the term. He can nowhere find a place of rest in this prosaic world, but, wherever he goes, some good fortune generally attends him. For example, he has scarcely arrived, in a state of destitution, on the confines of Austria, when he finds there three genial though poor companions who are ready to aid him, as he tells us, in the following cheerful passages from the story of his youth:—

> 'I see the pleasant country—hail,
> Austrian woods and birds and streams!
> The Danube glitters from the vale,
> St. Stephen's steeple yonder gleams
> Over the hills so far away,
> As if it welcomed me to-day!
> Vivat, Austria!

'I was singing the last verse of the song, as I stood on the hill which commands the first prospect of Austria, when suddenly a trio of wind-instruments sounded out sweetly from the wood behind me, and accompanied my voice. I turned round, and saw three young men in long blue mantles. One blew an oboe, another a clarionet, and the third played the French horn. To mend the concert, I pulled out my fiddle and played away with them, singing heartily too. At this they seemed amazed, and looked one at another, like men who have made a great mistake. The French Horn (the player I mean) allowed his puffed-out cheeks to collapse, and looked very earnestly at me, while I civilly returned the stare of surprise. He stepped nearer to me, and said: "The fact is, we guessed, by your frock, that you were an Englishman, and thought we might win a trifle from you; but it seems you too are a musician." I confessed that this was the better guess of the two, and that I had just returned from Rome, and had found it necessary to scrape my way over the country with a fiddle.

'"Ha!" said he, "a single fiddle cannot do much now-a-days:" here he stepped to a little fire on the ground beside the wood, and began to fan it with his cap—"the wind instruments do the work far better, you see. When we pop on a respectable family at dinner-time, we just step quietly into the portico, and blow as hard as we can, until one of the servants comes out, glad to give money, or victuals, anything to stop our noise. Won't you take breakfast with us?" I readily accepted the invitation. We sat near the fire on a green bank, and the two musicians began to

untie little bundles, and took out some slices of bread. A pot of coffee and milk was soon prepared, of which the Oboe and the Clarionet drank alternately; but the French Horn said, as he handed to me half a buttered roll, "I don't like that black mixture: this is better," he added, drawing out a flask of wine, which he presented to me. I drank boldly; but as I took the flask from my mouth, I could not suppress a slight distortion of my face. "Ha! it is only home-made stuff," said he: "you have lost your German taste in Italy, I suppose?"

'He drew from his pocket an old tattered map of Austria, which he spread out upon the grass, and his companions joined their heads over it, pointing their fingers over various routes. "Vacation ends soon," said one. "We must turn away from Linz here on the left hand, so as to get back to Prague in good time." "Ridiculous!" said the French Horn; "that road will only lead you among woods and ignorant peasants. You will not find a man of refined taste on that road." "Fine taste! Nonsense!" said the Oboe; "the peasants are good-natured, and will not complain of our false notes."...

'Their scraps of Latin, and other remarks, made me understand that my new friends were Prague students. I felt melancholy when I thought that three young men, who could talk in Latin so fluently, should remain so poor. The French Horn seemed to guess my thoughts, for he said, "You see we have no rich friends: so, when the other students return home, we put these instruments under our cloaks, stroll away from Prague, and find the wide world at our service. Ours is the best mode of travelling. I would not be a tame tourist, with my bed warmed and my night-cap laid in a certain hotel every evening. 'Tis the beauty of our way of life that we go out every morning, like the birds over our heads, not knowing under what chimney we shall eat our supper."

....

'Our plan was soon completed. We resolved to go by the next packet down the Danube, and accordingly hastened to the place of embarkation. Here stood the stout landlord, filling up the doorway of the hotel, while maidens were looking out of the windows at the passengers and sailors. Among these stood an old gentleman wearing a gray frock and a black cravat. I and my friends emptied our pockets, and the steward smiled satirically when he saw that all our fares were paid in copper. But I cared

nothing for his scorn. The morning was brilliant, and I was enraptured to find myself once more on the Danube. As we steamed rapidly along between pastures and hills, the birds were singing, village clocks were chiming, and a caged canary, belonging to a pretty maiden among the passengers, began to whistle charmingly. I guessed the old gentleman in the gray frock to be a clergyman, as he was reading in a breviary with a splendidly gilded and decorated title-page; and I found that my guess was true, for he soon began to talk in Latin with the students.

'Meanwhile, I walked to the bow of the packet, and stood there gazing into the blue distance, while towers and spires arose one after another over the green banks of the Danube. I took out my fiddle, and began to play some old tunes. Suddenly I felt a tap on my shoulder, and turning round, saw the old gentleman. "Ha!" said he, "do you prefer fiddling? Come and join us at lunch." I expressed my thanks, putting up the fiddle, and followed my host under a little canopy which the sailors had constructed on the deck. Here I found a plentiful supply of sandwiches and some flasks of wine spread out before my companions. The old gentleman filled a silver goblet with wine, and passed it round. Our reserve soon melted away. My companions related their adventures, and the old gentleman laughed, and said he also had been a student, and had often wandered far during vacations. At his request, we took out our instruments and played. So the hours passed away, till the evening sun was gilding the woods and the valleys, while the banks were resounding with our strains. As we came near the end of our voyage, we passed the silver goblet round once more, and then all joined in singing a vacation-song with a Latin chorus.'

For the purpose of placing together several specimens of prose-fiction, we have deviated from the order of time to which we return to notice some productions in dramatic literature written before the years of the War of Liberation.

The tendencies of the 'fate-tragedies' already named were indicated in the first drama written by HEINRICH VON KLEIST, who was born at Frankfurt in 1776. He gained in early life the patronage of Goethe, who, at one time, had hopes that the drama might be cultivated with success by Kleist. The gloomy and morbid temperament of the poet led to the disappointment of such hopes. His life was a series of almost aimless wanderings in

France and Switzerland and in his native land. At one time he was a prisoner in France, at another he conceived a plan of retiring from society and living in solitude. The unhappy circumstances of the time might serve to increase his natural melancholy; but it does not appear that they were the cause of it. He died by his own hand in 1811.

His first drama, 'The Family Schroffenstein,' 1803, was a dismal foreboding of the 'fate-tragedies' which were afterwards written by Werner and Müllner, and served to deprave theatrical taste. There are proofs of dramatic talent and poetic power in Kleist's comedy 'The Broken Pitcher,' as in his most popular play, *Käthchen von Heilbronn*, and in 'The Prince of Homburg;' but, excepting the first-named piece, they are all made painful by some morbid traits. Somnambulism forms a prominent part of the plot in *Käthchen*, and the same expedient is employed in another play.

Kleist wrote several tales in prose, of which the most remarkable—entitled 'Michael Kohlhaas'—is founded on facts that occurred in Luther's time. The true and original story of inexorable revenge was gloomy enough, without the aid of fiction. Kohlhaas, a trader, had been unjustly treated by a country squire, against whom he brought an action at law. But no amount of damages awarded by law would satisfy the vengeance of the injured man, and he was pacified only for a time when Martin Luther reminded him of the duty to forgive. The anger cherished at first against an individual, directed itself afterwards against society. Kohlhaas was found guilty of robbery and other crimes, and died on the scaffold in 1540. As Goethe said, Kleist showed a morbid temperament in choosing to treat minutely the details of such a gloomy story as this of 'Michael Kohlhaas.'

Kleist's dramas, with all their serious errors, are respectable compared with the 'fate-tragedies,' of which one, at least, is unfortunately associated with the literature of the Romantic School. The triumph of these dramas on the German stage took place in the years of depression that followed the War of Liberation; but the prototype of the whole class was written by Werner in 1811, and must, therefore, be noticed here. The fact must not be disguised that German literature has its 'night-side.' To this region we are introduced by Werner. It has been said that Kotzebue might have written his worst, but not least successful plays, with the intention of refuting Schiller's ideal theory of 'the

moral power of the stage.' The remark may, however, be still more fairly applied to such tragedies as were written by Werner and Müllner.

FRIEDRICH LUDWIG ZACHARIAS WERNER was born at Königsberg in 1768. It is enough to say of his life that it accorded well with his own theory, that religion and morality belong to two separate worlds. His dramas 'The Sons of Thales' (1803–4) and 'The Cross on the Baltic' (1806) were both intended to have a religious tendency, which was more clearly pronounced in 'Martin Luther.' It was by his notorious fate-tragedy 'The Twenty-fourth of February' (written in 1811) that he exerted a disastrous influence on the German stage. In 1811 Werner entered the Roman Catholic Church. In his later life he gained much popularity as a preacher in Vienna, where he died in 1823.

Werner had a fervid imagination, and wrote with uncontrolled energy. His earlier dramas have pompous situations and some good scenic effects, but are less remarkable than the 'fate-tragedy' already named. Its success led to the appearance of a series of other pieces of the same class, which had a long popularity in German theatres. Their character may be indicated by the following analysis of the plot in Werner's deplorably successful drama:—

In a miserable cottage on the Grimsel we find the peasant Kuruth and his wife reduced to such destitution that to live honestly seems no longer possible. The wife, urged by want, advises the man to commit a robbery, and he consents to do it, as soon as an opportunity presents itself.

While they are talking of this, a stranger arrives and brings with him a good supply of food and wine, but begs for a night's shelter in the miserable cottage. In the course of conversation Kuruth and his visitor soon become confidential, and both relate some incidents in their own lives. The former confesses that by his marriage he greatly offended his father, who would never forgive him.

'One day,' says Kuruth, 'the old man vexed me so much by his objurgations, addressed to me when I was working in the harvest-field, that I hastily hurled at him a knife which I had been using in sharpening a scythe. The knife missed its aim; but the old man, in a frenzy of anger, uttered the bitterest imprecations on myself, my wife, and all our children. He spent his

last breath in that malediction, was soon afterwards seized by apoplexy, and died.

'This wretched tragedy took place,' says Kuruth, 'on "The Twenty-fourth of February," and, on one of the anniversaries of that fatal day my infant daughter was slain by her own brother, whom I drove away from my house.'

The visitor is so far excited by sympathy and wine that he confesses that in his youth he was guilty of manslaughter, and the act, he remembers, was committed on 'The Twenty-fourth of February;' but this coincidence leads to no recognition.

The guest then goes on to tell how he emigrated and made a fortune. 'I intend now,' says he, 'to gladden the hearts of my old father and mother by making them sharers in my riches.'

Before retiring to rest, the stranger hides gold under the bed of straw. The destitute peasant wrestles hard with the temptation presented to his mind. His wife consents to the robbery meditated, but implores Kuruth not to commit a greater crime.

He would yield, it appears, to her entreaties; but when he enters the guest's chamber a knife falls out of its sheath, that hangs upon the wall. It is the weapon that was once flung at his own father by the wretched man, Kuruth, who now makes it the instrument of a greater crime. All this is represented as the result of 'fate.'

When the murdered traveller's pass is examined, it is soon found out that his name is 'Kurt Kuruth.' The wretched mother identifies the body of her only son, and hurls bitter reproaches at the criminal. But he heeds them not; he only reminds her that this is another anniversary of the fatal day—'The Twenty-fourth of February.'

Such are the outlines of a drama in which absurdity and evil tendency are combined. It would be wasting words to argue that the 'fate' described in such a plot as Werner's is utterly unlike the Nemesis of antique Greek tragedy. Werner's notion of 'fate' is opposed, not only to morality, but to every rational notion of human existence. Man is here made the slave of a 'fate' which is itself nothing more than a trivial accident. A dream, an arbitrary prediction, or some angry words spoken by a gipsy, may be enough to control a man's destiny, according to Werner's notion. If there is any meaning in his play, it is that nothing whatsoever ought to be done on the 'Twenty-fourth day of February.'

Werner's absurd tragedy was imitated by MÜLLNER in his 'Twenty-ninth of February,' which (incredible as it may seem) is considerably worse than 'the Twenty-fourth.' Such productions would not be worth naming if they had not enjoyed a long life on the stage.

FRANZ GRILLPARZER, who afterwards wrote superior dramatic works, first gained his reputation by his fate-tragedy *Die Ahnfrau* ('The Grandmother'); and HOUWALD repeated in *Das Bild* (1821) the old story of 'fate,' of which the public were hardly weary when Platen produced (in 1826) his clever parody-play entitled 'The Fatal Fork.' Its plot is complex and tiresome, but it is far better, in art as in moral tendency, than the dramas fitly described as belonging to the 'night-side' of poetical literature.

Two dramatic writers may be named here as contemporaries of the Romantic School, with which, however, the author first named had no association.

HEINRICH JOSEPH VON COLLIN (1772–1811) wrote, in opposition to romantic tendencies, several dramas on such antique subjects as 'Regulus' and 'Coriolan.' Collin, who might be called, with regard to his clear style and construction of plot, one of the Vienna disciples of Lessing, was once loudly praised and then soon forgotten. His merits were hardly more than formal. A more productive and imaginative author, ADAM GOTTLOB OEHLENSCHLÄGER (1779–1850), a Dane, wrote many dramatic poems, including 'Aladdin,' *Axel und Walburg*, and 'Correggio,' besides lyrical poems, romances, and legends. His command of the two languages enabled him to translate with facility into German his own Danish poems. The graceful and sentimental style of several of his dramatic works is singularly contrasted with the stern character of some of his subjects, which were selected from old Scandinavian legends. His writings have more importance in Danish than in German literature.

Enough has been said to show that the theory and the practice of the Romantic School led to a serious degradation of dramatic literature. It could hardly excite either surprise or regret when, after the dismal reign of Werner, Müllner, and their followers, Kotzebue's plays once more gained possession of the stage.

Two or three epic poems and idylls written by prelates of the Catholic Church deserve notice for their Christian character, but are not otherwise remarkable. LADISLAS PYRKER, a native

Hungary, and well known as the Archbishop of Erlau (1772-1847), wrote two long epics—'Tunisias' and 'Rudolf of Habsburg'—in which he supplied the want of a mythology by introducing as agents the spirits of departed heroes. IGNAZ VON WESSENBERG (1774-1860), already named as a writer 'On the Moral Power of the Stage' (see Chapter XXI.), wrote a poem entitled 'Fénelon.' The choice of the subject truly indicates the pious and amiable character of the writer. He was condemned for heresy, and was expelled from his bishopric by the Ultramontanes.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SEVENTH PERIOD. 1770–1830.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION (1812–15)—PATRIOTIC STATESMEN—PHILOSOPHERS — PUBLICISTS — POETS — THE SUABIAN SCHOOL OF POETRY.

'The heroism of the man who sacrifices his life for the welfare of his country may raise some doubts and scruples, even in the midst of our admiration, as long as we do not see clearly that it was his absolute duty so to act. But when we see in an action a sacrifice of apparent honour, or happiness, or life, to the fulfilment of an undoubted duty, the neglect of which would be a violation of divine and human law—when there is no choice save between duty performed at the cost of life, and life preserved by an immoral action, and when the former course is resolutely taken, here there is no scruple, no reserve in our approbation; we say at once, "It is good," and are proud to see that human nature can thus lift itself above all the inclinations and passions of the sensuous world.'—IMM. KANT (1787).

IT was at Königsberg that Kant taught the doctrine above quoted, and in the same town, in 1808, soon after the peace concluded at Tilsit, the *Tugendbund,* or 'Bond of Valour,' was instituted. It was befriended, though not founded, by the patriotic minister STEIN. The brave and true GNEISENAU was a member of the union, and SCHARNHORST, the military reformer, was its firm friend. The objects of the union were to elevate the depressed spirit of the people, to relieve the miseries caused by war, and to prepare the way for liberation.

The predictions of Schiller were demanding fulfilment; a new life was awakening among professors and students in universities, and at Berlin FICHTE, in the same year in which the *Tugendbund* was founded, delivered the addresses to the German nation which served to kindle a fervour of patriotism. Some passages from his concluding appeal may best express the spirit of the times:—

'Germans! the voices of your ancestors are sounding from the oldest times—the men who destroyed Rome's despotism, the heroes who gave their lives to preserve inviolate these mountains, plains, and rivers which *you* allow a foreign despot to claim—these men, your forefathers, call to you, 'If you reverence your origin, preserve sacred your rights by maintaining our patriotic devotion." . . . And with this admonition from antiquity there are mingled the voices of patriots of a later age. The men who contended for religious freedom exhort you to carry out their conflict to its ultimate results. . . . And posterity, still unborn, has claims upon you. Your descendants must be involved in disgrace if you fail in your duty. Will you make yourselves bad links in the national chain which ought to unite your remotest posterity to that noble ancestry of which you profess to be proud? Shall your descendants be tempted to use falsehood to hide their disgrace? Must they say, "No! we are not descended from the Germans who were conquered in 1808?" . . . . And many men in other lands conjure you now to maintain your freedom. For among all peoples there are souls who will not believe that the glorious promise of the dominion of justice, reason, and truth among men is all a vain dream. No! they still trust in that promise, and pray you to fulfil your great part in its realisation. . . . Yea, all the wise and good in all the past generations of mankind join in my exhortation. They seem to lift up imploring hands in your presence, and beseech you to fulfil their ardent desires and aspirations. May I not say even that the Divine plan of Providence is waiting for your co-operation? Shall all who have believed in the progress of society and the possibility of just government among men be scouted as silly dreamers? Shall all the dull souls who only awake from a sleepy life, like that of plants and animals, to direct their scorn against every noble purpose, be triumphant in their mockery? You must answer these questions by your practical career. . . .

'The old Roman world, with all its grandeur and glory, fell under the burthen of its own unworthiness and the power of our forefathers. And if my reasoning has been correct, you, the descendants of those heroes who triumphed over corrupted Rome, are now the people to whose care the great interests of humanity are confided. The hopes of humanity for deliverance out of the depths of evil depend upon you! If you fall, humanity falls with

you! Do not flatter yourselves with a vain consolation, imagining that future events, if not better, will be not worse than the events of past ages. If the modern civilised world sinks, like old Rome, into corruption, you may suppose that some half-barbarian but energetic race, like the ancient Germans, may arise and establish a new order of society on the ruins of the old. But where will you find such a people now? The surface of the earth has been explored. Every nation is known. Is there any half-barbarous race now existing and prepared to do the work of restoration as our ancestors did it? Everyone must answer "No." Then my conclusion is established. If you, who constitute the centre of modern civilised society, fall into slavery and moral corruption, then humanity must fall with you—and without any hope of a restoration.'

It is impossible to mention here all the literary men whose services to their country at this time deserve to be remembered. All classes were united for one common object, and, for once in the history of modern times, philosophy and political science, poetry and reality, literature and life, were joined in a firm alliance. Philosophy, as we have seen, was represented by Fichte; to represent theology, SCHLEIERMACHER came to the front, and Steffens, the imaginative man of science, not only spoke for freedom, but served bravely in the army and gained the distinction of the Iron Cross.

Among the historians and publicists who aided the national movement JOSEPH GÖRRES (1776–1848) must be mentioned as one of the leading representatives of the Romantic School. He was enthusiastic and imaginative in his writings on the faith and the institutions of the Middle Ages, and ultimately declared himself a believer in Ultramontane doctrine. His zealous services to the national interest made his name very prominent in 1814 and afterwards, when he edited 'The Rhenish Mercury.'

KARL VON ROTTECK (1775-1840), the author of a 'Universal History' (1813), and of many writings on political and military affairs, should be named here, if only on account of his just denunciation of Napoleon's despotism. The facts stated by Rotteck serve to explain and to justify many expressions of indignation that might seem intemperate. A few sentences may convey the purport of the denunciation here referred to:—

'The victory of Austerlitz,' says the historian, 'was as ruinous

to the liberty of the French people as to the independence of Germany.' After that, the armies of Napoleon fought for the enthronement of a despot, who had no respect for the principles asserted in the revolution which had conferred on him his enormous power. His flatterers declared that he derived his authority from the approbation of the people; but at the time when this was boldly asserted, the most stringent measures were used to prevent every free expression of public opinion.' . . .

'All the governments of Europe were to be reduced to a state of vassalage under one military power, and this vast scheme seemed likely to be realised; for in 1807 only England and Turkey remained free. The despot's own relatives, Joseph at Naples, Louis in Holland, and Jerome in Westphalia, were, like the members of the *Rheinbund*, mere creatures moved by one will.'

In a material point of view the system founded only on the strength of that will seemed firm; but a mighty moral power arose and overthrew the mechanical empire. Poets and dreamers were found to be practical men, and Schiller, Fichte, Arndt, Körner, and many other men of a class despised by the tyrant called up a power more formidable than that of legions, and greatly aided the national movement that led to victory at Leipzig and at Waterloo.

Patriotism and Religion, represented by both Catholics and Protestants were both united, as they ought to be, with Poetry and Philosophy. But the great effort demanded was physical as well as moral, and to preach the duty of training the body as well as the mind for the service of the State, Friedrich Ludwig Jahn (1778–1852), the great gymnastic trainer, came forward, and not in vain. His services were urgently required, and he gave them with all the zeal that was the characteristic of his nature. His book on 'Gymnastic Training,' published in 1816, gave the results of his practical efforts made before that time, and led to the establishment of the *Turnverein* ('Gymnastic Union') as an important attendant on mental culture. Jahn gathered together, at Breslau, a body of volunteers whom he led to battle in 1814. It may be added, as a pleasing instance of national wisdom as well as gratitude, that a monument raised in honour of Jahn, the physical reformer, was unveiled near Berlin in 1872. Such honour paid to the good and brave men of the past is a good sign for the Empire's future.

But, passing over other names of statesmen, soldiers, preachers, and publicists, we must hasten to note a few of the poets who now asserted their power. Schiller, though dead, was still speaking. As we have said, he boldly predicted the rising of the nations against oppression, and his writings helped to hasten the fulfilment of his own prophecy.

Next must be named the steadfast veteran ERNST MORITZ ARNDT, who died, at the age of ninety, in 1860. In 1806–12 he was travelling from one place to another, to escape from Napoleon's inquisitors. Their zeal in the pursuit of Arndt was not to be wondered at, for he was more formidable than a regiment of soldiers. His words were as truculent as any ever uttered by *Hagen*, the fierce man of the *Nibelungenlied*, and, at the present time, we can hardly read them all with approval. But no cold and unreal criticism must be applied to burning words kindled by an intolerable sense of oppression. Arndt might have taken for his motto the words of Juvenal, in the well-known passage beginning with '*Esto bonus miles!*' ('Be a good soldier!') Thus Arndt begins one song on the right use of iron in times of bondage :—

> The God who made the iron ore
>   Will have no man a slave;
> To arm the man's right hand for war
>   The sword and the spear He gave,
> And He gives to us a daring heart,
>   And for burning words the breath
> To tell the foeman that we fear
>   Dishonour more than death.

One of Arndt's most fervid ballads tells of the fate of the brave Ferdinand von Schill, who, in 1809, made a premature and unsuccessful attempt to carry out the design of the *Tugendbund.* Schill hoped, by making a bold attack on the enemy in Westphalia, to give the signal for a general rising of the people; but the time was inopportune. He was compelled to retreat on Stralsund, where his scanty forces made a brave resistance against superior numbers. Schill was shot and afterwards beheaded; then, as Arndt tells—

> They gave to his corpse a mean funeral, dumb,
> With no music of fifes and no roll of the drum,
> And no rattle of musketry over the grave
> Where they buried in silence our hero brave.

Another of Arndt's patriotic songs—

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?—

is so well known, and has been sung so often, that it may be called the national hymn of Germany; but it has been justly observed that it tells too much of the old times of division (*Zerstückelung*) that led to the degradation of 1806. The latter are far better than the earlier stanzas, of which we translate only one:—

Where is the German's Fatherland?
Is 't Prussia, or the Suabian land?
Where by the Rhine the grapes are growing?
Or where the Baltic waves are flowing?
'Oh no! Oh no!
Far wider is our Fatherland!'

. . . . .

Where is the German's Fatherland?
Declare to us where is that land.
'As far as 'neath the spreading skies
Our German hymns to God arise—
All that wide land,
Brave brothers, call our Fatherland!

'All Germany we call our own!
May God behold it from His throne;
And give to all who in it dwell
True hearts to love and cherish well
All this wide land—
All Germany, our Fatherland!'

Theodor Körner's life and writings are enough to prove how the spirit of Schiller's poetry stirred the hearts of thousands during the War of Liberation. It was remarkable that the youth whose brave example had such an effect in kindling patriotic enthusiasm was the son of Schiller's most faithful friend. Theodor, born at Dresden in 1791, was an earnest student of Schiller's poetry, and wrote several dramas, of which *Zriny* was the most successful. But the sounds of war called the young poet away from his studies and recreations at Vienna, where he had gained the appointment of poet to the theatre, and, tearing himself away from flattering circumstances and kind friends, he, with his father's consent, joined a troop of volunteers, in which he was soon made a lieutenant. He fought bravely, was severely wounded, but returned to fight again, and animated his companions by martial songs—'The Prayer before Battle;' 'The people rise, the storm breaks loose!' 'Thou sword at my left side,' and others—which were collected under the title 'The Lyre and the Sword,'

Thus Körner addressed the youth who could stay at home in 1813:—

> Let our last hour come in the midst of the fight!
> O welcome the death of a soldier brave!
> While *you*, 'neath your coverlet silken and bright,
> Cower like a dog, in your fear of the grave;
> You will die like a base and a pitiful wight.
>
> . . . .
>
> Here, come along! whoever is strong,
> A sabre to swing in defence of the right!

There was no idle boasting in Theodor's battle-songs. He was ready to make the sacrifice which he demanded of others for the welfare of the nation. After serving bravely as adjutant in Lützow's corps of volunteers, Körner fell, mortally wounded, in a skirmish which took place near Gadebusch, August 26, 1813, and he was buried under an oak at Wöbbelin, where there is a monument to his memory. He anticipated such a close of his career when he sang thus of *Lützow's Wilde Jagd*:—

> See there in the valley they rush in the fight,
> Where sabres and helmets are clashing;
> From their blades, as on helmets of steel they smite,
> Through the smoke of the battle there glistens a light,
> The sparks of our freedom are flashing.
> What mean the black horsemen who ride such a race?
> That is Lützow's fearless and desperate chase!
>
> Who lies mid his foes on the battle-place?
> Though from life and from friends he must sever,
> Though no more he must join in the desperate chase,
> There is not a shadow of fear on his face,
> For our country is free and for ever!
> The bold and black rider has ended his race:
> That was Lützow's fearless and desperate chase!

Not only such bold and restless spirits as were led on by Körner, but also men of a quiet and pious character, like that of MAX VON SCHENKENDORF (1784–1817), shared the enthusiasm of the time. Schenkendorf, who wrote soothing and Christian poetry, was the author of several good patriotic songs, including the 'Soldier's Matin Song'—

> Awaken!—from the dust
> Arise, ye sleepers all!

and the 'Rhine-song' (not easily translated), beginning well with the line—

> *Es klingt ein heller Klang.*

The following lines may give some notion of the first stanza of this excellent song:—

> The sound how clearly ringing
> Of that dear old German name!
> 'Tis heard where men are singing
> To spread abroad the fame
> Of one whose ancient line is royal,
> A king to whom all hearts are loyal;
> It cheers the heart, like wine,
> To hear that name—the Rhine!

Another of the martial singers of the time called himself Freimund Raimar, and wrote battle-songs and a series of sonnets entitled 'Sonnets in Armour.' He was afterwards better known as FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT, the writer of a great number of melodious verses and of some excellent translations of Oriental poetry. Readers who are acquainted only with his later writings might not believe that Rückert ever wrote, in a song, the 'Battle of Leipzig,' such lines as these:—

> There, at our Leipzig three days' fair,
> We gave you good measure—good measure of steel—
> And we balanced accounts with our creditors there.

Some of the other stanzas were even less poetical than that, and might be censured as almost savage; but can we wonder at the national anger of the Prussians, when we remember Wordsworth's poems against Napoleon? When the despot committed the fatal error of leading his army to fight against a Russian winter, it was a British poet who thus expressed his exultation in the vast disaster that followed:—

> Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,
> But fleeter far the pinions of the Wind
> Which from Siberian caves the Monarch freed
> And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,
> And bade the snow their ample backs bestride,
> And to the battle ride.
> No pitying voice commands a halt,
> No courage can repel the dire assault;
> Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and blind,
> Whole legions sink, and, in one instant, find
> Burial and death.

Even after such a disaster as that in Russia, the despot could raise new armies and again assert his will to hold Europe in

chains. But it was too late. The people were rising in masses to repel invasion, and the victory at the Katzbach soon followed.

Echoes of the songs called forth by the War of Liberation lingered in German poetry long after 1815. One of these echoes is Julius Mosen's short ballad on 'The Katzbach Trumpeter,' which may be given here:—

Upon the field at Katzbach the dying trumpeter lay,
And from his breast a red stream was flowing fast away.

Hark! as he struggles, reeling, what lifts him from the ground?
Hark! o'er the field comes pealing a well-known joyous sound!

It gives him life and vigour; he grasps his horse's mane;
He mounts, and lifts his trumpet to his dying lips again.

He gathers all his strength, to hold it in his hand,
Then pours, in tones of thunder, 'Victoria' o'er the land.

'Victoria!' sounds the trumpet— 'Victoria!' all around—
'Victoria!'—like loud thunder it runs along the ground.

And in that thrilling blast the trumpeter's spirit fled;
He breathed in it his last, and from his steed fell dead.

The regiment, assembled, stand silent where he lies;
'That,' says their brave Commander— 'that's how a soldier dies!'

That battle won at the Katzbach gave promise of the greater triumph at Leipzig and of the final victory won by Wellington, Blücher, and Gneisenau at Waterloo.

It cannot be expected that we shall find, in the war-songs of this time, any sympathy with defeated invaders. At a later time, the fidelity of the French soldiers to their Corsican leader was made the subject of one of Heine's ballads, from which a few lines may be quoted. They tell how the news from Waterloo was received by two veterans who had escaped from a Russian jail:—

Then wept the two old Grenadiers
  To conquered France returning—
Said one, when he had heard the news,
  'How my old wound is burning!'

'Our game is lost!' the other groaned—
  'I would that I were dead;
But I have wife and child in France,
  And they must still be fed!'

'Who cares for wife and children now?—
  Our standards are forsaken!—
Let wife and children go and beg—
  The Emperor is taken!'

Among many young students who served as volunteers in the war, ERNST SCHULZE, born at Celle in 1789, is remembered as the author of two poems—'Cäcilia' and the 'Enchanted Rose'—noticeable chiefly for their excellent versification. The long epic poem first named contains twenty cantos, all written to immortalise the memory of an amiable young woman who died at an early age. When he had written several cantos, Schulze found his health declining, but a new interest called him back to life. He joined a regiment of volunteers in 1814, and, during the time of his soldiership, hardships, field exercises, and marches restored cheerfulness to his mind. At the close of his military excursion he returned to Göttingen, and devoted himself to the completion of his 'Cäcilia.' During his last illness he wrote the poem of 'The Enchanted Rose,' which is a good specimen of the smoothness and elegance of his versification, but has not enough of human character, adventure, and interest to attract many readers. Schulze died in 1817, aged twenty-nine years.

It cannot be said that the excitement attending the War of Liberation had any permanent good influence on literature. Hopes that had been cherished of a restored empire, or of a republic, were destined soon to fade away. The enthusiastic students of Jena, at their *Wartburgfest* (1817), made an attempt to assert national unity, at least in the universities; but the movement was unkindly suppressed, and such patriots as Arndt, Jahn, and Görres were harshly treated as demagogues.

The policy of the day was retrogressive, and literature for a time followed the example of the State. The plays of Werner and Müllner still had possession of the stage; Hoffmann's wild and unwholesome fictions were extensively read, and the leaders of the Romantic School recommended, as an opiate, the study of Hindoo poetry. In doing so, they were following Goethe, who, when deprived of Schiller's stimulating friendship, sought quietude in the studies of physical science, art, and Oriental poetry. It was a natural tendency at his time of life; but, strange to say, his example was followed by young men. A want of all strong interest in the affairs of political and social life is one of the privileges of age; but it was out of place in Rückert and others, who in some of their poems adopted the quietism and pantheistic indifference, as well as the forms and metres, of Persian lyrical poetry.

Meanwhile several writers of the later Romantic School continued their dreams of the Middle Ages. But the influence of these writers was not popular. They were accused of loving an imaginative quietism, of having some aristocratic tendencies, of forming cliques for a fair exchange of adulation, and of making for themselves idols of quietistic art and poetry. There was some truth in these charges; but, on the other side, the services of the Romantic School in the revival of German archæology and philology, Oriental literature, and literary history must not be forgotten.

It would be unjust to ascribe to the tendencies of the Romantic School all the depression and retrogression in literature and in political life that followed the War of Liberation. We have seen that neither the best poetry of the classic time, nor the romantic poetry that followed, fairly represented popular literature. That, unfortunately, consisted mostly of such productions as Tiedge's dull 'Urania,' Mahlmann's and Müchler's poems, Kotzebue's plays, and Clauren's novels. Müllner and other writers of the deplorable 'fate-tragedies,' and, rather later, Raupach, ruled on the stage; Van der Velde and Häring supplied a large demand for imitations of Sir Walter Scott's romances, and Zschokke, already named as a writer of sensational fiction, was, at a later time, industrious in writing tales of a utilitarian and homely description, which were, at least, wholesome antidotes to Clauren's tales and Hoffmann's morbid fictions.

Other opponents of low literature had good motives, but no great success. Wilhelm Hauff, who ridiculed Clauren's manner, Karl Spindler, the romancist, and a few other names might be mentioned as exceptions to the general literary dulness of the time when Ludwig Uhland and his friends of the Suabian School arose and gained success by writing poetry that was at once romantic, national, and popular. Uhland's first impulse came, it must be remembered, from the Romantic School; but his tendencies in literature, as in politics, were progressive as well as national.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND was born, in 1787, at Tübingen, where he studied law and was appointed professor of German literature in 1829. He was active as a member of the German Parliament in 1848, and died in 1862. His first volume of poetry (1815) was very successful, and soon passed through several editions.

In his lyrical ballads the imaginative scenery of old times was well united with a living and popular interest. His dramas—'Ernst, Duke of Suabia' and 'Ludwig the Bavarian'—though founded on mediæval history, avoid errors of the Romantic School, but cannot be classed with the poet's best writings. Uhland's contributions to the literary history of his native land include an excellent collection of old popular songs and a biography of the Minnesinger 'Walther von der Vogelweide.'

Uhland's lyrical and lyric-epic poetry tells of no expansive and eventful life. It leads us into a picturesque region haunted by knights and dames in mediæval costumes; or to some pleasant valleys in Suabia inhabited by quiet, honest people, dwelling among their gardens, orchards, flowers, and children. The prevalent form of Uhland's poetry is lyric-epic; he often tells a story very briefly, suggests its appropriate scenery, and expresses well its pervading sentiment. It is one of his merits that, without writing in a dull didactic strain, he can suggest some wholesome thought while he tells a story. Here is one example—the robber steps out of the forest and is disarmed by the aspect of innocence:—

> The robber chief, one April day,
> Looks out from the forest dim;
> Fearless, on her woodland way
> Walks a maiden fair and slim.
>
> 'If, instead of flowers of spring,'
> Said the forest-chieftain wild,
> 'You bore the jewels of a king,
> You should pass unhurt, my child!'
>
> Then he gazed, with musing face,
> While the maiden, with a song,
> Through the solitary place
> To her hamlet paced along;
>
> Till, at home, amid the bloom
> Of her garden-flowers she stood—
> Then he stepped into the gloom
> Of the silent fir-tree wood.

Another short poem, consisting of but a few simple words, may serve as an example of the writer's pathos:—

> 'What music wakes me from my sleep?
> Mother, who can they be
> That, in the night so dark and deep,
> Come here to sing for me?'

'I nothing hear, I nothing see—
Your fancy was beguiled;
They have no serenade for thee,
My poor, afflicted child!'

It is no earthly music this!
It fills me with delight!
The angels call me to their bliss—
O mother dear, good-night!'

In other poems Uhland leads his readers into dream-land, or into the weird enchanted forest, where 'Harald' is transformed into a statue. It may be, that the tale is told only for the sake of the scenery; or the poet may hint that warriors who have escaped from all the dangers of open battle may be overcome in places where they see nothing whatever to be feared:—

Before his warlike company rode Harald, hero bold;
They travelled through the forest wild, in moonlight still and cold.

Their banners, won in many a fight, were waving in the air;
Their battle-songs were echoed back, from mountains bleak and bare.

Then the ballad tells how all the company, except Harald, were led away by beautiful elves into fairy-land. Their leader after escaping from one snare, falls into another. He stays to drink at an enchanted fountain, and, as soon as he has quenched his thirst, he falls into a deep trance—

And there he sleeps, upon that stone, a hundred years away—
His head reclining on his breast— his hair and beard are gray.

When lightnings flash and thunders roll, and all the woods have roared
He startles, in his long, long dream, and grasps his idle sword.

Another poem that, like 'Harald,' may be called mystic, is less obscure, and, if fairly translated, would be a good specimen of Uhland's versification. The poet wanders far into a forest, where the distant tolling of bells calls up a vision of 'a lost church,' a secluded sanctuary, far away from all sectarian strife:—

In the deep forest, far away,
The wanderer hears the sound of bells:
Whence comes the music who can say?
For scarcely one old legend tells.
It cometh from the old church gray
That lies in deep, unbroken calm,
Where hundreds went, of yore, to pray,
Or joined to raise the holy psalm.

I went into the wood to pray,
  From every path I wandered wide;
For freedom from this evil day,
  For rest and sanctity I sighed.
The music from the ancient tower
  Came, soothing, through the forest air,
And rose and swelled with greater power
  As higher rose my soul in prayer.

. . . . .

The solemn glory of the shrine,
  As at the altar-steps I kneeled—
The sounds of harmony divine
  Can never be in words revealed.
He who would learn these things must go
  Far in the forest lone to pray,
And follow well the sounds that flow
  From the old church-tower far away.

Other writers of the Suabian school may be but briefly noticed, for all their best characteristics are found in Uhland's poetry.

GUSTAV SCHWAB (1792–1850) was the pastor of a church at Stuttgart, and, by his prose writings as well as his poetry, rendered good service to national literature. His poems, consisting mostly of songs and ballads, are national and Christian in their tone. His other works include a good biography of Schiller, some well-edited anthologies of German prose and verse, and a useful bibliographical guide to German literature.

It is only with regard to the character of some of his ballads and lyrical poems that another Suabian, JUSTINUS KERNER (1786-1862) should be classed with Uhland's followers. Kerner's other writings, in prose and verse, might lead us too far into the region of dreams and mysteries. He might have prefixed to one of his works a motto from an old Scottish author—

Of brownies and of bogles full is this buick.

Kerner was a physician who practised at Weinsberg and gained a wide reputation as a writer on visionary subjects. But he wrote also popular songs, several spectral and dismal ballads, and some humorous fictions in prose. One of his books has the alarming title, 'Incursions from the Ghostly World into the Sphere of Human Life;' another gives an account of 'the Visionary of Prevorst.'

It would be hardly fair to select from Kerner's poems a story having no unearthly interest. The following may be given as one of the least dreadful of the writer's tales of apparitions:—

In the mild-beaming, blossoming month of May,
The maidens of Tübingen dance and play.

They danced one eve, as the day grew pale,
Round the old lime in the Neckar vale.

There came a young stranger, proudly arrayed,
And led to the dance the fairest maid.

To the dance as the maiden, deep-blushing, he led,
A sea-green chaplet he placed on her head.

. . . .

'Young stranger! oh why is your hand so white?'
—In the water the sunbeams lose their might.

He leads down the dance, far away from the tree:
—'List, stranger! my mother is calling for me.'

He leads her along by the Neckar's side—
'Oh leave me, oh leave me!' the maiden cried.

He clasps her, and presses her close to his side—
'Fair maid! thou shalt be the Water-sprite's bride.'

They dance till they come to the Neckar's brink—
'O father! O mother!' she cries as they sink.

To his hall of crystal he leads her pale—
'Adieu! O my sisters in yonder green vale!'

