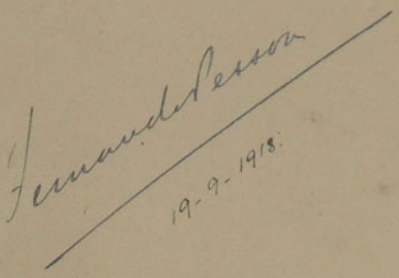
Fernando Pessoa
19-9-1918.

THE

POEMS AND BALLADS

OF

SCHILLER.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

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OF

SCHILLER.

Translated by

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.

The Diver.

Page 7.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH & LONDON.

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POEMS AND BALLADS

OF

SCHILLER:

TRANSLATED BY

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.

SECOND EDITION.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCLII

Inscribed

TO

JAMES F. FERRIER, Esq.

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ST ANDREWS;

A SLIGHT TOKEN

OF GRATITUDE FOR CANDID CRITICISM

AND OF RESPECT FOR ENLIGHTENED ERUDITION.

PREFACE.

THE previous Edition of this translation had the good fortune to be received with favour, nor least so by those naturally most jealous of Schiller's fame, and probably best fitted to estimate critically a translator's comprehension of his more essential characteristics—viz., his own countrymen. In the present Edition, no pains have been spared to correct and improve an attempt to nationalise amongst us a poet whose influence is, for the most part, of an eminently spiritual and elevated nature; and, after all due allowance for the disparity of genius between the German and the English translator, to obtain for this volume a place amongst those translations which, though first regarded as the representatives of a foreign literature, are gradually admitted as denizens of our own.

The years that have passed since I first undertook the translation of poems, of which the more abstract

are not unfrequently obscure even to German readers, have added something to my own acquaintance with the studies most favoured by Schiller, as well as with the subtleties of the language he employs. They have added, also, something of more familiar practice in poetical composition; and hence, whether to approach more nearly than before to the meaning of the original, or to confer a more polished facility on my own version, many of the translations have been wholly rewritten, most of them carefully retouched. My general practice has been to translate line by line, and as literally as the transfer of thought from the verse of one language into the verse of another will permit. I have very rarely departed from this rule, except where it seemed expedient to give more distinct force to the poet's leading idea; or where, in obscurer passages, it became necessary to translate the meaning as well as the words. For it sometimes happens that a construction literally verbal may be essentially unfaithful, render the sense unintelligible, or leave it exposed to total misconception—a danger of which Schiller himself was so aware, that, in his correspondence, he takes pages to explain what he desired to imply in a line. In such more difficult passages I have diligently reconsulted the best German authorities, and I have again to record my especial obligations to the distinguished critic to whom this translation is inscribed.

I have also for the most part adhered to the metres in the original, except where they would be unmusical to an English ear, or where they would have impressed our English associations with a sound at variance with the object of the poet.

In such variations I have sought to select the metres which Schiller might have sanctioned had he been as well acquainted with our language and its poetical forms as an English translator may presume to be.

My boldest deviation has been in the substitution of familiar modern metres for the rhymeless hexameter or pentameter which Schiller has occasionally employed, against the impulse of his better taste,[1] and which, just as the German poets are recovering from a barbarous affectation that no genius could establish into lasting precedent, certain very eminent writers have sought to introduce into the English language. *Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens!* I hold it a sufficient excuse for this license, in an attempt to render a German poet into English verse, that not even the admirable genius of Professor Longfellow, nor the exquisite sense of classic rhythm and cadence which pervades Mr Lockhart's specimens of translation from Homer into hexameters, has been

[1] "I have bought Voss's translation of the *Odyssey*, and it is truly admirable, with the exception of the hexameters, *which I cannot put up with.*"—SCHILLER'S *Correspondence with* KÖRNER.

able to make pentameter or hexameter a metre popularly recognised as an English verse by our reading public.

I shall not here enforce the ordinary objection to an attempt at the adoption of classic metres; viz., the want in our modern languages of the syllabic quantity, which is of such metres the alleged fundamental law. My belief in the failure of the attempt rests upon far broader ground, and involves a difficulty which, I think, may account to the eminent writers I have referred to, if they are admired in spite of their hexameters, and not on account of them. The essential charm of verse is in its harmony with our previous associations. When we hear a rhythm that we perceive at once to be musical, it is that it strikes upon keys which we have already recognised as music. But we have no more associations with hexameters and pentameters in English verse, than Ovid and Tyrtæus would have with the rhymes of the Irish melodies. Every distinct race has its own distinct forms of verse, according to its hereditary associations; and it is difficult even to give to a metre, with which it is already familiar, the signification which that metre takes in another tongue. That measure which in France is dedicated to the march of the epic and the swell of the tragic rhyme, is only associated in English minds with a tripping roundelay or a jovial ballad. The peculiar characteristic

of Racine in the pomp of his line, would vanish at once from an English verse of the same measure. The heroic line in one country can best be rendered by the heroic line in another. Why?—simply because the line must, in order to produce the same effect on either audience, consult the previous associations which custom has peculiarised to each. It will therefore rarely happen—when a language has made considerable progress, its poetry received form and substance, and the measures adopted by its poets have become familiar to our ears and interwoven with our notions of melody—that a new metre, wholly different in form and construction, will be permanently and popularly received. It may have its hour of fashion, like any other novelty—may please as a display of ingenuity—and, if unfortunately used by a real poet, will command its short-lived crowd of imitators; but it will more probably obstruct the poet who employs it, in his passage to the future, than win its own way to our reluctant love. I have not, therefore, employed the spurious classical metre employed by Schiller in "The Walk" and some other poems, for the same reasons that I would not employ it in translating Ovid or Tibullus. I employ a line of that length which the best English poets of a former century adopted, when they had hexameters or pentameters to translate, but, in the poem of "The Walk," with a greater freedom of rhyme

than our own alternate elegiac quatrain or heroic couplet, because such freedom seemed necessitated by the quick succession of scenes presented, and the general spirit of the whole composition.

In this Edition I have retained the general arrangement adopted in the first. In the received Editions of the original, Schiller's poems are classed in three divisions, according as they were composed in the three periods, which biographers have regarded as the great epochs of his life. These divisions have not been confounded in the translation, but the order in which they are classified in the German Editions is reversed—the poems composed in the periods of mature development placed first,[1] those written in the period of struggle and transition next, those in that of early youth the last. It would not be doing justice to Schiller, in introducing him to the English public, to give to his most imperfect performances the place of honour; and perhaps, as a general rule, it is always more interesting to follow the stream to its source than to track from the turbid stream the smoothness of the after-current.

[1] And in this division I have not given to each poem the place it occupies in the editions of the original. This deviation requires no excuse. The poems are not printed in the German editions according to chronological or systematic arrangement, and a translator is therefore left at full liberty to select the order which appears to him to give the most relief and variety.

Mr Carlyle[1] has quoted, with some approval, a pert phrase, "that readers, till their twenty-fifth year, usually prefer Schiller; after their twenty-fifth year, Goethe." If Herder and Novalis are right in their belief that the true elements of wisdom and poetry are found freshest and purest in the young, this is no disparagement to Schiller. It is, certainly, only in proportion as the glow for all that is noble in thought and heroic in character fades from the weaker order of mind, amidst the cavils, disgusts, and scepticism of later life, that the halo around the genius of Schiller, which is but a reflection of all that is noble and heroic, wanes also into feebler lustre. For the stronger nature, which still "feels as the enthusiast, while it learns to see as the world-wise,"[2] there is no conceivable reason why Schiller should charm less in maturity than youth. Goethe may please a reader more in proportion as his mind can embrace a wider circumference in life; but unless his mind loses in elevation what it gains in expansion, his eye will still turn with as fond a worship to the lofty star, which is not less holy than the sun-light, though it less fills the atmosphere immediately around us. May I be permitted here to add, that I am ten years older than I was when I began the study of

[1] CARLYLE'S *Miscellanies*, vol. iii. p. 65.
[2] See "Light and Warmth," p. 108.

Schiller?—since then I have investigated, with some critical care, the characteristics of those poets whom the world ranks amongst its greatest, and my admiration for Schiller is more profound and reverential than ever. Nor do I think that Horace himself, in his *Odes*, is more emphatically the representative of classic civilisation, in his perceptions of sensuous beauty, and his inimitable grace of form, than Schiller, in the collection of Poems here translated, is the representative of the civilisation of Northern Manhood and Christian sentiment. Schiller is the type of modern thought even in the faults imputed to him as poet—viz., an indifference to form in comparison to substance, a perpetual desire to search, through all phenomena submitted to contemplation, for an ideal beauty or an abstract truth, and that noble extravagance in the estimate of Art, and in the respect for human dignity, not unnatural to those taught, by influence of race and creed, to regard Art as a celestial teacher—Man as an immortal soul.

I conclude these remarks with the following extracts from a critical commentary on Schiller, prefixed to the former Edition:—

"It is in the collection of his minor poems that Schiller's true variety is best seen—a variety not of character but of thought, of sentiment, of fancy, of diction, and of metre. No single specimens of his poems can give any accurate idea of the excellence

of the whole. It is the predominant merit of this collection that it conveys the most transparent exposition of the poet; its contents are the confessions of his soul, as well as the exercises of his genius. For, with a little modification, what Jean Paul said of Herder may be said of Schiller—'that he was less a Poet than a Poem;' and, therefore, all his poetry should be studied as illustrations of the Human Poem—Schiller himself! Through the exuberant variety of his verse is discernible, as an elementary and harmonious principle, a character singularly frank, thoughtful, elevated, and pure; hence, as with some great orator, favourite thoughts are often repeated, because the earnestness of the man desires certain truths to be impressed upon the memory. It is not till we have concluded the entire collection that we can thoroughly appreciate each single poem, or comprehend, in all its phases, the lofty nature of the poet. Here, better than in all biographies, may be traced the development of a great and laborious mind: The exuberant fire of the First Period; the subdued melody of the Second, whether in joy or in doubt, in sorrowful passion or the first glimpses of serene Art; the fulness of ripened knowledge, the calm repose of mature genius, which characterise the Third—all reflect, as in a glass, the changes of a progressive career, the development of a nature striving for improvement, as a plant for the light. . . . .

. . . As in the Life of Schiller the student may gather noble and useful lessons of the virtue of manly perseverance—of the necessity of continued self-cultivation—of the alliance between labour and success—between honesty and genius—so in his Poems there is that which no deficiency in the translator can prevent from being living and distinct —a great and forcible intellect ever appealing to the best feelings—ever exalting those whom it addresses —ever intent upon strengthening man in his struggles with his destiny, and uniting with a golden chain the outer world and the inner to the Celestial Throne. The beauty of diction, the harmony of cadence, may escape the translator. But Schiller's poetry is less in form than in substance—less in subtle elegance of words than in robust healthfulness of thought, which, like man himself, will bear transplanting to every clime. The vocation of his Muse is a Religious Mission; she loses not her spiritual prerogative, though shorn of her stately pageantry, and despoiled of her festive robes. Her power to convert and to enlighten, to purify and to raise, depends not on the splendour of her appearance, but on the truths that she proclaims."

LONDON, *December* 1851

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Second Period.

First Period;

OR, EARLY POEMS.

POEMS AND BALLADS

OF

SCHILLER.

THE DIVER;

A BALLAD.

THE original of the story on which Schiller has founded this ballad, matchless perhaps for the power and grandeur of its descriptions, is to be found in Kircher. According to the true principles of imitative art, Schiller has preserved all that is striking in the legend, and ennobled all that is commonplace. The name of the Diver was Nicholas, surnamed the Fish. The King appears, according to Hoffmeister's probable conjectures, to have been either Frederic I. or Frederic II. of Sicily. Date from 1295 to 1377.

"OH, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
As to dive to the howling charybdis below?—
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow;
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his King."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirl'd into the maëlstrom that madden'd the surge.
"And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below?"

And the knights and the squires that gather'd around,
Stood silent—and fix'd on the ocean their eyes;
They look'd on the dismal and savage Profound,
And the peril chill'd back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the Monarch—"The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

And all as before heard in silence the King—
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires—stept out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
Lo! the wave that for ever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the charybdis again;
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,[1]
As when fire is with water commix'd and contending,
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;
And it never *will* rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is labouring the birth of a sea.

Yet, at length, comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,
And dark through the whiteness, and still thro' the swell,
The whirlpool cleaves downward and downward in ocean
A yawning abyss, like the pathway to hell;
The stiller and darker the farther it goes,
Suck'd into that smoothness the breakers repose.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again,
Hark! a shriek from the gazers that circle the shore,—
And, behold! he is whirl'd in the grasp of the main!
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously roll'd,
And the giant-mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

All was still on the height, save the murmur that went
From the grave of the deep, sounding hollow and fell,
Or save when the tremulous sighing lament
Thrill'd from lip unto lip, "Gallant youth, fare-thee-well!"
More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear—
More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry, "Who may find it shall win it and wear;"
God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—
A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.
For never shall lips of the living reveal
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh, many a bark, to that breast grappled fast,
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;
Again, crash'd together the keel and the mast,
To be seen tost aloft in the glee of the wave!
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commix'd and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending,
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,
Like the wing of the cygnet—what gleams on the sea?
Lo! an arm and a neck glancing up from the tomb!—
Steering stalwart and shoreward: O joy, it is he!
The left hand is lifted in triumph; behold,
It waves as a trophy the goblet of gold!

And he breathëd deep, and he breathëd long,
And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.
They gaze on each other—they shout as they throng—
"He lives—lo, the ocean has render'd its prey!
And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,
Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave!"

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamour and glee;
And the goblet his daring has won from the water,
He lifts to the King as he sinks on his knee;—
And the King from her maidens has beckon'd his daughter.
She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,
And thus spoke the Diver—"Long life to the King!

"Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below nevermore find a voice—
Nor Man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!
Nevermore—nevermore may he lift from the sight
The veil which is woven with Terror and Night!

"Quick bright'ning like lightning, the ocean rush'd o'er me,
Wild floating, borne down fathom-deep from the day;
Till a torrent rush'd out on the torrents that bore me,
And doubled the tempest that whirl'd me away.
Vain, vain was my struggle—the circle had won me,
Round and round in its dance the mad element spun me.

"From the deep, then I call'd upon God—and He heard me.
In the dread of my need, He vouchsafed to mine eye
A rock jutting out from the grave that interr'd me;
I sprung there, I clung there—and Death pass'd me by.
And, lo! where the goblet gleam'd through the abyss,
By a coral reef saved from the far Fathomless:

"Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy and purple and pathless Obscure!
A silence of Horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appall'd might the Horror endure!
Salamander, snake, dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep—coil'd about the grim jaws of their hell.

"Dark crawl'd, glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Clump'd together in masses, misshapen and vast;
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms;
Here the dark-moving bulk of the Hammer-fish pass'd;
And, with teeth grinning white and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible Shark—the Hyæna of Ocean.

"There I hung, and the awe gather'd icily o'er me,
So far from the earth, where man's help there was none!
The One Human Thing, with the Goblins before me—
Alone—in a loneness so ghastly—ALONE!
Deep under the reach of the sweet living breath,
And begirt with the broods of the desert of Death.

"Methought, as I gazed thro' the darkness, that now
It[2] saw—a dread hundred-limb'd creature—its prey!
And darted, devouring; I sprang from the bough
Of the coral, and swept on the horrible way;
And the whirl of the mighty wave seized me once more,—
It seized me to save me, and dash to the shore."

On the youth gazed the Monarch, and marvel'd: quoth he,
"Bold Diver, the goblet I promised is thine;
And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee—
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine—
If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the *innermost* main?"

Then outspake the daughter in tender emotion—
"Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.
If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire!"

The King seized the goblet, he swung it on high,
And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide:
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;
And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

And heaven, as he listened, spoke out from the space,
And the hope that makes heroes shot flame from his eyes;
He gazed on the blush in that beautiful face—
It pales—at the feet of her father she lies!
How priceless the guerdon!—a moment, a breath,
And headlong he plunges to life and to death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell.
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
Roaring up to the cliff—roaring back as before,
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore!

1 "*Und es wallet, und siedet, und brauset, und zischt*," &c. Goethe was particularly struck with the truthfulness of these lines, of which his personal observation at the Falls of the Rhine enabled him to judge. Schiller modestly owns his obligations to Homer's description of Charybdis, Odyss. lib. 12. The property of the higher order of imagination to reflect truth, though not familiar to experience, is singularly illustrated in this description. Schiller had never seen even a Waterfall.

2 "*Da koch's heran*," &c. The *It* in the original has been greatly admired. The poet thus vaguely represents the fabulous misshapen monster, the Polypus of the ancients.

NOTE.

This Ballad is the first composed by Schiller, if we except his early and ruder lay of "Count Eberhard, the Quarreller," which really, however, has more of the true old ballad spirit about it than those grand and artistical tales elaborated by his riper genius, and belonging to a school of poetry to which the ancient Ballad-singer certainly never pretended to aspire. The old Ballad is but a simple narrative, without any symbolical or interior meaning; but in most of the performances to which Schiller has given the

name of Ballad, a certain purpose, not to say philosophy, in conception, raises the Narrative into Dramatic dignity. Rightly, for instance, has "The Diver" been called a Lyrical Tragedy in two Acts—the first Act ending with the disappearance of the hero amidst the whirlpool: and the conception of the contest of Man's will with physical nature, together with the darkly hinted moral not to stretch too far the mercy of heaven, belong in themselves to the design and the ethics of Tragedy.

There is another peculiarity in the art which Schiller employs upon his narrative poems. Though he usually enters at once on the interest of his story, and adopts for the most part the simple and level style of recital, he selects a subject admitting naturally of some striking picture, upon which he lavishes those resources of description that are only at the command of a great poet; thus elevating the ancient ballad, not only into something of the Drama by conception, but into something of the Epic by execution. The reader will recognise this peculiarity in the description of the Charybdis and the Abyss in the Ballad he has just concluded, in that of the Storm in "Hero and Leander," of the Forge and the Catholic Ritual in "Fridolin," of the Furies in the "Cranes of Ibycus," &c. We have the more drawn the reader's notice to these distinctions between the simple ballad of the ancient minstrels and the artistical narratives of Schiller, because it seems to us that our English critics are too much inclined to consider that modern Ballad-writing succeeds or fails in proportion as it seizes merely the spirit of the ancient. But this would lower genius to an exercise of the same imitative ingenuity which a schoolboy or a college prizeman displays upon Latin lyrics—in which the merit consists in the avoidance of originality. The great poet cannot be content with only imitating what he studies; and he succeeds really in proportion, not to his fidelity, but to his innovations—that is, in proportion as he improves upon what serves him as a model.

In the ballad of "The Diver" Schiller sought not only the simple but the sublime. According to his own just theory—"The main Ingredient of Terror is the Unknown." He here seeks to accomplish as a poet what he had before perceived as a critic; and certainly the picture of his lonely Diver amidst the horrors of the Abyss dwells upon the memory amongst the sublimest conceptions of modern Poetry.

THE GLOVE;

A TALE.

THE original of this well-known story is in St Foix—*Essai sur Paris*: date, the reign of Francis I.

BEFORE his lion-court,
To see the griesly sport,
  Sate the King;
Beside him group'd his princely peers,
And dames aloft, in circling tiers,
  Wreathed round their blooming ring.
King Francis, where he sate,
Raised a finger—yawned the gate,
And, slow from his repose,
A LION goes!
Dumbly he gazed around
The foe-encircled ground;
And, with a lazy gape,
He stretch'd his lordly shape,
And shook his careless mane,
And—laid him down again!

A finger raised the King—
And nimbly have the guard

A second gate unbarr'd :
Forth, with a rushing spring,
A TIGER sprung !
Wildly the wild one yell'd
When the lion he beheld ;
And, bristling at the look,
With his tail his sides he strook,
And roll'd his rabid tongue.
In many a wary ring
He swept round the forest-king,
With a fell and rattling sound ;—
And laid him on the ground,
Grommelling !
The King raised his finger ; then
Leap'd two LEOPARDS from the den
With a bound :
And boldly bounded they
Where the crouching tiger lay
Terrible !
And he griped the beasts in his deadly hold !
In the grim embrace they grappled and rolled.
Rose the lion with a roar !
And stood the strife before ;
And the wild-cats on the spot,
From the blood-thirst, wroth and hot,
Halted still !

From the gallery raised above,
A fair hand dropp'd a glove :—
Midway between the beasts of prey,

Lion and tiger; there it lay,
The winsome lady's glove!

Fair Cunigonde said, with a lip of scorn,
To the knight DELORGES—"If the love you have sworn
Were as gallant and leal as you boast it to be,
I might ask you to bring back that glove to me!"

The Knight left the place where the lady sate;
The Knight he has passed through the fearful gate;
The lion and tiger he stoop'd above,
And his fingers have closed on the lady's glove!

All shuddering and stunn'd, they beheld him there—
The noble knights and the ladies fair;
But loud was the joy and the praise the while
He bore back the glove with his tranquil smile!

With a tender look in her softening eyes,
That promised reward to his warmest sighs,
Fair Cunigonde rose her knight to grace—
He tossed the glove in the lady's face!
"Nay, spare me the guerdon, at least," quoth he;
And he left for ever that fair ladye!

THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

In this beautiful ballad, Schiller is but little indebted to the true Legend of Toggenburg, which is nevertheless well adapted to Narrative Poetry. Ida, wife of Henry Count of Toggenburg, was suspected by her husband of a guilty attachment to one of his vassals, and ordered to be thrown from a high wall. Her life, however, was miraculously saved; she lived for some time as a female hermit in the neighbouring forest, till she was at length discovered, and her innocence recognised. She refused to live again with the lord whose jealousy had wronged her, retired to a convent, and was acknowledged as a saint after her death. This Legend, if abandoned by Schiller, has found a German Poet not unworthy of its simple beauty and pathos. Schiller has rather founded his poem, which sufficiently tells its own tale, upon a Tyrolese Legend, similar to the one that yet consecrates Rolandseck and Nonnenwörth on the Rhine. Hoffmeister implies that, unlike "The Diver," and some others of Schiller's ballads, "The Knight of Toggenburg" dispenses with all intellectual and typical meaning, draws its poetry from feeling, and has no other purpose than that of moving the heart. Still, upon feeling itself are founded those ideal truths which make up the true philosophy of a Poet. In these few stanzas is represented the poetical chivalry of an age—the contest between the earthly passion and the religious devotion, which constantly agitated human life in the era of the Crusades. How much of deep thought has been employed to arouse the feelings—what intimate conviction of the moral of the Middle Ages, in the picture of the Knight looking up to the convent—of the Nun bowing calmly to the vale!

"Knight, a sister's quiet love,
Gives my heart to thee!
Ask me not for other love,
For it paineth me!

Calmly can I greet thee now,
Calmly see thee go;
Calmly ever,—why dost thou
Weep in silence, so?"

Sadly—(not a word he said!)—
To the heart she wrung,
Sadly clasped he once the maid,—
On his steed he sprung!
"Up, my men of Swisserland!"
Up awake the brave!
Forth they go—the Red-Cross band,
To the Saviour's grave!

High your deeds, and great your fame,
Heroes of the Tomb!
Glancing through the carnage came
Many a dauntless plume.
Terror of the Moorish foe,
Toggenburg, thou art!
But thy heart is heavy! Oh,
Heavy is thy heart!

Heavy was the load his breast
For a twelvemonth bore:
Never could his trouble rest!
And he left the shore.
Lo! a ship on Joppa's strand,
Breeze and billow fair;
On to that belovëd land,
Where she breathes the air!

Knocking at her castle-gate
Was the pilgrim heard;
Woe the answer from the grate!
Woe the thunder-word!
"She thou seekest lives—a Nun!
To the world she died,
When, with yester-morning's sun,
Heaven receiv'd a Bride!"

From that day, his father's hall
Ne'er his home may be;
Helm and hauberk, steed and all,
Evermore left he!
Where his castle-crownëd height
Frowns the valley down,
Dwells unknown the hermit-knight,
In a sackcloth gown.

Rude the hut he builds him there,
Where his eyes may view
Wall and cloister glisten fair
Dusky lindens through.[1]
There, when dawn was in the skies,
Till the eve-star shone,
Sate he with mute wistful eyes,
Sate he there—alone!

Looking to the cloister, still,
Looking forth afar,
Looking to her lattice—till
Clink'd the lattice-bar:

Till—a passing glimpse allow'd—
Paused her image pale,
Calm and angel-mild, and bow'd
Meekly towards the vale.

Then the watch of day was o'er,
Then, consoled awhile,
Down he lay, to greet once more
Morning's early smile.
Days and years are gone, and still
Looks he forth afar,
Uncomplaining, hoping—till
Clinks the lattice-bar:

Till—a passing glimpse allow'd—
Paused her image pale,
Calm and angel-mild, and bow'd
Meekly towards the vale.
So, upon that lonely spot,
Sate he, dead at last,
With the look where life was not
Towards the casement cast!

[1] In this description (though to the best of our recollection it has escaped the vigilance of his many commentators) Schiller evidently has his eye and his mind upon the scene of his early childhood at Lorch, a scene to which in later life he was fondly attached. The village of Lorch lies at the foot of a hill crowned with a convent, before the walls of which springs an old linden or lime tree. The ruined castle of Hohenstaufen is in the immediate neighbourhood.

THE MEETING.

THIS poem, and the two that immediately follow, appear to have been inspired by Charlotte von Lengefeld, whom Schiller afterwards married. "The Meeting" is the only one of Schiller's poems that reminds us of the Italian poets. It has in it something of the sweet mannerism of Petrarch.

I SEE her still, with many a fair one nigh,
Of every fair the stateliest shape appear:
She seemed a sun to my delighted eye—
I stood afar, and durst not venture near.
Seized, as the splendour spread before me, by
The trembling passion of voluptuous fear,
Yet swift, as borne upon some hurrying wing,
The impulse snatched me, and I swept the string.

What then I felt—what sung—my memory hence
From that wild moment would in vain invoke;
It was the life of some discovered sense
That in the heart's divine emotion spoke;
Long years imprisoned, and escaping thence
From every chain, the SOUL enchanted broke,
And found a music in its own deep core,
Unguessed and godlike, that had slept before.

Not till the music long had died in space,
Back unto me the soul transported came;

And then I looked upon that angel face,
And saw dear love contend with charming shame ;
I heard—and heaven descended on the place !—
A voice low-murmuring bliss divine proclaim :
Only again in yonder choral skies
Can sounds so sweet my soul emparadise.

"I know the worth within the heart which sighs,
Yet shuns, the modest sorrow to declare ;
And what rude fortune niggardly denies,
Unto the noble shall my love repair.
Still to the poor reserved the wealthiest prize ;
To cull love's flower is but for love to dare ;
The wealthiest treasure to his lot shall fall
Whose heart, receiving, still returneth, all."

THE EXPECTATION.

(DIE ERWARTUNG.)

NOTE.—In Schiller, the eight long lines that conclude each stanza of this charming love-poem, instead of rhyming alternately, as in the translation, chime somewhat to the tune of Byron's *Don Juan*—six lines rhyming with each other, and the two last forming a separate couplet. I have also made a slight change in the rhythm of the shorter verses in each stanza.

I.

"HEAR I the creaking gate unclose ?
The gleaming latch uplifted ?
No—'twas the wind that, whirring, rose,
Amidst the poplars drifted !

"Adorn thyself, thou green leaf-bowering roof,
Take from her gracious looks the only light;
With shadowy boughs, whose secrets are star-proof,
Build the still hall and weave the friendly night!
And ye, sweet flatteries of the delicate air,
Awake, and sport her rosy cheek around,
When their light weight the tender feet shall bear,—
When Beauty comes to Passion's trysting-ground.

II.

"Hush! what amidst the copses crept
So swiftly by me now?
No—'twas the startled bird that swept
The light leaves of the bough!

"Day, quench thy torch! Forth, forth, O Night! All hail
Thee and thine own loved Silence! Favouring hour
Spiritual, round us spread thy purple veil,
And shroud yet more the secret-guarding bower.
Love's paradise vouchsafes no listener's ear,
It flies the light—admits no eye to see;
Hesper alone, the Silent One, may hear!
Hesper, down-glancing, the sole witness be!

III.

"What murmur in the distance spoke,
And like a whisper died?
No!—'twas the swan that gently broke
In rings the silver tide!

"Soft to my ear there comes a music-flow;
With grateful murmur purls the waterfall;
To Zephyr's kiss the flowers are bending low;
All where I look exchange delight with all.
The rich grapes beckon; from the glossy lair
Of covert leaves the ripe peach swelling breaks.
Steep'd in the fragrance of the evening air,
Cool breezes drink the fever from my cheek.

IV.

"Hark! through the laurels hear I now
A footfall? Comes the maiden?
No,—'twas the fruit slid from the bough,
With its own richness laden!

"Day's lustrous eyes grow heavy in sweet death,
And his rich colours wane in slow degrees;
The flowers that shrunk before his glowing breath,
Bold in the twilight ope their chalices.
The bright face of the moon is still and lone,
Melts in vast masses the world silently;
Slides from each charm the slowly-loosening zone;
And round all beauty, veilless, roves the eye.

V.

"What yonder seems to glimmer?
Her white robe's glancing hues?—
No,—'twas the column's shimmer
Athwart the darksome yews!

"O, longing heart, no more, delight-upbuoy'd
Let the sweet airy image thee befool!
The arms that would embrace her clasp the void:
This feverish breast no phantom-bliss can cool.
O, waft her here, the *true*, the *living* one!
Let but my hand *her* hand, the tender, feel—
The very shadow of her robe alone!—"
See, where the vision into life doth steal!

*

And light, as comes, when least we ween,
From heaven the hour of bliss,
All gently came the maid, unseen;—
He waked beneath her kiss!

THE SECRET.

And not a word by her was spoken;
For many a listener's ear was by,
But sweetly was the silence broken,
For eye could well interpret eye.
Soft to thy green pavilion stealing,
Fair Beech, thy stilly shades I gain;
Oh, veil with boughs that droop concealing,
Two lovers from the world profane!

Far off, with dull, unquiet clamour,
Labours the vexed and busy day;
And, through the hum, the sullen hammer
Comes heaving down its heavy way.
Thus man pursues his weary calling,
And wrings the hard life from the sky,
While unbought happiness is falling
Down from God's bosom silently.

The charm to us in secret granted
May never mortal step destroy!
For they whom joy has ne'er enchanted
Are still the jealous foes of joy.
Bliss as a boon the world denieth,
And thou must chase her as the prey;
Ensnare or seize her as she flieth,
Ere Envy snatch the prize away.

Soft, upon tiptoe, coyly stealing,
She loves the silence and the night;
From spies that watch, her step concealing;
And seen,—to vanish from the sight.
Oh, gird us round, thou softest river,[1]
With broader waters clasp us round,
And let thy threatening waves for ever
Protect Love's sanctuary-ground.

[1] Probably the river Saale, on the banks of which Schiller was accustomed to meet his Charlotte.

TO EMMA.

Amidst the cloud-grey deeps afar
  The Bliss departed lies;
Yet linger on one lonely star
  The loving wistful eyes!
Alas—a star in truth!—the light
Shines but a signal of the night!

If lock'd within the icy chill
  Of the long sleep, thou wert—
My faithful grief could find thee still
  A life within my heart;—
But, oh, the worse despair to see
Thee live to earth, and die to me!

Can those sweet longing hopes, which make
  Love's essence, thus decay?
Can that be love which doth forsake?—
  That love—which dies away?
That earthly blessings fade, I knew—
Is light from heaven as fading too?

EVENING;

FROM A PICTURE.

Sink, shining god—the parchëd fields are thirsting
For the fresh dews; man faints, with labour wearied.
Falter thy languid steeds;—
Let thy car sink below!
See, who from out the ocean's crystal waters
Beckons thee smiling!—Does thy heart discern her?
Swifter the steeds fly on:
'Tis Thetis beckons thee!

Swift from the car springs to her lov'd embraces
The charioteer—the reins are seized by Cupid.
Still halt the guideless steeds,
And drink the cooling wave.
Upwards in heaven, with noiseless steps ascending,
Comes balmy Night; sweet Love her footsteps follows—
To all be rest and love!—
Phœbus the lover rests.

THE SHARING OF THE EARTH.

"Here, take the world!" cried Jove from out his heaven
To mortals—"Be you of this earth the heirs;
Free to your use the heritage is given;
Brother-like choose the shares."

Then every hand stretch'd eager in its greed,
And busy was the work with young and old;
The Tiller settled upon glebe and mead,
The Hunter, wood and wold.

The Merchant grip'd the store, and lock'd the ware—
The Abbot chose the gardens of the vine—
The King barr'd up the bridge and thoroughfare,
And cried, "The tolls are mine!"

And when the earth was thus divided, came
Too late the Poet from afar, to see
That all had proffer'd and had seiz'd their claim—
"And is there nought for me?

