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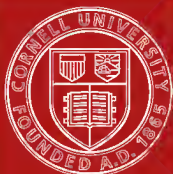
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HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.



W. H. MORSE.


GOETHE'S

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

TRANSLATED BY

ELLEN FROTHINGHAM.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.



BOSTON:

ROBERTS BROTHERS.

1874.

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PMS

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HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

CALLIOPE.

FATE AND SYMPATHY.

“**T**RULY, I never have seen the market and street so deserted!

How as if it were swept looks the town, or had perished! Not fifty

Are there, methinks, of all our inhabitants in it remaining.

What will not curiosity do! here is every one running,

Hurrying to gaze on the sad procession of pitiful exiles.

Fully a league it must be to the causeway they have to pass over,

Yet are all hurrying down in the dusty heat of the noonday.

I, in good sooth, would not stir from my place to witness the sorrows

Borne by good, fugitive people, who now, with their
rescued possessions,

Driven, alas! from beyond the Rhine, their beau-
tiful country,

Over to us are coming, and through the prosperous
corner

Roam of this our luxuriant valley, and traverse its
windings.

Well hast thou done, good wife, our son in thus
kindly despatching,

Laden with something to eat and to drink, and with
store of old linen,

'Mongst the poor folk to distribute; for giving be-
longs to the wealthy.

How the youth drives, to be sure! What control
he has over the horses!

Makes not our carriage a handsome appearance, —
the new one? With comfort,

Four could be seated within, with a place on the
box for the coachman.

This time, he drove by himself. How lightly it rolled
round the corner!"

Thus, as he sat at his ease in the porch of his house
on the market,

Unto his wife was speaking mine host of the Golden
Lion.

Thereupon answered and said the prudent, intelligent housewife :

“Father, I am not inclined to be giving away my old linen :

Since it serves many a purpose ; and cannot be purchased for money,

When we may want it. To-day, however, I gave, and with pleasure,

Many a piece that was better, indeed, in shirts and in bed-clothes ;

For I was told of the aged and children who had to go naked.

But wilt thou pardon me, father? thy wardrobe has also been plundered.

And, in especial, the wrapper that has the East-Indian flowers,

Made of the finest of chintz, and lined with delicate flannel,

Gave I away : it was thin and old, and quite out of the fashion.”

Thereupon answered and said, with a smile, the excellent landlord :

“Faith ! I am sorry to lose it, my good old calico wrapper,

Real East-Indian stuff : I never shall get such another.

Well, I had given up wearing it: nowadays, custom compels us
Always to go in surtout, and never appear but in
jacket;
Always to have on our boots; forbidden are night-
cap and slippers."

"See!" interrupted the wife; "even now some
are yonder returning,
Who have beheld the procession: it must, then, already be over.
Look at the dust on their shoes! and see how their
faces are glowing!
Every one carries his kerchief, and with it is wiping
the sweat off.
Not for a sight like that would I run so far and so
suffer,
Through such a heat; in sooth, enough shall I
have in the telling."

Thereupon answered and said, with emphasis,
thus, the good father:
"Rarely does weather like this attend such a harvest
as this is.
We shall be bringing our grain in dry, as the hay
was before it.

.

Not the least cloud to be seen, so perfectly clear is
the heaven ;
And, with delicious coolness, the wind blows in
from the eastward.
That is the weather to last ! over-ripe are the corn-
fields already ;
We shall begin on the morrow to gather our copious
harvest."

Constantly, while he thus spoke, the crowds of
men and of women
Grew, who their homeward way were over the
market-place wending ;
And, with the rest, there also returned, his daugh-
ters beside him,
Back to his modernized house on the opposite side of
the market,
Foremost, merchant of all the town, their opulent
neighbor,
Rapidly driving his open barouche, — it was builded
in Landau.
Lively now grew the streets, for the city was hand-
somerly peopled.
Many a trade was therein carried on, and large
manufactures.

Under their doorway thus the affectionate couple
were sitting,
Pleasing themselves with many remarks on the
wandering people,
Finally broke in, however, the worthy housewife,
exclaiming :
"Yonder our pastor, see ! is hitherward coming,
and with him
Comes our neighbor the doctor, so they shall every
thing tell us ;
All they have witnessed abroad, and which 'tis a
sorrow to look on."

Cordially then the two men drew nigh, and sa-
luted the couple ;
Sat themselves down on the benches of wood that
were placed in the doorway,
Shaking the dust from their feet, and fanning them-
selves with their kerchiefs.
Then was the doctor, as soon as exchanged were
the mutual greetings,
First to begin, and said, almost in a tone of vexation :
"Such is mankind, forsooth ! and one man is just
like another,
Liking to gape and to stare when ill-luck has be-
fallen his neighbor.

Every one hurries to look at the flames, as they
soar in destruction ;
Runs to behold the poor culprit, to execution con-
ducted :
Now all are sallying forth to gaze on the need of
these exiles,
Nor is there one who considers that he, by a similar
fortune,
May, in the future, if not indeed next, be likewise
o'ertaken.
Levity not to be pardoned, I deem ; yet it lies in
man's nature."

Thereupon answered and said the noble, intelli-
gent pastor ;
Ornament he of the town, still young, in the prime
of his manhood.
He was acquainted with life, — with the needs of
his hearers acquainted ;
Deeply imbued he was with the Holy Scriptures'
importance,
As they reveal man's destiny to us, and man's dis-
position ;
Thoroughly versed, besides, in best of secular writ-
ings.
"I should be loath," he replied, "to censure an
innocent instinct.

Which to mankind by good mother Nature has
always been given.

What understanding and reason may sometimes fail
to accomplish,

Oft will such fortunate impulse, that bears us resist-
lessly with it.

Did curiosity draw not man with its potent attrac-
tion,

Say, would he ever have learned how harmoniously
fitted together

Worldly experiences are? For first what is novel
he covets;

Then with unwearying industry follows he after the
useful;

Finally longs for the good by which he is raised and
ennobled.

While he is young, such lightness of mind is a
joyous companion,

Traces of pain-giving evil effacing as soon as 'tis
over.

He is indeed to be praised, who, out of this glad-
ness of temper,

Has in his ripening years a sound understanding
developed;

Who, in good fortune or ill, with zeal and activity
labors:

Such an one bringeth to pass what is good, and
repaireth the evil."

Then broke familiarly in the housewife impatient,
exclaiming :

"Tell us of what ye have seen ; for that I am long-
ing to hear of !"

"Hardly," with emphasis then the village doctor
made answer,

"Can I find spirits so soon, after all the scenes I
have witnessed.

Oh, the manifold miseries ! who shall be able to tell
them ?

E'en before crossing the meadows, and while we
were yet at a distance,

Saw we the dust ; but still from hill to hill the pro-
cession

Passed away out of our sight, and we could distin-
guish but little.

But when at last we were come to the street that
crosses the valley,

Great was the crowd and confusion of persons on
foot and of wagons.

There, alas ! saw we enough of these poor unfortu-
nates passing,

And could from some of them learn how bitter the
sorrowful flight was,
Yet how joyful the feeling of life thus hastily res-
cued.
Mournful it was to behold the most miscellaneous
chattels, —
All those things which are housed in every well-
furnished dwelling,
All by the house-keeper's care set up in their suit-
able places,
Always ready for use ; for useful is each and im-
portant, —
Now these things to behold, piled up on all man-
ner of wagons,
One on the top of another, as hurriedly they had
been rescued.
Over the chest of drawers were the sieve and wool
coverlet lying ;
Thrown in the kneading-trough lay the bed, and
the sheets on the mirror.
Danger, alas ! as we learned ourselves in our great
conflagration
Twenty years since, will take from a man all power
of reflection,
So that he grasps things worthless and leaves what
is precious behind him.

Here, too, with unconsidering care they were carry-
ing with them
Pitiful trash, that only encumbered the horses and
oxen ;
Such as old barrels and boards, the pen for the
goose, and the bird-cage.
Women and children, too, went toiling along with
their bundles,
Panting 'neath baskets and tubs, full of things of no
manner of value :
So unwilling is man to relinquish his meanest pos-
session.
Thus on the dusty road the crowded procession
moved forward,
All confused and disordered. The one whose
beasts were the weaker,
Wanted more slowly to drive, while faster would
hurry another.
Presently went up a scream from the closely
squeezed women and children,
And with the yelping of dogs was mingled the
lowing of cattle,
Cries of distress from the aged and sick, who aloft
on the wagon,
Heavy and thus overpacked, upon beds were sitting
and swaying.

Pressed at last from the rut and out to the edge of
the highway,
Slipped the creaking wheel; the cart lost its bal-
ance, and over
Fell in the ditch. In the swing the people were
flung to a distance,
Far off into the field, with horrible screams; by
good fortune
Later the boxes were thrown and fell more near to
the wagon.
Verily all who had witnessed the fall, expected to
see them
Crushed into pieces beneath the weight of trunks
and of presses.
So lay the cart all broken to fragments, and help-
less the people.
Keeping their onward way, the others drove hastily
by them,
Each thinking only of self, and carried away by the
current.
Then we ran to the spot, and found the sick and
the aged,—
Those who at home and in bed could before their
lingering ailments
Scarcely endure,—lying bruised on the ground,
complaining and groaning,

Choked by the billowing dust and scorched by the heat of the noonday."

Thereupon answered and said the kind-hearted landlord, with feeling :

"Would that our Hermann might meet them and give them refreshment and clothing !

Loath should I be to behold them : the looking on suffering pains me.

Touched by the earliest tidings of their so cruel afflictions,

Hastily sent we a mite from out of our superabundance,

Only that some might be strengthened, and we might ourselves be made easy.

But let us now no longer renew these sorrowful pictures ;

Knowing how readily fear steals into the heart of us mortals,

And anxiety, worse to me than the actual evil.

Come with me into the room behind, our cool little parlor,

Where no sunbeam e'er shines, and no sultry breath ever enters

Through its thickness of wall. There mother will bring us a flagon

Of our old eighty-three, with which we may banish
our fancies.

Here 'tis not cosey to drink: the flies so buzz round
the glasses."

Thither adjourned they then, and all rejoiced in
the coolness.

Carefully brought forth the mother the clear and
glorious vintage,

Cased in a well-polished flask, on a waiter of glit-
tering pewter,

Set round with large green glasses, the drinking
cups meet for the Rhine wine.

So sat the three together about the highly waxed
table,

Gleaming and round and brown, that on mighty
feet was supported.

Joyously rang at once the glasses of landlord and
pastor,

But his motionless held the third, and sat lost in
reflection,

Until with words of good-humor the landlord chal-
lenged him, saying, —

"Come, sir neighbor, empty your glass, for God
in his mercy

Thus far has kept us from evil, and so in the future
will keep us.
For who acknowledges not, that since our dread
conflagration,
When he so hardly chastised us, he now is contin-
ually blessing,
Constantly shielding, as man the apple of his eye
watches over,
Holding it precious and dear above all the rest of
his members?
Shall he in time to come not defend us and furnish
us succor?
Only when danger is nigh do we see how great is
his power.
Shall he this blooming town which he once by in-
dustrious burghers
Built up afresh from its ashes, and afterwards
blessed with abundance,
Now demolish again, and bring all the labor to
nothing?"

Cheerfully said in reply the excellent pastor, and
kindly :

"Keep thyself firm in the faith, and firm abide in
this temper ;
For it makes steadfast and wise when fortune is fair,
and when evil,

Furnishes sweet consolation and animates hopes
the sublimest."

Then made answer the landlord, with thoughts
judicious and manly :
"Often the Rhine's broad stream have I with aston-
ishment greeted,
As I have neared it again, after travelling abroad
upon business.
Always majestic it seemed, and my mind and spirit
exalted.
But I could never imagine its beautiful banks would
so shortly
Be to a rampart transformed, to keep from our bor-
ders the Frenchman,
And its wide-spreading bed be a moat all passage
to hinder.
See! thus nature protects, the stout-hearted Ger-
mans protect us,
And thus protects us the Lord: who then will be
weakly despondent?
Weary already the combatants, all indications are
peaceful.
Would it might be that when that festival, ardently
longed for,
Shall in our church be observed, when the sacred
Te Deum is rising,

Swelled by the pealing of organ and bells, and the
blaring of trumpets, —
Would it might be that that day should behold my
Hermann, sir pastor,
Standing, his choice now made, with his bride be-
fore thee at the altar,
Making that festal day, that through every land
shall be honored,
My anniversary, too, henceforth of domestic rejoicing!
But I observe with regret, that the youth so efficient
and active
Ever in household affairs, when abroad is timid and
backward.
Little enjoyment he finds in going about among
others ;
Nay, he will even avoid young ladies' society
wholly ;
Shuns the enlivening dance which all young persons
delight in."

Thus he spoke and listened ; for now was heard in
the distance
Clattering of horses' hoofs drawing near, and the
roll of the wagon,
Which, with furious haste, came thundering under
the gateway.

TERPSICHORE.



HERMANN.

NOW when of comely mien the son came into
the chamber,

Turned with a searching look the eyes of the preach-
er upon him,

And, with the gaze of the student, who easily fath-
oms expression,

Scrutinized well his face and form and his general
bearing.

Then with a smile he spoke, and said in words of
affection :

“Truly a different being thou comest ! I never have
seen thee

Cheerful as now, nor ever beheld I thy glances so
beaming.

Joyous thou comest, and happy : 'tis plain that
among the poor people

Thou hast been sharing thy gifts, and receiving
their blessings upon thee."

Quietly, then, and with serious words, the son
made him answer:

"If I have acted as ye will commend, I know not;
but I followed

That which my heart bade me do, as I shall exactly
relate you.

Thou wert, mother, so long in rummaging 'mong
thy old pieces,

Picking and choosing, that not until late was thy
bundle together;

Then too the wine and the beer took care and time
in the packing.

When I came forth through the gateway at last,
and out on the high-road,

Backward the crowd of citizens streamed with
women and children,

Coming to meet me; for far was already the band
of the exiles.

Quicker I kept on my way, and drove with speed
to the village,

Where they were meaning to rest, as I heard, and
• tarry till morning.

Thitherward up the new street as I hasted, a stout-
timbered wagon,

Drawn by two oxen, I saw, of that region the largest and strongest ;

While, with vigorous steps, a maiden was walking beside them,

And, a long staff in her hand, the two powerful creatures was guiding,

Urging them now, now holding them back ; with skill did she drive them.