As a writer of melodious and popular songs, WILHELM MÜLLER (1794–1827) was one of the best of all Uhland's numerous followers. Still higher praise might be given to the earlier lyrical poems written by AUGUST HEINRICH HOFFMANN, who was born at Fallersleben in 1798. His later writings may be noticed in a subsequent chapter.

There was a latent tendency in Uhland's own poems to give to fiction an earnest and practical tone, and this led to the political poetry of a later time. It is chiefly with a reference to this tendency that Chamisso's poems may be here noticed.

In literature, as in his life, the Frenchman, ADALBERT VON CHAMISSO—who not only thoroughly mastered the German language, but almost made himself a German—stood alone; though, on account of his clear style, his tendency, and his frequent choice of popular subjects, he may be associated with Uhland and the other Suabian poets. Chamisso, born in 1781, was a member of

the old and aristocratic French family, Chamisso de Boncourt, who were expelled from France by the revolution in which they lost their estates. Adalbert, when only nine years old, emigrated with his parents, and, after 1797, lived with them in Berlin, where he entered the Prussian army. He accompanied the navigator Otto von Kotzebue in a voyage round the world, and, subsequently, held for some years an appointment at the Botanic Garden in Berlin, where he died in 1838. His character was dignified and amiable, but was shaded by the melancholy that finds expression in many of his poems.

Chamisso is remarkably versatile in his choice of themes and—like Heine—can tell a story concisely; but he too often writes gloomy tragedy, as in 'the Crucifix' and Matteo Falcone.' The tone maintained in these stories is strongly contrasted with the gentle and sentimental character of the lyrical poems included under the title *Frauen-Liebe und Leben.*

'I am a Frenchman in Germany,' Chamisso once said, 'a Catholic among Protestants, and a Protestant among Catholics.' His story of *Peter Schlemihl*—'the man who lost his shadow'—gives expression to the author's own feeling of solitude. Many readers have asked what could be intended by the shadow. Some have said that it represents the author's native land; others, that it indicates the superficial advantages on which success in society seems often to depend. The loss of the shadow may, we think, represent any unhappiness that leaves a man alone in the world. One of the merits of the story is its artful blending of a fantastic adventure with a serious interest.

The hero of the tale—Peter Schlemihl—tells us how he sold his own shadow for an inexhaustible bag of money, and how he found out—when it was too late—that serious annoyances followed this remarkable bargain:—

'"Done!" said I, taking the bag:—"for this good purse you shall have my shadow!" The man in the gray frock instantly struck the bargain, and kneeling down before me, he, with admirable dexterity, rolled up my shadow from head to foot on the grass, then took it up, and put it into his pocket. As he walked away, I fancied that I heard him inwardly chuckling, as if he had outwitted me, but I never realised the consequences of my bargain before it was done. Now I stood, astonished and bewildered, in the full glare of sunshine, and without a shadow! When I re-

covered my senses, I hastened to leave the place. Having filled my pockets with gold pieces, I put the cord of the purse round my neck, and hid it in my bosom. Then I escaped unnoticed from the park, found the public road, and walked towards the town. I was lost in a reverie until I approached the gate, when I heard a scream behind me, and looking round, saw an old woman, who followed me, and cried out, "Why, sir—sir, you have lost your shadow!" I was really obliged to the old dame for her reminding me of my case; so I threw to her a few gold pieces, and then stepped into the deep shade under some trees. But when I arrived at the town-gate, my memory of the strange bargain was again refreshed as I heard the sentry mutter, "Where has the gentleman left his shadow?" As I hastened along the street, I passed two women, one of whom exclaimed, "Blessed Mary, preserve us! that man has no shadow." I hastened away from them, and contrived to keep under the shade of the houses until I came to a wide part of the street which I must cross in order to arrive at my lodgings; but, most unhappily, just as I passed into the broad glare of the sunshine, a day-school was turning out its crowd of unruly boys, and a wicked, high-shouldered little imp (I remember him well) immediately detected my imperfection. "Ha, ha!" he shouted maliciously, "here's a curiosity! Men generally have shadows when the sun shines. Look, boys—look at the gentleman with no shadow!" Enraged, I threw about me a handful of money, to disperse the crowd of boys, and then called a hackney-coach, into which I leapt, to hide myself from my fellow-creatures.'

The sentiment of solitude that gives interest to fantastic circumstances in *Peter Schlemihl* is more nobly expressed in one of the writer's best narrative poems—*Salas y Gomez.* It is founded on a thought that occurred to his mind when he was on a cruise in the South Pacific Ocean and in sight of *Salas y Gomez*—a bare precipitous reef, haunted only by sea-fowl. It was said that some fragments of a wrecked ship had been found on the reef, and this suggested to the poet the image of a solitary man, more unhappy than Crusoe—a wretch left alone on that bare crag and kept alive too long by such food as the eggs of sea-birds might supply. His transitions of feeling—from grief to hope and from hope to despair—are well told:—A sail appears, like a speck upon the line where the sky and the sea join; it comes nearer and grows

clearer; but soon fades away from the strained vision of the solitary, and the ocean, the sky, the wailing sea-birds are once more all his world. Then follows his deepest despair; but it is, at last, transmuted into submission. As he looks up to the constellation of the Southern Cross, shining on the deep, that sign of suffering and patience suggests to him these thoughts of peace and resignation:—

> The tempest that within me raved has passed;
> Here, where so long I've suffered—all alone—
> I will lie down in peace and breathe my last.
> Let not another sail come near this stone
> Until all sighs and tears have passed away!
> Why should I long to go—a man unknown—
> To see my childhood's home, and there to stray,
> Without a welcome or kind look, and find
> That all my dear old friends are 'neath the clay?
> Lord! by thy grace, my soul—to Thee resigned—
> Let me breathe forth in peace, and let me sleep
> Here, where thy Cross shines calmly o'er the deep.

Bernhard Garve and Johann Baptist von Albertini, both members of the church of the United Brethren, and Albert Knapp, a pastor at Stuttgart, should be mentioned here as writers of religious lyrical poetry in which piety and good taste are combined.

In Dramatic Literature no great progress was made, but some improvement took place when Müllner's disgraceful 'fate-tragedies' were followed by the productions of an industrious playwright named Ernst Benjamin Raupach (1784–1852), who wrote, beside other plays, a cyclus of sixteen dramas, all founded on the history of the Hohenstaufen Emperors. The merits of Raupach's plays are theatrical rather than dramatic.

Such plays were, however, preferable to the crude dramatic poems written by Dietrich Christian Grabbe (1801–36), whose life was as wild as his dramas. They attracted notice by some energetic passages of imaginative declamation, but repelled readers who cared for good taste. The title of one of Grabbe's works, 'Don Juan and Faust,' may indicate its character, and a few lines may show that the author could here and there write poetry:—

> The day is wonderfully beautiful!
> Rome's old gray ruins glisten in the light
> Like spirits glorified. Such autumn days
> Are only seen at Rome. Like the old Romans,

> These fields in purple robes of victory
> Clothe themselves ere they die.

In the South of Germany the dramatic works of Ferdinand Raimund (1790–1836) and Joseph von Auffenberg (1798–1857) had considerable success. The former skilfully combined some traits of actual life with his plots, which were founded on old popular stories and fairy tales.

Another dramatic writer, Karl Lebrecht Immermann (1796–1840), though possessing a truly poetic genius, failed remarkably in his attempts to write for the stage. His ineffective dramas, *Cardenio und Celinde, Kaiser Friedrich II.*, and *Alexis*, were followed by a didactic work in prose-fiction—*Die Epigonen*—and, rather later, by a far better romance, *Münchhausen*, which is the author's best work. It is subject, however, to a justly severe criticism; for it divides itself into two parts, which have no true union. In the first part we have an extreme caricature of vain, idle, and dissolute life at the ruinous old baronial castle of *Schnick-Schnack-Schnurr*, which is inhabited by the friends of *Münchhausen*—a descendant from the notoriously mendacious baron of the same name. In the other part of the romance, we have a pleasant idyll founded on scenes from peasant-life in Westphalia which is described in a tone of genial delight and is placed in strong contrast with the so-called 'high life' at the castle. At last, the caricature and the rural romance are united, but in a most unartistic mode. 'Lisbeth,' the heroine of the idyll, is discovered to be the daughter of the Baron Münchhausen.

Immermann's successful story of rural life in Westphalia gave a new impulse to popular fiction, and was followed by a series of tales of the peasantry.

To conclude this chapter—it may be remarked, that the general latent tendency of Uhland and his followers was to give to poetry a social, popular, and political interest. This was, afterwards, more clearly expressed in the popular fictions above referred to, and in other departments of poetical literature.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SEVENTH PERIOD. 1770–1830.

GOETHE'S LATEST WORKS—RÜCKERT—PLATEN—HEINE.

The literary productions of Goethe's youth (1768–79) and the best works of his manhood, or middle life (1779–1810) have been noticed. We have still to mention some of the more important works which were either entirely or partly written by Goethe in the time of his old age (1810–32). If we had placed together all our notices of his works, the arrangement would have failed to represent the long interval existing between the first and the latest. A short time before his death he ascended the heights near Jena, and thence looked forth into the free expanse of sky; then down on the well-loved landscape. Of all the friends whom in his youth he had known in the valleys of the Ilm and the Saale, how few were surviving!—'I feel well here,' said Goethe; and he added—forgetting that he was nearly eighty years old—'we will often come up here again!' That good resolution was not fulfilled.

Goethe lived so long, that he was acquainted with three generations of literary men. The poet, who knew the once-dreaded Leipzig critic (Gottsched), was Schiller's friend, and lived to hear such young men as Platen, Heine, and Ebert, talked of as rising poets. During the Seven Years' War, Goethe was studying French and drawing; he was writing autobiography and poetry during the War of Liberation, and he was studying zoology when the July Revolution of 1830 occurred. The author who read Goldsmith's poems soon after their first publication, and who was writing good lyrical poetry when Burns died and when Wordsworth was so despised by the Edinburgh reviewers, lived so long that he might have read Mr. Tennyson's first volume of poems, published in 1830.

It is obvious that it would be impossible to notice here all the later writings of an author whose career was as remarkable for industry as for duration. He wrote, during the ten years 1810–20—beside the 'West-East Divan' (already noticed) and several contributions to the literature of physical science, of art, and of archæology—an account of an 'Italian Journey' and a part of the *Wanderjahre.* In 1820–30 he continued his contributions to his journal for 'Art and Antiquity,' made some additions to his autobiography, and completed the *Wanderjahre.* During the last two years of his life he completed the Second Part of *Faust.*

The more important of Goethe's later contributions to general literature which still remain to be noticed are his Social Romances; including the *Wahlverwandtschaften* ('Elective Affinities') and *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre* and *Wanderjahre.* Of the first-named of these works (which was written in 1808–9) it may be enough to say here that, while the author's want of reserve in the treatment of the details of unhappy marriage has been condemned, it must be admitted that his general aim is to assert the authority of law over passion. In an artistic point of view, this has been described as the author's best work in prose-fiction.

Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre ('Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship'), a romance with a didactic tendency, was written, with many interruptions, in the course of the years 1777–96. Though written during the author's middle age, the work may be noticed here in connection with its sequel. The title *Lehrjahre* prefixed to the romance refers to the law of apprenticeship in the old *Zünfte* (or 'trade companies'), as the title *Wanderjahre* (years of travel), in the sequel, refers to the old trade-rule, that a journeyman must spend some years in travelling and working under several masters before he could be admitted as a master in his trade.

Wilhelm Meister begins life with ideal expectations, writes poetry—and wishes to cultivate art apart from all the cares and the duties of practical life. In a fit of dejection he burns all his poems and, at once, resolves to employ his talents in commerce. But his purposes are easily changed by accidents and circumstances; he becomes acquainted with the members of a company of strolling players, joins them, and finds a painful contrast between his own ideal notions of the drama and the realities of an actor's life. In this part of the story several characters are distinctly drawn and well contrasted; but the narrative is, here and there, interrupted by dramatic criticism and other didactic passages.

The training received by Wilhelm during his apprenticeship is by no means given in a direct didactic form, but is often rather implied than expressed. His education is placed under the superintendence of a mysterious Union, or Brotherhood, whose members meet Wilhelm from time to time, and afford some guidance to his career. Their teaching is less clear than such as we find in the *Wanderjahre*, but indicates the doctrine that a true education should embrace the whole character of a man, and not only one or two of his talents. The hero is found, however, at the close of his apprenticeship and after all the training that he has received, still so weak and vacillating, that he hardly seems deserving of all the attention that has been bestowed on his education. His want of success in art has led some readers to suppose that the author's purport was to show how useless teaching must be, when bestowed on a man destitute of genius. This merely negative tendency, however, will not agree with the purport of the *Wanderjahre*—the sequel to Meister's Apprenticeship.

Some of the stories inserted in this sequel were written as early as in 1806; but the whole was not completed until 1821. Goethe reconstructed this work in 1829, when he was eighty years old. The romance may be regarded as intended to serve as a frame inclosing the author's latest views of society and education, which are interspersed with several episodes. The narrative is thus broken into fragments, but the work is still interesting, for it contains views of society that may, perhaps, be called prophetic. Goethe anticipated the social questions of the present times, and pointed for their solution to free but well-organised educational and co-operative institutions such as still belong to the future. A free union of work, religion and intellectual culture is the ideal of a complete education, as it is described in the more important sections of the *Wanderjahre*.

The lover of light fiction will not find delight in these 'Years of Travel.' Their interest depends mostly on a few pervading thoughts. Nature (as Goethe tells us) will tolerate no omissions of duty. We must not avoid 'the lowlier duties of life,' and soar away to enjoy high art. Another doctrine is implied in the book, namely, that the question of improved relations between capital and labour is eminently a moral and educational question. These are the most important thoughts in what we may call the more speculative part of the 'Years of Travel.'

We are there introduced to an educational and industrial Utopia where a solution is found of problems still connected with property and labour, co-operation, the results of machinery, and plans of emigration that are still unsettled. Capital is described, at once, as a common fund and as property, and its holders are called stewards. In the Utopia planned by Goethe, labour is educated and organised, while the old guild laws for apprentices, journeymen, and masters are revived with some modifications of their details. Education is made physical as well as mental and religious, and is founded on 'the three reverences;' the first having a regard to the supernatural world, the second respecting the world placed in subjection to man, and the third expressing itself in the social relations of men. The future dignity of educated and co-operative labour is predicted in the idyll of the modern 'Joseph the Carpenter' and his family, and a co-operative society of weavers is described at great length and with many minute details. It seems strange to find the author of 'Faust' writing of the culture of potatoes. He gives a warning against dependence for food on these uncertain tubers, but does not rail against them as Cobbett did. It is noticeable that Goethe's warning was written eighteen years before the potato famine of 1847.

Some of the views on art expressed in the *Wanderjahre* may also excite surprise. Goethe will have no theatres and no players tolerated in his Utopia; but vocal music is to be generally cultivated, and is used as a means of stimulating a cheerful industry.

The religion of this Utopia is described as a liberal and practical exposition of Christianity—something like what is mysteriously indicated, rather than explained, in *Die Geheimnisse*, an unfinished poem written by Goethe in 1785. The institution of the day of rest in every week is preserved; but worship is free.

The Co-operative Utopia has a strict system of police. Taverns and circulating libraries are, like theatres, abolished. The land is not demoralised by a standing army; but drill is an important part of education, and every man is trained to fight in his own defence. Neither bells nor drums are tolerated, but companies of working-men are summoned to their labour by the harmonious sounds of wind instruments. Lastly, a Union is formed for the promotion and regulation of a free and extensive Emigration, well supported by capital, labour, and good organisation. Like the

labourers who stay at home the free companies of industrial emigrants, who go forth to America, are encouraged by hopeful song. Here is one stanza from 'The Song of the Emigrants':—

> Stay not here, as if fast bound!
> Boldly venture, freely roam;
> Labour's hand, on foreign ground,
> Soon shall make another home.
> Enterprise, our cares dispelling,
> Leads us far as shines the sun;
> This wide world is all our dwelling,
> And has treasures to be won.

The works already mentioned by no means represent the whole of Goethe's literary activity; but our limits will allow us only to note very briefly his numerous and valuable contributions to æsthetic criticism, his endeavours to promote an international literary union, and his researches in several departments of physical science. His extensive correspondence must also be at least mentioned, as supplying important aids towards every attempt made to estimate fairly his own character and that of the times in which he lived. Of several reports of his conversations with friends, the well-known work by John Peter Eckermann may be noticed as the most interesting. It contains reports of conversations with Goethe during the last nine years of his life—from September 1822 to a few days before March 22, 1832, when Goethe died, at noon, in his eighty-third year.

In any attempt to estimate briefly the value of Goethe's writings—more particularly his poetical works—we might notice, chiefly, either their excellence as works of art, or their extent and variety, or, lastly, their general moral and social tendencies. Instead, however, of adding anything to the abundance of criticism already written on these subjects, we would simply notice here one grand characteristic of Goethe and his works. His genius was expansive, conciliatory, and unitive in the highest degree. He was one of the least abstract or insular of all the literary men of all nations and of all times. There was, indeed, hardly any one department of life or thought—excepting always mean party politics, polemic theology, and abstruse metaphysics—that was excluded from the range of his sympathies and studies.

Whatever may be said by men of science of the value of Goethe's researches in physical science, his healthful and reverent

love of nature was one of the finest traits in his character. In his descriptions of human nature as it is, he incurred censure by that want of exclusion and reserve to which we have already referred as a common characteristic of literature in the time when Goethe passed his youth. It must be freely admitted that he never entirely forgot all the tendencies of that age. He was a naturalist, and could not write in the abstract and 'dry-as-dust' style, either of surrounding nature or the human life in which that nature is summarised.

Severe censures have been lavished on Goethe for his indifference with regard to the contentions of political factions, and to the respective merits of several mere dead forms of government. It is, at least, probable that his thoughts were employed on more important subjects. He had a prevision of a coming time so closely occupied with social questions and reformations as to find hardly any leisure for the study of abstract politics, or for the strategy of factions. He foresaw, and not without gloomy forebodings, the character of the age in which we are living, and, accordingly, his later writings—particularly, his social romances—consist partly of studies on the prospects of society.

If he refused to meddle with barren party politics, he endeavoured, on the other hand, to unite literature with practical social interests. In the *Wanderjahre*—one of the least finished works, in an artistic point of view—he suggests, as we have seen, a vision of the future—a dream, perhaps, it must be called—of a poetry, not printed on paper, but having for its words or symbols industrious men and women and their well-trained children. It is a theory of music, having for its chords free educational and industrial unions, in which all our lamentable divisions and contentions of classes shall be abolished for ever. It may be only a dream; but it is the dream of a widely sympathetic mind.

Of Goethe's religious principles, neither an exposition nor a defence can be here given; but it may be observed that they were neither negative nor polemical, but unitive and conciliatory. The general notion implied in some of his writings, of a future union of some form of Christianity with Hellenism, may be understood in a very shallow sense, so as to appear merely absurd; but it admits a higher interpretation, as a theory demanding the harmonious culture of both soul and body.

To estimate the artistic excellence of Goethe's poetry we may

employ Hegel's rule—that the value of a work of art rises, firstly, in the ratio as its thought is more deep or comprehensive, and again in the ratio as that thought is more poetically and vividly expressed. When judged by this rule, not only such a drama as 'Iphigenia' and such an idyll as 'Hermann and Dorothea,' but several of Goethe's ballads and lyrical poems must be described as excellent works of poetic art.

Among literary men who gained reputations during the last ten or twelve years of Goethe's life, we must name here three poetical writers who, while differing widely in their tendencies, were alike in this—that they all contributed their aid to the culture of an artistic style of poetry. The writers to whom we refer are Rückert, Platen, and Heine.

Friedrich Rückert (1789–1866) studied at Jena, and, in his youth, wrote the 'Sonnets in Armour,' and other patriotic poems already referred to (*ante*, Chapter XXVI.). He was for some years professor of oriental languages at Erlangen. His chief writings include 'Love's Springtime,' a series of lyrical poems highly commended for their melody and purity of sentiment; numerous and excellent translations of oriental poetry, and a very long didactic poem (or rather a series of Alexandrine verses) entitled 'The Brahman's Wisdom.' Rückert's epic poetry (of which *Rostem und Suhrab* is a specimen) has some fine passages here and there, but is inferior to his best lyrical productions. His dramas 'Saul and David,' 'Herod the Great,' and others, may be fairly described as failures.

Rückert wrote the most melodious verse to be found within the compass of German poetry, yet he wrote also some of the most prosaic pieces in verse. A great part of his 'Brahman's Wisdom' consists of nothing better than mere preaching or uttering strings of proverbs in rhyme, but the prevalent didactic strain is, here and there, relieved by some significant oriental story or legend, told in a pleasing style. Rückert's translations from oriental poets have been highly praised by the most competent critics. In his translations from Jellaleddin Rumi and several other Persian poets, we find not only the sense of the original, but the metre, the rhyme or assonance, and the mannerism of the oriental poet, all clearly represented as if in a mirror.

Rückert's poetical merits are hardly to be found concentrated in a few verses, or even in any few poems, but are rather seen in

the wide extent of his culture. He has a perfect command of language, and the versification of his best lyrical poems is so fluent and musical, that it cannot be fairly expressed in a translation. The following lines give, in the form of a paraphrase, the import of a passage in Rückert's sketch of an ideal city, or a poet's Utopia. There, he says, the fine arts—music, painting, and poetry—shall find their home:—

> Not dwell in dull seclusion lone,
> But in the streets and round the throne,
> As friends of every one, shall stand
> And throw their magic o'er the land.
> And not to please a pedant's taste
> The artist shall his labour waste,
> But in the people's gladden'd eyes
> Find his labour's richest prize.
> There shall music's temple rise
> And fill with harmony the skies,
> And palaces where art divine
> Makes earth in heavenly colours shine.
> The poets shall not tell their tales
> To moonlit woods and nightingales,
> Nor give the cheerful lyric strain
> To old-world fables dull and vain,
> Of knights and saints in ancient days,
> Nor fill with idle dreams their lays;
> But in the city bards shall dwell,
> By king and people honour'd well,
> And poetry, no idle art,
> Shall cheer the universal heart.

Rückert and Platen were alike in three respects:—both wrote with a tendency to introduce a political school of poetry; and both were generally very careful students of versification. We regret to add, as the third common trait, that both were remarkable for their indulgence in the luxury of self-laudation. Rückert's self-complacency is amusing; Platen's is stern or defiant, and implies a contempt for many of his contemporaries. In two or three of his poems, he speaks as proudly as Horace in the ode beginning with *Exegi monumentum*.

PLATEN owes his fame more to the beauty of his versification than to the vigour or originality of his thoughts. Several of his best poems are like ancient statues, classical, cold, and pale. He could gracefully bend his mother-tongue to the metres of Horace; but could not move the feelings of the people. Yet Platen, though deficient in original invention and popular purpose, wins

our favour by his taste and elegance; qualities too rare in these days of hasty writing.

MAX GRAF VON PLATEN-HALLERMÜNDE was born at Ansbach in 1796. Though titled, his family was not wealthy, and, in accordance with his father's wishes, the young count entered into the military service—an ungenial school for a mind whose greatest delight was found in the elegance of classical literature. He was soon weary of the army's discipline, and went to pursue his favourite studies at the University of Würzburg. Soon afterwards he removed to Erlangen, where he listened to the poetical philosophy of Schelling, and became the friend of the poet Rückert. The result of this friendship was, that Platen began to write verses in the oriental strain then fashionable.

These oriental poems are less remarkable than Platen's fine imitations of the spirit and style of the old classic poets, especially Horace. We ought hardly to call it imitation, it was something more; he threw off his German nature and modern style, and not only wrote elegantly in the metres, but in the very spirit of his ancient models. As in literature he left Germany and seemed to live in Rome, he determined to realise, bodily as well as intellectually, his classical ideas, and accordingly went to Italy. After this he had little to say in favour of his Fatherland. Italy was the land of life and poetry; Germany was the land of dull, prosaic routine and soul-burdening studies. In short, Platen was wholly seized with that enthusiastic love of the warm blue South which carries so many northern youths from Sweden, Denmark, and Germany to Rome and Naples. It may be observed how much easier it is to yield to the fascinations of the South, and celebrate its climate and scenery, than to master and convert into poetry the less pleasing but more energetic life of the people of the North. In the South Platen wrote one of his most considerable poems, the 'Abassiden,' a long story, full of oriental fantasies from the 'Arabian Nights.'

Platen, as far as possible, threw off his German nature, and gave his poetry to southern and classical themes. On his second visit to Italy, he lived three years at Naples, and described the lively scenes of 'Soft Parthenope.' On the death of his father he returned into Germany, and resided a while at Munich, where he wrote an historical drama; but his native country was now no home for him, and he spoke of it in a very uncomplimentary style:—

True, there are some advantages at home—
State-honours, dull respectability,
And a great load of learning!

Platen died, and was buried in Sicily, in 1835.

One part of the poet's duty this writer fulfilled well; he gave to his productions the highest finish and polish. In his choice of language he exercised the care and patience of a lapidary: hence some of his poems may be likened to the pebble—

When, cut by art, and polished with nice care,
Veins it discovers, beautiful and rare,
Which for the loss of that moist gleam atone
That tempted first to gather it.

Platen's lyrical poems include several odes, hymns, and sonnets, which, with respect to their versification, may be classed with the best in the German language. The 'Venetian Sonnets' are remarkably elegant. In several dramatic poems, including the 'Fatal Fork' already noticed, the author misemployed his talents in writing long parodies of some oddities found in the works of the Romantic School. The 'Romantic Œdipus,' which is the best of these dramatic parodies, was intended to serve as a satire on the plays of Immermann and Raupach, and on the eccentricities of some inferior writers.

As examples of Platen's skill in the use of antique classic metres, his ode on 'Florence,' the 'Invitation to Sorrento,' and an address 'to Marco Saracini' may be mentioned. From another poem of this class, 'The Pyramid of Cestius,' (a well-known monument in the Roman burial-ground for heretics), two or three strophes may be translated, to show how the poet sometimes adopts the heathen sentiments of Greek or Latin poets, while he writes well in their antique metres:—

Here, mid the strangers, I would lay my bones,
Far from my own cold region in the North,
Far from the land where on the poet's lips
His song is frozen.

Gladly I'll forfeit, mid these heathen tombs,
That heaven of which Rome holds in charge the portal,
That paradise which Peter's golden key
Can shut or open;

Rather conduct my shade into the realm
Where dwell the mighty poets of the past,
Where Homer sings, and tragic Sophocles
Rests, crowned with laurel.

That Platen can tell a story with good effect, though in a few simple words, may be seen in his lines on the retirement of the Emperor Charles the Fifth to the convent of St. Just:—

It is black night; loud is the tempest's roar;
Good Spanish monk, open your convent's door.

Here let me rest till, ere the dawn of day,
The convent bell awakens me to pray.

Prepare for me such robes as are allowed;
First the monastic gown, and then the shroud.

Give me a little cell within your shrine—
Once more than half this hollow world was mine.

The head I offer to the tonsure now
Wore diadems and jewels on the brow,

And on these shoulders that a cowl must hide
Purple and costly ermine showed their pride.

Now, before death, I would be reckoned dead,
Like my old realm, in ruins round me spread.

An anecdote in the life of the great painter, Luca Signorelli, is told almost as simply as the above. Luca, now an old man, is working in his studio, when he hears the news that his son—a handsome youth—has fallen in a duel, and that his body has been carried into the minster:—

Straight to the church the master went—
He shed no tears—he said no more;
His pupil, knowing his intent,
Beside him brush and palette bore.

He steps into the minster dim;
From many a shrine his paintings gleam;
The monks their drear funereal hymn
Chant by the lamps' undying beam.

There Luca gazes on the dead;
Then all night in that solemn place
He sits, with colours near him spread
To paint the dear boy's sleeping face.

He sits and paints beside the bier,
With father's heart and painter's skill,
Till morning dawns—'I have him here—
Bury the corpse whene'er you will.'

One more specimen of Platen's narrative style may be given. The poem from which the following stanzas are quoted tells how, after the Moslem conquest of Persia, the Persian hero, Harmosán, appeared before the caliph Omar to receive the sentence of death :—

Then Omar darkly frown'd on him, and thus the victor said :—
'Know you how crimson is the hand that faithful blood hath shed?'
'My doom awaits your pleasure now—the power is on your side—
A victor's word is always right!'—so Harmosán replied.

I have but one request to make, whatever fate be mine—
For these three days I have not drunk—bring me a cup of wine!'
Then Omar nodded, and his slaves brought presently the cup,
But, fearing poison, doubtfully the captive held it up.

'Why drink you not? The Mussulman will ne'er deceive a guest:
You shall not die till you have drunk that wine—'tis of the best.'
The Persian seized the cup at once, and cast a smile around,
Then dash'd the goblet down—the wine ran streaming o'er the ground.

As Omar's chieftains saw the trick, they drew, with savage frown,
Their keen and glittering scimitars to cut the Persian down;
But Omar cried—'So let him live!—Faithful! the word was spoken;
My word is sacred as an oath, and never shall be broken.'

The writer whom we must now mention may be said to be the chief connecting link between the close of the period 1770–1830 and the new school of literature that followed the July Revolution of 1830.

Heinrich Heine, the son of Jewish parents, was born at Düsseldorf in 1799. He studied law at Berlin, assumed the profession of Christianity in 1825, and, after 1830, resided mostly in Paris, where his literary services were rewarded by the French Government. He died in 1856.

Heine rapidly gained a reputation by his first volume of lyrical poems, his *Reisebilder* ('Pictures of Travel') and his 'Book of Songs,' which were all published in the course of the years 1822–27. These works were followed by 'Germany, a Winter-Tale' and 'Atta Troll,' which were both vehicles of satire. Heine published, at a later time, a series of poems entitled 'Romanzero

(1851), which contains some sad proofs of frivolity, followed by an expression of repentance that seems to be ironical.

The lively and humorous style and the frivolous character of several of Heine's prose works are too well known to be described here. Some of his polemical writings are very disgraceful, as might be easily proved by a reference to his controversy with LUDWIG BÖRNE, an enthusiastic, but earnest and truthful political writer.

It is as a writer of lyrical poetry that Heine chiefly claims our notice in an account of German literature. His songs and other short lyrical poems are varied, lively, and original, though (it must be added) his verse, as well as his prose, is too often disfigured by the coarsest sentiments and most irreverent expressions, apparently thrown in with no other motive than to excite attention, by offending good taste.

Heine's best lyric poems, while retaining their own distinct character, have often some glimpses of epic or dramatic interest, and give us a series of outlines for genre pictures. The poet produces effects by the use of the simplest possible means—a few words, seemingly thrown together without any care—and one of his mannerisms is to leave his thought only half expressed, but so that the sequel may be easily guessed. It is not difficult, for example, to understand all that is implied in the following very brief but striking story of two trees, which are here made to serve as symbols of a hopeless separation:—

> A PINE upon a barren steep
>   Stands, in the Norland, all alone,
> Cover'd with ice and snow—asleep,
>   With a white mantle o'er him thrown.
>
> The Pine is dreaming of a PALM
>   That, 'mid the glow of a tropic day,
> On a burning soil, in the sultry calm,
>   Mourns—lone and still, and far away.

In one series of the lyrical poems that suggest pictures, we are brought to the coast of the North Sea, and are introduced to the cottages of sailors and fishermen; in other songs of that class we visit the miner's hut on the Harzgebirge. In some less pleasant but graphic poems, the interiors of cottages are made to suggest tragic incidents, as in 'The Forester's Hut' in the wood, and, still

more, in the gloomy verses entitled 'The Preacher's Family.' They tell, in few words, a long and dismal story of the old preacher who died in poverty; of his widow left with only her bible to console her, and of a son and a daughter both made reckless by want of hope. The gloom of the picture is perfect and by no means unreal :—

The pale half-moon of the autumn-night
Looks out, through clouds that intervene;
The parsonage, and, white with stones,
The churchyard, glimmer in her sheen.

The mother in the bible reads,
The son sits there with downcast eyes,
The elder daughter, half-asleep,
Yawns, as the younger daughter sighs :—

'Ah God! how slow the tedious days
Pass by one in this lonely place!
Save when some dismal funeral comes,
We never see a stranger's face!'

Heine was one of the believers in the greatness of Napoleon I. It might be well supposed, that a true disciple of Chauvinism had written the fine ballad of 'The Grenadiers' returning from Russia to France, after Waterloo. A few lines have already been quoted (*ante*, Chapter XXVI.), and the rest of the ballad deserves notice here as a good specimen of Heine's power in popular writing. Thus one of the old French Grenadiers addresses his comrade :—

But, comrade, grant me one request—
If on the way I die,
Carry me home, and let my bones
Beside French ashes lie!

And let my cross of honour hang
Just here, upon my breast;
And put the musket in my hand;
Then leave me to my rest.

And like a sentinel in the grave,
I'll listen for the day,
'Till I hear the galloping hoofs again,
And the thundering cannon's bray;

When rides the Conqueror o'er my grave,
And swords and muskets rattle,
I'll rise to hail my Emperor,
And follow him to battle.

Heine can assume a religious as well as a military tone in his poetry. The 'Pilgrimage to Kevlaar,' an account of a miracle wrought at that shrine, is a good instance of Heine's versatility. It might be accepted as an authentic miraculous legend written in old times by some devout Catholic. Another pious little poem gives us a beautiful vision of the quietude of Sunday and of the happiness of Christian devotion; but we have only to turn over a few pages to find that the author can treat the same or closely similar subjects with the grossest irreverence.

The originality, simplicity, and apparent carelessness of Heine's lyrical poems are all well exemplified in his tale of 'The Lorelei'—a dangerous siren haunting a steep cliff on the Rhine, between St. Goar and Oberwesel, at a spot where there is a remarkable echo. The original poem is so perfectly easy and careless in its style, that it reads like an impromptu:—

I know not what it may mean to-day
  That I am to grief inclined;
There's a tale of a Siren—an old-world lay—
  That I cannot get out of my mind.

The air is cool in the twilight gray,
  And quietly flows the Rhine;
On the ridge of the cliff, at the close of the day,
  The rays of the sunset shine.

There sits a maiden, richly dight,
  And wonderfully fair;
Her golden bracelet glistens bright
  As she combs her golden hair,

And while she combs her locks, so bright,
  She sings a charming lay;
'Tis sweet, yet hath a marvellous might,
  And 'tis echoing far away.

The sailor floats down, in the dusk, on the Rhine,
  That carol awakens his grief;
He sees on the cliff the last sunbeam shine,
  But he sees not the perilous reef.

Ah! soon will the sailor, in bitter despair,
  To his foundering skiff be clinging!
And that's what the beautiful Siren there
  Has done with her charming singing.

The tendencies of Heine's prose writings will be made clearer in a subsequent brief account of 'Young Germany,' a class of

young authors who, for a short time, might be regarded as Heine's followers or disciples.

It is simply with a view to chronological order, that we notice here two or three poetical writers whose earlier works appeared during the last decennium of Goethe's life. The author first named, Schefer, might be classed with Rückert, but only as a writer of didactic poetry.

Leopold Schefer was born in 1784, at Muskau in Ober-Lausitz, where his father practised as a physician. The son enjoyed all the advantages of an excellent education, and acted for some years as the steward of Prince Pückler-Muskau. After his release from this service, Schefer travelled extensively in the Levant. His later years were passed in a profound quietude at his native place, where, after a long life seldom disturbed by care or sorrow, he died in 1862.

His literary productivity was remarkable. He wrote seventy-three short novels, besides the didactic works in verse respectively entitled 'The Layman's Breviary' (1834), 'The Secular Priest' (1846), 'Household Discourses' (1854), and 'Vigila.' To these must be added two volumes of lyrical poetry—'Hafiz in Hellas,' and 'The Koran of Love'—in order to represent the literary work done by Schefer. He was moreover an enthusiast in music, and composed, beside vocal pieces, about a dozen symphonies for a full orchestra.

His novels are full of poetic expressions of delight in the contemplation of nature, and give proofs of high imaginative powers, but they are extremely defective in style and arrangement. Originality and beauty are found in many of Schefer's lyrica poems; but his most remarkable characteristics—his 'Pantheism' and his 'boundless Optimism'—are seen chiefly in his didactic works, of which 'The Layman's Breviary' is the best representative. It consists of a series of meditations on nature, human life, and Divine Providence, which are interspersed, here and there, with some fine poetry. The prevailing tone of the book is so full of cheerfulness and contentment that it seems utterly unreal; but it was, nevertheless, maintained by the author throughout his own long meditative life. If that life had been more practical, or more vexed with the cares and afflictions that beset ordinary men, Schefer's joyous and well-sustained optimism would have been, indeed, a marvellous phenomenon. It should be added, that the

wide reputation of 'The Layman's Breviary' was gained, neither by its pantheistic nor by its optimistic views of life, but by its pure and refined ethics and its numerous fine expressions of sympathy with all the common interests of human life.

The author's style of thinking, as well as of writing, is so peculiar, that no clear notion of it can be given without the aid of a few quotations. The following lines are selected from a poem of consolation addressed to the parents of an afflicted child:—

Lo, God is here—immediately here
Asserts Himself in every drop of blood;
Here as the sap in the rose's root He moves,
Here in the warmth-and-life-diffusing fire,
The life-power and the healing-power of all.
All that He owns He constantly is healing,
Quietly, gently, softly, but most surely;—
He helps the lowliest herb with wounded stalk
To rise again—see! from the heavens fly down
All gentle powers to cure the blinded lamb!
Deep in the treasure-house of wealthy Nature
A ready secret instinct wakes and moves
To clothe the naked sparrow in the nest,
Or trim the plumage of an aged raven;—
Yea, in the slow-decaying of a rose
God works, as well as in the unfolding bud;
He works with gentleness unspeakable
In death itself—a thousand times more careful
Than ev'n the mother by her sick child watching.
Now!—God is here—in this afflicted child,
In every vein throughout his heavenly form.
'Tis He who wakes beside him in the mother;
'Tis He that gives good counsel by the father;
In the physician's hand He brings the help;
Through all the means He lives—through all the buds,
And all the roots of the medicinal herb—
Lives in this morning light—this morning breath,
Lives in the lark that sings his song up yonder,
To cheer the child, who hears and faintly smiles;
Lives everywhere with perfect power and love.

Another quotation may, perhaps, serve to explain the charge of pantheism' preferred against Schefer:—

My Father! all that seemeth like Thyself
Among mankind I'll love; but oh, forgive
The hasty word!—forgive the helpless thought!—
Said I, 'like Thee'?—I'd rather say, whate'er

Has even the faintest semblance of thy shadow,
That will I love and honour evermore.
Yea! let it take the forms of little children,
Or let it in the beauteous maid appear,
Or as the worn old man, with silvered hair,
Or as a sightless pauper whom I meet;
Or let me see a shadow of thy love
In the swift swallow, that flits by to feed
Her callow brood, or in the soaring lark,
Or in the radiant dove that, in the field,
Picks up the grain which Thou hast scatter'd there.

The following are brief specimens of Schefer's practical ethics:—

To care for others that they may not suffer
What we have suffer'd is divine well-doing,
The noblest vote of thanks for all our sorrows.

. . . . . .

Thus I have seen a lame and halting child
Prop up most tenderly a broken plant,
And a poor mother, whose own child was burnt,
Snatch from the flame the children of another.
So, generous man, return thou constant thanks,
For all thy griefs, to God and to mankind,
And ending grief will make unending joy.

Schefer's whole doctrine may be briefly indicated by saying that it forms the antipodes to all that is taught by Arthur Schopenhauer.

An Austrian poet, Joseph von Zedlitz (1790–1862), may be at least mentioned here. He followed the traditions of the Romantic School, but wrote elegantly in an elegiac strain in his 'Wreaths for the Dead.' His 'Forest Maid' is a pleasant idyll, which revives the picturesque scenery used by Tieck and his school.