"Shall I, thy truest son, be yet of all
Thy human children portionless alone?"
Thus went his cry, and Jove beheld him fall
Before the heavenly throne.

"If in the land of dreams thou wert abiding,"
Answered the God, "why murmurest thou at ME?
Say, where wert *thou* when earth they were dividing?"
The Poet said, "BY THEE!

"Upon thy glorious aspect dwelt my sight—
The music of thy heaven enthrall'd my ear;
Pardon the soul, if, drunken with thy light,
It lost its portion here!"

"Yet," answered Jove, "the world no more is mine—
Field, chace, and mart are given;—no place for thee!
But come at will, since earth thou must resign,
To Heaven,—and live with me."

THE POET TO HIS FRIENDS;

WRITTEN AT WEIMAR.

FRIENDS! yes, the days of old
I grant more fair than those that we behold;
And there has lived a race of loftier worth.
Could even History cease the past to tell,
A thousand stones that truth would chronicle
Disburied from the bosom of the earth.
But yet that race, if more endowed than ours,

Is gone to dusty graves!—we—*we* survive,
We have our charter in the present hours,
We have life's right to live.

Suns are of happier ray
Than where, not ill, we while our life away,
If the far-wandering traveller speaks aright;
But much which Nature hath to us denied
Art, the kind friend, has lavishly supplied,
And warm'd our hearts with sunshine from her light!
Tho' native not beneath our winters keen,
Or bays or myrtle—still our hands can twine
Wreaths for our temples of as fair a green,
Won from the clustering vine.

Well may proud hearts take pleasure
Where the four Regions interchange their treasure,
And greedy eyes the pomp of Trade behold,
Where Thames receives the thousand sails unfurl'd
Which seek or leave the market of the world—
And in his splendour reigns the Earth-god,—GOLD.
Yet it is not the streams,—that hurrying pass,
Swell'd by the rains, and troubled as they run,
But the still waters,—that serenely glass
The image of the sun.[1]

Prouder and more elate
Than we o' the North, beside the Angel's Gate[2]
The beggar dwells, and sees eternal Rome!

There to his gaze the Beautiful is given
In all its pomp, and, swelling into heaven,
A second heaven, St Peter's wondrous Dome.
But Rome in all her glory is a grave,
The gorgeous sepulchre of perish'd power.
Life only breathes in the fresh plants that wave,
Strewn by the present hour!

Elsewhere are nobler things
Than to our souls our scant existence brings:
The *New* beneath the sun hath never been!
Yet still we see each grander elder age
Bid its great shades revive upon the stage—
And give the world its mirror in the scene.[3]
Life but repeats itself, all stale and worn;
Sweet Phantasy alone is young for ever;
What ne'er and nowhere on the earth was born[4]
Alone grows aged never.

[1] These lines afford one of the many instances of the peculiar tenacity with which Schiller retained certain favourite ideas. At the age of seventeen he had said, "Not on the stormy sea, but on the calm and glassy stream, does the sun reflect itself."—See Hoffmeister, Part iv., p. 39.

[2] St Peter's Church.

[3] The signification of these lines in the original has been disputed—I accept Hoffmeister's interpretation—Part vi. p. 40.

[4] "The light that never was on sea or land,
The Consecration and the Poet's Dream."
WORDSWORTH.

THE LONGING.

Heavy vapours coldly hover,
  Round the vale I cannot flee;
Outlet could I but discover,
  Blessed were escape to me!
Ever green in fair dominion,
  Yonder hill-top I survey;
Thither, could I find the pinion,
  Thither would I wing my way!

Hark! I hear the music ringing—
  Harmonies of heavenly calm,
And the gentle winds are bringing,
  Breathing,—bringing down the balm.
Yonder, fruits are golden-glowing,
  Beckoning from the leafy shade,
And the blooms that there are blowing
  Never doth the winter fade.

Beautiful must life be yonder,
  Suns eternal there to see,
Airs that on the mountain wander,
  Oh, how healing must they be!

Yet before me rolls a river—
Roaringly its waters roll;
And its waves, that swell for ever,
Send a horror to my soul.

On the surge a boat is tossing;
But, alas! the pilot fails!—
Enter—enter, dare the crossing—
Breath spiritual fills the sails!
Guarantees no gods concede thee;
Safety in believing dwells;
Only miracle can lead thee
To the Land of Miracles![1]

THE PILGRIM.

Youth's gay spring-time scarcely knowing,
Went I forth the world to roam—
And the dance of youth, the glowing,
Left I in my Father's home.
Of my birthright, glad-believing,
Of my world-gear took I none,
Credulous as childhood, cleaving
To my pilgrim staff alone.

[1] "Wo kein Wunder geschicht, ist kein Beglückter zu sehn."
Schiller, *Das Glück.*

Goaded forth by mighty hope in
Dark and mystic words of Faith,
"Wander forth—the way is open,
Ever on the upward path—
Till thou gain the Golden Portal,
Till its gates unclose to thee.
There the Earthly and the Mortal,
Deathless and Divine shall be!"
Night on Morning stole, and stealeth,
Never, never stand I still,
And the Future yet concealeth,
What I seek, and what I will!
Mount on mount arose before me,
Torrents hemmed me every side,
But I built a bridge that bore me
O'er the roaring tempest-tide.
Towards the East I reached a river,
On its shores I did not rest;
Faith from Danger can deliver,
And I trusted to its breast.
Drifted in the whirling motion,
Seas themselves around me roll—
Wide and wider spreads the ocean,
Far and farther flies the goal.
Ah! the pathway is not given;
Ah! the goal I cannot near—
Earth will never meet the Heaven,
Never can the THERE be HERE!

NOTE.

THE two poems of "The Longing" and "The Pilgrim" belong to a class which may be said to allegorise *Feeling*, and the meaning, agreeably to the genius of allegory or parable, has been left somewhat obscure. The commentators agree in referring both poems to the illustration of the *Ideal*. "The Longing" represents the desire to escape from the real world into the higher realms of being. "The Pilgrim" represents the active labour of the idealist to reach "the Golden Gate." The belief in what is beyond Reality is necessary to all who would escape from the Real; and in "The Longing" it is intimated that that belief may attain the end. But the Pilgrim, after all his travail, finds that the earth will never reach the heaven, and the *There* never can be *Here*. Many readers (especially in England) will be inclined to give to the two poems an interpretation at once loftier and more familiar, and to regard them as the expression of the natural human feeling—common not to poets alone, but to us all—the human feeling which approaches to an instinct, and in which so many philosophers have recognised the inward assurance of a hereafter, viz., the desire to escape from the coldness and confinement, "the valley and the cloud," of actual life, into the happier world which smiles, in truth, evermore upon those who *believe* that it exists: for the desire of the poet is here identical with the desire of the religious man. He who longs for another world — only to be attained by abstraction from the low desires of this—longs for what the Christian strives for.

THE DANCE.

See how the couples whirl along the Dance's buoyant tide;
And scarcely touch with wingëd feet the floor on which they glide.
Oh, are they flying shadows, from material forms set free?
Or elfin shapes, whose airy rings the summer moonbeams see?
As, by the gentle zephyr blown, some light mist flees in air,
Or as the skiff that softly rocks, when silver waves are fair,
So doth the docile footstep on the wave of measure bound,
So doth the form ethereal float on murmuring airs of sound.
See now, as if intent to break the light chain of the dance,
Forth swinging from the crowded throng a bolder pair advance,
The path they leave behind them lost—wide opes the path beyond,
The way unfolds or closes up as by a magic wand.
Now snatched from sight—and now the press of each impeding all,
That moving world's symmetric scheme in ruin seems to fall.
No!—disentangled glides the knot, the gay disorder ranges—
The only system ruling here—a grace that ever changes.
For aye destroyed—for aye renewed, that charm'd creation rolls
Its dizzy course, and every change one tranquil law controls.
Say, what upon the reeling maze the restless life bestows,
And modulates the movement to the order of repose?
That each, a ruler to himself, doth but himself obey,
Yet thro' the hurrying course still keeps his own appointed way?

Would'st know?—'tis Harmony divine; the Power whose sovereign pleasure
Compels the eager bound of each into the social measure.
That doth, like Nemesis, and with sweet rhythm, the golden rein,[1]
The impetuous strength of wild delight, attuned to grace, restrain.
And comes THE WORLD'S wide harmony in vain upon thine ears?
The stream of music borne aloft from yonder choral spheres?
Perceiv'st thou not the measure which Eternal Nature keeps?
The whirling Dance for ever held in yonder azure deeps?
The suns that wheel in varying maze?—*That* measure thou discernest?
No! Thou canst honour that in sport which thou forget'st in earnest.[2]

[1] "Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measured motion draw,
After the heavenly tune which none can hear
Of human mould, with gross unpurgëd ear."
MILTON'S *Arcades*.

[2] This poem is very characteristic of the noble ease with which Schiller often loves to surprise the reader, by the sudden introduction of matter for the loftiest reflection, in the midst of the most familiar subjects. What can be more accurate and happy than the poet's description of the national dance, as if such description were his only object—the outpouring, as it were, of a young gallant, intoxicated with the music, and dizzy with the waltz? Suddenly and imperceptibly the reader finds himself elevated from a trivial scene. He is borne upward to the harmony of the spheres, and listens to the law of the universe.

THE NADOWESSIAN DEATH-DIRGE.

THE idea of this Poem is taken from Carver's *Travels through North America*. Goethe reckoned it amongst Schiller's best poems of the kind, and wished he had made a dozen such. But, precisely because Goethe admired it for its *objectivity*, William Von Humboldt found it wanting in ideality.

SEE there he sits, upon his mat,
  There still he sits upright;
The same as when he living sat,
  And looked upon the light.
But where the right hand's strength? and where
  The breath that once did breathe,
To the Great Spirit aloft in air,
  The pipe's pale vapour-wreath?
And where the eyes so falcon clear,
  On waves of grass to view
The faintest track that wandering deer
  Had left on blade or dew?
Are these the feet that could not flag,
  But bounded thro' the snow,
As when, full-antlered, flies the stag,
  Or the light mountain roe?
Are these the arms that proudly bore,
  And stoutly bent, the bow?
See, limp and loose—their life is o'er—
  See, helpless hang they now!

Yet weal to him—o'er fields he strays,
Where snows no more can fall;
Gone hence—to meads that shine with maize,
Which springs, self-sown, for all.
Where birds abound on every brake—
Where forests teem with deer—
Where swarm the fish through every lake—
One chase from year to year!
There, Spirits now he feasts amid—
And leaves us here bereft,
That we may praise the deeds he did,
And—bury what is left.
Here bring the last gifts!—and with these
The last lament be said;
Let all that pleased, and yet may please,
Be buried with the Dead.
Beneath his head the hatchet hide
That he so stoutly swung—
And place the bear's fat haunch beside,
The journey hence is long!
And let the knife new-sharpened be,
That, on the battle-day,
Shore with quick strokes—he took but three—
The foeman's scalp away!
The paints that warriors love to use
Place here within his hand;
That he may shine with ruddy hues
Amidst the Spirit-land.

THE LAY OF THE MOUNTAIN.

THE SCENERY OF GOTTHARDT IS HERE PERSONIFIED.

THE three following ballads, in which Switzerland is the scene, betray their origin in Schiller's studies for the Drama of *William Tell*.

THE dizzy Bridge hangs o'er the nether abyss,
Life and death it goes winding between;
In the desolate path, o'er the lone precipice,
The giants that threaten are seen:
That thou wake not the Lioness,[1] silently tread—
And still be thy breath in the pathway of Dread!

High over the marge springs the arch that doth span
The deeps that lie fearful below;
That Bridge[2] was not built by the science of Man—
Such daring did Man never know:
Late and early the stream roars beneath it for ever,
Invading and storming,—and harming it never.

Black and dreary, a Portal expands to thy sight,
It seems like the Realm of the Dead—
Yet beyond it there smiles but a land of delight,
Where the Spring with the Autumn is wed.
Ah, if to that valley of bliss I could gain
From this life, ever weary with trouble and pain!

Below, to the plain, (ever hidden their source,)
Four Rivers rush roaringly forth—
The fourfold divisions of earth for their course ;
The east and the west—south and north.
On, fast as they spring from their mother, they roar,
Forth flying and rushing, and lost evermore.

Two peaks rise aloft in the blue of the air,
O'er the world that to mortals is given ;
Veil'd in vapours of gold, dance eternally there
The Clouds,—silent Daughters of Heaven !
And there, where no breath of the earthborn may breathe,
Their dance in the solitude noiseless they wreathe.

High, and bright to behold, sits a Queen ; looking down
From a throne never threatened by time,[3]
And wondrous the diamonds that blaze in the crown
That encircles her temples sublime.
The sun shoots his arrows of light on that form,
But he only can gild it—he never can warm.

[1] The Lioness—(*Liwin*, for *Lawine*)—the avalanche. The giants in the preceding line are the rocks that overhang the pass, which winds now to the right, now to the left, of a roaring stream.

[2] The Devil's Bridge. The Land of Delight (called in *Tell* "a serene valley of joy,") to which the dreary portal (in *Tell* the Black Rock Gate) leads, is the Urse Vale. The four rivers, in the next stanza, are the Reus, the Rhine, the Tessin, and the Rhone.

[3] The everlasting glacier. See *William Tell*, act v. scene 2.

THE ALPINE HUNTER.

FOUNDED ON A LEGEND OF THE VALLEY OF ORMOND, IN THE PAYS DE VAUD.

"Wilt thou not, thy lamblings heeding,
(Soft and innocent are they!)
Watch them on the herbage feeding,
Or beside the brooklet play?"
"Mother, mother, let me go,
O'er the mount to chase the roe."

"Wilt thou not, thy herds assembling,
Lure with lively horn along?—
Sweet their clear bells tinkle trembling,
Sweet the echoing woods among!"
"Mother, mother, let me go,
O'er the wilds to chase the roe."

"See the flowers that smile unto thee—
Wilt thou tend them not, my child?
On the height no gardens woo thee;
Wild is nature on the wild."
"Leave the flowers in peace to blow;
Mother, mother, let me go!"

Forth the hunter bounds unheeding,
On his hardy footsteps press;
Hot and eager, blindly speeding
To the mountain's last recess:
Swift, before him, as the wind,
Panting, trembling, flies the hind.

Up the ribbëd crag-tops driven,
Up she clambers, steep on steep;
O'er the rocks asunder riven
Springs her dizzy, daring leap:
Still unwearied, with the bow
Of death, behind her flies the foe.

On the peak that rudely, drearly
Jags the summit, bleak and hoar,
Where the rocks, descending sheerly,
Leave to flight no path before;
There she halts at last, to find
Chasms beneath—the foe behind!

To the hard man—dumb-lamenting,
Turns her look of pleading woe;
Turns in vain—the Unrelenting
Meets the look—and bends the bow.—
Yawn'd the rock; from his abode
Forth the mountain Genius strode;

And, his godlike hand extending,
From the hunter snatched the prey,
"Wherefore, woe and slaughter sending,
To my solitary sway?—
Why should my herds before thee fall?—
THERE'S ROOM UPON THE EARTH FOR ALL!"

THE GUIDES OF LIFE;

(THE SUBLIME AND THE BEAUTIFUL.)

Two genii are there, from thy birth through weary life to guide thee;
Ah, happy when, united both, they stand to aid, beside thee!
With gleesome play, to cheer the path, the One comes blithe with beauty—
And lighter, leaning on his arm, the destiny and duty.
With jest and sweet discourse, he goes unto the rock sublime,
Where halts above the Eternal Sea,[1] the shuddering Child of Time.
The Other here, resolv'd and mute, and solemn claspeth thee,
And bears thee in his giant arms across the fearful sea.
Never admit the one alone!—Give not the former guide
Thy honour—nor unto the last thy happiness confide!

[1] By this, Schiller informs us elsewhere that he does not mean Death alone; but that the thought applies equally to every period in life, when we can divest ourselves of the body, and perceive or act as pure spirits; we are truly then under the influence of the Sublime.

RUDOLF OF HAPSBURG;

A BALLAD.

HINRICHS properly classes this striking ballad (together with the yet grander one of the "Fight with the Dragon") amongst those designed to depict and exalt the virtue of Humility. The source of the story is in Ægidius Tschudi, a Swiss chronicler; and Schiller appears to have adhered, with much fidelity, to the original narrative. The metre in the translation is slightly altered from that in the original, which has, when strictly rendered into English, a certain jerk in its rhythm, not pleasing to the ear.

AT Aachen, in imperial state,
In that time-hallowed hall renown'd,
At solemn feast King Rudolf sate,
The day that saw the hero crown'd!
Bohemia and thy Palgrave, Rhine,
Give this the feast, and that the wine;[1]
The Arch Electoral Seven,
Like choral stars around the sun,
Gird him whose hand a world has won,
The anointed choice of Heaven.

In galleries raised above the pomp,
Pressed crowd on crowd their panting way;
And with the joy-resounding tromp,
Rang out the million's loud hurra!
For after rapine, strife, and crime
Has closed the fearful kingless time,
Earth knows a JUDGE again:

No longer rules the iron spear,
No longer need the feeble fear
That Might alone shall reign.

In Rudolf's hand the goblet shines—
And gaily round the board looks he;
"And proud the feast, and bright the wines,
My kingly heart feels glad to me!
Yet where the Gladness-Bringer—blest
In the sweet art which moves the breast
With lyre and verse divine?
Dear from my youth the craft of song,
And what as knight I loved so long,
As Kaisar, still be mine."

Lo, 'mid the princely circle there,
With sweeping robe the Bard appears,
As silver white his gleaming hair,
Bleach'd by the winds of many years:
"Sweet music sleeps in golden strings—
Love's rich reward the minstrel sings;
The highest and the best
That heart can wish, or sense desire,
He praises;—dictate to my lyre
Theme for thy stateliest feast."

The Great One smil'd—"Not mine the sway—
The minstrel owns a loftier power—
A mightier king inspires the lay—
Its hest—THE IMPULSE OF THE HOUR!

As spring the storm-winds to the skies,
And none can guess from whence they rise,
As streams from founts unseen,
Song gushes from within—revealing,
The while it wakes, the realm of Feeling,
Hush'd in the souls of men!"

Swift with the fire the minstrel glow'd,
And loud the music swept the ear:—
"Forth to the chase a Hero rode,
To hunt the bounding chamois-deer;
With shaft and horn the squire behind;—
Through greensward meads the riders wind—
A tinkling bell they hear.
Lo, with the Host, a holy man,—
Before him strides the sacristan,
And the bell sounds near and near.

"The noble hunter bared his head,
And humbly to the earth inclin'd,
Revering, as becomes our creed,
The meek Redeemer of Mankind!
Loud through the plain a brooklet raves,
And checks the path with swollen waves,
Down rushing from the hill.
His sandal shoon the priest unbound,
And laid the Host upon the ground,
To ford the angry rill!

"'What wouldst thou, priest?' the Count began,
And gazing, wondering, halted there.

'Sir Count, I seek a dying man,
Who hungers for the heavenly fare.
The bridge o'er which my journey lay
By the strong torrent swept away,
Drifts down the tide below.
That the sick soul of health may taste,
Now barefoot thro' the stream I haste,
God's healing to bestow.

"The Count has placed him on the steed,
And given the priest the lordly reins,
That he might serve the sick man's need,
And speed the task that heaven ordains.
He took the horse the squire bestrode;—
On to the chase the hunter rode,
The priest the sick man sought.
And back the steed, when morn was red,
All meekly by the bridle led,
With thankful looks he brought.

"'Now Heaven forefend!' the Hero cried,
'That e'er to chase or battle more
These limbs the sacred steed bestride
That once my Maker's image bore;
If not a boon allowed to thee,
Thy Lord and mine its Master be.
To Him in tribute given,
From whom I hold, as fiefs, since birth,
Honour and life, the goods of earth,
Soul—and the hopes of Heaven!'

"'So may the Lord of Hosts, who hears
His lowliest servant's supplication,
Accord the man who Him reveres—
Honour on earth—in Heaven salvation.
Far-famed even now through Swisserland,
Thy kingly rule and knightly hand;
Six daughters thine;[2] and they,'
Inspired he cries, 'shall crown thy stem
Each with a regal diadem,
Bright till the Judgment-day.'"

The mighty Kaisar heard amazed!
His heart was in the days of old;
Into the minstrel's eyes he gazed,
That tale the Kaisar's own had told.
Yes, in the bard the priest he knew,
And in the purple veiled from view
The gush of holy tears!
All on the Kaisar fix their sight;
Each in the Kaisar sees the knight;
And God's elect reveres!

[1] The office, at the coronation feast, of the Count Palatine of the Rhine (Grand Sewer of the Empire, and one of the Seven Electors) was to bear the Imperial Globe and set the dishes on the board; that of the King of Bohemia was cup-bearer. The latter was not, however, present, as Schiller himself observed in a note (omitted in the editions of his collected works,) at the coronation of Rudolf.

[2] At the coronation of Rudolf was celebrated the marriage-feast of three of his daughters—to Ludwig of Bavaria, Otto of Brandenburg, and Albrecht of Saxony. His other three daughters married afterwards Otto, nephew of Ludwig of Bavaria, Charles Martell, son of Charles of Anjou, and Wenceslaus, son of Ottocar of Bohemia. The royal house of England numbers Rudolf of Hapsburg amongst its ancestors.

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

Why run so fast the hurtling crowd
Adown the long streets, roaring loud?
Is Rhodes on fire?—more fast the throng,
Wedg'd close and closer, storms along.
High o'er the train, he seems to lead,
Behold a Knight on warlike Steed!
Behind is dragged a wondrous load;
Beneath what Monster groans the road?
With wide jaws like the Crocodile,
  In shape a Dragon to the sight,
All eyes in wonder gaze the while—
  Now on the Monster, now the Knight.

A thousand voices shout in glee,
"This is the Dragon—come and see—
That did on herd and herdsmen feast,
And this the Knight who slew the beast.
Before him, in that dreadful strife,
Has many a champion ventured life,
But ne'er returned to mortal sight—
All honour to the victor Knight!"

So to the Convent Cloister all
The gathering crowd swept clamorous on ;—
In haste convened within the hall,
Sate the vowed Knighthood of St John.

Before the noble Master there,
The young Knight came with modest air ;
The roaring crowd fill'd all the space
Beyond the rails that fenced the daïs ;
The Victor took the word, and spake,—
" The duty knights with knighthood take
Is done ; and, slain beneath my hand,
Lies the Devourer of the land.
Safe is the traveller from to-day,
And safe the grazing herds repose,
Safe to the shrine of grace, his way
Along the rocks the pilgrim goes !"

Stern look'd the Master,—" Thou hast done,"
He said, " a hero's deed, my son.
By valour knights are famous made ;
A valiant soul thou hast display'd.
But to the knight, whose holier sword
Is vow'd to fight for Christ our Lord,—
Who wears His cross—say, what is still
The first great law he must fulfil ?"
All round grew pale ;—with downcast head
Replied the Victor of the day—
" To him who wears the cross," he said,
" The first great law is—TO OBEY !"

"And yet that duty, son," replied
The chief, "methinks thou hast denied;
And in the encounter which our law
Forbade, hast dared thy sword to draw."
"Master, when all is told, decide,"
With steadfast tone, the knight replied:
"For I that law's true sense and will
But sought devoutly to fulfil.
Not blindly, with presumptuous heart,
Against the monster did I go;
But hoped, by stratagem and art,
To wrest the victory from the foe.

"Five of our Order, whose renown
Flashed gem-like in Religion's crown,
Fell, rashly prodigal of life;—
'Twas then thy law forbade the strife.
Yet gloom was in my heart—desire
To share the conflict gnawed like fire:
In the still visions of the night,
Panting, I fought the fancied fight;
And when the morrow glimmering came,
With tales of ravage freshly done,
Indignant grief and fiery shame
Seized on me—and Resolve begun.

"And thus my inward musings ran—
'What graces youth and honours man?
How lived the great in days of old,
Whose fame to time by bards is told—

Up to the Gods' renown and bliss
Raised by the blinded Heathenesse?
By deeds that prove the hero's worth,
They cleared from monster broods the earth—
They sought the lion in his den—
They battled with the Minotaur—
Nor grudged to shed their blood for men,
And save from death one victim more.

" 'Is but the Saracen to feel
(Has *he* such worth?)—the Christian's steel?
Are we to idols only brave?
Or is our mission earth to save—
From every ill, and every harm,
Freed by the Christian's stalwart arm?
Yet wisdom must his valour lead,
And sage device should force precede.'
Thus oft I mused, and went alone
The fell Devourer's tracks to spy;
I saw—and light upon me shone,
And 'Found, O Victory!' was my cry!

" Then, Prince, I sought thee with the prayer
To breathe once more my native air;
The license given—the ocean past—
I reached the shores of home at last.
Scarce hail'd the old belovëd land,
Than huge, beneath the artist's hand,
To each well-mark'd dread feature true,
The Dragon's monster-model grew,

The dwarf'd, deformëd limbs upbore
The lengthened body's ponderous load;
The scales the impervious surface wore,
Like links of burnish'd harness, glow'd.

"Far stretch'd the griesly neck; and fell
As are the gaping gates of hell,
You might the horrent jaws survey,
Wide oped, as if to snatch their prey.
The black mouth's gloomy deeps disclose
Grim fangs that threat in bristling rows.
The tongue a sword sharp-pointed seeming—
The deep small eyes in sparkles gleaming.
Where the vast body ends, succeed
The serpent spires around it roll'd—
As if the rider and the steed
Alike in dreadful coils to fold.

"All to the hideous life was true,
Ev'n to the grey and ghastly hue;
It stood half dragon and half snake,
As if spawn'd forth from poisonous lake.
And now began the mimic chase:
Two dogs I chose of noblest race,
That, fleet and fierce, ne'er turn'd before
The headlong rush of forest boar;
I train'd them on the shape to spring,
As on a living foe to fly,
With fastening teeth to rend, and spring;—
And rous'd their rage with cheering cry.

" And where their gripe the best assails
The belly, left unsheath'd in scales,
I taught the dexterous hounds to hang,
And find the spot to fix the fang ;
Whilst I, with lance and mailëd garb,
Launch'd on the beast mine Arab barb.
From purest race that Arab came ;
His fire my hand and voice inflame ;
Beneath the sharp spur bounding fierce,
He fronts the beast in full career—
And there, as if the hide to pierce,
By turns I couch or hurl the spear.

" Tho' when the Monster first it eyed,
It champ'd the bit and swerved aside,
Snorted and rear'd—and even they,
The fierce hounds, shrank with startled bay ;
I ceased not, till, by custom bold,
After three tedious moons were told,
Both barb and hounds were train'd—nay, more,
Fierce for the fight ;—then left the shore !
Three days have fleeted since I prest
(Return'd at length) this welcome soil,
Nor once would lay my limbs to rest,
Till wrought the glorious crowning toil.

" It burn'd my heart within to know
New ravage done by that dread foe.
The bones of herdsmen, bleach'd and bare,
Lay round the hell-worm's swampy lair ;—

Stung, on the sudden I depart,
Nor counsel take but from my heart;
And so my squires I call in speed,
Spring lightly on my proven steed,
Take my two gallant hounds, and by
Lone secret pathways gaily go,
To seek, unmark'd by human eye,
In its own deathful hold, the foe.

"Thou know'st the chapel glimmering o'er
The mountain rock, from ridges hoar;
Aloft it overlooks the isle—
Bold was the soul that built the pile.
Humble and mean, the sacred house
Contains a shrine miraculous—
Mother and Child, to whom of old
Came the Three Kings, we there behold.
By three times thirty steps must climb
The pilgrim to that steep abode,
To feel, in sudden strength sublime
Renewed, the Saviour's neighbourhood.

"Yawns wide within that holy steep
A mighty cavern dark and deep—
Damp with the marsh dews, dim and dun,
And never lit by heavenly sun;
And there by night, and there by day,
The worm unguest and greeding lay,
Ever at watch, in darkness screen'd
Under God's House,—like Hell's own fiend.

And when along that path of woe
The pilgrim came, upon the way
Forth from its ambush rushed the foe,
And down, devouring, dragg'd the prey.

"I stood upon that rocky height
Ere yet I dar'd the dreadful fight—
Before the Infant Christ within
I knelt, and purg'd my heart from sin.
The mantle white on holy ground,
Above my coat of mail I bound.
In my right hand I grasp'd my spear,
Then downwards strode with conscience clear;
There to my squires I gave the heed
To wait in refuge safe behind;
Nimbly I vaulted on my steed,
And unto God my soul consign'd.

"The level plain before me lay—
Started the hounds with sudden bay—
Aghast the frighten'd charger slanting,
Refused the rein, and trembled, panting—
For curling there, in coilëd fold,
The Unutterable Beast behold,
Lazily basking in the sun!
Forth sprang the dogs. The fight 's begun!
But back the hounds, recoiling fast,
Before the jaws expanded fly,
Scared by the reeking poison-blast,
And the howl'd dismal jackal cry.

"But quickly cheered, again they go,
And fasten fiercely on the foe—
While full against the monster's hide
I launch the spear—it slants aside
As harmless on the woven scale
As slender reed on coat of mail.
And ere I could renew the stroke
From rein and rule the charger broke—
That basilisk eye had spell'd the steed,
It felt the poisonous charnel breath—
Forsaken in my dreadest need,
Hope vanish'd, and I look'd on Death.

"But light and quick to earth I leapt;
Swift from the sheath my falchion swept;
Swift on that rock-like mail it plied—
The rock-like mail the sword defied:
The monster lash'd its mighty coil;
Down hurl'd, behold me on the soil.
O'er me the jaw's dark cavern hangs—
I feel the snap of those grim fangs,
When lo! the dogs—the flesh is found;
The scaleless parts their fury gain!
And the fell monster, writhing round,
Howls its immeasurable pain.

"No time to foil its fastening foes—
Light, as it writhed, I sprang, and rose;
The bare, unguarded place explor'd,—
And to the hilt I plunged the sword—

Up from the vitals sprang the blood,
Black-bubbling spouted forth the flood.
Then down it bore me in its fall;
Buried beneath that giant ball,
In dizzy swoon upon the ground
I lay;—till sense returns once more—
I see my squires that stand around,
And the dead dragon in its gore."

Then burst from every eager breast
The loud applause, so long supprest.
Scarcely the knight those words had spoken,
Than, on the vaulted rafters broken,
Times ten re-echoing and ascending,
Came the vast shout of thousands blending;
As loud, the knights their voices raise,
"His brows be crown'd with wreaths of bays!"
The crowd, in pomp, would lead him round,
From street to street his deed proclaim—
When the Grand Master sternly frown'd,
And calling silence, silence came.

And thus he spoke—"With valiant hand
Thou from the pest hast purged the land.
Let crowds their idol hail; in thee
A foe our Order can but see!
Thy breast has cherish'd to its bane
A worm more fell than Dragon slain—
The snake that poisons hearts within,
And breeds dissension, strife, and sin.

That worm is WILL, superb and vain,
Which spurns at all restraints that bind—
Which sacred order rends in twain—
'Tis *that* which doth destroy mankind.

"The Turk from valour gains renown;
Obedience is the Christian's crown—
There, where from heaven descending, trod
In humblest guise the Saviour God,
Our fathers on that holy ground
Did first this knightly Order found,
That heaviest duty to fulfil,
By which we conquer strong self-will.
Our law thy thirst of glory broke—
Vain-glorious—from my sight depart.
Not he who scorns the Saviour's yoke
Should wear His cross upon the heart."

Then burst the angry roar of all,
As with a tempest shook the hall;
The noble Brethren plead for grace—
Mute stood the youth, with downward face;
Laid by the robe and sacred band,
And meekly kissed the Master's hand,
And went—the Master mark'd him part—
"Return," he cried, "and to my heart:
The harder fight of Christ is won:
Here, take this cross—meet prize for thee—
Thou hast battled with thyself, my son,
And conquered—through HUMILITY!"

NOTE.

In the poem just presented to the reader, Schiller designed, as he wrote to Goethe, to depict the old Christian chivalry—half knightly, half monastic. The attempt is strikingly successful. Indeed, "The Fight of the Dragon" appears to me the most spirited and nervous of all Schiller's narrative poems, with the single exception of the "Diver;" and if its interest be less intense than that of the matchless "Diver," and its descriptions less poetically striking and effective, its interior meaning or philosophical conception is at once more profound and more elevated. In "The Fight of the Dragon," is expressed the moral of that humility which consists in self-conquest—even merit may lead to vain-glory—and, after vanquishing the fiercest enemies without, Man has still to contend with his worst foe,—the pride or disobedience of his own heart. "Every one," as a recent critic has remarked, "has more or less his own 'fight with the Dragon'—his own double victory (without and within) to achieve." The origin of this poem is to be found in the Annals of the Order of Malta—and the details may be seen in Vertot's History. The date assigned to the conquest of the Dragon is 1342. Helion de Villeneuve was the name of the Grand Master—that of the Knight, Dieu-Donné de Gozon. Thevenot declares that the head of the monster (to whatever species it really belonged,) or its effigies, was still placed over one of the gates of the city in his time.—Dieu-Donné succeeded De Villeneuve as Grand Master, and on his gravestone were inscribed the words "Draconis Exstinctor."