Soon as the maiden perceived me, she calmly drew near to the horses,

And in these words she addressed me : 'Not thus deplorable always

Has our condition been, as to-day on this journey thou seest.

I am not yet grown used to asking gifts of a stranger,

Which he will often unwillingly give, to be rid of the beggar.

But necessity drives me to speak ; for here, on the straw, lies

Newly delivered of child, a rich land-owner's wife, whom I scarcely

Have, in her pregnancy, safe brought off, with the oxen and wagon.

Naked, now in her arms the new-born infant is lying,

And but little the help our friends will be able to
furnish,
If in the neighboring village, indeed, where to-day
we would rest us,
Still we shall find them; though much do I fear
they already have passed it.
Shouldst thou have linen to spare of any descrip-
tion, provided
Thou of this neighborhood art, to the poor in charity
give it.'

"Thus she spoke, and the pale-faced mother raised
herself feebly
Up from the straw, and towards me looked. Then
said I in answer:
'Surely unto the good, a spirit from heaven oft
speaketh,
Making them feel the distress that threatens a suf-
fering brother.
For thou must know that my mother, already pre-
saging thy sorrows,
Gave me a bundle to use it straightway for the need
of the naked.'
Then I untied the knots of the string, and the
wrapper of father's
Unto her gave, and gave her as well the shirts and
the linen.

And she thanked me with joy, and cried: 'The
happy believe not
Miracles yet can be wrought; for only in need we
acknowledge
God's own hand and finger, that leads the good to
show goodness.

What unto us he has done through thee, may he do
to thee also !'

And I beheld with what pleasure the sick woman
handled the linens,
But with especial delight the dressing-gown's deli-
cate flannel.

'Let us make haste,' the maid to her said, 'and
come to the village,
Where our people will halt for the night and already
are resting.

There these clothes for the children I, one and all,
straightway will portion.'

Then she saluted again, her thanks most warmly
expressing,

Started the oxen; the wagon went on; but there I
still lingered,

Still held the horses in check; for now my heart
was divided

Whether to drive with speed to the village, and
there the provisions

Share 'mong the rest of the people, or whether I
here to the maiden

All should deliver at once, for her discreetly to por-
tion.

And in an instant my heart had decided, and quietly
driving

After the maiden, I soon overtook her, and said to
her quickly :

'Hearken, good maiden ;—my mother packed up
not linen-stuffs only

Into the carriage, that I should have clothes to fur-
nish the naked ;

Wine and beer she added besides, and supply of
provisions :

Plenty of all these things I have in the box of the
carriage.

But I now feel myself moved to deliver these offer-
ings also

Into thy hand ; for so shall I best fulfil my commis-
sion.

Thou wilt divide them with judgment, while I must
by chance be directed.'

Thereupon answered the maiden : 'I will with faith-
fulness portion

These thy gifts, that all shall bring comfort to those
who are needy.'

Thus she spoke, and quickly the box of the carriage
I opened,
Brought forth thence the substantial hams, and
brought out the breadstuffs,
Bottles of wine and beer, and one and all gave to
the maiden.
Willingly would I have given her more, but the
carriage was empty.
All she packed at the sick woman's feet, and went
on her journey.
I, with my horses and carriage, drove rapidly back
to the city."

Instantly now, when Hermann had ceased, the
talkative neighbor
Took up the word, and cried: "Oh happy, in days
like the present,
Days of flight and confusion, who lives by himself
in his dwelling,
Having no wife nor child to be clinging about him
in terror!
Happy I feel myself now, and would not for much
be called father;
Would not have wife and children to-day, for whom
to be anxious.
Oft have I thought of this flight before; and have
packed up together

All my best things already, the chains and old
pieces of money
That were my sainted mother's, of which not one
has been sold yet.
Much would be left behind, it is true, not easily
gotten.
Even the roots and the herbs, that were with such
industry gathered,
I should be sorry to lose, though the worth of the
goods is but trifling.
If my purveyor remained, I could go from my
dwelling contented.
When my cash I have brought away safe, and have
rescued my person,
All is safe: none find it so easy to fly as the
single."

"Neighbor," unto his words young Hermann with
emphasis answered:

"I can in no wise agree with thee here, and censure
thy language.
Is he indeed a man to be prized, who, in good and
in evil,
Takes no thought but for self, and gladness and
sorrow with others
Knows not how to divide, nor feels his heart so im-
pel him?"

Rather than ever to-day would I make up my mind
to be married :
Many a worthy maiden is needing a husband's protection,
And the man needs an inspiriting wife when ill is
impending."

Thereupon smiling the father replied: "Thus
love I to hear thee!
That is a sensible word such as rarely I've known
thee to utter."

Straightway, however, the mother broke in with
quickness, exclaiming :
"Son, to be sure, thou art right! we parents have
set the example ;
Seeing that not in our season of joy did we choose
one another ;
Rather the saddest of hours it was that bound us
together.
Monday morning — I mind it well ; for the day that
preceded
Came that terrible fire by which our city was rav-
aged —
Twenty years will have gone. The day was a
Sunday as this is ;

Hot and dry was the season ; the water was almost exhausted.

All the people were strolling abroad in their holiday dresses,

'Mong the villages partly, and part in the mills and the taverns.

And at the end of the city the flames began, and went coursing

Quickly along the streets, creating a draught in their passage.

Burned were the barns where the copious harvest already was garnered ;

Burned were the streets as far as the market ; the house of my father,

Neighbor to this, was destroyed, and this one also fell with it

Little we managed to save. I sat, that sorrowful night through,

Outside the town on the common, to guard the beds and the boxes.

Sleep overtook me at last, and when I again was awakened,

Feeling the chill of the morning that always descends before sunrise,

There were the smoke and the glare, and the walls and chimneys in ruins.

Then fell a weight on my heart ; but more majestic
than ever

Came up the sun again, inspiring my bosom with
courage.

Then I rose hastily up, with a yearning the place
to revisit

Whereon our dwelling had stood, and to see if the
hens had been rescued,

Which I especially loved ; for I still was a child in
my feelings.

Thus as I over the still-smoking timbers of house
and of court-yard

Picked my way, and beheld the dwelling so ruined
and wasted,

Thou camest up to examine the place, from the
other direction.

Under the ruins thy horse in his stall had been
buried ; the rubbish

Lay on the spot and the glimmering beams ; of the
horse we saw nothing.

Thoughtful and grieving we stood there thus, each
facing the other,

Now that the wall was fallen that once had divided
our court-yards.

Thereupon thou by the hand didst take me, and
speak to me, saying, —

'Lisa, how camest thou hither? Go back! thy soles must be burning;
Hot the rubbish is here: it scorches my boots which are stronger.'
And thou didst lift me up, and carry me out through thy court-yard.
There was the door of the house left standing yet with its archway,
Just as 'tis standing now, the one thing only remaining.
Then thou didst set me down and kiss me; to that I objected;
But thou didst answer and say with kindly significant language:
'See! my house lies in ruins: remain here and help me rebuild it;
So shall my help in return be given to building thy father's.'
Yet did I not comprehend thee until thou sentest thy mother
Unto my father, and quick were the happy espousals accomplished.
E'en to this day I remember with joy those half-consumed timbers,
And I can see once more the sun coming up in such splendor;

For 'twas the day that gave me my husband ; and,
ere the first season
Passed of that wild desolation, a son to my youth
had been given.
Therefore I praise thee, Hermann, that thou, with
an honest assurance,
Shouldst, in these sorrowful days, be thinking thy-
self of a maiden,
And amid ruins and war shouldst thus have the
courage to woo her."

Straightway, then, and with warmth, the father
replied to her, saying :

"Worthy of praise is the feeling, and truthful also
the story,
Mother, that thou hast related ; for so indeed every-
thing happened.
Better, however, is better. It is not the business of
all men
Thus their life and estate to begin from the very
foundation :
Every one needs not to worry himself as we and
the rest did.
Oh, how happy is he whose father and mother
shall give him,
Furnished and ready, a house which he can adorn
with his increase.

Every beginning is hard ; but most the beginning a household.

Many are human wants, and every thing daily grows dearer,

So that a man must consider the means of increasing his earnings.

This I hope therefore of thee, my Hermann, that into our dwelling

Thou wilt be bringing ere long a bride who is handsomely dowered ;

For it is meet that a gallant young man have an opulent maiden.

Great is the comfort of home whene'er, with the woman elected,

Enter the useful presents, besides, in box and in basket.

Not for this many a year in vain has the mother been busy

Making her daughter's linens of strong and delicate texture ;

God-parents have not in vain been giving their vessels of silver,

And the father laid by in his desk the rare pieces of money ;

For there a day will come when she, with her gifts and possessions,

Shall that youth rejoice who has chosen her out of
all others.

Well do I know how good in a house is a woman's
position,

Who her own furniture round her knows, in kitchen
and chamber ;

Who herself the bed and herself the table has cov-
ered.

Only a well-dowered bride should I like to receive
to my dwelling.

She who is poor is sure, in the end, to be scorned
by her husband ;

And will as servant be held, who as servant came
in with her bundle..

Men will remain unjust when the season of love
is gone over.

Yes, my Hermann, thy father's old age thou greatly
canst gladden,

If thou a daughter-in-law wilt speedily bring to my
dwelling,

Out of the neighborhood here, — from the house
over yonder, the green one.

Rich is the man, I can tell thee. His manufactures
and traffic

Daily are making him richer ; for whence draws
the merchant not profit?

Three daughters only he has, to divide his fortune
among them.

True that the eldest already is taken ; but there is
the second

Still to be had, as well as the third ; and not long
so, it may be.

I would never have lingered till now, had I been in
thy place ;

But had fetched one of the maidens, as once I bore
off thy dear mother."

Modestly then did the son to the urgent father
make answer :

"Truly 'twas my wish too, as well as thine own, to
have chosen

One of our neighbor's daughters, for we had been
brought up together ;

Played, in the early days, about the market-place
fountain ;

And, from the other boys' rudeness, I often have
been their defender.

That, though, is long since past : the girls, as they
grew to be older,

Properly stayed in the house, and shunned the more
boisterous pastimes.

Well brought up are they, surely ! I used some-
times to go over,

Partly to gratify thee, and because of our former acquaintance :

But no pleasure I ever could take in being among them ;

For I was always obliged to endure their censures upon me.

Quite too long was my coat, the cloth too coarse, and the color

Quite too common ; my hair was not cropped, as it should be, and frizzled.

I was resolved, at last, that I, also, would dress myself finely,

Just as those office-boys do who always are seen there on Sundays,

Wearing in summer their half-silken flaps, that dangle about them ;

But I discovered, betimes, they made ever a laughing-stock of me.

And I was vexed when I saw it, — it wounded my pride ; but more deeply

Felt I aggrieved that they the good-will should so far misinterpret

That in my heart I bore them, — especially Minna the youngest.

It was on Easter-day that last I went over to see them ;

Wearing my best new coat, that is now hanging up
in the closet,

And having frizzled my hair, like that of the other
young fellows.

Soon as I entered, they tittered ; but that not at me,
as I fancied.

Minna before the piano was seated ; the father was
present,

Hearing his daughters sing, and full of delight and
good-humor.

Much I could not understand of all that was said
in the singing ;

But of Pamina I often heard, and oft of Tamino :

And I, besides, could not stay there dumb ; so, as
soon as she ended,

Something about the words I asked, and about the
two persons.

Thereupon all were silent and smiled ; but the fa-
ther made answer :

'Thou knowest no one, my friend, I believe, but
Adam and Eva?'

No one restrained himself longer, but loud laughed
out then the maidens,

Loud laughed out the boys, the old man held his
sides for his laughing.

I, in embarrassment, dropped my hat, and the gig-
gling continued,

On and on and on, for all they kept playing and singing.

Back to the house here I hurried, o'ercome with shame and vexation,

Hung up my coat in the closet, and pulled out the curls with my fingers,

Swearing that never again my foot should cross over that threshold.

And I was perfectly right; for vain are the maidens, and heartless.

E'en to this day, as I hear, I am called by them ever 'Tamino.'"

Thereupon answered the mother, and said:

"Thou shouldest not, Hermann,

Be so long vexed with the children: indeed, they are all of them children.

Minna, believe me, is good, and was always disposed to thee kindly.

'Twas not long since she was asking about thee. Let her be thy chosen!"

Thoughtfully answered the son: "I know not.

That mortification

Stamped itself in me so deeply, I never could bear to behold her

Seated before the piano or listen again to her singing."

Forth broke the father then, and in words of
anger made answer :

“Little of joy will my life have in thee ! I said it
would be so

When I perceived that thy pleasure was solely in
horses and farming :

Work which a servant, indeed, performs for an
opulent master,

That thou doest ; the father meanwhile must his
son be deprived of,

Who should appear as his pride, in the sight of the
rest of the townsmen.

Early with empty hopes thy mother was wont to
deceive me,

When in the school thy studies, thy reading and
writing, would never

As with the others succeed, but thy seat would be
always the lowest.

That comes about, forsooth, when a youth has no
feeling of honor

Dwelling within his breast, nor the wish to raise
himself higher.

Had but my father so cared for me as thou hast
been cared for ;

If he had sent me to school, and provided me thus
with instructors,

I should be other, I trow, than host of the Golden
Lion!"

Then the son rose from his seat and noiselessly
moved to the doorway,
Slowly, and speaking no word. The father, how-
ever, in passion
After him called, "Yes, go, thou obstinate fellow!
I know thee!
Go and look after the business henceforth, that I
have not to chide thee;
But do thou nowise imagine that ever a peasant-
born maiden
Thou for a daughter-in-law shalt bring into my
dwelling, the hussy!
Long have I lived in the world, and know how
mankind should be dealt with;
Know how to entertain ladies and gentlemen so
that contented
They shall depart from my house, and strangers
agreeably can flatter.
Yet I'm resolved that some day I one will have for
a daughter,
Who shall requite me in kind and sweeten my
manifold labors;
Who the piano shall play to me, too; so that here
shall with pleasure

All the handsomest people in town and the finest
assemble,
As they on Sundays do now in the house of our
neighbor." Here Hermann
Softly pressed on the latch, and so went out from
the chamber.

THALIA.



THE CITIZEN.

THUS did the modest son slip away from the
angry upbraiding ;

But in the tone he had taken at first, the father
continued :

“That comes not out of a man which he has not
in him ; and hardly

Shall the joy ever be mine of seeing my dearest
wish granted :

That my son may not as his father be, but a better.

What would become of the house, and what of the
city, if each one

Were not with pleasure and always intent on main-
taining, renewing,

Yea, and improving, too, as time and the foreigner
teach us !