A Bohemian poet, Karl Egon Ebert, who was born at Prague in 1801, may be also named among the writers who gained their reputation during the last ten years of Goethe's life. Ebert's epic poem, *Wlasta*, founded on an old Bohemian legend of Amazonian warfare, won some moderate commendation from Goethe in 1829. Since then Ebert has written an idyll entitled 'The Convent,' besides some good ballads and many dramatic pieces.

The general tendency of poetical literature, during the years of

which an account has been given in this and in the preceding chapter, was popular and in some degree political. Uhland and Heine, though strongly opposed in other respects, were alike in their tendency to give a social and popular interest to their poems. After July 1830 that tendency was carried on by other writers to an extreme point, and poetry was often made a mere vehicle for new political notions.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JULY 1830—PROGRESS—RETROSPECT OF 1800–30—FICHTE—SCHELLING—HEGEL—THE HEGELIAN METHOD—LOGIC—NATURE—MIND—PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY—FREEDOM—RELIGION, MORALS, AND POLITICS—ÆSTHETICS.

THE French Revolution of July 1830 marks the date of a new epoch in German Literature. The movement that then took place had been prepared during a dull and slow contest of progress with reaction in the years 1815–30. In the following decennium innovation in philosophy, in the theory of religion, in politics and in social life, was the main, general tendency of literature in prose and verse. A new fermentation took place, and the impatient spirit of the age was well expressed by LUDWIG BÖRNE (1786–1837), the author of 'Letters from Paris' and one of the most respectable of all the radical publicists who were calling out for a revolution in everything. In one amusing passage of his writings his fervour burst out in an odd form of prayer for the times:—'O Patience!' he exclaims, 'Queen and Governess of the German People and of Tortoises!—Patroness of my poor, languishing native land!—Germanize me, O Goddess! from the sole of my foot to the crown of my head, and then stow me away in a museum of old curiosities and in a case filled with the most singular petrifactions! . . . . I vow that henceforth I will be thy most faithful servant. I will regularly peruse the "Dresden Evening News" and all the theatrical criticisms. Yea, I will read Hegel until I understand what he means, and I will stand, in rainy weather and without an umbrella, in front of the hall where the German Diet is assembled, and I will wait there patiently until somebody comes out and proclaims the freedom of the press.'

Börne's declamatory fervour represented the views of many young men who demanded that the freedom which since Lessing's

time had existed, as they said, only in literature, should be asserted in political and practical life. They denounced the retrogressive and unpractical character of the Romantic School, though admitting that it had given a national tone to poetry. Liberal and progressive politics, it was said, were urgently wanted instead of ideal poetry, and imaginative literature must be made the humble servant of practical life. It was boldly declared, that the German people had, at last, resolved to become severely practical.

Accordingly, both verse and imaginative prose were made vehicles of the new tendencies that prevailed; and not a little of the so-called 'poetry' written about this time was generally more to be commended for its earnest feeling than for its æsthetic value. Poetry, indeed, can no longer fairly claim the place of honour in an account of national literature. The most important tendencies of the age were expressed in discussions of philosophical and religious questions, especially those introduced in the Hegelian School which prevailed in Berlin from 1820 to 1830, and for some years after Hegel's death, which took place in 1831.

The influence of the Romantic School in poetry and of its tendencies in religion and politics was declining in the course of the years 1820–30, while Hegel reigned in philosophy. To say nothing of his strict, systematic plan of teaching, or of his profound respect for antique Grecian art and poetry—his assertion of the necessity of political progress, and of a slow but sure development of rational freedom based upon moral and religious culture; his stern Protestantism and his opposition to every external religion depending on traditions; his boldest doctrine, that all that is spiritual and rational must be gradually made real and actual;—these and other principles insisted on in his laborious course of teaching were all, more or less directly, opposed to retrogressive tendencies.

The ten years 1830–40 might be called revolutionary. Among the immediate results of their movement we find the divisions of 'Right,' 'Left,' and 'Centre' in the Hegelian School, and the new social notions of 'Young Germany,' which were encouraged both by Heine's frivolity, and by Börne's earnest liberalism. Philosophy, poetry, journalism, all now became more or less political. Arnold Ruge, in the *Hallischen Jahrbücher*, endeavours to make philosophy practical and democratic. Political poetry,

takes the place of idealism, and 'the Future' takes the place of the Middle Ages. Literature is no longer insular in relation to popular life. Numerous lively stories founded on the real lives and circumstances of the people are noticeable as signs of the times. Events are leading on to the depression of hopes that must follow 1840 and to the movement that must take place in 1848.

It is in this epoch of bold innovations that the Recent Literature which we must now briefly describe has its commencement. As we have already stated (in the Introduction to these Outlines), the prolific writers of the time 1830–70 cannot be treated with such freedom of criticism as may have been, here and there, asserted in reference to the moral, political, and religious tendencies of authors belonging to the preceding periods. The reasons are obvious. We have here no aid derived from such criticism as has been confirmed by the verdict of time. Moreover, the general literature of this recent period is strongly imbued with controversial, political, social, and religious tendencies. Many of the writers whom we must name are still living, and their reputations must be tested by time. To repeat here what has been said in the Introduction to these Outlines—for the following account of recent productions no respect is claimed more than what is due to a careful statement of facts.

The idea of progress, which was made prominent by Hegel's teaching, remained predominant in general literature, as well as in philosophy, after 1830. The light literature of the ten years 1830–40 was made a vehicle for the notions of 'Young Germany,' while the more important tendencies of the age were expressed in the controversy arising out of the dissolution of the Hegelian School. Before we attempt to describe the divisions of that school, some account of its origin may be given; but it should be observed, that no pretension is made of giving anything like an analysis of the Hegelian system. Its exposition is to be found only in itself; but we may attempt to describe here its origin, its apparent tendencies, and some of its more manifest results. To make as clear as we can the origin of the system, it will be necessary to refer again to the theories of Fichte and Schelling, which have already been noticed (*ante*, Chapters XXIV. and XXVI.) in their connection with general literature. Their influence in the development of speculative philosophy must here be referred to.

JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE, born in 1762, fought long with poverty and studied deeply before he acquired fame (in 1792) by his book entitled 'A Critique of all Revelation.' This gained for him an appointment as professor of philosophy at Jena, where he taught the doctrines which were stated in his *Wissenschaftslehre*, and in other works published in 1794–98. The publication of an article in a philosophical journal led to a charge of atheism preferred against Fichte. The patrons of the University of Jena were by no means disposed to support the charge against their professor, but he demanded that it should be either proved or formally denounced. Fichte was then allowed to leave his chair at Jena, and went to Berlin, where, in 1808, he boldly delivered (though his voice was, now and then, drowned by French military music in the street) the patriotic 'Addresses to the German Nation,' from which we have already quoted some passages. In 1810 he was appointed rector of the University of Berlin. When the War of Liberation began, he showed himself ready to maintain practically his own assertions of patriotic principles, and to sacrifice life to the fulfilment of his duty to his native land. His death accorded well with the tenour of his life and his teaching. His wife, while attending to the wants of wounded soldiers, was prostrated by hospital fever. Her life was spared; but Fichte was soon afterwards attacked by the same disease and died, January 28, 1814. He was, in the highest sense of the words, a brave man.

Fichte collected no considerable school of disciples; but the influence of his teaching was powerful in ethics and metaphysics. In the latter his aim was to find union instead of Kant's duality. Kant had concluded with the assertion that we cannot know the substance, or ground, of appearances. Fichte asserted that an absolute Personality causes all the appearances of the finite world to exist, but only as the means of making manifest the power of his own moral will. Beyond this supreme will no independent substance exists. It should hardly be necessary to state, that Fichte never dreamed of an error that has been ascribed to him—that of confounding the individual and arbitrary will of any man, or of any collection of men, with the will of the Absolute 'Ego.' On the contrary, he taught that our moral education consists in learning to surrender our own false, partial and antagonistic wills to the One True and Universal Will. There were two stages in

Fichte's teaching. At Jena he was stern, and talked mostly, in Kant's style, of obedience to the dictates of conscience. He then described Duty as a 'stern lawgiver,' but not as wearing

> The Godhead's most benignant grace.

At Berlin he professed a mystic belief in Christianity, especially as set forth in St. John's Gospel, and spoke as much of love as of stern duty. Two lines from a sonnet written by Fichte may suffice to show that he did not make an idol of his own will:—

> Let thine own Ego—all that's mortal—die;
> Then God alone lives in thy life's endeavour.

The influence of Fichte's teaching was felt mostly in the studies of history, politics, and morals. His metaphysical principles might appear abstruse; but their results were clear and practical. They demanded a general scientific reformation. History was to be studied as a progression, and not as a pile of facts; morals and theology were to be more closely united, and government was to be studied as an organism animated throughout by the spirit of liberty. In the philosophy of nature Fichte's principles were at first developed and then changed by his disciple (afterwards, his opponent) Schelling, whose book 'On the Method of Academical Study' (1803) excited an enthusiasm now sometimes mentioned as something marvellous. Men, at that time, displayed in their study of grand theories a zeal almost equal to that now put forth in the universal fight for gold. They sought for wisdom 'as for hidden treasure.'

Friedrich Wilhelm Joseph von Schelling, born at Leonberg in 1775, was in early life noticed as the most advanced of all the young students at Tübingen, where he was the friend of Hegel and the poet Hölderlein. When only seventeen years old, Schelling gained promotion by writing a philosophical exposition of the third chapter in the Book of Genesis. He afterwards went to Jena, where he was Fichte's chief disciple and successor, and, as we have told (*ante*, Chapter XXIV.), was, for a short time, associated with the men of the Romantic School. He soon departed from the principles of Fichte's teaching, and produced a new theory, accepted as a 'philosophy of Nature,' of which Hegel was, for some time, an earnest student. Subsequently Hegel dissented from his friend's discursive and sometimes dogmatic mode of

teaching, and asserted the necessity of a strictly logical method. 'Schelling's intuition,' says Hegel, 'seems to be shot out of a pistol.' After leaving Jena (in 1808) Schelling gained the appointment of secretary to the Academy at Munich, where he was elected professor of philosophy n 1827. He was called, in 1841, to Berlin, where he delivered a course of lectures on 'The Philosophy of Revelation,' and gave the outlines of a new theory which was in several points opposed to the Hegelian method, and may be best explained by a contrast with Hegel's teaching. Schelling died in 1854.

His earlier theories were never reduced to one consistent system, but were greatly modified from time to time in the course of the few years 1797–1809, and were at last said to be superseded by the new doctrines promulgated after 1841. Of his earlier nature-philosophy some account has already been given (*ante*, Chapter XXIV.). The general tendency of all the transitions made in his later teaching was towards an attempted reconciliation of philosophy with positive Christian theology, at least with some of its doctrines. In his early theory he asserted the identity of the Mind and Nature, and hardly differed from Spinoza's teaching. By several transitions—found in his writings, 'On the Soul of the World' (1798), the 'System of Transcendental Idealism' (1800), 'Bruno' (1802), and the 'Lectures on the Method of Academical Study' (1803)—he advanced to the doctrine of mysticism contained in a work 'On the Freedom of Man' (1809), which may be described as consisting mostly of an exposition of principles previously asserted by Jakob Böhme. It would be very difficult to give any account at once concise and faithful of Schelling's latest teaching; but it may be observed that its general tendency was to assert itself as 'Monotheism,' in opposition to Pantheism, and to refer the existence of moral evil to its cause in a perversion of man's will. With regard to this doctrine, Schelling's latest theory closely approaches the teaching of Franz von Baader, in connection with which it may be more distinctly noticed in a subsequent chapter.

Fichte and Schelling both endeavoured to escape from the duality with which Kant concluded his critiques. He left a gulph between the mind and nature; for one part of his teaching was virtually equivalent to the assertion that we can know nothing of what nature may be in itself. And, as we have already said

(*ante*, Chapter XVII.), he left a division as strongly marked between the intellect and the moral conscience. Fichte asserted that philosophy must be a deduction from one principle, and Schelling taught that the basis of philosophy must be found, not in reasoning, but in a primary intuition of the identity of the Mind and its Object. This identity (or rather union in apparent disunion), Hegel asserted, must not be left in the esoteric form of mysticism, but must be set forth, or developed, by a logical method. If a thought is deep and true, he says, its capability of expansion will be as great as its depth; it can survive its encounters with all possible contradictions, and will make all oppositions serve as a means of its own development. These and similar assertions in the preface to the 'Phenomenology of the Mind' (1807) indicated the work which the writer afterwards endeavoured to perform in his 'Logic' (1812–16) and in his 'Encyclopædia' (1817).

The system of doctrines, and the dialectic method by which it is developed in these writings, must be regarded as highly important, even if both should be found erroneous; for, in this case, the system may serve as, perhaps, the greatest of all discouragements for students of philosophy, and may thus lead them to pursue other studies. Hegel's was the most extensive, laborious, and persevering effort ever made to find union prevailing throughout all the departments of knowledge—logic and metaphysics, the physical sciences, psychology, ethics, law and politics, history, religion, and æsthetics. He endeavoured to unite metaphysics with a strictly logical method by which all the categories and laws of thought should be united in one sequence, arranged in their own internal order, and held within their own respective limits. These laws, he asserts, are no abstractions, but may be describe as the eternal and adamantine chain that holds in union the physical and spiritual universe.

GEORG WILHELM FRIEDRICH HEGEL, the author of this vast system of philosophy, was born at Stuttgart, August 27, 1770. After receiving his early training at the Gymnasium in his native place, he went to study theology at the University of Tübingen, where he became acquainted with his young friend Schelling. Soon after leaving Tübingen, Hegel was engaged as a private tutor at Berne. He had already learned to ponder on hard problems, as we see in his journal written during a pedestrian

tour in Switzerland. Some parts of the diary are intensely prosaic, and describe such matters as the manufacture of cheese. In other notes are found characteristic expressions of opinion. The barren heights and their glaciers suggested to the young student grave doubts respecting some of the facile conclusions of natural theology. 'Here,' said the tourist, 'it hardly appears clear to me that all things have been created for man's enjoyment.' The glaciers and the mountains seem to have excited hardly any admiration, but the Reichenbach waterfall is described with a genial delight, and in poetical language.

After leaving Berne, in 1796, Hegel lived as a private tutor in Frankfurt (1797–1800), and during his stay there was an industrious student in ancient literature, history, philosophy, theology, and ecclesiastical history. He wrote during those years, in very simple and dispassionate language, a 'Life of Christ.' In this calm narrative there can be found no trace of the irreverence of old-fashioned rationalism; but it is noticeable that not one word is said expressive of either a belief or a denial of any miraculous events mentioned in the four Gospels. They are all simply omitted. Hegel went to Jena in 1801, and there gained a bare subsistence by giving private lessons to a few young students. There he again met his friend and fellow-student Schelling, whom he assisted in editing 'A Critical Journal of Philosophy' (1802–3), in which he first published the hard and abstruse treatise, *Glauben und Wissen* ('Faith and Science'). He was by no means very successful as a tutor, though he gained a professorship at Jena in 1805, and, in the course of that and the following year, wrote his first independent treatise, the 'Phenomenology of the Mind.' In the thoughtful but difficult preface to this work he first clearly expressed his dissent from Schelling's discursive style of teaching, and indicated his own dialectic method, which was afterwards fully developed in his 'Logic.' He was finishing the 'Phenomenology' (1806) when the thunders of French artillery at Jena disturbed his philosophic speculations, and drove him away to find some scanty means of subsistence at Bamberg, where, for a short time, he edited a political journal. His income derived from this work was scanty. When inviting a young friend to contribute, now and then, an article to the 'Mercury,' the editor offered no honorarium better than 'a jug of Bamberg beer,' which, however, he pronounced to be 'excellent.' He was hardly satis-

fied either with his duties or with his income at Bamberg, and wished to be reinstated as professor at Jena. He soon, however, gained (1808) a better appointment as rector of the Gymnasium at Nürnberg, where he discharged his duties with kindness and fidelity, though he was then deeply engaged in the development of his philosophical system, and was, from time to time, making progress, but with many interruptions, in writing his 'Logic' (1812–16). In one of his letters from Nürnberg he acknowledges the receipt of a complete copy of Böhme's writings. To readers who have derived from the extreme left side of his school, or from other secondary sources, their notions of Hegel's own tenets, the fact, though true, may appear remarkable, that as the head-master of the school at Nürnberg he was strict in demanding attention to ethical and religious studies. Soon after his marriage (with a lady considerably younger than himself) Hegel was appointed professor of philosophy at Heidelberg (1816), where he published in (1817) his smaller 'Encyclopædia,' containing a summary of his whole system of teaching, but without the explanatory notes which were appended to it in a later edition. At Heidelberg he gained several friends and ardent disciples; but he remained a comparatively obscure man until 1818, when he was invited to take the chair of philosophy at the University of Berlin.

In his opening address, delivered in October 1818, he spoke of the University of Berlin as destined to be recognised as the middle-point of the civilised world, or as the centre of intellectual culture, and he asserted, on the same occasion, that religion and philosophy must be united with a true political progress. Though he maintained that the development of freedom was the goal of all history, his views of progress were so far moderated by his philosophical theory of history that he was generally regarded at Berlin as a firm conservative in politics. He thus gained the confidence and the support of the Altenstein ministry, and this fact gave rise to the statement, that he had modified his own opinions as formerly held, in order to gain the patronage of the Government. That this accusation was without foundation, may be seen by a reference to the 'Philosophy of Rights,' which was published in 1821. To the principles asserted in that treatise the author subsequently faithfully adhered. He consistently advocated a representation of the people, freedom of

the press, publicity in the administration of justice, trial by jury, and the administrative independence of civic corporations. To facilitate divorces and to corrupt and degrade the corporations of towns—these, said Hegel, are two sure ways of leading to a dissolution of society. He described a constitutional monarchy, or a state where the king represents the true general and organic will of a people, as the most perfect form of government; but he added that no government could endure without the support of religion.

In his later years his conservative tendencies were strengthened by the occurrence of the July Revolution and by the discussions on the English Reform Bill, with which he had made himself intimately acquainted, as he was a regular reader of English political journals. He wrote, in 1831, an article on the English Reform Bill, in which, while adhering to his judgment in favour of the English form of government, he expressed fears respecting the results of political changes based on theory. At the same time, he described the freedom enjoyed by the people of England as more formal than real, and he asserted that in no country in Europe were private interests allowed to prevail so much as in England. As proofs of this, he mentioned, with severe disapprobation, cases of misappropriation of church property and the injurious effects of the game-laws. He then proceeded to argue, that freedom in England had long consisted mostly in a supposed balance of the interests of parties, and that the introduction of wider and more theoretical principles could not be safe without a great improvement of education in the higher as well as in the lower classes of society.

Hegel's power as a lecturer must have been based on a belief in his depth and sincerity; for his style was utterly destitute of all external attractions, and was, in fact, such as is generally styled dull and heavy. Throughout his life he never acquired anything like a pleasant facility of utterance. He had always to struggle in order to find expressions for his complicated thoughts, and the hard internal effort was both visible and audible. His aspect, though noble in its profile—especially in moments of high inspiration—was generally severe and like that of a man inured to long and hard wrestlings with the most stubborn problems of thought and life, and his eyes, while he spoke, seemed, generally, to be looking far away into some ideal world.

He would commonly begin a lecture with painful hesitation and slow, difficult utterance, but would fight his way against a want of words, or through obstructions of thought, and, at last, would make his hearers sympathise with both the difficulties of the outset and the apparent sense of triumph by which his efforts were rewarded. It was said of him, in his daily intercourse, that his presence had a remarkably attractive, but also a repelling power. He was exemplary as a faithful husband and an affectionate father, and loved to live at home in a very quiet and unassuming style, and to associate with homely friends who had no pretensions whatever, either in literature or in philosophy. He liked to reserve his metaphysics for the lecture-hall, and never made any attempt to shine as a talker in society. When at home and among his friends he had great delight in playing whist, and treated the game with all the earnestness which Charles Lamb ascribes to Mrs. Battle. If his partner was careless, Hegel would look at him reproachfully and say, 'There he chatters and chatters and spoils the game!' A visitor might imagine that the homely and quiet Suabian there at rest in the midst of his family had never once heard the hard word 'dialectics,' and cared nothing for any philosophical disputations, ancient or modern.

But when he was urged to engage in controversy, he would sometimes manifest strong anger, and assume (it is said) the authoritative tone of an offended schoolmaster. Of philosophical and religious controversies he commonly spoke as of 'tedious affairs,' generally arising, he said, out of a defective knowledge of facts. Several misrepresentations of his views on both religion and politics gave rise to this impatience in controversy. Among other gross errors that were ascribed to his teaching was included the supposed denial that religion could exist under the form of sentiment, however deep and true. On the contrary, he asserted that 'the substance of all religion might be implied in feeling;' but he added that appeals to sentiment were quite out of place in a philosophical discussion. In consistency with this statement he controverted the exclusive doctrine of Jacobi (the chief advocate of an appeal to the heart on all religious questions), but he also spoke of him as 'the noble Jacobi.' In the preface to the second edition of his 'Encyclopædia' Hegel repels, with great warmth of indignation, the charge of irreligion, and asserts that

some of his own doctrines are identical with those of Christianity; but he adds, that religion has one vocabulary and systematic philosophy has another. He maintains, also, that his own religious views are more orthodox than those represented by Professor Tholuck, the well-known theologian. In the same preface, the writer excited the surprise of some of his own disciples by speaking with much respect of the religious mysticism of Böhme and of his commentator, Franz von Baader, though the latter had controverted some Hegelian doctrines. Hegel deserved fair treatment in controversy; for he had (as Goethe observed) a remarkable facility, founded on generosity, 'of placing himself in the adversary's position.' That he was a man capable of deep sympathy and possessing refined sentiments, may be seen in the letters addressed to his two friends, Heinrich Beer and the minister Von Altenstein, when they had suffered domestic bereavements. Nothing can be kinder and more delicate than the feelings expressed in these letters. It may be said that they give proof of a perfect sympathy.

Hegel's character as a husband and a father may be read in the genuine and unstudied letters he sent home during his vacation tours. They make us forget all dry metaphysical lectures and controversies, while we share the professor's youthful joy in visiting picture-galleries, and listening to Italian singers. Writing from the Austrian capital, he says:—'As long as I can afford to pay for opera-tickets, and can still save money enough to pay my fare home, I shall stay at Vienna!'—'There has not been here an opera-company like the present during the last fifty years.' He praises almost everybody and everything—first 'the excellent Englishman' with whom he travels; then the towns, canals, meadows, and churches of the Netherlands; the public buildings of Paris (where he dined with Cousin and Thiers); the kindness of Victor Cousin; the scenery near Weimar, and Goethe's cordiality, which, says Hegel, makes one forget the great poet and think of the man—but the highest enthusiasm of the liberated Professor of Philosophy, who writes like a youth, is reserved for the Italian singers of Rossini's music at Vienna, especially for the *prima donna*, Signora Dardanelli, by whose melody he seems to have been æsthetically fascinated.

We are glad to pass briefly over the controversies—mostly theological—by which Hegel was sorely vexed, at times, during

the later years of his life. He refers to these disputes in the preface to the third edition of the 'Encyclopædia' (1830), which is written in a tone of extreme indignation, and describes as 'infamous' the charge that the writer would 'deify his own intellect.'

In 1830 Hegel was appointed Rector of the University of Berlin. He was preparing a new edition of his 'Logic,' in 1831, when his labours were ended by a sudden attack of the epidemic —Asiatic cholera—then prevalent. When he returned from the hall where he had delivered, with more facility than usual, his last lecture, he remarked to his wife, 'My work has seemed very light to me this morning.' He was soon afterwards prostrated by the disease, and, without suffering pain, died calmly, November 14, 1831. A few years after his death, his writings—including, beside those already named, Lectures on the 'Philosophy of Religion,' on the 'History of Philosophy,' on the 'Philosophy of History' and on 'Æsthetics'—were collected and edited by a number of his friends and disciples.

HEGEL's dialectic method is based upon a principle that may be found stated, again and again, more or less clearly, in the writings of the greatest of the mystics—BÖHME. We do not say that Hegel borrowed that principle from Böhme; but merely notice the fact of coincidence, without an attempt to explain it.

This statement, that the central thought of Hegel's dialectics may be found in the mysticism of Böhme, is so remarkable, that it must not be accepted without a full investigation of its grounds. For these we refer, *first*, to Böhme's own writings *passim* (or to the summary of his doctrine given in Carrière's work 'On Philosophy in the Time of the Reformation'); *secondly*, to the following passages in Hegel's writings, namely, pages 18–27 in the preface to the 'Encyclopædia' (2nd edition), and pages 147–60 in the edition of the same work published in 1840. As we have already said, Schelling's treatise on 'Man's Freedom' (published in 1809) is almost entirely based on Böhme's mysticism. Some of the most eloquent and impressive passages in that treatise—especially those which treat of the existence of evil and of its subordination—may be described as consisting of little more than a paraphrase of Böhme's sayings. But more than this may be asserted. One of the leading thoughts of the lowly theosopher who lived at Görlitz served as a barrier beyond which the philosophical speculations begun by Schelling and concluded by Schopenhauer could

make no progress. For proofs of this second extraordinary statement we refer to the writings of Baader, which will be noticed in our next chapter.

Contradictions meet in the Hegelian system of philosophy. It was exceedingly abstruse and difficult in its processes; but it was, nevertheless, practical in its results. Without any expression of an opinion on the merits of the whole system, it may be safely asserted, that its prevalence had important results in the treatment of great questions belonging to history, politics, and theology. In attempting to give some faint notions of these results, we must, first of all, make a clear distinction between the practical consequences which were originally asserted by Hegel himself and those which were, afterwards, assumed to be fair deductions from his teaching. The question how far his disciples were correct in their interpretations of his words, or in their own use of his method, is far too extensive to be discussed here, and any attempt to give an analysis of the whole method would also lead us far beyond our close limits; but its leading motive and its connection with preceding systems may be briefly described. If we endeavoured to go farther than this boundary, 'words' (as Coleridge said) would 'cry out and forbid;' for we have, in English, no true equivalents for the words *Verstand*, *Wesen*, *Aufheben*, *Vernunft*, and *Begriff*, as commonly used in the Hegelian dialectic method. The reader who has a true insight into the meaning of these few words, so frequently used by Hegel, knows already a great part of his philosophy. For other readers we give the following brief account, not of its process, but of its main purpose and motive.

The general aim of Hegel was identical with that of the early German mystics, and also with that of Plato, Spinoza, Leibnitz, and Fichte. It was to attain the greatest possible union (not unity or identity) in all the results of experience; in other words, to reduce them, if possible, to one system. In referring to the common theory of the mystics, we must here, at once, divest it of all the mere accidents with which it has been too often associated —visions, ecstacies, fanciful or allegorical interpretations of Scripture, ascetic practices, and retirement from the world. These do not constitute the essence of mysticism. Böhme was not an ascetic, but an industrious shoemaker, a married man, a kind

and good father of a family. True and deep mysticism has its source, not in the accidents above mentioned, but in earnest religious feeling and in an endeavour to attain a union of thought that can never be the result of any science founded on the understanding, or the power of analysis and abstraction.

One example borrowed from religious mysticism may serve to make this assertion clear. A mysterious doctrine in theology may be accepted and held as true by a mind that has no tendency whatever towards mysticism. The mind examines and finds sufficient or satisfactory the authority on which the said doctrine is founded, and then accepts it, without any thought of seeking for any further union of the doctrine with reason. The tenet thus accepted, the mind accepting it, and the final authority referred to, are here regarded as three separate constituents of a faith founded on authority. Contrast this process with one of Böhme's assertions respecting his own faith, and we see, at once, the true character of mysticism, as distinct from both reasonings and submission to authority. The mystic not only accepts the doctrine of the Trinity, but declares, again and again, and earnestly endeavours to show, that it is the one, general form of all truth. Nay, more; the prevalent aim of all his writings is to make that one doctrine serve as the key to unlock the gates of all other mysteries. But on what authority is this faith grounded? On the believer's own intuition. As he tells us, he saw the truth first in its own inner light, and, afterwards, recognised it in the Bible and everywhere throughout creation. If the theosophist of Görlitz had succeeded in constructing a system of logic and metaphysics by which his faith might have been made clear for others, he would have been classed with the promoters of speculative philosophy; as he did not succeed in the attempt, he is styled only the greatest of the mystics.

The method of Hegel was nothing less than a most laborious and persevering endeavour to reduce to a dialectic and systematic form of exposition the central or chief intuition of all Böhme's mysticism. As this assertion may seem very strange and improbable to some readers, we refer again for proofs of its correctness to the following passages in Hegel's collected writings:—*first*, to pages 18–27 in the preface to the 'Encyclopædia' (2nd ed. 1827), including all the notes, and, *secondly*, to pages 147–60 in the

edition of the 'Encyclopædia' published in 1840. From the latter a few words may be quoted:—

'The meaning of the word "speculative" as used here,' says Hegel, 'is equivalent to that of the word "mystic," as formerly commonly applied to facts belonging to the religious conscience. . . . As generally understood, that which is called "mystic" is supposed to be absolutely mysterious, and so it is, but only for the understanding (*für den Verstand*). . . . All speculative and unitive thought (*alles Vernünftige*) may be called mystic; but this implies only that it goes beyond the [limits of] analytical thought (*den Verstand*), and not that it is generally inaccessible or inconceivable.'

It may be well to add to these statements, that Hegel's acceptance of the mystic's chief intuitions by no means included anything more than first principles. It had no reference either to his theories and imaginative viwes of physics, or to his peculiar interpretations of the Scriptures, or to his discursive modes of reasoning by analogies. On the contrary, these were mostly described by Hegel as the results of a want of education, and as unsuccessful efforts to find expressions for deep thoughts. But he made no secret of his agreement on first and fundamental principles with the humble and almost illiterate shoemaker of Görlitz, whom he described as a man 'of mighty mind,' and as 'deserving the title "Philosophus Teutonicus."' This concord of Hegel and Böhme is, we think, one of the most extraordinary facts in the history of philosophy.*

Hegel's originality is seen in the laborious development of a vast unitive process of thought, and not in the discovery of a first principle. 'I believe,' he said, 'that, in substance, my method is implied in all religions and in all philosophies.' His aim was to prove, by its own full development in a system, a principle that

* We give faithfully, though, for the sake of conciseness, partly in our own diction, a statement of Böhme's central doctrine. It consists of the following three principles:—

I. All existence—Divine and Natural—has its source in a Union of Affirmation with Negation. The word 'Yea' is the first utterance of Eternal Divine Life and Power; but the affirmation, in itself and alone, would be inconceivable. It could find no resistance to be overcome by Power, and no object to call forth the exercise of Love, which is the essence of the Divine Nature.

II. There must be, therefore, 'an Eternal Ground' [or condition] of duality, a power of differentiation, as the Source of all life and creative energy.

III. But this duality implies no such fixed division as is seen in the external world, but is eternally transmuted into Union.

had been maintained by Proclus, as well as by Böhme, and which had been also asserted in a rhapsodical style by Hamann. To develope this principle 'of the coincidence of opposites'—as Hamann used to call it—Hegel made use of a dialectic method which accorded with the doctrine of Spinoza and Kant; namely, that a logical succession and union of thoughts must coincide with the succession and union taking place in the objects of thought. Now the universal form of succession in objects is expressed in the first concrete thought of 'becoming' (*das Werden*), and this implies a coincidence of the opposites of being and not-being.* If we maintain the existence of one of these opposites as a separate or abstract thought, or so as to exclude the other, we rest satisfied with the first or dogmatic stage in thinking. If we use each of the opposites only to contradict the other, then we make a defective use of dialectics, so as to lead to scepticism. If we grasp the opposites in their own logical and concrete union we have their truth—the concept (*der Begriff*).

By beginning thus with the comparatively barren notion of 'a becoming' (or a beginning to exist), and by proceeding from it to richer and truer conceptions, it might seem that we *developed* the higher from the lower, and the greater from the less. This is not Hegel's meaning. The dialectic process must be understood as a method used in the exploration of truth, and that which appears *last*, as the result of our enquiry, is, itself, a *prius*. In the End we find the true Beginning. The less concrete thoughts may be said *to pass away*, or rather to be at once subordinated and contained [in one word, *aufgehoben*] in the highest concrete thought—the IDEA—in which all other concepts are at once distinguished and united.

* It is on account of this statement that Hegel's whole system has been described as based on the assertion of an absurdity :—A = —A. *The first concrete thought* we have, says Hegel, is that of becoming (*das Werden*), and in this the abstract thoughts of being and its negation are united. Apart from their union in the concrete notion of becoming, they are mere abstractions. As common sense never thinks of abstractions, and can therefore maintain no proposition whatever respecting them, it follows, that metaphysics when treating of the first elements of thought cannot contradict 'common sense.' It must not be imagined that these mere rudiments are described by Hegel as important parts of his system. On the contrary, he calls 'the first concrete or unitive thought' itself 'a very barren definition.' It is, he says, again and again, in the study of such subjects as life, organisation, government, freedom, religion, art, and philosophy itself, that the interest of philosophy consists.

As practical men have nothing to do with abstract notions, it must happen that, when an attempt is made to give an account of the least concrete forms of thinking, the true meaning will be liable to be mistaken. It might, at a first glance, appear as if Hegel passed over as altogether false the first act of thought—the assertion of a definition without reference to its dialectic moment. For this first act of thought, which he describes as the function of 'the Understanding' (*der Verstand*), he vindicates a high importance in all the departments of study, and especially in law and in practical life. The sharp definite outlines of laws, he says, must not be washed away by casuistry or spurious dialectics, but must be maintained, in their own right place, although they are inevitably partly arbitrary. There is great force in the common saying, 'The line must be drawn somewhere.' In a word, the definitive understanding has its rights; but it is not a final court of appeal. Anarchy is not despotism, says common sense; for anarchy has no head, and despotism has nothing but a head. True; but *les extrêmes se touchent*, and despotism arises out of anarchy.

The results of dialectics may be made to appear absurd in the treatment of the least concrete notions; but are found important as we proceed to treat of higher thoughts. A reader who is puzzled by the abstractions of 'being' and 'nothing' that meet in the notion of 'becoming' will at once see some truth in the coincidence of the apparently opposite notions of freedom and law. Their opposition is so strong that, unhappily, many minds can never grasp the two as one. Yet what is abstract freedom in itself but a mere wilful negation of all the bonds of society? And, on the other side, what are just laws but necessary means for the attainment of true freedom? Grasp the two thoughts in their own union, and you have the far higher and richer or more comprehensive thought of a true and spiritual liberation of the will from the slavery of nature and egoism—the act of liberation which expresses itself as personality in the word I. The same true and unitive freedom is felt as well as thought of as the love that finds its own interests in those of others. So the law that demands the sacrifice of the first false and egotistic freedom leads to the development of another and a higher freedom which is identical with true happiness. This unitive process is expressed in the ethics of the Christian religion, and also in the highest

poetry. WORDSWORTH, for example, in his noble 'Ode to Duty,' speaks thus of the negative freedom that is identical with slavery:—

> Me this unchartered freedom tires;
> I feel *the weight* of chance-desires. . . .
> I long for a repose that always is the same.

And then follows a stanza which contains the genuine doctrine of freedom, clothed in the language of splendid poetry. We have already referred to it (*ante*, Chapter XVII.), but cannot forbear quoting it in full:—

> Stern LAWGIVER!—*yet* thou dost wear
> The Godhead's most benignant grace;
> Nor know we anything so fair
> As is the smile upon thy face:
> Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
> And fragrance in thy footing treads;
> Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong
> And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong.

Hegel, if he had read Wordsworth's poems, would have been greatly delighted with the bold antitheses melted down and welded in that stanza, which gives the poetry of the dialectic method.

The process becomes clearer as it advances higher and higher towards its goal—to find all truth in the one absolute idea of God, which, as an English divine (Robert Hall) says, 'gathers into itself all that is fair, and true, and good,' and 'is enthroned on the riches of the universe.' But our limited space forbids our saying more on this point; for we now approach the passage that to many minds presents the most formidable difficulty in the whole system of the Hegelian philosophy. It is the transition from the Divine Idea to the development of Nature. It would merely show that we knew nothing of the hard problem, if we attempted to give here any brief solution. In passing, we may observe that the greater part of Franz von Baader's abstruse gnosis is occupied with this one problem, and indeed, the whole of Böhme's mysticism arose, not from any intellectual pride, but from an earnest struggle against the temptations and doubts suggested by views of real life.

Hegel's logic concludes with a definition of the Absolute Idea,

as a union of soul and body, and as a Life including in itself all the conditions of its own existence and development. On the contrary, the general form of Nature is a division, a disunion, of which time and space are the conditions. How can the Idea and Nature be united? Because, says Hegel, the Idea is absolute, and includes in itself all conceivable union—even a mediation between union and disunion. It is for the sake of developing, by means of a strong disunion, a richer and deeper life and union, that the free and absolute Idea represents itself in Nature and returns to itself through the progressive development of the mind. The transition from the Idea to actual Nature is otherwise represented in Böhme's gnosis as 'The Fall,' or as the degradation of a primeval nature in which the Divine Idea is perfectly represented. This is the most important point on which the teaching of Böhme and Baader differs from that of Hegel.

In Nature we find no perfect expressions either of the definitions and oppositions or of the unitive concepts of logic, and we find no freedom. The Idea is therefore described as alienated from itself, and as if concealed from itself, when represented as Nature; but also as ever striving towards redintegration. All the evil that Böhme ascribes to 'the Fall' is included here under such mild terms as 'the defect,' 'the imperfection,' or 'the feebleness' (*Ohnmacht*) of Nature. Hegel's notion of power is that of the grasp of one idea extending over many subordinate expressions. This is felt as the power of gravitation in Mechanics; but here the several parts of a system, though held in connection with a centre, are still so many parts destitute of the closer union that is found in Physics.

Several remarkable conclusions in the philosophy of Nature must be passed over with the merely historical statement, that they are opposed to the teaching of eminent men of authority in physical science. Hegel denounced Newton's theory of optics, and defended Goethe's doctrine of colours; he denied the theory of development now commonly known as 'the Darwinian,' and he maintained that meteoric stones might be formed out of the atmosphere. One of his statements, that excited great surprise, was to the effect that the whole array of the fixed stars in the heavens was, to his mind, less interesting as an object of contemplation than the meanest form of animal life; 'for,' said he, 'the concrete and organic is more than the abstract.' He seems to have presumed

that if organisation existed in the groups of the fixed stars, it must have the power of making itself manifest in Berlin. Here, however, he was again consistent with his own central thought—that all truth lives in union, and that a striving towards redintegration, is the animating principle, or Soul of the World. It advances through Physics to a clearer assertion of its aim in Chemistry; then makes itself still more manifest in the organism of the animal, and, at last, comes into the daylight of self-consciousness in Man.

This leads us to Hegel's doctrine of Man, his History and his Destiny. He is born in Nature, but it is his destination to come out of or to rise above Nature, and to attain the freedom that essentially belongs to the Mind. His first act of overcoming the separations of natural life is to recognise himself in others; or to know his fellow-men as, in substance, identical with himself. This act of mutual recognition introduces a transition from the natural *bellum omnium contra omnes* ('the warfare of everyone against everyone') into a rational and social state of life. The private and egotistic will becomes social and objective, and expresses itself in the sacred dictates of just laws. The morality of the individual is imperfect or one-sided, so long as it does no recognise itself in the essential institutions and conditions of society. Of these one of the first is marriage, which, says Hegel, should be regarded, not as an affair of sentiment or passion, bu as a bond including the strictest obligations. Its dissolution should always be made as difficult as possible. Facile divorce is the road to social dissolution. The self-government of men in their municipal corporations should train a people to recognise the State as supreme, and to enjoy the advantages of limited and representative monarchy.