DITHYRAMB.[1]

Never, believe me,
Appear the Divinities,
Never alone.
Scarcely comes Bacchus, the joyous, unto me;
Than Cupid, the laughing child, hastens to woo me,
And Phœbus his poet to own!

They come near and nearer,
Their numbers are swelling—
See! all the Celestials
Are filling my dwelling.

O guests!—heavenly chorus!
Say how can the earthborn
Regale ye as due?—
Accord me, Immortals, the life that ye live!
To the gods nothing worthy a mortal can give:
Take me up to Olympus with you.

The Pleasures dwell only
In Jupiter's palace—
Oh, pour out the nectar,
Oh, reach me the chalice!

[1] This has been paraphrased by Coleridge.

"Reach him the chalice,
Fill full to the Poet!
Oh, Hebe! brim high!
Steep his eyes in the dews of celestial delight,
And let Styx the abhorrent be shut from his sight;
Let him feel as a son of the sky.

It murmurs, it sparkles,
The Fount of Delight;
From the heart falls the burden,
The scale from the sight.

THE KNIGHTS OF ST JOHN.

Oh, nobly shone the fearful Cross upon your mail afar,
When Rhodes and Acre hail'd your might, O lions of the war!
When leading many a pilgrim horde, thro' wastes of Syrian gloom;
Or standing with the Cherub's sword before the Holy Tomb.
Yet on your forms the Apron seem'd a nobler armour far,
When by the sick man's bed ye stood, O lions of the war!
When ye, the high-born, bow'd your pride to tend the lowly weakness,
The duty, tho' it brought no fame,[1] fulfill'd by Christian meekness—
Religion of the Cross, thou blend'st, as in a single flower,
The twofold branches of the palm—HUMILITY AND POWER.

[1] The epithet in the first edition is *ruhmlose*.

THE MAIDEN FROM AFAR;

OR, FROM ABROAD.

WITHIN a vale, each infant year,
When earliest larks first carol'd free,
To humble shepherds did appear
A wondrous maiden, fair to see.
Not born within that lowly place—
From whence she wander'd, none could tell;
Her parting footsteps left no trace,
When once the maiden sighed farewell.

And blessëd was her presence there—
Each heart, expanding, grew more gay;
Yet something loftier still than fair
Kept man's familiar looks away.
From fairy gardens, known to none,
She brought mysterious fruits and flowers—
The things of some serener sun—
Some Nature more benign than ours.

With each her gifts the maiden shared—
To some the fruits, the flowers to some;
Alike the young, the aged fared;
Each bore a blessing back to home.

Though every guest was welcome there,
For some she hoarded blooms the sweeter,
And from her gifts she cull'd the best,
Whene'er two lovers came to greet her.

NOTE.—It seems generally agreed that POETRY is allegorised in these stanzas.

THE FOUR AGES OF THE WORLD.

THIS Poem is one of those in which Schiller has traced the progress of Civilisation, and to which the Germans have given the name of Culture-Historic.

BRIGHT-PURPLING the glass glows the blush of the wine—
Bright sparkle the eyes of each guest;
But see where there enters the Poet divine,
And brings to the good what is best.
Ev'n Olympus were mean, with its nectar and all,
If the shell were not heard in the heavenly hall.

The Gods give the Poet a spirit serene,
To be as the glass of the world!
Whate'er has been done on this earth he has seen,
And the future to him is unfurl'd.
He sate with the gods in their councils of eld,
And all things in their primitive seeds he beheld.[1]

The woof of this life, to the death from the birth,
He unfolds in the pomp of its hues;
And to deck, like a temple, the dwelling of earth,
Is a gift that he takes from the Muse.
No roof is so humble—no cabin so small—
But a heaven full of gods will descend at his call.

As the artist inventive, whose birth was from Jove,[2]
In one type all creation reveal'd,
When the ocean, the earth, and the star-realm above,
Lay compressed in the orb of a shield;
So on sound he can image the thought of his soul—
And impress on the moment, the infinite whole.[3]

Blithe pilgrim! his footsteps have passed in their way,
Every time, every far generation:
He comes from the age when the Earth was at play
In the childhood and bloom of Creation.
Four Ages of men have decayed to his eye,
And fresh to the Fifth he glides youthfully by.

King Saturn first ruled us, the simple and true—
Each day as each yesterday fair:
No grief and no guile the calm shepherd-race knew—
Their life was the absence of care;
They loved, and to love was the whole of their task—
Kind earth upon all lavished all they could ask.

Then the LABOUR arose, and the demi-god man
Went the monster and dragon to seek;
And the age of the hero, the ruler, began,
And the strong were the stay of the weak.
There was strife on Scamander; but still through its rage
Reign'd the Beautiful;—god of the earth in each age.

Gentler days, when on strife followed conquest, were given,
And mildness the flower of might,
From the young choral Nine came the sounds of the Heaven,
Whose images rose on the sight.
The age of sweet Phantasy, godlike—and o'er!
Vanish'd hence, vanish'd hence, to return nevermore!

From their thrones in the heav'n sunk the gods; and down hurl'd
Into dust lay their columns forlorn;
And—to heal and atone for the sins of the world—
The Son of the Virgin was born.
And, the light fleeting joys of the senses supprest,
Man seizing on THOUGHT, grasp'd it firm to his breast.[4]

Ever gone were those charms, the voluptuous and vain,
Which had decked the young world with delight;
For the monk and the nun were the penance and pain,
And the tilt for the iron-clad knight.
Yet, however that life might be darksome and wild,
Love lingered with looks still as lovely and mild:

And still, by one altar they guarded unstain'd,
The Muses, tho' silently, stood.
For still the meek bosom of woman retain'd
The rites of the noble and good.
And woman, in truth, was the gentle song-bringer,
And its flame flash'd anew from the sweet Minnesinger.

Gently thus, then, let woman and minstrel unite;
Hand in hand be the bond, never ending:
They work, and they weave, in a zone of delight,
The Good and the Beautiful blending!
Ah! asunder from love, song can never be torn,
And their union to life still preserveth the morn.

[1] "Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When beldam Nature in her cradle was."
MILTON: *Vacation Exercise.*

[2] Vulcan. The allusion, which is exquisitely beautiful, is to the shield of Achilles—HOMER, *Iliad*, i. 18:—
"There Earth, there Heaven, there Ocean, he designed."—POPE.

[3] This line is obscure, not only in the translation, but in the original. Schiller means to say that the Poet is the true generaliser of the Infinite—a position which he himself practically illustrates, by condensing, in the few verses that follow, the whole history of the world. Thus, too, Homer is the condenser of the whole heroic age of Greece. In the Prologue to *Wallenstein*, the same expressions, with little alteration, are employed to convey the perishable nature of the Actor's art.

[4] "Der Mensch griff *denkend* in seine Brust,"
i. e. Man strove by reflection to apprehend the phenomena of his own being—the principles of his own nature. The development of the philosophical, as distinguished from the natural consciousness, forms a very important era in the history of civilisation. It is, in fact, the great turning-point of humanity, both individually and historically. Griff, Begriff—has a peculiar logical significance in German.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

THE first two Stanzas of this Poem are sung by Thekla, in the third Act of the *Piccolomini*.

THE oak-wood is roaring,
The clouds gather o'er ;
There sitteth a maiden
Beside the green shore ;
The breakers are dashing with might, with might :
And she sighs out aloud in the gloomy night,
And weeping, thus waileth she—

"My heart it is broken,
The world is a void,
Nothing more can it give me,
For hope is destroy'd.
All the bliss that the earth can bestow I have proved ;
Heavenly Father—Oh! take,—I have lived—I have loved—
Oh! take back thy child to thee."

"The tears that thou weepest
Must vainly be shed ;
For no sorrow awakens
The sleep of the Dead!
Yet say what can solace and comfort the breast,
When it mourns for the love by which once it was blest,
And the balm shall descend from above."

"Let the tears I am weeping
Still vainly be shed,
Though my sorrow can wake not
The sleep of the Dead;
Yet all that can solace and comfort the breast,
When it mourns for the love by which once it was blest,
Are the tears and the sorrow of love."

THE CHILD IN THE CRADLE.

BLEST babe! a boundless world this bed, so narrow, seems to thee.
Grow man, and narrower than this bed the boundless world shall be![1]

[1] This epigram has a considerable resemblance to the epitaph on Alexander the Great:

"Sufficit huic Tumulus, cui non suffecerat orbis:
Res brevis huic ampla est, cui fuit ampla brevis."

"A little tomb sufficeth him whom not sufficed all:
The small is now as great to him as once the great was small."

Vide BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, *April* 1838, p. 556.

THE VEILED IMAGE AT SAIS.

A YOUTH, athirst for knowledge, (hot desire!)
To Sais came, intent to explore the dark
And hoarded wisdom of Egyptian priests.
Through many a grade of mystery, hurrying on,
Far, and more far, still pressed the inquiring soul,
And scarce the Hierophant could cool or calm
The studious fever of impatient toil.
"What," he exclaimed, "is worth a part of Truth?
What is my gain unless I gain the whole?
Has knowledge, then, a lesser or a more?
Is this,—thy Truth,—like sensual, gross enjoyment,
A sum doled out to each in all degrees,
Larger or smaller, multiplied or minished?
Is not TRUTH *one* and indivisible?
Take from the Harmony a single tone—
A single tint take from the Iris bow,
And lo! what once was all, is nothing—while
Fails to the lovely whole one tint or tone!"

Now, while they thus conversed, they stood within
A lonely temple, circle-shaped, and still;
And, as the young man paused abrupt, his gaze
Upon a veil'd and giant IMAGE fell:
Amazed he turn'd unto his guide—"And what

Beneath the veil stands shrouded yonder?"
"TRUTH,"
Answered the Priest.
"And do I, then, for Truth
Strive, and alone? And is it now by this
Thin ceremonial robe that Truth is hid?
Wherefore?"
"That wherefore with the Goddess rests;
'Till I'—thus saith the Goddess—'lift this veil,
May it be raised by none of mortal-born!
He who with guilty and unhallowed hand
Too soon profanes the Holy and Forbidden—
He,' says the Goddess"——
"Well?"
"'HE—SHALL SEE TRUTH!'"
"A rare, strange oracle! And hast *thou* never
Lifted the veil?"
"No! nor desired to raise!"
"What! nor desired? Were *I* shut out from Truth
By this slight barrier"—"And Command divine,"
Broke on his speech the guide. "Far weightier, son,
This airy gauze than thy conjectures deem—
Light to the touch—lead-heavy to the conscience!"

The young man, thoughtful, turn'd him to his home,
And the fierce fever of the Wish to Know
Robb'd night of sleep. Upon his couch he roll'd;—
At midnight rose resolved—Unto the shrine!

Timorously stole the involuntary step—
But light the bound that scaled the holy wall,

And dauntless was the spring that bore within
That circle's solemn dome the daring man.

Now halts he where the lifeless Silence sleeps
In the embrace of mournful Solitude ;—
Silence unstirred,—save by the hollow echo
Answering his tread along mysterious vaults !
High from the opening of the dome above,
Came the wan shining of the silver moon.
And, awful as some pale presiding god,
Glistening adown the range of vaults obscure,
In its long veil concealed the Image stood.

With an unsteady step he onwards past,
Already touched with violating hand
The Holy—and recoil'd! A shudder thrilled
His limbs, fire-hot and icy-cold by turns,
And an invisible arm did seem to pluck him
Back from the deed.—"O miserable man!
What would'st thou ?" (Thus within the inmost heart
Murmured the warning whisper.) "Wilt thou dare
The All-hallowed to profane ? 'May mortal-born
(So spake the oracular word) not lift the veil
Till I myself shall raise !' Yet said it not,
The same oracular word—'Who lifts the veil,
He shall see Truth ?' Behind, be what there may,
I dare the hazard—I will lift the veil—"
Loud rang his shouting voice—"and I will see !"
"See !"
A lengthened echo, mocking, shrilled again !

He spoke and raised the veil! And ask ye what
Unto the gaze was there within revealed?
I know not. Pale and senseless, at the foot
Of the dread statue of Egyptian Isis,
The priests beheld him at the dawn of day;
But what he saw, or what did there befall,
His lips disclosed not. Ever from his heart
Was fled the sweet serenity of life,
And the deep anguish dug the early grave:
"Woe—woe to him"—such were his warning words,
Answering some curious and impetuous brain,
"Woe—for she never shall delight him more!
Woe—woe to him who treads through Guilt to TRUTH!"

HONOURS.

PROBABLY intended to apply to titles inherited or obtained without personal merit.

As light its column on the clear brook glasses,
The golden track seems of itself to glow;
Yet wave on wave adown the pathway passes,
Each pressing each, and all as fleetly flow:
So on the mortal Honours glass their light;
The Place he moves through, not Himself is bright.

THE RING OF POLYCRATES;

A BALLAD.

Upon his battlements he stands;
Look'd down on Samos—seas and lands—
And turned unto his guest;
"And all," he said, "that we survey,
Egyptian king, my power obey—
Dost thou not call me blest?"

"To thee the Gods have favour shown,
And they who were thine equals own
Thy sceptred sovereignty!
Yet one there lives to avenge the rest,
Nor can my lips pronounce thee blest,
Watch'd by a foeman's eye."

He spoke, and from Miletus sent,
Behold, a herald came, and bent
Before the tyrant there.
"Let incense smoke upon the shrine,
And with the lively laurel twine,
Victor, thy godlike hair!

"Smit by the spear, the foeman fell;
I come, the joyful news to tell,
From thy true Polydore."
And from the griesly bowl he drew
(Grim sight they well might start to view!)
A head that dripped with gore.

The Egyptian king recoiled in fear,
"Deem not from cloud thy fortune clear—
Bethink thee yet," he cried,
"Thy Fleets are on the faithless seas;
Thy Fortune trembles in the breeze,
And floats upon the tide."

Ere yet the warning ceased—aloud
Shouts forth the joyous clamouring crowd—
It shouts from coast to street!
Laden from far with costliest stores,
Majestic come to homeward shores,
The Forests of the Fleet.

Astounded stood that kingly guest,
"This day, in truth, thou seemest blest,
Yet trust in Fate forbear!
New perils yet assail thy fleet—
Behold the flags and ships of Crete—
And lo, thy shores they near!"

Scarce spoke the Egyptian King—before
Hark, "Victory—Victory!" from the shore,
And from the seas, ascended;
"Escaped the doom that round us lowered,
Swift storm the Cretan has devoured,
And war itself is ended!"

Then shuddering, faltered forth the guest,
"To-day I must pronounce thee blest.
Yet more thy doom I dread—
The Gods oft grudge what they have given,
And ne'er unmixed with grief has Heaven
Its joys on mortals shed!

"No less than thine my rule has thriven,
And o'er each deed the gracious heaven
Has, favouring, smiled as yet.
But one belovëd heir had I—
God took him!—I beheld him die,
His life paid fortune's debt.

"So, would'st *thou* 'scape the coming ill—
Implore the dread Invisible
Thy sweets themselves to sour!
Well ends his life, believe me, never,
On whom, with hands thus full for ever,
The Gods their bounty shower.

" And if thy prayer the Gods can gain not,
This counsel of thy friend disdain not—
Invoke Adversity!
And what of all thy worldly gear
Thy deepest heart esteems most dear,
Cast into yonder sea!"

The Samian thrill'd to hear the king—
" No gems so rich as deck this ring,
The wealth of Samos gave:
By this—O may the Fatal Three
My blissful fortunes pardon me!"—
He cast it on the wave.

And when the morrow's dawn began,
All joyous came a fisherman
Before the prince.—Quoth he,
" Behold this fish—a prize so rare
As never net till now did snare—
I bring my gift to thee!"

The cook to dress the fish begun—
The cook ran fast as cook could run—
" Look, look! O master mine—
The ring—the ring the sea did win,
I found the fish's maw within—
Was ever luck like thine!"

In horror turns the kingly guest—
"Then longer here I may not rest,
I'll have no friend in thee!
The Gods have marked thee for their prey,
To share thy doom I dare not stay!"
He spoke—and put to sea.

NOTE.

THIS story is taken from the well-known correspondence between Amasis and Polycrates, in the third book of Herodotus. Polycrates—one of the ablest of that most able race, the Greek tyrants—was afterwards decoyed into the power of Orœtes, governor of Sardis, and died on the cross. Herodotus informs us, that the ring Polycrates so prized was an emerald set in gold, the workmanship of Theodorus the Samian. Pliny, on the contrary, affirms it to have been a sardonyx, and in his time it was supposed still to exist among the treasures in the Temple of Concord. It is worth while to turn to Herodotus, (c. 40–43, book 3,) to notice the admirable art with which Schiller has adapted the narrative, and heightened its effect.

THE IMMUTABLE.

FOR ever haltless hurries Time, the Durable to gain.
Be true, and thou shalt fetter Time with everlasting chain.

HOPE.

We speak with the lip, and we dream in the soul,
Of some better and fairer day,
For ever beheld on our race to a goal
Shining golden afar on the way.
Thro' age and thro' youth goes the world; yet, befall
What there may, still doth Man hope The Better in all.

Sweet guide into life that his destiny grants,
Hope hovers glad infancy o'er;
She shines on the young with the light that enchants—
On the old with the smiles that restore;
And his eyes, as they close, still the charnel can brave,
And, weary with life, he plants Hope on the grave.

It is not a smiling delusion that shames;
Nor a folly that Reason should scorn;
'Tis the voice of the heart which so loudly proclaims,
That we for The Better were born.
And that which the inner voice bids us believe
Can never the Hope of a Spirit deceive!

THE PHILOSOPHICAL EGOIST.

Hast thou the infant mark'd that yet, unknowing of the love
Which warms and cradles, calmly sleeps the mother's heart above—
Wandering from arm to arm, until loud youth doth passion wake,
And, glimmering on the conscious eye, the world in glory break?—
And hast thou seen the mother there her anxious vigil keep,
Buying with love that never sleeps the darling's happy sleep?
With her own life she fans and feeds that weak life's trembling rays,
And with the sweetness of the care, the care itself repays.

And dost thou Nature then blaspheme, that both the child and mother
Each unto each unites, the while the one doth need the other?—
All self-sufficing wilt thou from that lovely circle stand—
That creature still to creature links in close familiar band?

Ah! dar'st thou, poor one, from the rest thy lonely self estrange?
Eternal Power itself is but all powers in interchange!

THE SEXES.

See in the babe two loveliest flowers, united—for, in truth,
While in the bud they seem the same—the virgin and the youth.
But gently loosened is the bond, no longer side by side—
From modest Shame the fiery Strength will soon itself divide.
Permit the youth to sport, and still the wild desire to chase,
For, but when sated, weary Strength returns to seek the Grace.
Out from the bud, the double flowers the future strife begin,
How precious each—yet neither stills the longing heart within.
In ripening charms the virgin bloom to woman shape hath grown,
But pride doth watch the ripening charms, and guard them like a zone;
Shy, as before the hunter's horn the doe all trembling moves,
She flies from man as from a foe, and hates ere yet she loves!

From lowering brows this struggling world the fearless youth observes,
And, harden'd for the strife betimes, he strains the willing nerves;
Far to the throng of spears and to the race prepared to start,
Urged by alluring glory on, and his own stormy heart:—
Protect thy work, O Nature, now! one from the other flies,
Till thou unitest each at last that for the other sighs.
There art thou, Mighty One! where'er the discord darkest frown,
Thou callest peaceful Harmony, the godlike soother down.

The noisy chase is lulled asleep, day's clamour dies afar,
And gently into nightly rest sinks each returning star.
Soft sigh the reeds, and, murmuring soft, the brooklet glides along,
And all the wood the nightingale melodious fills with song.
O virgin! now what instinct heaves thy bosom with the sigh?
O youth! and wherefore steals the tear into thy dreaming eye?
She seeks in vain the something now round which to gently twine,
With its own weight the ripening fruit doth down to earth incline.
And restless strives the youth against his own consuming fire,
Ah, where the gentle breath to cool the flame of young desire!
And now they meet—together Love has brought and joined the two,
And fast as flies the wingëd god, doth victory still pursue.
O heavenly Love!—'tis thy sweet task the human flowers to bind,
Divided ever—yet by thee for ever intertwined?

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

What wonder this?—we ask the limpid well,
O Earth, of thee!—and from thy solemn womb
What yield'st thou? Is there life in the abyss?—
Hath a new race (concealed till now) its home
Under the lava?—Doth the Past return?—
O, Greeks—O, Romans!—Come!—Behold, again
Rises the old Pompeii, and rebuilt
The long lost town of Dorian Hercules!

House upon house!—The spacious portico
Opens its halls! O, haste and fill with life
The void!—Wide open, too, before us spreads
The ample theatre! Recall the crowd;
Thro' the seven mouths let the great audience stream!
Where are ye, mimes? Come forth! Let crown'd Atrides
Complete the sacrifice! Avenging Furies
Chase mad Orestes, chaunting ghastly hymns!
But see!—the Arch of Triumph stands before us.
Whither to lead? We pass, and gain the Forum.
What shapes are seated on the curule chair?
Lictors, advance the fasces! Place the Prætor
On his judicial throne. Now call the witness,
And let the accuser open with his charge.

On stretch the clean, clear streets, with narrow path
Commodious raised, and neighbouring silent doors
Under projecting roofs; and, all around
The desolate Atrium, cordial and familiar
With Home's still smile, the graceful chambers spread.
Open the shops, and every long-closed entry;—
On dreary night let lusty sunshine fall.

See the trim benches ranged in order!—See
The rich designs of tesselated floors,
And from the walls still freshly glitter out
The glowing colours. But the artist where?
Sure but this instant he hath laid aside
Pencil and pallet!—With elaborate flowers
And swelling fruits the lively rich festoon

Borders and frames the charming images.
Here with heap'd basket steals a Cupid by;
There Genii press with purpling feet the grapes;
Here dancing springs the wild Bacchante, there
Fatigued she slumbers, while the listening Faun
Watches her sleep with never-sated eyes;
Now on the Centaur with one knee she rests,
And with light Thyrsus goads him, bounding on.

Slaves, here! why loiter ye?—Neglected stand
The goodly vessels! Hither, O ye handmaids!
And fill the Etruscan urn! How gracefully
On the wing'd sphinges does the tripod rest!
Stir up the fire; the hospitable hearth
Prepare! Go to the market—take these coins,
Fresh from the mintage of imperial Titus;
And—stay, the scales; look, not a weight is lost.
Now light the branches, (with what delicate art
Fashioned!) and feed with lucent oil the lamp.
What holds this casket? Maiden, come and see
The gifts the bridegroom sends thee! Golden armlets,
And glittering trinkets—feigning gems in paste!
Into the fragrant bath conduct the bride;
Here are the unguents, and the artful blooms
For Beauty, still the hollow'd crystal hoards.

But where the men of old?—the Ancients where?
A costlier treasure yet do serious archives
Store in the still Museum. Look! the stylus,
And here the waxen tablets—nought is lost.

The earth, with faithful watch, has guarded all!
Still the Penates stand. Back every God
Comes to his haunts: why absent but the Priests?
Lo! his Caduceus light-wing'd Hermes waves,
And Victory soars, escaping from his hand.
There are the Altars. Quick, O quick! and kindle—
(Long has the God without his incense been,)
Kindle the votive sacrificial flame!

THE YOUTH BY THE BROOK.

SUNG in *The Parasite*, a comedy which Schiller translated from Picard—much the best comedy, by the way, that Picard ever wrote.

BESIDE the brook the Boy reclined
And wove his flowery wreath,
And to the waves the wreath consigned—
The waves that danced beneath.
"So fleet mine hours," he sigh'd, "away
Like waves that restless flow:
And, so my flowers of youth decay,
Like those that float below.

"Oh, ask not why I mourn and grieve
In youth's fair blooming time;
All life doth hope and joy receive
With spring's returning prime.
The voices that with Nature wake
In thousand hymns of glee,
But rouse the happy world, to make
My heart more sad to me.

"Alas! in vain the joys that break
From Spring voluptuous, are;
For only ONE 'tis mine to seek—
The Near, yet ever Far!
I stretch my arms, that shadow-shape
In fond embrace to hold;
Still doth the shade the clasp escape—
The heart is unconsoled!

"Come forth, fair Friend, come forth below,
And leave thy lofty hall;
The fairest flowers the spring can know
In thy dear lap shall fall!
Clear glides the brook in silver roll'd,
Sweet carols fill the air;
The meanest hut hath space to hold
A happy loving Pair!"

FRIDOLIN;

OR, THE MESSAGE TO THE FORGE.

SCHILLER, speaking of this Ballad, which he had then nearly concluded, says that "accident had suggested to him a very pretty theme for a Ballad;" and that "after having travelled through air and water," alluding to "The Cranes of Ibycus" and "The Diver," "he should now claim to himself the Element of Fire." Hoffmeister supposes from the name of Savern, the French orthography for Zabern, a town in Alsatia, that Schiller took the material for his tale from a French source; though there are German Legends analogous to it. The general style of the Ballad is simple almost to homeliness, though not to the puerility affected by some of our own Ballad writers.—But the pictures of the Forge and the Catholic Ritual are worked out with singular force and truthfulness.

A HARMLESS lad was Fridolin,
A pious youth was he;
He served, and sought her grace to win,
Count Savern's fair ladye;
And gentle was the Dame as fair,
And light the toils of service there;
And yet the woman's wildest whim
In her—had been but joy to him.

Soon as the early morning shone,
Until the vesper bell,
For her sweet hest he lived alone
Nor e'er could serve too well.

She bade him oft not labour so :
And then his eyes would overflow—
For how could aught as toil appear,
Which served the one to him so dear ?

And so of all her House, the Dame
Most favour'd him always ;
And from her lip for ever came
His unexhausted praise.
On him, more like some gentle child,
Than serving-youth, the lady smiled,
And took a harmless pleasure in
The comely looks of Fridolin.

The Huntsman Robert long beheld
The favour thus confest,
And poisonous envy, gathering, swell'd
His dark malignant breast.
His Lord was rash of thought and deed,
A man whom guile might well mislead ;
And thus, as from the chase they rode,
Suspicion's seed the traitor sowed—

" Happy art thou, my Lord, in truth,"
The crafty knave did say ;
" Your golden sleep no venom'd tooth
Of Doubt doth gnaw away.
Your noble lady is secure
In virtuous shame—that girdle pure ;
Her faith no snares from thee could gain ;
The smooth seducer wooes in vain."

"How now!—bold man, what sayëst thou?"
The frowning Count replied—
"Think'st thou I build on woman's vow,
Unstable as the tide?
Soft to her ear doth flattery sound;—
I rest my faith on firmer ground;
The Count Von Savern's wife unto
No smooth seducer comes to woo!"

"Right!"—quoth the other—"and your scorn
Enough the fool chastises,
Who, though a simple vassal born,
Himself so highly prizes;
Who buoys his heart with rash desires,
And to the Dame he serves—aspires."
"How!" cried the Count, and trembled—"How!
Of One who lives, then, speakest thou?"

"Surely; can that to all revealed
Be all unknown to you?
Yet, from your ear if thus concealed,
Let me withhold it too."
Out burst the Count, with gasping breath,
"Fool—fool!—thou speak'st the words of death!
What brain has dared so bold a sin?"
"My Lord, I spoke of—Fridolin!

"His face is comely to behold"—
He adds with deadly art.
The Count grew hot—the Count grew cold—
The words had pierced his heart.

"My gracious master sure must see
That only in her eyes lives he;
Behind your board he stands unheeding,
Close by her chair—his passion feeding.

"And then the rhymes."—"The rhymes!" "The same—
Confessed the frantic thought."
"Confessed!" "Ay, and a *mutual* flame
The shameless knave besought!
All this my lady, soft and meek,
Might well from pity shun to speak;
Nor should my words have vex'd your ear—
What has my lord the Count to fear?"

Straight to a wood, in wrath and shame,
Away Count Savern rode—
Where, in the neighbouring furnace-flame,
The molten iron glowed.
Here, late and early, still the brand
Kindled the smiths, with crafty hand;
The bellows heave, the sparkles fly,
As if to melt[1] the rocks on high.

Their strength the Fire, the Water gave,
In interleagued endeavour;
The mill-wheel, grappled by the wave,
Rolls round for aye and ever—
The clattering works clang night and day,
While down the hammer times its way,
And, suppled in that mighty storm,
Iron to iron stamps a form.

[1] Literally to glaze, vitrify, (*verglasen.*)

Two smiths before Count Savern bend,
Forth-beckoned from their task.
"The first whom I to you may send,
And who of you may ask—
'*Have you my lord's command obeyed?*'
—Thrust in the hell-fire yonder made;
Shrunk to the cinders of your ore,
Let him offend mine eyes no more!"

Then gloated they—the inhuman pair—
They felt the hangman's zest;
For senseless as the iron there,
The heart in either breast.
And hied they, with the bellows' breath,
To strengthen still the furnace-death;
The murder-priests nor fag nor falter—
Wait the victim—trim the altar!

The huntsman seeks the page—God wot,
How smooth a face hath he!
"Off, comrade, off! and tarry not;
Thy lord hath need of thee!"
Thus spoke his lord to Fridolin,
"Haste to the forge the wood within,
And ask the serfs who ply the trade—
'*Have you my lord's command obeyed?*'"

It shall be done,"—and yet the task
One duty doth delay;
Had *she* no hest?—'twere well to ask,
To make less long the way.

Before the lady now he stands—
"To seek the forge my lord commands;
But, ere I go, I come to thee:
Hast thou no orders, too, for me?"

The gentle dame replied, "Alas!"
(Her voice was soft and mild,)
"I fain would hear the holy mass;
Sore ailing lies my child.
Go thou, instead, and kneeling there,
Utter for me thy humble prayer;
Repent each sinful thought of thine—
So shall thy soul find grace for mine!"

And now, with footstep fleet and fast,
Along the path he hies,
The hamlet now is nearly past,
When hark, what sounds arise?
Swinging aloft, with solemn swell,
Clear from the church-tower clangs the bell,
Knolling souls that would repent
To the Holy Sacrament.

"If God is found upon the way,
Thou must not pass him by!"
He stepped into the church to pray—
But all stood silently.
It was the Harvest's merry reign,
The scythe was busy in the grain;
And not a chorister was there,
The mass to serve—the rites to share.

The impulse to his heart is given,
As sacristan to be:
"Whate'er promotes thy service, Heaven,
Is not delay," said he.
So, on the priest, with humble soul,
He hung the cingulum and stole,
And nimbly ranged each holy thing
To the high mass administ'ring.

To aid the priest, (these duties o'er,)
As ministrant, he stands;
Now, bowed the altar shrine before,
The mass-book in his hands.
Rightward, leftward kneeleth he,
Watchful every sign to see;
Tinkling, as the *sanctus* fell,
Thrice at the holy name, the bell.

Now the meek priest, bending lowly,
Turns unto the shrine,
And with lifted hand and holy,
Rears the cross divine.
While the clear bell, lightly swinging,
That boy-sacristan is ringing;—
All then present, down inclining,
Strike their breasts, the symbol signing.

Still in every point excelling,
With a quick and nimble art—
Every custom in that dwelling
Knew the boy by heart!

To the close he tarried thus,
Till *Vobiscum Dominus;*
Till the blessing of the priest,—
Till the holy service ceased!

Each thing in order, as before,
His pious hands array,
Asperge the shrine; and then once more
He takes his cheerful way.
Lightly—with conscience calm he goes;
Before his steps the furnace glows;
His lips, the while, (the count completing,)
Twelve paternosters slow-repeating.

He gained the forge—the smiths surveyed,
As there they grimly stand:
"How fares it, friends?—*Have ye obeyed*,"
He cried, "*my lord's command?*"
"Ho! ho!" they shout, with ghastly grin,
And point the furnace-throat within:
"He's caught and cared for—go thy ways:
Well shall the Count his servants praise."

On, with this answer, onward home,
With fleeter step he flies;
But when the Count beheld him come—
He scarce could trust his eyes.
"Whence com'st thou?"—"From the furnace." "So!
Not elsewhere? troth, thy steps are slow!
Thou hast loitered long!"—"Yet only till
My dame's command I did fulfil.

"For, pardon—but to her, to-day,
I went on quitting thee,
To ask if aught, upon the way,
She might intrust to me.
She bade me halt the mass to hear,
Sweet order to thy servant's ear;
Rosaries four I told, delaying,
For you both the Saviour praying."