Man is not meant, forsooth, to grow from the
ground like a mushroom,

Quickly to perish away on the spot of ground that
begot him,
Leaving no trace behind of himself and his animate
action !
As by the house we straightway can tell the mind
of the master,
So, when we walk through a city, we judge of the
persons who rule it.
For where the towers and walls are falling to ruin ;
where offal
Lies in heaps in the gutters, and alleys with offal
are littered ;
Where, from its place has started the stone, and no
one resets it ;
Where the timbers are rotting away, and the house
is awaiting
Vainly its new supports, — that place we may know
is ill governed.
Since if not from above work order and cleanliness
downward,
Easily grows the citizen used to untidy postpone-
ment ;
Just as the beggar grows likewise used to his
ragged apparel.
Therefore I wished that our Hermann might early
set out on some travels ;

That he at least might behold the cities of Stras-
burg and Frankfort,
Friendly Mannheim, too, that is cheerful and evenly
built.

He that has once beheld cities so cleanly and large,
never after

Ceases his own native city, though small it may be,
to embellish.

Do not the strangers who come here commend the
repairs in our gateway,

Notice our whitewashed tower, and the church we
have newly rebuilt?

Are not all praising our pavement? the covered
canals full of water,

Laid with a wise distribution, which furnish us
profit and safety,

So that no sooner does fire break out than 'tis
promptly arrested?

Has not all this come to pass since the time of our
great conflagration?

Builder I six times was named by the council, and
won the approval,

Won moreover the heartfelt thanks of all the good
burghers,

Actively carrying out what I planned, and also
fulfilling

What had by upright men been designed, and left
uncompleted.

Finally grew the same zeal in every one of the
council ;

All now labor together, and firmly decided already
Stands it to build the new causeway that shall with
the highroad connect us.

But I am sorely afraid that will not be the way with
our children.

Some think only of pleasure and perishable apparel ;
Others will cower at home, and behind the stove
will sit brooding.

One of this kind, as I fear, we shall find to the
last in our Hermann."

Straightway answered and said the good and
intelligent mother :

"Why wilt thou always, father, be doing our son
such injustice?

That least of all is the way to bring thy wish to
fulfilment.

We have no power to fashion our children as suiteth
our fancy ;

As they are given by God, we so must have them
and love them ;

Teach them as best we can, and let each of them
follow his nature.

One will have talents of one sort, and different talents another.

Every one uses his own; in his own individual fashion,

Each must be happy and good. I will not have my Hermann found fault with;

For he is worthy, I know, of the goods he shall one day inherit;

Will be an excellent landlord, a pattern to burghers and builders;

Neither in council, as I can foresee, will he be the most backward.

But thou keepest shut up in his breast all the poor fellow's spirit,

Finding such fault with him daily, and censuring as thou but now hast."

And on the instant she quitted the room, and after him hurried,

Hoping she somewhere might find him, and might with her words of affection

Cheer him again, her excellent son, for well he deserved it.

Thereupon when she was gone, the father thus smiling continued:

"What a strange folk, to be sure, are these women; and just like the children;

Both of them bent upon living according as suiteth
their pleasure,
While we others must never do aught but flatter
and praise them.
Once for all time holds good the ancients' trust-
worthy proverb :
'Whoever goes not forward comes backward.' So
must it be always."

Thereupon answered and said, in a tone of reflec-
tion, the doctor :

"That, sir neighbor, I willingly grant; for myself
I am always
Casting about for improvement, — things new, so
they be not too costly.
But what profits a man, who has not abundance of
money,
Being thus active and stirring, and bettering inside
and outside?
Only too much is the citizen cramped: the good,
though he know it,
Has he no means to acquire because too slender his
purse is,
While his needs are too great; and thus is he con-
stantly hampered.
Many the things I had done; but then the cost of
such changes

Who does not fear, especially now in this season of
danger?

Long since my house was smiling upon me in mo-
dish apparel!

Long since great panes of glass were gleaming in
all of the windows!

But who can do as the merchant does, who, with
his resources,

Knows the methods as well by which the best is
arrived at?

Look at that house over yonder, — the new one;
behold with what splendor

'Gainst the back-ground of green stand out the white
spirals of stucco!

Great are the panes in the windows; and how the
glass sparkles and glitters;

Casting quite into the shade the rest of the market-
place houses!

Yet just after the fire were our two houses the fin-
est,

This of the Golden Lion, and mine of the sign of
the Angel.

So was my garden, too, throughout the whole
neighborhood famous:

Every traveller stopped and gazed through the red
palisadoes,

Caught by the beggars there carved in stone and the
dwarfs of bright colors.
Then whosoever had coffee served in the beautiful
grotto, —
Standing there now all covered with dust and partly
in ruins, —
Used to be mightily pleased with the glimmering
light of the mussels
Spread out in beautiful order; and even the eye of
the critic
Used by the sight of my corals and potter's ore
to be dazzled.
So in my parlor, too, they would always admire
the painting,
Where in a garden are gaily dressed ladies and
gentlemen walking,
And with their taper fingers are plucking and hold-
ing the flowers.
But who would look at it now! In sooth, so great
my vexation
Scarcely I venture abroad. All now must be other
and tasteful,
So they call it; and white are the laths and benches
of wood-work;
Every thing simple and smooth; no carving longer
or gilding

Can be endured, and the woods from abroad are of
all the most costly.

Well, I too should be glad could I get for myself
something novel ;

Glad to keep up with the times, and be changing
my furniture often ;

Yet must we all be afraid of touching the veriest
trifle.

For who among us has means for paying the work-
people's wages?

Lately I had an idea of giving the Archangel
Michael,

Making the sign of my shop, another fresh coating
of gilding,

And to the terrible dragon about his feet that is
winding ;

But I e'en let him stay browned as he is : I dreaded
the charges."

E U T E R P E.



M O T H E R A N D S O N.

THUS entertaining themselves, the men sat talking. The mother
Went meanwhile to look for her son in front of the dwelling,
First on the settle of stone, whereon 'twas his wont to be seated.
When she perceived him not there, she went farther to look in the stable,
If he were caring perhaps for his noble horses, the stallions,
Which he as colts had bought, and whose care he intrusted to no one.
And by the servant she there was told: He is gone to the garden.
Then with a nimble step she traversed the long, double court-yards,

Leaving the stables behind, and the well-built
barns, too, behind her ;
Entered the garden, that far as the walls of the city
extended ;
Walked through its length, rejoiced as she went in
every thing growing ;
Set upright the supports on which were resting the
branches
Heavily laden with apples, and burdening boughs
of the pear-tree.
Next some caterpillars removed from a stout, swell-
ing cabbage ;
For an industrious woman allows no step to be
wasted.
Thus was she come at last to the end of the far-
reaching garden,
Where stood the arbor embowered in woodbine ;
nor there did she find him,
More than she had hitherto in all her search
through the garden.
But the wicket was standing ajar, which out of the
arbor,
Once by particular favor, had been through the
walls of the city
Cut by a grandsire of hers, the worshipful burgo-
master.

So the now dried-up moat she next crossed over
with comfort,
Where, by the side of the road, direct the well-
fenced vineyard,
Rose with a steep ascent, its slope exposed to the
sunshine.
Up this also she went, and with pleasure as she
was ascending
Marked the wealth of the clusters, that scarce by
their leafage were hidden.
Shady and covered the way through the lofty mid-
dlemost alley,
Which upon steps that were made of unhewn
blocks you ascended.
There were the Muscatel, and there were the Chas-
selas hanging
Side by side, of unusual size and colored with
purple,
All set out with the purpose of decking the visitor's
table ;
While with single vine-stocks the rest of the hill-
side was covered,
Bearing inferior clusters, from which the delicate
wine comes.
Thus up the slope she went, enjoying already the
vintage,

And that festive day on which the whole country,
rejoicing,
Picks and tramples the grapes, and gathers the
must into vessels ;
Fireworks, when it is evening, from every direction
and corner
Crackle and blaze, and so the fairest of harvests is
honored.
But more uneasy she went, her son after twice or
thrice calling,
And no answer receiving, except from the talkative
echo,
That with many repeats rang back from the towers
of the city.
Strange it was for her to seek him : he never had
gone to a distance
That he told her not first, to spare his affectionate
mother
Every anxious thought, and fear that aught ill had
befallen.
Still did she constantly hope that, if further she
went, she should find him ;
For the two doors of the vineyard, the lower as well
as the upper,
Both were alike standing open. So now she en-
tered the cornfield,

That with its broad expanse the ridge of the hill
covered over.

Still was the ground that she walked on her own ;
the crops she rejoiced in, —

All of them still were hers, and hers was the
proud-waving grain, too,

Over the whole broad field in golden strength that
was stirring.

Keeping the ridgeway, the footpath, between the
fields she went onward,

Having the lofty pear-tree in view, which stood on
the summit,

And was the boundary-mark of the fields that be-
longed to her dwelling.

Who might have planted it, none could know, but
visible was it

Far and wide through the country ; the fruit of the
pear-tree was famous.

'Neath it the reapers were wont to enjoy their meal
at the noon-day,

And the shepherds were used to tend their flocks in
its shadow.

Benches of unhewn stones and of turf they found
set about it.

And she had not been mistaken, for there sat her
Hermann, and rested, —

Sat with his head on his hand, and seemed to be
viewing the landscape

That to the mountains lay : his back was turned to
his mother.

Towards him softly she crept, and lightly touched
on the shoulder ;

Quick he turned himself round : there were tears
in his eyes as he met her.

“Mother, how hast thou surprised me !” he said
in confusion ; and quickly

Wiped the high-spirited youth his tears away. But
the mother,

“What ! do I find thee weeping, my son ?” ex-
claimed in amazement.

“Nay, that is not like thyself : I never before
have so seen thee !

Tell me, what burdens thy heart ? what drives
thee here, to be sitting

Under the pear-tree alone ? These tears in thine
eyes, what has brought them ?”

Then, collecting himself, the excellent youth
made her answer :

“Truly no heart can that man have in his bosom of
iron,

Who is insensible now to the needs of this emi-
grant people ;
He has no brains in his head, who not for his per-
sonal safety,
Not for his fatherland's weal, in days like the
present is anxious.
Deeply my heart had been touched by the sights
and sounds of the morning ;
Then I went forth and beheld the broad and
glorious landscape
Spreading its fertile slopes in every direction
about us,
Saw the golden grain inclining itself to the
reapers,
And the promise of well-filled barns from the
plentiful harvest.
But, alas, how near is the foe ! The Rhine with
its waters
Guards us, indeed ; but, ah, what now are rivers
and mountains
'Gainst that terrible people that onward bears like a
tempest !
For they summon their youths from every quarter
together,
Call up their old men too, and press with violence
forward.

Death cannot frighten the crowd: one multitude
follows another.

And shall a German dare to linger behind in his
homestead?

Hopes he perhaps to escape the everywhere
threatening evil?

Nay, dear mother, I tell thee, to-day has made me
regretful

That I was lately exempt, when out of our towns-
men were chosen

Those who should serve in the army. An only son
I am truly,

Also our business is great, and the charge of our
household is weighty.

Yet were it better, I deem, in the front to offer
resistance

There on the border, than here to await disaster
and bondage.

So has my spirit declared, and deep in my inner-
most bosom

Courage and longing have now been aroused to
live for my country,

Yea, and to die, presenting to others a worthy
example.

If but the strength of Germany's youth were band-
ed together

There on the frontier, resolved that it never would
yield to the stranger,
Ah, he should not on our glorious soil be setting
his footsteps,
Neither consuming before our eyes the fruit of our
labor,
Ruling our men, and making his prey of our wives
and our daughters.
Hark to me, mother: for I in the depths of my
heart am determined
Quickly to do, and at once, what appears to me
right and in reason;
For he chooses not always the best who longest
considers. X
Hearken, I shall not again return to the house; but
directly
Go from this spot to the city, and there present to
the soldiers
This right arm and this heart, to be spent in the
fatherland's service.
Then let my father say if there be no feeling of
honor
Dwelling within my breast, nor a wish to raise my-
self higher."

Then with significant words spoke the good and
intelligent mother,

While from her eyes the quick-starting tears were
silently falling :

“ Son, what change has come o’er thee to-day, and
over thy temper,

That thou speakest no more, as thou yesterday
didst, and hast always,

Open and free, to thy mother, and tellest exactly
thy wishes?

Any one else, had he heard thee thus speak, would
in sooth have commended,

And this decision of thine would have highly ap-
proved as most noble,

Being misled by thy tone and by thy significant
language.

Yet have I nothing but censure to speak ; for better
I know thee.

Thou concealest thy heart, and thy thoughts are
not such as thou tellest.

Well do I know that it is not the drum, not the
trumpet that calls thee :

Neither in uniform wouldst thou figure in sight of
the maidens ;

Since, for all thou art honest and brave, it is thy
vocation

Here in quiet to care for the farm and provide for
the household.

Tell me honestly, therefore, what goads thee to such a decision?"

Earnestly answered the son: "Nay, thou art mistaken, dear mother:

One day is not like another. The youth matures into manhood:

Better in stillness oft ripening to deeds than when in the tumult

Wildering and wild of existence, that many a youth has corrupted.

And, for as still as I am and was always, there yet in my bosom

Has such a heart been shaped as abhors all wrong and injustice;

And I have learned aright between worldly things to distinguish.

Arm and foot, besides, have been mightily strengthened by labor.

All this, I feel, is true: I dare with boldness maintain it.

Yet dost thou blame me with reason, O mother! for thou hast surprised me

Using a language half truthful and half that of dissimulation.

For, let me honestly own, — it is not the near danger that calls me

Forth from my father's house ; nor is it the lofty
ambition

Helpful to be to my country, and terrible unto the
foeman.

They were but words that I spoke : they only were
meant for concealing

Those emotions from thee with which my heart is
distracted ;

And so leave me, O mother ! for, since the wishes
are fruitless

Which in my bosom I cherish, my life must go
fruitlessly over.

For, as I know, he injures himself who is singly
devoted,

When for the common cause the whole are not
working together."

"Hesitate not," replied thereupon the intelligent
mother,

"Every thing to relate me, the smallest as well as
the greatest.

Men will always be hasty, their thoughts to
extremes ever running :

Easily out of their course the hasty are turned by a
hindrance.

Whereas a woman is clever in thinking of means,
and will venture

E'en on a roundabout way, adroitly to compass her
object.