We have next to notice Hegel's doctrine of freedom, which may be stated, in a few paragraphs, as follows:—

The progress of mankind, of which history is the record, has for its aim, says Hegel, the liberation of men from their natural bondage under the sway of their passions and their restoration to the freedom which belongs essentially to the mind of man. This freedom must be at once internal and external, including, first, liberation from an innate servitude to nature, and, secondly, freedom of action in accordance with laws founded in universal reason. The aim of the world's progress is to realise more and more this, the common liberty of many persons acting in concert and as having one will—a freedom that shall be outwardly expressed in just institutions,

and inwardly enjoyed in a cheerful assent to external laws. There the mind shall find in external institutions only the expressions of its own true thoughts, and in this union of the mind with the social and political world there can exist no sense of bondage; for all bondage implies disunion.

The three chief stages in the development of the idea of freedom may be named respectively the Oriental, the Antique-European (or Grecian), and the Christian. In the first stage—Oriental Despotism—one monarchic will alone is free. The eastern despot is the solitary 'Ego;' the constitutional king is the *dot* placed over the letter i. When Friedrich Wilhelm III. was told that Hegel had called the King of Prussia 'a dot,' he only replied, with good humour, 'Well; but the dot is wanted to make the letter complete.'

A true king, says Hegel, represents the Will of Reason as supreme over all self-will, including his own. In a despotic State, morals, laws, and religious institutions are all external, or, in other words, are not reflected in the individual conscience. They may be, or indeed must be, more or less unitive and reasonable, 'for God governs the world;' but they are not firmly based upon moral freedom. The great work of the ancient free states of Greece was, therefore, to prevent the spread of Oriental Despotism in Europe. Hence the battles of Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Platæa were fought for the interest of the whole world, and Alexander's victories were made agents for extending civilisation and culture.

But the development of freedom in the states of antiquity was partial. It existed there in a harsh contrast with the condition of the slaves. Freedom was a special privilege enjoyed by the citizens of a certain state, but was not defined as the general destination of man. The Athenians had, indeed, no true general ideas either of God or of man. 'The God of the Nations' was, for the Athenians, 'an unknown God.' Accordingly, there was an absolute gulph left between themselves and all barbarians; in other words, all the peoples who were not Greeks. The question has been raised, 'why has the institution of slavery disappeared from modern Europe?' and first one ground, then another, has been referred to, in order to explain the remarkable fact. But the true ground is found only in the essential principle of Christianity itself. The Christian religion is the religion of absolute freedom. . . .

This great thought that freedom is the universal destination of man was first introduced to the world by the Christian religion, and can be realised only by a universal sway of Christian morality.

Hegel had the highest admiration of the poetry and the artistic culture of the ancient Greeks; but he described their religion —'the religion of beauty'—as too shallow to be permanent. It could not, he says, endure a philosophical investigation. On the contrary, he speaks of Christianity as 'the absolute revealed religion,' and as revealing truth in the form in which 'it must appear for all mankind.' He speaks of a rejection of what he calls the fundamental doctrines of Christianity on account of some associated historic doubts and difficulties as 'foolish and pitiable' (*läppisch und erbärmlich*). He thus describes the true idea of Christian freedom:—

It is in the Christian religion alone that the basis of a general and progressive freedom is found. The law of an external liberation of slaves is derived from the Authority who also demands that our internal liberation should be realised, and the two laws can never be separated. Moral liberation and political freedom must advance together. The process must demand some vast space of time for its full realisation; but it is the law of the world's progress and the Teutonic nations are destined to carry it into effect. The Reformation was an indispensable preparation for this great work.

The history of the world is a record of the endeavours made to realise the idea of freedom and of a progress surely made, but not without many intervals of apparent failure and retrogression. Among all modern failures the French Revolution of the eighteenth century is the most remarkable. It was an endeavour to realise a boundless external liberation without the indispensable condition of moral freedom. Abstract notions based merely on the understanding, and having no power to control the natural wills of men, assumed the functions of morality and religion, and so led to the dissolution of society and to the social and political difficulties in the midst of which we are now labouring. The progress of freedom can never be aided by a revolution that has not been preceded by a religious reformation.

Hegel spoke (in 1833) of a time coming when Atomism would prevail in politics, as once in physical science, and men would 'put down a government, simply because it was a government.' In the concluding sections of his 'Encyclopædia' (1st edition, 1817) Hegel speaks still more distinctly, if possible, of the indissoluble union of true morals and religion with free and firm political institutions. His statements here are so far unlike some of the tendencies that have been commonly ascribed to his teaching, that a summary of several paragraphs may, perhaps, be found interesting:—

Morality, says Hegel, is the substance of the State; or, in other words, the State is the development and affirmation of the people's united moral will; but Religion is the substance of both moral and political life. The State is founded on the moral character of the people, and their Morality is founded on their Religion. Laws are accepted as just and right, so far as they are generally felt and known to be the practical dictates of a true Religion. By an inquiry into the *bases* of Morals we are thus led back to Religion, and, with regard to the education of the individual, it is true that he can be led only through ethics to a true knowledge of the Divine Character. There is no other way that leads to a true Religion, and thus it might appear, that Morals should be described as the basis of Religion. But this is true only with respect to the sequence that takes place in our training. The basis of the laws to which men submit must exist prior to all the laws that are founded upon it. It is the root from which they spring, or the underlying substance of their existence. Apart from all metaphysical discussions on the relations of Religion and Morals, the truth remains, that *they must ever be viewed as inseparable*. There cannot be two consciences in a man, one for practical and another for religious interests.

Accordingly, as he deeply and sincerely believes, so he will act. Religion must be the basis of Morals, and Morality must be the foundation of a State.

We give the next passage in a strict and close form of translation, and in italics, in order that there may be left no doubt whatever respecting the writer's own assertions:—

'*It is the monstrous error of our times to wish to regard these inseparables*' [religion, morals, and politics] '*as if they were separable, one from the others; yea, as if they were even indifferent to one another. Accordingly, the relation of Religion with the State is viewed as if the latter, first of all, had an independent existence in itself, by virtue of some might and authority*' [not derived from religion] '*—as if the religious element might be viewed apart, either as a subjective disposition of individuals, inducing them to yield obedience to the State, or as an indifferent matter, or, at best, as merely desirable as an aid in supporting the State's authority.*' [This separatist doctrine implies, in short, the assumption that] '*the State's whole moral system, including its constitution and its laws, as founded on reason, can stand of itself and on its own ground,*' [apart from all religious sanctions].

Thus Hegel describes what he designates 'the monstrous error of our times.' He then goes on to say, that a religion founded only on tradition and external authority can supply no basis for the institutions of a free State. Men must be made internally free before they can enjoy a true and unitive political freedom. They must be subject neither to the bondage of nature [their own passions] nor to religious despotism; but must learn to recognise their own true character in the institutions to which they yield a willing obedience. The problem of realising this true spiritual and political freedom is admitted to be both complex and difficult, and therefore, it is said, the process of the world's history is long; but all attempts to find a shorter way to freedom are only retrogressive, and a union and order founded merely on an external authority cannot be permanent. In conclusion, Hegel asserts that the Ultramontane theory of religious authority can never be made to accord with any political institutions that are not despotic. No government can be safe, he says, while the people regard it as existing apart from all the sanctions of religion which are found on the outside of the State. The religion of a people must be *immanent* in their political and social institutions.

These summaries and quotations can leave no doubt of the author's general teaching respecting the union of politics and religion. But the important questions remain:—What is the substance of the religion here spoken of? What is its definite historical form? Is its doctrine fairly represented in such a treatise as 'The Old Faith and the New' by Dr. Strauss?—These questions are leading on to the great controversy of the future.

It is but little space that we have left for a notice of Hegel's doctrine of Æsthetics. The individual man, we are told, must rise above his early subjection to Nature, must subdue its passions, and make himself, to a certain degree, independent of its cares and perturbations, before he can enjoy in Art the expression of Ideas through a sensuous medium. He is then able to contemplate Nature as a transparent veil through which Divine Ideas are shining. In Architecture the material element prevails over the intellectual. In Sculpture every part of the material employed serves the purpose of expressing the Idea; but the soul still finds no perfectly adequate expression. Something is wanting to animate the work of Art; and this animating Soul, with its rich and powerful language of lights and shades, as well as forms and colours and softly-blending or clearly-contrasted tones, finds a higher expression in Painting. Art finds a more subjective form of expression in the sensations and emotions that are blended in Music. Then all the powers of Art are united in Poetry. The richer and deeper the thought expressed in a poem, the higher the value of poetry; but the thought must be clothed by imagination and not barely presented as in science. Thus the 'Antigone' of Sophocles is a sublime tragedy, of which the form is truly dramatic, while the substance is a profound truth—the assertion of divine and eternal laws:—

> ἄγραπτα κἀσφαλῆ θεῶν
> νόμιμα. . . .

A higher union than that which Art can reveal is found in Religion, of which the essence is a reconciliation of the Infinite with the Finite. In its earliest stage, Religion appears as a prostration of the mind under the deified powers of nature; then follows Judaism, 'the religion of sublimity,'—a faith in one Supreme Intelligence and Moral Will as the Ruler of an

elect people. This is contrasted with Hellenism, 'the religion of beauty,' in which men, or the attributes of men, appear as gods, but without a true and powerful subordination of Nature. The gods of Greece were not spiritual. By the Christian Religion alone, the eternally true and real union of the Divine with the Human is revealed in the sufferings of the Mediator and in the forgiveness of sins. The gods of the cultured heathen world belonged to a remote and imaginary sphere. 'Through the Mediator this common, real world, this state of lowliness in which we dwell, has become no longer despicable—has even been consecrated.'

Hegel concludes his 'Encyclopædia' by quoting, as expressive of his own doctrine respecting the Absolute, the well-known and sublime passage in Aristotle's 'Metaphysics' (XI. 7), ending with the words—

Τοῦτο γὰρ ὁ θεός.

The final result is, that in the End is found the True Beginning—God, who is before all things and in whom all things have their being. The Mind, after all research, finds rest nowhere but in the thought of Infinite Power, Wisdom, and Love concentrated in ONE—

> Whose everlasting purposes embrace
> All accidents, converting them to good.

English readers will accept high speculation, if given in the form of verse, as we find it in poetry written by Vaughan, Wordsworth, and by our laureate, in his *In Memoriam*. Hegel's final teaching may be found in one of the finest sermons ever written in English verse. We refer to the fourth book of Wordsworth's 'Excursion.'

CHAPTER XXIX.

PHILOSOPHICAL CONTROVERSIES—HERBART—SCHOPENHAUER—BAADER —THE HEGELIAN SCHOOL—MATERIALISM.

The time when, in Germany, the theories of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel were studied with ardent enthusiasm has passed away. We cannot pretend here to assign all the true causes of the revolution in thought that has taken place since 1830; but some circumstances that have hastened its progress are evident enough. These are, firstly, the controversies between rival systems of philosophy and the divisions made in the Hegelian School; secondly, the influence of inductive studies of physical science which were partly promoted by Schopenhauer's writings; and thirdly, the rapid growth of a practical materialism. The literature representing these movements must be noticed.

Of the metaphysical controversy that arose soon after 1830 little can be said here. The whole design of the Hegelian method, which was to find the unity of a system ruling throughout all the sciences, was condemned as erroneous by Johann Friedrich Herbart (1776–1841), the author of a 'Universal Practical Philosophy' (1808). Among his other writings the most remarkable and important is the treatise on 'Psychology as a Science,' in which he employs a mathematical method. For details respecting a purely logical and metaphysical dispute on the merits of the dialectic method, the writings of Karl Michelet, Trendelenberg and Kuno Fischer may be referred to. More important controversies, involving religious and political interests, soon followed, and of these some account may be given.

Schelling in his latest teaching (1841–54), which may be found in the last four volumes of his collected works (1856–61),

asserted a doctrine of Monotheism, as distinct from both Theism and Pantheism. It had been asserted that, instead of the idea of a Supreme Personal Being, the first theory of Fichte had substituted an immanent moral government of the world, and it was afterwards declared as a fact, that Hegel had reduced the same idea to an immanent intellectual process. In opposition to this negative philosophy, as he called it, Schelling in his latest series of lectures delivered at Berlin, asserted the *transcendence* of the Divine Mind. In other parts of his latest teaching, Schelling's doctrines mostly accorded with those of Franz von Baader, who, in several of his abstruse and discursive writings, had controverted certain tendencies of the Hegelian School.

Before noticing Baader's gnosis or theory, it may be well to refer to a remarkable book first published in 1819. Though it was one of the clearest works ever written on the subjects of which it treated, it fell dead from the press, and remained almost utterly unnoticed until 1844, when a second edition appeared. This remarkable book was entitled *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* ('The World as Will and Representation'), and was written by Arthur Schopenhauer, already mentioned (in Chapter XXIII.) as the son of the novelist Johanna Schopenhauer. His main purport was to show that the questions discussed by metaphysicians and theologians belonged to a realm of shadows rather than to the real, living, and practical world. He asserted, in short, that while professors lectured on the respected values of intellectual systems, they were neglecting the realities by which the course of the world is governed.

Arthur Schopenhauer was born at Danzig in 1788. In early life he visited England, and spent some months in an English school. He subsequently studied at Göttingen and Berlin, and resided for some time in Weimar, where he was acquainted with Goethe, who described his friend as 'a young man not understood.' His reading was very extensive and discursive, including French and English as well as Oriental literature and philosophy; but of German systems of metaphysics—excepting Kant's—he always spoke with contempt. His chief work, the original and clearly written treatise entitled *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, was produced, as the author says, with very little trouble, before 1818. After travelling in Italy, he returned to Berlin, whence he was driven by his fear of the epidemic there prevalent in 1831

He afterwards lived about thirty years, as a rather gloomy hermit, at Frankfurt, where he died suddenly in 1860.

His chief work, already mentioned, had a remarkable fate. It was left almost utterly unnoticed by philosophers and reviewers who might have derived benefit from it—at least in one important point of view—namely, by imitating its clear and graphic style. Their silence was ascribed to a supposed conspiracy against the author, and this increased his natural severity of temper. After remaining silent for about sixteen years, he reasserted his doctrine in a short treatise 'On the Will in Nature' (1836), and published, subsequently, several other works, of which the essays styled *Parerga und Paralipomena* (1851) are the most popular. Schopenhauer is one of the best of stylists. His sentences have often the clear glitter of a diamond; but—like the author's temper—are mostly antithetic, and seldom conciliatory. His books may be opened anywhere to find instances of original and impressive writing. In his metaphysics he generally follows Kant, but not with a logical consequence. The substance of all phenomena is described by Schopenhauer as 'the Will in Nature,' which, in man, becomes conscious of its own character.

We may dismiss with this brief notice Schopenhauer's metaphysics; but his ethical doctrine, professing to be derived from an insight into the realities of life, demands attention. It is, at least, important as an antithesis to all shallow optimism, and in some parts is too well founded on facts. It gives, in the clearest and most concise form, the primitive doctrine of Bouddhism. For the sake of brevity, we give it here in the dogmatic form of a summary. It may be repeated, that Schopenhauer constantly uses the word *Will*, not in its common sense, but to designate Nature itself as the force by which all the phenomena or facts of the world around us and within us are produced. According to his own theory, he ought to have made one exception; but of this we say nothing more at present, as our first object is to let the theory speak for itself. In compiling the following summary we refer mostly to the author's chief work above mentioned, but also to his short treatise on 'the Will in Nature,' and to his other writings:—

Our inductive science ends with the questions—'Whence?' 'Wherefore?' We observe facts, and classify them; but then follows a question respecting the substance that lies behind the facts? What do they express? What

is the Will of which they are the Representation?—If we were isolated from the world around us, we could not answer the question. But we are not so isolated. We belong to nature, and nature is included in ourselves. We have in ourselves the laws of the world around us. We find in our own bodies the mechanical laws, and those of the organic life manifested in plants and animals. We have the same understanding which we find working around us in the system of nature. If we consisted only of the body and the understanding, we could not distinguish ourselves from nature. If we know what is in ourselves, we know what is in nature. Now what do we find controlling the facts of our own natural life? An impulse which we may call the Will to live. We often use the word Will in a complex sense, as implying both thought and choice; but in its purest, simplest sense, as the word is used here, it means the impulse, or force, which is the cause of a phenomenon. In this sense, there is a Will from which the movements within the earth and upon its surface derive their origin. It works continuously upwards from the forms of crystals, through the forms of zoophytes, mollusca, annelida, insecta, arachnida, crustacea, pisces, reptilia, aves, and mammalia. There is one Will manifested in the growth of all plants and animals. That which we call a purpose when viewed as associated with intellect, is, when regarded most simply, or in itself, a force or impulse—the natural Will of which we are now speaking. It is the Will to live—the mighty impulse by which every creature is impelled to maintain its own existence, and without any care for the existence of others. It is an unconscious Egoism. Nature is apparently a collection of many wills; but all are reducible to one—the Will to live. Its whole life is a never-ending warfare. It is for ever at strife *with itself*; for it asserts itself in one form to deny itself as asserted in other forms. It is everywhere furnished with the means of working out its purpose. Where the Will of the lion is found, we find the powerful limbs, the claws, the teeth necessary for supporting the life to which the animal is urged by his Will. The Will is found associated in man with an understanding; but is not subservient to that understanding. On the contrary, the understanding or intellect is subservient. The Will is the moving power; the understanding is the instrument.

This one Will in Nature and in ourselves serves to explain a great part of all the movements of human society. Hence arise the collisions of interests that excite envy, strife, and hatred between individuals or classes. Society differs from an unsocial state of life in the forms imposed by intelligence on the egoistic Will, but not in any radical change made in that Will. Thus etiquette is the convenience of egoism, and law is a fixing of boundaries within which egoism may conveniently pursue its objects. The world around us, including what is called the social or civilized world, may seem fair, when it is viewed only as a stage, and without any reference to the tragedy that is acted upon it. But, viewed in its reality, it is an arena for gladiators, or an amphitheatre where all who would be at peace have to defend themselves. As Voltaire says, it is with sword in hand that we must live and die. The man who expects to find peace and safety here is like the traveller, told of in one of Gracian's stories, who, entering a district where he hoped to meet his fellow-men, found it peopled only by wolves and bears, while men had escaped to caves in a neighbouring forest. The same egoistic Will that manifests itself dimly in the lowest stages of life, and becomes more and more clearly pronounced as we ascend to creatures

of higher organisation, attains its highest energy in man, and is here modified, but not essentially changed, by a superior intelligence. The insect-world is full of slaughter; the sea hides from us frightful scenes of cruel rapacity; the tyrannical and destructive instinct marks the so-called king of birds, and rages in the feline tribes. In human society, some mitigation of this strife takes place as the result of experience and culture. By the use of the understanding, the Will makes laws for itself, so that the natural *bellum omnium contra omnes* is modified, and leaves to the few victors some opportunities of enjoying the results of their victory. Law is a means of reducing the evils of social strife to their most convenient form, and politics must be regarded in the same way. The strength of all law and government lies in our dread of the anarchic Will, that lies couched behind the barriers of society and is ready to spring forth when they are broken down.

In passing, it may be noticed that Schopenhauer's political views are conservative, and are founded on the principle of '*quieta non movere*,' or 'let well alone.' He has not hope enough to become a reformer. He warns us that the dark realities of human nature, which, in ordinary times, are disguised under the forms of law, are not essentially altered, but still exist, and may again appear in the forms they have assumed in times like those of the French Revolution. To defend himself against a charge of exaggeration, Schopenhauer refers to a host of facts in individual experience, social life, and history. He sees no 'divine epic' in history; but mostly regards its records of intrigues and contentions as no more 'sublime' than so many stories of antelopes slain by tigers. He looks beyond the scenery into the motives of the actors on the stage, and finds these generally reducible to the one principle of Egoism. The facts of our every-day life are displayed in the same light. Our mutual distrust is shown in the care we take to know that a neighbour has no selfish interest in our affairs before we listen to his advice. So far does egoism prevail, says Schopenhauer, that even such poets as Homer and Shakespeare have portrayed but few truly noble characters, and Dante succeeded far better in describing Hell than when laying the scene of his poem in Paradise. Schopenhauer goes on to assert that a merely intellectual culture can have no power to change the will. The following may be given as a summary of his doctrine on this part of his subject:—

Society is nothing more than a continuation of the conflict of nature, under the guidance of intelligence. It is vain to hope for any amelioration of society from the prevalence of an intellectual education. Culture of the intellect supplies new weapons for use in the conflict, and may render it

less rude in appearance, but cannot change its nature. The understanding is subservient to the will. Therefore no change of human nature can ever be effected by the spread of moral *doctrines*. A man at rest will argue with you, by way of pastime (just as he would play at draughts), but let his Will be roused; then appeal to his logical notions, and you will find how much he really cares for them! Tell the theoretical democrat or leveller, when he acts as a tyrant, that his conduct is 'inconsequent.' He will laugh at you. He always was, at heart, a tyrant; he now can show it, and does so. Doctrines and creeds are forms; the Will supplies their contents. Just as a vehicle may convey substances having wholesome, or injurious, or indifferent properties, so any system of thinking—theological, moral, or political—may be made to bear any purport, good or bad. To try to shape opinions, so that they may not be made subservient to any evil purpose, is all labour in vain.

This is all very gloomy; but it does not represent the whole of Schopenhauer's teaching. He has next to explain the origin of such principles as sympathy, benevolence, and self-sacrifice, and this he attempts by telling us that the Will, which he has so far described as asserting itself, is essentially free and can, therefore, also deny itself. It is led to self-denial by arriving, firstly, at the highest state of intelligence. 'The principle of individuation' on which egoism is based, is seen to be a delusion and a source of endless miseries. Self-denial now assumes the character of sympathy, which, says Schopenhauer, is the basis of all true ethics. We cannot trace a logical sequence in this passage from the principle of egotism to that of sympathy. Waiving that difficulty, however, we may notice how the author proceeds to show that Sympathy must lead to an entire resignation of the Will—the one complete virtue, which is found only among true Bouddhists, and ascetic Christians of the ancient school. Some degree of the self-resigning mood of mind, he admits, is found in ideal artists—men who have lived for the sake of art alone. Schopenhauer writes well on æsthetics, and describes as the highest characteristic of pure art its power of elevating the soul above all egoistic and personal views and desires. Æsthetic contemplation is, therefore, some preparation for that entire resignation of the natural Will in which the *summum bonum* is found. That this resignation is possible is proved by some parts of the history of the Christian Church and by the lives of genuine ascetic Bouddhists. Sympathising with the sorrows of all life, and seeing clearly that their longing for this finite life inflicts on all creatures the strife and misery that mark their destiny, the benevolent and contemplative

man, says Schopenhauer, becomes chastened and subdued, and his Will is lost in a perfect resignation. He no longer has any Will to live. In all essential points, Schopenhauer's ethical teaching is identical with the primitive doctrine of Bouddhism. He dwells on the assertion that the Hegelian philosophy and other intellectual systems had not dared to encounter the problem presented to us in the existence (the predominance, says Schopenhauer) of physical and moral evil. But there was one contemporary writer who had deeply studied the problem. It is one of the chief subjects treated of in the writings of Baader, who, in all other respects, differed widely from Schopenhauer. The latter wrote, as we have seen, in a remarkably clear and correct style. Baader's style may be described as gloom interrupted, here and there, by vivid flashes of lightning.

Franz Xaver von Baader, born at München in 1765, was in early life a student of Schelling's theories and of Böhme's theosophy, which he employed in the exposition of doctrines maintained by the Catholic Church. It is hardly necessary to add that he received censure for this attempt to unite faith and speculation. He was condemned as belonging to a class of heretical men calling themselves Catholics, who more or less mingled theology with their own speculations and who were represented by Sailer, Wessenberg, Keller, Hermes, and Günther. The last-named author, who was a priest, wrote several discursive polemic essays against philosophers; but his zeal in the defence of theology gained no reward. All his writings were inserted in the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, and received papal condemnation in 1857. Baader's writings include an essay on the 'Physical Basis of Ethics' (1813), 'Lectures on Religious Philosophy' (1826), 'Lectures on Speculative Dogmatics,' a work on 'Eastern and Western Catholicism,' and a series of tracts entitled *Fermenta Cognitionis*. His doctrine of social organisation is contained in his 'Outlines of the Philosophy of Society,' edited by his disciple Franz Hoffmann, and first published in 1837. Baader died in 1841.

It is as an earnest opponent of one of the supposed tendencies of the Hegelian system that Baader is remarkable. He finds, he says, in that system the serious error of representing the material world now existing as a representation of the original creation. In other words, Baader holds in its most extensive interpretation

the doctrine of the Bible and of both the Catholic and the Protestant Church, respecting 'the fall of man' and the consequent degradation of physical life. He maintains that moral and physical evil are indissolubly united, and sees in all the evils of the material world and of human society the result of an insurrection against Divine authority. If we saw a criminal beheaded, says Baader, it would be absurd to ascribe his death to the sharpness of the axe, and it is as absurd to ascribe to physical causes the evil and the misery that prevail in the world. If we rightly understand Baader's teaching respecting the authority of the Church, he argues in favour of the existence of a Christian hierarchy, but also insists on the duty of free inquiry and speculation respecting religious doctrine. He adheres, therefore, to a rule laid down by St. Anselm:—*Negligentiæ mihi videtur si, postquam confirmati sumus in fide, non studemus quod credimus intelligere.** Two or three brief quotations from Baader may show that he maintained, with regard to the offices of the Christian Church, two principles which are seldom found in union:—

> The knowledge of the laws of his own spiritual life is neither innate in man nor can it be obtained by his independent reasonings. He must, first of all, receive it by the testimony of others, and as the result of their experience. . . . We see, therefore, the necessity for the foundation and the maintenance of an institution [the Church] to impart that knowledge. The absence of such an institution in the world would be as great a contradiction of Divine goodness and justice as would be a punishment of transgression without a previous publication of the law.

> As long as Religion and its doctrines do not receive from science [*i.e.* speculative philosophy] a respect founded upon free inquiry and sincere conviction, so long the Religion that is not respected will not be loved. If you would have the practice of Religion thrive, take care that its theory is made intelligible. Obscurism in religious doctrine must draw down the punishment due to indifference or careless ignorance; for light repelled returns in lightning.

The aim of many other passages in Baader's writings is to show that the true defence of religious doctrine is to be found in its full exposition, and not in an exclusive appeal to external authority. Baader's principal doctrines and some of the more important of Schelling's latest theories arose out of an earnest endeavour to give in an exoteric form the esoteric gnosis of Böhme.

* 'It seems to me an act of negligence if, when we have been confirmed in the faith, we do not study to understand what we believe.'

This singular fact may serve either to excite further inquiry, or to confirm readers in their contempt of all religious philosophy. There are to be found now in 'practical' Deutschland, as well as in 'practical' England, many intelligent men who would describe all the speculative philosophy of the years 1793–1841 as little better than a dream.

The writings of Hegel, Schopenhauer, and Baader on nature, history, and society, introduce us to the hardest problems of which a solution can be attempted, and show the results to which a study of those problems may lead. Hegel's view of nature must not be called optimistic, but it is hopeful when contrasted with Schopenhauer's doctrine of the unconscious Will. Baader's theory is sombre and almost Manichæan, yet not hopeless. With regard to history and politics, Hegel's views are progressive, conciliatory, and moderate. Fear is the motive of Schopenhauer's conservatism. Baader, if we truly understand him, would make a close union of Church and State the basis of society. Hegel's doctrine of the relations of religion and politics has already been noticed. It is most concisely stated in his address delivered in the Berlin University 'On the Third Secular Festival of the Augsburg Confession.' * Schopenhauer has no respect for doctrinal Christianity, nor indeed for any other religion, except as it inculcates a severe ascetic practice. Baader's views of

* A few words from the second paragraph of this Address may be quoted :—'Libertatem autem Christianam eam esse intelligimus, ut unus quisque dignus declaratus sit, qui ad Deum accedat eum cognoscendo, precando, colendo, ut negotium quod sibi cum Deo sit, Deo cum homine, quisque cum Deo ipse peragat, Deus ipse in mente humana perficiat. Neque cum Deo aliquo negotium nobis est, qui naturæ affectibus sit obnoxius, sed qui sit veritas, ratio æterna, ejusque rationis conscientia et mens. Hac autem rationis conscientia Deus hominem esse præditum atque ita a brutis animalibus diversum voluit, ut Dei esset effigies, atque mens humana, quippe æternæ lucis scintilla, huic luci pervia. Ideo porro, quod homo Dei esset imago, Deus humanæ naturæ ideam sibi vere inesse mortali generi palam fecit, atque amari se ab hominibus et permisit et voluit, eisque sui adeundi infinitam largitus est facultatem ac fiduciam.'—We cannot find, in Hegel's own writings, any sure authority for the extreme negations of the Left. The following three statements are here given with the assertion that they are again and again repeated in Hegel's own writings :—

(1) Eternal truth may be known by thinking.

(2) The same truth is represented in the form of a history for all mankind.

(3) The essence of both the thinking and the history may be all implied in one devout feeling—in the religion of the heart.

religion are at once polemic and mystic; but the warfare to which his controversial works refer is one waged against more than mortal powers. His chief doctrine—that the utmost possible evil which creatures endowed with freedom can perpetrate is permitted in order that Divine Goodness may ultimately have its highest possible triumph—was borrowed from Böhme's theosophy and may be described as a conception too vast to be grasped by our ordinary powers of thought. It must not, however, be confounded with a shallow optimism. It is, on the contrary, as Baader expounds it, a stern doctrine of warfare 'with principalities and powers of evil,' but the warfare is waged with the aid of faith, hope, and consolation. The same polemic doctrine has been employed by Saint Martin and other writers in support of hierarchic institutions. Their argument is to the effect, that in the spiritual warfare in which the Church and the world are engaged, the firmest traditional organisation and the support of an ecclesiastical union are demanded to aid individual efforts. Yet they do not speak of the Church as infallible. They would trust in the energy of faith, and in the power of persuasion, rather than in any external support. When asked how authority is to be maintained, if the Church is not infallible, Saint Martin asserts, that there are in the world men whose sanctity and wisdom must demand homage and obedience. 'You may disobey them,' he says, 'for you are free; but you will suffer severely for it.'

We here conclude our account of the latest tendencies of German mysticism, now described as belonging to the past. If we have bestowed more than ordinary attention on the subject, let it be remembered that mysticism in Germany long maintained a prominent place in religion as well as in philosophy. It prevailed very extensively in the fourteenth century, aided in leading to the Reformation, and afterwards opposed itself to the exclusive doctrine and the formalism of the later Lutheran churches. Mystic piety survived through all the dreary years of the seventeenth century, and, in the eighteenth century, it opposed itself to that extreme rationalism which helped to bring on the Revolution. And now, in the nineteenth century, if 'free theology,' with all its negations of history, differs widely from the irreverence of Bahrdt and Nicolai, the difference may be ascribed to the influence of a mystic piety, which, if now extinct, must have expired

very recently. English readers may never learn to like the word 'mysticism.' It may, however, be easily changed, for it means, generally, a faith, not without insight, but unaided by formal logic.

Having given some account of external opposition to the Hegelian school we may notice the internal controversy which ended in its dissolution. 'When Hegel died,' says a French author—Paul Janet—'no conqueror ever left an empire greater (!) or apparently less contested.' This statement is too extensive; but it is true that the Hegelian school was predominant in Berlin for ten years and more after the founder's death, and that its influence invaded every department of study. We can name only a few of the zealous disciples who were engaged in carrying up the structure of which the ground-plan was laid down in their master's 'Encyclopædia.' KARL MICHELET developed the doctrine of Ethics; ROSENKRANZ and ERDMANN wrote on Psychology; Æsthetics occupied the studies of HOTHO and VISCHER; FEUERBACH and KUNO FISCHER wrote on the History of Philosophy, and Speculative Theology was represented by DAUB and MARHEINEKE and, later, by BAUR, VATKE, and STRAUSS, while Jurisprudence and Politics engaged the attention of GANS, RUGE, and other authors.

Then followed a controversy—metaphysical, logical, theological, and political—which Hegel's own words may fairly describe; for it was 'a tedious affair.' The Hegelian school was divided into three sections, styled respectively, the Right, the Centre, and the Left. The men on the Right hand—GÖSCHEL, GABLER, and others—maintained that the teaching of their school was consistent with existing religious and political institutions, or, in other words, was both orthodox and conservative. The Centre was represented by KARL ROSENKRANZ, the author of a 'Life of Hegel' and of several works on literary history and æsthetics. It was on the Left—including KARL MICHELET, its moderate representative, and ARNOLD RUGE in politics, with FEUERBACH and STRAUSS in theology—that the innovations were made which led to a dissolution of the school. The doctrines asserted by the extreme Left were denounced as atheistic and revolutionary. After 1848 the interest in all the inquiries formerly included under the name of speculative philosophy rapidly declined, and Cicero's saying was once more found true—*Si quis universam* [*philosophiam*]

*velit vituperare, secundo id populo facere possit.** To supply the blank space left by the absence of speculation, the study of physical science now came into the field and was recommended by the tendencies of Schopenhauer's writings, though their whole theory was not, in itself, materialistic. One of the more important works that led to a controversy on exclusive materialism was MOLESCHOTT's *Kreislauf des Lebens* ('The Circular Course of Life'). RUDOLF WAGNER, in his essay *Wissen und Glauben* ('Science and Faith'), endeavoured to put a stop to the dispute by drawing a strong boundary-line between science and religious doctrine. In religion, he said, 'give me the simple faith of a charcoal-man; in matters of science allow me to doubt as much as I please.' This assertion of a so-called *Köhlerglaube*—the said charcoal-man's faith, or a belief without inquiry—called forth energetic expressions of dissent from another physiologist, KARL VOGT, who declared 'that the brain secretes thought just as the liver secretes bile.' Moleschott had already said that 'no thought is possible without phosphorus.' The doctrine of the materialists was made more popular by BÜCHNER's well-written treatise entitled *Kraft und Stoff* ('Matter and Force'), which was first published in 1855, soon passed through several editions, and was translated into French and English. An able French reviewer,† while admitting that the book is full of facts clearly and concisely stated, complains that it gives no definition of *Stoff* ('matter'), though this is one of the words in the title.

The authors above named may fairly represent the school of modern materialism. The controversy to which it has given rise is too extensive and difficult to be described here; but it may be noticed that under the one name of 'materialism' three clearly distinct doctrines may be implied. The first asserts that to matter, in a sublimated condition, may be ascribed all the functions that have been ascribed to the mind; the second is founded on scientific induction and avoids dogmatic generalisations; the third declares that all the phenomena in the universe must be the results of matter and force. This last doctrine is both metaphysical and dogmatic.

The spread of materialism, theoretical and practical, has n

* 'If anyone wishes to treat all philosophy with contempt, he may g popularity by so doing.'

† See *Le Matérialisme contemporain*, by PAUL JANET.

been allowed to take place without opposition. FICHTE (the younger), ULRICI, author of a work entitled 'God and Nature,' LOTZE, one of the best writers belonging to Herbart's school, and FECHNER and KIRCHMANN, may be named as able opponents of absolute materialism. Its extreme doctrine has been ably discussed by EDUARD VON HARTMANN in two chapters (II. and V. of Part C) in his 'Philosophy of the Unconscious'—the most popular of all the philosophical works published during the last ten years. The method of this book is inductive, and its moral tendency seems, on the whole, to accord with Schopenhauer's teaching. 'The Unconscious' is the name given by Hartmann to the 'Will in Nature,' as described by Schopenhauer.

Some of the theories, or notions, of the German Social Democracy of our age are found in close connection with a practical materialism; but others have the pretension of being based on Hegelian doctrine. As one example from the latter class, 'the Future of Humanity,' a book by KARL LUDWIG MICHELET (a veteran of the Left Hegelian party) may be named. In one respect, at least, Michelet is a true disciple; for he adheres faithfully to the principle of freedom, and will not take part in any attempt to build a socialistic Utopia on the negation of personality. The results of unlimited competition in industry and trade will, in the end (says Michelet) be found intolerable, and men will then be glad to find a refuge in voluntary unions controlled by the power of unanimity. But when these unions have made all individual competition hopeless, even then personal liberty shall be respected. Though 'a union of unions' may occupy the length and breadth of the land, still, if one voluntary and solitary Crusoe shall prefer to stand outside and to compete, single-handed, against all their power, that lonely hero shall be allowed to stand free, and to take his own course. But a vast majority of mankind will learn to act in accordance with the true social doctrine, *Concordia res parvæ crescunt, sed Discordia res maximæ dilabuntur*—by union small resources are increased; by discord the greatest are destroyed. That a high moral training must inevitably precede the formation of such a co-operative Utopia as Michelet describes, may be proved by his own quotation from Proudhon.

More might be said of recent innovations in the theories of politics and social economy; but we cannot afford space for them,

as we have still to notice the new tendencies of the Left party with regard to religious history and doctrine. Ludwig Andreas Feuerbach (1804–72), one of Hegel's disciples at Berlin, soon chose an independent position, and, in his 'Essence of Christianity' and other writings, reduced all theology to anthropology, and gave a list of facts in psychology as a substitute for the philosophy of religion. The controversy that followed these extreme assertions was by no means as important as that which was excited by the appearance, in 1835, of a work entitled 'The Life of Jesus.'

David Friedrich Strauss, the writer of that book, was born at Ludwigsburg in 1808. He studied at Tübingen, and at Berlin, where he attended Hegel's lectures. Some years after the publication of his chief work, Dr. Strauss was appointed professor of ecclesiastical history at Zürich; but the protest of the people there compelled him to retire from that position. His book was described as reducing the evangelical narrative to 'a series of myths,' invented 'half unconsciously' by the faith and devotion of the Primitive Christian Church. In his reply to this criticism, the author asserted that he had not attacked what he called the substance of the Christian faith. He published, in 1847, a monograph on the history of 'Julian the Apostate,' and subsequently (in 1849–62) wrote a series of biographies of men mostly remarkable as innovators and liberals—Schubart the poet and publicist, Reimarus, the rationalist, and Ulrich von Hutten. In 1863, after Renan's 'Life of Jesus' had gained great popularity, Dr. Strauss published a new revised and extended edition of his chief work, which was followed, in 1865, by a book entitled 'The Christ of Faith and the Jesus of History.' In 1872, Dr. Strauss reasserted his own doctrine in 'The Old Faith and the New,' a work that was denounced by the English premier in a remarkable speech delivered at Liverpool in December 1872.

It is obvious that there can be given here nothing more than a merely descriptive statement of the vastly important questions mooted by Dr. Strauss and other writers of his school. He maintains that, while the essential ideas contained in the Gospel narrative are true and sacred, the narrative itself may be subjected to critical inquiry, like any portion of secular history. He therefore treats it as Niebuhr treated early Roman history. He denies the historical validity of statements of miraculous events, and regards them as 'mythical' representations of ideas which

constitute the substance of Christianity. His opponents maintain that these ideas depend for proof on the authenticity of the Gospel narrative, and regard Dr. Strauss as having attacked the foundations of the Christian faith. To this charge he replies in his 'Polemical Essays' (1838), by saying that 'a belief in miracles does not constitute the basis of Christian faith;' that spiritual doctrine has been too long made to depend upon traditions, and that it must now be maintained in its proper independence. The explanation of his views regarding 'substantial Christianity' is given in his work entitled 'Christian Doctrine' (*Christliche Glaubenslehre*). The work by Neander on this controversy, and Professor Tholuck's 'Credibility of the Gospel History' (1837), may be mentioned as specimens of numerous publications directed against the views of Dr. Strauss. His chief work has been followed by several attempts made by other writers to describe the life of our Saviour. Among the more remarkable works of this class we may name those written by NEANDER, SCHENKEL, and KEIM.