All stunn'd, Count Savern heard the speech—
A wondering man was he;
"And when thou didst the furnace reach,
What answer gave they thee?"
"They answered dark, with ghastly grin,
Pointing the furnace-throat within,
'He's caught and cared for—go thy ways:
Well shall the Count his servants praise.'"

"And *Robert?*"—gasped the Count, as lost
In awe, he shuddering stood—
"Thou must, be sure, his path have cross'd?
I sent him to the wood."
"In wood nor field where I have been,
No single trace of him was seen."
All deathlike stood the Count: "Thy might,
O God of heaven, hath judged the right!"

Then meekly, humbled from his pride,
He took the servant's hand;
He led him to his lady's side,
She nought could understand.

" This child—no angel is more pure—
Long may thy grace for him endure ;
Our strength how weak, our sense how dim—
GOD AND HIS HOSTS ARE OVER HIM !"

PHILOSOPHERS.

To learn what gives to every thing
The form and life which we survey,
The law by which the Eternal King
Moves all Creation's ordered ring,
And keeps it from decay—
When to great Doctor Wiseman we go—
If helped not out by Fichté's Ego—
All from his brain that we can delve,
Is this sage answer—" Ten's not Twelve." [1]

The snow can chill, the fire can burn,
Men when they walk on two feet go ;—
A sun in Heaven all eyes discern—
This through the senses we may learn,
Nor go to school to know !
But the profounder student sees,
That that which burns—will seldom freeze ;
And can instruct the astonished hearer,
How moisture moistens—light makes clearer.

Homer composed his mighty song,
The hero danger dared to scorn,
The brave man did his duty, long
Before—(and who shall say I'm wrong?)—
Philosophers were born!
Without Descartes and Locke—the Sun
Saw things by Heart and Genius done,
Which those great men have proved, on viewing,
The—possibility of doing!

Strength in this life prevails and sways—
Bold Power oppresses humble Worth—
He who can not command obeys—
In short there 's not too much to praise
In this poor orb of earth.
But how things better might be done,
If sages had this world begun,
By moral systems of their own,
Most incontestably is shown!

"Man needs mankind, must be confest—
In all he labours to fulfil,
Must work, or with, or for, the rest;
'Tis drops that swell the ocean's breast—
'Tis waves that turn the mill.
The savage life for man unfit is,
So take a wife and live in cities."
Thus *ex cathedrâ* teach, we know,
Wise Messieurs Puffendorf and Co.

Yet since, what grave professors preach,
The crowd may be excused from knowing;
Meanwhile, old Nature looks to each,
Tinkers the chain, and mends the breach,
And keeps the clockwork going.
Some day, Philosophy, no doubt,
A better World will bring about:
Till then the Old a little longer,
Must blunder on—through Love and Hunger!

[1] "Wenn Ich nicht drauf ihm helfe
Er heisst; zehn ist nicht zwölfe."

If the Ich in the text is correctly printed with a capital initial, the intention of Schiller must apparently be to ridicule the absolute Ego of Fichté—a philosopher whom he elsewhere treats with very little ceremony—and thus Hoffmeister seems to interpret the meaning. Hinrichs, on the other hand, quoting the passage without the capital initial, assumes the satire to be directed against the first great law of logic, which logicians call the Principle of Contradiction, viz., that it is impossible for a thing to be and not to be at the same time; or, as Schiller expresses it, that it is impossible for ten to be both ten and twelve; a truth which is obvious to all men, and which, precisely because it is obvious to all men, Philosophers can state and explain. According to this latter interpretation, the sense is not correctly given in the translation, and Schiller seems rather to say, "I should call that man exceedingly clever who could explain to me the great law of the Universe, if I did not first explain it to him by saying it is this, Ten is not Twelve—*i.e.*, No philosopher can tell a plain man anything about a profound principle, which any plain man could not just as well have told to the Philosopher."

TO THE IDEALS.

To appreciate the beauty of this Poem, the reader must remember that it preceded our own School,—we will not say of Egotism, but of Self-expression; a school of which the great Byron is the everlasting master—and in which the Poet reveals the hearts of others, by confessing the emotions of his own. Of late years, we have been overwhelmed with attempts at the kind of pathos which the following stanzas embody with melancholy tenderness—yet with manly resignation. But at the time Schiller wrote this, the loveliest, perhaps, of his lyrical elegies, he had the merit of originality—a merit the greater, because the Poem expresses feelings which almost all of us have felt in the progress of life.

So, wilt thou, with thy charming train,
Relentless, faithless, fly from me,
With all thy pleasure, all thy pain,
And all thy World of Phantasy?
Alas! can nought thy flight restrain?
Can nought mine age of gold delay?
No—downwards to the eternal main
The hurrying waters lapse away.

Extinct in night the suns are lost
That did my youth serenely gild;
Dissolved in air the Ideal host
That once the heart inebriate fill'd.
Gone is the sweet belief divine
In beings born to dreams! I see
The godlike realm, that once was mine,
Thy spoil, O stern Reality!

As round the form his art had wrought
Pygmalion's yearning arms were thrown,
Till life from love the statue caught,
And feeling glowed beneath the stone ;—
So Nature, in my loving arms,
And with my young desire, I prest ;
Till, warm'd to breath and living charms,
She kindled at my Poet's breast.

With mine impassion'd flame she burn'd,
Her silence found responsive tone ;
My kiss of love her kiss return'd ;
Her heart interpreted my own.
Then liv'd the flower—then liv'd the tree !—
Then sang the fountain's silver fall !
No thing without a soul to me !
My life its echo heard in all !

Pent in the bosom's narrow bound,
The circling whole in embryo lay,
And strove in deed, word, shape, and sound,
To burst existing into day.
How rich, while yet the germ conceal'd,
I thought that world of blooms must be ;
But from the germ they rose reveal'd,
And oh how mean the flowers I see !

Light, as by valour wing'd for air,
On life illumed by morning beams,
Sprang Youth, as yet uncurb'd by care,
And blest in error's happy dreams :

Up to the ether's faintest star,
Did wild design adventurous soar—
Oh, nought too high, and nought too far
For those strong pinions to explore.

Borne into heaven—there seem'd no strife
Too hard for him the prize to gain;
How danced before the car of life
The light Procession's airy train!
Love, with rewards to lovers known,
Fortune, with fillets golden-spun,
And Glory, with her starry crown,
And Truth, that glittered in the sun.

Ah! midway soon the radiant shapes
Forsaking, faithless from me stray,
As, one by one, the host escapes
And into distance fades away.
Light Fortune was the first to fly;—
The thirst for knowledge linger'd still,
When Doubt in tempest veil'd the sky,
And—Truth no more was visible.

And holy Glory's crown sublime
I saw ignoble brows above;
And, oh, the brief sweet bloom of Time!
Oh, all too soon fled rosy Love!
And stiller yet, and yet more lone,
The desert path before me lay,
Till Hope itself but feebly shone
Along the glimmering, gloomy way.

Who, loving, lingers yet to guide,
When all that train inebriate, fled,
Who stands consoling by my side,
And follows to the House of Dread?
Thou, FRIENDSHIP—thou art faithful there,
As gentle still to heal the wound,
As strong the load of life to share,
O! thou the earliest sought and found!—

And Thou, that dost with her combine,
To lull the soul's unruly storm,
At least thy tasks, EMPLOYMENT MINE,
Destroy not, slowly though they form.
If swelling but by grains of sand,
Eternity—that pile sublime—
Yet moments, days, and years, thy hand
Strikes from the great account of Time.

PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

At Smithfield[1] once, as I've been told,
Or some such place where beasts are sold,
A bard, whose bones from flesh were all free,
Put up for sale the muse's palfrey.
The Hippogriff, majestic, neigh'd,
And pranced as if in proud parade.
The crowd grew large, the crowd grew larger:
"In truth," they cried, "a splendid charger!
'Twould suit some coach of state!—the king's!
But, bless my soul, what frightful wings!
No doubt the breed is mighty rare—
But who would coach it through the air?
Who'd trust his neck to such a flyer?"—
In short, the bard could find no buyer.

At last a farmer plucked up mettle:
"Let's see if we the thing can settle.
Those useless wings my man may lop,
Or tie down tight—I like a crop!
'T might draw my cart, if kept in bounds;
Come, Friend, I'll venture twenty pounds!"
The hungry bard with joy consented,
And Hodge bears off his prize, contented.

[1] Literally "Haymarket."

The noble beast is in the cart;
Hodge cries, "Gee hup!" and off they start.
He scarcely feels the load behind,
Skirrs, scours, and scampers like the wind.
The wings begin for heaven to itch,—
And now the cart is in the ditch!
"So ho!" grunts Hodge, "'tis more than funny!
I've got a penn'orth for my money.
To-morrow, if I still survive,
I have some score of folks to drive;—
As leader I will yoke the beast;
'Twill save me one good pair at least.
Choler and collar wear with time;
The lively rogue is in his prime."

All 's well at first—till, with a start,
Off goes the waggon like a dart.
Light bounding on, the fiery steed
Inspires the rest to equal speed;
Till, with tall crest, he sniffs the heaven,
Spurns the dull road so smooth and even.
True the impetuous instinct to,
Field, fen, and bog he scampers through.
The frenzy now has caught the team;
The driver tugs, the travellers scream.
O'er ditch, o'er hedge, splash, dash, and crash on,
Ne'er farmer flew in such a fashion.
At last, all battered, bruised, and broken,
(Poor Hodge's state may not be spoken,)

Waggon, and team, and travellers stop,
Perched on a mountain's steepest top!
Exceeding sore, and much perplext,
"I' fegs!" the farmer cries, "what next?
This helter-skelter sport will never do,
But break him in I'll yet endeavour to:
Let 's see if work and starving diet
Can't tame the monster into quiet!"

The proof was made; and, save us! if in
Three days you'd seen the hippogriffin,
You'd scarce the noble beast have known,
Starved duly down to skin and bone.
Cries Hodge, rejoiced, "I have it now;
Bring out my ox, he goes to plough."
So said, so done, and droll the tether,
Wing'd horse, slow ox, at plough together!
The unwilling griffin strains his might,
One last strong struggle yet for flight;
In vain, for, well inured to labour,
Plods sober on his heavy neighbour,
And forces, inch by inch, to creep,
The hoofs that love the air to sweep;
Until, worn out, the eye grows dim,
The sinews fail the foundered limb,
The god-steed droops, the strife is past,
He writhes amidst the mire at last!
"Accursed brute!" the farmer cries;
And, while he bawls, the cart-whip plies,

"All toil, it seems, you think to shirk,
So fierce to run, so dull to work!
My twenty pounds!—Not worth a pin!
Confound the rogue who took me in!"
He vents his wrath, he plies his thong,
When, lo! there gaily comes along,
With looks of light and locks of yellow,
And lute in hand, a buxom fellow;
Through the bright clusters of his hair
A golden circlet glistens fair.
"What 's this?—a wondrous yoke and pleasant!"
Cries out the stranger to the peasant.
"The bird and ox thus leashed together—
Come, prithee, just unbrace the tether:
But let *me* mount him for a minute—
That beast!—you'll see how much is in it."

The steed released, the youthful stranger
Leaps on his back, and smiles at danger;
Scarce felt that steed the master's rein,
When all his fire returns again:
He champs the bit, he rears on high,
Light flashes from the kindling eye;
Changed from a creature of the sod,
Behold the spirit and the god!
As sweeps the whirlwind, heavenward springs
The unfurlëd glory of his wings;
Before the eye can track the flight,
Lost in the azure fields of light.

PUNCH SONG.

Four Elements, joined in
  An emulous strife,
Build up the world, and
  Constitute life.

First from the citron
  The starry juice pour;
Acid to Life is
  The innermost core.

Now, let the sugar
  The bitter one meet;
And the strength of the acid
  Be tamed with the sweet.

Bright let the water
  Flow into the bowl;
For water, in calmness,
  Encircles the Whole.

Next, shed the drops
  Of the spirit within;
Life but its life from
  The spirit can win.

Drain quick—no restoring
When cool can it bring;
The wave has but virtue
Drunk hot from the spring!

PUNCH SONG;

TO BE SUNG IN THE NORTH.

On the free southern hills
Where the full summers shine,
Nature, quickened by sunlight,
Gives birth to the vine!

Her work the Great Mother
Conceals from the sight,
Untracked is the labour,
Unfathomed the might.

Like a child of the sunbeam,
A fountain of light,
It springs from the vat,
Crystal-clear—purple-bright.

All the senses it gladdens,
Gives Hope to the breast;
To grief a soft balsam,
To life a new zest.

But, our zone palely gilding,
The Sun of the North
From the leaves it scarce tinteth
No fruit ripens forth.

Yet life will ne'er freely
Life's gladness resign :
Our vales know no vineyard—
Invent we a wine !

Though wan the libation,
On hearth-altars here ;
Living Nature alone gives
The bright and the clear !

Yet still let the bowl
With its dim flood inspire ;
Art too is Heaven's boon,
Tho' it borrow Earth's fire.

Wherever strength reacheth,
What kingdoms await her !
From the Old, the New shaping,
Art, ever—Creator !—

The Elements' union
Divides at her rod,
With the hearth-flame she mimics
The sun's glowing god.

To the Isles of the Blessed
She sends the ship forth;
Lo, the southern fruits lending
Their gold to the North!

So, this sap wrung from flame be
A symbol-sign still,
Of the wonders man works with
The Force and the Will!

LIGHT AND WARMTH.

The nobler man, unchill'd by doubt,
Doth cheerly life begin;
And deems the world he sees without
Pure as his soul within.
Warm in the generous trust of youth,
He vows his true arm to the truth.

The lowness and the littleness
Of all so soon is shown,
That thro' the throng, and from the press,
He guards himself alone;
His heart in haughty cold repose,
From love at last itself doth close.

The rays of truth that *light* bestow
Not always *warmth* impart;

Blest he who gains the boon TO KNOW,
Nor buys it with the heart!
World-wisdom clear, Enthusiasm bright,
Link—and enjoy both warmth and light.

BREADTH AND DEPTH.

MANY bright wits in the world one sees,
Universal, indeed, in knowledge,
On the charm to attract and the art to please—
Their lore could perplex a college.
So fond of the Learning they show with such pride
That she seems, happy men, their monopolised bride.

And yet they go out of the world quite still,
No trace of existence leaving;
Ah! he who would really the Great fulfil,
And win what is worth achieving,
Must silently gather, and, hour by hour,
In the smallest point, store the amplest power.

Though the stem may rise proud in the air aloft,
Broad shade though the branches render;
Tho' the leaves may be bright, and their fragrance soft,
'Tis not they that the fruit engender.
From the kernel alone, though so small it be,
Comes the Pride of the Forest:—It hides the TREE!

Afar—her lover's home.
Oh, safely thrown from strand to strand,
No bridge can love to love convey;
No boatman shoots from yonder shore,
Yet Love has found the way.—

That Love which could the Labyrinth dread
With slender clue securely thread,
Which gifts with wit the dull;—
That Love which o'er the furrowed land
Bowed—tame beneath young Jason's hand—
The fiery-snorting Bull!
Yes, Styx itself, that nine-fold flows,
Has Love, the fearless, ventured o'er,
And back to daylight borne the bride,
From Pluto's dreary shore!

What marvel then that wind and wave
Leander doth but burn to brave,
When Love, that goads him, guides?
Still when the day, with fainter glimmer,
Wanes pale—he leaps, the daring swimmer,
Amid the darkening tides;
With lusty arms he cleaves the waves,
And strives for that dear strand afar;
Where high from Hero's lonely tower
Lone streams the Beacon-star.

In vain his blood the wave may chill,
These tender arms can warm it still—

And, weary if the way,
By many a sweet embrace, above
All earthly boons, can liberal Love
The Lover's toil repay,
Until Aurora breaks the dream,
And warns the Loiterer to depart—
Back to the ocean's icy bed,
Scared from that loving heart.

So thirty suns have sped their flight—
Still in that theft of sweet delight
Exult the happy pair;
Caress will never pall caress,
And joys that gods might envy, bless
The single bride-night there.
Ah! never he has rapture known,
Who has not, where the waves are driven
Upon the fearful shores of Hell,
Pluck'd fruits that taste of Heaven!

Now changing in their Season are,
The Morning and the Hesper Star;—
They mark no changing year,
No leaves that wither, fade, and fall,
As grimly, from his northern hall,
Comes Winter near and near;
Or, if they mark, the shortening days
But seem to them to close in kindness;
For longer joys, in lengthening nights,
They thank the heaven in blindness.

It is the time, when Night and Day,
In equal scales contend for sway—[1]
Lone, on her rocky steep,
Lingers the girl with wistful eyes
That watch the sun-steeds down the skies,
Careering towards the deep.
Lull'd lay the smooth and silent sea,
A mirror in translucent calm,
The breeze, along that crystal realm,
Unmurmuring, died in balm.

In wanton swarms and blithe array,
The merry dolphins glide and play
Amid the silver waves.
In grey and dusky troops are seen
The hosts that serve the Ocean-Queen,
Upswarming from their caves:
They—only they—have witnessed love
To rapture steal its secret way:
And Hecate[2] seals the only lips
That could the tale betray!

She marks in joy the lullëd water,
And, Sestos, thus thy tender daughter,
Soft-flattering, wooes the sea!
"Fair god—and canst thou then betray?
No! falsehood dwells with them that say

[1] This notes the time of year—not the time of day—viz., about the 23d of September.—HOFFMEISTER.

[2] Hecate, as the mysterious Goddess of Nature.—HOFFMEISTER.

That falsehood dwells with thee!
Ah! faithless is the race of man,
And harsh a father's heart can prove;
But thee, the gentle and the mild,
The grief of love can move!

"Within these desert walls of stone,
Should I, repining, mourn alone,
And fade in ceaseless care,
But thou, though o'er thy giant tide,
Nor bridge may span, nor boat may glide,
Dost safe my lover bear.
And darksome is thy solemn deep,
And fearful is thy roaring wave;
But wave and deep are won by love—
Thou smilest on the brave!

"Nor vainly, Sovereign of the Sea,
Did Eros send his shafts to thee:
What time the Ram of Gold
Bright Helle, with her brother, bore,
To Asian coasts, thy waters o'er,
From Ino's wrath, of old!
Swift, by the maiden's charms subdued,
Thou cam'st from out the gloomy waves,
And, in thy mighty arms, she sank
Into thy bridal caves;—

"A goddess with a god, to keep
In endless youth, beneath the deep,

Her solemn ocean-court!
And still she smoothes thine angry tides,
Tames thy wild heart, and favouring guides
The sailor to the port!
Beautiful Helle, bright one, hear
Thy lone adoring suppliant pray!
And guide, this eve—oh, guide my love
Along the wonted way!"

Now twilight dims the water's flow,
And from the tower, the beacon's glow
Waves flickering o'er the main.
Ah, where, athwart the dismal stream,
Shall shine the Beacon's faithful beam,
The lover's eyes shall strain!
And threat'ning howl the winds afar—
From heaven the blessëd stars are gone—
More darkly swells the rising sea—
The tempest labours on!

Along the ocean's boundless plains
Lies Night—in torrents rush the rains
From the dark-bosom'd cloud—
Red lightning pants along the air,
And, loosed from out their rocky lair,
Sweep all the storms abroad.
Huge wave on huge wave tumbling o'er,
The yawning gulf is rent asunder,
And shows, as through an opening pall,
A hell—the ocean under!

Poor maiden! bootless wail or vow—
"Have mercy, Jove—be gracious, Thou!
Dread prayer was mine before!
What if the gods have heard—and he,
Lone victim of the stormy sea,
Now struggles to the shore!
There's not a sea-bird on the wave—
Their hurrying wings the shelter seek;
The stoutest ship the storms have proved,
Takes refuge in the creek.

"Ah, still that heart, which oft has braved
The danger where the daring saved,
Love lureth o'er the sea;—
For many a vow at parting morn,
That nought but death should bar return,
Breathed those dear lips to me;
And whirl'd around, the while I weep,
Amid the storm that rides the wave,
The giant gulf is grasping down
The rash one to the grave!

"False Pontus! and the calm I hail'd,
The deadly treason darkly veil'd;
The lull'd pellucid flow,
The smiles in which thou wert array'd,
Were but the snares that Love betray'd
To thy false realm below!
Now in the midway of the main,
Return relentlessly forbidden,

Thou loosenest on the path beyond
The horrors thou hadst hidden."

Loud and more loud the tempest raves,
In thunder break the mountain waves,
White-foaming on the rock—
No ship that ever swept the deep
Its ribs of gnarlëd oak could keep
Unshatter'd by the shock.
Dies in the blast the guiding torch
To light the struggler to the strand;
'Tis death to battle with the wave,
And death no less to land!

On Venus, daughter of the seas,
She calls, the tempest to appease—
To each wild-shrieking wind
Along the ocean-desert borne,
She vows a steer with golden horn—
Vain vow—relentless wind!
On every goddess of the deep,
On all the gods in heaven that be,
She calls—to smooth to crystal calm
The tempest-laden sea!

"Hearken the anguish of my cries!
From thy green halls, arise—arise,
Leucothea the divine!
Who, in the barren main afar,
Oft on the storm-beat mariner

Dost gently-saving shine.
Oh, reach to him thy mystic veil,
To which the drowning clasp may cling,
And safely from that roaring grave,
To shore my lover bring!"

And now the savage winds are hushing,
And o'er the arch'd horizon, blushing,
Day's chariot gleams on high!
Back to its bed the ocean creeps,
Clear as a mirror shine the deeps;
One smile on sea and sky!
All softly breaks the rippling tide,
Low-murmuring on the rocky land,
And playful wavelets gently float
A Corpse upon the strand!

'Tis he!—who even in death would still
Not fail the sweet vow to fulfil;
She looks—sees—knows him there!
From her pale lips no sorrow speaks,
No tears glide down the hueless cheeks,
Cold—numb'd in her despair—
She look'd along the silent deep,
She look'd upon the bright'ning heaven,
Till to the wan still face a flush
From fires sublime was given!

"Ye solemn Powers men shrink to name,
Your might is here, your rights ye claim—

Yet think not I repine :
Soon closed my course ; yet I can bless
The life that brought me happiness—
The fairest lot was mine !
Living have I thy temple served,
Thy consecrated priestess been—
My last glad offering now receive,
Venus, thou mightiest queen ! "

Flash'd the white robe along the air,
And from the tower that beetled there
She plunged into the wave ;
Roused from his throne beneath the waste,
Those holy forms the god embraced—
A god himself their grave !
Pleased with his prey, he glides along—
More blithe the murmur'd music seems,
As gush from unexhausted urns
His Everlasting Streams !

CASSANDRA.

THERE is peace between the Greeks and Trojans—Achilles is to wed Polyxena, Priam's daughter. On entering the Temple, he is shot through his only vulnerable part by Paris.—The time of the following Poem is during the joyous preparations for the marriage. N.B.—The metre is, in the translation, lengthened by a syllable from that in the original, which seemed to me associated, to English ears, with a certain sing-song, at variance with the stately spirit of the poem.

AND mirth was in the halls of Troy,
Before her towers and temples fell;
High peal'd the choral hymns of joy,
Melodious to the golden shell.
The weary hand reposed from slaughter—
The eye forgot the tear it shed;
This day King Priam's lovely daughter
Shall great Pelides wed!

Adorn'd with laurel boughs, they come,
Crowd after crowd, the way divine,
To fanes where gods have found a home—
And on to Thymbra's[1] solemn shrine.
Along the streets in Bromian madness
The wild uproarious revellers prest;
And left forsaken to its sadness
One solitary breast!

[1] At Thymbra there was a temple sacred to Apollo, who was thence called Thymbræus. Here Paris is said to have slain Achilles.

Unjoyous in the joyful throng,
Alone, and linking life with none,
Apollo's laurel groves among,
The still Cassandra wander'd on!
Into the forest's deep recesses
The solemn Prophet-Maiden pass'd,
And, scornful, from her loosen'd tresses,
The sacred fillet cast!

"All deem that grief at length is o'er,
All hearts the blessed union hail;
Mine aged parents hope once more,
My sister wears the bridal-veil—
And I alone, alone am weeping;
The sweet delusion mocks not me—
Around these walls destruction sweeping,
More near and near I see!

"A torch before my vision glows,
But not in Hymen's hand it shines,
To Heaven a smoke ascending goes,
But not from holy offering-shrines;
Glad hands the banquet are preparing,
And near, and near the halls of state,
I hear the God that comes unsparing,
And brims the bowl of Fate.

"And men my prophet-wail deride!
The solemn sorrow dies in scorn;
And lonely in the waste, I hide
The tortured heart that would forewarn.

Amidst the happy, unregarded,
Mock'd by their fearful joy, I trod;
Oh, dark to me the lot awarded,
Thou evil Pythian god!

"Thine oracle, in vain to be,
Oh, wherefore am I thus consign'd
With eyes that every truth must see,
Lone in the City of the Blind?
Cursed with the anguish of a power
To view the fates I may not thrall,
The hovering tempest still must lower—
The horror must befall!

"Delusion is the life we live,
And knowledge death—Oh wherefore, then,
To sight the coming evils give,
And lift the veil of Fate, to Men?
Take back the clear and awful mirror,
Shut from mine eyes the blood-red glare;
Thy truth is but a gift of terror
When mortal lips declare.

"My blindness give to me once more—[1]
The gay dim senses that rejoice;
The Past's delighted songs are o'er
For lips that speak a Prophet's voice.

[1] "Everywhere," says Hoffmeister truly, "Schiller exalts Ideal Belief over real wisdom: everywhere this modern Apostle of Christianity advocates that Ideal, which exists in Faith and emotion, against the wisdom of worldly intellect, the barren experience of life," &c.

To me *the future* thou hast granted ;
To wrap the present hour in gloom,
To leave the moment disenchanted—
False God, thy gift resume !

" Never may I with nuptial wreath
The odour-breathing hair entwine ;
My heavy heart is bow'd beneath
The service of thy dreary shrine.
My youth was but by tears corroded,—
My sole familiar is my pain,
Each coming ill my heart foreboded,
And felt it first—in vain !

" I see my blithe companions play
Around, in youth's fair pastime free ;
All live and love their hours away—
The heart is only sad to me.
For me no spring returns—oh, never
For me her revel Nature keeps !
The joy of life is lost for ever
To eyes that read its deeps !

" Wrapt in thy bliss, my sister, thine
The heart's inebriate rapture-springs ;—
Longing with bridal arms to twine
The bravest of the Grecian kings.
High swells the joyous bosom, seeming
Too narrow for its world of love,
Nor envies, in its heaven of dreaming,
The heaven of gods above !

"I too might know the soft control
Of one the longing heart could choose,[1]
With look which love illumes with soul—
The look that supplicates and wooes.
And sweet with him, where love presiding
Prepares our hearth, to go—but, dim,
A Stygian shadow, nightly gliding,
Stalks between me and him!

"Forth from the grim funereal shore,
The Hell-Queen sends her ghastly bands;
Where'er I turn—behind—before—
Dumb in my path—a Spectre stands!
Wherever gayliest, youth assembles—
I see the shades in horror clad,
Amidst Hell's ghastly People trembles
One soul for ever sad!

"I see the steel of Murder gleam—
I see the Murderer's glowing eyes—
To right—to left, one gory stream—
One circling fate—my flight defies!
I may not turn my gaze—all seeing,
Foreknowing all, I dumbly stand—
To close in blood my ghastly being
In the far strangers' land!"

Hark! while the sad sounds murmur round,
Hark, from the Temple-porch, the cries!
A wild, confused, tumultuous sound!—
Dead the divine Pelides lies!

[1] Agamemnon.

Grim Discord rears her snakes devouring—
The last departing god hath gone!
And, womb'd in cloud, the thunder, lowering,
Hangs black on Ilion.

NOTE.—Upon this poem, Madame de Staël makes the following just and striking criticism.—*L'Allemagne*, Part II. c. 13. "One sees in this ode the curse inflicted on a mortal by the prescience of a god. Is not the grief of the Prophetess that of all who possess a superior intellect with an impassioned heart? Under a shape wholly poetic, Schiller has embodied an idea grandly moral—viz., that the true genius (that of the sentiment) is a victim to itself, even when spared by others. There are no nuptials for Cassandra: not that she is insensible—not that she is disdained—but the clear penetration of her soul passes in an instant both life and death, and can only repose in Heaven."

THE PLAYING INFANT.

PLAY in thy mother's lap, fair child! for in that holy isle
The trouble cannot find thee yet, the grieving, nor the guile;
Held in thy mother's arms above the dark abysmal wave,
Thou lookëst with thy fearless smile upon the floating grave.
Play, loveliest Innocence!—Thee, yet Arcadia circles round,
Life's blooming vigour guards as yet the golden poet-ground.
Each gleesome impulse Nature now can sanction and befriend,
Nor to that willing heart as yet the Duty and the End.
Play, for the haggard Labour soon will come to seize its prey:
Alas! when Duty grows thy law, Enjoyment fades away.

THE VICTORY FEAST.

IN this Lyric, Schiller had a notion of raising the popular social song from the prosaic vulgarity common to it, into a higher and more epic dignity.

THE stately walls of Troy had sunken,
Her towers and temples strew'd the soil;
The sons of Hellas, victory-drunken,
Richly laden with the spoil,
Are on their lofty barks reclin'd
Along the Hellespontine strand;
A gleesome freight the favouring wind
Shall bear to Greece's glorious land;
And gleesome chaunt the choral strain,
As towards the household altars, now,
Each bark inclines the painted prow—
For Home shall smile again!

And link'd in lengthened rows, and weeping,
Sate the pale Trojan women there,
And smote their bosoms;—downward sweeping
Hung their loose dishevell'd hair.
No festive sounds that peal along,
Their mournful dirge can overwhelm;
Through hymns of joy one sorrowing song
Commingled, wails the ruin'd realm.

"Farewell, beloved shores!" it said,
"From home afar behold us torn,
By foreign lords as captives borne—
Ah, happy are the Dead!"

And Calchas, while the altars blaze,
Invokes the high gods to their feast!
On Pallas, mighty or to raise
Or shatter cities, called the Priest—
And Him, who wreathes around the land
The girdle of his watery world,
And Zeus, from whose almighty hand
The terror and the bolt are hurl'd.
Success at last awards the crown—
The long and weary war is past;
Time's destined circle ends at last—
And fall'n the Mighty Town!

The Son of Atreus, king of men,
The muster of the hosts survey'd,
How dwindled from the thousands, when
Along Scamander first array'd!
With sorrow and the cloudy thought,
The Great King's stately look grew dim—
Of all the hosts to Ilion brought,
How few to Greece return with him!
Still let the song to gladness call,
For those who yet their home shall greet!—
For them the blooming life is sweet:
Return is not for all!

Nor all who reach their native land
May long the joy of welcome feel—
Beside the household gods may stand
Grim Murther with awaiting steel;
And they who 'scape the foe, may die
Beneath the foul familiar glaive.
Thus He[1] to whose prophetic eye
Her light the wise Minerva gave:—
"Ah! blest whose hearth, to memory true,
The goddess keeps unstained and pure—
For woman's guile is deep and sure,
And Falsehood loves the New!"

The Spartan eyes his Helen's charms,
By the best blood of Greece recaptured;
Round that fair form his glowing arms—
(A second bridal)—wreathe enraptured.
"Woe waits the work of evil birth—
Revenge to deeds unblest is given!
For watchful o'er the things of earth,
The Eternal Council-Halls of Heaven.
Yes, ill shall ever ill repay—
Jove to the impious hands that stain
The Altar of Man's Hearth, again
The doomer's doom shall weigh!"

"Well they, reserved for joy to-day,"
Cried out Oïleus' valiant son,
"May laud the favouring gods who sway
Our earth, their easy thrones upon;

[1] Ulysses.

With careless hands they mete our doom,
Our woe or welfare Hazard gives—
Patroclus slumbers in the tomb,
And all unharm'd Thersites lives.
If Fate, then, showers without a choice
The lots of luck and life on all,
Let him on whom the prize may fall,—
Let him who lives—rejoice!

"Yes, war will still devour the best!—
Brother, remember'd in this hour!
His shade should be in feasts a guest,
Whose form was in the strife a tower!
What time our ships the Trojan fired,
Thine arm to Greece the safety gave—
The prize to which thy soul aspired,
The crafty wrested from the brave.[1]
Peace to thine ever-holy rest—
Not thine to fall before the foe!
Ajax alone laid Ajax low:
Ah—wrath destroys the best!"

Pelides, to thy memory, then,
Did Pyrrhus[2] pour the votive wine:—
"Of all the lots vouchsafed to men,
My soul, great Father, prizes thine.