Let me know every thing, then ; say wherefore so
greatly excited

As I ne'er saw thee before, why thy blood is
coursing so hotly,

Wherefore, against thy will, tears are filling thine
eyes to o'erflowing."

Then he abandoned himself, the poor boy, to his
sorrow, and weeping,

Weeping aloud on his kind mother's breast, he
brokenly answered :

"Truly my father's words to-day have wounded me
sorely, —

Words which I have not deserved ; not to-day, nor
at any time have I :

For it was early my greatest delight to honor my
parents.

No one knew more, so I deemed, or was wiser than
those who begot me,

And had with strictness ruled throughout the dark
season of childhood.

Many the things, in truth, I with patience endured
from my playmates,

When the good-will that I bore them they often
requited with malice.

Often I suffered their flings and their blows to pass
unresented ;

But if they ventured to ridicule father, when he of a
Sunday

Home from Church would come, with his solemn
and dignified bearing ;

If they made fun of his cap-string, or laughed at
the flowers of the wrapper

He with such stateliness wore, which was given
away but this morning, —

Threateningly doubled my fist in an instant ; with
furious passion

Fell I upon them, and struck out and hit, assailing
them blindly,

Seeing not where. They howled as the blood
gushed out from their noses :

Scarcely they made their escape from my passionate
kicking and beating.

Then, as I older grew, I had much to endure from
my father ;

Violent words he oft vented on me, instead of on
others,

When, at the board's last session, the council had
roused his displeasure,

And I was made to atone for the quarrels and wiles
of his colleagues.

Thou hast pitied me often thyself; for much did I
suffer,

Ever remembering with cordial respect the kindness
of parents,

Solely intent on increasing for us their goods and
possessions,

Much denying themselves in order to save for their
children.

But, alas! saving alone, for the sake of a tardy
enjoyment, —

That is not happiness: pile upon pile, and acre on
acre,

Make us not happy, no matter how fair our estates
may be rounded.

For the father grows old, and with him will grow
old the children,

Losing the joy of the day, and bearing the care of
to-morrow.

Look thou below, and see how before us in glory
are lying,

Fair and abundant, the corn-fields; beneath them,
the vineyard and garden;

Yonder the stables and barns; our beautiful line of
possessions.

But when I look at the dwelling behind, where up
in the gable

We can distinguish the window that marks my
room in the attic ;
When I look back, and remember how many a
night from that window
I for the moon have watched ; for the sun, how
many a morning !
When the healthful sleep of a few short hours suf-
ficed me, —
Ah, so lonely they seem to me then, the chamber
and court-yard,
Garden and glorious field, away o'er the hill that is
stretching ;
All so desert before me lie : 'tis the wife that is
wanting.”

Thereupon spoke the good mother, and thus with
intelligence answered :
“ Son, not greater thy wish to bring thee a bride to
thy chamber,
That thou mayst find thy nights a beautiful part of
existence,
And that the work of the day may gain independ-
ence and freedom,
Than is thy father's wish too, and thy mother's.
We always have counselled, —
Yea, we have even insisted, — that thou shouldst
elect thee a maiden.

But I was ever aware, and now my heart gives me
assurance,
That till the hour appointed is come, and the maid-
en appointed
Shall with the hour appear, the choice will be left
for the future,
While more strong than all else will be fear of
grasping the wrong one.
If I may say it, my son, I believe thou already hast
chosen ;
For thy heart has been touched, and been made
more than wontedly tender.
Speak it out honestly, then ; for my soul has told
me beforehand :
That same maiden it is, the exile, whom thou hast
elected."

"Thou hast said, mother !" the son thereupon with
eagerness answered.

"Yes, it is she ; and if I to-day as my bride do not
bring her

Home to our dwelling, she from me will go, per-
haps vanish for ever,

Lost in the war's confusion and sad movings hither
and thither.

Mother, for ever in vain would then our abundant
possessions

Prosper before me, and seasons to come be in vain
to me fruitful.

Yea, I should hold in aversion the wonted house
and the garden :

Even my mother's love, alas ! would not comfort
my sorrow.

Every tie, so I feel in my heart, by love is un
loosened

Soon as she fastens her own ; and not the maid
is it only

Leaves behind father and mother, to follow the
man she has chosen.

He too, the youth, no longer knows aught of
mother and father,

When he the maiden, his only beloved, sees vanish-
ing from him.

Suffer me, then, to go hence wherever despair
shall impel me :

Since by my father himself the decisive words
have been spoken ;

Since his house can no longer be mine if he shut
out the maiden,

Her whom alone as my bride I desire to bring to
our dwelling. ”

Thereupon quickly made answer the good and
intelligent mother :

“How like to rocks, forsooth, two men will stand
facing each other !
Proud and not to be moved, will neither draw near
to his fellow ;
Neither will stir his tongue to utter the first word
of kindness.
Therefore I tell thee, my son, a hope yet lives in
my bosom,
So she be honest and good, thy father will let thee
espouse her,
Even though poor, and against a poor girl so
decisive his sentence.
Many a thing he is wont to speak out in his violent
fashion
Which he yet never performs ; and so what he
denies will consent to.
Yet he requires a kindly word, and is right to
require it :
He is the father ! Besides we know that his wrath
after dinner, —
When he most hastily speaks, and questions all
others’ opinions, —
Signifies naught ; the full force of his violent will
is excited
Then by the wine, which lets him not heed the
language of others ;

None but himself does he see and feel. But now
is come evening,

Talk upon various subjects has passed between him
and his neighbors.

Gentle he is, I am sure, now his little excitement
is over,

And he can feel how unjust his passion has made
him to others.

Come, let us venture at once: success is alone to
the valiant!

Further we need the friends, still sitting together
there with him;

And in especial the worthy pastor will give us
assistance."

Thus she hastily spoke, and up from the stone then
arising,

Drew from his seat her son, who willingly followed.
In silence

Both descended the hill, their important purpose
revolving.

POLYHYMNIA.



THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

THERE the three men, however, still sat conversing together,
With mine host of the Lion, the village doctor, and pastor ;
And their talk was still on the same unvarying subject,
Turning it this way and that, and viewing from every direction.
But with his sober judgment the excellent pastor made answer :
" Here will I not contradict you. I know that man should be always
Striving for that which is better ; indeed, as we see, he is reaching
Always after the higher, at least some novelty craving.

But be careful ye go not too far, for with this disposition

Nature has given us pleasure in holding to what is familiar ;

Taught us in that to delight to which we have long been accustomed.

Every condition is good that is founded on reason and nature.

Many are man's desires, yet little it is that he needeth ;

Seeing the days are short and mortal destiny bounded.

Ne'er would I censure the man whom a restless activity urges,

Bold and industrious, over all pathways of land and of ocean,

Ever untiring to roam ; who takes delight in the riches,

Heaping in generous abundance about himself and his children.

Yet not unprized by me is the quiet citizen also, Making the noiseless round of his own inherited acres,

Tilling the ground as the ever-returning seasons command him.

Not with every year is the soil transfigured about him ;

Not in haste does the tree stretch forth, as soon as
'tis planted,
Full-grown arms towards heaven and decked with
plenteous blossoms.
No : man has need of patience, and needful to him
are also
Calmness and clearness of mind, and a pure and
right understanding.
Few are the seeds he intrusts to earth's all-nourish-
ing bosom ;
Few are the creatures he knows how to raise and
bring to perfection.
Centred are all his thoughts alone on that which is
useful.
Happy to whom by nature a mind of such temper
is given,
For he supports us all ! And hail to the man whose
abode is
Where in a town the country pursuits with the city
are blended.
On him lies not the pressure that painfully hampers
the farmer,
Nor is he carried away by the greedy ambition of
cities ;
Where they of scanty possessions too often are
given to aping,

Wives and daughters especially, those who are
higher and richer.

Blessed be therefore thy son in his life of quiet
employment ;

Blessed the wife, of like mind with himself, whom
he one day shall choose him."

Thus he spoke ; and scarce had he ended when
entered the mother,

Holding her son by the hand, and so led him up to
her husband.

"Father," she said, "how oft when we two have
been chatting together,

Have we rejoiced in the thought of Hermann's
future espousal,

When he should bring his bride to be the light of
our dwelling !

Over and over again the matter we pondered : this
maiden

Fixing upon for him first, and then that, with the
gossip of parents.

But that day is now come ; and Heaven at last has
the maiden

Brought to him hither, and shown him ; and now
his heart has decided.

Said we not always then he should have his own
choice in the matter ?

Was it not just now thy wish that he might with
lively affection

Feel himself drawn to some maiden? The hour is
come that we hoped for.

Yes; he has felt and has chosen and come to a
manly decision.

That same maiden it is that met him this morning,
the stranger :

Say he may have her, or else, as he swears, his life
shall be single."

"Give her me, father," so added the son: "my
heart has elected

Clear and sure; she will be to you both the noblest
of daughters."

But the father was silent. Then hastily rose the
good pastor,

Took up the word and said: "The moment alone
is decisive;

Fixes the life of man, and his future destiny settles.
After long taking of counsel, yet only the work of
a moment

Every decision must be; and the wise alone seizes
the right one.

Dangerous always it is comparing the one with the
other

When we are making our choice, and so confusing
our feelings.

Hermann is pure. From childhood up I have
known him, and never

E'en as a boy was he wont to be reaching for this
and the other :

What he desired was best for him too, and he held
to it firmly.

Be not surprised and alarmed that now has ap-
peared of a sudden,

What thou hast wished for so long. It is true that
the present appearance

Bears not the form of the wish, exactly as thou
hadst conceived it :

For our wishes oft hide from ourselves the object
we wish for ;

Gifts come down from above in the shapes ap-
pointed by Heaven.

Therefore misjudgé not the maiden who now of thy
dearly beloved,

Good and intelligent son has been first to touch the
affections :

Happy to whom at once his first love's hand shall
be given,

And in whose heart no tenderest wish must secretly
langtish.

Yes: his whole bearing assures me that now his fate is decided.

Genuine love matures in a moment the youth into manhood;

He is not easily moved; and I fear that if this be refused him,

Sadly his years will go by, those years that should be the fairest."

Straightway then in a thoughtful tone the doctor made answer,

On whose tongue for a long time past the words had been trembling:

"Pray let us here as before pursue the safe middle course only.

Make haste slowly; that was Augustus the emperor's motto.

Willingly I myself place at my well-beloved neighbor's disposal,

Ready to do him what service I can with my poor understanding.

Youth most especially stands in need of some one to guide it.

Let me therefore go forth that I may examine the maiden,

And may question the people among whom she lives and who know her.

Me 'tis not easy to cheat : I know how words should
be valued."

Straightway the son broke in, and with wingèd
words made he answer :

"Do so, neighbor, and go and make thine inqui-
ries ; but with thee

I should be glad if our minister here were joined in
the errand :

Two such excellent men would be irreproachable
judges.

O my father ! believe me, she's none of those wan-
dering maidens,

Not one of those who stroll through the land in
search of adventure,

And who seek to ensnare inexperienced youth in
their meshes.

No : the hard fortunes of war, that universal
destroyer,

Which is convulsing the earth and has hurled from
its deep foundations

Many a structure already, have sent the poor girl
into exile.

Are not now men of high birth, the most noble, in
misery roaming ?

Princes fly in disguise and kings are in banishment
living.

So alas! also is she, the best among all of her sisters,

Driven an exile from home; yet, her personal sorrows forgetting,

She is devoted to others; herself without help, she is helpful.

Great is the want and the suffering over the earth that are spreading:

Shall not some happiness, too, be begotten of all this affliction,

And shall not I in the arms of my wife, my trusted companion,

Look back with joy to the war, as do ye to the great conflagration?"

Outspoke the father then in a tone of decision, and answered:

"Strangely thy tongue has been loosened, my son, which many a year past

Seemed to have stuck in thy mouth, and only to move on compulsion!

I must experience to-day, it would seem, what threatens all fathers,

That the son's headstrong will the mother with readiness favors,

Showing too easy indulgence; and every neighbor sides with them

When there is aught to be carried against the
father and husband.

But I will not oppose you, thus banded together :
how could I ?

For I already perceive here tears and defiance
beforehand.

Go ye therefore, inquire, and, in God's name, bring
me the daughter.

But if not so, then the boy is to think no more of
the maiden."

Thus the father. The son cried out with joyful
demeanor,

"Ere it is evening the noblest of daughters shall
hither be brought you,

Such as no man with sound sense in his breast can
fail to be pleased with.

Happy, I venture to hope, will be also the excellent
maiden.

Yes : she will ever be grateful for having had father
and mother

Given once more in you, and such as a child most
delights in.

Now I will tarry no longer, but straightway har-
ness the horses,

Drive forth our friends at once on the footsteps of
my beloved,

Leaving them then to act for themselves, as their
wisdom shall dictate,
Guide myself wholly, I promise, according to what
they determine,
And, until I may call her my own, ne'er look on
the maiden."
Thus he went forth : the others meanwhile remained
in discussion,
Rapid and earnest, considering deeply their great
undertaking.

Hermann hasted straightway to the stable, where
quietly standing
Found he the spirited stallions, the clean oats quick-
ly devouring,
And the well-dried hay that was cut from the rich-
est of meadows.
On them without delay the shining bits he adjust-
ed,
Hastily drew the straps through the buckles of
beautiful plating,
Firmly fastened then the long broad reins, and the
horses
Led without to the court-yard, whither the willing
assistant
Had with ease, by the pole, already drawn forward
the carriage.

Next to the whipple-tree they with care by the
neatly kept traces
Joined the impetuous strength of the freely travel-
ling horses.
Whip in hand took Hermann his seat and drove
under the doorway.
Soon as the friends straightway their commodious
places had taken,
Quickly the carriage rolled off, and left the pave-
ment behind it,
Left behind it the walls of the town and the fresh-
whitened towers.
Thus drove Hermann on till he came to the well-
known causeway,
Rapidly, loitering nowhere, but hastening up hill
and down hill.
But as he now before him perceived the spire of
the village,
And no longer remote the garden-girt houses were
lying,
Then in himself he thought that here he would
rein up the horses.