English readers may ask, Is there any clear distinction to be made between the old rationalism of Dr. Bahrdt, and other writers in the eighteenth century, and 'the free theology' of the nineteenth century? Both are negative with regard to their treatment of miracles; but the former would reduce Christianity to a system of ethics, while the latter finds something far higher than ordinary morality in 'The Sermon on the Mount,' and in other Divine utterances that are destined to live after criticism and scepticism have destroyed all that they can destroy. 'Free theology,' as viewed by its German advocates, professes to give the substance instead of the shadows of the Christian religion, and to unite, as it is said SCHLEIERMACHER united, free inquiry with a devotional spirit. The results of all the philosophical speculations and theological controversies of recent years are far too extensive to be described here. One of their most important effects is seen in the relations now existing between Catholicism and Protestantism. A few years ago, there lived hopeful men in Germany who could speak of a union of the two forms of one faith (as they were then called) as at least possible; but what can be said of union now, after the declarations issued from Rome in 1864 and 1870? On one side, free theology asks, Shall all the movement towards spiritual freedom that has been going on from the fourteenth

century to the present be viewed as meaning nothing, or worse than nothing? On the other side, Rome points to hard thinking and endless disputes substituted for faith, and ending sometimes in extreme unbelief or in materialism. Rome again points to a want of reverence for historical facts, and claims, as belonging to the Church and its tradition, the light that has shone here and there through the gloom of metaphysics. Here are the materials of a controversy more extensive than that which took place in the sixteenth century. Between the two extreme parties, the Old Catholics, headed by DR. DÖLLINGER, appear to hold an important position.

NOTE ON CHAPTER XXIX.

In the preceding chapter we have treated as impracticable or useless the observance of reticence respecting theories of scepticism and extreme disbelief. Whether correct or false, a notion has prevailed to a considerable extent in England, that Atheism, or Pantheism, or something very much like it, has on its side all the philosophy of the German people. They have made themselves a great power in Europe; their profound and extensive learning and the rapid progress which they have made in the physical sciences are universally admitted; it cannot, therefore, be an indifferent matter when an appeal is made to their philosophy as in favour of extreme disbelief in the existence of any Power above man and nature. We submit here a statement of facts that may, perhaps, serve to limit or qualify in some degree the general and vague notion above referred to. Our aim is merely to describe facts as they are, and not to write either accusations or apologies. This, we trust, will be self-evident in the following notes on certain recent controversies.

Without saying anything whatever of its scientific truth, it may be asserted that the intention of the Hegelian Philosophy, as propounded by its founder, was not to destroy the Christian faith, but to comprehend it—to think out what had been believed. This might be an erroneous and a hopeless endeavour; but it is clear that it was not a negation. 'The Christian Religion,' said Hegel, 'contains absolute truth in the form in which it must be presented to all mankind.' Then, how could he wish to destroy that form? We might quote volumes, instead of passages, in evidence of the truth that he had no such design. Some of the extreme negations asserted by writers who have been described as his followers, profess to be founded, not on his *results*, as stated by himself, but on the most abstruse passages in his metaphysics. In the same way, strange conclusions have been deduced from Aristotle's *mere words*, taken out of their true connection. By taking a few words here and there, we might make 'an atheist' or 'a pantheist' of the Stagyrite; or if our will had

another direction, we might declare that he was, after all, 'a theosophist.' For this last purpose it would serve to refer to a few words in his metaphysics (xi. 7)—

εἰ οὖν οὕτως εὖ ἔχει, ὡς ἡμεῖς ποτέ, ὁ θεὸς ἀεί, θαυμαστόν.

With these remarks we leave the charges of Atheism and Pantheism. We may next inquire if materialism is a true result of philosophy. It must be fully admitted that materialism has been very boldly asserted, during recent years, by several scientific men, of whom KARL VOGT is a prominent representative. There is nothing whatever that is new in their theory. It is as old as the time of Democritus, and was propounded by LA METTRIE (1709–51), and by the author (or authors) of that heavy book, the *Système de la Nature*, first published in London in 1770. Materialism is, therefore, no result of recent German philosophy. There are two modes of searching for the causes of all the phenomena that we find around us. In the first place, we may analyse them, so as to reduce them to their simplest elements—'matter and force,' as Dr. Büchner has said. This is the theory called Materialism. But we may, on the other hand, seek for their final cause, and may view this as the true cause. For every form or degree of existence, we may find the motive in that which, apparently, follows. Thus, we may say, matter exists for the sake of life, and life as a manifestation of the mind. But that for the sake of which a phenomenon takes place, must be, in truth, though not in appearance, prior to the phenomenon, and, moreover, it must be the substance and the truth of the phenomenon. This is the Hegelian doctrine of nature, and—whether true or false—it can never lead to Materialism.

One of the supposed results of philosophical speculation is the denial of all statements of miraculous events found in the Bible or elsewhere. This denial was the chief characteristic of the old rationalism which prevailed in England and in France, as well as in Germany, in the middle and latter part of the eighteenth century. It is not to be questioned that a disbelief in miracles prevails now very extensively among the Protestants of Germany. This disbelief is, however, no result of any recent system of philosophy, but still finds its most popular or commonly intelligible argument against miracles in the writings of the Scotch sceptic, David Hume, who died in 1776. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of his argument, it is one that *preceded* all that is now commonly understood under the title of German Philosophy.

Another form of disbelief, described as prevalent in Protestant Germany, and among free theologians of the new school, consists in a denial of the antiquity and authenticity of several and considerable portions of the Canonical Scriptures. It is hardly necessary to state, that the grounds of this denial are to be found, not in any system of philosophy, but in the philological and historical researches of Biblical critics, especially those belonging to 'the Tübingen School.' It is with reference to the results of those researches that Catholic writers have protested against what they view as the fundamental error of the rationalists—both old and new—a want of reverence for historical authority. It is maintained, against the negative criticism of the Gospel narrative, that it leaves in darkness and mystery the origin of the Christian Church, and that it refuses to recognise in the early existence of that Church a corroboration of the Gospels in their narration of supernatural events.

Another error ascribed to the new rationalists is, that they have accepted, as founded on their own reasonings, truths and moral principles which were first made known to men by the Catholic Church, to which they still properly belong. The existence of that Church, and its power maintained against formidable oppositions throughout so long a space of time, contradict (say its advocates) the rationalistic theory of its origin. For further examples of Catholic and Ultramontane censures on all free theology and biblical exegesis, we may refer to a series of essays entitled *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* ('Voices from the Convent of Maria-Laach'), in which the Papal declarations and decrees of 1864 and 1870 are defended in opposition to all the claims of free inquiry.

In reply to the charge of inconsistency, in referring a great series of events to an insufficient cause, the advocates of 'free theology' deny that they have reduced Christianity to a mere system of ethics, and assert, on the other hand, that they have treated with reverence the substantial truth that remains, after all the eliminations described as the results of a negative criticism. The originality and depth of the teaching found in 'The Sermon on the Mount;' its absolutely unworldlike character, and its bold and authoritative opposition to the universal errors of the world and the age; the humiliation and the authority expressed as perfectly united in the person of the Founder of Christianity, and the power which His doctrine still retains of forming the closest possible bond of union for all mankind;—these, say the apologists of free theology, are the clearest evidences of a Divine Original, and supply for us sufficient bases for our faith.

Enough has been said to represent the two sides of the controversy, and to show that it has no necessary connection with any system of philosophy. The chief use which the advocates of absolute Church Authority make of loud professions of atheism and materialism is to show that philosophy has not prevented the spread of such doctrines, and therefore can supply no sufficient guidance for the people.

Both parties engaged in the controversy between freedom and authority know well that religion does not consist in any system of tenets, but in a life in accordance with the Divine Will. That life, says one party, can be developed only in One Communion—the Roman Catholic Church. On the contrary, say the friends of free theology, it must be developed in accordance with individual freedom of inquiry and belief. The Church, says the Ultramontane advocate, should be a home, a place of repose for the soul, and not a lecture-hall filled with the wranglings of erudite German professors. To prevent such strife, he would demand 'the sacrifice of the intellect.' The Church in which men shall find repose, say free inquirers, is a Church of the Future—a Canaan, to which we are now travelling through the Wilderness of Controversy.

It is the old dispute between Authority and Freedom; but it has been recently made more distinct with regard to the positions respectively maintained by the combatants. The coming contest is inevitable, and all that reasonable men can pray for is, that the weapons employed may always be spiritual.

CHAPTER XXX.

YOUNG GERMANY—POLITICAL POETRY—AUSTRIAN POETRY.

THE writers who were, for a short time, associated under the vague title of 'Young Germany,' had generally negative tendencies with regard to social, political, and religious institutions, and were commonly described as 'the followers of HEINE.'* Their union, if it ever existed in an intelligible form, was soon dissolved, and some of its members afterwards wrote in opposition to its principles.

KARL GUTZKOW, born at Berlin in 1811, must be named as one of the most able and persevering of the writers who have endeavoured to connect the literature of fiction with a discussion of the complex social, political, and religious interests of the present age. His reflective and didactic tendency often limits the exercise of his imagination, and he endeavours to make poetry do work that might, perhaps, be better done in plain prose. In his long romance, *Die Ritter vom Geiste* (in nine volumes), he first describes the corruptions of modern society, and then suggests a plan of reformation by the institution of a new order of knighthood, which is to include all the more honourable and intelligent men of the period, who form an association something like that which was dreamed of by the 'Illuminati' in the eighteenth century. The plot of this voluminous romance is extremely complex; but its numerous parts are grasped with a tenacious power of combination, and their minute details are arranged with extraordinary care and ingenuity. The lively interest excited by this social and reformatory work of fiction might be partly ascribed to the introduction of several literary portraits of men well known in Berlin at the time of the Revolution (1848). In another very long

* Their supposed inspirations, said to have been derived from Hegel's teaching, hardly deserve a passing notice.

romance—'The Sorcerer of Rome' (in nine volumes, 1859)—the author displays the same extraordinary industry in the collection and arrangement of a vast mass of materials. The tendency of the story is in favour of a reformed Catholicism, liberated from Ultramontane authority; but the author has nothing to say in favour of Protestantism in its actual state.

A critical and controversial tendency prevails in the dramas as in the romances written by Gutzkow. In his drama of *Uriel Acosta* he gives the story of a condemned heretic. The play contains some powerfully tragic situations, but the didactic interest is made too prominent, as in Lessing's 'Nathan.' Gutzkow's historical dramas, *Patkul*, *Wullenweber*, and *Antonio Perez*, have been generally described as inferior to his comedies, of which *Zopf und Schwerdt* is one of the best. The story of this, belonging to the time of Friedrich Wilhelm I. of Prussia, has a national interest, and the most humorous scenes of the play are founded on facts.

HEINRICH LAUBE, who for a short time was associated with the *coterie* called 'Young Germany,' was born in 1806. After writing several romances, in which the influence of Heinse and Heine may be traced, Laube gained a higher reputation by several dramas, including *Monaldeschi*, *Struensee*, *Rococo*, *Die Karlschüler*, and *Prinz Friedrich*. His prose writings are recommended by a clear and vigorous style.

FERDINAND GUSTAV KÜHNE, born in 1806, was for some years employed as editor of the literary journal 'Europa.' He had but a slight connection with the *coterie* with which he has been classed. In his 'Convent Stories,' however, he made use of fiction to denounce the principles of ascetic life, and thus, like other writers belonging to the clique of 'Young Germany,' he treated rather slightly and indirectly some important questions that are better discussed in fair and open controversy. Kühne's best productions are found in his descriptive and critical writings in prose. Among these may be noticed his 'German Men and Women' and his pleasant sketches of Berlin, Vienna, and Prague.

LUDOLF WIENBARG must, at least, be named as the inventor of the phrase 'Young Germany,' which is found in the preface to one of his books. He wrote in favour of a restored 'Hellenism' (such as Hölderlin had dreamed of), and also for the so-called 'emancipation of women.' The latter project was more ardently advocated by THEODOR MUNDT, in his fictions 'Mother and

Daughter' and 'Madonna.' The most erroneous of all Mundt's productions—his sketch of 'Charlotte Stieglitz'—is, strange to say, founded on a fact, which may be briefly stated as one of the most striking examples of morbid literary fanaticism. Charlotte Stieglitz was the wife of a young man who had written some poems, but had failed to gain such a reputation as he desired. His restless discontent with his own position in life and with his achievements in literature excited his wife's sympathy, and suggested to her the notion that nothing less than some severe affliction would rouse to action the high poetic powers which (as she fondly believed) her husband possessed. The unhappy woman, placed in these circumstances, committed suicide! Theodor Mundt, in his portraiture of her character, not only expresses his belief that her sole motive for the act was to awaken her husband's genius, but also describes the act as reasonable and noble. To conclude the sad story—the sacrifice was useless, for no improvement followed in the development of the husband's moderate poetical abilities. With this anecdote, we may apologise for leaving unnoticed further details of the new social theories held by 'Young Germany.'

In our notices of the political poets who wrote before and after 1848, the place of honour belongs to August Heinrich Hoffmann, who, to distinguish himself from so many other men having the same surname, appended to it the name of his birthplace, Fallersleben, where he was born in 1798. He was Professor of German Literature at Breslau in 1830–43, and afterwards frequently changed his place of residence, wandering from one library to another, in order to collect materials for several valuable works on Old German Literature. Hoffmann's contributions to literary history include a 'Collection of the Popular Songs of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries,' and several interesting monographs. His original lyrical poetry has a truly popular tone, and a more extensive compass than we find in Wilhelm Müller, already mentioned as Hoffmann's rival in melody. After 1840, Hoffmann turned away from his old topics, chosen from scenes of every-day life, and published, under the ambiguous title of 'Unpolitical Songs,' a series of bold lyrical poems and some rather trivial verses on political topics. For this offence he was deprived of his professorship at Breslau. Now, when the excitements of 1840 and 1848 have passed away, there

may be many readers who will prefer Hoffmann's genial 'Songs for Children' to his political verses. These, however, enjoyed an extensive popularity, and were followed by many other 'songs of freedom' and versified declamations of the same tendency, written by Herwegh, Dingelstedt, and Freiligrath. The last-named author had attained a high reputation as a poet, when he was led into politics—perhaps by the influence of his friend, Hoffmann von Fallersleben.

Ferdinand Freiligrath, born at Detmold in 1810, was for some years engaged in trade. The success of a volume of poems, published in 1838, induced him to leave the counting-house, and in 1842 he received a small pension from the King of Prussia. This the young poet soon resigned, in order to insure for himself the freedom of opinion which he afterwards asserted in his political poem entitled 'A Confession of Faith.' Without entertaining any prejudices whatever against the political doctrines maintained in these poems and verses, it may be suggested that their topics would be more suitably discussed in leading articles for newspapers. To leave the political strife of the past—Freiligrath's best poems are remarkable for bold innovations in the choice of topics, and for their glowing descriptions of foreign scenery. In several of his poems, of which the scenes are laid in Africa and in Arabia, he shows the taste of a painter who cares nothing for the sentiment of a subject, if it only affords scope for strong colouring and makes an effective picture. Thus, in one of his African poems—'The Lion's Ride'—he describes nothing better than the attack of a lion on a giraffe. In a better poem of the same class he brings before us a vision of the 'Spectral Caravan' seen by travellers in the Arabian Desert:—

It comes! before the camels the spectral drivers glide,
Unveiled Arabian women in the lofty saddles ride,
Beside them walk young maidens, pitchers bearing, like Rebecca,
And dark-brown chieftains follow—like the wind they sweep to Mecca.

For lo! it is the night when all whom these wide sands
Have ever swallowed up, and whose dust is on our hands,
Whose skulls our horses' hoofs have daily trodden down,
Arise and go in hosts, to pray in the holy town.

'The Negro Prince,' an African ballad, is one of the best specimens of the writer's graphic power. The warrior leads his dark army into the battle:—

The lion and serpent were scared at the sound
Of the rattling tom-tom with skulls hung around,
And the banner was waving, a sign of dread,
O'er the desert's yellow, soon dyed into red.

Meanwhile, the chieftain's bride is waiting for his return from the fight:—

With pearls from the Persian billows so fair,
She decks the dark curls of her flowing hair;
The ostrich's plume waves aloft on her brow;
Bright shells on her arms and her bosom glow.

She sits at the door of her lover's tent,
And lists to the thunders of battle blent;
The sun fiercely strikes in the noon-tide hot;
Her garlands are wither'd—she heeds it not!

The sun sinks down and the shadows grow,
The night-dew rustles, the fire-flies glow,
And the crocodile, from the tepid pool,
Looks out into the evening cool.

The lion is up and roars out for his prey—
The elephant-herd through the wood bursts away:
The dappled giráffes are now gone to repose—
Bright eyes and bright flowers in the darkness close.

Her bosom is swelling and heaving with care—
A messenger comes with a tale of despair:—
'Lost is the battle, thy lover a slave!
By the men of the West carried over the wave!'

With wild-scatter'd hair she falls on the ground—
Her ornaments all from her bosom unbound—
She tears out her jewels with violent hand,
And buries her face in the glowing sand.

In other poems—such as 'African Loyalty' and 'Scenes at Congo'—the author selects topics that must be described as horrible. In the latter, for example, he tells, in a style too graphic, how the concubines of a deceased king of Dahomey are slain, that they may go to wait upon their savage lord in the land beyond the grave:—

He goes in yonder happy land to reign,
And you must haste to share in his repose,
Where every blade of grass and blossom glows
Dark-crimson with the blood of all his foes.

These highly-coloured and sensational sketches of foreign life

do not represent all the merits of Freiligrath's poetry. In his 'German Emigrants' there is no want of true feeling, as a few lines may show:—

> 'Mid foreign woods you'll long in vain
>   For your paternal mountains green,
> For Deutschland's yellow fields of grain,
>   And hills of vines with purple sheen!
>
> The vision of your olden time,
>   Of all you leave so far behind,
> Like some old legendary rhyme,
>   Will rise in dreams, and haunt your mind.

'The Emigrant Leader' and 'The Emigrant Poet' are both specimens of the writer's more pleasing strains of sentiment. 'The Picture Bible,' though one of the least assuming, is also one of the best of his lyrical poems. The old brown folio calls up recollections of the happy days of childhood, and the poem is thus concluded:—

> My mother, as she taught me,
>   When questioning, I came,
> Tells every picture's story,
>   Gives every place its name,
> Fills with old songs and sayings
>   My memory all the while—
> My father sits beside us
>   And listens with a smile.
>
> O childhood, lost for ever!
>   Gone, like a vision, by—
> The pictured Bible's splendour,
>   The young, believing eye,
> The father and the mother,
>   The still, contented mind,
> The love and joy of childhood—
>   All, all are left behind!

We have still left unmentioned the best of Freiligrath's lyric-epic poems. It is entitled 'Nèbo,' and nobly describes the death of the great leader of the Israelites:—

> They shouted in the valley
>   'Canáan!' with joyous tone—
> Their leader up the pathway
>   Of the mountain went alone:
> His snow-white locks were flowing
>   About his shoulders spread,
> And golden beams were glowing
>   Upon his reverend head.

To see the promised country,
  Before he died, intent,
Rapt in the glorious vision,
  He, trembling, forwards bent.
There glittered all the pastures
  With thousand charms outspread—
The land he sees with longing,
  The land he ne'er must tread!

The plains, far out extending,
  Are rich with corn and vines,
And many a white stream, wending
  Through rich, green meadows, shines.
With milk and honey flowing
  As far as eye can span,
There lies the land, all glowing,
  From Béersheba to Dan.

'Canáan, mine eyes have seen thee!
  Let death undreaded come!
In gentle whispers breathing,
  Lord, call thy servant home!'
On light, soft clouds descending
  Upon the mountain's brow,
HE came—the pilgrim-people
  Have lost their leader now!

Upon the mountain brightening
  'Tis glorious there to die,
When all the clouds are whitening
  In the shining morning sky;
Far down below beholding,
  Wood, field, and winding stream—
And lo, above, unfolding,
  Heaven's golden portals gleam!

Our quotations from Freiligrath have been rather extensive. They may be viewed, however, as some humble acknowledgments of his appreciation of English and Scottish literature, with which he made himself well acquainted during the years when he resided in London. Freiligrath has produced some excellent translations of English lyrical poems, and has succeeded in the difficult task of translating fairly into German several of the songs of Robert Burns.

To return to political verse-writing—we have still to notice some of its most energetic authors, and also two or three of their opponents. GEORG HERWEGH, born in 1817, though younger than Freiligrath, preceded him as a writer of advanced liberal or revolutionary songs, and gained a considerable reputation soon after

the accession of Friedrich Wilhelm IV. of Prussia. After spending some years of exile in Switzerland, Herwegh returned to Germany and took some slight part in the practical movement of 1848. The key-note of his terrible war-lyrics is concisely given in the two lines—

> Tear the crosses from the earth,
> And beat them into swords!

One objection to this song was reasonably urged by a critic, who remarked that iron crosses were too rare, and that the metal required might be elsewhere found in abundance. GEIBEL, a mild and conservative poet, addressed to Herwegh a more serious remonstrance, which contains such lines as these—

> Like Peter, then, put up your sword,
>   Conclude at once your martial rhymes;
> And look at Paris now, and learn
>   Freedom is not the child of crimes.

EMANUEL GEIBEL, the son of an evangelical reformed pastor, was born in 1815. Though only a small number of his poems have any strong political tendency, he may be named here as one of the liberal, yet conservative writers of his time. His well-known love of rational freedom, his loyalty, and his Christian principles, have gained for his poetry praises that might hardly have been won by its power and originality.

To find other examples of sudden success in poetry won partly by its political and religious tendencies, we might refer to the romantic story of *Amaranth*, and to several other poems written by OSCAR VON REDWITZ, a Bavarian baron and a Catholic, born in 1823. They have been extravagantly praised by certain critics, who sympathise with the poet's religious and conservative sentiments, and they have been almost savagely condemned by writers who assert extreme negative and liberal principles.

The tendency of the age to make imaginative literature subservient to political interests has been less boldly manifest in Austria than in North Germany; but modern or recent Austrian poetry has by no means remained wholly indifferent with regard to the political and religious questions of the present century. On the whole, it may be said that the Austrian poets, even when writing of politics and religion, are milder, more cheerful, and more conciliatory than Georg Herwegh.

In 1831, a volume of poems entitled 'Rambles of a Viennese Poet' gained a sudden popularity. Its author, ANTON ALEXANDER GRAF VON AUERSPERG (who, in literature, has chosen for himself the more convenient name of ANASTASIUS GRÜN), is descended from a noble family holding large estates in the Austrian empire. He was born at Laibach, in Krain, in 1806. Since 1848 he has been classed with advanced liberals in politics, and the assertion of freedom is the key-note of many of his lyrical poems. His writings generally express kind and generous feelings, but his poetry is too reflective. His 'Rambles of a Viennese Poet,' and the series of poems including 'The Five Easters,' have political and controversial aims, but are free from bitterness. There is, however, more true poetry in the author's least ambitious pieces, though in these we find too often decorations that seem studied and external. For example, a penitent who dwells in a cottage on the shore looks forth to the sky-line on the sea—

> Where vanishes in haze the snow-white sail,
> Like innocence; so white!—so far away!

In another poem, an unknown and dethroned king is represented as dying in a rural solitude and under a tree, whose

> Dark green boughs, like funeral plumes,
> Wave above the old king's head,
> While, like a royal purple robe,
> The evening-light is o'er him spread.

Several of Count Auersperg's poems have humorous and satirical traits. The 'American Planter,' for example, is represented as meditating on the arrival of liberty with a cargo of tea, and finds himself inspired sufficiently to utter three or four stanzas on freedom and 'the rights of man,' but this complacent soliloquy is suddenly interrupted when 'a black and woolly negro head' intrudes itself, and changes the current of the new poet's meditations.

Count Auersperg often writes very cheerfully of the future; for he has faith in the progress of science and culture as likely to end in a restoration of Arcadian happiness. Steam-vessels and railways, he imagines, will expedite the coming of the future golden age, and he laughs at æsthetic men who have fears that steam and machinery may banish poetry from the earth. LUDWIG I., ex-king of Bavaria, was one of these æsthetic

men; for thus, in one of his poems, he described some effects of railway travelling:—

> The saying that the world must end in smoke
> Seems true in these last days of steam and coke,
> When the loud engine on the iron rails
> O'er ancient ties and sympathies prevails.
> Homeless, and counting love of home a dream,
> From land to land we pass in clouds of steam,
> For ever on the same, dull, level ground,
> With universal sameness all around.

Moral tendencies and reflections prevail too much in many of Count Auersperg's poems; others are not deficient in pathos, and a few are truly lyrical in both thought and expression.

One of Count Auersperg's lyrics has been so popular that it has been chosen as the model for several clever parodies. It is entitled 'The Last Poet,' and serves as a reply to some intensely practical men, who thus express their earnest desire to banish poetry from the world:—

> When will be poets weary,
> And throw their harps away?
> When will be sung and ended
> The oft-repeated lay?

The following are a few stanzas from the reply:—

> Long as the sky's loud thunder
> Is echoed from the hill,
> And, touched with dread and wonder,
> A human heart can thrill;
>
> And long as night the ether
> With stars and planets sows,
> And man can read the meaning
> That in golden letters glows;
>
> As long as blooms the spring
> And while the roses blow,
> While smiles can dimple cheeks,
> And eyes with joy o'erflow;
>
> And while the cypress dark
> O'er the grave its head can shake,
> And while an eye can weep,
> And while a heart can break;
>
> So long on earth shall live
> True poesy divine.

The poems written by NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802–50), a Magyar by birth, whose true name was Niembsch von Strehlenau, are full of the melancholy that for several years overshadowed his mind, and was, at last, changed into unbroken gloom. His lyrical poems have, however, many pleasing traits of pious sentiment and imaginative sympathy with nature, and are, on the whole, far better than his more ambitious epic poems—'Faust' and 'Savonarola. The deeply melancholy tones in which Lenau describes his own mental sufferings are free from affectation, but leave a most painful impression. He writes, sometimes, as if scepticism, or extreme disbelief, had been the cause of his misery; but at other times he describes it as his fate. One of his short narrative poems—'The Postilion'—might, for its simplicity and pathos, have been inserted among Wordsworth's 'Lyrical Ballads.' Like that true poem, 'We are Seven,' the simple story told by Lenau refers to our instinctive belief that those whom we call the departed are still in being. The poet describes first a drive by moonlight through a solitary district, and then a halt beside a lone churchyard under a hill:—

Here my postilion checked his pace,
  Then held his horses still,
And looked upon the sign of grace
  Below the moonlit hill.

'Sir, here I must a custom keep
  In honour of the bones
Of a good comrade fast asleep
  Among those old gray stones

. . . .

'A mellow horn was his delight,
  His notes were clear and strong;
I stay to give him, every night,
  His favourite old song.'

Then, to the churchyard turn'd, he blew
  The notes of some old lay,
In honour of his comrade true
  There resting in the clay.

A gentle echo, from the hill
  Beyond the churchyard, sighed,
As if the dead were living still,
  And, in soft tones, replied.

Then o'er the midnight landscape drear
  We hasten'd through the still;
But long was sounding on my ear
  That echo from the hill.

FRANZ GRILLPARZER, whose literary career was a long one, began authorship, as we have said, by writing a dismal 'fate-tragedy.' He wrote in a greatly improved style in his later dramatic works, of which 'Sappho' may be named as a specimen. Another Austrian dramatic poet, Joseph Freiherr von Münch-Bellinghausen, born 1806—better known by his assumed name FRIEDRICH HALM—wrote several dramas, of which 'Griseldis,' 'The Son of the Wilderness,' and 'The Fighter of Ravenna' may be mentioned as fair specimens. Their tone is lyric and romantic, rather than clearly and strongly dramatic, and, though they contain some fine passages of declamation and theatrical effect, their delineations of character are often defective. The character of the hero Percival in the play of 'Griseldis' deserves to be especially noticed as a failure. We find more invention than self-control or good taste in FRIEDRICH HEBBEL, born in 1813, whose dramas are less sentimental than powerful. In 'Judith' and 'Genoveva,' Hebbel gave proof of a great command of energetic diction, but his taste for introducing horrible incidents was very justly censured. It almost reminds us of Lohenstein, who ought to be forgotten.

To mention even the names of all the young poets who have, during recent years, acquired a reputation in Austria, Bohemia, and Hungary would far exceed our limits. Their general merits may be described by saying that their successes belong to lyrical poetry, and that many of their best productions may be classified with the pleasant lyric-epic poems which were introduced by Uhland and Heine, as followers of Goethe. KARL BECK, by birth an Israelite (born 1817), author of some fiery political lyrics, MORITZ HARTMANN, a Bohemian democrat, and ALFRED MEISSNER may be named as representing political poetry in Austria.

We find a true poet, though one who wrote in prose, in ADALBERT STIFTER, born in 1806, the author of 'Studies,' 'The Old Bachelor,' *Der Hochwald*, and several other stories, remarkable for their quiet chastened style, and for the imaginative harmony with which the writer blends his scenery with the characters whom he introduces. He often seems to make his human figures subordinate to the interest of the landscape in which they appear. His stories are defective in action, and will not afford the excitement craved by the lovers of wonders and horrors; for Stifter writes like a true, quiet poet, who might have excelled if he had devoted all his attention to landscape-painting. As may

be guessed, he sometimes neglects to obey Lessing's rule for keeping poetry distinct from painting.

We have mentioned but a few of the Austrian poets, and these not as the best, but as fair representatives of their class; but we have unavoidably left unnamed others whose claims are not inconsiderable. ERNST VON FEUCHTERSLEBEN, an eminent medical man, deserved to be named rather for *Zur Diätetik der Seele*, a very popular little book against hypochondriasis, than for his lyrical poems, though these include, at least, one excellent song. In a more extended review of German poetry we should notice here such writers as Vogl, Dräxler-Manfred, Frankl, Bauernfeld, and others whose names should, perhaps, be made hardly less prominent than some of those which we have mentioned; but our narrow limits compel us to exclude some names. As one representative of the average merits of several poetical contemporaries, JOHANN GABRIEL SEIDL, who was the custodian of the Vienna Cabinet of Coins and Antiquities, may be mentioned. His patriotic Tyrolese ballad 'Hans Euler' may be quoted as a fair example of a class of lyric-epic poems in which German literature is especially rich :—

'Ha! listen, Martha! heard you not that knocking at the door?
Open, and call the pilgrim in, that he may share our store;
Ha! 'tis a soldier. Welcome, sir! partake our homely fare;
Our wine and bread are good; thank God! we have enough to spare!'

'I want no food; I want no wine!' the stranger sternly said;
'Hans Euler, I have come to pay my duty to the dead:
I had a well-loved brother once, a brother whom you slew;
The threat I uttered when he fell, I come to prove it true!'

Said Euler then, 'Your brother fell in fair and open fight,
And, when I struck, my arm was raised to guard my country's right;
But if you must revenge his death—this is no place for strife—
Walk out with me. Farewell awhile, my true and loving wife!'

So saying, Euler took his sword, and o'er the hilly road,
Which ended on a rocky mount, he onward boldly strode.
Without a word, the stranger followed Euler on the way;
And now the night was vanishing before the break of day.

And as they walked on silently, the sun was rising higher,
Till all the mountain-ridges green were touched with golden fire;
Soon as they reached the chosen place, the night-mist o'er them curled,
And there, spread out below them, lay a glorious Alpine world.

. . . .

The stranger stood and sternly gazed—his sword was in his hand—
While Euler pointed down upon that well-loved Tyrolland:
'It is for *that* I've fought,' said he; 'for that dear land I've bled,
And, when he would have hurt that land, I smote thy brother dead;

'And now that death must be revenged, and this must be the place' . . .
But here the stranger dropt his sword, and looked in Euler's face:
Said he, 'I do forgive thee—it was done for Fatherland—
And now, if thou canst pardon me, brave Euler, here's my hand!'

Among the Austrian and other writers of lyrical ballads, are found some traces of an imitation that seems to have been unconscious. The general forms of ballads written by Goethe, Uhland, and Heine have been well remembered. The following lines, for example, might be supposed to be quoted from Heine; but they were written by Count Auersperg:—

My aunt—a gray spinster—keeps an old book
In which (when she thinks she's alone) she will look;
For in it there lies, on a certain page,
A dry, wither'd leaf, she has kept for an age.

Like that token, the hand, too, is wither'd and dry
That pluck'd it and gave it, in days gone by.
That page in the book ever wakens her grief;
She sighs when she looks on the faded leaf.

CHAPTER XXXI.

POEMS:—EPIC—DRAMATIC—LYRICAL—HYMNS—THE POETRY OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

THE best German poetry of recent years is found in the lyrical department, understood as including, not only many good songs and hymns, but also numerous ballads, or short narrative poems, in which a subjective element is prevalent. It is in poetry of this kind that individuality is most fairly asserted. Self-forgetfulness—the power to live and think in a world beyond ourselves—belongs to epic and dramatic poetry. Without altogether denying that recent poetry has here also some successes to show, it may be asserted that they are rare, when compared with the number of songs and ballads that deserve praise.

JULIUS MOSEN, born in 1803, already named (in Chapter XXVI.) as a lyrical poet, wrote an epic poem entitled *Ahasver*, on the old story of 'the Wandering Jew.' It was by no means as successful as the writer's military song, 'The last Ten of the Fourth Regiment,' which gained a remarkable popularity, and was sung by the people in the streets. Mosen's life—a hard contest with adverse circumstances and ill health—was closed in 1867.

We might have classed with the political poets of recent years an epic and lyrical writer, JOHANN GOTTFRIED KINKEL, who took an active part in the movement of 1848–9, and, afterwards, resided for some years in England; but his poems, of which the epic *Otto der Schütz* is one of the best, tell us but little of the reformatory political enthusiasm to which he sacrificed his position in his native land. Several of his lyrical poems give proof of earnest feelings, which are often gracefully and melodiously expressed.

Among a few writers in verse who have shown a preference for

gay, comic, or humorous subjects, AUGUST KOPISCH (who discovered the *grotta azzurra* at Capri), FRANZ FREIHERR VON GAUDY, and ROBERT REINICK may be mentioned. The last-named is one of the best of light, cheerful, and humorous versifiers, and yet is not destitute of pathos, as his story of 'Coming Home'—told in very few words—may prove:—

> One Sunday morn, from far away
> I came into my native place;
> The memory of one lovely face
> Had haunted me for many a day:
>
> I stepp'd into the church, to see
> The spot where first that face I saw—
>
> . . . .
>
> The mourners towards the chancel came;
> I followed them and had no fear.
> With roses covered stood the bier,
> And, 'mid the roses was—her name.

KARL JOSEPH SIMROCK (born in 1802) is a truly national writer, to whom many students of Old German literature are greatly indebted. His excellent metrical translations of Middle High-German poetry include the *Nibelungenlied* and *Gudrun*, the romances of Wolfram and Gottfried, and Walther's Minnelieder. Several original poems written by Simrock, of which 'Wieland the Smith' is the chief, have a true epic tone in their narration. If our space would permit, we might do more than merely name Simrock's excellent edition of the old *Volksbücher*, already briefly described.

BECHSTEIN, BUBE, WOLFGANG MÜLLER (VON KÖNIGSWINTER), KAUFMANN, GRUPPE, and STRACHWITZ may be mentioned as writers who have given us pleasing modern versions of old legends; but, without overlooking the merits of these and many other epic attempts, we must retain our preference for the lyrical productions of recent years. The whole character of the age in which we are living is unfavourable to the development of any epic poetry on a grand scale, such as was created by HOMER, or by the brotherhood of poets represented by that venerable name. A German epic on 'Waterloo,' by CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH SCHERENBERG (born at Stettin in 1798) gained for its author royal patronage, and placed him beyond the reach of grim poverty; but that was, we think, the best of all the results of his long 'Battle of Waterloo.' That fight

was a great event in the world's history; but it does not follow that it can afford inspiration for a modern epic on the grand scale. The true national epic belongs to a united and harmonious world, like that Hellenic force before which—when gathered together and made complete by the reconciliation of Achilles—Troy fell at once in ruins. No grand epic poem can be forced to arise as a miracle in the midst of a world divided by controversies on all the dearest interests of humanity, and intensely occupied, as our too-real world is now, with cares for the common necessities of life and anxieties respecting the crude elements of social existence. With regard, at least, to the lengthy descriptions of epic poetry, young German writers would do well to accept the advice kindly given by their own literary historian, GERVINUS, and heartily endorsed by Mr. Carlyle. It is to the effect that what is now wanted is a working and a non-vocal poetry.

This judgment does not exclude a willing admission that the narrative poems by such writers as NEUMANN, ETTMÜLLER, OTTO ROQUETTE, ROBERT WALDMÜLLER (properly named CHARLES EDUARD DUBOC), and by others inspired by epic ambition, have considerable merits, but good invention and lively narration are not enough to make an epic live. GEORG SPILLER VON HAUENSCHILD (who, in literature, called himself MAX WALDAU) gave promise of success in his epic 'Cordula' and in several lyrics, but he chose for another epic poem a most unfortunate scriptural subject—'Rahab.'

For their vigour and fertility of imagination, HERMANN LINGG (born 1820), who has not feared to take for an epic subject 'The Migrations of the Peoples,' JOSEPH VICTOR SCHEFFEL, author of a vigorous narrative poem—'The Trumpeter of Säkkingen'—and of many humorous poems, and ROBERT HAMERLING (born 1832), the author of *Ahasverus in Rom*, must be named among the more successful writers of narrative verse. PAUL HEYSE (born 1840), is more widely celebrated as a novelist than as a verse-writer, but has written several epics with a fluency of versification that reminds us of Ernst Schulze, the writer of *Cecilia*. Paul Heyse is more versatile than thoughtful. His epics, *Die Brüder*, *Urica* (1852), *Die Braut von Cypern* (1856), and *Thekla*, have been followed by the dramatic poems (*Franceska von Rimini* and *Meleager*), and by a series of clever novels, which have enjoyed a considerable popularity, won partly by their light and elegant diction.

We have still to name as authors of narrative poems FRIEDRICH MARTIN BODENSTEDT, a writer of versatile talents, whose 'Songs of Mirza Schaffy,' written in an Oriental manner, are more successful than his epics, and RUDOLF GOTTSCHALL (born in 1823), well known as a publicist and literary historian, and as the editor of *Unsere Zeit*. His writings in verse include the epics *Carlo Zeno* and *Maja*, the tragedy of *Mazeppa*, and several lyrical poems.

It is in companies—we might almost say in regiments—that recent writers of narrative, dramatic, and lyrical verse confront us, and demand attention; but we can do no more here than name a few fair representatives. FRANZ LÖHER, author of the genial story of 'General Spork,' and ADOLF SCHULTS, who wrote an epic on the fate of Louis XVI., THEODOR FONTANE, the writer of some pleasing ballads, and FERDINAND GREGOROVIUS, an able prose-writer, who has produced in verse his 'Magyar Songs' and some poetic sketches from antique Roman life ('The Death of Tiberius, &c.)—these may be added to the list of narrative verse-writers, and, if our limits would permit, we might also notice such names as GRUPPE, FRANKL, RAPPAPORT, GLASSBRENNER (the author of some lively comic pieces), MORITZ HORN, SCHLOENBACH, and WILHELM HERTZ. But we must turn now to notice some recent productions in dramatic literature.

This is a department in which failures are rather numerous. Among the earlier writers of the period may be named the Austrian dramatist DEINHARDSTEIN and KARL VON HOLTEI, an actor who wrote an interesting romance called 'The Last Comedian.' The dramatic works of the veteran author of the period, Gutzkow, and those of Heinrich Laube have already been briefly referred to. The names of Geibel and Redwitz are less prominent in the drama than in other departments of poetic literature. The 'Demiurgos' of WILHELM JORDAN is a bold and thoughtful work, intended to justify the ways of Providence, but the poem is not strictly dramatic. One of Jordan's later works is a long epic in the shape of a new *Nibelungenlied*. As a writer of light and entertaining pieces for the theatre, at Vienna, EDUARD BAUERNFELD (born in 1802) gained a considerable popularity. His liveliness in conversations and his cleverness in sketching characters of no great power are his chief merits. Similar traits are found in the comedies written by JULIUS RODERICH BENEDIX (born in 1811). His *Doctor Wespe* and *Der Weiberfeind* have

been commended for their skilful management of intrigues. Another dramatic poet, JOHANN GEORG FISCHER (born in 1820), the author of 'Saul' and 'Friedrich II.,' has written numerous pleasing lyrical poems. One of the most successful of recent dramas—*Narciss*, by ALBERT EMIL BRACHVOGEL—may be mentioned as an example of a work condemned by able critics but triumphant on the stage. *Der Erbförster* and *Die Maccabäer* of OTTO LUDWIG have been commended as possessing dramatic power, but their tone is too much like that of Hebbel's sensational plays. Other dramatic writers—FREYTAG, the novelist, GOTTSCHALL, the able journalist, GRIEPENKERL and FEODOR WEHL—might be noticed here; but those already named may fairly represent both the strength and the weakness of the modern German stage.