[1] Need we say to the general reader, that allusion is here made to the strife between Ajax and Ulysses, which has furnished a subject to the Greek tragic poet, who has depicted, more strikingly than any historian, that intense emulation for glory, and that mortal agony in defeat, which constituted the main secret of the prodigious energy of the Greek character? The tragic poet, in taking his hero from the Homeric age, endowed him with the feelings of the Athenian republicans he addressed.

[2] Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles.

Whate'er our earthly goods,—of all
The highest and the holiest—FAME!
For when the Form in dust shall fall,
O'er dust triumphant lives the Name!
Brave Man, thy light of glory never
Shall fade, while song to man shall last;
The Living soon from earth are pass'd,
'THE DEAD—ENDURE FOR EVER!'"

"Since Song be mute to mourn and praise
In Victory's hour, the vanquish'd Man—
Be mine at least one voice to raise
For HECTOR," Tydeus' son began:
"A Tower before his native town,
He stood—and fell as fall the brave.
The conqueror wins the brighter crown,
The conquer'd has the nobler grave!
He in whose life his country knows
Her rock and rampart,—bravely slain,
Honoured in death, shall glory gain
Out of the lips of Foes!"

Lo, Nestor now, the joyous chief
Who sees three races fade away,
The wine-cup—crowned with living leaf—
Extends to weeping Hecuba.
"Drink—in the draught new strength is glowing,
The grief it bathes forgets the smart!
O Bacchus! wond'rous boons bestowing,
Oh how thy balsam heals the heart!

Drink—in the draught new vigour gloweth,
The grief it bathes forgets the smart—
And balsam to the breaking heart,
The healing god bestoweth.

"As Niobe, when weeping mute,
To angry gods the scorn and prey,
But tasted of the charmëd fruit,
And cast despair itself away;
So, in this tide thy sorrows steep;
For while unto thy lips it flows,
Thy grief shall know as sure a sleep
As that which Lethè's wave bestows.
So, in this tide thy sorrows steep;
For while unto thy lips it flows,
Fast bound in Lethè's still repose
Shall Pain and Memory sleep!"

Seized by the god, behold the dark
And dreaming prophetess arise,
She gazes from the lofty bark
Where Home's dim vapours wrap the skies—
"A vapour all of human birth,
Like mists ascending, seen and gone,
So fade Earth's great ones from the Earth,
And leave the changeless gods alone.
Behind the steed that scours away;
And on the galley's deck—sits Care,
To-morrow comes, and we are where?
Then let us live to-day!"

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

From Rhegium to the Isthmus, long
Hallow'd to steeds and glorious song,
Where, link'd awhile in holy peace,
Meet all the sons of martial Greece—
Wends Ibycus—whose lips the sweet
And ever-young Apollo fires;
The staff supports the wanderer's feet—
The God the Poet's soul inspires!

Soon from the mountain-ridges high,
The tower-crown'd Corinth greets his eye;
In Neptune's groves of darksome pine,
He treads with shuddering awe divine;
Nought lives around him, save a swarm
Of Cranes, that still attend his way—
Lured by the South, they wheel and form
In lengthened files their squadrons grey.

And "Hail! belovëd Birds!" he cried;
"My comrades on the ocean tide,
Sure signs of good ye bode to me;
Alike our lots would seem to be;
From far, together borne, we greet
A shelter now from toil and danger;
And may the friendly hearts we meet
Preserve from every ill—the Stranger!"

His step more light, his heart more gay,
Along the mid-wood winds his way,
When, where the path the thickets close,[1]
Burst sudden forth two ruffian foes;
Now strife to strife, and foot to foot!
The hand soon sinks before the foe;
That hand so mighty with the lute,
Alas! is powerless with the bow.

He calls on men and Gods—in vain!
His cries no blest deliverer gain;
Feebler and fainter grows the sound,
And still the deaf life slumbers round—
"In the far land I fall forsaken,
Unwept and unregarded here;
By death from caitiff hands o'ertaken,
Nor ev'n one late avenger near!"

Down to the earth the death-stroke bore him—
Hark, where the Cranes wheel rustling o'er him!
He hears, as darkness veils his eyes,
Near, in hoarse croak, their dirge-like cries.
"By you, wild birds, since yours alone
The voices that can right the dead,
Be borne the tale of murder done
To Heaven!"—And so the spirit fled.

[1] "Auf gedrangem Steg." I apprehend that *Steg* here means path, not bridge. There seems no necessity for a bridge, and it would be contrary to Schiller's concise art in narrative to employ any topographical description without purpose. If he had intended to make a bridge the place on which murder occurred, it would have been that the corpse might be thrown into the stream below. And, indeed, murderers would scarcely leave the dead body on the bridge when they had means of disposing of it close at hand.

Naked and maim'd the corpse was found—
And, still through many a mangling wound,
The sad Corinthian Host could trace
The loved—too well-remember'd face.
"And must I meet thee thus once more?
Who hoped the singer's brows to crown
With wreaths of pine—the victory o'er—
And radiant with a new renown!"

And loud lamented every guest
Who held the Sea-God's solemn feast—
As in a single heart prevailing,
Throughout all Hellas went the wailing.
Wild to the Council Hall they ran—
In thunder rush'd the human Flood—
"Revenge shall right the murder'd man,
The last atonement—blood for blood!"

Yet 'mid the throng the Isthmus claims,
Lured by the Sea-God's glorious games—
The mighty many-nation'd throng—
How track the hand that wrought the wrong?—
How guess if that dread deed were done
By ruffian hands, or secret foes?
He who sees all on earth—the SUN—
Alone the gloomy secret knows.

Perchance he treads in careless peace,
Amidst your Sons, assembled Greece—
Hears with a smile revenge decreed—
Gloats with fell joy upon the deed—

His steps the avenging gods may mock
Within the very Temple's wall,
Or mingle with the crowds that flock
To yonder solemn scenic[1] hall.

Wedg'd close, and serried, swarms the crowd—
Beneath the weight the walls are bow'd—
Thitherwards streaming far, and wide,
Broad Hellas flows in mingled tide—
A tide like that which heaves the deep
When hollow-sounding, shoreward driven;—
On, wave on wave, the thousands sweep
Till arching, tier on tier, to heaven!

The tribes, the nations, who shall name,
That, guest-like, there assembled came?
From Theseus' town, from Aulis' strand—
From Phocis, from the Spartans' land—
From Asia's wave-divided clime,
The Isles that gem Ionian seas,
To hearken on that Stage Sublime,
The Dark Choir's dismal melodies!

True to the awful rites of old,
In long and measured strides, behold
The Chorus from the hinder ground,
Pace the vast circle's solemn round.
So this World's women never strode,
Their race from Mortals ne'er began;
Gigantic, from their grim abode,
They tower above the Sons of Man!

[1] The theatre.

Across their loins the dark robe clinging,
In fleshless hands the torches swinging,
Now to and fro, with dark red glow—
No blood that lives the dead cheeks know!
Where flow the locks that woo to love
On *human* temples, ghastly dwell
The serpents, coil'd the brows above,
And the green asps with poison swell.

Thus circling, horrible, within
That space, doth their dark hymn begin;
The hymn that cleaves the heart in twain,
And round the sinner coils the chain;
The sense it robb'd, the soul it chill'd,
Enduring no accordant string;
On through the very marrow thrill'd
The chaunt which choral Furies sing!—

"And weal to him—from crime secure—
Who keeps his soul as childhood's pure;
Life's path he roves, a wanderer free—
We near him not—THE AVENGERS, WE!
But woe to him for whom we weave
The doom for deeds that shun the light;
Fast to the murderer's feet we cleave,
The fearful Daughters of the Night.

"And deems he flight from us can hide him?
Still on dark wings we sail beside him!
The murderer's feet the snare enthralls—
Or soon or late, to earth he falls!

Untiring, hounding on, we go;
For blood can no remorse atone!
On, ever—to the Shades below,
And there—we grasp him, still our own!"

So singing, their slow dance they wreathe,
And stillness, like the hush of death,
Heavily there lay cold and drear,
As if the Godhead's self were near.
Then, true to those dread rites of old,
Pacing the circle's solemn round,
In long and measur'd strides—behold,
They vanish in the hinder ground!

Confused, and poised in doubt between
The solemn truth and mimic scene,
The crowd revere the Power, presiding
O'er secret deeds, to justice guiding—
The never-fathom'd, all-confest
By whom the web of doom is spun;
That drags to light the darkest breast,
Yet flies in darkness from the sun!

Just then, amidst the highest tier,
Breaks forth a voice that starts the ear;
"See there—see there, Timotheus;
Behold the Cranes of Ibycus!"
A sudden darkness wraps the sky;
As sailing slow on solemn wing,
Above that roofless hall on high,
The Cranes sweep, hoarsely murmuring!

"Of Ibycus?"—that name so dear
Re-wakes the grief in those who hear!
Like wave on wave on eager seas,
From mouth to mouth the murmur flees—
"Of Ibycus, whom we bewail?
The murder'd one! What mean those words?
Who is the man—knows *he* the tale?
Why link that name with those wild birds?"

Questions on questions louder press—
Like lightning flies the inspiring guess—
Leaps every heart—"The truth we seize;
Your might is here, EUMENIDES!
The murderer yields himself confest—
Vengeance is near—that voice the token!—
Ho!—him who yonder spoke, arrest!—
And him to whom the words were spoken!"

Scarce had the wretch the words let fall,
Than fain their sense he would recall.
In vain; those whitening lips, behold!
The secret have already told.
The judge is there, the court array'd;
The scene becomes the tribunal.—
So lightning pierced the guilty shade,
And with it fell the thunder-ball.

NOTE.

THE principal sources whence Schiller has taken the story of Ibycus (which was well known to the ancients, and indeed gave rise to a proverb) are Suidas and Plutarch. Ibycus is said by some to have been the Inventor of the Sambuca or triangular Cithera. We must observe, however, (though erudite investigation on such a subject were misplaced here,) that Athenæus and Strabo consider the Sambuca to have originated with the Syrians; and this supposition is rendered the more probable by the similarity of the Greek word with the Hebrew, which in our received translation of the Bible is rendered by the word "Sackbut." The tale, in its leading incidents, is told very faithfully by Schiller: it is the moral, or interior meaning, which he has heightened and identified. Plutarch is contented to draw from the story a moral against loquacity. "It was not," says he, "the Cranes that betrayed the Murderers, but their own garrulity." With Schiller the garrulity is produced by the surprise of the Conscience, which has been awakened by the Apparition and Song of the Furies. His own conceptions as to the effect he desired to create are admirable. "It is not precisely that the Hymn of the Furies" (remarks the poet) "has roused the remorse of the murderer, whose exclamation betrays himself and his accomplice; that was not my meaning—but it has reminded him of his deed: his sense is struck with it. In this moment the appearance of the Cranes must take him by surprise; he is a rude, dull churl, over whom the impulse of the moment has all power. His loud exclamation is natural in such circumstances." "That he feels no great remorse, in his thoughtless exclamation, is evident by the quick, snappish nature of it:—'See there, see there!' &c."—"In any other state of mind," observes Hoffmeister, "perhaps the Audience might not have attended to this ejaculation—but at that moment of deep inward emotion, produced by the representation of the fearful Goddesses, and an excited belief in their might, the name of the newly-murdered man must have struck them as the very voice of Fate, in which the speaker betrays himself."—In fact, the poem is an illustration of Schiller's own lines in "The Artists," written eight years before:—

"Vom Eumenidenchor geschrecket
Zieht sich der Mord," &c.

In the foregoing ballad POETRY (that is, the Dirge and dramatic representation of the Furies) acts doubly—first on the Murderer, next on the Audience; it surprises the one into self-betrayal, it prepares in the other that state of mind in which, as by a divine instinct, the quick perception seizes upon the truth. In this double effect is nobly typified the power of Poetry on the individual and on the multitude. Rightly did Schiller resolve to discard from his design whatever might seem to partake of marvellous or supernatural interposition. The appearance of the Cranes is purely accidental. . . . Whatever is of diviner agency in the punishment of crime is found not in the outer circumstances, but in the heart within—the true realm in which the gods work their miracles. As it has been finely said—"The bad conscience (in the Criminal) is its own Nemesis, the good conscience in the Many—the Audience—drags at once the bad before its forum and judges it." The history of the composition of this Poem affords an instance of the exquisite art of Goethe, to which it is largely indebted. In the first sketch of the ballad, it was only one Crane that flew over Ibycus at the time he was murdered, and was reintroduced at the end of the piece. But Goethe suggested the enlargement of this leading incident—into "the long and broad phenomenon" of the swarm of Cranes, corresponding in some degree with the long and ample pageant of the Furies. Schiller at once perceived how not only the truthfulness, but the grandeur, of his picture was heightened by this simple alteration. . . . According to Goethe's suggestion, the swarm of Cranes was now introduced as accompanying Ibycus in his voyage. . . . . The fine analogy between the human wanderer and his winged companions, each seeking a foreign land, was dimly outlined. . . . And the generous criticism of the one Poet finally gave its present fulness and beauty to the masterpiece of the other.—See GOETHE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH SCHILLER. HOFFMEISTER. HEINRICHS.

THE HOSTAGE;

A BALLAD.

His dagger conceal'd for the stroke,
Mœrus stole Dionysius to slay;
The guards bound and bore him away;
The king eyed him sternly, and spoke:
"Why the dagger conceal'd in thy cloak?"
"The state from a tyrant to free!"
"On the cross rue thy treason to me!"

"I shrink not from death," he replied—
"Not meanly imploring to live,
If I ask thee a respite to give:
I would fain see my sister a bride—
Three days let the sentence abide;
I will leave thee as hostage and bail
My friend;—Take his life if I fail."

Brief-pausing, malignantly said
The king, and he smiled, "Let it be;
Three days I accord unto thee.
But mark—if the third should be sped,
And thou hast not return'd,—in thy stead
The life of thy friend will be mine;
And I grant thee a pardon for thine."

And he came to his friend—"By decree
Of the king, whom I compass'd to slay,
I must die on the cross! A delay
He vouchsafes to my sentence, days three,
That my sister a bride I may see;
If thou be my hostage till I
Return to release thee,—and die!"

With a silent embrace he has gone
To the tyrant, that friend the true-hearted;—
The other has straightway departed.
The dawn of the third day creeps on,
And the rites of the nuptials are done;
And the pledge brooks no longer delay,
And his soul goads his step to the way.

Down the big rains unceasingly pour,
And the springs from the mountains are gushing,
And the streams into rivers are rushing.
And the wanderer has come to the shore:
Lost the bridge that had spann'd it before—
As the breakers dash over and under
The arches that crack to their thunder.

By the waters his passage is bann'd—
He shouts as he wanders around;
Not a human voice answers the sound.
No boat will put off from the strand,
To win through the wave to the land;
No pilot so hardy will be—
And the wild stream now swells to a sea!

On the margin he sinks, and he weeps,
And he raises his arms to the skies—
"O Jove, cloud-compeller," he cries,
"Stay the torrent—it swells and it sweeps.
Noon, noon!—if the sun gain the deeps,
And I reach not the city to free
My friend—he will perish for me!"

And wider and wider it flows,
And billow the billow devours;
And the moments have sped into hours;
And despair its wild valour bestows,
And the whirling waves over him close,
And he cleaves with strong arm thro' the waves,
And a God has compassion,—and saves.

He reaches, and flies o'er, the land,
And the God that delivered he blesses;
When out from the forest recesses
Springs a lawless and menacing band;
And the club arms each terrible hand—
Breathing murder, they bound on their prey,
And Death stands to block up the way.

"What would ye?" he cried, pale with fear;
"No gold to enrich you I bring;
And my life I must take to the king!
I strike for a friend"[1]—and he here
Snatch'd a club from the caitiff most near:

[1] "Um des Freundes willen embarmet euch!" There is a strange sort of humour in this line, which seems to me somewhat out of place, and which it is impossible to translate literally without exciting a sentiment of the ludicrous, hostile to the interest which, however familiar and simple, is still sufficiently serious.

And three of the foes did he slay—
Fled the rest,—free again is the way.

Now the sun glows as fierce as a brand;
And weary and parch'd by the heat,
Flag at last,—flag and falter the feet:
"Hast thou sav'd me, O Heaven, from the slaughter,
Led me safe from the storms of the water,
For mine own limbs their strength to deny?
And my friend, O my friend, must he die!"

And hark, there it purls silver-clear!
Close at hand with its low-warbled gushes;
To listen, his breathing he hushes.
And, see from the rocks that rise near
Leaps the fountain that sang on the ear;
And his limbs in the fountain he laves,
And his strength is restored by the waves.

Through the boughs glints the sun's setting ray;
All giant-like falls from the tree
The shadow it limns on the lea:
Two men in discourse pass his way,
And one to the other doth say,
As they rush like himself o'er the ground,
"Ere this to the Cross he is bound!"

And his torture his vigour renews,
And despair wings the flying foot on
And red in the fast-setting sun
Blaze thy domes from afar, Syracuse!—
And now, as the path he pursues,

His steward, Philostratus, meets him;
With a shudder, the servant thus greets him:

"Back—back—thou canst rescue no more
The life of thy friend—save thine own!
For the moment appointed is flown.
While we speak, must his sentence be o'er—
Still sure of thy coming, he bore
The taunts of the tyrant unaltered;
And his trust in thy faith never faltered."

"Too late! has it come to this end?
Too late, then, in life, if it be,
Haste, Death, and restore him to me.
No tyrant that union can rend—
Boast that friend breaks his faith to a friend!
Let him learn by two deaths, how above
His sceptre, are Honour and Love!"

He has pass'd through the gates; sinks the day;
And the cross rises dark from the ground,
And the crowd gathers, gazing, around;
And the cords to the cross lift its prey.
Thorough crowd, thorough guard bursts his way;
"Me! Doomsman," he cries—"me, alone!
That life is redeemed—take my own!"

Amaze hush'd the multitude there;
Both friends are embracing again;
Both weeping in joy and in pain—
And the crowd wept with them! To the king
The news and the marvel they bring;

And a human emotion comes o'er him,
And behold where the friends stand before him.

Admiring, he gazed—silent long—
Then spoke—"Noble Victors, depart!
Ye have storm'd, ye have conquer'd, this heart.
Truth is more than a dream and a song;
Pardon him who confesses his wrong;
Can the bond that unites you not be
Stretched wider?—Oh, room, there for THREE!"

NOTE.—This story, the heroes of which are more popularly known to us under the names of Damon and Pythias (or *Phintias*,) Schiller took from Hyginus, in whom the friends are Mœrus and Selinuntius. Schiller has somewhat amplified the incidents in the original, in which the delay of Mœrus is occasioned only by the swollen stream —the other hindrances are of Schiller's invention. The subject, like "The Ring of Polycrates," does not admit of that rich poetry of description with which our author usually adorns some single passage in his narratives. The poetic spirit is rather shown in the terse brevity with which picture after picture is not only sketched, but finished—and in the great thought at the close. Still it is not one of Schiller's best ballads. His additions to the original story are not happy. The incident of the Robbers is commonplace and poor. The delay occasioned by the thirst of Mœrus is clearly open to Goethe's objection, (an objection showing very nice perception of nature)—that weariness from thirst was not likely to happen to a man who had lately passed through a stream, on a rainy day, and whose clothes must be saturated with moisture—nor, in the traveller's preoccupied state of mind, is it probable that he would have so much felt the mere physical want. With less reason has it been urged by other Critics, that the sudden relenting of the Tyrant is contrary to his character. The Tyrant here has no individual character at all. He is the mere personation of Disbelief in Truth and Love—which the spectacle of sublime self-abnegation at once converts. In this idea lies the deep Philosophical Truth, which redeems all the defects of the piece—for Poetry, in its highest form, is merely "Truth made beautiful."

THE COMPLAINT OF CERES.

It may be scarcely necessary to treat, however briefly, of the mythological legend on which this exquisite elegy is founded; yet we venture to do so rather than that the forgetfulness of the reader should militate against his enjoyment of the poem. Proserpine, according to the Homeridæ, (for the story is not without variations,) when gathering flowers with the Ocean Nymphs, is carried off by Aidoneus, or Pluto. Her mother, Ceres, wanders over the earth for her in vain, and refuses to return to Heaven till her daughter is restored to her. Finally, Jupiter commissions Hermes to persuade Pluto to render up his bride, who rejoins Ceres at Eleusis. Unfortunately she has swallowed a pomegranate seed in the Shades below, and is thus mysteriously doomed to spend one-third of the year with her husband in Hades, though for the remainder of the year she is permitted to dwell with Ceres and the Gods. This is one of the very few mythological fables of Greece which can be safely interpreted into an Allegory. Proserpine denotes the seed-corn one-third of the year below the earth; two-thirds (that is, dating from the appearance of the ear) above it. Schiller has treated this story with admirable and artistic beauty; and, by an alteration in its symbolical character, has preserved the pathos of the external narrative, and heightened the beauty of the interior meaning—associating the productive principle of the earth with the immortality of the soul. Proserpine here is not the symbol of the buried seed, but the buried seed is the symbol of her—that is, of the Dead. The exquisite feeling of this poem consoled Schiller's friend, Sophia La Roche, in her grief for her son's death.

I.

Does pleasant Spring return once more?
Does Earth her happy youth regain?
Sweet suns green hills are shining o'er;
Soft brooklets burst their icy chain:
Glass'd on the blue translucent river
Laughs out the jocund cloudless day,

The wingëd west winds gently quiver,
The buds are bursting from the spray;
I hear the warbler on the tree;
I hear the Oread as before.
Again thy blooms come back to thee—
Thy Child, sad Mother, comes no more!

II.

Alas! how long an age it seems
Since all the Earth I wander'd over,
And vainly, Titan, task'd thy beams
My lov'd—my lost one—to discover!
Vainly thy rays around me fall;
No ray reveals my Child to me.
The Sun, with eyes detecting all,
Is blind one vanish'd form to see.
Hast thou, O Zeus, hast thou away
From these sad arms my Daughter torn?
Has Pluto, from the realms of Day,
Enamour'd, to dark rivers borne?

III.

Who to the dismal Phantom-Strand
The Herald of my Grief will venture?
The Boat for ever leaves the Land,
But only shadows there may enter.—
Shut from the Blessëd, Death's abode,
The awful Night of fields forlorn;
No living form, since first they flow'd,
The ghastly Stygian waves have borne.

A thousand pathways wind the drear
Descent; none upward lead to day;
No witness to the Mother's ear
The Daughter's sorrows can betray.

IV.

Mothers of happy Human clay
Can share at least their children's doom;
And when the loved ones pass away,
Can track—can join them—in the tomb!
The race alone of Heavenly birth
Are banish'd from the darksome portals:
The Fates have mercy on the Earth,
And death is only kind to mortals.
Oh, plunge me in the Night of Nights,
From Heaven's ambrosial halls exil'd!
Oh, let the Goddess lose the rights
That shut the Mother from the Child!

V.

Where sits the Dark King's joyless bride,
Where midst the Dead her home is made;
Methinks my noiseless footsteps glide,
Amidst the shades myself a shade!
I see her eyes that, dim with tears,
Still vainly search through gloomy space;
Still seek the light that gilds the spheres,
And rest not on the Mother's face!
Till joy—O joy!—again she feels,
Clasp'd to my breast, the living ties!

And tearful pity softly steals
From Pluto's slow-relenting eyes.

VI.

Vain dream—and vain lament!—Afar,
Calm in the changeless paths above,
Rolls on the Day-God's golden Car—
Fast are the fix'd decrees of Jove!
Disdainful from the gloomy Plain
He turns his blissful looks away.
Alas! Night never gives again
What once it seizes as its prey!
Till over Lethè's sullen swell,
Aurora's rosy hues shall glow;
And arching thro' the midmost Hell
Shine forth the lovely Iris-Bow.

VII.

And is there nought of Her—no token—
No pledge from that belovëd hand?
To tell how Love remains unbroken,
How far soever be the land?
Has love no link, no lightest thread,
The Mother to the Child to bind?
Between the Living and the Dead,
Can Hope no holy compact find?
No! every bond is not yet riven;
We are not yet divided wholly;
To us the eternal Powers have given
A symbol language, sweet and holy.

VIII.

When Spring's fair children pass away,
When, in the Northwind's icy air,
The leaf and flower alike decay,
And leave the rivell'd branches bare,
Then from Vertumnus' lavish horn
I take Life's seeds to strew below—
And bid the gold that germs the corn
An offering to the Styx to go!
Sad in the earth the seeds I lay—
Laid at thy heart, my Child—to be
The mournful tokens which convey
My sorrow and my love to Thee!

IX.

But when the Hours, in measured dance,
The happy smile of Spring restore,
Rife in the Sun-god's golden glance
The buried Dead revive once more!
The germs that perish'd to thine eyes,
Within the cold breast of the earth,
Spring up to bloom in gentler skies,
The brighter for the second birth!
The stem its blossom rears above—
Its roots in Night's dark womb repose—
The plant but by the equal love
Of light and darkness fostered—grows!

X.

If half with Death the germs may sleep,
Yet half with Life they share the beams;

My heralds from the dreary deep,
  Soft voices from the solemn streams—
For them, like her, the dreary womb
  Of Hades doth awhile retain;
Yet Spring sends forth their tender bloom
  With such sweet messages again,
To tell,—how far from light above,
  Where only mournful shadows meet,
Memory is still alive to love,
  And still the faithful heart can beat!

XI.

Joy to ye, children of the Field!
  Whose life each coming year renews,
To your sweet cups the Heaven shall yield
  The purest of its nectar-dews!
Steep'd in the light's resplendent streams,
  The hues that streak the Iris-Bow
Shall deck your blooms as with the beams
  The looks of young Aurora know.
The budding life of happy Spring,
  The yellow Autumn's faded leaf,
Alike to gentle Hearts shall bring
  The symbols of my joy and grief.

THE ELEUSINIAN FESTIVAL.

THIS, originally called the "Burgher Lay," is one of the poems which Schiller has devoted to his favourite subject—the Progress of Society.

I.

WIND in a garland the ears of gold,
Let the Cyane's azure[1] inwoven be!
Oh how gladly shall eye behold
The Queen who comes in her majesty!
Man with man in communion mixing,
Taming the wild ones where she went;
Into the peace of the homestead fixing
Lawless bosom and shifting tent.[2]

II.

Darkly hid in cave and cleft
Shy, the Troglodyte abode;
Earth, a waste, was found and left
Where the wandering Nomad strode:
Deadly with the spear and shaft,
Prowl'd the Hunter through the land;
Woe the Stranger, waves may waft
On an ever-fatal strand!

[1] The corn-flower.

[2] "This first strophe," observes Hoffmeister, "is opened by the chorus of the whole festive assembly. A smaller chorus, or a single narrator, passes then to the *recitative*, and traces the progress of mankind through Agriculture."

III.

Deserts frown'd on Ceres, when
Searching for her ravish'd child,
(No green culture smiling then,)
O'er the drear coasts bleak and wild,
Never shelter did she gain,
Never friendly threshold trod;
All unbuilded then the Fane,
All unheeded then the God!

IV.

Not with golden corn-ears strewed
Were the ghastly altar stones;
Bleaching there, and gore-embrued,
Lay the unhallow'd human bones!
Wide and far, where'er she roved,
Still reign'd Misery over all;
And her mighty soul was moved
At Man's universal fall.

V.

"What! can *this* be Man—to whom
Our own godlike form was given—
Likeness of the shapes that bloom
In the Garden-Mount of Heaven?
Was not Earth on Man bestow'd?
Earth itself his kingly home!
Roams he through his bright abode,
Homeless wheresoe'er he roam?

VI.

"Will no God vouchsafe to aid?—
None of the Celestial choir—
Lift the Demigod we made
From the slough and from the mire?
No, the grief, they ne'er have known,
Calmly the Celestials scan!
I—The Mother—I, alone
Have a heart that feels for Man!

VII.

"Let—that Men to Man may soar—
Man and Earth with one another
Make a compact evermore—
Man the Son, and Earth the Mother.
Let their laws the Seasons show,
Time itself Man's teacher be;
And the sweet Moon moving slow
To the starry Melody!"

VIII.

Gently brightening from the cloud,
Round her image, veil-like, thrown;
On the startled savage crowd
Lo! the Goddess-glory shone!
Soft, the Goddess-glory stole
On their War-feast o'er the Dead;
Fierce hands offered her the bowl
With the blood of foemen red.

IX.

Loathing, turned the gentle Queen,
Loathing, shuddering, turned—and said
"Ne'er a Godhead's lips have been
With the food of tigers fed.
Offering pure that ne'er pollutes,
Be to purer Beings given,
Summer flowers and autumn fruits
Please the Family of Heaven."

X.

And the wrathful spear she takes
From the Hunter's savage hand;
With the shaft of Murder, breaks
Into furrows the light sand;
From her spikëd wreath she singles
Out a golden seed of corn,
With the earth the germ she mingles,
And the mighty birth is born!

XI.

Robing now the rugged ground—
Glints the budding lively green,
Now—a Golden Forest—round
Waves the mellow Harvest-sheen!—
And the Goddess bless'd the Earth,
Bade the earliest sheaf be bound—
Chose the landmark for a hearth,
And serenely smiling round,

XII.

Spoke in prayer—" O Father King,
On thine Ether-Hill divine—
Take, O Zeus, this offering,
Let it soften Thee to thine!
From thy People's eyes—away,
Roll the vapour coil'd below;
Let the Hearts untaught to pray
Learn the Father-God to know!"

XIII.

And his gentle Sister's prayer,
To the High Olympian came;
Thundering through a cloudless air
Flash'd the consecrating Flame;—
On the holy sacrifice,
Bright the wreathëd lightnings leap;
And in circles through the skies,
Doth the sacred Eagle sweep.

XIV.

Low at the feet of the great Queen, low[1]
Fall the crowd in a glad devotion;
First then, first the rude souls know
Human channels of sweet emotion—
Cast to the Earth is the gory spear,
Wakened a soft sense blind before;

[1] Here the Full chorus chime in again. . . The Art of Husbandry once commenced, the chorus proceeds to deduce from it the improvements of all social life.—HOFFMEISTER.

Hush'd in delight, from her lips they hear
Mildest accents and wisest lore!

XV.

Thither from their thrones descending,
All the Blest ones brightly draw;
Sceptred Themis, order-blending,
Metes the right and gives the law:[1]
Teaches each one to respect
What his Neighbour's landmarks girth;
Bids attesting Styx protect
What the mortal owns on earth.

XVI.

Hither limps the God, whom all[2]
Life's inventive Arts obey,
Highly skill'd is he to call
Shape from metal, use from clay!
Heave the bellows, rings the clamour
Of the heavy Anvil, now;
Fashion'd from the Forge-God's hammer
O'er the Furrow speeds the Plough!

XVII.

And Minerva, towering proudly
Over all, with lifted spear,
Calls in accents ringing loudly
O'er the millions far and near—[3]

[1] Property begins with the culture of the Earth, Law with Property.
[2] Vulcan. Then follow the technical Arts.
[3] Now come the Arts of Polity.

Calls the scattered tribes around;—
Soars the rampart—spreads the wall,
And the scattered tribes have found
Bulwark each, and union all!

XVIII.

Forth she leads her lordly train,
O'er the wide earth;—and where'er
Prints her conquering step the plain,
Springs another Landmark there!
O'er the Hills her empire sweeps;
O'er their heights her chain she throws,
Stream that thundered to the deeps
Curb'd in green banks, gently flows.

XIX.

Nymph and Oread, all who follow
The fleet-footed Forest-Queen,
O'er the hill, or through the hollow,
Swinging light their spears are seen.
To the toil in tumult streaming,
With a joyous signal call,
Now the lifted axe is gleaming,
Now the huge pines crashing fall!

XX.

At the hest of Jove's high daughter,
Heavy load and groaning raft

O'er his green reed-margined Water
Doth the River Genius waft.
In the work, glad hands have found,
Hour on hour, light-footed, flies,
From the rude trunk, smooth and round,
'Till the polish'd mast arise!

XXI.

Up leaps now the Ocean God,
Riving ribbëd Earth asunder;
With his wondrous Trident-rod;—
And the granite falls in thunder.
High he swings the mighty blocks,
As an Infant swings a ball—
Help'd by active Hermes, rocks
Heap'd on rocks—construct the wall.[1]

XXII.

Then from golden strings set free
(Young Apollo's charmëd boon)
Triple flows the Harmony,
And the Measure, and the Tune!
With their ninefold symphonies
There the chiming Muses throng,
Stone on stone the walls arise
To the Choral Music-song.[2]

[1] This refers to the building of Troy.

[2] A felicitous allusion to the Walls of Thebes, built, according to the fable, the sound of the Muses.

XXIII.

Firm the mighty portals stand,
Set by Cybele they are;
Firm the huge Lock's safety-band,
And the force-defying Bar.
Swiftly from those hands divine
Does the Wondrous City rise—
Bright, amidst it, stands the Shrine
In the pomp of sacrifice.