Under the solemn shade of lofty linden-trees lying,
Which for centuries past upon this spot had been
rooted,

Spread in front of the village a broad and grass-
covered common,
Favorite place of resort for the peasants and neigh-
boring townfolk.
Here, at the foot of the trees, sunk deep in the
ground was a well-spring ;
When you descended the steps, stone benches you
found at the bottom,
Stationed about the spring, whose pure, living wa-
ters were bubbling
Ceaselessly forth, hemmed in by low walls for con-
venience of drawing.
Hermann resolved that here he would halt, with his
horses and carriage,
Under the shade of the trees. He did so, and said
to the others :
"Here alight, my friends, and go your ways to dis-
cover
Whether the maiden in truth be worthy the hand
that I offer.
That she is so, I believe ; naught new or strange
will ye tell me.
Had I to act for myself, I should go with speed to
the village,
Where a few words from the maiden's own lips
should determine my fortune.

Ye will with readiness single her out from all of the
others,

For there can scarcely be one that to her may be
likened in bearing.

But I will give you, besides, her modest attire for
a token :

Mark, then, the stomacher's scarlet, that sets off the
arch of her bosom,

Prettily laced, and the bodice of black fitting close
to her figure ;

Neatly the edge of her kerchief is p'aited into a
ruffle,

Which with a simple grace her chin's rounded out-
line encircles ;

Freely and lightly rises above it the head's dainty
oval ;

And her luxuriant hair over silver bodkins is
braided ;

Down from under her bodice, the full, blue petticoat
falling,

Wraps itself, when she is walking, about her neatly
shaped ankles.

Yet one thing will I say, and would make it my ear-
nest petition, —

Speak not yourselves with the maiden, nor let your
intent be discovered ;

Rather inquire of others, and hearken to what they
may tell you.
When ye have tidings enough to satisfy father and
mother,
Then return to me here, and we will consider what
further.
So did I plan it all out in my mind while driving you
hither."

Thus he spoke. The friends thereupon went
their way to the village,
Where, in the houses and gardens and barns, the
people were swarming ;
Wagons on wagons stood crowded together along
the broad highway.
Men for the harnessed horses and lowing cattle were
caring,
While the women were busy in drying their clothes
on the hedges,
And in the running brook the children were merrily
splashing.
Making their way through the pressure of wagons,
of people and cattle,
Went the commissioned spies, and to right and to
left looked about them,
If they a figure might see that answered the maid-
en's description ;

But not one of them all appeared the beautiful
damsel.

Denser soon grew the press. A contest arose round
the wagons

'Mongst the threatening men, wherein blended the
cries of the women.

Rapidly then to the spot, and with dignified step,
came an elder,

Joined the clamoring group, and straightway the
uproar was silenced,

As he commanded peace, and rebuked with a fa-
therly sternness.

"Has, then, misfortune," he cried, "not yet so
bound us together,

That we have finally learned to bear and forbear
one another,

Though each one, it may be, do not measure his
share of the labor?

He that is happy, forsooth, is contentious! Will
sufferings never

Teach you to cease from your brawls of old between
brother and brother?

Grudge not one to another a place on the soil of
the stranger;

Rather divide what ye have, as yourselves ye would
hope to find mercy."

Thus spoke the man and all became silent : re-
stored to good humor,
Peaceably then the people arranged their cattle and
wagons.
But when the clergyman now had heard what was
said by the stranger,
And had the steadfast mind of the foreign justice
discovered,
He to the man drew near and with words of mean-
ing addressed him :
" True it is, father, that when in prosperity people
are living,
Feeding themselves from the earth, which far and
wide opens her bosom,
And in the years and months renews the coveted
blessings, —
All goes on of itself, and each himself deems the
wisest,
Deems the best, and so they continue abiding
together,
He of greatest intelligence ranking no higher than
others ;
All that occurs, as if of itself, going quietly for-
ward.
But let disaster unsettle the usual course of exist-
ence,

Tear down the buildings about us, lay waste the
crops and the garden,
Banish the husband and wife from their old,
familiar-grown dwelling,
Drive them to wander abroad through nights and
days of privation, —
Then, ah then ! we look round us to see what man
is the wisest,
And no longer in vain his glorious words will be
spoken.
Tell me, art thou not judge among this fugitive
people,
Father, who thus in an instant canst bid their
passions be quiet?
Thou dost appear to-day as one of those earliest
leaders,
Who through deserts and wanderings guided the
emigrant nations.
Yea, I could even believe I were speaking with
Joshua or Moses.”

Then with serious look the magistrate answered
him, saying :

“Truly our times might well be compared with all
others in strangeness,
Which are in history mentioned, profane or sacred
tradition ;

For who has yesterday lived and to-day in times
like the present,
He has already lived years, events are so crowded
together.
If I look back but a little, it seems that my head
must be hoary
Under the burden of years, and yet my strength is
still active.
Well may we of this day compare ourselves unto
that people
Who, from the burning bush, beheld in the hour of
their danger
God the Lord: we also in cloud and in fire have
beheld him."

Seeing the priest was inclined to speak yet more
with the stranger,
And was desirous of learning his story and that of
his people,
Privately into his ear his companion hastily whis-
pered:
"Talk with the magistrate further, and lead him to
speak of the maiden.
I, however, will wander in search, and as soon as
I find her,

Come and report to thee here." The minister nodded,
assenting ;
And through the gardens, hedges, and barns, went
the spy on his errand.

CLIO.



THE AGE.

NOW when the foreign judge had been by the
minister questioned
As to his people's distress, and how long their exile
had lasted,
Thus made answer the man: "Of no recent date
are our sorrows ;
Since of the gathering bitter of years our people
have drunken, —
Bitterness all the more dreadful because such fair
hope had been blighted.
Who will pretend to deny that his heart swelled
high in his bosom,
And that his freer breast with purer pulses was
beating,
When we beheld the new sun arise in his earliest
splendor,

When of the rights of men we heard, which to all
should be common,
Were of a righteous equality told, and inspiriting
freedom?
Every one hoped that then he should live his own
life, and the fetters,
Binding the various lands, appeared their hold to
be loosing, —
Fetters that had in the hand of sloth been held
and self-seeking.
Looked not the eyes of all nations, throughout that
calamitous season,
Towards the world's capital city, for so it had long
been considered,
And of that glorious title was now, more than ever,
deserving?
Were not the names of those men who first deliv-
ered the message,
Names to compare with the highest that under the
heavens are spoken?
Did not, in every man, grow courage and spirit and
language?
And, as neighbors, we, first of all, were zealously
kindled.
Thereupon followed the war, and armed bodies of
Frenchmen

Pressed to us nearer ; yet nothing but friendship
they seemed to be bringing ;

Ay, and they brought it too ; for exalted the spirit
within them :

They with rejoicing the festive trees of liberty
planted,

Promising every man what was his own, and to each
his own ruling.

High beat the heart of the youths, and even the
aged were joyful ;

Gaily the dance began about the newly-raised
standard.

Thus had they speedily won, these overmastering
Frenchmen,

First the spirits of men by the fire and dash of their
bearing,

Then the hearts of the women with irresistible
graces.

Even the pressure of hungry war seemed to weigh
on us lightly,

So before our vision did hope hang over the fu-
ture,

Luring our eyes abroad into newly opening path-
ways.

Oh, how joyful the time when with her belovèd the
maiden

Whirls in the dance, the longed-for day of their
union awaiting!

But more glorious that day on which to our vision
the highest

Heart of man can conceive seemed near and at-
tainable to us.

Loosened was every tongue, and men—the aged,
the stripling—

Spoke aloud in words that were full of high feeling
and wisdom.

Soon, however, the sky was o'ercast. A corrupt
generation

Fought for the right of dominion, unworthy the
good to establish;

So that they slew one another, their new-made
neighbors and brothers

Held in subjection, and then sent the self-seeking
masses against us.

Chiefs committed excesses and wholesale plunder
upon us,

While those lower plundered and rioted down to
the lowest:

Every one seemed but to care that something be
left for the morrow.

Great past endurance the need, and daily grew the
oppression:

They were the lords of the day; there was none to
hear our complaining.

Then fell trouble and rage upon even the quietest
spirit.

One thought only had all, and swore for their
wrongs to have vengeance,

And for the bitter loss of their hope thus doubly
deluded.

Presently Fortune turned and declared on the side
of the German,

And with hurried marches the French retreated
before us.

Ah! then as never before did we feel the sad for-
tunes of warfare:

He that is victor is great and good,— or at least he
appears so, —

And he, as one of his own, will spare the man he
has conquered,

Him whose service he daily needs, and whose
property uses.

But no law the fugitive knows, save of self-preser-
vation,

And, with a reckless greed, consumes all the posses-
sions about him;

Then are his passions also inflamed: the despair
that is in him

Out of his heart breaks forth, and takes shape in
criminal action.

Nothing is further held sacred ; but all is for plunder. His craving

Turns in fury on woman, and pleasure is changed
into horror.

Death he sees everywhere round him, and madly
enjoys his last moments,

Taking delight in blood, in the shriekings of anguish exulting.

Thereupon fiercely arose in our men the stern resolution

What had been lost to avenge, and defend whate'er
was remaining.

Every man sprang to his arms, by the flight of the
foeman encouraged,

And by his blanching cheeks, and his timorous,
wavering glances.

Ceaselessly now rang out the clanging peal of the
tocsin.

Thought of no danger to come restrained their furious
anger.

Quick into weapons of war the husbandman's
peaceful utensils

All were converted ; dripped with blood the scythe
and the ploughshare.

Quarter was shown to none : the enemy fell without
mercy.

Fury everywhere raged and the cowardly cunning
of weakness.

Ne'er may I men so carried away by injurious
passion

See again ! the sight of the raging wild beast would
be better.

Let not man prattle of freedom, as if himself he
could govern !

Soon as the barriers are torn away, then all of the
evil

Seems let loose, that by law had been driven deep
back into corners."

"Excellent man !" thereupon with emphasis an-
swered the pastor :

"Though thou misjudgest mankind, yet can I not
censure thee for it.

Evil enough, I confess, thou hast had to endure
from man's passions.

Yet wouldst thou look behind over this calamitous
season,

Thou wouldst acknowledge thyself how much
good thou also hast witnessed.

How many excellent things that would in the heart
have lain hidden,

Had not danger aroused them, and did not necessity's pressure
Bring forth the angel in man, and make him a god
of deliv'rance."

Thereupon answered and said the reverend
magistrate, smiling :

"There thou remindest me aptly of how we console
the poor fellow,

After his house has been burned, by recounting the
gold and the silver

Melted and scattered abroad in the rubbish, that
still is remaining.

Little enough, it is true ; but even that little is
precious.

Then will the poor wretch after it dig and rejoice
if he find it.

Thus I likewise with happier thoughts will grate-
fully turn me

Towards the few beautiful deeds of which I pre-
serve the remembrance.

Yes, I will not deny, I have seen old quarrels
forgotten,

Ill to avert from the state ; I also have witnessed
how friendship,

Love of parent and child, can impossibilities ven-
ture ;

Seen how the stripling at once matured into man ;
 how the aged
Grew again young ; and even the child into youth
 was developed.
Yea, and the weaker sex too, as we are accustomed
 to call it,
Showed itself brave and strong and ready for every
 emergence.
Foremost among them all, one beautiful deed let
 me mention,
Bravely performed by the hand of a girl, an
 excellent maiden ;
Who, with those younger than she, had been left
 in charge of a farmhouse,
Since there, also, the men had marched against the
 invader.
Suddenly fell on the house a fugitive band of
 marauders,
Eager for booty, who crowded straightway to the
 room of the women.
There they beheld the beautiful form of the fully
 grown maiden,
Looked on the charming young girls, who rather
 might still be called children.
Savage desire possessed them ; at once with merci-
 less passion

They that trembling band assailed and the high-
hearted maiden.
But she had snatched in an instant the sword of
one from its scabbard,
Felled him with might to the ground, and stretched
him bleeding before her.
Then with vigorous strokes she bravely delivered
the maidens,
Smiting yet four of the robbers ; who saved them-
selves only by flying.
Then she bolted the gates, and, armed, awaited
assistance. ”

Now when this praise the minister heard be-
stowed on the maiden,
Rose straightway for his friend a feeling of hope in
his bosom,
And he had opened his lips to inquire what further
befell her,
If on this mournful flight she now with her people
were present ;
When with a hasty step the village doctor ap-
proached them,
Twitched the clergyman’s coat, and said in his ear
in a whisper :
“I have discovered the maiden at last among
several hundreds ;

By the description I knew her, so come, let thine
own eyes behold her!

Bring too the magistrate with thee, that so we may
hear him yet further."

But as they turned to go, the justice was summoned
to leave them,

Sent for by some of his people by whom his
counsel was needed.

Straightway the preacher, however, the lead of the
doctor had followed

Up to a gap in the fence where his finger he
meaningly pointed.

"Seest thou the maiden?" he said: "she has made
some clothes for the baby

Out of the well-known chintz, — I distinguish it
plainly; and further

There are the covers of blue that Hermann gave in
his bundle.

Well and quickly, forsooth, she has turned to advan-
tage the presents.

Evident tokens are these, and all else answers well
the description.

Mark how the stomacher's scarlet sets off the arch
of her bosom,

Prettily laced, and the bodice of black fits close to
her figure;

Neatly the edge of her kerchief is plaited into a
ruffle,
Which, with a simple grace, her chin's rounded out-
line encircles ;
Freely and lightly rises above it the head's dainty
oval,
And her luxuriant hair over silver bodkins is
braided.
Now she is sitting, yet still we behold her majestic
stature,
And the blue petticoat's ample plaits, that down
from her bosom
Hangs in abundant folds about her neatly shaped
ankles.
She without question it is ; come, therefore, and let
us discover
Whether she honest and virtuous be, a housewifely
maiden."

Then, as the seated figure he studied, the pastor
made answer :
"Truly, I find it no wonder that she so enchanted
the stripling,
Since, to a man's experienced eye, she seems lack-
ing in nothing.
Happy to whom mother Nature a shape harmonious
has given !

Such will always commend him, and he can be
nowhere a stranger.
All approach with delight, and all are delighted to
linger,
If to the outward shape correspond but a courteous
spirit.
I can assure thee, in her the youth has found him a
maiden,
Who, in the days to come, his life shall gloriously
brighten,
Standing with womanly strength in every necessity
by him.
Surely the soul must be pure that inhabits a body
so perfect,
And of a happy old age such vigorous youth is the
promise."

Thereupon answered and said the doctor in
language of caution:

"Often appearances cheat; I like not to trust to
externals.
For I have oft seen put to the test the truth of the
proverb:
Till thou a bushel of salt with a new acquaintance
hast eaten,
Be not too ready to trust him; for time alone
renders thee certain

How ye shall fare with each other, and how well
your friendship shall prosper.