If it has been difficult to include within narrow limits our notices of epic and dramatic writers, it would be impossible to mention all who have succeeded more or less in lyrical poetry. The preceding notices of writers of political verses, of the Austrian poets, and of epic and dramatic authors have already included the names of some of the best lyric writers. Instead of attempting, therefore, to make a catalogue of all the names that might claim notices in any extensive work on German poetry, we may briefly refer here to one of many volumes of selections from the best lyrical poets—*Die Lyrik der Deutschen*, edited by HEINRICH FRIEDRICH WILHELMI (1848). It contains songs, didactic-lyrical poems, ballads, legends, romances, odes, sonnets, and other poems, by more than two hundred authors who have lived since the date of Goethe's birth. As we have noticed, the department of poetry in which recent German literature is especially rich is that of the lyrical ballad, or the short narrative and descriptive poem that serves to excite sympathy with the writer's own sentiments. We have already given a few specimens of the kind from Uhland, Heine, and Platen; but to represent fairly the merits of a numerous class of poetical writers, whose names have hardly been mentioned beyond the boundaries of their native land, we may give—almost without any care of selection—our own translations of two or three poems, which are, however, not better than some hundreds that must be left unnoticed.

The following simple and pathetic romance, by a writer named REICHENAU, has an interest like that of Freiligrath's 'Emigrant-

Leader.' The style of the original is so melodious that it might well be set to music as a glee for four voices:—

THE BANISHED LITHUANIANS.

Son. Why, O my father, must you break
From the green ash this sturdy stake?
Father. 'Tis to prop my worn limbs on our long, long way—
We must leave our dear land at the break of day!

Daughter. And, mother, why must you put away
My cap and frock and boddice gay?
Mother. My daughter, here we no more must stay—
We must leave our dear home in the morning gray!

S. In yon new land are the meadows green?
Are the trout in the clear, swift rivers seen?
F. My boy, you must rove in the fields no more,
Nor throw out your line from the pebbled shore.

D. In yon new land are the flax-fields blue?
Will the roses shine in the morning dew?
M. Such joys, O my daughter, no more must be ours;
We must say farewell to the fields and flowers!

S. Then, father, how long must we sadly roam?
Ah, when shall we once more come to our home?
D. And, mother, when may we return and see
Our flax-field and garden, so dear to me?

Father and Mother. When backward the river Niemen flows,
When on the salt sea blooms the rose,
When fruit on the hard dry rock we find,
Or—when our ruler is just and kind.

The above is given as a specimen of ballads having connection with the interests of real life. We pass over a number of romances founded on supernatural legends. But, as a superior specimen of the imaginative ballad, we may select one by Joseph Matzerath, a poet who was born in 1815. These verses present to us a fine ideal, and the scenery, though slightly touched, is grand:—

THE KING OF THE SEVEN HILLS.

In ancient times, beside the Rhine, a king sat on his throne,
And all his people called him 'good'—no other name is known.

Seven hills and seven old castles marked the land beneath his sway;
His children all were beautiful and cheerful as the day.

Oft, clad in simple garments, he travelled through the land,
And to the poorest subject there he gave a friendly hand.

Now when this good old king believed his latest hour was nigh,
He bade his servants bear him to a neighbouring mountain high:

Below he saw the pleasant fields in cloudless sunlight shine,
While through the valleys, brightly green, flowed peacefully the Rhine;

And pastures, gaily decked with flowers, extended far away;
While round them stood the mighty hills in darkly-blue array;

And on the hills along the Rhine seven noble castles frown,
Stern guardians! on their charge below for ever looking down.

Long gazed the king upon that land; his eyes with tears o'erflow—
He cries, 'My own loved country! I must bless thee ere I go!—

'O fairest of all rivers! my own, my noble Rhine!
How beauteous are the pastures all that on thy margin shine.

'To leave thee, O my land! wakes my bosom's latest sigh,
Let me spend my breath in blessing thee, and so, contented, die.

'My good and loving people all! my land! farewell for ever!
May sorrow and oppression come within your borders never!

'May people, land, and river, all, in sure protection lie
For ever 'neath the guardianship of the Almighty's eye!'

Soon as the blessing was pronounced, the good old king was dead,
And the halo of the setting sun shone all around his head.

That king was always called 'the good'—no other name is known;
But his blessing still is resting on the land he called his own.

The tale of the duke Eberhard of Würtemberg, who boasted that he could safely fall asleep in his own forests in a time when other nobles lived in enmity with their dependents, has been versified by several authors. The version from which the following stanzas are quoted is by ZIMMERMANN. Duke Eberhard of Würtemberg, after listening to the stories told by other rulers, who boast of the wealth contained in their dominions, tells his own story as follows:—

Well; you shall hear a simple tale:—
  One night I lost my way
Within a wood, along a vale,
  And down to sleep I lay.

And there I dreamed that I was dead,
  And funeral lamps were shining
With solemn lustre round my head,
  Within a vault reclining.

And men and women stood beside
My cold, sepulchral bed;
And, shedding many tears, they cried,
'Duke Eberhard is dead!'

A tear upon my face fell down,
And, waking with a start,
I found my head was resting on
A Würtembergian heart!

A woodman, 'mid the forest-shade,
Had found me in my rest,
Had lifted up my head, and laid
It softly on his breast!

The princes sat, and wondering heard,
Then said, as closed the story,
'Long live the good Duke Eberhard—
His people's love his glory!'

Many of the short poems classed among romances and ballads are remarkable only for the melody and force of language with which they relate some tale or anecdote. Such is the character of the following lines by LEITNER, telling the well-known story of our King Canute:—

On the strand at Southampton King Canute sits down,
Clad in purple array, and with sceptre and crown—
And the waves are loudly roaring.

At the nod of his brow his vassals all bow,
And he looks, in his pride, o'er the foaming tide,
Where the waves are loudly roaring.

Saith he, 'On my throne, I am ruler alone
Over all the dry ground, far, far all around'—
(And the waves are loudly roaring).

'And now, swelling sea! I will rule over thee;
I will master thy waves—they shall serve me as slaves,
Though blustering now so loudly.

But a wave, with a roar, flings itself on the shore,
And throws the salt spray o'er the monarch's array,
And curls round his footstool proudly.

Now Canute throws down his sceptre and crown;
For the voice of the tide has astounded his pride,
'Mid the billows round him roaring;

And he says:—'What is man! Let all worship be paid
To the GOD who the sea and the dry land made,
And who ruleth the billows roaring!'

In songs expressive of all the common joys and sorrows of life German literature has been rich, from the time of the Minnesingers down to our own. As one proof of great wealth in this department, we may refer to FINK's 'Household Treasury of Songs' (with music), containing lyrics for all the seasons of the year, for childhood and for manhood, for students and for soldiers, and for working men. In the appropriate minstrelsy of childhood German poetry is richer than our own. The cares of these practical times tend to depress the enthusiasm with which remarkable successes in lyrical poetry were formerly greeted. That enthusiasm is expressed in the following lines by FRANZ GAUDY, who has been named as a writer of humorous verses:—

In the darkly-curtained chamber
  The lamp's flame glimmers low,
And throws a trembling lustre
  On the old man's pallid brow.

His children stand together,
  In silence, round his bed,
And strive to dry their tears,
  But more will still be shed.

They press each other's hand,
  Their anguish to conceal;
No human words can tell
  How sorrowful they feel!

But hark! some blithe companions
  Come, singing, down the street:
The tones come nearer, nearer,
  In concord full and sweet.

The old man lifts his eyelids;
  His soul is deeply stirr'd—
He listens to the music,
  And catches every word.

'My son's songs they are singing!'
  Says he, as life's strings sever;
Then down he lays his head,
  And shuts his eyes for ever.

It would be hardly fair to close these quotations from minor poets of average pretensions without giving one specimen of the versified legends of Catholic Germany. In the pleasing legend by STÖBER, from which the following stanzas are translated, we are told how Cecilia, the patron-saint of music, travelled alone and as

a pilgrim on the banks of the Rhine. A poor musician brings his dumb boy to the saint, and prays that she will emplov her intercession in his behalf:—

> And, as he gazed upon her face
> His earnest look his faith confess'd;
> Then stoop'd Cecilia, full of grace,
> And took the boy upon her breast.
> And thus she stood, in evening light,
> With golden glory on her head,
> And heavenly radiance, calm and bright,
> Upon her glowing face was shed.
>
> Then turn'd the silent boy and press'd
> Upon her rosy lips a kiss—
> Cecilia clasped him to her breast—
> The father stood in silent bliss—
> And at that kiss the spring of song
> Was open'd and flow'd forth in lays:
> Amid the wonder of the throng,
> The dumb boy sang the virgin's praise!
>
> The dumb boy praised Cecilia's might,
> With angel-voice so sweet and clear;
> The father trembled with delight,
> The multitude bowed down in fear.
> All through the land the marvel came,
> And all would learn the dumb boy's lay;
> And of that wondrous kiss, the fame
> Is told among us to this day!

Though we have heard, during recent years, so much of the decay of religion, yet both Catholic and Lutheran piety are tolerably well represented in poetry. The religious poems of GALL MOREL, a monk (born in 1803), deserve praise for their union of imagination with devotion, and similar commendation may be bestowed on the hymns and pietistic lyrics written by JOHANN PHILIPP SPITTA, author of *Psalter und Harfe* (which has passed through many editions), and on the devotional poetry written by JULIUS STURM, JULIUS HAMMER, KARL BERNHARD GARVE, JOHANN PETER LANGE, and VICTOR FRIEDRICH VON STRAUSS, who, we may observe, is not related to the more celebrated Dr. Strauss. These names are not mentioned as deserving greater prominence than might be claimed by those of many other writers, who, however, must be left unmentioned in these mere 'Outlines' of a voluminous poetical literature. For we

have still to notice the names of a few writers who may fairly represent poetry as cultivated by German ladies.

Again, it is in the lyrical department that the most noticeable success has been gained. For proofs of this we refer to *Das geistliche Jahr* ('The Spiritual Year') and other poems by ANNETTE VON DROSTE-HÜLSHOFF. The GRÄFIN IDA VON DÜRINGSFELD, the Duchess AMALIE of Saxony (the author of several respectable dramas), KATHARINA DIEZ, and the accomplished young linguist ELIZABETH KULMANN, who wrote fluent verse in several ancient and modern languages, and died at an early age;—these names may serve to represent many German ladies who have written both poetry and verse. Several of the descriptive poems written by LOUISE VON PLOENNIES have been commended. We may mention, as representative of domestic poetry, the truly gentle and feminine poems written by two ladies who assumed respectively the names BETTY PAOLI and DILIA HELENA. The former, whose true name was ELIZABETH GLÜCK (born in 1814), often blended an extreme simplicity of diction with fervour and purity of sentiment in her love-songs and other poems. It is not easy to reproduce fairly even one of her songs; but the following stanzas may serve as an example of the first-named of their traits:—

That thy true soul
  May wed with mine,
And that I may
  Be ever thine,

I pray, and trust
  In God's sole might
To keep us one—
  And so Good-night!

That DILIA HELENA (whose name by marriage was BRANCO) was the extreme opposite of an emancipated woman, may be seen in one line with which she begins a lyrical poem entitled 'A Maiden's Wish and Confession.' It should be noticed that the speaker is not inquiring for an engagement in domestic service, but is addressing her intended husband, when she says:—

Oh let me be thy servant-maid!

The following stanzas are far better than might be expected after such a beginning. Here is one:—

When from your day's work you return,
  My hero! there's a smile to greet thee,
Escaping from a noisy world—
  And joyously I'll come to meet thee!

This is a truly domestic vein of poetry, and it is naturally followed by a series of cradle-songs and other verses for the especial delectation of infancy and childhood—themes of which Dilia Helena loved to write.

It may be noticed that, with a few exceptions, modern German writers of lyrical ballads have avoided rhetorical forms, and have written in accordance with the Wordsworthian theory of poetic diction; though, we believe, few of the young poets of Germany have any extensive knowledge of Wordsworth. It is from the example of Goethe, if not from their own instincts, that they have learned the doctrine, that poetry—like truth and earnest feeling—loves plain words. Like beauty, poetry has in itself all the decoration that it requires.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RECENT PROSE-FICTION:—VILLAGE STORIES—REALISTIC ROMANCE—TALES OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE—INANE FICTION—ROMANCES WITH SOCIAL TENDENCIES—HISTORICAL ROMANCES—NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES—DOMESTIC STORIES—THE TEN YEARS 1860–70

A CONTEMPORARY JOURNALIST and writer of literary history—JULIAN SCHMIDT—thus describes, with some liveliness, changes that, during recent years, have taken place in the social life, and have been, more or less fully, reflected in the literature, of the German people:—

'It would be an immense mistake,' he says, 'were anyone to imagine that a trace remains of the elements that went to form the picture Madame de Staël gave to the world of us. The idealism, the dreaminess, the moonshine, have had their day. We have become strict Realists. The questions that occupy us in the morning, which perplex us at nightfall, are business questions. All in art and literature that savoured of idealism, dreaminess, and moonshine, is gone. We have become accustomed to deal better tha we used to do with realities, and to describe things as they are. I had conversation the other day with one of our best painters, in which he told me, in the most animated manner, that he had found a splendid subject for a picture, that he had now spent twelve months in preparatory studies, and that he should give the next few years of his life exclusively to the work. Although myself a tolerably thorough-going realist, I at once supposed that he had chosen some famous event in the world's history. What was my astonishment when he told me that the subject is an iron foundry!' *

There is, of course, some humorous hyperbole in this statement, but it describes, on the whole fairly, the change that has taken place since 1830. The days when 'Werther' was read by all the world seem now to belong to a remote antiquity. Realism must, indeed, have made great progress; for its traits are found even in novels and romances. A few steps in the transition from ideal to real may be noticed.

* The [London] 'Athenæum,' May 18, 1872.

Goethe's 'Werther' was followed by a crowd of sentimental and psychological romances, as his 'Götz' was the ancestor of a family—more numerous than respectable—of so-called historical romances. Then *Wilhelm Meister*, though it did not originate, encouraged the growth of a prolific series of educational, didactic, moral, æsthetic and quasi-religious fictions, which may be safely described as mostly tedious productions, though they are, perhaps, preferable to the 'matrimonial novels' and stories of divorce that have followed, more or less remotely, the example given in *Die Wahlverwandtschaften*. After a series of dreary productions that were too kindly tolerated for a few years following the War of Liberation, some welcome innovations appeared in stories of domestic life written by ladies, and several imitators of Sir Walter Scott made the historical romance rather more respectable than it had been in the days of those renowned robbers, 'Rinaldo Rinaldini' and 'Abällino.'

But the greatest improvement in recent prose-fiction is found in a series of stories of the peasantry. These soon followed the appearance of the pleasant Westphalian idyll which forms the bright side of Immermann's strange romance, 'Münchhausen.' About two years before that story was published, ALBERT BITZIUS (born in 1797), a pastor in the Berne Canton, had gained a reputation as a writer of fiction for the people. He has been called the 'father of the modern epic of peasant-life,' but this title might, we think, be more fairly given to JUNG-STILLING. As the author of *Der Bauernspiegel* and other tales, Bitzius assumed, in 1836, the pseudonym, JEREMIAS GOTTHELF, which he soon made more widely known than his own true name. This success was by no means due to the merits of his style, but to the truthfulness and the (sometimes coarse) honesty of his descriptions of real life 'in huts where poor men lie.' *Leiden und Freuden eines Schulmeisters* ('The Joys and the Sorrows of a Schoolmaster'), *Uli der Knecht*, and *Uli der Pächter*, may be named as fair examples of Gotthelf's stories. He died in 1854. In his *Armennoth* he follows Pestalozzi's educational ideas, and in the *Sylvestertraum* he reminds us of one of the 'dreams' by Jean Paul.

In the style, as in the construction, of his stories, Bitzius was far inferior to his successor—BERTHOLD AUERBACH, by birth an Israelite (born in 1815). He is the most successful of all the writers of stories describing the life of the German peasantry.

His early works 'Spinoza' and 'Poet and Merchant' had attracted some notice before 1843, when his graphic 'Village Tales from the Black Forest' appeared. These soon gained for him fame at home and abroad, and were followed by other short tales and by more ambitious romances—such as *Auf der Höhe* and *Das Landhaus am Rhein*. In the latter the author unites a didactic aim with a sensational interest. Auerbach's views of religion and politics are those of a liberal Israelite and a free thinker. His lively style is not the least of his merits. The realistic traits of his stories have been greatly admired; but he by no means gives us the bare prose of peasant-life as it is found in some of Gotthelf's stories.

The followers and imitators of Bitzius and Auerbach are too numerous to be noticed; but several authors whose stories of life in rural districts are better than imitations should be, at least, mentioned here. It might hardly be expected that the author of that old-world robber-romance, *Abällino*, would appear among modern writers of moral and strictly utilitarian tales for the benefit of the peasantry; but HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE lived long and wrote, besides the well-known 'Hours of Devotion' many stories, of which 'The Goldmakers' Village' may be named as a specimen. There is humour in this writer's account of a man elected as a parish-schoolmaster, solely on the ground that *he was lame and not fitted for a more respectable position in society!* ROBERT GISEKE (born in 1827), author of 'Modern Titans,' and other romances, and of several dramas, should be named here as the writer of 'Pfarr-Röschen, an Idyll of Our Times.' GOTTFRIED KELLER (born in 1815), author of a series of village stories entitled *Die Leute von Seldwyla*; JOSEPH RANK (born in 1815), author of 'Tales from the Bohemian Forest'; MELCHIOR MEYR (born in 1810), author of some pleasing 'Stories from the Ries District' (a high plain in S.W. Deutschland); AUGUST WILDENHAHN, WILHELM OERTEL (who assumed the name Von Horn), and, lastly, AUGUST SILBERSTEIN (born in 1827);—all these deserve to be named among the authors of interesting stories of rural life. The last-named is a genial and truthful writer; but he mixes an Austrian dialect with his *Hochdeutsch*. His *Dorfschwalben* and *Die Häuslerinn* are fair specimens of his stories.

With regard to originality, or innovation, we may place next to the improved Village Stories of recent years a series of romances and novels which profess to introduce their readers to scenes in real

life as it exists among the middle classes. Here we have another development of the realism which is increasing, not only in fiction, but even in literary history and philosophy. Instead of studying systems, readers now ask for anecdotes respecting the domestic affairs of philosophers. A general notion prevails that too many young men have been made degenerate by reading refined and ideal poetry, and that they must take, as tonics, courses of lectures on Adam Smith's economy, or make themselves acquainted with the morals and the literature of English Joint-Stock Companies. Extremes meet. The Germans are becoming very practical. They turn away from the Romantic School, and accept theories in favour of a reformed dietary and of a strenuous course of 'physical hardening' and '*Turnverein*' practice, as tending to initiate a new school of sanitary poetry, which will be followed, perhaps, by a 'muscular' philosophy. All this in the land of Kant and Hegel!

The intellectual pride that invented the name 'Philistine,' as a stigma for quiet, virtuous and plodding tradesmen, is condemned as heretical. Poetry itself, we are told, should be made the handmaid of commerce and should be confined within Philistia. GUSTAV FREYTAG, a Silesian, (born in 1816) has endeavoured, with success, to realise this grand notion. He studied in Breslau and Berlin, and was, for some time, employed as a journalist. The literary reputation, first gained by several dramas—*Die Valentine*, *Die Journalisten* and *Die Fabier*—was greatly increased by his commercial romance *Soll und Haben* (1855), which soon passed through seven or eight ditions, and was translated into French and English. It has been described as the romance of 'Philistine life,' including under that title all the ordinary cares and interests of the commercial class. One of the chief characters in the story is T. O. Schröter, the principal of a mercantile firm, a man possessing good talents for business, who treats judiciously and kindly the subordinate Philistines employed in his house. One of his clerks, Fink, is the true hero of the story, though another, Wohlfahrt, might, here and there, appear as the hero. The quiet yet interesting progress of the story and the excellent writing found in many passages have been generally commended; but the author's attempt to initiate 'a poetry of trade' has been ridiculed by Prutz and other poetical critics retaining old-world prejudices against 'Philistine people,' and the great world of commerce.

The tone of the story itself is more conciliatory, as well as more sober, than the language used by adverse critics. The gentlemen employed in the house of T. O. Schröter are made to appear highly respectable—excepting Herr Fink,—but it seems unfair that almost all the tricks in trade and other sins mentioned in the course of the story should be ascribed to two unfortunate Israelites. For many readers one of the chief merits of the book is its comparative want of the interest called 'strongly sensational.' A later story by Freytag is entitled 'The Lost Manuscript' (1864), and introduces us to a professor of philology who, in the course of his travels in quest of an ancient copy of Tacitus, finds an excellent wife, of whom, however, he does not take sufficient care. Several literary characters who take parts in the story are described as at heart 'Philistines,' and almost as mercenary and materialistic as T. O. Schröter and his clerks in *Soll und Haben*.

Turning away from this new imaginative literature of commerce, we find realism in another form in many tales of travels and of marvellous adventures that have gained popularity during recent years. FRIEDRICH WILHELM HACKLÄNDER (born in 1816), who served for a short time in the Prussian Artillery, and FRIEDRICH GERSTÄCKER (also born in 1816), may be classed together as writers of realistic romances. The latter emigrated to America in 1837 and there—after working as a sailor, a farm-labourer, a wood-cutter, a goldsmith, and a manufacturer of pill-boxes—travelled far and collected materials for such stories as 'The Regulators of Arkansas' and 'Lights and Shades of Transatlantic Life.' The shadows are, indeed, dark enough as given by Gerstäcker. HACKLÄNDER, by an error too common in recent, hasty criticism, has been called 'the German Dickens.' Putting aside that injudicious comparison, it may be said that Hackländer, like Gerstäcker, derives his best scenes and characteristics from recollections of realities. In the former's sketches from 'Military Life in Time of Peace,' as in the latter's 'Regulators of Arkansas' and 'River-Pirates of the Mississippi,' we have lively narratives and descriptions given without any regard for 'tendency' and with a happy carelessness about psychological motives. There is, however, a tendency, strong enough, in Gerstäcker's story of 'Tahiti;' for its object is to show that Christian missions, both Catholic and Protestant, have served only to

destroy the happiness formerly enjoyed by the natives of several pleasant islands in Polynesia.

Another writer of ethnographic romances founded on adventures in the New World, was, during his literary career, known only by his assumed name, Charles Sealsfield. His true name (which was first made known after his decease in 1864) was Karl Postel. He was born in 1793, and was educated in a convent at Prague, from which he ran away in 1822. He subsequently travelled far and wide in the west of America, and there collected the materials for which he found uses in his romances. His writings often express strong political tendencies, and—like F. Cooper, the American author—he likes to tell a sensational story of the defence of a lonely block-house against a tribe of Red Indians, or of the long and circular ride of a traveller lost on a boundless prairie. At last he sees, with a rapture of thankfulness, the prints left, as he supposes, by a preceding traveller, who has found his way out of the solitude. The lost man follows in the track marked out for his guidance, repeats his own circular ride, and comes back to the lonesome place from which he started! There are many stories told by Sealsfield that are far more sensational than this. His 'Legitimists and Republicans,' the 'Transatlantic Sketches,' the story of 'Ralph Doughby's Wedding-Journey,' and 'Nathan,' are fair specimens of this author's fictions.

Among other writers of ethnographic romances, Sigmund Wallace, author of 'Lights and Shades from Asia, Africa, and Europe,' Balduin Möllhausen, author of 'The Half-Indian,' and Heinrich Smidt (1798-1867), who wrote, besides romances, many stories of marine adventures, may be named. Theodor Mügge, a very prolific author, who in his fictions made the utmost possible use of his own travels in Norway, and Edmund Hoefer, the author of many short and popular stories—*Aus dem Volke, Aus alter und neuer Zeit*, and *Auf deutscher Erde*—may be named together, on account of the realistic traits that distinguish their works of fiction.

The prominence here given to tales of the peasantry and to stories of travel and adventure may be justified by their general merits, as substitutes for unwholesome or inane stories of intrigue, in which are found the faults without the attractions of many recent French novels. It is in this class of fictions—descendants

from the *Salonliteratur* of former years—that some of the weakest and worst contributions to recent German literature are found. It is here that writers falsely describe the facts of life and society, and imagine that untruth is a substitute for poetry. History in its broad outlines leaves unnoticed the finer lights and shades of private characters, and scenes in domestic life. To supply these traits appears to be the duty of fiction, which, while free with regard to names, dates, and the order of events, should still be essentially *true*. If judged by this rule, many so-called fashionable historical romances must be condemned. Of old 'popular legends,' though their adventures are fanciful, we would speak with respect, for under all their wild imagery, they often convey a deep and true meaning. Our censure applies to fictions, neither real nor ideal, which describe neither this present world nor any better state of society. Such tales, having no basis either in poetic imagination or in observation of life, attempt to supply the defect by introducing a worn-out series of fictitious characters. Here we find the wicked steward, and the hero, who, without a purpose, and impelled hither and thither by others, obtains at last perfect happiness in the shape of a princely estate. Here also is the rival, full of wickedness, but employing sagacity and persevering energy which are doomed to be made fruitless by a stroke of the novel-writer's pen. Here also is the innocent, but mysterious heroine, radiant with a supernatural beauty; and here we meet (too often) the wandering gentleman, without funds, who travels everywhere without meaning or purpose, and thinks nothing of leaving London, and journeying over the Continent in order to have the pleasure of abruptly meeting the heroine at Vienna! These are some of the beauties of third-class fictions. To supply the defects of their native library of fiction, German readers have largely imported foreign novels. Many articles from the grand Parisian manufactory of fictions, by 'Alexandre Dumas (the elder) and Co.,' have been imported. English novels describing the exploits of highwaymen and housebreakers are read with pleasure. Among better novels translated and read in Germany, the works of Scott, Bulwer, Miss Edgeworth, Washington Irving, Cooper, and Douglas Jerrold may be named. The writings of Charles Dickens have gained in Germany a wide popularity; and allusions to scenes in 'Pickwick' and 'Nicholas Nickleby' have been employed to illustrate points in philosophical

writings. It is pleasant to find Oliver Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield' appreciated by German readers as 'a model of fiction, full of mild humour, true humanity, and practical wisdom, and, at the same time, thoroughly poetical.'

There is no ground—however sacred—which modern writers of novels and romances have not invaded, and it would be vain to attempt an enumeration of the topics and interests with which they have interfered. Excepting mathematics and the physical sciences—it may be said that fiction has invaded all departments of study. The history of Germany, in all the centuries from the fourteenth to the present, and the histories of England, France, and Italy; the biographies of painters, poets, musicians, actors, actresses, opera-singers, philosophers, and even 'dry-as-dust' philologers, have all been treated more or less boldly in romances. Worst of all are the controversial romances, too often inspired by no better muse than *odium theologicum*, and attacking Jesuits, orthodox Lutherans, Pietists, Pantheists, and free theologians. One author writes a satirical novel entitled 'The Orthodox;' another replies with 'The Conversion of an Infidel,' and so the game goes on. A better class of fictions (but one containing many tedious books) is represented by a series of novels or romances describing culture and social progress. Stories written in favour of 'the emancipation of women' come next; then the 'Mysteries of Berlin' or 'of Vienna,' in the manner of Eugène Sue. We would speak with more respect of romances intended to serve an educational purpose. One of the veteran GUTZKOW'S latest fictions—'The Sons of Pestalozzi'—may be called a sensational-educational story, for it describes the training of a second Kaspar Hauser.

One of the most versatile of recent authors, ROBERT EDUARD PRUTZ (1816–72), may be named here as the writer of a social romance, *Das Engelchen*, intended to expose abuses attending the employment of people in factories. His other fictions in prose—*Felix*, *Der Musikantenthurm*, and *Oberndorf*—have also social or political tendencies. Prutz might have been named among the political poets and rhymesters of 1840–48, but his talent was rather critical than poetical, and his best works—recommended by a lively style—belong to literary history and criticism. In the last-named department he is by no means dispassionate and impartial. His 'German Literature in 1848–58' might be espe-

cially noticed to refute the old notion of describing educated Germans as a dreamy and phlegmatic race. It would be more correct to ascribe to them the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum.*

'The Egotists,' as one of the more realistic of GUSTAV VOM SEE's romances, may be named here. Among the youngest of writers of romances 'with social tendencies,' FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN, born in 1829, may be named as the writer of 'Problematic Natures' and 'Through the Night to the Light'—two of the more successful works of their class. In the former he describes the characters of men who can find in the world no place and no work that is good enough for them. These are the grand, solitary souls of the school of poetry introduced by Lord Byron. *Ein verlorenes Geschlecht,* by MAX RING, and *Der Kampf ums Dasein,* by ROBERT BYR, may be also mentioned as romances having a purport more or less practical.

Having thus given priority to stories having some special interest or novelty belonging to our times, we may more briefly notice a few specimens of historical romances. The author who first demands our attention in this department is HEINRICH JOSEPH KŒNIG, a veteran in fictitious literature, who died in 1869 at the advanced age of seventy-nine years. Like Tieck, Kœnig introduces in one of his romances our poet Shakspere. Other stories, including *Auch eine Jugend,* which is autobiographical, *Die hohe Braut* (a tale of the French Revolution), and 'The Waldenses,' are partly founded on the recollections of the writer's long life, and are made vehicles for the expression of his own liberal opinions on religion and politics. We may name next to Kœnig, and as writers of historical romances, REHFUES, the author of *Scipio Cicala,* RELLSTAB, who wrote a romance entitled '1812,' and SPINDLER, whose stories once enjoyed a wide popularity.

Another persevering veteran in writing historical romances and other fictions was G. W. HÄRING, born in 1798, who, as an author, assumed the name WILIBALD ALEXIS, and produced (in 1822) *Waladmor,* an imitation of Sir Walter Scott's manner. It was well received, and was soon followed by other romances. In 1852 the author published a story with the odd title, 'To be quiet is the first Duty of a Citizen.' HÄRING was one of the editors of *Das neue Pitaval,* a voluminous and well-known collection of criminal histories and remarkable trials.

LEVIN SCHÜCKING, a Westphalian, who has been successful as

a writer of historical romances, excels in the narration of details, and gives a local colouring and interest to his stories. *Schloss Dornegge* is one of his best productions. His wife, well known by her maiden name, Luise von Gall, wrote *Gegen den Strom*, and *Frauennovellen*—the latter including several pleasing stories of domestic interest.

To return to historical romances—two or three recent authors have treated mediæval history in a style more realistic than that of the Romantic School. Among the few writers who have studied facts before writing fictions, Franz Trautmann (born in 1810) should be named. In his story of *Eppelein von Geilingen*, an aristocratic 'Rob Roy' who 'lived by the saddle'—in other words, by plunder and murder—there are passages of quaint humour that might hardly be expected in a romance well founded on grim realities. Similar realistic traits are found in the same writer's 'Adventures of Duke Christopher of Bavaria,' especially in its best episode, 'The Story of the Clerk at the Seldenthal Convent.'

Proofs of careful studies of old times are also found in a singular story, entitled 'Maria Schweidler, or the Amber Witch,' which was written by Wilhelm Meinhold. Having carefully studied the processes of trials for supposed witchcraft, which were the disgrace of German civilisation in the seventeenth century, Meinhold wrote his story, and published it as a true narrative, founded on a document preserved in an old church. And such was the accuracy of its descriptions of costume, manners, and language, that it was received by many as authentic history. Though the true origin of the tale is now discovered, it may still be read with interest, as it gives a faithful account of a superstition to which many hundred of lives were sacrificed. Meinhold wrote another tale of the same character, entitled 'Sidonia von Bork, the Convent Witch;' but it is an inferior production. It is said that the author's aim in writing these 'cunningly devised fables' was to test the sagacity of negative Biblical critics, who had rejected many narratives formerly accepted as authentic history. Passing over several inferior works of fiction founded on mediæval history and tradition, we must, at least, name *Ekkehard*, a tale of the tenth century, by Joseph Victor Scheffel, well known as the writer of a series of humorous

poems, entitled 'Gaudeamus,' and of a vigorous epic, 'The Trumpeter of Säkkingen.'

While so many writers have chosen in prose-fiction the diffuse form of the romance, embracing often the whole story of a lifetime, others have frequently confined themselves within the proper limits of the old Italian novel. Among these latter writers, ALEXANDER FREIHERR VON UNGERN-STERNBERG (1806–68) has been especially commended for the versatility displayed in his novels and short stories, which include 'Eduard,' 'Lessing,' and 'Jena and Leipzig.' Adverse critics accuse Sternberg of pliability in following the changeful literary fashions of his time, and others censure severely, but not without reason, the tendency of several of his more frivolous fictions. 'Diana' has been commended as the author's most interesting romance. The best apology made for Sternberg's frivolous stories (which may be left unnamed) consists in the fact that they were severely condemned by the writer's better judgment.

PAUL HEYSE, already named as a writer of epic poetry, has gained high commendation by the neat construction and the elegant style of his novels. He is one of the few modern German writers who artistically keep the novel within its own proper limits, as distinct from the wider boundary-line of the romance. *La Rabbiata* may be named as one of his best works in prose-fiction. *Am Tiberufer*, *Das Mädchen von Treppi*, and *Andrea Delfin*, are praised for their ingenious construction and graphic power. In other stories, as in *Die Blinden*, the writer's selection of subjects is less commendable than his graceful and lively style of narration.

Several writers of fiction, whose merits may be equal to those of some of the authors who have already been named must, for want of space, be left unnoticed. One eccentric writer, lately deceased, BOGUMIL GOLTZ, the author of numerous short stories, sketches of character, lectures and essays, should be named as a genial and original observer of human life. His writings are often defective with regard to form and good taste, but combine the realism of the present time with an imaginative dreamery and poetry that often remind us of Jean Paul. The greatest successes of Goltz are seen in some of his sketches of women. He loves to satirise them, but has no bad meaning.

We have next to name several ladies who have gained reputa-

tion as writers of novels and romances that have enjoyed a considerable popularity. AUGUSTE VON PAALZOW (1788–1847), a lady who was one of Wilhelm von Humboldt's friends, wrote 'Godwie Castle,' and several other historical romances, of which two of the best are 'St. Roche' and 'Thomas Thyrnau.' Their tone is generally aristocratic, but mostly in the æsthetic sense of the word. The authoress had delight in describing the life of the nobility, because she loved refinement of manners.

IDA GRÄFIN VON HAHN-HAHN (born in 1805) was the daughter of an eccentric nobleman holding estates in Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Her earlier writings—*Faustine*, *Sigismund Forster*, and *Cecil*—described a life of ambition and unrest in aristocratic society; but after 1852, when the Countess retired to a convent, she repented of all her literary errors and sins, and wrote 'From Babylon to Jerusalem,' and 'Out of Jerusalem,' in which she endeavoured to describe the motives that had led to her change of confession.

The novels written by FANNY LEWALD, by birth an Israelite, include 'Clementine,' 'A Life-Question,' and 'Prince Louis Ferdinand'—all noticeable for their reflective character and practical social tendency. The authoress has been successful as a writer of books of travels.

IDA VON DÜRINGSFELD, already named as a writer of verse, is also known as the author of *Schloss Goczyn* and other romances, including 'Margaret of Valois and her Time,' but these fictions have been less successful than the author's lyrical poems.

Among several German ladies who have written fictions in favour of their own 'emancipation,' LUISE ASTON may be named as one chief representative, while LUISE OTTO deserves mention as a more moderate successor in advocating the same principle, which was also maintained, at least in their earlier fictions, by AMELY BOLTE and JULIE BUROW. The new doctrine was asserted in its extreme form in the earlier of the romances written by LUISE MÜHLBACH (by marriage CLARA MUNDT), the authoress of a long series of historical romances, in which fiction is made predominant over facts.

Other ladies have mostly confined their attention to stories treating of the ordinary cares and interests of domestic life. In this class may be named the stories written by MARIA NATHUSIUS,

and others by OTTILIE WILDERMUTH, author of 'Pictures from a Home in Suabia.'

In connection with these and other quiet stories of home life, should be noticed a few specimens from the extensive library provided for children. It will be sufficient to refer here to the series of sentimental juvenile tales written by the Catholic author, CHRISTOPH VON SCHMID; to the well-known legends and fairy-tales collected and edited by the Brothers GRIMM; to the fables cleverly illustrated by OTTO SPECKTER; and, lastly, to the long series of stories for children written by GUSTAV NIERITZ.

During the last ten or twelve years, authors of lyrical poetry and of prose-fiction have been sufficiently prolific, but they have hardly refuted the assertion of Gervinus—that the vocation of our times is practical and not poetical. There is no want of talent among the young men of the New Empire, but the greatest minds, though they may derive their impulses from Heaven itself, must be limited by the age in which they live. Poetry, like every other product of the mind, has its own natural history, and, with regard to power and success in its expression, is dependent upon time, place, and circumstances. There is a point at which it becomes impossible to row upwards against the stream. The age in which we are living is a gigantic age with respect to material progress; but our predecessors have left us to grapple with the hardest problems of society before we can earn for ourselves either moral or æsthetic repose. The man whose life is well-regulated in its relations with nature and with society, fulfils the duties of the day, and, in the evening, may find solace in poetry, painting, or music, or may retire into the quietude of philosophy. But poetry seems out of place when cultivated by the man who is vexed by law-suits, pursued by hungry relatives, and urged by the cares of providing for to-morrow; and Society, in some parts of our crowded and discontented Europe, may now be fairly represented by that unhappy individual. As Mr. Carlyle has so often said, what is wanted now is 'a non-vocal poetry.' We must have great things first done for the moral education of the people, for emigration, and for the organisation of labour, and when we have succeeded, songs may celebrate our success. The root must be supplied with nutriment, the stem must be trained, and then the flower of a true poetic literature will bloom out.

For lessons as severe as these the poetical men of the New

Empire are hardly yet prepared. Geibel, Karl Beck, Paul Heyse, Gottschall, Hermann Lingg, Robert Hamerling, Julius Grosse and others have been producing lyrical poetry during the last few years, and Albert Traeger still flourishes as the poet of that very popular journal *Die Gartenlaube*. The drama still remains a weak part of German literature; but there is no decay observable in the department of prose-fiction. If the year 1870 produced little of poetry that is worthy of notice, it is only one of many proofs that the contest of that time was generally unexpected. Consequently, a song of no great merit had to serve as the *Sturmlied* of the time, and victory was celebrated in a series of Sonnets written by OSCAR VON REDWITZ, the modern Minnesinger. One of the best poems of that time was Freiligrath's 'Trumpet at Gravelotte' and the worst was the very notorious *Kutschkelied*, which has been translated into all the languages of modern Europe, as well as into Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit. Its doggrel may, however, be accepted as a joke, serving to relieve thoughts and feelings that were only too earnest. Some loud expressions of triumph have naturally followed the contest of 1870, and these cannot excite either the surprise or the anger of generous foes; but, on the whole, a few more words written by JULIAN SCHMIDT may fairly express the prevalent temper of thoughtful men in Germany: 'If it is a mistake,' says the author, 'to suppose that we are now the dreamers and idealists described by Madame de Staël: it is a still greater error to suppose that we have been dazzled by the splendour of the military events [of 1870], and have become a warlike people. We naturally rejoiced in our successes and, during the war, numberless songs gave expression to our joy; but the peace put an end to that sort of literature, and we have set to work in earnest. Our military enthusiasm was always of a defensive cast—

> Lieb Vaterland, kannst ruhig sein!
> Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein.