XXIV.

With a myrtle garland—there
Comes the Queen,[1] by Gods obeyed,
And she leads the Swain most fair
To the fairest Shepherd-maid!
Venus and her laughing Boy
Did that earliest pair array;
All the Gods, with gifts of joy,
Bless'd the earliest Marriage Day!

XXV.

Through the Hospitable Gate
Flock the City's newborn sons,
Marshall'd in harmonious state
By that choir of Holy ones.
At the Altar-shrine of Jove
High—the Priestess Ceres stands
Folding, the mute Crowd above,
Blessëd and all-blessing hands!

[1] Juno, the Goddess presiding over marriage.

XXVI.

"In the waste the Beast is free,
And the God upon his throne!
Unto each the curb must be
But the nature each doth own.
Yet the Man—(betwixt the two)
Must to man allied, belong;
Only Law and Custom through
Is the Mortal free and strong!"

XXVII.

Wind in a garland the ears of gold,
Let the Cyane's azure inwoven be;
Oh, how gladly shall eye behold
The Queen, who comes in her majesty!
Man to man in communion bringing,
Hers are the sweets of Home and Hearth,
Honour and praise, and hail her, singing,
"Hail to the Mother and Queen of Earth!"

PARABLES AND RIDDLES.

I.

A BRIDGE from pearls its fabric weaves,
A grey sea arching proudly over;
A moment's toil the work achieves,
And on the height behold it hover!
Beneath that arch securely go
The tallest barks that ride the seas,
That bridge may ne'er a burthen know,
And ever as thou near'st it—flees!
First with the floods it comes, to fade
As streams again subside away;
Where is that arch of pearl surveyed?
And who the artist? can'st thou say? [a]

[a] The Rainbow.

II.

LEAGUE after league it hurrieth thee,
Yet never quits its place;
It hath no wings wherewith to flee,
Yet wafts thee over space!
It is the fleetest boat that e'er
The wildest wanderer bore:

As swift as thought itself to bear
From shore to farthest shore;
'Tis here and there, and everywhere,
Ere yet a moment's o'er![b]

[b] The Sight, or perhaps Light.

III.

O'ER a mighty pasture go,
Sheep in thousands, silver-white;
As to-day we see them, so
In the oldest grandsire's sight.
They drink (never waxing old)
Life from an unfailing brook;
There's a Shepherd to their fold,
With a silver-hornëd crook.
From a gate of gold let out,
Night by night he counts them over;
Wide the field they rove about,
Never hath he lost a rover!
True the DOG, that helps to lead them,
One gay RAM in front we see;
What the Flock, and who doth heed them,
Sheep and Shepherd—tell to me![c]

[c] The Moon and Stars.

IV.

THERE is a Mansion vast and fair,
That doth on unseen pillars rest;
No Wanderer leaves the portals there,

Yet each how brief a guest!
The craft by which that mansion rose,
No thought can picture to the soul;
'Tis lighted by a Lamp which throws
Its stately shimmer through the whole.
As crystal clear, it rears aloof
The single gem which forms its roof,
And never hath the eye surveyed
The Master who that Mansion made.[d]

[d] The Earth and the Firmament.

V.

Up and down two buckets ply,
A single well within;
While the one comes full on high,
One the deeps must win;
Full or empty, never ending,
Rising now and now descending,
Always—while you quaff from this,
That one lost in the abyss,
From that well the waters living,
Never both together giving.[e]

[e] Day and Night. It has also been interpreted as Youth and Age, or Past and Present.

VI.

Canst thou that picture name to me
Which gives itself the light and glow,
And ever changing momently,

As one clear perfect whole we know?
It lies within the smallest space,
The smallest framework forms its girth,
And yet that picture can embrace
The mightiest objects known on Earth:
Canst thou to me that crystal name
(No gem can with its worth compare)
Which gives all light, and knows no flame;
Absorbed is all creation there?—
That ring can in itself enclose
The loveliest hues that light the Heaven,
Yet from it light more lovely goes
Than all which to it can be given![f]

[f] The Eye.

VII.

THERE standeth a Building which ages have tried,
It is not a dwelling, it is not a fane;
A hundred days round it the rider may ride,
And ride, if to compass its measure, in vain.
And years told in hundreds against it have striven,
By Time never sapp'd, and by Storm never bow'd,
Still sublimely it stands in the Rainbow of Heaven,
Reaching now to the Ocean and now to the Cloud.
Not constructed a boast to vain-glory to yield,
It serves as defender, to save and to shield;
And nowhere its like on the Earth is surveyed;
And yet by the labours of man it was made![g]

[g] The Wall of China.

VIII.

Amidst the Serpent Race is one
That Earth did never bear ;
In speed and fury there be none
That can with it compare,—
With fearful hiss—its prey to grasp
It darts its headlong force ;
And locks in one destroying clasp
The Horseman and the Horse.
It loves the loftiest heights to haunt—
No bolt its prey secures,
In vain its mail may Valour vaunt,
For steel its fury lures !
As slightest straw whirl'd by the wind,
It snaps the starkest tree ;
It can the might of metal grind,
How hard soe'er it be !
Yet ne'er but once the monster tries
The prey it threats to gain,[1]
In its own wrath consumed it dies,
And while it slays is slain.[h]

[h] Lightning.

IX.

Six Sisters, from a wondrous pair,[2]
We take our common birth ;

[1] "Hat zwei mal nur gedroht." For *nur* should be read *nie*.

[2] Black and white. Here Schiller adopts Goethe's theory of Colours, and supposes that they are formed from the mixture of Light and Darkness—*i.e.*, the Children of Night and Day. In his earlier poem of "The Artists," the noble image which concludes the Poem is taken from the different theory of Newton. According to the former theory, the Colours are six in number—according to the latter, seven.—Hoffmeister.

Our solemn Mother—dark as Care,
  Our Father bright as Mirth,
Its several virtue each bequeathes;
  The soften'd shade—the merry glance;
In endless youth, around thee wreathes
  Our undulating dance!
We shun the darksome hollow cave,
  And bask where daylight glows;
Our magic life to Nature gave
  The soul her beauty knows.
Blithe messengers of Spring, we lead
  Her jocund train,—we flee
The dreary chambers of the Dead,—
  Where life is—there are we!
To happiness essential things,
  Where Man enjoys we live—
Whate'er the pomp that blazons kings,
  'Tis ours the pomp to give![i]

[i] The Colours.

X.

Say what is that which, prized by few,
  The hand of kings may grasp with pride,
Yet sharp to smite, and most unto
  The sword itself allied.
It draws no blood, and yet doth wound;—
  Makes rich, but ne'er with spoil;
It prints, as Earth it wanders round,
  A blessing on the soil.

Though eldest cities it hath built—
Bade mightiest kingdoms rise, it
Ne'er fired to war, nor roused to guilt:
Weal to the states that prize it![k]

[k] The Ploughshare.

XI.

In a Dwelling of stone I conceal
My existence obscure and asleep;
But forth at the clash of the steel,
From my slumber exulting I leap!
At first, all too feeble for strife,
Thou hast but to breathe and I die;
A drop could extinguish my life—
But my wings soon expand to the sky!
Let the might of my Sister[1] afford
Its aid to those wings when unfurl'd,
And I grow to a terrible Lord,
Whose anger can ravage the world.[1]

[1] Fire.

XII.

Revolving round a Disk I go,
One restless journey o'er and over;
The smallest field my wanderings know,
Thy hands the space could cover:
Yet many a thousand miles are past,

[1] Viz: The Air.

In circling round that field so narrow;
My speed outstrips the swiftest blast—
The strongest bowman's arrow![m]

[m] The Shade on the Dial.

XIII.

It is a Bird—whose swiftness flees
Fast as an Eagle through the Air;
It is a Fish—and cleaves the seas,
Which ne'er a mightier monster bear:
It is an Elephant, whose form
A tower's embattled pomp receives;
And now, all like the spider-worm,
It moves amid the webs it weaves!
It hath an iron fang; and where
That fang its grappled hold doth gain,
It roots its rock-like footing there,
And braves the baffled Hurricane.[n]

[n] The Ship.

THE MIGHT OF SONG.

In the two Poems—"The Might of Song"—and that to which, in the translation, we have given the paraphrastic title, "Honour to Women," (Würde der Frauen,) are to be found those ideas which are the well-streams of so much of Schiller's noblest inspiration:—1st, An intense and religious conviction of the lofty character and sublime ends of the true Poet. 2d, A clear sense of what is most lovely in woman, and a chivalrous devotion to the virtues of which he regards her as the Personation and Prototype. It is these two articles in his poetical creed which constitute Schiller so peculiarly the Poet of *Gentlemen*—not the gentlemen of convention, but the gentlemen of nature—that Aristocracy of feeling and sentiment which are the flower of the social world; chivalrously inclined to whatever is most elevated in Art—chivalrously inclined to whatever is most tender in emotion. The Nobility of the North which Tacitus saw in its rude infancy, has found in Schiller not only the voice of its mature greatness, but the Ideal of its great essentials.

A RAIN-FLOOD from the Mountain riven,
It leaps in thunder forth to day;
Before its rush the crags are driven,
The oaks uprooted whirl'd away!
Awed—yet in awe all wildly gladd'ning,
The startled wanderer halts below;
He hears the rock-born waters madd'ning,
Nor wits the source from whence they go,—
So stream from mystic Founts, along
Their earthly course, the Waves of Song!

Allied with those by whom is twined
The web of life, the Fatal Three,
Who can the singer's charm unbind?
Who can resist his melody?
He rules the soul his numbers spell
As with the wand to Hermes given:
Now steeps it shuddering in the hell,
Now lifts it breathless to the heaven—
By turns, as grave or gay prevail,
Rock'd on Emotion's music-scale.

As, when in hours the least unclouded
Portentous, strides upon the scene
Some Fate, before from wisdom shrouded,
And awes the startled souls of Men—
Before that Stranger from ANOTHER,
Behold how THIS world's great ones bow [1]
Mean joys their idle clamour smother,
The mask is vanish'd from the brow—
And from Truth's conquering flag unfurled,
Fly all the Falsehoods of the World:

So, rapt aloft from earth and time,
With all the meaner sense inherits,
Man drops his load, and soars sublime—
A spirit in the world of spirits:

[1] This somewhat obscure, but lofty comparison, by which Poetry is likened to some Fate that rouses men from the vulgar littleness of sensual joy, levels all ranks for the moment, and appals conventional falsehoods with unlooked-for truth, Schiller had made, though in rugged and somewhat bombastic prose, many years before—as far back as the first appearance of "The Robbers."

He is as are the gods on high,
Nought earthly nears his nectar-hall,
Still'd is each lowlier sovereignty—
Not Fate itself on him can fall.
Smooth'd are the wrinkled brows of Woe,
While song's enchanted numbers flow.

As some sweet mother's absent face
The pining truant child recalls,
And on her breast, with wild embrace,
And tears of fond repentance, falls—
So, to his childhood's home of old,
Song guides the wanderer back once more,
From lands afar and customs cold,
To joys that guileless youth restore ;
Snatch'd from the formal world of art,
And warmed at Nature's faithful heart.

THE MERCHANT.

WHERE sails the ship?—It leads the Tyrian forth
For the rich amber of the liberal North.
Be kind, ye seas—winds, lend your gentlest wing,
May in each creek, sweet wells restoring spring!—
To you, ye gods, belong the Merchant!—o'er
The waves, his sails the wide world's goods explore ;
And, all the while, wherever waft the gales,
The wide world's good sails with him as he sails!

HONOUR TO WOMEN.

(Literally "Worth or Dignity of Women.")

HONOUR to Women! To them it is given
To garden the earth with the roses of Heaven!
They weave from sweet garlands the fetters of love—
In the veil of the Graces their beauty concealing,
They feed, on each altar that's hallow'd to Feeling,
The flame that is won from above!

From the bounds of Truth careering,
Man's strong spirit wildly sweeps,
With each hasty impulse veering,
Rock'd on Passion's troubled deeps.
And his heart, contented never,
Greeds to grapple with the Far,
Chasing his own dream for ever,
On through many a distant Star!

But Woman with looks that can charm and enchain,
Lureth back at her beck the wild truant again,
By the spell of the Present beguil'd—
True Daughter of Nature, she loves not to roam,
But meekly with Nature for ever at home,
By the Mother, still dwelleth the child.

Bruised and worn, but fiercely breasting,
Foe to foe, the angry strife;
Man, the Wild One, never resting,
Roves the troubled paths of life;
What he planneth, still undoing;
Vainly as the Hydra bleeds,
Crest the sever'd crest renewing—
Wish to wither'd wish succeeds.

But Woman, at peace with all being, reposes,
And seeks from the Moment to gather the roses—
Whose sweets to her culture belong.
Ah! richer than he, though his soul reigneth o'er
The mighty dominion of Genius and Lore,
And the infinite Circle of Song.

Strong, and proud, and self-depending,
Man's cold bosom beats alone;
Heart with heart divinely blending,
In the love that Gods have known,
Soul's sweet interchange of feeling,
Melting tears—he never knows,
Each hard sense the hard one steeling,
Arms against a world of foes.

Alive, as the wind-harp, how lightly soever
If woo'd by the Zephyr, to music will quiver,
Is Woman to Hope and to Fear;
Ah, tender one! still at the shadow of grieving,
How quiver the chords—how thy bosom is heaving—
How trembles thy glance through the tear!

Man's dominion, war and labour;
Might to right the Statute gave;
Laws are in the Scythian's sabre;
And the Persian sinks a slave![1]
Peace and Meekness grimly routing,
Prowls the War-lust, rude and wild;
Eris rages, hoarsely shouting,
Where the vanish'd Graces smiled.

But Woman her throne by persuasion defends,
O'er the realm of the Manners her sceptre extends;
Our strength she subdues to her will.
All forces at war with each other she charms,
The discord she quenches, the hate she disarms;
Ever-binding—what flies from her still!

[1] The Scythian is here introduced as the emblem of rude force; and the Persian, of the servility produced by the conquest of force.

THE WORDS OF BELIEF.

THREE Words will I name thee—around and about
From the lip to the lip, full of meaning, they flee;
But they had not their birth in the being without,
And the heart, not the lip, must their oracle be!
And all worth n the man shall for ever be o'er
When in those Three Words he believes no more.

Man is free! by his chart of creation is free,
Though born amid fetters—still free-born the same.
Whatever the roar of the rabble may be—
Whatever the frantic misuse of the claim—
It is not the freeman whose strength should appal,
'Tis the wrath of the slave when he bursts from his thrall![1]

[1] The construction in these lines is obscure, from a brevity which is borrowed from the Latin. It has been generally translated, "*Fear not* the slave when," &c., and so I translated it myself in the first edition. But, on careful examination, the meaning seems just the contrary:—

"Vor dem Sklaven, wenn er die Kette bricht,
Vor dem freien Menschen erzittert nicht."—*i. e.*,

"Erzittert vor dem Sklaven wenn er die Kette bricht;—*nicht vor dem freien Menschen.*"

And VIRTUE is more than a shade or a sound,
  And Man may her voice, in this being, obey;
And though ever he slip on the stony ground,
  Yet ever again to the godlike way,
To the *science* of Good though the Wise may be blind,
Yet the *practice* is plain to the childlike mind.[1]

And high over space, over Time, is a God,
  A will never rocking, like Man's, to and fro;
A thought that abides, though unseen the abode,
  Inweaving with life its creations below;
Changing and shifting the All we inherit,
But changeless through all One Immutable Spirit!

Hold fast the Three Words of Belief—though about
  From the lip to the lip, full of meaning, they flee;
Yet they take not their birth from the being without—
  But a voice from within must their oracle be;
And never all worth in the Man can be o'er,
Till in those Three Words he believes no more.

[1] So I conceive to be the true, though somewhat subtle, meaning of the lines in the original.

THE WORDS OF ERROR.

THREE Errors there are, that for ever are found
On the lips of the good, on the lips of the best;
But empty their meaning and hollow their sound—
And slight is the comfort they bring to the breast.
The fruits of existence escape from the clasp
Of the seeker who strives but those shadows to grasp—

So long as Man dreams of some Age in *this* life
When the Right and the Good will all evil subdue;
For the Right and the Good lead us ever to strife,
And ever will Evil the conflict renew.
Till thou lift it, and stifle aloft in the air,
The earth that it touches its strength will repair.[1]

[1] This simile is nobly conceived, but expressed somewhat obscurely. As Hercules contended in vain against Antæus, the Son of Earth,—so long as the Earth gave her giant offspring new strength in every fall,—so the soul contends in vain with evil—the natural earth-born enemy, while the very contact of the earth invigorates the enemy for the struggle. And as Antæus was slain at last, when Hercules lifted him from the earth, and strangled him when raised aloft, so can the soul slay the enemy (the desire, the passion, the earth's offspring) when bearing it from earth itself, and stifling it in the higher air.

So long as Man fancies that Fortune will live,
Like a bride with her lover, united with Worth;
For her favours, alas! to the mean she will give—
And Virtue possesses no title to earth!
That Foreigner wanders to regions afar,
Where the lands of her birthright immortally are!

So long as Man dreams that, to mortals a gift,
The Truth in her fulness of splendour will shine;
The veil of the goddess no earth-born may lift,[1]
And all we can learn is—to guess and divine!
Dost thou seek, in a dogma, to prison her form?
The spirit flies forth on the wings of the storm!

O, Noble Soul! turn from delusions like these,
More heavenly belief be it thine to adore;
Where the Ear never hearkens, the Eye never sees,
Meet the rivers of Beauty and Truth evermore!
Not *without* thee the streams;—there the Dull seek them;—No!
Look *within* thee—behold both the fount and the flow!

[1] See the "Veiled Image at Sais."

GERMAN ART.

By no kind Augustus reared,
To no Medici endeared,
German Art arose;
Fostering glory smil'd not on her,
Ne'er with kingly smiles to sun her,
Did her blooms unclose.

No,—she went by Monarchs slighted—
Went unhonoured, unrequited,
From high Frederick's throne;
Praise and Pride be all the greater,
That Man's genius did create her,
From Man's worth alone.

Hence to loftier springs ascending,
Hence to broader waves extending,
Our great German Song!
From its own fulness fill'd, it flows,
And scorning curbs its strength o'erthrows,
Rolls from the Heart along.

THE WALK.

THIS (excepting only "The Artists," written some years before) is the most elaborate of those Poems which, classed under the name of *Culture-Historic*, Schiller has devoted to the Progress of Civilisation. Schiller himself esteemed it amongst the greatest of the Poems he had hitherto produced—and his friends, from Goethe to Humboldt, however divided in opinion as to the relative merit of his other pieces, agreed in extolling this one. It must be observed, however, that Schiller had not then composed the narrative poems, which bear the name of Ballads, and which are confessedly of a yet higher order—inasmuch as the Narrative, in itself, demands much higher merits than the Didactic. It is also reasonably to be objected to all Schiller's Poems of this Culture-Historic School, (may we be pardoned the use of the German Barbarism,) that the leading idea of the Progress of Civilisation, however varied as to form in each, is essentially repeated in all. Nor can we omit this occasion of inculcating one critical Doctrine, which seems to us highly important, and to which the theories of Schiller's intimate and over-refining friend, William Von Humboldt, were strongly opposed. The object of Poetry, differing essentially from that of abstract Wisdom, is not directly to address the Reasoning faculty—but insensibly to rouse it through the popular medium of the emotions. Science aims at Truth, and through Truth may arrive at Beauty. Poetry or Art aims at Beauty, and through Beauty it cannot fail to arrive at Truth. The fault of "The Walk," of "The Artist," —more than all, of "The Ideal and the Actual Life," not to specify some other Poems, less elaborately scholastic—is, that they strain too much the faculty with which Poetry has least to do, viz., the mere Reason. Poetry ought, it is true, to bear aloft and to sustain the mind in a state of elevation—but through the sentiment or the passion. It fails in something when it demands a high degree of philosophy or knowledge in the reader to admire—nay, to comprehend it. It ought not to ask a prepared Audience, but to raise any audience it may address. Milton takes the sublimest theme he can find—he adorns it with all his stately genius, and his multiform learning; but, except in two or three passages, (which are really defects in his great whole,) he contrives to keep within reach of very ordinary understandings. Because

the Poet is wise, he is not for that reason to demand wisdom from his readers. In the Poem of "The Walk," it is only after repeated readings that we can arrive at what seems to us its great and distinctive purpose—apart from the mere recital of the changes of the Social State. According to our notion, the purpose is this—the intimate and necessary connection between Man and Nature—the Social State and the Natural. The Poet commences with the actual Landscape, he describes the scenery of his Walk: Rural Life, viz.—Nature in the Fields—suggests to him the picture of the Early Pelasgian or Agricultural life—Nature is then the *Companion* of Man. A sudden turn in the Landscape shows him the poplar avenues which in Germany conduct to cities. He beholds the domes and towers of the distant Town—and this suggests to him the alteration from the rural life to the civic—still Nature is his guide. But in cities Man has ceased to be the companion of Nature—he has become her *Ruler* (der Herrscher.) In this altered condition the Poet depicts the growth of Civilisation, till he arrives at the Invention of Printing. Light then breaks upon the Blind—Man desires not only to be Lord of Nature, but to dispense with her. "Instead of Necessity and Nature he would appoint Liberty and Reason." Reason shouts for Liberty—so do the Passions, and both burst from the wholesome control of Nature. He here refers to the French Revolution, depicts with great vigour the dissolution of all social ties, and, in the simile of the tiger escaping from its bars to the wilderness, suggests the great truth, that it is only by a return to Nature that he can regain his true liberty and redemption. Not, indeed, (as Hoffmeister truly observes,) the savage nature to which Rousseau would reduce Man—*that*, Schiller was too wise to dream of, and too virtuous to desire;—but that Nature which has not more its generous liberty than its holy laws—that Nature which is but the word for Law—God's Law. He would not lead Man back to Nature in its infancy, but advance him to Nature in its perfection. The moral Liberty of a well-ordered condition of society is as different from the physical liberty lusted after by the French Revolutionists, as (to borrow Cowley's fine thought) "the solitude of a God from the solitude of a wild beast." And finally, after this general association of Nature with Mankind, the Poet awakens, as from a dream, to find himself individually alone with Nature, and concludes, in some of the happiest lines he ever wrote, by insisting on that eternal youthfulness of Nature, which links itself with its companion Poetry. "The Sun of Homer smiles upon us still." In the original German, the Poem is composed in the long rhymeless metre, which no one has succeeded, or can succeed, (with all respect to Professor Longfellow,) in rendering into English melody. But, happily, the true beauty of the composition, like most of Schiller's,

(unlike most of Goethe's,) is independent of *form:*—consisting of ideas, not easily deprived of their effect, into what mould soever they may be thrown. . . . In the above remarks we have sought to remove the only drawback the general reader may find, to the pleasure to be derived from the Poem in the original—to lighten the weight upon his intellect, and define the purpose of the design. As to execution, even in translation, the sense of beauty must be dull in those who cannot perceive the exquisite merits of the preliminary description—the rapid vigour with which what Herder called "the World of Scenes," shifts and shimmers, and the grand divisions of Human History are seized and outlined—and the noble reflections which, after losing himself in the large interests of the multitude, Solitude forces upon the Poet at the close.

Hail, mine own hill—ye bright'ning hill-tops, hail!
Hail, sun, that gild'st them with thy looks of love!
Sweet fields!—ye lindens, murmuring to the gale!
And ye gay choristers the boughs above!
And thou, the Blue Immeasurable Calm,
O'er mount and forest, motionless and bright,—
Thine airs breathe through me their reviving balm,
And the heart strengthens as it drinks thy light!
Thou gracious Heaven! man's prison-home I flee—
Loosed from the babbling world, my soul leaps up to thee!

Flowers of all hue are struggling into glow,
Along the blooming fields; yet their sweet strife
Melts into one harmonious concord. Lo,
The meads allure me where, through tenderest green,
Winds the still rural path!—The labouring bee
Hums round me; and on hesitating wing
O'er beds of purple clover quiveringly
Hovers the butterfly.—Save these, all life
Sleeps in the glowing sunlight's arrowy sheen—

Ev'n from the west, the airs no zephyr bring.
Hark—in the calm aloft, I hear the skylark sing!

The thicket rustles near;—the alders bow
Down their green coronals—and as I pass,
Waves, in the rising wind, the silvering grass.
Me an ambrosial night embraces now,
Beneath the roof by shadowy beeches made,
Cool-breathing! Lost the gentler landscape's bloom!
And as the path mounts, snake-like, through the shade,
Deep woods close round me with mysterious gloom:
Still, through the trellis-leaves, at stolen whiles,
Glints the stray beam, or the meek azure smiles.
Abruptly now the gentle veil is riven—
And the glade opening, with a sudden glare,
Lets in the blinding day! Before me, heaven
With all its Far-Unbounded!—one blue hill
Ending the gradual world—in vapour!
Where
I stand upon the mountain-summit, lo,
As sink its sides precipitous before me,
The stream's smooth waves in flying crystal flow
Through the calm vale beneath. Wide Ether o'er me—
Beneath, alike, wide Ether endless still!
Dizzy, I gaze aloft—shuddering, I look below!—
A railëd path betwixt the eternal height—
And the eternal deep allures me on.
Still, as I pass—all laughing in delight,
The rich shores glide, and trophies labour-won
Deck the proud vale, and glory in the sun.

Each varying landmark that the soil receives,
Broidering the veil the social Ceres weaves.
Hedgerow and bound—those friendly scrolls of Law,—
That Man-sustaining guardian since the time
When the old Brazen Age, in sadness saw
Love fly the world!
Now, through the harmonious meads,
One glimmering path, or lost in forests, leads,
Or up the winding hill doth labouring climb—
The highway link of lands dissever'd;—glide
The quiet rafts adown the placid tide;
And through the lively fields, heard faintly, goes
The many sheep-bells' music—and the song
Of the lone herdsman, from its vex'd repose,
Rouses the gentle echo!—Calm, along
The stream, gay hamlets crown the pastoral scene,
Or peep through distant glades, or from the hill
Hang dizzy down! Man and the Soil serene
Dwell neighbourlike together—and the still
Meadow sleeps peaceful round the rural door—
And, all-familiar, wreathes and clusters o'er
The lowly casement, the green bough's embrace,
As with a loving arm, clasping the gentle place!
O happy People of the Fields, not yet
Waken'd to freedom from the gentle will
Of the mild Nature, still content to share
With your own fields earth's elementary law![1]
Calm harvests to calm hopes the boundary set,

[1] Freedom is here in antithesis to Nature.

And peaceful as your daily labour, there,
Creep on your careless lives![1]
But ah! what steals
Between me and the scenes I lately saw—
A stranger spirit a strange world reveals,
A world with method, ranks, and orders rife—
And rends the simple unity of life.
The vista'd Poplars in their long array
The measured pomp of social forms betray.
That stately train proclaims the Ruler nigh;[2]
And now the bright domes glitter to the sky,
And now from out the rocky kernel flowers
The haughty CITY, with its thousand towers!
Yet though the Fauns[3] back to their wilds have flown,
Devotion lends them loftier life in stone.
Man with his fellow-man more closely bound—
The world without begirts and cramps him round;
But in that world within the widening soul,
The unpausing wheels in swifter orbits roll.
See how the iron powers of thoughtful skill
Are shaped and quicken'd by the fire of strife;
Through contest great—through union greater still.
To thousand hands a single soul gives life—
In thousand breasts a single heart is beating—

[1] Here the Poet (after a slight and passing association of Man's more primitive state with the rural landscape before him) catches sight of the distant city; and, proceeding to idealise what he thus surveys, brings before the reader, in a series of striking and rapid images, the progressive changes of Civilisation.—See PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

[2] In Germany, avenues of poplar form the usual approach to a city.

[3] The Fauns here are meant generally to denote all the early rural gods—the primitive Deities of Italy.

Beats for the country of the common cause—
Beats for the old hereditary laws—
And ground endeared and hallowed by the Dead.
And now the gods descend, benignly greeting
With glorious gifts the ring in which they tread;
Ceres, the plough—the anchor, Mercury—
Bacchus, the grape—the Sovereign of the sea,
The horse;—the olive brings the Blue-eyed Maid—
Cybele, tower-crown'd, yokes her lion-car,
Entering in peace the hospitable gate—
A Goddess-Citizen!

All-blest ye are,
Ye Solemn Monuments!—from state to state
Ye sent the founders of Humanity.
Bloom on Far Isles the manners and the arts.
In simple courts the Patriarchal Wise
By social Gates adjudge the unpurchased right.[1]
To deathless fields the ardent hero flies,
To guard the hearths that sanctify the fight;
And women from the walls, with anxious hearts
Beating beneath the infants nestled there,
Watch the devoted band, till from their eyes,
In the far space, the steel-clad pageant dies—
Then, falling by the altars, pour the prayer,
Fit for the gods to hear—that worth may earn
The fame which crowns brave souls that conquer, and—return!
And fame was yours and conquest!—yet alone
Fame—and not life return'd: your deeds are known

[1] Alluding to the ancient custom of administering Law in the open places near the town gates.

In words that kindle glory from the stone.
"Tell Sparta, we, whose record meets thine eye,
Obey'd the Spartan laws—and here we lie!"[1]
Sleep soft!—your blood bedews the Olive's bloom,
Peace sows its harvests in the Patriot's tomb,
And Trade's great intercourse at once is known
Where Freedom guards what Labour makes its own.
The azure River-God his watery fields
Lends to the raft;—her home the Dryad yields.
Down falls the huge oak with a thunder groan;
Wing'd by the lever soars the quickening stone;
Up from the shaft the diving Miner brings
The metal-mass with which the anvil rings,
Anvil and hammer keeping measured time
As the steel sparkles with each heavy chime:—
The bright web round the dancing spindle gleams;
Safe guides the Pilot, through the world of streams,
The ships that interchange, where'er they roam,
The wealth of earth—the industry of home;
High from the mast the garland-banner waves,
The Sail bears life upon the wind it braves;
Life grows and multiplies where life resorts,
Life crowds the Marts—life bustles through the Ports,
And many a language the broad streets within
Blends on the wondering Ear the Babel and the din.
And all the harvests of all earth, whate'er
Hot Afric nurtures in its lurid air,
Or Araby, the blest one of the Wild,
Or the Sea's lonely and abandoned child,

[1] Herodotus. The celebrated epitaph on the Spartan tumulus at Thermopylæ.

Uttermost Thulè,—to one mart are borne,
And the rich plenty brims starr'd Amalthæa's horn.
The nobler Genius prospers with the rest:
Art draws its aliment from Freedom's breast;
Flush'd into life, the pictured Image breaks,
Waked by the chisel, Stone takes soul and speaks!
On slender Shafts a Heaven of Art reposes,
And all Olympus one bright Dome encloses.
Light as aloft we see the Iris spring,
Light as the arrow flying from the string,
O'er the wide river, rushing to the Deep,
The lithe bridge boundeth with its airy leap.

But all the while, best pleased apart to dwell,
Sits musing Science in its noiseless cell;
Draws meaning circles, and with patient mind
Steals to the Spirit that the whole design'd;
Gropes through the Realm of Matter for its Laws,
Learns where the Magnet or repels or draws,
Follows the sound along the air, and flies
After the lightning through the pathless skies,
Seeks, through dark Chance's wonder-teeming maze,
The Guiding Law which regulates and sways,
Seeks, through the shifting evanescent shows,
The Central Principle's serene repose.

Now shape and voice—the immaterial Thought
Takes from th' invented speaking page sublime,
The Ark which Mind has for its refuge wrought,

Its floating Archive down the floods of Time !
Rent from the startled gaze the veil of Night,
O'er old delusions streams the dawning light :—
Man breaks his bonds—ah, blest could he refrain,
Free from the curb, to scorn alike the rein !
" Freedom ! " shouts Reason, " Freedom ! " wild Desire—
And light to Wisdom is to Passion fire.
From Nature's check bursts forth one hurtling swarm—
Ah, snaps the anchor, as descends the storm !
The sea runs mountains—vanishes the shore,
The mastless wreck drifts endless ocean o'er ;
Lost, Faith ;—man's polar Star !—nought seems to rest,
The Heart's God, Conscience, darkens from the breast—
Truth flies from language, and from life, belief ;
The oath itself rots blighted to a lie,
On love's most solemn secrets, on the grief
Or joy that knits the Heart's familiar tie—
Intrudes the Sycophant, and glares the spy.
Suspected friendship from the soul is rent,
The hungry treason snares the Innocent—
With rabid slaver, and devouring fangs,
Fast on his prey the murderous slanderer hangs—
Shame from the reason and the heart effaced,
The thought is abject, and the love debased :
Deceit—O Truth, thy holy features steals—
Watches emotion in its candid course—
Betrays what Mirth unconsciously reveals,
And desecrates Man's nature at its source ;
And yet the Tribune justice can debate—
And yet the Cot of tranquil Union prate—

And yet a spectre which they call the Law,
Stands by the Kingly throne, the crowd to awe!
For years—for centuries, may the mummies there,
Mock the warm life whose lying shape they wear,
Till Nature once more from her sleep awake—
Till to the dust the hollow fabric shake
Beneath your hands—Avenging Powers sublime,
Your heavy iron hands, NECESSITY and TIME!