Let us then rather at first make inquiries among the
good people

By whom the maiden is known, and who can
inform us about her."

"Much I approve of thy caution," the preacher
replied as he followed.

"Not for ourselves is the suit, and 'tis delicate
wooing for others."

Towards the good magistrate, then, the men
directed their footsteps,

Who was again ascending the street in discharge of
his duties.

Him the judicious pastor at once addressed and
with caution.

"Look! we a maiden have here descried in the
neighboring garden,

Under an apple-tree sitting, and making up gar-
ments for children

Out of second-hand stuff that somebody doubtless
has given;

And we were pleased with her aspect: she seems
like a girl to be trusted.

Tell us whatever thou knowest: we ask it with
honest intentions."

Soon as the magistrate nearer had come, and
looked into the garden,
"Her thou knowest already," he said; "for when I
was telling
Of the heroic deed performed by the hand of that
maiden,
When she snatched the man's sword, and delivered
herself and her charges,
This was the one! she is vigorous born, as thou
seest by her stature;
Yet she is good as strong, for her aged kinsman
she tended
Until the day of his death, which was finally
hastened by sorrow
Over his city's distress, and his own endangered
possessions.
Also, with quiet submission, she bore the death of
her lover,
Who a high-spirited youth, in the earliest flush
of excitement,
Kindled by lofty resolve to fight for a glorious
freedom,
Hurried to Paris, where early a terrible death he
encountered.

For as at home, so there, his foes were deceit and oppression."

Thus the magistrate spoke. The others saluted and thanked him,
And from his purse a gold-piece the pastor drew forth;— for the silver
He had some hours before already in charity given,
When he in mournful groups had seen the poor fugitives passing;—
And to the magistrate handed it, saying: "Appor-tion the money
'Mongst thy destitute people, and God vouchsafe it an increase."
But the stranger declined it, and, answering, said: "We have rescued
Many a dollar among us, with clothing and other possessions,
And shall return, as I hope, ere yet our stock is exhausted."

Then the pastor replied, and pressed the money upon him:
"None should be backward in giving in days like the present, and no one

Ought to refuse to accept those gifts which in kindness are offered.
None can tell how long he may hold what in peace he possesses,
None how much longer yet he shall roam through the land of the stranger,
And of his farm be deprived, and deprived of the garden that feeds him."

"Ay, to be sure!" in his bustling way interrupted the doctor:

"If I had only some money about me, ye surely should have it,

Little and big; for certainly many among you must need it.

Yet I'll not go without giving thee something to show what my will is,

Even though sadly behind my good-will must lag the performance."

Thus, as he spoke, by its straps his embroidered pocket of leather,

Where his tobacco was kept, he drew forth,—enough was now in it

Several pipes to fill,—and daintily opened, and portioned.

"Small is the gift," he added. The justice, however, made answer:

“Good tobacco can ne’er to the traveller fail to be welcome.”

Then did the village doctor begin to praise his canaster.

But the clergyman drew him away, and they quitted the justice.

“Let us make haste,” said the thoughtful man :
“the youth’s waiting in torture ;
Come ! let him hear, as soon as he may, the jubilant tidings.”

So they hastened their steps, and came to where under the lindens

Hermann against the carriage was leaning. The horses were stamping

Wildly the turf ; he held them in check, and, buried in musing,

Stood, into vacancy gazing before him ; nor saw the two envoys,

Till, as they came, they called out and made to him signals of triumph.

E’en as far off as they then were, the doctor began to address him ;

But they were presently nearer come and then the good pastor

Grasped his hand and exclaimed, interrupting the word of his comrade :

“Hail to thee, O young man! thy true eye and heart have well chosen ;

Joy be to thee and the wife of thy youth ; for of thee she is worthy.

Come then and turn us the wagon, and drive straight-way to the village,

There the good maid to woo, and soon bring her home to thy dwelling.”

Still, however, the young man stood, without sign of rejoicing

Hearing his messenger's words, though heavenly they were and consoling.

Deeply he sighed as he said : “With hurrying wheels we came hither,

And shall be forced, perchance, to go mortified homeward and slowly.

For disquiet has fallen upon me since here I've been waiting,

Doubt and suspicion and all that can torture the heart of a lover.

Think ye we have but to come, and that then the maiden will follow

Merely because we are rich, while she is poor and an exile?

Poverty, too, makes proud, when it comes unmer-
ited! Active
Seems she to be, and contented, and so of the world
is she mistress.
Think ye a maiden like her, with the manners and
beauty that she has,
Can into woman have grown, and no worthy man's
love have attracted?
Think ye that love until now can have been shut
out from her bosom?
Drive not thither too rashly: we might to our mor-
tification
Have to turn softly homewards our horses' heads.
For my fear is
That to some youth already this heart has been
given; already
This brave hand has been clasped, has pledged faith
to some fortunate lover.
Then with my offer, alas! I should stand in confu-
sion before her."

Straightway the pastor had opened his lips to
speak consolation,
When his companion broke in, and said in his
voluble fashion:
"Years ago, forsooth, unknown had been such a
dilemma.

All such affairs were then conducted in regular fashion.

Soon as a bride for their son had been by the parents selected,

First some family friend they into their councils would summon,

Whom they afterwards sent as a suitor to visit the parents

Of the elected bride. Arrayed in his finest apparel,

Soon after dinner on Sunday he sought the respectable burgher,

When some friendly words were exchanged upon general subjects,

He knowing how to direct the discourse as suited his purpose.

After much circumlocution he finally mentioned the daughter,

Praising her highly, and praising the man and the house that had sent him.

Persons of tact perceived his intent, and the politic envoy

Readily saw how their minds were disposed, and explained himself further.

Then were the offer declined, e'en the 'no' brought not mortification;

But did it meet with success, the suitor was ever
thereafter
Made the chief guest in the house on every festive
occasion.
For, through the rest of their lives, the couple ne'er
failed to remember
That 'twas by his experienced hand the first knot
had been gathered.
All that, however, is changed, and, with many
another good custom,
Quite fallen out of the fashion ; for every man woos
for himself now.
Therefore let every man hear to his face pronounced
the refusal,
If a refusal there be, and stand shamed in the
sight of the maiden !”

“ Let that be as it may ! ” made answer the youth,
who had scarcely
Unto the words paid heed ; but in silence had made
his decision.
“ I will go thither myself, will myself hear my des-
tiny spoken
Out of the lips of a maiden in whom I a confidence
cherish
Greater than heart of man has e'er before cherished
in woman.

Say what she will, 'twill be good and wise ; of that
I am certain.

Should I behold her never again, yet this once will
I see her ;

Yet this once the clear gaze of those dark eyes will
encounter.

If I must press her ne'er to my heart, yet that neck
and that bosom

Will I behold once more, that my arm so longs to
encircle ;

Once more that mouth will see, whose kiss and
whose 'yes' would for ever

Render me happy, from which a 'no' will for ever
destroy me.

But ye must leave me alone. Do not wait for me
here ; but return ye

Back to my father and mother again, and give
them the knowledge

That their son has not been deceived, that the
maiden is worthy.

So then leave me alone ! I shall follow the footpath
that crosses

Over the hill by the pear-tree, and thence descends
through our vineyard,

Taking a shorter way home. And oh, may I bring
to our dwelling,

Joyful and quick my beloved ! but perhaps I alone
may come creeping
Over that path to the house, and ne'er again tread
it with gladness."

Thus he spoke, and gave up the reins to the
hand of the pastor,
Who understandingly grasped them, the foaming
horses controlling,
Speedily mounted the carriage, and sat in the
seat of the driver.

But thou didst hesitate, provident neighbor, and
say in remonstrance :
"Heart and soul and spirit, my friend, I willingly
trust thee ;
But as for life and limb, they are not in the safest
of keeping,
When the temporal reins are usurped by the hand
of the clergy."

But thou didst laugh at his words, intelligent
pastor, and answer :
"Sit thee down, and contentedly trust me both body
and spirit ;
For, in holding the reins, my hand grew long ago
skilful,

Long has my eye been trained in making the nicest
of turnings ;
For we were practised well in driving the carriage
in Strasburg,
When I the youthful baron accompanied thither ;
then daily
Rolled the carriage, guided by me, through the
echoing gateway,
Out over dusty roads till we reached the meadows
and lindens,
Steering through groups of the town's-folk beguil-
ing the day there with walking."

Thereupon, half-reassured, the neighbor ascend-
ed the wagon,
Sat like one who for a prudent leap is holding him
ready,
And the stallions sped rapidly homeward, desiring
their stable.
Clouds of dust whirled up from under their powerful
hoof-beats.
Long the youth stood there yet, and saw the dust in
its rising,
Saw the dust as it settled again : he stood there
unheeding.

ERATO.



DOROTHEA.

LIKE as the traveller, who, when the sun is ap-
proaching its setting,
Fixes his eyes on it once again ere quickly it van-
ish,
Then on the sides of the rocks, and on all the dark-
ening bushes,
Sees its hovering image; whatever direction he
look in
That hastes before, and flickers and gleams in ra-
diant colors, —
So before Hermann's eyes moved the beautiful
shape of the maiden
Softly, and seeming to follow the path that led into
the cornfield.
But he aroused from his wildering dream and
turned himself slowly

Towards where the village lay and was wildered
again ; for again came

Moving to meet him the lofty form of the glorious
maiden.

Fixedly gazed he upon her ; herself it was and no
phantom.

Bearing in either hand a larger jar and a smaller,
Each by the handle, with busy step she came on to
the fountain.

Joyfully then he hastened to meet her ; the sight
of her gave him

Courage and strength ; and thus the astonished girl
he accosted :

“Do I then find thee, brave-hearted maiden, so
soon again busy,

Rendering aid unto others, and happy in bringing
them comfort?

Say why thou comest alone to this well which lies
at such distance,

When all the rest are content with the water they
find in the village?

This nas peculiar virtues, 'tis true ; and the taste is
delicious.

Thou to that mother wouldst bring it, I trow,
whom thy faithfulness rescued.”

Straightway with cordial greeting the kindly
maiden made answer :

“ Here has my walk to the spring already been am-
ply rewarded,

Since I have found the good friend who bestowed
so abundantly on us ;

For a pleasure not less than the gifts is the sight
of the giver.

Come, I pray thee, and see for thyself who has
tasted thy bounty ;

Come, and the quiet thanks receive of all it has
solaced.

But that thou straightway the reason mayst know
for which I am hither

Come to draw, where pure and unfailing the water
is flowing,

This I must tell thee, — that all the water we have
in the village

Has by improvident people been troubled with
horses and oxen

Wading direct through the source which brings the
inhabitants water.

And furthermore they have also made foul with
their washings and rinsings

All the troughs of the village, and all the fountains
have sullied ;

For but one thought is in all, and that how to satisfy
quickest
Self and the need of the moment, regardless of
what may come after."

Thus she spoke, and the broad stone steps mean-
while had descended
With her companion beside her, and on the low
wall of the fountain
Both sat them down. She bent herself over to
draw, and he also
Took in his hand the jar that remained, and bent
himself over ;
And in the blue of the heavens, they, seeing their
image reflected,
Friendly greetings and nods exchanged in the
quivering mirror.

"Give me to drink," the youth thereupon in his
gladness petitioned,
And she handed the pitcher. Familiarly sat they
and rested,
Both leaning over their jars, till she presently asked
her companion :
"Tell me, why find I thee here, and without thy
horses and wagon,

Far from the place where I met thee at first? how
camest thou hither?"

Thoughtful he bent his eyes on the ground, then
quietly raised them
Up to her face, and, meeting with frankness the
gaze of the maiden,
Felt himself solaced and stilled. But then impos-
sible was it,
That he of love should speak; her eye told not of
affection,
Only of clear understanding, requiring intelligent
answer.
And he composed himself quickly, and cordially
said to the maiden:
"Hearken to me, my child, and let me reply to thy
question.
'Twas for thy sake that hither I came; why seek
to conceal it?
Know I live happy at home with both my affec-
tionate parents,
Faithfully giving my aid their house and estates in
directing,
Being an only son, and because our affairs are
extensive.
Mine is the charge of the farm; my father bears
rule in the household;

While the presiding spirit of all is the diligent
mother.

But thine experience doubtless has taught thee
how grievously servants,

Now through deceit, and now through their careless-
ness, harass the mistress,

Forcing her ever to change and replace one fault
with another.

Long for that reason my mother has wished for a
maid in the household,

Who not with hand alone, but with heart too, will
lend her assistance,

Taking the daughter's place, whom, alas! she was
early deprived of.

Now when to-day by the wagon I saw thee, so
ready and cheerful,

Witnessed the strength of thine arms, and thy limbs
of such healthful proportion,

When thy intelligent speech I heard, I was smitten
with wonder.

Hastening homeward, I there to my parents and
neighbors the stranger

Praised as she well deserved. But I now am come
hither to tell thee

What is their wish as mine.—Forgive me my
stammering language.”

“Hesitate not,” she, answering, said, “to tell me what follows.

Thou dost not give me offence; I have listened with gratitude to thee:

Speak it out honestly therefore; the sound of it will not alarm me.

Thou wouldst engage me as servant to wait on thy father and mother,

And to look after the well-ordered house of which ye are the owners;

And thou thinkest in me to find them a capable servant,

One who is skilled in her work, and not of a rude disposition.

Short thy proposal has been, and short shall be also my answer.

Yes, I will go with thee home, and the call of fate I will follow.

Here my duty is done: I have brought the newly made mother

Back to her kindred again, who are all in her safety rejoicing.

Most of our people already are gathered; the others will follow.

All think a few days more will certainly see them returning

Unto their homes ; for such is the exile's constant
delusion.

But by no easy hope do I suffer myself to be
cheated

During these sorrowful days which promise yet
more days of sorrow.

All the bands of the world have been loosed, and
what shall unite them,

Saving alone the need, the need supreme, that is
on us?

If in a good man's house I can earn my living by
service

Under the eye of an excellent mistress, I gladly
will do it ;

Since of doubtful repute, must be always a wander-
ing maiden.

Yes, I will go with thee, soon as I first shall have
carried the pitchers

Back to my friends, and prayed the good people to
give me their blessing.

Come, thou must see them thyself, and from their
hands must receive me."

Joyfully hearkened the youth to the willing
maiden's decision,

Doubtful whether he ought not at once to make
honest confession.

Yet it appeared to him best to leave her awhile in
her error,
Nor for her love to sue, before leading her home
to his dwelling. •
Ah! and the golden ring he perceived on the hand
of the maiden,
Wherefore he let her speak on, and gave diligent
ear to her language.