The song here referred to—'The Watch on the Rhine'—was accepted as national by the German people and their armies in 1870, and it therefore belongs to history. It was written, in 1840, by MAX SCHNECKENBURGER, and was set to music by WILHELM. Another national song—

> No, no !—they shall not have it,
> The free, the German Rhine !

was written, in 1840, by NIKOLAUS BECKER, and was set to music by more than a hundred composers! One of the best selections from the martial lyrical poetry called forth so suddenly in 1870 was entitled *All-Deutschland.*

We may briefly refer to a school of philosophical lyric poetry represented by the names SALLET, MEYR, and ULLRICH, and a new school of socialistic verse-writers, headed by PÜTTMANN and DRONKE, may be named, but only as 'a sign of the times.'

'We love what is beautiful, but without vain excess, and we study philosophy without forgetting to master reality. Our courage in war does not arise from any dulness in our appreciation of the delights which peace and culture afford; but, while we know how delightful a quiet life may be, we shrink not from the toil and the danger by which peace must be won.' That is the purport of the description which Thucydides gives of the Athenian people in the age of Pericles. We trust that some similar estimate of national character may long remain true with reference to the people of the German Empire. With the expression of this confidence, we close here our brief review of their imaginative literature.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

1770–1870.

SPECIAL LITERATURES:—THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES—GEOGRAPHY—VOYAGES AND TRAVELS—BIOGRAPHY—HISTORY—NATIONAL ECONOMY AND SOCIAL SCIENCE—EDUCATION—PHILOLOGY, LITERARY HISTORY AND ÆSTHETICS.

A GREAT PART of the strength and the wealth of German Literature lies in the above-named special departments which, until recent years, were hardly noticed in general literary history. If any ten or a dozen writers could be found prepared to undertake such a task, an extensive series of volumes would be demanded, in order to give a fair account of work done since 1770 in the Special Literatures above enumerated. All that can be done here is to mention, in each department, two or three books, instead of attempting to describe, in a few pages, the contents of a whole library.

Physical Science.—Leaving unnoticed many important works on the more abstract and mathematical sciences, we find, in Chemistry, several works of remarkable merit which may claim a place in general literature on account of their popular and interesting style. JUSTUS LIEBIG has gained a wide reputation as one of the most acute practical chemists of modern times. His work on 'Chemistry in its Applications to Agriculture and Physiology,' and his 'Letters on Chemistry,' have been widely circulated, and have already produced important practical results. Against some of his theories of physiological processes objections have been raised, especially in an 'Essay on Physiological Chemistry,' by G. J. MULDER, a Dutch chemist. It is allowed that Liebig has thrown light on the support of vital warmth by carbonised diet; but, on the other side, it is maintained that the animal system

modifies or suspends the processes of chemistry, as chemistry modifies the operation of mechanical laws. But all this has been said, in effect, by Liebig himself. The great practical chemist is no believer in materialism.

In the department of Physiology BURDACH and the brothers TREVIRANUS should be named among the older writers, and the names of CARUS, VIRCHOW, and SCHLEIDEN may be mentioned to indicate the progress made by recent researches. SCHÖDLER'S 'Book of Nature' may be commended as one of the most popular of general introductions to the physical sciences. The 'Physiological Letters for General Readers' (1845), by KARL VOGT, may be commended as popular and interesting.

Geography.—We can only name, without attempting to describe, such a work of research as KARL RITTER'S 'Geography in its Relation with Nature and with the History of Mankind.' As a more compendious work, KLÖDEN'S 'Handbook of Geography' may be named here, and a few of the more popularly written accounts of Voyages and Travels may be noticed, to indicate the wealth of German literature in this department.

CARSTEN NIEBUHR, the father of the historian of Rome, displayed as a traveller the enterprising spirit which his son devoted to historical investigations. He published an interesting narrative of his 'Travels in Arabia and the Surrounding Countries' (1774–8), and later researches in the same districts have confirmed his statements. GEORGE FORSTER (1754–94) accompanied his father in Cook's voyage round the world. He afterwards resided in Paris, and was involved in the events of the French Revolution. His work, entitled 'Views in Holland, England, and France' (1792), still retains its interest, chiefly on account of its style and its notices of works of art.

Powers of mind that are rarely united in one individual meet in the character of ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, born in 1769—an enterprising traveller, a man of extensive science, and a poetic writer. In 1799, accompanied by his friend BONPLAND, he left Europe to visit the Spanish colonies in South America. After five years of adventurous researches among the wonders of nature, he returned to Europe in 1804, and prepared for the press the interesting results of his travels. His 'Aspects of Nature' were published in 1808, 'Picturesque Views of the Cordilleras' in 1810, and 'Travels in the Equinoctial Regions of America' in 1815.

This veteran student of nature produced, in advanced age, his remarkable work, 'Kosmos' (1845–58); containing the results of a long life of observation and contemplation. In the first part it gives general views of the economy of nature; while in the second part we find speculations regarding the influence of nature on human society in its various stages of culture. In one passage the author suggests that, 'if spacious panoramic buildings, containing a series of landscapes from various regions of the earth, and various points of elevation, were erected in our cities, and, like our museums and galleries of paintings, thrown freely open to the people, it would be a powerful means of making the sublime grandeur of creation more widely known and felt.' Humboldt's writings combine the investigations of a scientific mind with the style of a poetical imagination. Instead of attempting to give in our scanty limits any general estimate of such a man as Alexander von Humboldt, we may refer to his biography produced by the combined labour of ten scientific authors, and edited by Karl Bruhns. It was published in 1872.

Philipp Martius (born in 1794), a writer on the scenery of South America, was associated with a friend, Johann von Spix, in the researches of which he gave the results in his 'Travels in Brazil' (1823–8). The scientific contents of the work are valuable, and its graphic descriptions of life in the vast forest-districts of Brazil make it worthy of being compared with Humboldt's impressive narration of his voyages on the Orinoco and its tributary the Apure. Several other works by travellers in South America contain valuable contributions to science. The 'Travels in Paraguay in the Years 1818–26, by J. R. Rengger, published in 1835, give details on the zoology and botany, and also on the features of human society in that part of the New World. Other works on Paraguay contain instructive accounts of the temporary success and the ultimate failure of the missions established among the Indians by the Jesuits. The 'Travels in Chili and Peru,' and a 'Voyage on the River Amazon in the Years 1827–32,' by Eduard Pöppig, published in 1836, are chiefly devoted to studies of natural science; but contain also observations on the populations of the countries described. 'Travels in Peru,' by J. J. Tschudi, describe the adventures of some years of researches in the region of the silver mines (where material wealth and human misery are found together), on the sides of the Andes mountains,

in the beautiful valleys of Peru, and in its primeval forests. The various descendants of Spaniards and Indians are well described; and the work may be commended as a conscientious and interesting production. Similar praise may be bestowed on 'A Description of the Republic of Mexico' (1844), by EDUARD MÜHLENPFORDT, though the arrangement of this work in the style of a treatise destroys narrative interest. It gives the results of seven years of careful observations on the geography, the natural resources, and other statistics of a very interesting but badly governed country.

The African explorations and researches of BARTH and KRAPF, and the work by FRITSCH on the Ethnology of South Africa must be named. 'Travels in Kordofan,' by IGNATIUS PALLME, contain contributions to our knowledge of interior Africa, and suggest a northern route of exploration, from Egypt through Kordofan and Darfûr. Another African traveller, HEINRICH LICHTENSTEIN, in his 'Travels in Southern Africa in the Years 1803–6,' gives valuable notices of natural history. 'Travels in Abyssinia,' by EDUARD RÜPPELL (1838–40), and 'Travels in Algiers,' by MORITZ WAGNER (1841), may be named.

As indications of the studies bestowed on the natural history, the ethnology, the languages, and the mythology of India, we can mention only the 'Indian Antiquities,' by C. LASSEN (1845), the work of KARL VON HÜGEL on 'Cashmere and the Country of the Sikhs' (1840–3), and 'Travels in the East Indies,' by LEOPOLD VON ORLICH (1845).

The travels of ADOLF BASTIAN in Eastern Asia may be referred to for information respecting Bouddhism. 'Fragments from the East,' by JAKOB PHILIPP FALLMERAYER, may be commended for their excellent style and pleasant humour. One of the author's historical works—his 'History of the Peninsula Morea during the Middle Ages'—has attracted attention not only by a clear style, but also by its argument to the effect that the modern Greeks belong to the Slavonic peoples, and are not descendants from the ancient Hellenes. The letters from Greece and Turkey (1824–5) by PROKESCH-OSTEN have been highly commended.

Biography.—In this department VARNHAGEN VON ENSE (1785–1858) deserves to be first named among modern German writers.

His biographical works include memoirs of several military heroes —Derfflinger, Blücher, Seydlitz, Winterfeldt, Schwerin, and others —and of poets and other literary men. The author's *Memorabilia*, his diaries, and other writings and collections which were published after his decease, contain interesting contributions to the political, social, and literary history of his times. His wife, RAHEL, by birth an Israelite, was eminent as one of the most patriotic and benevolent of the Prussian women who gave aid to their country in 1808–13. She wrote in a meditative and aphoristic style, and for her own solace—not for fame. Her friends, who admired her high personal qualities, have erroneously ascribed to her aphoristic writings the attractions that really belonged to her own character.

GEORG HEINRICH PERTZ, the writer of interesting memoirs of the great minister Vom Stein, and of a life of the brave Prussian general Gneisenau, should at least be named here, and a biography of the patriotic bookseller PERTHES must be especially commended. HEINRICH DÖRING'S biographies of Klopstock, Voss, Richter, Herder, and other literary men; the 'Life of Schiller' (1840), by GUSTAV SCHWAB; CAROLINE PICHLER'S 'Autobiography,' and the 'Memoirs' of JOHANNA SCHOPENHAUER may be mentioned here. The 'Autobiography' of HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE, the philanthropic author, contains many interesting passages. Among memoirs of literary men may be mentioned a 'Life of Leibnitz' (1842), by G. E. GUHRAUER; the 'Life of the Philosopher Johann Gottlieb Fichte,' by his son; 'Jean Paul Richter's Memoirs and Correspondence' (1827–33); and the 'Autobiography' of Heinrich Steffens, the novelist.

Several works contain contributions to ecclesiastical history in the form of biography. NEANDER has written 'Memoirs of St. Bernard and his Times;' and MAYERHOFF'S 'Life and Times of Johann Reuchlin' is another work of the same character. The 'Life of Luther,' by GUSTAV PFIZER, may be noticed here. A 'Memoir of Prince Bismarck' by G. HESEKIEL, may be referred to as having gained some popularity.

History.—If we attempted to give any fair account of the results of German erudition and labour in the vast field of history, our work must be extended to many volumes. We can here mention hardly more than the names of a few writers. JOHANN MÜLLER (1752–1809), a native of Switzerland, displayed

extensive erudition in his 'Lectures on Universal History,' delivered at Geneva in 1799, and published in 1810. During the French invasion, Müller wrote eloquent Philippics against France; but his conduct excited a general wonder, when, in 1807, he accepted a ministerial office under Napoleon. It is only fair to add that his repentance was speedy and bitter. He soon resigned his place, and passed the short remainder of his life in dejection. KARL ROTTECK (1775–1840) wrote a 'Universal History,' in six volumes (1812–18), which was extended to the year 1840 by K. H. HERMES. A 'History of the World,' by K. F. BECKER (1842), may be commended as one of the best books of its kind, and K. W. BÖTTIGER'S 'History of the World in Biographical Narratives' (1839–44) may be mentioned as a work of considerable interest. HEINRICH DITTMAR'S work on the same subject has an especial reference to the progress of Christianity; while a compendium by KARL VEHSE describes chiefly the progress of civilisation and intellectual culture. The writings of BUNSEN—especially the treatises 'God in History' and 'Egypt's Position in the History of the World'—may be named as important. A 'History of the People of Israel' by HEINRICH EWALD is the work of one of the greatest of Orientalists.

Among other works on general ancient history, FRIEDRICH SCHLOSSER'S 'History of the Ancient World and its Culture' (1826–34) must hold a prominent position. This learned historian has corrected the arbitrary style of confining history to descriptions of military and political movements, and has paid great attention to the literature and culture of ancient times. Another work of comprehensive design is a 'History of Civilisation and Culture' (1843–5), by GUSTAVUS KLEMM. A 'History of European Civilisation' (1833), by JOHANN SCHÖN, is a work of moderate outlines well filled up. A 'History of Trade and Agriculture' (1842–5), by GUSTAV GÜLICH, may be named as an extensive work; while a more concise book on the same subject, by WILHELM HOFFMANN, may be commended to general readers. WILHELM WACHSMUTH has written a 'History of European Morals and Manners' (in five volumes—1831–9). ARNOLD HEEREN (1760–1842) opened a new view of ancient history in his learned work on the 'Commercial Relations of Antiquity' (1793–1805). The extensive collection of 'Histories of the States of Europe,' edited by Heeren and Ukert, may be named here.

Turning to the histories of particular nations—the 'History of Greece' by CURTIUS must be mentioned as a superior work. WILHELM SCHORN'S 'History of Greece' (1833) extends from the Ætolian and Achaian Treaty to the Fall of Corinth; KARL LACHMANN'S work (1839) describes the events between the close of the Peloponnesian War and the era of Alexander the Great, and JOHANN DROYSEN has written the life of Alexander.

In Roman history, BARTHOLD NIEBUHR, born at Copenhagen in 1776, was the founder of a new school of research, by which fictions mingled with the early history of Rome were exploded. Niebuhr made great preparations for his work, and took good care not to dissipate his powers by appearing too soon as an author. During his youth he visited London and Edinburgh. In the latter city he was acquainted with the Scott family, and in one of his letters he mentioned, with an expression of pity, 'the eldest son, dull in appearance and intellect.' This 'dull boy' was afterwards the celebrated SIR WALTER SCOTT. Niebuhr was employed in several political offices until 1823, when he retired to Bonn, and devoted himself to the task of arranging the copious materials of his Roman history. The French Revolution of July 1830 had such an effect on the mind of Niebuhr, that it hastened his death, which took place at Bonn, January 2, 1831.

WILHELM DRUMANN produced a 'History of Rome in its Transition from a Republican to a Monarchical Government' (1834–44), containing the results of very extensive reading, and describing especially the degeneracy of the Romans during the times of Pompey, Cæsar, and Cicero. By a careful examination of the letters and other writings of Tully, Drumann represented the character of the great orator in an unfavourable light, and professed to have convicted him of certain falsehoods. Drumann urged his arguments against Cicero as zealously as if he, the historian, had personally suffered by the said falsehoods. FRIEDRICH KORTÜM'S 'Roman History' (1843) is written in a clearer style; while the work of P. KOBBE on the same subject is remarkable for the boldness with which it attacks some of the positions of Niebuhr. A 'Roman History' by WILHELM IHNE is popularly written. SCHWEGLER'S 'Early Roman History' is unfortunately a fragment. Of the erudition and other merits of such a work as the 'Roman History' by THEODOR MOMMSEN

(born in 1817) we can say only, that they are generally admitted by critics whose own learning is considerable. The writer's knowledge of Roman laws, inscriptions, and other antiquities is most extensive, and the results of his diligent researches are given in a lively, modernising style that makes them attractive. His character of Julius Cæsar may be referred to as an example of his skill in giving antique traits in a modern style. Mommsen is not a purist in writing German. In leaving the extensive but well-filled department of ancient history, we must not forget to name, as one of the most readable books on the subject, 'A History of Antiquity' by MAX DUNCKER.

Mediæval History may be represented by the great work *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*, edited by G. H. PERTZ. A 'Manual of the History of the Middle Ages,' by HEINRICH LEO, deserves high praise in this department. LEO has also written a 'History of the Italian Cities' (1829), and other historical works. His earlier writings betrayed a tendency to extreme scepticism, but this was corrected in his later productions. FRIEDRICH KORTÜM's 'History of the Middle Ages' (1836) is distinguished by notices of the development of civil liberty. The work of FRIEDRICH REHM on the same subject, published between 1820 and 1839, may be viewed as a magazine of raw materials, and the same criticism may be applied to HÜLLMANN's 'Cities of the Middle Ages' (1825–9), though this work opens some new views, and is full of information. 'A History of the Crusades,' by FRIEDRICH WILKEN, which was published between 1808 and 1832, may be described as one of the great magazines of historical facts, which may be advantageously consulted by scholars, while it does not deserve a place among well-written books.

The historical writings of LEOPOLD RANKE are remarkable for both their intrinsic value and their artistic construction. 'The History of the Papacy in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries' (1834) is generally esteemed as an excellent work; but Roman Catholic critics have raised objections against some of its statements. FRIEDRICH RAUMER, born in 1781, was an accomplished historian, and wrote in an interesting style. His 'History of Europe from the Close of the Fifteenth Century' is marked by the conciliatory style in which it describes the contentions of various religious and political parties. A 'History of the Hohenstaufen Dynasty' (1824), by the same writer, deserves

praise for its interesting narrative of the events of a romantic period. Another valuable contribution to mediæval history is found in the *Geschichte der deutschen Kaiserzeit* (a 'History of the German Imperial Time'), by WILHELM VON GIESEBRECHT. The works of the learned Orientalist JOSEPH VON HAMMER-PURGSTALL, born in 1774, are valuable, as they give the results of extensive reading of Oriental manuscripts. The 'History of the Caliphs,' and a 'Life of Mohammed,' by G. WEIL, may also be mentioned with commendation as works of original research.

A 'History of Friedrich IV. and his son Maximilian,' by JOSEPH CHMEL (1840), HAGEN'S 'Spirit of the Reformation' (1841–4), and the writings of OECHSLE, BENSEN, and ZIMMERMANN, on the 'Peasants' War,' supply useful additions to our knowledge of movements connected with the Reformation. 'The History of Austria' (1834–42), by JOHANN VON MAILATH, is characterised by Austrian and Roman Catholic tendencies in politics and religion. A 'History of Pope Innocent III. and his Contemporaries,' written by FRIEDRICH VON HURTER, an Ultramontane Catholic, is generally accepted as a work of high merits, though Protestants have questioned the author's impartiality. For accounts of modern Prussia, we must again refer to the writings of FRIEDRICH SCHLOSSER, especially to his 'History of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries.' As a specimen of the fairness and caution of this historian, we may refer to his summary of the character of Frederick William I. of Prussia. WACHSMUTH, SPITTLER, HEEREN, SCHLOSSER, GAGERN, and HÄUSSER may be mentioned among the best writers on the period extending from the Reformation to our times. SPITTLER'S 'History of European States' (third edition, 1823) deserves especial notice as a useful work. A 'History of the German People' (1825), by WOLFGANG MENZEL, is one of the most readable books on the subject. It has been correctly said that 'Menzel writes like an Englishman.' A 'History of the German People,' by FRIEDRICH KOHLRAUSCH, has passed through several editions, and may be described as suitable to young readers. JOHANN VON ARCHENHOLTZ (1745–1812), a military man, who was engaged in the 'Seven Years' War,' wrote a history of that struggle, which was published in 1788, and was remarkably successful. Among other works on special periods in German history a 'History of the German War of Liberation,' by HEINRICH L. BEITZKE, must not be for-

gotten. The author, a major in the Prussian army, died, deeply lamented, in 1867. His book is written in a thoroughly popular tone. The unstudied but eloquent passage, giving an account of the rising of the people, and beginning with Körner's words—'The People rose, the Storm broke loose!'—can hardly now be read without martial enthusiasm.

The works of PAULI, LAPPENBERG, and DAHLMANN, on English History, FISCHEL's work on 'The British Constitution,' a 'History of the Last Twenty-Five Years' (1815–40) by KARL H. HERMES, and a work of which the outlines are exceedingly wide—*Grundsteine einer Allgemeinen Culturgeschichte der Neuesten Zeit*, von J. J. HONEGGER—may be mentioned. The last-named work is intended to give a ground-plan for a history of modern culture from the time of Napoleon I. to the present, and the author's plan includes reviews of politics, social movements, technical and scientific progress, developments of new systems of philosophy, critical notices of productions of art in painting, sculpture, and music, and reviews of German, French, English, and Italian Literature. When these outlines have to be filled up, Briareus might be engaged as editor. RITTER's 'History of Philosophy,' STÖCKL's 'History of Mediæval Philosophy,' and the contributions of KARL MICHELET and KUNO FISCHER to the history of modern systems of philosophy must be named as important works.

Politics and National Economy.—Among important political and statistical works may be noticed:—The 'Political Cyclopædia' (1846—), edited by KARL VON ROTTECK and THEODOR WELCKER; the 'German Political and Legal History,' by KARL FRIEDRICH EICHORN, which was first published in 1808; the 'Results of the History of Morals,' by H. L. VON GAGERN (1835–7), which contains comparative estimates of the influences of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy. The 'Rights of the German People,' by WIRTH, may be noticed as a declaration of republican principles, and, on the other hand, the 'Seventeen Parliamentary Speeches,' by JULIUS STAHL, may fairly represent the views of a Prussian Conservative. The 'History of Legislation and Politics from the Sixteenth Century to the Present,' by JOHANN CASPAR BLUNTSCHLI, the 'Studies of Culture in Three Centuries,' by WILHELM H. RIEHL, and HEINRICH VON SYBEL's 'History of the Revolutionary Time 1789–95,' belong to the class of important recent historical writings. The last-named work throws a new light on the

French Revolution. Another important work connected with that catastrophe is STEIN'S 'Socialism and Communism in France.'

The works of ROSCHER and SCHÄFFLE should be named as valuable contributions to the science of national economy. In this class of books the crude theory of LASSALLE and the sober, economic plans of SCHULZE-DELITZSCH may be briefly noticed, and the book on 'Capital' by KARL MARX, the leader of the extreme German Socialists, may be named. It may be stated, that several works lately published show a want of faith in Adam Smith's old theory, and also a contempt of the optimistic doctrines preached by that hopeful American author, Henry Carey.

The persevering efforts of Schulze-Delitzsch to develope in several parts of Germany the advantages of association, have proved beneficial rather to the lower middle than to the working classes. 'Let us have unrestricted competition in buying and selling commodities,' said Schulze, 'and with the aid of people's banks to help the poor to obtain credit and extend their industry, the whole problem of the best possible national economy will be solved.' This was his doctrine. To exhibit it in practice, he assisted greatly in founding people's banks, or mutual loan societies. Their success was considerable. The opponents of Schulze do not call in question the good effect of his measures, but rather the doctrine implied in his writings, that such measures are sufficient. His societies for the aid of small capitalists, it is said, can afford no very important or permanent relief, while the main tendency of our times is to reduce this class to the level of the working classes. FERDINAND LASSALLE, the chief of the opponents referred to, founded, in 1863, a 'Universal German Workmen's Union.' His plans were both political and industrial. He would give universal suffrage to the people to enable the working-classes to carry his scheme into effect, and then would institute productive co-operative societies which 'should be supported and warranted by the State.' The formidable objections to such a plan are obvious. The State guarantee, if it could be granted, must deprive the institution of the essential conditions of success—self-help and responsibility—and, moreover, the State would be unable to provide the enormous capital required by such undertakings.

One of the earliest experiments in productive co-operation was made by JOHANN HEINRICH VON THÜNEN on his estate at Tellow,

in Mecklenburg, in 1848. He was a member of an old aristocratic family, and was distinguished both for noble personal characteristics and for his plans for the elevation of the lower classes. In his native State the common rule prevailed of paying to the agricultural labourer no more than the traditional wages judged necessary for his bare maintenance. Von Thünen argued that this tended to make the peasant work with the temper of a serf, indifferent to the general welfare of the estate. 'Better,' said he, 'to pay higher wages for superior labour; to make the labourer's earnings rise in something like the ratio of interest on capital, and so to unite the interests of the employer and the employed. Von Thünen tried his own plan on his own estate before he recommended it to other landlords, and the results were satisfactory in a moral as well as in an economical point of view.

As one among several books recently published on the relations of capital and labour, we may name a history of 'Workmen's Guilds,' written by LUJO BRENTANO, who has studied the history of English trade-unions. He writes without respect of the economic doctrines of Adam Smith's school, which he calls 'abstract,' while he speaks of his own doctrine as 'realistic.' He leaves unnoticed hardly any part of the policy of trade-unions. Without such coalitions, he maintains that workmen could not have gained the power of waiting for any rise in the market, and therefore the union may be defended on economic grounds. Adam Smith, it is said, wrote theoretically, and on the supposition that working men were all equal, all clever, and all Scotchmen. To pass over many other points on which Dr. Brentano differs from 'abstract' economists, he opposes, not only the old, but also what he calls the new wages' fund theory, and he asserts that wages have been raised by unions and strikes, without the results foreboded by economists, and also without driving trade abroad.

In the section of his treatise given to a notice of Malthusian doctrine, Dr. Brentano argues that if that doctrine is ever to be generally accepted, it must be by the members of unions or societies maintained for promoting the welfare of the working classes.

Education.—To tell all the story of modern improvements made in the education of the people of Prussia and other States of the Empire, would demand that we should travel back as far as the times of Herder, Basedow, and Pestalozzi. 'Youth, be warned

and instructed by our errors! The times in which you will probably live will require something more than merely nominal learning. Men will be wanted; men of true insight and sound understanding; scholars acquainted not only with books, but also with nature, the world, and the circumstances and necessities of society. The days when Virgilian pastorals or Anacreontic odes were accepted as proofs of consummate education have passed away.' . . . That warning and prophecy was, long ago, written by Herder, and the advice which he gave to the young men living in his own times is now generally appreciated.

In Germany, formerly regarded as the home of abstruse studies, several modern writers have zealously contended in favour of a practical education with regard to the circumstances of actual life. Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi (1745–1827) applied to the education of the poor the principles found in our quotation from Herder. The writings of Rousseau first directed the attention of Pestalozzi to the necessity of an improved method of education. He did not rest long in theories, but proceeded to make an experiment in education, by taking the children of vagrants into his house. The results of the physical and mental discipline exercised on these unpromising pupils were so far encouraging, that Pestalozzi extended his educational institution in 1781; but the failure of his funds compelled him to abandon it in 1797. His chief maxim was, that a true education must include a training of the physical as well as the mental and moral powers, with a constant reference to the real circumstances of life. He says, with especial regard to the training of the children of the poor:—'These children have no earthly possessions. Their own faculties of body and mind are their sole property, and the only support of their future existence and welfare. These powers, therefore, should be well developed. Our pupils must be trained in early life to find delight in the exercise of those faculties on which their own welfare and that of society depends. Word-knowledge has no value for them, unless it is united with their duties and interests. The cultivation of the mind, therefore, must not withdraw attention from bodily labour. The heart must be trained to acquiesce in the necessities of real life, and to inspire the labour of the hands with noble motives. Discipline, study, and manual industry must be united.'

Pestalozzi was not a good practical schoolmaster; but his

name must be always mentioned with respect, if only for his one great principle—that education should include far more than the culture of the intellect.

Soon after the decease of Pestalozzi, FRIEDRICH JAHN (1778) became noted for his zealous endeavours to promote healthful physical education in all classes of society. The arguments of Jahn deserve general attention, and we may extend this remark to another writer on the same subject, FRIEDRICH KLUMPP (1790). When THIERSCH, the classical scholar, produced a work on 'Education according to the Principles of True Humanity,' Klumpp replied to it in a book contending for physical training, which he opposed to the system that he styled 'hyper-classical' of education. He afterwards moderated some opinions, and advocated a union of classical and physical exercises in all schools and universities. The writings and lectures of Jahn and Klumpp had considerable influence in extending wholesome views of the objects of education. KARL VON RAUMER (1783), a writer in several departments of literature, produced a 'History of the Science of Education' (1843–6). In the following passage he adopts Herder's principles:—

'Practical life now enforces its claims on the attention of men of learning. Men who leave our universities, and enter into actual life as doctors, or preachers, or local authorities, find a necessity of opening their eyes to present realities, and adapting themselves to the circumstances of the people. Our literary men have long neglected to cultivate the powers which practical life urgently demands; but lately there have been signs of an approaching union between learning and life. Even our mechanics have made some advances in intellectual culture, and we may now hope that the two extremes of education which we have described may be brought into a reasonable intercourse with each other.'

Among all the followers of Pestalozzi hardly any name is more prominent than that of FRIEDRICH ADOLF DIESTERWEG, the zealous advocate of a free secular system of education. One of the great controversies by which the repose of the German Empire is now threatened arises from the claim of Rome to exercise a supreme authority over the education of the people.

Philology.—It is hardly necessary to state, that under this heading we attempt to give nothing more than initiatory out-

lines for the use of young readers. The claims of such scholars as BOECKH and HERMANN cannot be estimated here. Their works are too comprehensive to be fairly described, and too numerous to be mentioned severally. The characteristics of many learned works in this department may be indicated by a passage in the 'Lectures on the Study of Antiquity' (1807), by FRIEDRICH A. WOLF (1759–1824), one of the greatest philologists of his time. He says:—'Our object in the study of antiquity should be to gain a knowledge of men as they existed in ancient times. This knowledge must be founded on our study of literary and other remains of antiquity; and from this study we must induce general observations on the organic development and the importance of ancient national culture.' This definition of philology opens a most spacious field of inquiry. Classical erudition is thus connected with researches respecting not only the languages, but also the religion, philosophy, social economy, and arts and sciences of ancient nations. GEORG F. CREUZER, one of many scholars who adopted Wolf's definition, wrote a remarkable book on the 'Symbolism and Mythology of the Ancients, especially the Greeks' (1810). KARL OTTFRIED MÜLLER (1797–1840) must be mentioned as an accomplished scholar, and the author of a 'History of Grecian Literature to the Time of Alexander the Great' (1841), which was left incomplete. Another work by the same writer, a 'Manual of Grecian Art and Archæology,' deserves commendation. Among many works recommended to classical students, we may mention the writings of FRIEDRICH WELCKER on the 'Tragedies of Æschylus;' the 'Real Encyclopædia of Classical Antiquities,' edited by PAULY, WALZ, and TEUFFEL (1841-6); and the 'Life and Works of Sophocles,' by ADOLPHUS SCHÖLL (1842). Works which may be recommended to the general reader include 'Hellas and Rome,' by K. F. BORBERG (1841–4), 'Grecian Antiquities,' by WILHELM WACHSMUTH (1843–6), and a 'History of Roman Literature,' by J. C. F. BÄHR (1845). The 'Comparative Grammar of the Sanscrit, Zend, Armenian, Greek, Latin, and Gothic Languages,' by FRANZ BOPP, may represent a series of works that, during recent years, have made a revolution in the study of comparative philology. We may refer here to the 'Etymological Researches' of G. A. F. POTT.

The world is indebted to the antique classic studies of German scholars. Into the obscurities of Greek and Roman literature

they have made the most laborious researches, and their critical editions and recensions of the classics are marvels of enlightened and poorly-rewarded industry. The enthusiasm with which this branch of learning has been pursued forms a remarkable contrast to the scholarship of Great Britain, where little time is spent on what does not promise a handsome pecuniary reward. The pursuit of learning for learning's sake is found scarcely anywhere out of Germany.

Few writers have excelled FRIEDRICH JACOBS (1764) in giving in a popular style the information gathered by extensive classical learning. His writings show an enthusiastic admiration of the literature and fine arts of the Greeks, which he studied in their relations to the social circumstances and natural characteristics of the people. In the departments of German and Oriental Philology RUDOLPH VON RAUMER and THEODOR BENFEY are to be mentioned as historians whose works direct the reader to abundant stores of information. These works are parts of the extensive series entitled 'The History of the Sciences in Germany in Modern Times.' To name it here will serve a twofold purpose. It may indicate the vast resources of information that may be found in the Special Literatures of physical science and of history and philology, and, at the same time, it may excuse the brevity of our notices in this chapter. It would be impossible here to describe fully the merits of only two writers—the brothers JACOB and WILHELM GRIMM. Jacob, the elder brother, devoted his researches to the German literature of the Middle Ages, and collected the scattered remnants of old popular stories. In conjunction with his brother, he published his 'Children's Fables, or Household Tales.' These are marked by a style of great simplicity, and often convey pleasing sentiments and good morals, mingled generally with fantastic and supernatural adventures. A collection of 'German Legends' was produced in 1816. Meanwhile Jacob Grimm studied industriously the old German languages, national antiquities, and the old system of laws. The result of these researches appeared in a 'Grammar of the German Language' (1818–31), a work on the 'Legal Antiquities of Germany' (1828), and the 'German Mythology' (1835), followed by a 'History of the German Language,' and by a 'German Dictionary,' which was left incomplete, but is continued by other hands. Wilhelm followed the same course of studies. The

brothers, indeed, might be styled intellectual twins, inseparable in their sympathies as in their literary pursuits; and the characteristics of the elder and more powerful, Jacob, might be also ascribed, with some abatement, to the younger, Wilhelm. Their example gave a strong impulse to the study of German archæology. It may seem a trifle hardly worth mentioning, but it may be suggested, that if German scholars would generally follow JACOB GRIMM's example, and have their works printed in Roman type, the change might greatly aid in the diffusion of a knowledge of the German language. Schiller's friend—WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT, the scholar, critic, and patriot—must be named here, with a reference to his suggestive work 'On the Kawi Language,' and to his important 'Letter on Grammatical Forms, and on the Genius of the Chinese Language.' This letter, written in French, was addressed to M. Abel Rémusat.

LUDWIG UHLAND, who has been mentioned as one of the most national and popular of modern poets, is also well known as a student of old literature. He wrote an interesting book on the character of Walter von der Vogelweide, the minstrel and moralist of the twelfth century, of whom some account is given in the present work. Another writer, allied with Jacob Grimm in the national tone of his productions, was JOSEPH GÖRRES (1776–1848).

WOLFGANG MENZEL, well known as a critical and polemical writer of the national school, has written a 'History of German Literature' (1828), 'The Spirit of History' (1836), and 'Europe in the Year 1840.' As the editor of the 'Literatur-Blatt,' he has warmly opposed the tendencies of recent philosophical and social theories. It may be added that Menzel is one of the clearest and best writers of German prose. The writings and translations of HAGEN, LACHMANN, GRAFF, GRÄSSE, and many others, might be mentioned as important contributions to literature and archæology; but works in this department are peculiarly national in their interest, and too numerous to be specified. To mention one work by E. G. GRAFF will be sufficient to show that the philological works of this school are too comprehensive to be fairly described in a short treatise. Graff's 'Thesaurus of the Old High-German Language' (1830–43) extends to six quarto volumes, containing all the words of this language, with numerous notes on the analogies found in the Gothic, Old High-German,

Sanscrit, Greek, Roman, Anglo-Saxon, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, and English languages. A 'History of the Poetical National Literature of the Germans' (1835–41), by GEORGE GOTTFRIED GERVINUS, presents a remarkable instance of industry. The author must have read whole libraries in order to arrive at his results. To avoid the appearance of dogmatic assertion, he gives details of works which he has pronounced to be generally contemptible. This laborious style, which displays the learning of the author, is by no means attractive to the general reader, who wishes to arrive at results by a short process. Yet Gervinus is no pedantic writer. His attention is not confined to the world of books, but he studies literature chiefly in its relations to the progress of society. His views on this subject are directly opposed to the doctrines of Friedrich Schlegel. It must be added that Gervinus often wrote in a polemic tone, and made criticisms on poetry serve as means of giving expression to his political and religious prejudices. The 'Lectures on German National Literature,' by A. F. C. VILMAR (1844), are partly distinguished by a tone of enthusiastic admiration, but are generally fair in the comparative estimates given of various authors. Some of Vilmar's sketches, however, remind us of a painter whose taste for beauty tempts him now and then to put ideal traits into his portraits of real faces.

Works on German literary history are so numerous that we can give here, in addition to the preceding notices, only the names of the following authors, to whose writings students may be referred for abundant stores of information:—WACHLER, KOBERSTEIN, WACKERNAGEL, GÖDEKE, KURZ, HILLEBRAND, HETTNER, GOTTSCHALL, PRUTZ, and JULIAN SCHMIDT.

To the extensive series of historical and critical works contributed by Germans to Shakesperian literature we can only refer. The excellent 'English Grammar' by EDUARD MÄTZNER must not be left unnoticed.

Æsthetics.—The History of the Fine Arts, and the critical and philosophical studies included under the title of Æsthetics, are other departments in which German Literature is comparatively rich. The principles maintained in the writings of Winckelmann, and in Lessing's 'Laokoon,' have been developed by later authors, who have written historical and critical works on architecture, sculpture, and painting. The writings of THIERSCH and SEMPER

on ancient art contain valuable notices, and a 'History of the Plastic Arts,' by K. SCHNAASE (1843–4), is distinguished by its comprehensive character. This writer studies art in connection with the physical, moral, and intellectual characteristics of various epochs. The 'History of Painting,' by F. KUGLER (1837), extends its notices over the period from the time of Constantine the Great to the present century. A 'History of the Plastic Arts in Christian Nations,' by GOTTFRIED KINKEL (1845), may be named here. With regard to Gothic architecture, the writings of KALLENBACH, HOFSTADT, MOLLER, and SULPIZ BOISSERÉE, may be commended. PASSAVANT, WAAGEN, SOLGER, HOTHO, CARRIÈRE, VISCHER and LÜBKE—these names may indicate the existence of a rather extensive class of books treating of Æsthetics and of the History of the Fine Arts.

Music is so far an object of sensation that all attempts to reduce it to scientific principles can only succeed to a certain extent. Yet, if it is to be ranked with the intellectual arts, it must submit to the philosophical analogies and laws which prevail in poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture. Some importance, therefore, must be ascribed to the endeavours of several writers who have subjected music to philosophical criticism. The 'Elements of a Universal Theory of Music,' by FRIEDRICH KRAUSE (1838), are worthy of notice. A 'History of European Music,' by R. G. KIESEWETTER, gives an account of the progress of the art through various styles of composition, from the first ecclesiastical music to that of the present day. One of the most remarkable books on the science of music is that by H. HELMHOLTZ—'The Doctrine of Tonal Sensations' (1865)—which professes to supply a physiological basis for the theory of music.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, THEOLOGY, AND RELIGION.

Ecclesiastical History.—Books are numerous in this department. The writings of Thiele and Hase may be described as concise and popular manuals. A 'Manual of Universal Church History,' by H. E. F. Guerike, extends to three volumes (5th edition, 1843), and maintains strictly Lutheran views. The comprehensive work by Neander (born in 1789) is in ten volumes (2nd edition, 1844). It is distinguished by liberal views, and describes the internal conditions of Christianity under various changes of ecclesiastical government. Neander, whose parents were Jews, acquired fame among theologians by researches respecting the primitive Church, and also by several minor works—'Julian' (1812), 'The System of Revelation' (1818), and 'Antignosticus' (1826). A 'History of the Christian Church' (1841-4), by A. Gfrörer, is an extensive work, and displays wide research, especially with regard to the political relations of the Church in various epochs. The writings of Marheineke, Hagenbach, Neudecker, and Schenkel, may be advantageously consulted on the 'History of the Reformation;' and a work entitled 'Reformers before the Reformation' (1841), by Karl Ullmann, traces back the tendencies of Luther's times to earlier periods. On many disputed points in the history of the Church, the reader who would have facts stated from the Roman Catholic, and also from the Protestant point of view, may be referred to the writings of Dorner and Schwartz on the history of Protestant Theology; to the polemical writings of Ferdinand Baur and to those of his Roman Catholic opponent Möhler, and, lastly, to the historical and polemical writings of Dr. Döllinger.

Some brief notices of theological controversies—as viewed in their real or supposed connection with philosophy—have already

been given in a note to Chapter XXIX. To these may be added a few observations on several writers who may represent the more important differences of belief that have prevailed in Germany during the last hundred years.