Then, as some Tigress from the grated bar,
Bursts sudden, mindful of her wastes afar,
Deep in Numidian glooms—Humanity,
Fierce in the wrath of wretchedness and crime,
Forth from the City's blazing ashes breaks,
And the lost Nature it has pined for seeks.
Open, ye walls, and let the prisoner free!—
Safe to forsaken fields, back let the wild one flee!

But where am I—and whither would I stray?
The path is lost—the cloud-capt mountain-dome,
The rent abyss, appal the dizzy sense,
Behind, before me! Far and far away,
Garden and hedgerow, the sweet Company
Of Fields, familiar speaking of man's home!—
Yea, every trace of man—deserts the eye.
Only the raw eternal MATTER, whence
Life buds, towers round me—the grey basalt-stone,
Virgin of human art, stands motionless and lone.
Roaringly, through the rocky cleft, and under
Gnarl'd roots of trees, the torrent sweeps in thunder—

Savage the scene, and desolate and bare—
Lo! where the eagle, his calm wings unfurl'd,
Lone-halting in the solitary air,
Knits[1] to the vault of heaven this ball—the world!
And not a wind upon its pinion bears
One breath that speaks of human joys and cares.
Am I indeed alone, amidst thy charms,
O Nature—clasped once more within thine arms?—
I dreamed—and wake upon thy heart!—escaped
From the dark phantoms which my Fancy shaped;
And every shape of human strife and woe
Sinks with the vapours to the vale below!

Purer I take my life from thy pure shrine,
Sweet Nature!—gladlier comes again to me
The heart and hope of my lost youth divine!
Both end and means, eternally our will
Varies and changes, and our acts are still
The repetitions, multiplied and stale,
Of what have been before us. But with THEE
One ancient law, that will not wane or fail,
Keeps beauty vernal in the bloom of truth!
Ever the same, thou hoardest for the man
What to thy hands the infant or the youth
Trusted familiar; and since Time began,
Thy breasts have nurtured, with impartial love,
The many-changing ages!
Look above,
Around, below;—beneath the self-same blue,

[1] Knits—*Knupft.* What a sublime image is conveyed in that single word!

Over the self-same green, eternally,
(Let man's slight changes wither as they will,)
All races which the wide world ever knew,
United, wander brother-like!—Ah! see,
THE SUN OF HOMER SMILES UPON US STILL!

THE LAY OF THE BELL.

"Vivos voco — Mortuos plango — Fulgura frango." [1]

I.

FAST, in its prison-walls of earth,
Awaits the mould of bakëd clay.
Up, comrades, up, and aid the birth—
THE BELL that shall be born to-day!
But with sweat and with pain
Can we honour obtain,
And prove that we master the art we profess;
With Man be the effort, with Heav'n the success!

And well an earnest word beseems
The work the earnest hand prepares;
Its load more light the labour deems,
When sweet discourse the labour shares.

[1] "I call the Living—I mourn the Dead—I break the Lightning." These words are inscribed on the Great Bell of the Minster of Schaffhausen—also on that of the Church of Art near Lucerne. There was an old belief in Switzerland, that the undulation of air, caused by the sound of a Bell, broke the electric fluid of a thunder-cloud.

So let us duly ponder all
The works our feeble strength achieves,
For mean, in truth, the man we call,
Who ne'er what he completes conceives.
And well it stamps our Human Race,
And hence the gift To UNDERSTAND,
That Man, within the heart should trace
Whate'er he fashions with the hand.

II.

From the fir the fagot take,
Keep it, heap it hard and dry,
That the gather'd flame may break
Through the furnace, wroth and high.
When the copper within
Seethes and simmers—the tin,
Pour quick, that the fluid which feeds the Bell
May flow in the right course glib and well.

Deep hid within this nether cell,
What force with fire is moulding thus,
In yonder airy tower shall dwell,
And witness wide and far of US!
It shall, in later days, unfailing,
Rouse many an ear to rapt emotion;
Its solemn voice, with Sorrow wailing,
Or choral chiming to Devotion.
Whatever Fate to Man may bring,
Whatever weal or woe befall,

That metal tongue shall backward ring
The warning moral drawn from all.

III.

See the silvery bubbles spring!
Good! the mass is melting now!
Let the salts we duly bring
Purge the flood, and speed the flow.
From the dross and the scum,
Pure, the fusion must come;
For perfect and pure we the metal must keep,
That its voice may be perfect, and pure, and deep.

That voice, with merry music rife,
The cherish'd child shall welcome in;
What time the rosy dreams of life,
In the first slumber's arms begin.
As yet in Time's dark womb unwarning,
Repose the days, or foul or fair;
And watchful o'er that golden morning,
The Mother-Love's untiring care!

And swift the years like arrows fly—
No more with girls content to play,
Bounds the proud Boy upon his way,
Storms through loud life's tumultuous pleasures,
With pilgrim staff the wide world measures;
And, wearied with the wish to roam,
Seeks, stranger-like, the Father-Home.

And, lo, as some sweet vision breaks
Out from its native morning skies,
With rosy shame on downcast cheeks,
The Virgin stands before his eyes.
A nameless longing seizes him!
From all his wild companions flown;
Tears, strange till then, his eyes bedim;
He wanders all alone.
Blushing, he glides where'er she move;
Her greeting can transport him;
To every mead, to deck his love,
The happy wild-flowers court him!
Sweet Hope—and tender Longing—ye
The growth of Life's first Age of Gold;
When the heart, swelling, seems to see
The gates of heaven unfold;
Oh, were it ever green! Oh, stay,
Linger, young Love, Life's blooming May!

IV.

Browning o'er, the pipes are simmering,
Dip this wand of clay[1] within;
If like glass the wand be glimmering,
Then the casting may begin.
Brisk, brisk now, and see
If the fusion flow free;
If—(happy and welcome indeed were the sign!)
If the hard and the ductile united combine.

[1] A piece of clay pipe, which becomes vitrified if the metal is sufficiently heated.

For still where the strong is betrothed to the weak,
And the stern in sweet marriage is blent with the meek,
Rings the concord harmonious, both tender and strong:
So heed, oh heed well, ere for ever united,
That the heart to the heart flow in one, love-delighted;
Illusion is brief, but Repentance is long!

Lovely, thither are they bringing,
With her virgin wreath, the Bride!
To the love-feast clearly ringing,
Tolls the church-bell far and wide!
With that sweetest holyday,
Must the May of Life depart;
With the cestus loosed—away
Flies Illusion from the heart!
Yet Love must be cherished
Though Passion be mute;
If his blossoms be perished,
They yield to the fruit.
The Husband must enter
The hostile life,
With struggle and strife,
To plant or to watch,
To snare or to snatch,
To pray and importune,
Must wager and venture
And hunt down his fortune!
Then flows in a current the gear and the gain,
And the garners are fill'd with the gold of the grain,
Now a yard to the court, now a wing to the centre!

Within sits Another,
The thrifty Housewife;
The mild one, the mother—
Her home is her life.
In its circle she rules,
And the daughters she schools,
And she cautions the boys,
With a bustling command,
And a diligent hand
Employ'd she employs;
Gives order to store,
And the much makes the more;
Locks the chest and the wardrobe, with lavender smelling,
And the hum of the spindle goes quick through the dwelling;
And she hoards in the presses, well polish'd and full,
The snow of the linen, the shine of the wool;
Still intent upon use,[1] while providing for show,
And never a rest from her cares doth she know.
Blithe the Master (where the while
From his roof he sees them smile)
Eyes the lands, and counts the gain;
There, the beams projecting far,
And the laden storehouse are,
And the granaries bow'd beneath
The blessëd golden grain;
There, in undulating motion,
Wave the corn-fields like an ocean.

[1] Paraphrased—
"Und fuget zum Guten den Glanz und den Schimmer."
"Zum Guten" here means "to the useful."

Proud the boast the proud lips breathe :—
" My house is built upon a rock,
And sees unmoved the stormy shock
Of waves that fret below ! "
Alas ! for never mortal state
Can form perpetual truce with Fate !
Swift are the steps of Woe.

v.

Now the casting may begin ;
See the breach indented there :
Ere we run the fusion in,
Halt—and speed the pious prayer !
Pull the plug out—
See around and about
Through the bow of the handle the smoke rushes red.
God help us !—the flaming waves burst from their bed.

What friend is like the might of fire,
When man can watch and wield the ire ?
Whate'er we shape or work, we owe
Still to that heaven-descended glow.
But dread the heaven-descended glow,
When from their chain its wild wings go,
When, where it listeth, wide and wild
Sweeps forth free Nature's free-born Child !
When the Frantic One fleets,
While no force can withstand,
Through the populous streets
Whirling ghastly the brand ;—

For the Elements hate
What man's labours create,
And the works of his hand.
Impartially out from the cloud,
Or the curse or the blessing may fall!
Benignantly out from the cloud
Come the dews, the revivers of all!
Avengingly out from the cloud
Come the levin, the bolt, and the ball!
Hark—a wail from the steeple!—aloud
The bell shrills its voice to the crowd!
Look—look—red as blood
All on high!
It is not the daylight that fills with its flood
The sky!
What a clamour awaking
Roars up through the street;
What a hell-vapour breaking
Rolls on through the street,
And higher and higher
Aloft moves the Column of Fire!
Through the vistas and rows
Like a whirlwind it goes,
And the air like the steam from a furnace glows.
Beams are crackling—posts are shrinking—
Walls are sinking—windows clinking—
Children crying—
Mothers flying—
And the beast (the black ruin yet smouldering under)
Yells the howl of its pain and its ghastly wonder!

Hurry and skurry—away—away,
The face of the night is as clear as day!
As the links in a chain,
Again and again
Flies the bucket from hand to hand;
High in arches up-rushing
The engines are gushing;
And down comes the storm with a roar!
And it chases the flames as they soar.
To the grain and the fruits,
Through the rafters and beams,
Through the barns and the garners it crackles and streams!
As if they would rend up the earth from its roots,
Rush the flames to the sky
Giant-high;
And at length,
Wearied out and despairing, man bows to their strength!
With an idle gaze sees their wrath consume,
And submits to his doom!
Desolate
The place, and dread;
For storms the barren bed.
In the blank voids that cheerful casements were,
Comes to and fro the melancholy air,
And sits Despair;
And through the ruin, blackening in its shroud
Peers, as it flits, the melancholy cloud.

One human look of grief upon the grave
Of all that Fortune gave

The lingerer casts—Then turns him to depart,
And grasps the wanderer's staff and mans his heart:
Whatever else the element bereaves,
One blessing more than all it reft, it leaves—
The *faces that he loves!*—He counts them o'er,
Not one dear look is missing from *that* store!

VI.

Now clasp'd the bell within the clay—
The mould the mingled metals fill—
Oh, may it, sparkling into day,
Reward the labour and the skill!
Alas! should it fail,
For the mould may be frail—
And still with our hope must be mingled the fear—
And, ev'n now, while we speak, the mishap may be near!

To the dark womb of sacred earth
This labour of our hands is given,
As seeds that wait the second birth,
And turn to blessings watch'd by heaven!
Ah seeds, how dearer far than they
We bury in the dismal tomb,
Where Hope and Sorrow bend to pray
That suns beyond the realm of day
May warm them into bloom!

From the steeple
Tolls the bell,

Deep and heavy,
The death-knell!
Guiding with dirge-note—solemn, sad, and slow,
To the last home earth's weary wanderers know.
It is that worshipp'd wife—
It is that faithful mother![1]
Whom the dark Prince of Shadows leads benighted,
From that dear arm where oft she hung delighted.
Far from those blithe companions, born
Of her, and blooming in their morn;
On whom, when couch'd her heart above,
So often look'd the Mother-Love!

Ah! rent the sweet Home's union-band,
And never, never more to come—
She dwells within the shadowy land,
Who was the Mother of that Home!
How oft they miss that tender guide,
The care—the watch—the face—the MOTHER—
And where she sate the babes beside,
Sits with unloving looks—ANOTHER!

VII.

While the mass is cooling now,
Let the weary labour rest;
Blithe as bird upon the bough,
Each to do as lists him best.

[1] The Translator adheres to the original, in forsaking the rhyme in these lines and some others.

In the cool starry time,
At the sweet vesper-chime,
The workman his task and his travail forgoes—
It is only the Master that ne'er may repose!

Homeward from the tasks of day,
Through the greenwood's welcome way,
Wends the wanderer, light and cheerly,
To the cottage loved so dearly!
And the eye and ear are meeting,
Now, the slow sheep homeward bleating—
Now, the wonted shelter near,
Lowing the lusty-fronted steer;
Creaking now the heavy wain
Reels with the happy harvest grain.
While, with many-coloured leaves,
Glitters the garland on the sheaves;
For the mower's work is done,
And the young folks' dance begun!
Desert street and quiet mart;
Silence is in the city's heart;
And the social taper lighteth
Each dear face that HOME uniteth;
While the gate the town before
Heavily swings with sullen roar!

Now darkness is spreading:
Now quench'd is the light;
But the Burgher, undreading,
Looks safe on the night—

Which the evil man watches in awe,
For the eye of the Night is the Law!

Bliss-dower'd! O daughter of the skies,
Hail, holy ORDER, whose employ
Blends like to like in light and joy—
Builder of cities, who of old
Call'd the wild man from waste and wold.
And, in his hut thy presence stealing,
Roused each familiar household feeling;
And, best of all the happy ties,
The centre of the social band,—
The Instinct of the Fatherland!

United thus—each helping each,
Brisk work the countless hands for ever!
For nought its power to Strength can teach,
Like Emulation and Endeavour!
Thus link'd the master with the man,
Each in his rights can each revere,
And while they march in freedom's van,
Scorn the lewd rout that dogs the rear!
To freemen labour is renown!
Who works—gives blessings and commands;
Kings glory in the orb and crown—
Be ours the glory of our hands.

Long in these walls—long may we greet
Your footfalls, Peace and Concord sweet!

Distant the day, oh! distant far,
When the rude hordes of trampling War
Shall scare the silent vale:
And where,
Now the sweet heaven, when day doth leave
The air,
Limns its soft rose-hues on the veil of Eve;
Shall the fierce war-brand tossing in the gale,
From town and hamlet shake the horrent glare!

VIII.

Now, its destined task fulfill'd,
Asunder break the prison-mould;
Let the goodly Bell we build,
Eye and heart alike behold.
The hammer down heave,
Till the cover it cleave:—
For not till we shatter the wall of its cell
Can we lift from its darkness and bondage the Bell.

To break the mould, the Master may,
If skill'd the hand and ripe the hour;
But woe, when on its fiery way
The metal seeks itself to pour.
Frantic and blind, with thunder-knell,
Exploding from its shattered home,
And glaring forth, as from a hell,
Behold the red Destruction come!

When rages strength that has no reason,
There breaks the mould before the season;
When numbers burst what bound before,
Woe to the State that thrives no more!
Yea, woe, when in the city's heart,
The latent spark to flame is blown;
And from their thrall the Millions start,
No leader but their rage to own!
Discordant howls the warning Bell,
Proclaiming discord wide and far,
And, born but things of peace to tell,
Becomes the ghastliest voice of war:
"Freedom! Equality!"—to blood,
Rush the roused people at the sound!
Through street, hall, palace, roars the flood,
And banded murder closes round!
The hyæna-shapes, (that women were!)
Jest with the horrors they survey;
From human breasts the hearts they tear—
As panthers rend their prey!
Nought rests to hallow;—burst the ties
Of Shame's religious, noble awe;
Before the Vice the Virtue flies,
And Universal Crime is Law!
Man fears the lion's kingly tread;
Man fears the tiger's fangs of terror;
But Man himself is most to dread,
When mad with social error.
No torch, though lit from Heaven, illumes
The Blind!—Why place it in his hand?

It lights not *him*—it but consumes
The City and the Land!

IX.

Rejoice and laud the prospering skies!
The kernel bursts its husk—behold
From the dull clay the metal rise,
Pure-shining, as a star of gold!
Rim and crown glitter bright,
Like the sun's flash of light.
And even the scutcheon, clear-graven, shall tell
That the art of a master has fashion'd the Bell!

Come in—come in,
My merry men—we'll form a ring,
The new-born labour christening;
And "CONCORD" we will name her!—
To union may her heartfelt call
In brother-love attune us all!
May she the destined glory win
For which the Master sought to frame her—
Aloft—(all earth's existence under,)
In blue-pavilion'd heaven afar
To dwell—the Neighbour of the Thunder,
The Borderer of the Star!
Be hers above a voice to raise
Like those bright hosts in yonder sphere,
Who, while they move, their Maker praise,
And lead around the wreathëd year.

To solemn and eternal things
We dedicate her lips sublime,
As hourly, calmly, on she swings,
Touching, with every movement, Time!
No pulse—no heart—no feeling hers,
She lends the warning voice to Fate;
And still companions, while she stirs,
The changes of the Human State!
So may she teach us, as her tone,
But now so mighty, melts away—
That earth no life which earth has known
From the last silence can delay.

*

Slowly now the cords upheave her!
From her earth-grave soars the Bell;
Mid the airs of Heaven we leave her,
In the Music-Realm to dwell.
Up—upwards—yet raise—
She has risen—she sways.
Fair Bell, to our city bode joy and increase;
And oh, may thy first sound be hallow'd to—PEACE![1]

[1] Written in the time of the French war.

NOTE.

IN "The Walk" we have seen the progress of Society—in "The Bell" we have the lay of the Life of Man. This is the crowning Flower of that garland of Humanity, which, in his Culture-Historic poems, the hand of Schiller has entwined. In England, "The Lay of the Bell" has been the best known of the Poet's

compositions—out of the Drama. It has been the favourite subject selected by his translators; to say nothing of others, (more recent, but with which we own we are unacquainted,) the elegant version of Lord Francis Egerton, (now Earl of Ellesmere,) has long since familiarised its beauties to the English public; and had it been possible to omit from our collection a poem of such importance, we would willingly have declined the task which suggests comparisons disadvantageous to ourselves. The idea of this poem had long been revolved by Schiller.[1] He went often to a bell-foundry, to make himself thoroughly master of the mechanical process, which he has applied to purposes so ideal. Even from the time in which he began the actual composition of the poem, two years elapsed before it was completed. The work profited by the delay; and as the Poet is generally clear in proportion to his entire familiarity with his own design, so of all Schiller's moral poems this is the most intelligible to the ordinary understanding; perhaps the more so, because, as one of his Commentators has remarked, the principal ideas and images he has already expressed in his previous writings, and his mind was thus free to give itself up more to the form than to the thought. Still we think that the symmetry and *oneness* of the composition have been indiscriminately panegyrised. As the Lay of Life, it begins with Birth, and when it arrives at Death, it has reached its legitimate conclusion. The reader will observe, at the seventh strophe, that there is an abrupt and final break in the individual interest which has hitherto connected the several portions. Till then, he has had before him the prominent figure of a single man—the one representative of human life—whose baptism the Bell has celebrated, whose youth, wanderings, return to his father's house, love, marriage, prosperity, misfortunes, to the death of the wife, have carried on the progress of the Poem; and this leading figure then recedes altogether from the scene, and the remainder of the Poem, till the ninth stanza, losing sight altogether of *individual* life, merely repeats the purpose of "The Walk," and confounds itself in illustrations of *social* life in general. The picture of the French Revolution, though admirably done, is really not only an episode in the main design, but is

[1] See *Life of Schiller*, by Madame von Wolzogen.

merely a copy of that already painted, and set in its proper place, in the Historical Poem of "The Walk."

But whatever weight may be attached—whether to this objection, or to others which we have seen elsewhere urged—the "non Ego paucis offendar maculis" may, indeed, be well applied to a Poem so replete with the highest excellences—so original in conception—so full of pathos, spirit, and variety in its plan—and so complete in its mastery over form and language..... Much of its beauty must escape in translation, even if an English Schiller were himself the translator. For that beauty which belongs to *form*—the "curiosa felicitas verborum"—is always untranslateable. Witness the Odes of Horace, the greater part of Goethe's Lyrics, and the Choruses of Sophocles. Though the life of Man is portrayed, it is the life of a *German* man. The wanderings, or apprenticeship, of the youth, are not a familiar feature in our own civilisation; the bustling housewife is peculiarly German; so is the incident of the fire—a misfortune very common in parts of Germany, and which the sound of the church-bell proclaims. Thus that peculiar charm which belongs to the recognition of familiar and household images, in an ideal and poetic form, must be in a great measure lost to a foreigner. The thought, too, at the end—the prayer for Peace—is of a local and temporary nature. It breathed the wish of all Germany, during the four years' war with France, and was, at the date of publication—like all temporary allusions—a strong and effective close, to become, after the interest of the allusion ceased, comparatively feeble. These latter observations are made, not in depreciation of the Poem, but on behalf of it; to show that it has beauties peculiar to the language it was written in, the people it addressed, and the date of its first appearance, of which it must be despoiled in translation.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

"Who would himself with shadows entertain,
Or gild his life with lights that shine in vain,
Or nurse false hopes that do but cheat the true?—
Though with my dream my heaven should be resign'd—
Though the free-pinion'd soul that once could dwell
In the large empire of the Possible,
This work-day life with iron chains may bind,
Yet thus the mastery o'er ourselves we find,
And solemn duty to our acts decreed,
Meets us thus tutor'd in the hour of need,
With a more sober and submissive mind!
How front Necessity—yet bid thy youth
Shun the mild rule of life's calm sovereign, Truth?"

So speak'st thou, friend, how stronger far than I,
As from Experience—that sure port serene—
Thou look'st; and straight, a coldness wraps the sky,
The summer glory withers from the scene,
Scared by the solemn spell; behold them fly,
The godlike images that seem'd so fair!
Silent the playful Muse—the rosy Hours
Halt in their dance; and the May-breathing flowers
Fall from the sister-Graces' waving hair.
Sweet-mouth'd Apollo breaks his golden lyre,
Herems, the wand with many a marvel rife;—

The veil, rose-woven by the young Desire
With dreams, drops from the hueless cheeks of Life.
The world seems what it *is*—A Grave! and Love
Casts down the bandage wound his eyes above,
And *sees!*—He sees but images of clay
Where he dream'd gods; and sighs—and glides away.[1]
The youngness of the Beautiful grows old,
And on thy lips the bride's sweet kiss seems cold;
And in the crowd of joys—upon thy throne
Thou sitt'st in state, and hardenest into stone.

THE ANTIQUE AT PARIS.

(FREE TRANSLATION.)

WHAT the Greek wrought, the vaunting Frank may gain,
And waft the pomp of Hellas to the Seine;
His proud museums may with marble groan,
And Gallia gape on glories not her own;
But ever silent in the ungenial halls
Shall stand the Statues on their pedestals.

By him alone the Muses are possest,
Who warms them from the marble—at his breast;
Bright, to the Greek, from stone each goddess grew—
Vandals, each goddess is but stone to you!

[1] These four lines are slightly altered from the original, in which Love is doubly typified by Cytherea and her son Cupid; and by the double type the idea itself becomes confused.

THEKLA;

A SPIRIT-VOICE.

It was objected to Schiller's *Wallenstein*, that he had suffered Thekla to disappear from the Play without any clear intimation of her fate. These stanzas are his answer to the objection. We have no metre exactly correspondent to the original, and all attempts at servile imitation in English forfeit all claim to rhythm and melody upon an ear that can distinguish between verse and prose.

Where does my shadow fleet,
  As from thy vision rapt, aloft I soar?
Is not my destiny complete,
  Have I not lived? have I not loved?—What more?

Ask'st thou, where pass away
  The Nightingales that did enrapture air
With Music's soul in thy young happy May?
  They loved, and only while they loved, they were!

Is the Lost found again?
  With him, believe me, I at last am wed;
Where hearts, once joined, are never rent in twain,
  Where tears, once dried, can never more be shed.

Thou unto us shalt win,
  Thou—if thy love shall equal that we knew;
There is my father,[1] free from every sin,
  Where the red Murder can no more pursue.

[1] Wallenstein. The next stanza alludes to his belief in Astrology—of which such beautiful uses have been made by Schiller in his solemn tragedy.

Him no delusion won
To feed his upward gaze on starry spheres;
For every faith (nor least the boldest one)
To Heaven aspiring—still the Holy nears.

To each belief that smiled
On life to beautify—some truth is given!
O dare to err and dare to dream!—the child
Has oft the loftiest instinct of the Heaven!

WILLIAM TELL.

Lines accompanying the copy of Schiller's Drama of *William Tell*, presented to the Arch-Chancellor Von Dalberg.

I.

In that fell strife, when force with force engages,
And Wrath stirs bloodshed—Wrath with blindfold eyes—
When, midst the war which raving Faction wages,
Lost in the roar—the voice of Justice dies,
When, but for license, Sin, the shameless, rages,
Against the Holy when the Wilful rise,
When lost the Anchor which makes Nations strong
Amidst the storm,—*there*, is no theme for song.

II.

But when a Race, tending by vale and hill
Free flocks, contented with its rude domain—

Bursts the hard bondage with its own great will,
Lets fall the sword when once it rends the chain,
And, flush'd with Victory, can be human still—
There blest the strife, and *then* inspired the strain.
Such is my theme—to thee not strange, 'tis true:
Thou in the Great canst never find the New.[1]

ARCHIMEDES.

To Archimedes once a scholar came,
"Teach me," he said, "the Art that won thy fame;—
The godlike Art which gives such boons to toil,
And showers such fruit upon thy native soil;—
The godlike Art that girt the town when all
Rome's vengeance burst in thunder on the wall!"
"Thou call'st Art godlike—it is so, in truth,
And was," replied the Master to the youth,
"Ere yet its secrets were applied to use—
Ere yet it served beleaguered Syracuse:—
Ask'st thou from Art, but what the Art is worth?
The fruit?—for fruit go cultivate the Earth.—
He who the goddess would aspire unto,
Must not the goddess as the woman woo!"

[1] The concluding point in the original requires some paraphrase in translation. Schiller's lines are—

"Und solch ein Bild darf ich dir freudig zeigen,
Du kennst's—denn alles Grosse ist dein eigen."

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

To flaunt the fair shape of Humanity,
  Lewd Mockery dragg'd thee through the mire it trod.[1]
Wit wars with Beauty everlastingly—
  Yearns for no Angel—and adores no God—
Views the heart's wealth—to steal it as the thief—
Assails Delusion, but to kill Belief.

Yet the true Poetry—herself, like thee,
  Childlike; herself, like thee, a shepherd maid—
Gives thee her birthright of Divinity,
  And lifts unto the stars thy starry shade.
Thy brows receive the auriole of her sky;
The Heart created thee—thou canst not die.

The mean world loves to darken what is bright,
  To see to dust each loftier image brought;
But fear not—souls there are that can delight
  In the high Memory and the stately Thought;
To ribald mirth let Momus rouse the mart,
But forms more noble glad the noble heart.

[1] Voltaire, in *The Pucelle.*

CARTHAGE.

Of a humaner Mother Thou, degenerate Child and vile,
Combining iron Roman might with fraudful Tyrian guile,
But o'er the world it conquered, Rome with power majestic reign'd;
And Tyrian Arts instructed all that Tyrian craft obtain'd!
Say what of thee and thy renown in History's page is told?
Thy realms were won with Roman steel—and ruled with Tyrian gold!

COLUMBUS.

Steer on, bold Sailor—Wit may mock thy soul that sees the land,
And hopeless at the helm may droop the weak and weary hand;
Yet ever—ever to the West, for there the coast must lie,
And dim it dawns and glimmering dawns before thy reason's eye;
Yea, trust the guiding God—and go along the floating grave,
Though hid till now—yet now, behold the New World o'er the wave!
With Genius Nature ever stands in solemn union still,
And ever what the One foretells the Other shall fulfil.

NÆNIA.[1]

THE Beautiful, that men and gods alike subdues, must perish,
For pity ne'er the iron breast of Stygian Jove[2] shall cherish!
Once only—Love, by aid of Song, the Shadow-Sovereign thrall'd,
And at the dreary threshold he again the boon recall'd.
Not Aphroditè's heavenly tears to love and life restored
Her own adored Adonis, by the griesly monster gored!
Not all the art of Thetis saved her god-like hero-son,
When falling by the Scæan gate, his race of glory run!
But forth she came, with all the nymphs of Nereus, from the deep,
Around the silence of the Dead to sorrow and to weep.
See tears are shed by every god and goddess, to survey
How soon the Beautiful is past, the Perfect dies away!
Yet noble sounds the voice of wail—and woe the Dead can grace;
For never wail and woe are heard to mourn above the Base!

JOVE TO HERCULES.

'TWAS not my nectar made thy strength divine,
But 'twas thy strength which made my nectar thine!

[1] Nænia was the goddess of funerals—and funeral songs were called Næniæ.
[2] Pluto.

THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL LIFE.

In Schiller's Poem of "The Ideal," a translation of which has already been presented to the reader, but which was composed subsequently to "The Ideal and the Actual," the prevailing sentiment is of that simple pathos which can come home to every man who has mourned for Youth, and the illusions which belong to it—

"for the hour
Of glory in the grass, and splendour in the flower."

But "The Ideal and the Actual" is purely philosophical; a poem "in which," says Hoffmeister, "every object and every epithet has a metaphysical background." Schiller himself was aware of its obscurity to the general reader: he desires that even the refining Humboldt "should read it in a kind of holy stillness—and banish, during the meditation it required, all that was profane." Humboldt proved himself worthy of these instructions, by the enthusiastic admiration with which the poem inspired him. Previous to its composition, Schiller had been employed upon philosophical inquiries, especially his "Letters on the Æsthetic Education of Man;" and of these Letters it is truly observed, that the Poem is the crowning Flower. To those acquainted with Schiller's philosophical works and views, the poem is therefore less obscure; in its severe compression such readers behold but the poetical epitome of thoughts the depth of which they have already sounded, and the coherence of which they have already ascertained—they recognise a familiar symbol, where the general reader only perplexes himself in a riddle.

Without entering into disquisitions, out of place in this translation, and fatiguing to those who desire in a collection of poems to enjoy the Poetical—not to be bewildered by the Abstract—I shall merely preface the poem, with the help of Schiller's commentators, by a short analysis of the general design and meaning, so at least as to facilitate the reader's *study* of this remarkable poem—study it will still require, and well repay.

The Poem begins (Stanza 1st) with the doctrine which Schiller has often inculcated, that to Man there rests but the choice between the

pleasures of sense, and the peace of the soul; but both are united in the life of the Immortals, viz., the higher orders of being. Stanza 2d.—Still it may be ours to attain, even on earth, to this loftier and holier life—provided we can raise ourselves beyond material objects. Stanza 3d.—The Fates can only influence the body, and the things of time and matter. But, safe from the changes of matter and of life, the Platonic Archetype, *Form*, hovers in the realm of the Ideal. If we can ascend to this realm—in other words, to the domain of Beauty—we attain (Stanza 4th) to the perfection of Humanity—a perfection only found in the immaterial forms and shadows of that realm—yet in which, as in the Gods, the sensual and the intellectual powers are united. In the Actual Life we strive for a goal we cannot reach; in the Ideal, the goal is attainable, and there effort is victory. With Stanza 5th begins the antithesis, which is a key to the remainder—an antithesis constantly balancing before us the conditions of the Actual and the privileges of the Ideal. The Ideal is not meant to relax, but to brace us for the Actual Life. From the latter we cannot escape; but when we begin to flag beneath the sense of our narrow limits, and the difficulties of the path, the eye, steadfastly fixed upon the Ideal Beauty aloft, beholds there the goal. Stanza 6th.—In Actual Life, Strength and Courage are the requisites for success, and are doomed to eternal struggle; but (Stanza 7th) in the Ideal Life, struggle exists not; the stream, gliding far from its rocky sources, is smoothed to repose. Stanza 8th.—In the Actual Life, as long as the Artist still has to contend with matter, he must strive and labour. Truth is only elicited by toil—the statue only wakens from the block by the stroke of the chisel; but when (Stanza 9th) he has once achieved the idea of Beauty—when once he has elevated the material marble into form—all trace of his human neediness and frailty is lost, and his work seems the child of the soul. Stanza 10th.—Again, in the Actual world, the man who *strives* for Virtue, finds every sentiment and every action poor compared to the rigid standard of the abstract moral law. But if, (Stanza 11th,) instead of *striving* for Virtue, merely from the cold sense of duty, we live that life beyond the senses, in which Virtue becomes, as it were, natural to us—in which its behests are served, not through duty, but inclination—then the gulf between man and the moral law is filled up; we take the Godhead, so to speak, into our will; and Heaven ceases its terrors, when man ceases to resist it. Stanza 12th.—Finally, in Actual Life, sorrows, whether our own, or those with which we sympathise, are terrible and powerful; but (Stanza 13th) in the Ideal World even Sorrow has its pleasures. We contemplate the writhings of the Laocoon in marble, with delight in the greatness of Art—not with anguish for the suffering, but with veneration for the

grandeur with which the suffering is idealised by the Artist or expressed by the subject. Over the pain of Art smiles the Heaven of the Moral world. Stanzas 14th and 15th.—Man thus aspiring to the Ideal, is compared to the Mythical Hercules. In the Actual world he must suffer and must toil; but when once he can cast aside the garb of clay, and through the Ethereal flame separate the Mortal from the Immortal, the material dross sinks downward, the spirit soars aloft, and Hebe (or Eternal Youth) pours out nectar as to the Gods. If the reader will have the patience to compare the above analysis with the subjoined version, (in which the Translator has also sought to render the general sense as intelligible as possible,) he will probably find little difficulty in clearing up the Author's meaning.