“Come,” she presently said, “let us back to the
village; for maidens
Always are sure to be blamed if they tarry too long
at the fountain.
Yet how delightful it is to chat by the murmuring
water!”

Then from their seats they rose, and both of them
turned to the fountain
One more look behind, and a tender longing pos-
sessed them.
Both of the water-jars then in silence she took by
the handle,
Carried them up the steps, while behind her fol-
lowed her lover.
One of the pitchers he begged her to give him to
lighten the burden.

“Nay, let it be!” she said: “I carry them better so
balanced.

Nor shall the master, who is to command, be doing
me service.

Look not so gravely upon me, as thinking my for-
tune a hard one.

Early a woman should learn to serve, for that is her
calling;

Since through service alone she finally comes to the
headship,

Comes to the due command that is hers of right in
the household.

Early the sister must wait on her brother, and wait
on her parents;

Life must be always with her a perpetual coming
and going,

Or be a fetching and carrying, making and doing
for others.

Happy for her be she wouled to think no way is too
grievous,

And if the hours of the night be to her as the hours
of the daytime;

If she find never a needle too fine, nor a labor too
trifling;

Wholly forgetful of self, and caring to live but in
others!

For she will surely, as mother, have need of every
virtue,

When, in the time of her illness, the cries of her
infant arouse her,

Calling for food from her weakness, and cares are
to suffering added.

Twenty men bound into one were not able to bear
such a burden ;

Nor is it meant that they should, yet should they
with gratitude view it."

✓

Thus she spoke, and was come, meanwhile, with
her silent companion,

Far as the floor of the barn, at the furthest end
of the garden,

Where was the sick woman lying, whom, glad, she
had left with her daughters,

Those late rescued maidens : fair pictures of inno-
cence were they.

Both of them entered the barn ; and, e'en as they
did so, the justice,

Leading a child in each hand, came in from the
other direction.

These had been lost, hitherto, from the sight of their
sorrowing mother ;

But in the midst of the crowd the old man now
had descried them.

Joyfully sprang they forward to meet their dear
mother's embraces,
And to salute with delight their brother, their
unknown companion.
Next upon Dorothea they sprang with affectionate
greeting,
Asking for bread and fruit, but more than all else
for some water.
So then she handed the water about; and not only
the children
Drank, but the sick woman too, and her daughters,
and with them the justice.
All were refreshed, and highly commended the
glorious water;
Acid it was to the taste, and reviving, and whole-
some to drink of.

Then with a serious face the maiden replied to
them, saying:
"Friends, for the last time now to your mouth have
I lifted my pitcher;
And for the last time by me have your lips been
moistened with water.
But henceforth in the heat of the day when the
draught shall refresh you,
When in the shade ye enjoy your rest beside a
clear fountain,

Think of me then sometimes and of all my affectionate service,

Prompted more by my love than the duty I owed you as kindred.

I shall acknowledge as long as I live the kindness ye've shown me.

'Tis with regret that I leave you; but every one now is a burden

More than a help to his neighbor, and all must be finally scattered

Far through a foreign land, if return to our homes be denied us.

See, here stands the youth to whom we owe thanks for the presents.

He gave the cloak for the baby, and all these welcome provisions.

Now he is come, and has asked me if I will make one in his dwelling,

That I may serve therein his wealthy and excellent parents.

And I refuse not the offer; for maidens must always be serving;

Burdensome were it for them to rest and be served in the household.

Therefore I follow him gladly. A youth of intelligence seems he,

And so will also the parents be, as becometh the
wealthy.

So then farewell, dear friend; and mayst thou re-
joice in thy nursling,

Living, and into thy face already so healthfully
looking!

When thou shalt press him against thy breast in
these gay-colored wrappings,

Oh, then remember the kindly youth who bestowed
them upon us,

And who me also henceforth, thy sister, will shelter
and nourish.

Thou, too, excellent man!" she said as she turned
to the justice;


"Take my thanks that in many a need I have
found thee a father."

Then she knelt down on the floor by the side of
the newly made mother,
Kissing the weeping woman, and taking her low-
whispered blessing.

Thou, meanwhile, worshipful justice, wast speak-
ing to Hermann and saying:
"Justly mayst thou, my friend, be counted among
the good masters,

Careful to manage their household affairs with
capable servants.
For I have often observed how in sheep, as in
horses and oxen,
Men conclude never a bargain without making
closest inspection,
While with a servant who all things preserves,
if honest and able,
And who will every thing lose and destroy, if he
set to work falsely,
Him will a chance or an accident make us admit to
our dwelling,
And we are left, when too late, to repent an o'er
hasty decision.
Thou understandest the matter it seems; because
thou hast chosen,
Thee and thy parents to serve in the house, a maid
who is honest.
Hold her with care; for as long as thy household
is under her keeping,
Thou shalt not want for a sister, nor yet for a
daughter thy parents."

Many were come, meanwhile, near relatives all
of the mother,
Bringing her various gifts, and more suitable quar-
ters announcing.



All of them, hearing the maiden's decision, gave
Hermann their blessing,
Coupled with glances of meaning, while each made
his special reflections.

Hastily one and another would say in the ear of his
neighbor :

"If in the master a lover she find, right well were
she cared for."

Hermann took her at last by the hand, and said as
he did so :

"Let us be going ; the day is declining, and distant
the city."

Eager and voluble then the women embraced
Dorothea.

Hermann drew her away ; but other adieus must
be spoken :

Lastly the children with cries fell upon her and
terrible weeping,

Clung to her garments, and would not their dear
second mother should leave them.

But in a tone of command the women said, one and
another :

"Hush now, children ! she's going to the town, and
will presently bring you

Plenty of nice sweet cake that was by your brother
bespoken

When by the stork just now he was brought past
the shop of the baker.

Soon you will see her come back with sugar-plums
splendidly gilded."

Then did the little ones loose their hold, and Her-
mann, though hardly,

Tore her from further embraces away, and far-
waving kerchiefs. ✓

MELPOMENE.



HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

TOWARDS the setting sun the two thus went on
their journey :

Close he had wrapped himself round with clouds
portending a tempest.

Out from the veil, now here and now there, with
fiery flashes,

Gleaming over the field shot forth the ominous
lightning.

“May not these threatening heavens,” said Her-
mann, “be presently sending

Hailstones upon us and violent rains; for fair is
the harvest.”

And in the waving luxuriant grain they delighted
together :

Almost as high it reached as the lofty shapes that
moved through it.

Thereupon spoke the maiden, and said to her
guide and companion :

“Friend, unto whom I soon am to owe so kindly a
fortune,

Shelter and home, while many an exile’s exposed
to the tempest,

Tell me concerning thy parents, I pray thee, and
teach me to know them,

Them whom with all my heart I desire to serve in
the future.

Who understands his master, more easily gives
satisfaction,

Having regard to the things which to him seem
chief in importance,

And on the doing of which his firm-set mind is
determined.

Tell me therefore, I pray, how to win thy father
and mother.”

And to her question made answer the good and
intelligent Hermann :

“Ah, what wisdom thou showest, thou good, thou
excellent maiden,

Asking thus first of all concerning the tastes of my
parents !

Know that in vain hitherto I have labored in serv-
ing my father,

Taking upon me as were it my own, the charge of
the household ;
Early and late at work in the fields, and o'erseeing
the vineyard.
But my mother I fully content, who can value my
service ;
And thou wilt also appear in her eyes the worthiest
of maidens,
If for the house thou carest, as were it thine own
thou wast keeping.
Otherwise is it with father, who cares for the out-
ward appearance.
Do not regard me, good maiden, as one who is cold
and unfeeling,
That unto thee a stranger I straightway discover
my father.
Nay, I assure thee that never before have words
such as these are
Freely dropped from my tongue, which is not
accustomed to prattle ;
But from out of my bosom thou lurest its every
secret.
Some of the graces of life my good father covets
about him,
Outward signs of affection he wishes, as well as of
honor ;

And an inferior servant might possibly give satisfaction,
Who could turn these to account, while he might
be displeas'd with a better."

Thereupon said she with joy, the while her hastening footsteps
Over the darkening pathway with easy motion she quicken'd:
"Truly I hope to them both I shall equally give satisfaction;
For in thy mother's nature I find such an one as mine own is,
And to the outward graces I've been from my childhood accustomed.
Greatly was courtesy valued among our neighbors the Frenchmen,
During their earlier days: it was common to noble and burgher,
As to the peasant, and every one made it the rule of his household.
So, on the side of us Germans, the children were likewise accustomed
Daily to bring to their parents, with kissing of hands and with curtseys,
Morning good-wishes, and all through the day to be prettily mannered.

Every thing thus that I learned, and to which I've
been used from my childhood,
All that my heart shall suggest, shall be brought
into play for thy father.
But who shall tell me of thee, and how thyself
shouldst be treated,
Thou the only son of the house, and henceforth my
master?"

Thus she said, and e'en as she spoke they stood
under the pear-tree.
Down from the heavens the moon at her full was
shedding her splendor.
Night had come on, and wholly obscured was the
last gleam of sunlight,
So that contrasting masses lay side by side with
each other,
Clear and bright as the day, and black with the
shadows of midnight;
Gratefully fell upon Hermann's ear the kindly
asked question
Under the shade of the glorious tree, the spot he so
treasured,
Which but this morning had witnessed the tears he
had shed for the exile.
And while they sat themselves down to rest them
here for a little,

Thus spoke the amorous youth, as he grasped the
hand of the maiden :

“Suffer thy heart to make answer, and follow it
freely in all things.”

Yet naught further he ventured to say although so
propitious

Seemed the hour ; he feared he should only haste
on a refusal.

Ah, and he felt besides the ring on her finger, sad
token !

Therefore they sat there, silent and still, beside one
another.

First was the maiden to speak : “How sweet is
this glorious moonlight !”

Said she at length : “it is as the light of the day in
its brightness.

There in the city I plainly can see the houses and
court-yards,

And in the gable — methinks I can number its panes
— is a window.”

“What thou seest,” the modest youth thereupon
made her answer, —

“What thou seest is our dwelling, to which I am
leading thee downward,

And that window yonder belongs to my room in the
attic,
Which will be thine perhaps, for various changes
are making.
All these fields, too, are ours; they are ripe for the
harvest to-morrow.
Here in the shade we will rest, and partake of our
noontide refreshment.
But it is time we began our descent through the
vineyard and garden;
For dost thou mark how yon threatening storm-
cloud comes nearer and nearer,
Charged with lightning, and ready our fair full
moon to extinguish?"

So they arose from their seats, and over the corn-
fields descended,
Through the luxuriant grain, enjoying the bright-
ness of evening,
Until they came to the vineyard, and so entered
into its shadow.

Then he guided her down o'er the numerous
blocks that were lying,
Rough and unhewn on the pathway, and served as
the steps of the alley.

Slowly the maiden descended, and leaning her
hands on his shoulder,

While with uncertain beams, the moon through the
leaves overlooked them,

Ere she was veiled by the cloud, and so left the
couple in darkness.

Carefully Hermann's strength supported the maid
that hung o'er him ;

But, not knowing the path and the rough-hewn
steps that led down it,

Missed she her footing, her ankle turned, and she
surely had fallen,

Had not the dexterous youth his arm outstretched
in an instant,

And his beloved upheld. She gently sank on his
shoulder ;

Breast was pressed against breast, and cheek
against cheek. Thus he stood there

Fixed as a marble statue, the force of will keeping
him steadfast,

Drew her not to him more closely, but braced him-
self under her pressure.

Thus he the glorious burden felt, the warmth of
her bosom,

And the perfume of her breath, that over his lips
was exhaling ;

Bore with the heart of a man the majestic form
of the woman.

But she with playfulness said, concealing the
pain that she suffered :

“That is a sign of misfortune, so timorous persons
would tell us,

When on approaching a house we stumble not far
from the threshold ;

And for myself, I confess, I could wish for a hap-
pier omen.

Let us here linger awhile that thy parents may not
have to blame thee

Seeing a limping maid, and thou seem an incompe-
tent landlord.”

U R A N I A.



PROSPECT.

MUSES, O ye who the course of true love so
willingly favor,
Ye who thus far on his way the excellent youth
have conducted,
Even before the betrothal have pressed to his bosom
the maiden ;
Further your aid vouchsafe this charming pair in
uniting,
Straightway dispersing the clouds which over their
happiness lower !
Yet first of all declare what is passing meanwhile
at the Lion.

Now for the third time again the mother impa-
tient had entered
Where were assembled the men, whom anxious but
now she had quitted ;

Spoke of the gathering storm, and the moonlight's
rapid obscuring ;
Then of her son's late tarrying abroad and the dan-
gers of nightfall ;
Sharply upbraided her friends that without having
speech of the maiden,
And without urging his suit, they had parted from
Hermann so early.

"Make it not worse than it is," the father replied
with displeasure.

"For, as thou seest, we tarry ourselves and are
waiting the issue."

Calmly, however, from where he was sitting the
neighbor made answer :

"Never in hours of disquiet like this do I fail to be
grateful
Unto my late, blessed father, who every root of
impatience
Tore from my heart when a child, and left no fibre
remaining ;
So that I learned on the instant to wait as do none
of your sages."

"Tell us," the pastor returned, "what legerde-
main he made use of."

“That will I gladly relate, for all may draw from it
a lesson ;”

So made the neighbor reply. “When a boy I once
stood of a Sunday

Full of impatience, and looking with eagerness out
for the carriage

Which was to carry us forth to the spring that lies
under the lindens.

Still the coach came not. I ran, like a weasel, now
hither, now thither,

Up stairs and down, and forward and back ’twixt
the door and the window ;

Even my fingers itched to be moving ; I scratched
on the tables,

Went about pounding and stamping, and hardly
could keep me from weeping.

All was observed by the calm-tempered man ; but
at last when my folly

Came to be carried too far, by the arm he quietly
took me,

Led me away to the window, and spoke in this
serious language :

‘Seest thou yonder the carpenter’s shop that is
closed for the Sunday ?

He will re-open to-morrow, when plane and saw
will be started,

And will keep on through the hours of labor from
morning till evening.

But consider thou this,—a day will be presently
coming

When that man shall himself be astir and all of his
workmen,

Making a coffin for thee to be quickly and skilfully
finished.

Then that house of boards they will busily bring
over hither,

Which must at last receive alike the impatient and
patient,

And which is destined soon with close-pressing roof
to be covered.'