The comparatively undisturbed state of Protestant orthodoxy in the course of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was mostly due to the influence of Cæsarism, or, in other words, to a predominance of the State in the affairs of the Church. The peace that existed then was not founded on any wide doctrine of toleration, of which Reformers in the sixteenth century knew nothing. Even in the seventeenth century, men were put to death as heretics at Lübeck and at Königsberg. Then Pietism arose—not before it was urgently wanted—but, though Spener and his friends denied no Lutheran doctrine, they were persecuted by hard and dry Lutheran theologians. Several influences were now combined to disturb the reign of orthodox theology. The writings of English and French deists; Wolf's dry and abstract philosophy, and the scepticism made fashionable by the Court of Berlin—all aided in spreading the shallow rationalism of the eighteenth century, which may be styled 'old rationalism,' to distinguish it from the 'free theology' of the present time.

It is hard to say exactly when and how the transition from old to new began; but Klopstock, Hamann, Jacobi, Lavater, and Herder, all aided in asserting the claims of intuition and feeling; the men of the Romantic School next asserted the claims of the imagination, and then followed Hegel and Schleiermacher, who, however opposed to each other on minor matters, were alike earnest in their endeavours to reconcile believing and thinking—the soul and the intellect. The former boldly attacked, not merely the outworks, but even the central fortress of the old rationalists—their 'understanding' itself, which they had deified as 'reason' and had enthroned as a supreme arbiter. Hegel told them that their mostly negative analysis of history and of religion might all be reduced to a few subordinate forms of thought, important and useful in the lower mathematics, as in mechanics and in trade, but by no means final and absolute as rules for deciding questions in philosophy and theology. On the other hand, Schleiermacher, though having the same object in view—a reconciliation of the heart and the mind—began with an appeal to the heart. He must be viewed as the founder of a new school of theology.

FRIEDRICH ERNST DANIEL SCHLEIERMACHER, born at Breslau, 21st November 1768, received his early training under the care of the United Brethren (or Moravians) in their theological school at Barby. The pietistic associations of his youth were never forgotten, but gave to his teaching a glowing religious fervour, which was singularly blended with the exercise of an acute critical intellect. It was not without grief that, when vexed by doubt, he left the society from which his first religious impressions were derived. He was, subsequently, for a short time associated, in literature, with the brothers Schlegel and their friends. In his 'Discourses on Religion,' he placed himself, at once, in opposition to the dogmatic Lutheran theology and to the rationalism of the age. For a full view of his later doctrine, we refer to his chief work, 'The Christian Faith,' which has been described as forming the basis of a new evangelical theology. It might be otherwise described as teaching that religion, as distinct from both theology and ethics, is eminently personal or subjective, and consists in a consciousness of dependence upon and communion with the Divine Being. Religion, thus viewed, is not an objective knowledge of truth, but a knowledge of ourselves in relation to that truth; in other words, religion is personal and experimental. Schleiermacher's philosophical works and miscellaneous writings give proofs of a versatile and highly cultured mind. In one of his essays he expressed a resolution to the effect that he would never grow old, in an intellectual or in a moral sense, and his friends were often reminded of that promise when they heard him, though gray with years, still lecturing and preaching with youthful fervour and vivacity. He died at Berlin, February 12, 1834.

The theologians who partly derived their impulses and tendencies from Schleiermacher's teaching were soon divided into several parties. On the more orthodox side may be named NITZSCH and JULIUS MÜLLER, author of an elaborate treatise 'On Sin.' NEANDER the historian, whose motto was 'the heart makes the theologian,' LÜCKE, author of a 'Commentary on St. John's Gospel,' and ULLMANN, one of the opponents of Strauss, were all classed with the mediative men, or those who occupied an intermediate place between Schleiermacher's doctrine on one side and the old Lutheran orthodoxy on the other. It is not so easy to define the position held by FRIEDRICH AUGUST THOLUCK, a theologian of versatile talents, whose sermons have been highly

commended both for their style and the depth of feeling expressed in them. It has been said that his polemical writings want both depth and consistency.

Among the more rationalising followers of Schleiermacher are named his friend DE WETTE, a learned and industrious writer on the exegesis of the New Testament, HASE, BLEEK, THILO, and SCHWEITZER. It is by no means as strict adherents to Schleiermacher's doctrines, but as having derived from his teaching their earlier tendencies in criticism, that FERDINAND BAUR, the head of the Tübingen School, and DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS, author of *Das Leben Jesu*, are named here. That work, which has been noticed in Chapter XXIX., gave rise to a controversy of which not even the outline could be given here. Readers who wish to find the statements of a moderate orthodox writer on this and other modern theological controversies may be referred to 'A History of Protestant Theology,' by DR. J. A. DORNER, the writer of an elaborate work on Christology. DR. CARL SCHWARZ (of Gotha) in his work *Zur Geschichte der neuesten Theologie*, treats of the same subject, but writes, though with moderation, yet as an advocate of free theology. Taking the two books together, it may be said that they give a fair account of recent theories and controversies on theology.

The historical basis on which the free theology of the latest school is grounded is that portion of the New Testament which has been admitted as authentic by the Tübingen School of biblical criticism, and its successors.

FERDINAND CHRISTIAN BAUR, already named as the head of the Tübingen School, was born in 1792, and died in 1860. He conducted, with the aid of his friends Zeller, Schwegler, and Hilgenfeld, the 'Journal of Scientific Theology' (1831–57), in which his theory respecting the relations existing between the several parts of the New Testament Canon first appeared. In his work 'On Gnosticism,' and in a 'History of the Christian Church during the First Three Centuries,' he endeavoured to develope and confirm his theory of a gradual progress of thought and faith, beginning in controversy and ending in a reconciliation of the two parties by which, as he believed, the Church had been divided at a very early time.

It would lead too far to attempt an analysis of the arguments used for and against the theory of the Tübingen School. It has

been generally accepted—though not without some modifications —by writers on free theology, including the Swiss theologians, LANG, HIRZEL, and BIEDERMANN. Its mere outlines may be given as follows:—The four epistles written by St. Paul and addressed respectively to the Galatians, to the Corinthians, and to Christians in Rome, afford clear and abundant evidence that the Christian Church, in the first century, was vexed and torn by controversy. One party would make it a narrow sect included within the boundary of Judaism; the other—led by St. Paul—would expand it into a faith broad and strong enough to grasp and subjugate the whole world. The latter party gradually prevailed. This leading fact, or theory, is used as a key to explain the relations existing between several parts of the New Testament. It is asserted that St. Paul was viewed with suspicion and jealousy by the Petrine or Judaising sect, and was condemned and persecuted as an innovator, if not as heretical. The 'Acts of the Apostles,' we are told, were written with the purpose of reconciling the two parties, by ascribing equal honour to their two leaders, Peter and Paul, who were, therefore, both described as apostles sent to the Gentiles. It is maintained that this theory of an early controversy between a Narrow and a Broad Church is confirmed by the Book of the Apocalypse, written (it is supposed) by a member of the Judaising party, while the fourth Gospel, described as belonging to the second century, is accepted as a proof that, at that time, the Pauline and Catholic version of the original Gospel had finally prevailed over the doctrine of the narrow party. Again, the theory is made use of to explain the differences found in the two Gospels of Matthew and Luke. The former, we are told, was written with a Judaising tendency, while the latter was Pauline in its intention. After studying this Tübingen theory, one reflection seems almost inevitable:—if the Original Light, thus described as shining, in its time of dawn, through surrounding mists and clouds, could, nevertheless, penetrate all the darkness of the following centuries, and could spread itself over so great a portion of the Roman world, how bright must that Light have been in itself!

Here almost all parties are compelled to meet. DR. LANG, one of the most popular of the Swiss writers who have accepted generally the results of Baur's theory, expresses his thankfulness to the criticism, which, after all its negations, has left for us (he

says) 'what the world now wants'—'Christianity as it was in the beginning, and without any miracles.' In an essay written for a popular series of tracts, Dr. Lang tells us that he accepts the narrative of the resurrection only as the representation of a profound spiritual truth—the union of Christ with his true followers. Subsequent statements of miraculous appearances of Christ are described as narratives of 'visions.' Yet the author of this tract concludes thus his summary of what remains after all his own negations:—'Beyond all the controversy that arose soon after his death, there rises before us, in solitary grandeur, the sublime image of One who, as the result of an unique consciousness of the Divine Presence, felt himself called by God to establish on earth a Divine Government for all mankind.' Here, as the writer supposes, solid ground remains upon which all parties may, at some future time, meet and be reconciled.

The more positive teaching of the free Swiss theologians is found in the writings of KEIM and BIEDERMANN. The first named of these authors has written on the basis of free theology a 'Life of Christ,' which has been commended as one of the most elaborate and thoughtful works of its class. The author confesses that he is unable to give an account of the rise of the Christian Church, without admitting either that miracles occurred, or that the character of the Founder was a miracle greater than all that are narrated in the Gospels. Another work of this class, *Das Charakter-Bild Jesu*, written by DANIEL SCHENKEL, has mostly an ethical but also a political and democratic tendency. It is only fair to these writers to say that, while they endeavour to give the realism of the Gospel narrative, their writings are perfectly free from Renan's irreverence. The German authors have nothing to say about *les belles créatures*, introduced as the appropriate decorations of a French fiction. Our attempt to give some concise account of the tendencies of Baur's followers must be here concluded.

It is hardly necessary to state that such Biblical criticism as we have described has been strongly opposed. Among many writers who have opposed innovations, ERNST WILHELM HENGSTENBERG may be named as one of the leading representatives of Lutheran orthodox doctrine. As the editor of the 'Evangelical Church Times,' he has been active and zealous in his opposition to every form of rationalism and in his assertion of a plenary

inspiration of the Bible. His Oriental scholarship has been made serviceable in his chief work, 'The Christology of the Old Testament.' His antagonists have ascribed to him a tendency to 'bibliolatry,' and have censured as 'talmudistic' his method of exegesis, especially his interpretations of prophecy. It has been asserted—though the statement seems improbable—that, with more rhyme than reason, Dr. Hengstenberg could find in the dema*gog*ues of the year 1848 a fulfilment of a prophecy respecting Gog and Magog.' The millennium predicted in the Apocalypse began, says Dr. Hengstenberg, with the reign of Charlemagne, and came to a conclusion in 1800.

While the editor of the 'Evangelical Church Journal' represents the school of strict biblical orthodoxy, other writers, among whom STAHL, LEO, and VILMAR may be mentioned, were the advocates of an historical and objective Lutheranism. The position maintained by these writers was, in some respects, like that held by Anglo-Catholics in the Church of England. 'The Roman Catholic Church,' said LEO, 'has been so far purified, since Luther's time, that, if he were living now, he would not separate from it.' This must be regarded as expressing only the sentiment of a small minority. In politics, as well as in theology, Julius Stahl and Heinrich Leo were generally described as extremely conservative or retrogressive.

The divisions of Protestants and the extreme results of their recent biblical criticism have, of course, supplied to Roman Catholic writers new grounds for argument in support of an infallible authority in the Church. One of the most able and erudite of modern Roman Catholic theologians, JOHANN ADAM MÖHLER (1796–1838), was engaged with Ferdinand Baur in an earnest controversy, which served to place in definite opposition to each other the two confessions of faith. A brief quotation from Möhler's reply to Baur may show the position maintained by the Catholic advocate:—

'In the Catholic Church,' says Möhler, 'Christ, as seen in history, is set forth as the Object to which the Subject [*i.e.* every individual mind] must, without reserve, yield obedience, because it is only through this obedience that we can attain to spiritual freedom. The Church has been instituted for this purpose—that the Object [of faith] may be clearly, and without any subjective error, represented in the world throughout all generations. The Subject [*i.e.* every individual mind] must be entirely submitted to the

Object, and this implies the necessity of an absolute submission to the authority of the Catholic Church.' *

DR. DÖLLINGER, one of the most erudite of modern Roman Catholic writers on ecclesiastical history, has taken a prominent part in recent controversy. His chief historical works include 'A Manual of Church History,' a work on 'The Reformation,' 'Hippolytus and Kallistus, or, the Roman Church in the First Half of the Third Century,' 'The Heathen World and Judaism,' 'Christianity and the Church in the time of their Foundation,' and 'Papal Fables of the Middle Ages.' In one of his most popularly written books, *Kirche und Kirchen* ('The Church and the Churches'), the author endeavours to show that spiritual feebleness is the result of the disunion maintained by Protestantism. On the principle of attempting to represent fairly the views of all parties, a few quotations are given here:—'The Protestant Church in Germany,' says Dr. Döllinger, 'is a Church of Theologians, and its places of worship are lecture-halls.' The author gives the names of about forty Protestant theologians who have renounced the doctrine of justification by faith, as it stood in the 'Heidelberg Catechism,' and was accepted as authoritative until 1760. This list includes the names:—Olshausen, Schleiermacher, Ullmann, Martensen, Julius Müller, Dorner, Köstlin, and Baumgarten. A Protestant lamentation on the want of power in Protestant pulpits is quoted with absolute approval by the Catholic advocate, who adds the comment that when rationalists attend divine service, it is mostly to admire the talents of a preacher; or if he is dull, the reason for staying away from church is often given in the form—'I shall not go to hear *him!*' The author partly justifies such indifference; for he describes Protestant forms of worship as dull and monotonous. He laments that the poorer classes of the people in Protestant lands are, too often, overworked, and that they have lost many saints' days, or holidays, and he adds a prediction, that they will hardly be able to preserve for themselves one day of rest in the week. The way to escape from such oppression is to return to the bosom of the Church. The author, moreover, accuses Protestant pastors of neglecting the care of souls, and of making mere lecturers of themselves. Then follows this quotation:—

* *Neue Untersuchungen der Lehrgegensätze zwischen den Katholiken und Protestanten.* Von J. A. MÖHLER. Mainz, 1835.

'Theologians talk much of the Church,' says a clergyman in Würtemberg; 'but it is now hardly more than a name.' 'Or where it exists,' says another witness, 'it has no union with our every-day life. It is only an Institution for Sundays.'

'The poorest man in Germany can afford to buy a Bible,' says Dr. Döllinger, 'but there is no book less read. In a hundred Protestant households you will hardly find one where the practice of reading the Bible is maintained.' To show that his representations are not unfair, the author refers to vague theories and expectations of a 'Church of the Future,' and he quotes the words of a Prussian Minister of Education, who spoke of Church and State as 'hastening on to dissolution,' and declared that his sole hope was in 'a New Jerusalem descending out of Heaven.' It is evident enough that the Catholic historian can be severe in controversy. It may be added that he gives descriptions, almost as unfavourable as the above, of the state of religion in England, Scotland, and America:—

'There,' he says, 'Christianity, among the several sects, is a dough that can be kneaded into any shape. The churches and the chapels are often, in fact, shops built on speculation by men of business, and the preacher must be made to pay or must be dismissed. The hearers are his judges, and his existence depends on the sentence which they pronounce on his sermons. Let him but make a slip, and denounce the pet sins and failings of his flock—especially of its richer members—and he is a lost man. THOMAS SCOTT, one of the most eminent of evangelical theologians, writes to the same effect:—"As soon," he says, "as a preacher begins, in good earnest, to appeal, in a practical and penetrative style, to the consciences of his hearers, a party arises against him to censure, intimidate, discourage, and oppose him, and to thrust him out of the pastorate."'

In the work (*Kirche und Kirchen*) from which the above quotations have been made, the notion of 'an invisible Church' is treated with contempt, and the author asserts that union is impossible without submission to a primacy. He therefore censures a merely episcopal form of government, like that of the Byzantine or the Anglican Church, and argues in favour of Papal supremacy; yet he contends that this should be, not autocratic, but constitutional—a monarchy limited by the preceding laws and decrees of the Church in Council. The position thus maintained by the author in 1861 has been, more recently, asserted in opposition to the decrees of the Vatican Council in 1870. A belief prevails in Germany, that both the syllabus of 1864 and

the decrees of 1870 were especially designed to serve as antidotes to the teaching of professors of history, philosophy, and theology, in German universities. In pamphlets issued in 1869, and intended to prove the necessity of suppression, the results of German science were classed with the most extravagant declarations of French communists, and both parties were described as leading to a dissolution of society and a restoration of barbarism. Among several protests from the other side, one of the most important—a critique by 'Janus'—was generally ascribed to Dr. Döllinger. His arguments and quotations from Church history were but weakly represented by the minority in the Council, and were condemned by the majority. He asserted that the new decrees accorded neither with Scripture, as interpreted by the Fathers, nor with ancient Catholic doctrine; that they were supported by quotations from false authorities; that they were opposed to the decrees of two general councils and to several declarations from Rome; and, lastly, that they were opposed to the constitutions of several existing States. On July 17 the minority retreated, and on the 18th five hundred and forty-seven voices said 'Yea.' The next day, by an extraordinary coincidence, was the day when France declared war against Germany. No extensive disruption of the Church — such as was predicted or feared—has followed, and few have seen, as the leader of the Old Catholics saw, the vast scope and importance of that decision, by which all the assertions of the bull *Unam sanctam* were dogmatised. The minority have submitted, or are silent, and Dr. Döllinger is excommunicated. The suppression of the Order of Jesuits in the New Empire has followed, and has been declared to be an inevitable political measure of defence against an *imperium in imperio*; while, on the other side, it is asserted that the Roman Catholic Church has to endure oppression and persecution, and polemical journals have suggested that France, as the representative of religion, should lead on a crusade against Germany.

The above outlines of the position maintained by the Old Catholics may be followed by a brief statement of the principal points of dispute within the boundaries of Protestantism. The orthodox Protestant party would maintain a fixed interpretation of the Scriptures as distinct, at once, from the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church, and from the innovations of both Old

and New Rationalism. A rejection of all miraculous narratives contained in the New Testament is one of the points on which rationalists, both Old and New, generally agree, though there are some exceptions to this rule. Dr. Schenkel, for example, admits, at least, one statement generally accepted as miraculous. ROTHE, whose doctrines may be partly described as Pietistic, has been named as the greatest of German theologians since the time of Schleiermacher, and can hardly be classed with any party.

The aims of Keim, Biedermann, and other free theological writers, already named, may be described as tending, generally, rather to moderate or to counteract, in some degree, than to extend the negative work done by Dr. Strauss. The writings of the latter, however, have had an advantage in their lively conversational style, which recalls Lessing's, and this attraction has made them more popular than the works of several authors who have refused to accept such results as are given in the book entitled 'The Old and the New Belief.' This work—accepted as the *ultimatum* of one class of reasoners—is neither a scientific nor a controversial treatise, but gives, without discussion, a statement of the extent of the writer's belief, or disbelief. He asserts, of himself and of others whom he represents, that they cannot see any need for themselves of a maintenance of forms of religious worship, and that they have ceased to believe in a personal God and in a future state, as described in Christian teaching. He names, as sacrifices demanded by 'the New Faith,' all the consolations that have been derived from trust in a Saviour, a belief in Divine Providence, and the hope of happiness in a future state. As substitutes for these consolations afforded by the Old Belief, the author proposes a satisfaction attending efforts in moral self-culture, a resignation to the necessity by which the world is governed, and, thirdly, a sense of union with and dependence upon the life of the universe. In reply to the question, 'Are we Christians?' the author replies, for himself and friends, 'No;' but he maintains that the resignation and moral culture above named may be viewed as substitutes for religion. The culture of poetic literature and of music is also described as a substitute for religion. The writer appends some remarks of a conservative character on society and politics:—'We do not for a moment deny,' he says, 'that hitherto the majority of men have needed a Church, or that they may long continue in need of it.'

Of this admission the Roman Church avails itself. From all the restless labours of building up systems of thought to support various forms of belief, from the zeal displayed in the demolition of one system of philosophy after another, from all the manifold divisions and controversies of the several schools or parties in Protestant theology, and from the asserted tendencies of modern science towards materialism or atheism, the advocates of an exclusive and infallible authority abiding within the Roman Catholic Church derive some of their most effective arguments. These have been urged, with more than ordinary zeal, during recent years. The controversy excited by the declarations and the decrees issued from Rome in 1864 and 1870 is far too comprehensive to be described here. Its range—or *Tragweite*, as Germans say—lies beyond our powers of calculation; but some of its immediate results are obvious.* It makes the advocates of several creeds and opinions more fully acquainted with each other. There may be found now in the writings of exclusive Roman Catholic advocates, not only references to the works of numerous modern philosophers and historians, but also many quotations from the writings of Huxley, Darwin, Moleschott, Büchner, and other scientific men. The extreme doctrines of both French and German Socialists are described by Catholic authors as the inevitable results of a refusal to submit to the authority of Rome. HETTINGER's *Apologie des Christenthums* (of which a third edition appeared in 1867) is, in fact, an elaborate defence of the doctrine and the discipline of the Roman Catholic Church, and as such has been recommended by the approbation of Pius IX. It may, therefore, be named as fairly representing the Roman side in the great question that now divides the world.

On the whole, it may be said that the discussion of this question between authority and freedom has, during recent years, been made at once more comprehensive in its purport and more concise in its form. On the side of authority it is asserted that the most serious errors, not only in theology, but also in philosophy and in the study of history—as in politics, in social

* 'It is the whole plenary power over the whole Church, as over every individual man—the full power claimed by the Popes since Gregory VII., and proclaimed in many bulls since that known as *Unam Sanctam*—that must, henceforth, and by every Catholic, be maintained as an article of faith and recognised in practical life.'—*I. v. Döllinger's Erklärung* (1871).

economy, and even in the physical sciences—are mostly the results of a revolt against the authority of the Roman Church. On the other side, it is not the authority of any one Confession—as, for example, that of Augsburg—that is now maintained in opposition to Roman claims. It is nothing less than the assertion of absolute individual freedom in religion, as in science; while, with regard to the State, it is the assertion already quoted (in Chapter XXVIII.) 'that the religion of a people must be immanent in their own political and social institutions.'

It would be unfair to disguise the fact that controversy—scientific, theological, and quasi-philosophical—has been too prominent in modern German literature. A great part of it may be commended rather for its energy than for either moderation or refinement. The tendency to engage in controversy appears to be developed in an inverse ratio with the power commended by Goethe—the power of placing one's self in the position of the adversary. Recent disputes on the exclusive existence of matter have been utterly useless; for the Materialists themselves, when engaged in true inquiries, make no use of their own pet axiom. It is pleasant to add that quasi-philosophical controversies have abated during recent years. After the gross caricatures which a few hasty young men made of the Hegelian philosophy, some years ago, it would be well to leave the topic alone for a century, or longer.

It must be admitted that the teaching of that philosophy, of which the whole tendency was towards moderation and conciliation—in religion as in politics—seems to have failed for the present. Neither of the two extreme parties—of negation on one side and of absolutism on the other—can imagine the possible existence of a third. Yet the Future may, conceivably, find some work still remaining to be done, after all the finalities of the present age. There may be some truth in a prediction uttered by SCHELLING, in one of his last series of lectures:—After all that the representatives of St. Peter have said, and all that has been said in the name of St. Paul, the final victory may belong to the followers of St. John.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE THREE CHIEF DIVISIONS OF GERMAN LITERATURE—THE SEVE. PERIODS AND THE PRESENT TIME—MODERN REALISM—MATERIALISM —CONTROVERSY—NATIONAL ECONOMY AND SOCIAL SCIENCE—POETRY AND REALITY—CONCILIATION—SCHILLER AND PRINCE ALBERT—THE LITERARY UNION OF GERMANY, ENGLAND, AND AMERICA.

The comprehensive literature of which the Outlines have been given, may be classified as dividing itself into three very extensive sections, of which each is represented by a voluminous library. The *first* great department, including the literature of physical science, from meteorology onwards through all the sciences, becoming more and more complex—chemistry, geology, botany, and zoology—to anthropology, may be generally described as treating of man in his relations with nature. It is in this section that were found the greatest defects in German literature, from its first to its seventh period; but it is here that the greatest progress has been made during the present century. To the *second* great department belong the libraries of biography, and of social, political, and ecclesiastical history. Here, as might be expected, controversies are abundant; but, without saying anything of the respective claims of the several parties—conservative or liberal, Catholic or Protestant—it may be affirmed that they are all ably represented in historical literature. In certain subdivisions of this department—especially in the history of culture and of the development of religious doctrines—German literature has hardly a competent rival. The *third* main division includes theology, philosophy, and poetry—all the literature belonging to the ideal or spiritual world. Here also are found controversies too important to be described within our limits, which may suffice, however, to indicate the fact that every class of opinions or tenets is ably and fully represented.

The preceding Outlines have shown how, during the *first* period, literature was the servant of the Church, and was employed by the monks at St. Gallen and at Fulda for the culture of the people. In the *second* period the language was made musical, poetry prevailed over prose, and royal and baronial halls in Austria and Suabia welcomed the knights and minstrels who cultivated poetry and music. The *third* period was the time when literature, neglected by the nobility, found shelter—strange to say!—in the club-rooms of the guilds (or trades-unions), where co-operative master-singers kept their stores of home-made verse. Prose, at that time, was better cared for by the mystics at Strassburg, and poetry, in the form of prose, might be found in the friar Berthold's sermons addressed to congregations assembled in the open field. In the *fourth* period, Luther gave his German Bible to the people, and thus laid the foundation of a national literature; but the work of building up was soon interrupted by controversy, and by the disastrous Thirty Years' War. Its miseries supply a more than sufficient excuse for the wretched literature of the *fifth* period. Then followed a time when a great improvement of style was introduced by the writings of the popular philosophers, and when LESSING appeared as the herald of a new literature. It is impossible to characterise thus briefly the literary work of the *seventh* period, or of the hundred years 1770–1870. The three chief tendencies that have ruled during this time have been the classical, in the days of Goethe and Schiller, the romantic, or mediæval, introduced by the Schlegels, and the realistic, which is prevalent in our own time.

Under the name 'Realism' may be included, not only the study of the physical sciences and the industrial arts, but also social science and national (or political) economy. It is natural that the transition from philosophy to realism should be accompanied with one-sided and exaggerated statements in favour of modern studies and tendencies. These have led to a controversy which has not always been conducted with strict decorum. KARL VOGT, as one of the boldest advocates of materialism, has made some extraordinary and offensive assertions, and, on the other side, GOTTSCHALL * has given to Vogt the title, *advocatus diaboli*. For

* *Die deutsche Nationalliteratur des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*, von RUDOLF GOTTSCHALL—one of the best of recent works in its class. It gives an account, not only of poetical literature, but also of the more

the opposition of mere 'dreamers'—Hegel, Schopenhauer, Herbart —the materialists care nothing; but their theory has been also contradicted by scientific men—Liebig, Carus, Ehrenberg, and others. One of the more noticeable of the books produced by this controversy is a 'History of Materialism,' by F. A. LANGE. The materialists have, indeed, done no good by their one-sided and negative theory, for they have been writing on abstruse metaphysics without knowing what they were doing; but their zeal and boldness in researches have given wholesome impulses to the study of physical science, and several well-written and popular books are the results. SCHLEIDEN'S book on 'The Plant and its Life,' BURMEISTER'S 'History of Creation,' 'The Four Seasons,' and another book, 'The Trees of the Forest,' by ROSSMÄSSLER, the researches of VIRCHOW in cellular pathology and and in therapeutics;—these are mentioned as a few examples of many useful and important works which we have been compelled to leave unnoticed. For an example of endeavours to make science popular, we may refer to a 'Series of Scientific Lectures,' edited by VIRCHOW and HOLTZENDORFF.

There is no natural controversy between physical science and philosophy. Both were harmonised in the mind of Aristotle. He knew, perhaps, a little of induction and of the value of experimental researches; yet he asserted (in effect) that 'the most comprehensive theory is the best.' But philosophy has had its development in Germany, and, possibly, centuries may elapse before anything important can be added to what Hegel has said. The polemic-metaphysical and the polemic-theological departments in German literature have too long been overcrowded. With all due reverence for the few powerful minds who, by their own immanent destiny, have been compelled to follow in the speculative paths traced by such thinkers as Scotus Erigena and Hegel, we have had enough, for a time, of systematic philosophy. German readers have also had an abundance—almost satiating—of æsthetic theory, and it can hardly be doubted that they have had, recently, too much controversial theology, too much of bare,

important or popular works produced in philosophy, history, politics, and the physical sciences, during the present century. GOTTSCHALL writes as a literary historian of extensive culture. The energetic expression above quoted is not a characteristic of his style, which is generally indicative of thoughtfulness and moderation.

mental analysis, and too little of the union of mind and soul in which true religion has its life. It will be no matter for regret if the above-named over-crowded paths in literature are, for a time, deserted, while men turn their attention to 'the interrogation of nature,' which Lord Bacon so strenuously recommended. It may lead them, at last, to Lord Bacon's own conclusion:—'They that deny a God, destroy man's nobility.'

Under the title 'Realism' we have included not only the physical sciences, but also national economy and social science. In this last-named department, the original and scientific work by L. Stein on 'Socialism and Communism in France' must again be named. It was almost the first earnest attempt made to take the subject out of the hands of quacks who had monopolised it, from the days when Campanella wrote of his 'Solar State,' and when Patritio, in his 'Happy City' (1553), described a model soup-kitchen as a 'Paradise Regained.' Since then we have had enough of abstract theory, treating the whole of history as if it had no reason to guide it; or proposing to make a new world out of elements that exist nowhere excepting in books. On the other side, insular and stationary men, having no sympathies beyond those of their own class in society, have treated with indifference the social problems of the present age. It is, therefore, a sign of good promise for the future, that men who, in former years, might have devoted their studies to metaphysics, or to controversial theology, are now grappling with practical questions respecting the interests of the millions and the transitional relations of capital and labour. It is, indeed, high time that these interests should be made the objects of a study as persevering as was ever devoted to theology or to philosophy. Already, national economists in Germany have discovered, as they believe, serious defects in Adam Smith's theory. They are beginning to see that a union of interests, stronger than that which selfishness and competition can maintain, will be demanded in the future; but they see also that the union required must be the result of no measures that are inconsistent with respect for personal freedom. There is no degradation in turning away, for a time, from poetry and philosophy, in order to devote attention to studies that have been too long neglected. 'It is the destiny of the mind,' says the chief advocate of conciliation, 'that it must endure the sternest opposition, that it must even grasp, overcome, and transmute into

its own life the extreme contradiction of itself.' And that extreme contradiction is this real, hard world around us here, with all its manifold obstructions, divisions, controversies, difficulties, and miseries. To make that world a fit dwelling-place for men is no problem to be solved by Dreamers and Utopians. It will demand for its solution all the energy of a true, immanent religion, and all the resources of moral and intellectual education.

No contempt of either poetry or philosophy is intended to be implied in the preceding remarks. Poetry—accepting the word in its widest meaning—has long been and still remains a friend to the national union and to the social life of the German people. Their successful 'Schiller-Festival' in 1859 might be referred to as a proof of what is here stated. Their highest characteristics are represented in the æsthetic, didactic, and imaginative writings of their poet—Schiller—and they will hardly be gainers by a sacrifice of his idealism to anything that may be called realism. But no such sacrifice can be reasonably demanded; for the controversy supposed to exist between the real and the ideal is—like some other disputations that now make a great noise in the world—mostly imaginary or wilful. It was Schiller's aim—especially in the closing years of his short life—to make poetry itself, indirectly but truly, practical, and this is one of the reasons that may justify the prominence that has been given to his name in these Outlines. It is pleasant, in our days of minute analysis and tiresome controversy, to pay homage to the memory of a great and conciliatory writer, and, at the same time, to know that our judgment may be confirmed by the sentiments of a royal author, whose memory will long serve to strengthen the union of Great Britain with Germany:—

To Schiller.

As manifold as life, the poet's art
May charm the fancy, or may cheer the heart;
May with pure wisdom blend, or may control
With glowing thoughts and words the listener's soul.

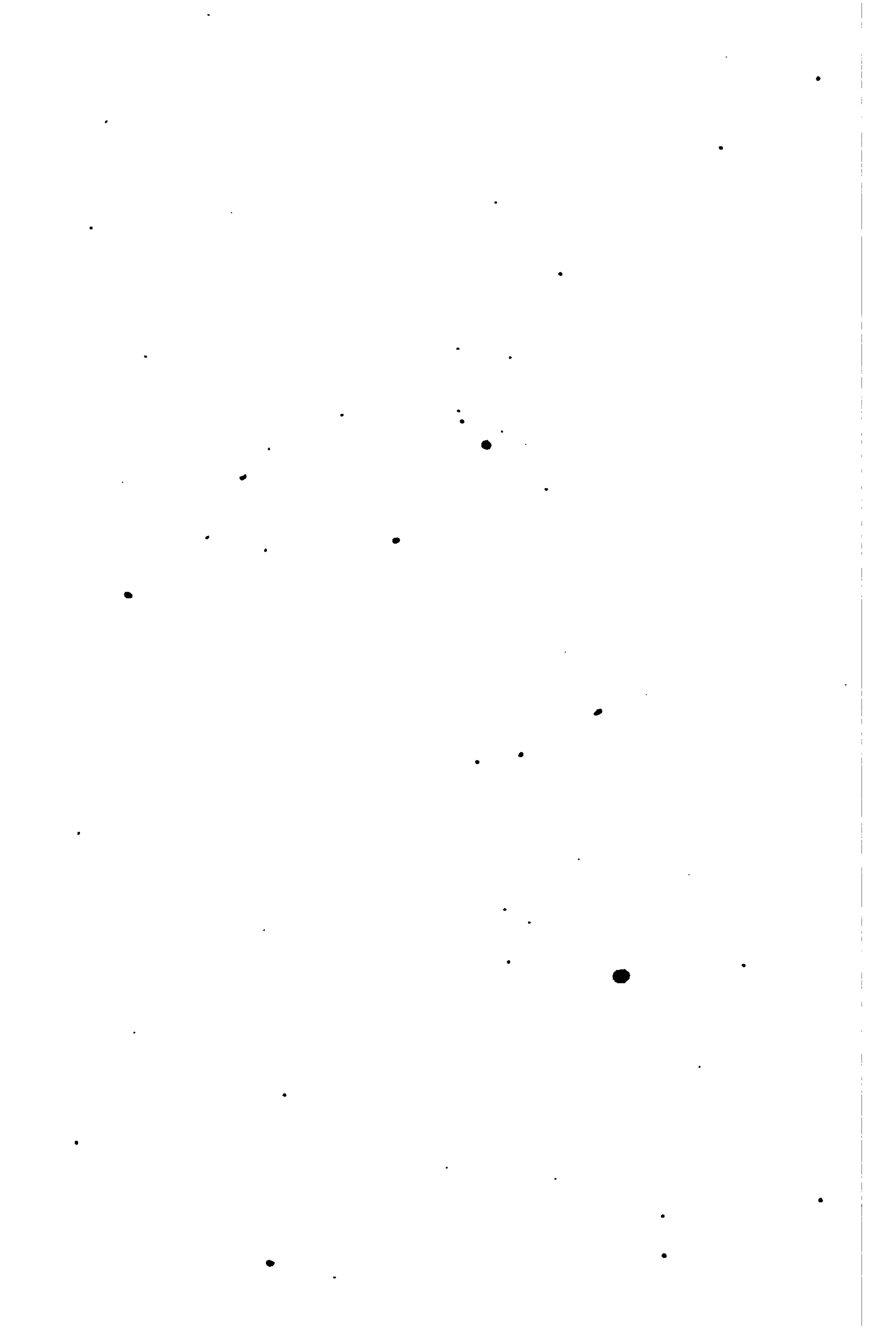
. . . . .

All powers, high Genius! were in thee combined,
To stir the soul—to educate the mind.

The elegiac German verses, of which the above is an abridged translation, were dedicated to the memory of Schiller, the Ideal

Poet, by one who will ever be remembered as the Ideal Prince—ALBERT, the late Prince Consort of England—whose name must find place in a book which, however lowly, has for its aim the promotion of a union of the English with the German nation.

While German literature has enriched itself with translations from the literatures of all peoples, ancient and modern, it has sent forth its own influence into many lands—especially to England and to America. Several years have passed away since PROF. MAX MÜLLER, in the preface to his 'German Classics,' spoke of the literatures of the Teutonic nations, German and English, as growing into one, and added:—'The two great German classics, Schiller and Goethe, have found their most successful biographers in Carlyle and Lewes, and several works of German scholarship have met with more attentive and thoughtful readers in the colleges of England than in the universities of Germany. Goethe's idea of a world-literature has, to a certain extent, been realised.' It must be understood, of course, that the learned professor tacitly included under the title English the literature of the American nation, which, during recent years, has more and more united itself with that of the German people. On the moral union of these three great nations, whose intellectual culture has already been united, depends, we believe, the future welfare of the world.



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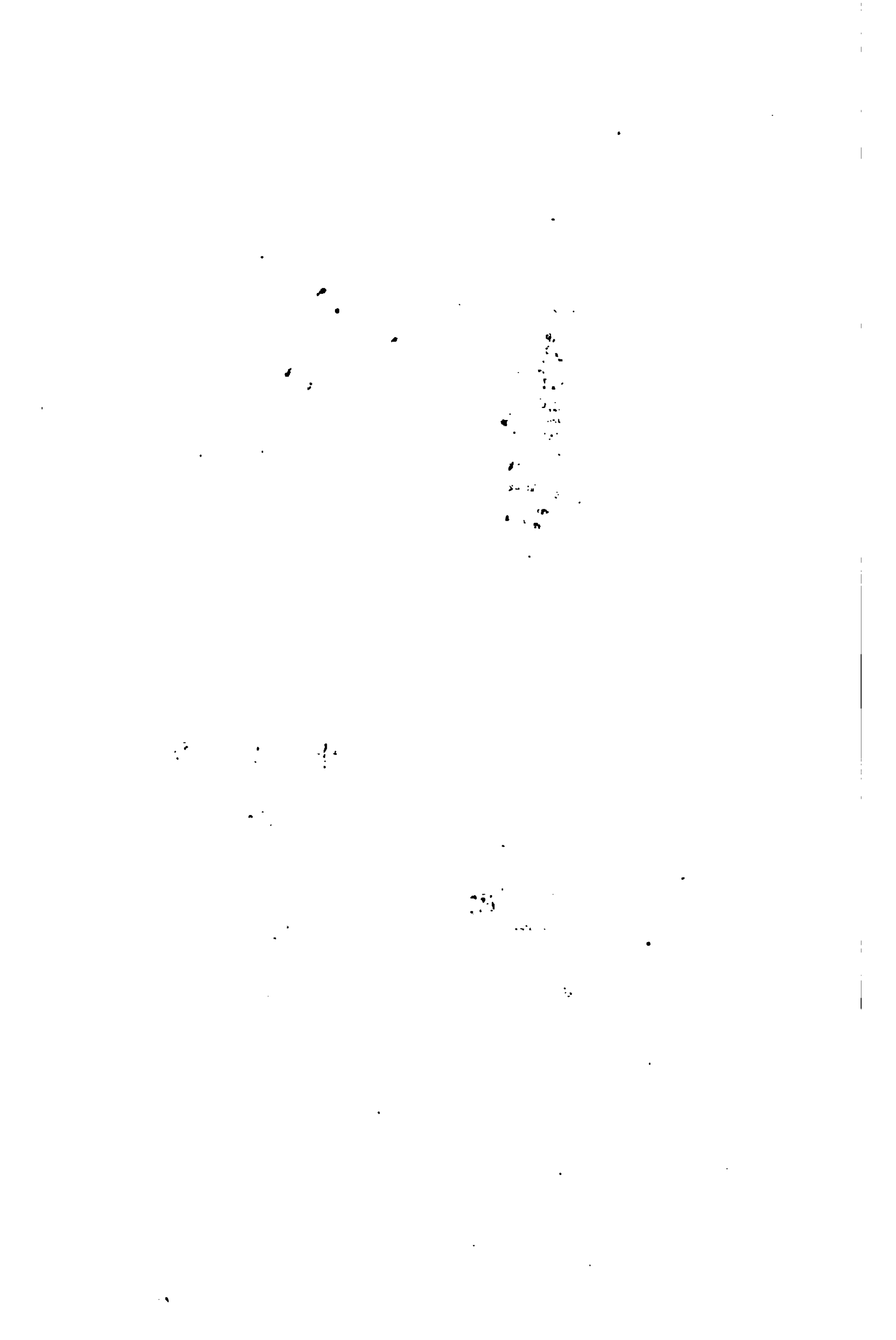

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