Straightway I saw the whole thing in my mind as
if it were doing ;

Saw the boards fitting together, and saw the black
color preparing,

Sat me down patiently then, and in quiet awaited
the carriage.

Now when others I see, in seasons of anxious ex-
pectance,

Running distracted about, I cannot but think of the
coffin."

Smiling, the pastor replied : "The affecting pic-
ture of death stands

Not as a dread to the wise, and not as an end to the
pious.

Those it presses again into life, and teaches to use
it;

These by affliction it strengthens in hope to future
salvation.

Death becomes life unto both. Thy father was
greatly mistaken

When to a sensitive boy he death in death thus
depicted.

Let us the value of nobly ripe age, point out to the
young man,

And to the aged the youth, that in the eternal pro-
gression

Both may rejoice, and life may in life thus find its
completion."

But the door was now opened, and showed the
majestical couple.

Filled with amaze were the friends, and amazed
the affectionate parents,

Seeing the form of the maid so well matched with
that of her lover.

Yea, the door seemed too low to allow the tall fig-
ures to enter,

As they together now appeared coming over the
threshold.

Hermann, with hurried words, presented her thus
to his parents :

“ Here is a maiden,” he said ; “ such a one as ye
wish in the household.

Kindly receive her, dear father : she merits it well ;
and thou, mother,

Question her straightway on all that belongs to a
housekeeper’s duty,

That ye may see how well she deserves to ye both
to be nearer. ”

Quickly he then drew aside the excellent clergy-
man, saying :

“ Help me, O worthy sir, and speedily out of this
trouble ;

Loosen, I pray thee, this knot, at whose untying I
tremble.

Know that ’tis not as a lover that I have brought
hither the maiden ;

But she believes that as servant she comes to the
house, and I tremble

Lest in displeasure she fly as soon as there’s men-
tion of marriage.

But be it straightway decided ; for she no longer
in error

Thus shall be left, and I this suspense no longer
can suffer.

Hasten and show us in this a proof of the wisdom we honor."

Towards the company then the clergyman instantly turned him ;

But already, alas ! had the soul of the maiden been troubled,

Hearing the father's speech ; for he, in his sociable fashion,

Had in these playful words, with the kindest intention addressed her :

"Ay, this is well, my child ! with delight I perceive that my Hermann

Has the good taste of his father, who often showed his in his young days,

Leading out always the fairest to dance, and bringing the fairest

Finally home as his wife ; our dear little mother here that was.

For by the bride that a man shall elect we can judge what himself is,

Tell what the spirit is in him, and whether he feel his own value.

Nor didst thou need for thyself, I'll engage, much time for decision ;

For, in good sooth, methinks, he's no difficult person to follow."

Hermann had heard but in part ; his limbs were inwardly trembling,
And of a sudden a stillness had fallen on all of the circle.

But by these words of derision, for such she could not but deem them,
Wounded, and stung to the depths of her soul, the excellent maiden,
Stood, while the fugitive blood o'er her cheeks and e'en to her bosom
Poured its flush. But she governed herself, and her courage collecting,
Answered the old man thus, her pain not wholly concealing :
" Truly for such a reception thy son had in no wise prepared me,
When he the ways of his father described, the excellent burgher.
Thou art a man of culture, I know, before whom I am standing ;
Dealest with every one wisely, according as suits his position ;
But thou hast scanty compassion, it seems, on one such as I am,
Who, a poor girl, am now crossing thy threshold with purpose to serve thee ;

Else, with such bitter derision, thou wouldst not
have made me remember
How far removed my fortune from that of thyself
and thy son is.
True, I come poor to thy house, and bring with me
naught but my bundle
Here where is every abundance to gladden the
prosperous inmates.
Yet I know well myself; I feel the relations
between us.
Say, is it noble, with so much of mockery straight-
way to greet me,
That I am sent from the house while my foot is
scarce yet on the threshold?"

Anxiously Hermann turned and signed to his
ally the pastor
That he should rush to the rescue and straightway
dispel the delusion.
Then stepped the wise man hastily forward and
looked on the maiden's
Tearful eyes, her silent pain and repressed indigna-
tion,
And in his heart was impelled not at once to clear
up the confusion,
Rather to put to the test the girl's disquieted
spirit.

Therefore he unto her said in language intended
to try her :

“ Surely, thou foreign-born maiden, thou didst not
maturely consider,

When thou too rashly decidedst to enter the service
of strangers,

All that is meant by the placing thyself 'neath the
rule of a master ;

For by our hand to a bargain the fate of the year is
determined,

And but a single 'yea' compels to much patient
endurance.

Not the worst part of the service the wearisome
steps to be taken,

Neither the bitter sweat of a labor that presses un-
ceasing ;

Since the industrious freeman must toil as well as
the servant.

But 'tis to bear with the master's caprice when he
censures unjustly,

Or when, at variance with self, he orders now this,
now the other ;

Bear with the petulance, too, of the mistress, easily
angered,

And with the rude, overbearing ways of unmanner-
ly children.

All this is hard to endure, and yet to go on with thy
duties
Quickly, without delay, nor thyself grow sullen
and stubborn.
Yet thou appearest ill fitted for this, since already
so deeply
Stung by the father's jests : whereas there is nothing
more common
Than for a girl to be teased on account of a youth
she may fancy."

Thus he spoke. The maiden had felt the full
force of his language,
And she restrained her no more ; but with passion-
ate outburst her feelings
Made themselves way ; a sob broke forth from her
now heaving bosom,
And, while the scalding tears poured down, she
straightway made answer :
" Ah, that rational man who thinks to advise us in
sorrow,
Knows not how little of power his cold words have
in relieving
Ever a heart from that woe which a sovereign fate
has inflicted,
Ye are prosperous and glad ; how then should a
pleasantry wound you ?

Yet but the lightest touch is a source of pain to
the sick man.

Nay, concealment itself, if successful, had profited
nothing.

Better show now what had later increased to a
bitterer anguish,

And to an inward consuming despair might perhaps
have reduced me.

Let me go back ! for here in this house I can tarry
no longer.

I will away, and wander in search of my hapless
companions,

Whom I forsook in their need ; for myself alone
choosing the better.

This is my firm resolve, and I therefore may make
a confession

Which might for years perhaps have else lain hid
in my bosom.

Deeply indeed was I hurt by the father's words of
derision ;

Not that I'm sensitive, proud beyond what is fitting
a servant ;

But that my heart in truth had felt itself stirred with
affection

Towards the youth who to-day had appeared to my
eyes as a savior.

When he first left me there on the road, he still
remained present,

Haunting my every thought ; I fancied the fortunate
maiden

Whom as a bride, perhaps, his heart had already
elected.

When at the fountain I met him again, the sight of
him wakened

Pleasure as great as if there had met me an angel
from heaven ;

And with what gladness I followed, when asked to
come as his servant.

True, that I flattered myself in my heart, — I will
not deny it, —

While we were hitherward coming, I might per-
adventure deserve him,

Should I become at last the important stay of the
household.

Now I, alas ! for the first time see what risk I was
running,

When I would make my home so near to the
secretly loved one ;

Now for the first time feel how far removed a poor
maiden

Is from an opulent youth, no matter how great her
deserving.

All this I now confess, that my heart ye may not
misinterpret,

In that 'twas hurt by a chance to which I owe my
awaking.

Hiding my secret desires, this dread had been ever
before me,

That at some early day he would bring him a bride
to his dwelling ;

And ah, how could I then my inward anguish have
suffered !

Happily I have been warned, and happily now has
my bosom

Been of its secret relieved, while yet there is cure
for the evil.

But no more ; I have spoken ; and now shall
nothing detain me

Longer here in a house where I stay but in shame
and confusion,

Freely confessing my love and that foolish hope
that I cherished.

Not the night which abroad is covered with lower-
ing storm clouds ;

Not the roll of the thunder — I hear its peal — shall
deter me ;

Not the pelt of the rain which without is beating
in fury ;

Neither the blustering tempest; for all these things
have I suffered

During our sorrowful flight, and while the near foe
was pursuing.

Now I again go forth, as I have so long been
accustomed,

Carried away by the whirl of the times, and from
every thing parted.

Fare ye well! I tarry no longer: all now is over."

Thus she spoke and back to the door she hastily
turned her,

Still bearing under her arm, as she with her had
brought it, her bundle.

But with both of her arms the mother seized hold
of the maiden,

Clasping her round the waist, and exclaiming,
amazed and bewildered:

"Tell me, what means all this? and these idle tears,
say, what mean they?

I will not let thee depart: thou art the betrothed of
my Hermann."

But still the father stood, observing the scene
with displeasurè,

Looked on the weeping girl, and said in a tone of
vexation:

“This then must be the return that I get for all my
indulgence,
That at the close of the day this most irksome of
all things should happen !
For there is naught I can tolerate less than woman-
ish weeping,
Violent outcries, which only involve in disorder and
passion,
What with a little of sense had been more smoothly
adjusted.
Settle the thing for yourselves : I’m going to bed ;
I’ve no patience
Longer to be a spectator of these your marvellous
doings.”
Quickly he turned as he spoke, and hastened to go
to the chamber
Where he was wonted to rest, and his marriage bed
was kept standing.
But he was held by his son, who said in a tone
of entreaty :
“Father, hasten not from us, and be thou not wroth
with the maiden.
I, only I, am to blame as the cause of all this
confusion,
Which by his dissimulation our friend unexpected-
ly heightened.

Bent her before him, and kissing the hand he would
fain have withholden,
Said: "Thou wilt surely be just and forgive one so
startled as I was,
First for my tears of distress, and now for the tears
of my gladness.
That emotion forgive me, and oh! forgive me this
also.
For I can scarce comprehend the happiness newly
vouchsafed me.
Yes, let that first vexation of which I, bewildered,
was guilty
Be too the last! Whatever the maid of affectionate
service
Faithfully promised, shall be to thee now performed
by the daughter."

Straightway then, concealing his tears, the father
embraced her,
Cordially, too, the mother came forward and kissed
her with fervor,
Pressing her hands in her own: the weeping wo-
men were silent.

Thereupon quickly he seized, the good and intel-
ligent pastor,

First the father's hand, and the wedding-ring drew
from his finger, —
Not so easily either: the finger was plump and
detained it, —
Next took the mother's ring also, and with them
betrothed he the children,
Saying: "These golden circlets once more their
office performing
Firmly a tie shall unite, which in all things shall
equal the old one.
Deeply is this young man imbued with love of the
maiden,
And, as the maiden confesses, her heart is gone
out to him also.
Here do I therefore betroth you and bless for the
years that are coming,
With the consent of the parents, and having this
friend as a witness."

Then the neighbor saluted at once, and expressed
his good wishes ;
But when the clergyman now the golden circlet
was drawing
Over the maiden's hand, he observed with amaze-
ment the other,
Which had already by Hermann been anxiously
marked at the fountain.

And with a kindly raillery thus thereupon he addressed her :

“So then thy second betrothal is this? let us hope the first bridegroom
May not appear at the altar, and so prohibit the marriage.”

But she, answering, said: “Oh, let me to this recollection

Yet one moment devote; for so much is due the good giver,

Him who bestowed it at parting, and never came back to his kindred.

All that should come he foresaw, when in haste the passion for freedom,

When a desire in the newly changed order of things to be working,

Urged him onward to Paris, where chains and death he encountered.

‘Fare thee well,’ were his words; ‘I go, for all is in motion

Now for a time on the earth, and every thing seems to be parting.

E’en in the firmest states fundamental laws are dissolving;

Property falls away from the hand of the ancient possessor;

Friend is parted from friend; and so parts lover
from lover.

Here I leave thee, and where I shall find thee
again, or if ever,

Who can tell? Perhaps these words are our last ones
together.

Man's but a stranger here on the earth, we are told
and with reason;

And we are each of us now become more of stran-
gers than ever.

Ours no more is the soil, and our treasures are all
of them changing:

Silver and gold are melting away from their time-
honored patterns.

All is in motion as though the already-shaped world
into chaos

Meant to resolve itself backward and night, and to
shape itself over.

Mine thou wilt keep thine heart, and should we
be ever united

Over the ruins of earth, it will be as newly made
creatures,

Beings transformed and free, no longer dependent
on fortune;

For can aught fetter the man who has lived through
days such as these are!

But if it is not to be, that, these dangers happily
over,

Ever again we be granted the bliss of mutual
embraces,

Oh, then before thy thoughts so keep my hovering
image

That with unshaken mind thou be ready for good
or for evil!

Should new ties allure thee again, and a new
habitation,

Enter with gratitude into the joys that fate shall
prepare thee;

Love those purely who love thee; be grateful to
them who show kindness.

But thine uncertain foot should yet be planted but
lightly,

For there is lurking the twofold pain of a new
separation.

Blessings attend thy life; but value existence no
higher

Than thine other possessions, and all possessions
are cheating!

Thus spoke the noble youth, and never again I
beheld him.

Meanwhile I lost my all, and a thousand times
thought of his warning.

Here, too, I think of his words, when love is sweetly
preparing
Happiness for me anew, and glorious hopes are
reviving.
Oh forgive me, excellent friend, that e'en while I
hold thee
Close to my side I tremble ! So unto the late-landed
sailor
Seem the most solid foundations of firmest earth to
be rocking."

Thus she spoke, and placed the two rings on her
finger together.
But her lover replied with a noble and manly
emotion :
"So much the firmer then, amid these universal
convulsions,
Be, Dorothea, our union ! We two will hold fast
and continue,
Firmly maintaining ourselves, and the right to our
ample possessions.
For that man, who, when times are uncertain, is
faltering in spirit,
Only increases the evil, and further and further
transmits it ;

While he refashions the world, who keeps himself
steadfastly minded.

Poorly becomes it the German to give to these fear-
ful excitements

Aught of continuance, or to be this way and that
way inclining.

This is our own! let that be our word, and let us
maintain it!

For to those resolute peoples respect will be ever
accorded,

Who for God and the laws, for parents, women
and children,

Fought and died, as together they stood with their
front to the foeman.

Thou art mine own; and now what is mine, is mine
more than ever.

Not with anxiety will I preserve it, and trembling
enjoyment;

Rather with courage and strength. To-day should
the enemy threaten,

Or in the future, equip me thyself and hand me my
weapons.

Let me but know that under thy care are my house
and dear parents,

Oh! I can then with assurance expose my breast to
the foeman.

And were but every man minded like me, there
would be an uprising
Might against might, and peace should revisit us
all with its gladness."

THE END.

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