I.

For ever fair, for ever calm and bright,
Life flies on plumage zephyr-light,
  For those who on the Olympian hill rejoice—
Moons wane, and races wither to the tomb,
And 'mid the universal ruin, bloom
  The rosy days of Gods—
            With Man, the choice,
Timid and anxious, hesitates between
  The sense's pleasure and the soul's content;
While on celestial brows, aloft and sheen,
  The beams of both are blent.

II.

Seek'st thou on earth the life of Gods to share,
Safe in the Realm of Death?—beware
  To pluck the fruits that glitter to thine eye;
Content thyself with gazing on their glow—
Short are the joys Possession can bestow,
  And in Possession sweet Desire will die.

'Twas not the ninefold chain of waves that bound
Thy daughter, Ceres, to the Stygian river—
She pluck'd the fruit of the unholy ground,
And so—was Hell's for ever.

III.

The Weavers of the Web—the Fates—but sway
The matter and the things of clay ;
Safe from each change that Time to Matter gives,
Nature's blest playmate, free at will to stray
With Gods a god, amidst the fields of Day,
The FORM, the ARCHETYPE,[1] serenely lives.
Would'st thou soar heavenward on its joyous wing ?
Cast off the earthly burthen of the Real ;
High from this cramp'd and dungeon'd being spring
Into the Realm of the Ideal.

IV.

Here, bathed, Perfection, in thy purest ray,
Free from the clogs and taints of clay,
Hovers divine the Archetypal Man !
Dim as those phantom shapes of life that gleam
And wander voiceless by the Stygian stream,—
Fair as it stands in fields Elysian,
Ere down to Flesh the Immortal doth descend :—
If doubtful ever in the Actual life
Each contest,—*here* a victory crowns the end
Of every nobler strife.

[1] "Die Gestalt"—Form, the Platonic Archetype.

V.

Not from the strife itself to set thee free,
But more to nerve—doth Victory
  Wave her rich garland from the Ideal clime.
Whate'er thy wish, the Earth has no repose—
Life still must drag thee onward as it flows,
  Whirling thee down the dancing surge of Time.
But when the courage sinks beneath the dull
  Sense of its narrow limits—on the soul,
Bright from the hill-tops of the Beautiful,
  Bursts the attainëd goal.

VI.

If worth thy while the glory and the strife
Which fire the lists of Actual Life—
  The ardent rush to fortune or to fame,
In the hot field where Strength and Valour are,
And rolls the whirling thunder of the car,
  And the world, breathless, eyes the glorious game—
Then dare and strive!—the prize can but belong
  To him whose valour o'er his tribe prevails;
In life the victory only crowns the strong—
  He who is feeble fails.

VII.

But Life, whose source, by crags around it piled,
Chafed while confin'd, foams fierce and wild,
  Glides soft and smooth when once its streams expand,

When its waves, (glassing, in their silver play,
Aurora blent with Hesper's milder ray,)
Gain the still BEAUTIFUL—that Shadow-Land!
Here, contest grows but interchange of Love,
All curb is but the bondage of the Grace;
Gone is each foe,—Peace folds her wings above
Her native dwelling-place.

VIII.

When, through dead stone to breathe a soul of light,
With the dull matter to unite
The kindling genius, some great sculptor glows;
Behold him straining every nerve intent—
Behold how, o'er the subject element,
The stately THOUGHT its march laborious goes!
For never, save to Toil untiring, spoke
The unwilling Truth from her mysterious well—
The statue only to the chisel's stroke
Wakes from its marble cell.

IX.

But onward to the Sphere of Beauty—go
Onward, O Child of Art! and, lo,
Out of the matter which thy pains control
The Statue springs!—not as with labour wrung
From the hard block, but as from Nothing sprung—
Airy and light—the offspring of the soul!
The pangs, the cares, the weary toils it cost
Leave not a trace when once the work is done—

The Artist's human frailty merged and lost
In Art's great victory won![1]

X.

When human Sin confronts the rigid law
Of perfect Truth and Virtue,[2] awe
Seizes and saddens thee to see how far
Beyond thy reach, Perfection;—if we test
By the Ideal of the Good, the best,
How mean our efforts and our actions are!
This space between the Ideal of man's soul
And man's achievement, who hath ever past?
An ocean spreads between us and that goal,
Where anchor ne'er was cast!

XI.

But fly the boundary of the Senses—live
The Ideal life free Thought can give;
And, lo, the gulf shall vanish, and the chill
Of the soul's impotent despair be gone!
And with divinity thou sharest the throne,
Let but divinity become thy will!
Scorn not the Law—permit its iron band
The sense (it cannot chain the soul) to thrall.

[1] More literally translated thus by the Author of the Article on Schiller in the *Foreign and Colonial Review*, July 1843—

"Thence all witnesses for ever banished
Of poor Human Nakedness."

[2] The Law—*i. e.*, the Kantian Ideal of Truth and Virtue. This stanza and the next embody, perhaps with some exaggeration, the Kantian doctrine of morality.

Let man no more the will of Jove withstand,[1]
And Jove the bolt lets fall!

XII.

If, in the woes of Actual Human Life—
If thou could'st see the serpent strife
Which the Greek Art has made divine in stone—
Could'st see the writhing limbs, the livid cheek,
Note every pang, and hearken every shriek
Of some despairing lost Laocoon,
The human nature would thyself subdue
To share the human woe before thine eye—
Thy cheek would pale, and all thy soul be true
To Man's great Sympathy.

XIII.

But in the Ideal Realm, aloof and far,
Where the calm Art's pure dwellers are,
Lo, the Laocoon writhes, but does not groan.
Here no sharp grief the high emotion knows—
Here, suffering's self is made divine, and shows
The brave resolve of the firm soul alone:
Here, lovely as the rainbow on the dew
Of the spent thunder-cloud, to Art is given,
Gleaming through Grief's dark veil, the peaceful blue
Of the sweet Moral Heaven.

[1] "But in God's sight submission is command."
Jonah, by the Rev. F. Hodgson. Quoted in *Foreign and Colonial Review*, July 1843—Art. "Schiller," p. 21.

XIV.

So, in the glorious parable, behold
How, bow'd to mortal bonds, of old
Life's dreary path divine Alcides trod:
The hydra and the lion were his prey,
And to restore the friend he loved to day,
He went undaunted to the black-browed God;
And all the torments and the labours sore
Wroth Juno sent—the meek majestic One,
With patient spirit and unquailing, bore,
Until the course was run—

XV.

Until the God cast down his garb of clay,
And rent in hallowing flame away
The mortal part from the divine—to soar
To the empyreal air! Behold him spring
Blithe in the pride of the unwonted wing,
And the dull matter, that confined before,
Sinks downward, downward, downward as a dream!
Olympian hymns receive the escaping soul,
And smiling Hebe, from the ambrosial stream,
Fills for a God the bowl!

THE FAVOUR OF THE MOMENT.

ONCE more, then, we meet,
In the circles of yore ;
Let our song be as sweet
In its wreaths as before.
Who claims the first place
In the tribute of song ?
The God to whose grace
All our pleasures belong.
Though Ceres may spread
All her gifts on the shrine,
Though the glass may be red
With the blush of the vine,
What boots—if the while
Fall no spark on the hearth ?
If the heart do not smile
With the instinct of mirth ?—
From the clouds, from God's breast
Must our happiness fall,
'Mid the blessëd, most blest
Is the MOMENT of all !
Since Creation began,
All that mortals have wrought,

All that's godlike in Man
Comes—the flash of a Thought!
Stone on stone, slow upheaved
Grows the pile :—But its whole,
Once complete, is perceived
As if sprung from the soul.
On the arch that she buildeth
From sunbeams on high,
As Iris just gildeth,—
And fleets from,—the sky,
So shineth, so gloometh
Each gift that is ours;
The lightning illumeth—
The darkness devours![1]

THE SOWER.

Sure of the Spring that warms them into birth,
The golden germs thou trustest to the Earth;
Heedst thou as well to sow in Time the seeds
Of Wisdom for Eternity—good deeds?

[1] "And ere a man hath power to say 'behold,'
The jaws of Darkness do devour it up,
So quick bright things come to confusion."
SHAKSPEARE.

THE FORTUNE-FAVOURED.

THE first five verses in the original of this Poem are placed as a motto on Goethe's statue in the Library at Weimar. The Poet does not here mean to extol what is vulgarly meant by the Gifts of Fortune; he but develops a favourite idea of his, that whatever is really sublime and beautiful comes freely down from Heaven; and vindicates the seeming partiality of the Gods, by implying that the Beauty and the Genius given, without labour, to some, but serve to the delight of those to whom they are denied. There is a very similar thought in Dante.

AH! happy He, upon whose birth each God
Looks down in love, whose earliest sleep the bright
Idalia cradles, whose young lips the rod
Of eloquent Hermes kindles—to whose eyes,
Scarce waken'd yet, Apollo steals in light,
While on imperial brows Jove sets the seal of might!
Godlike the lot ordain'd for him to share,
He wins the garland ere he runs the race;
He learns life's wisdom ere he knows life's care,
And, without labour vanquish'd, smiles the Grace.
  Great is the man, I grant, whose strength of mind,
Self-shapes its objects and subdues the Fates—
Virtue subdues the Fates, but cannot bind
The fickle Happiness, whose smile awaits
Those who scarce seek it; nor can courage earn
What the Grace showers not from her own free urn!
  From aught *unworthy*, the determined will

Can guard the watchful spirit—there it ends;—
The all that's *glorious* from the heaven descends;
As some sweet mistress loves us, freely still
Come the spontaneous gifts of Heaven!—Above
Favour rules Jove, as it below rules Love!
The Immortals have their bias!—Kindly they
See the bright locks of youth enamour'd play,
And where the glad one goes, shed gladness round the way.
It is not they who boast the best to see,
Whose eyes the holy Apparitions bless;
The stately light of their divinity
Hath ofttimes shone the brightest on the blind;—
And their choice spirit found its calm recess
In the pure childhood of a simple mind.
Unask'd they come—delighted to delude
The expectation of our baffled Pride;
No edict calls their free steps to our side.
Him whom He loves, the Sire of men and gods
Bears on his eagle to his bright abodes;
At his free choice, amidst the multitude,
He marks the brows on which fall partial down
Fame's laurel wreath—or Power's imperial crown.
Fortune is but Jove's favour, freely given;
And what but Fortune crowns ev'n Jove in Heaven?
Before the man thus graced, divinely go
The Pythian conqueror with his silver bow,
And Eros with the smile that gilds the skies:
For him grey Neptune smooths the pliant wave—
Harmless the waters for the ship that bore
The Cæsar and his fortunes to the shore!

Charm'd at his feet the crouching lion lies,
To him his back the murmuring dolphin gave;
His soul is born a sovereign o'er the strife—
The Lord of all the Beautiful of Life;
Where'er his presence in its calm has trod,
It charms—it sways, as some immortal God.
Scorn not the Fortune-favour'd, that to him
The light-won victory by the gods is given,
Or that, as Paris, from the strife severe,
Soft Venus draws her darling.—Whom the heaven
So prospers, love so watches, I revere!
And not the man upon whose eyes, with dim
And baleful night, sits Fate. Achaia boasts
No less Pelides as her mightiest Lord,
That Vulcan wrought for him the shield and sword—
That round the mortal hover'd all the hosts
Of all Olympus—that, his wrath to grace,
The best and bravest of the Grecian race,
Untimely slaughtered, with resentful ghosts
Awed the pale people of the Stygian coasts!
Scorn not the Darlings of the Beautiful,
If without labour they Life's blossoms cull;
If, like the stately lilies, they have won
A crown for which they neither toil'd nor spun;—
If without merit, theirs be Beauty,—still
Thy sense, unenvying, with the Beauty fill.
Alike for thee no merit wins the right,
To share, by simply seeing, their delight.
Heaven breathes the soul into the Minstrel's breast,
But with that soul he animates the rest;

And as the God inspires him, he shall be,
If heard devoutly, as a God to thee;
Listen;—and blessëd in his bliss thou art!
Let Themis poise the balance for the Mart,
And weigh strict recompense to labour keen;
But rapture, lighting up the cheeks of men,
Is by the grace of Power divine bestow'd;
Bliss is a miracle that needs a God![1]
All that is human waxes to its prime,
Stage upon stage—the gradual shape of Time.
The Blissful and the Beautiful alone
Rise, labouring *not*—degree on slow degree—
Their growth and progress to our eyes unshown,
They spring, perfected for Eternity!
Like Heaven's, each earthly Venus on the sight
Comes, a dark birth, from out an endless sea;
Like the first Pallas, in maturest might,
Arm'd, from the Thunderer's brow, leaps forth each Thought of Light.

1 Paraphrased from—

"Aber die Freude ruft nur ein Gott auf sterbliche Wangen;
Wo kein Wunder geschieht ist kein Beglückter zu sehn."

These lines furnish the key to—

"Nur ein Wunder kann dich tragen
In das schöne Wunderland."—(SCHILLER, *Sehnsucht.*)

And the same lines, with what follow, explain also the general intention of the poem on the "Favour of the Moment."

SENTENCES OF CONFUCIUS.

TIME.

THREEFOLD the stride of Time, from first to last!
Loitering slow, the FUTURE creepeth—
Arrow-swift, the PRESENT sweepeth—
And motionless for ever stands the PAST.

Impatience, fret howe'er she may,
Cannot speed the tardy goer;
Fear and Doubt—that crave delay—
Ne'er can make the Fleet One slower;
Nor one spell Repentance knows,
To stir the Still One from repose.

If thou would'st, wise and happy, see
Life's solemn journey close for thee,
The Loiterer's counsel thou wilt heed,
Though readier tools must shape the deed;
Not for thy friend the Fleet One know,
Nor make the Motionless thy foe!

SPACE.

A threefold measure dwells in Space—
Restless LENGTH, with flying race;

Stretching forward, never endeth,
Ever widening, Breadth extendeth;
Ever groundless, Depth descendeth.

Types in these thou dost possess;—
Restless, onwards thou must press,
  Never halt nor languor know,
  To the Perfect wouldst thou go;—
Let thy reach with Breadth extend
Till the world it comprehend—
Dive into the Depth to see
Germ and root of all that be.
Ever onwards must thy soul;—
'Tis the progress gains the goal;
Ever widen more its bound;
In the Full the clear is found,
And the Truth—dwells under ground.

THE ANTIQUE TO THE NORTHERN WANDERER.

And o'er the river hast thou past, and o'er the mighty sea,
And o'er the Alps, the dizzy bridge hath borne thy steps to me;
To look all near upon the bloom my deathless beauty knows,
And, face to face, to front the pomp whose fame through ages goes—
Gaze on, and touch my relics now! At last thou standest here,
But art thou nearer now to me—or I to thee more near?

GENIUS.

(FREE TRANSLATION.)

THE original, and, it seems to us, the more appropriate title of this Poem, was "Nature and the School."

Do I believe, thou ask'st, the Master's word,
The Schoolman's shibboleth that binds the herd?
To the Soul's haven is there but one chart?
Its peace a problem to be learned by art?
On system rest the Happy and the Good?
To base the temple must the props be wood?
Must I distrust the gentle law, imprest,
To guide and warn, by Nature on the breast,
Till, squared to rule the instinct of the soul,—
Till the School's signet stamp the eternal scroll,
Till in one mould, some dogma hath confined
The ebb and flow—the light waves—of the mind?
Say thou, familiar to these depths of gloom,
Thou, safe ascended from the dusty tomb,
Thou, who hast trod these weird Egyptian cells—
Say—if Life's comfort with yon mummies dwells!—
Say—and I grope—with saddened steps indeed—
But on, through darkness, if to Truth it lead!

Nay, Friend, thou know'st the golden time—the age
Whose legends live in many a poet's page?
When heavenlier shapes with Man walked side by side,
And the chaste Feeling was itself a guide;
Then the great law, alike divine amid
Suns bright in Heaven, or germs in darkness hid,—
That silent law—(call'd whether by the name
Of Nature or Necessity—the same,)
To that deep sea, the heart, its movement gave—
Sway'd the full tide, and freshened the free wave.
Then sense unerring—because unreproved—
True, as the finger on the dial, moved,
Half-guide, half-playmate, of Earth's age of youth,
The sportive instinct of Eternal Truth.

Then, nor Initiate nor Profane was known;
Where the Heart felt—there Reason found a throne:
Not from the dust below, but life around,
Warm Genius shaped what quick Emotion found.
One rule, like light, for every bosom glowed,
Yet hid from all the fountain whence it flowed.

But gone that blessed Age!—our wilful pride
Has lost, with Nature, the old peaceful Guide.
Feeling, no more to raise us and rejoice,
Is heard and honoured as a Godhead's voice;
And, disenhallowed in its eldest cell
The Human Heart,—lies mute the Oracle;
Save where, withdrawn into itself and still,
Listens the soul, and feels the murmur thrill,

Seeking within lost Nature's steps to track,
Till, found once more, she gives him wisdom back!
Hast thou—(O Blest, if so, whate'er betide!)—
Still kept the Guardian Angel by thy side?
Can thy Heart's guileless childhood yet rejoice
In the sweet instinct with its warning voice?
Does Truth yet limn upon untroubled eyes,
Pure and serene, her world of Iris-dyes?
Rings clear the echo that her accent calls
Back from the breast on which the music falls?
In the calm mind is doubt yet hush'd,—and will
That doubt to-morrow as to-day be still?
Will all these fine sensations in their play,
No censor need to regulate and sway?[1]
Fear'st thou not in the insidious Heart to find
The source of trouble to the limpid mind?

No!—then thine innocence thy Mentor be!
Science can teach thee nought—she learns from thee!
Each law that lends lame succour to the Weak—
The cripple's crutch—the vigorous need not seek!
From thine own self thy rule of action draw;—
That which thou dost—what charms thee—is thy Law,
And founds to every race a code sublime:
What pleases Genius gives a Law to Time!
The Word—the Deed—all Ages shall command,
Pure if thy lip, and holy if thy hand!

[1] Will this play of fine sensations (or sensibilities) require no censor to control it?—*i. e.*, will it always work spontaneously for good, and run into no passionate excess?

Thou, thou alone mark'st not within thy heart
The inspiring God whose Minister thou art,
Know'st not the magic of the mighty ring
Which bows the realm of Spirits to their King;
But meek, nor conscious of diviner birth,
Glide thy still footsteps through the conquer'd Earth!

ULYSSES.

To gain his home all oceans he explor'd—
Here Scylla frown'd, and there Charybdis roar'd;
Horror on sea, and horror on the land—
In hell's dark boat he sought the spectre land,
Till borne—a slumberer—to his native spot,
He woke—and, sorrowing, knew his country not!

VOTIVE TABLETS.

UNDER this title Schiller arranged that more dignified and philosophical portion of the small Poems published as Epigrams in the *Musen Almanach;* which rather sought to point a general thought than a personal satire.—Many of these, however, are either wholly without interest for the English reader, or express in almost untranslateable laconism what, in far more poetical shapes, Schiller has elsewhere repeated and developed. We, therefore, content ourselves with such a selection as appears to us best suited to convey a fair notion of the object and spirit of the class.

MOTTO TO THE VOTIVE TABLETS.

What the God taught—what has befriended all
Life's ways, I place upon the Votive Wall.

THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

(ZWEIERLEI WIRKUNGSARTEN.)

Achieve the Good, and godlike plants, possest
Already by mankind, thou nourishest;
Create the Beautiful, and seeds are sown
For godlike plants, to man as yet unknown.

VALUE AND WORTH.

IF thou *hast* something, bring thy goods—a fair return be thine;
If thou *art* something, bring thy soul and interchange with mine.

THE DIVISION OF RANKS.

YES, in the moral world, as ours, we see
Divided grades—a Soul's Nobility;
By deeds their titles common men create—
The loftier order are by birthright great.[1]

TO THE MYSTICS.

LIFE has its mystery;—True, it is that one
Surrounding all, and yet perceived by none.[2]

THE KEY.

To know *thyself*—in others self discern;
Wouldst thou know others? read thyself—and learn!

WISDOM AND PRUDENCE.

WOULDST thou the loftiest height of Wisdom gain?
On to the rashness, Prudence would disdain;
The purblind see but the receding shore,
Not that to which the bold wave wafts thee o'er!

[1] This idea is often repeated, somewhat more clearly, in the haughty philosophy of Schiller. He himself says elsewhere, "In a fair soul each single action is not properly moral, but the whole character is moral. The fair soul has no other service than the instincts of its own beauty." "Common Natures," observes Hoffmeister, "can only act as it were by rule and law; the Noble are of themselves morally good, and humanly beautiful."

[2] Query?—the Law of Creation, both physical and moral.

THE UNANIMITY.

TRUTH seek we both—Thou, in the life without thee and around;
I in the heart within—by both can Truth alike be found;
The healthy eye can through the world the great Creator track—
The healthy heart is but the glass which gives Creation back.

POLITICAL MAXIM.

(The following very close translation is communicated by a distinguished friend.)

ALL should be right that thou doëst; that, friend, is a sound proposition;
Let it content thee, nor think all that is right thou shouldst do.
True zeal counts it enough to bring what *is* to perfection;
To make the perfect *to be*, labours the zeal that is false.

TO ASTRONOMERS.

OF your Nebulæ[1] and planets tease me not with your amount;
What! is Nature only mighty inasmuch as you can count?
Inasmuch as you can measure her immeasurable ways?
As she renders world on world, sun and system to your gaze?

[1] Nebelflecke—*i. e.*, the nebulous matter which puzzles astronomers.

Though through space your object be the Sublimest to embrace,
Never the Sublime abideth—where you vainly search—in space![1]

THE BEST GOVERNED STATE.

How the best state to know?—it is found out
Like the best woman;—that least talked about.

MY BELIEF.

What thy religion? those thou namest—none?
None, why—because I have religion!

FRIEND AND FOE.

Dear is my friend—yet from my foe, as from my friend, comes good;
My friend shows what I *can* do, and my foe shows what I *should*.

LIGHT AND COLOUR.

Dwell, Light, beside the changeless God—God spoke and Light began;
Come, thou, the ever-changing one—come, Colour, down to Man!

[1] *i. e.*—The Sublime is the Moral Law: its kingdom is where time and space are not.

FORUM OF WOMEN.

Woman—to judge man rightly—do not scan
Each separate act ;—pass judgment on the Man!

GENIUS.

Intellect can repeat what's been fulfill'd,
And, aping Nature, as she buildeth—build ;
O'er Nature's base can haughty Reason dare
To pile its lofty castle—in the air.
But only thine, O Genius, is the charge,
In Nature's kingdom Nature to enlarge!

THE IMITATOR.

Good out of good—that art is known to all—
But Genius from the bad the good can call;
Thou, Mimic, turn'st the same old substance o'er,
And seek'st to fashion what was form'd before ;
Ev'n that to Genius from thy hand escapes,
And lends but matter to the mind that shapes.

CORRECTNESS.

The calm correctness, where no fault we see,
Attests Art's loftiest or its least degree ;
That ground in common two extremes may claim—
Strength most consummate, feebleness most tame.

THE MASTER.

THE herd of scribes, by what they tell us,
Show all in which their wits excel us;
But the True Master we behold,
In what his art leaves—just untold.

EXPECTATION AND FULFILMENT.

O'ER Ocean, with a thousand masts, sails forth the stripling bold—
One boat, hard rescued from the deep, draws into port the old!

THE EPIC HEXAMETER.

(TRANSLATED BY COLERIDGE.)

STRONGLY it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.

THE ELEGIAC METRE.

(TRANSLATED BY COLERIDGE.)

IN the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column,
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.[1]

[1] I have ventured to borrow these two translations from Coleridge's poems, because what Coleridge did well, no living man could have the presumptuous hope to improve.

OTHER EPIGRAMS, &c.

GIVE me that which thou know'st—I'll receive and attend;
But thou giv'st me thyself—prithee, spare me, my friend!

THE PROSELYTE MAKER.

"A LITTLE earth from out the Earth—and I
The Earth will move;" so spake the Sage divine.
Out of myself one little moment—try
Myself to take:—succeed, and I am thine!

THE CONNECTING MEDIUM.

WHAT to cement the lofty and the mean
Does Nature?—what?—place vanity between!

THE MORAL POET.

This is an Epigram on Lavater's work, called *Pontius Pilatus, oder der Mensch in allen Gestalten*, &c.—HOFFMEISTER.

"How poor a thing is man!" alas, 'tis true
I'd half forgot it—when I chanced on you!

SCIENCE.

To some she is the Goddess great, to some the milch-cow of the field;
Their care is but to calculate—what butter she will yield.

KANT AND HIS COMMENTATORS.

How many starvelings one rich man can nourish!
When monarchs build, the rubbish-carriers flourish.

TO

THE HEREDITARY PRINCE OF SAXE WEIMAR,

ON HIS JOURNEY TO PARIS, WRITTEN FEBRUARY 1802.

(Sung in a friendly circle.)

To the Wanderer a bowl to the brim!
This Vale on his infancy smiled;
Let the Vale send a blessing to him,
Whom it cradled to sleep as a child!

He goes from his Forefathers' halls—
From the arms that embraced him at birth—
To the City that trophies its walls
With the spoils it has ravish'd from earth!

The thunder is silent, and now
The War and the Discord are ended;
And Man o'er the crater may bow,
Whence the stream of the lava descended.

O fair be the fate to secure
Thy way through the perilous track;
The heart Nature gave thee is pure,
Bring it pure, as it goes from us, back.

Those lands the wild hoofs of the steeds,
War yoked for the carnage, have torn;
But Peace, laughing over the meads,
Comes, strewing the gold of the corn.

Thou the old Father Rhine wilt be greeting,
By whom *thy* great Father [1] shall be
Remembered so long as is fleeting
His stream to the beds of the Sea;—

There, honour the Heroes of old,
And pour to our Warden, the Rhine,
Who keeps on our borders his hold,
A cup from his own merry wine;

That thou may'st, as a guide to thy youth,
The soul of the Fatherland find,
When thou passest the bridge where the Truth
Of the German, thou leavest behind.

[1] Duke Bernard of Weimar, one of the great Generals of the Thirty Years' War.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND DEVOTING HIMSELF TO PHILOSOPHY.

Severe the proof the Grecian youth was doom'd to undergo,
Before he might what lurks beneath the Eleusinia know—
Art *thou* prepared and ripe, the shrine—that inner shrine—to win?
Where Pallas guards from vulgar eyes the mystic prize within?
Know'st thou what bars thy way? how dear the bargain thou dost make,
When but to buy uncertain good, sure good thou dost forsake?
Feel'st thou sufficient strength to brave the deadliest human fray—
When Heart from Reason—Sense from Thought, shall rend themselves away?
Sufficient valour, war with Doubt, the Hydra-shape, to wage;
And that worst Foe within thyself with manly soul engage?
With eyes that keep their heavenly health—the innocence of youth
To guard from every falsehood, fair beneath the mask of Truth?
Fly, if thou can'st not trust thy heart to guide thee on the way—
Oh, fly the charmëd margin, ere the abyss engulf its prey.
Round many a step that seeks the light, the shades of midnight close;
But in the glimmering twilight, see—how safely Childhood goes!

THE PUPPET-SHOW OF LIFE.

(DAS SPIEL DES LEBENS.)

A PARAPHRASE.

A LITERAL version of this Poem, which possibly may have been suggested by some charming passages in *Wilhelm Meister*, would be incompatible with the spirit which constitutes its chief merit. And perhaps, therefore, the original may be more faithfully rendered (like many of the Odes of Horace) by paraphrase than translation. — In the general idea, as in all Schiller's Poems of this kind, something more is implied than expressed. He has treated, elsewhere, the Ideal or Shadowy life in earnest. He here represents the Actual as a game; the chief images it brings to view are those of strife and contest; to see it rightly you must not approach too near; and regard the Actual Stage only by the lights of Love. True to his chivalry to the sex, even in sport, as in earnest, Schiller places the prize of life in the hand of Woman.

Ho—ho—my puppet-show!
Ladies and gentlemen see my show!
Life and the world—look here, in troth,
Though but *in parvo*, I promise ye both!
The world and life—they shall both appear;
But both are best seen when you're not too near;
And every lamp from the stage to the porch,
Must be lighted by Venus, from Cupid's torch;
Never a moment, if rules can tempt ye,
Never a moment my scene is empty!

Here is the babe in his leading-strings—
  Here is the boy at play ;
Here is the passionate youth with wings,
  Like a bird's on a stormy day,
To and fro, waving here and there,
Down to the earth and aloft through the air ;
Now see the man, as for combat enter—
Where is the peril he fears to adventure ?
  See how the puppets speed on to the race,
Each his own fortune pursues in the chase ;
How many the rivals, how narrow the space !
But, hurry and scurry, O mettlesome game !
The cars roll in thunder, the wheels rush in flame.
How the brave dart onward, and pant and glow !
How the craven behind them come creeping slow—
Ha ! ha ! see how Pride gets a terrible fall !
See how Prudence, or Cunning, out-races them all !
See how at the goal, with her smiling eyes,
Ever waits Woman to give the prize !

THE MINSTRELS OF OLD.

WHERE now the minstrel of the large renown,
Rapturing with living words the heark'ning throng;
Charming the Man to Heaven, and earthward down
Charming the God,—who wing'd the soul with song?
Yet lives the minstrel, not the deeds;—the lyre
Of old demands ears that of old believed it—
Bards of bless'd time—how flew your living fire
From lip to lip! how race from race received it!
As if a God, men hallow'd with devotion—
What GENIUS, speaking, shaping, wrought below,
The glow of song inflamed the ear's emotion,
The ear's emotion gave the song the glow;
Each nurturing each—back on his soul—its tone
Whole nations echoed with a rapture-peal;
Then all around the heavenly splendour shone
Which now the heart, and scarce the heart can feel.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW CENTURY.

WHERE can Peace find a refuge?—whither, say,
Can Freedom turn?—lo, friend, before our view
The CENTURY rends itself in storm away,
And, red with slaughter, dawns on earth the New.
The girdle of the lands is loosen'd;[1]—hurl'd
To dust the forms old Custom deem'd divine,—
Safe from War's fury not the watery world;—
Safe not the Nile-God nor the antique Rhine.
Two mighty nations make the world their field,
Deeming the world is for their heirloom given;
Against the freedom of all lands they wield
This—Neptune's trident; that—the Thund'rer's levin.
Gold to their scales each region must afford;
And, as fierce Brennus in Gaul's early tale,
The Frank casts in the iron of his sword,
To poise the balance, where the right may fail—
Like some huge Polypus, with arms that roam
Outstretch'd for prey—the Briton spreads his reign;
And, as if Ocean were his household home,
Locks up the chambers of the liberal main.
On to the Pole where shines, unseen, the Star,
Onward his restless course unbounded flies;

[1] That is—the settled political system—the balance of power.

Tracks every isle and every coast afar,
And undiscover'd leaves but—Paradise!
Alas, in vain on earth's wide chart, I ween,
Thou seek'st that holy realm, beneath the sky,
Where Freedom dwells in gardens ever green—
And blooms the Youth of fair Humanity!
O'er shores where sail ne'er rustled to the wind,
O'er the vast universe, may rove thy ken;
But in the universe thou canst not find
A space sufficing for ten happy men!
In the heart's holy stillness only beams
The shrine of refuge from life's stormy throng;
Freedom is only in the land of Dreams;
And only blooms the Beautiful in Song!

We have now concluded the Poems composed in the Third or maturest Period of Schiller's life. . . . From this portion only have been omitted, in the Translation, (besides some of the moral or epigrammatic sentences to which we have before alluded,) a very few pieces, which, whatever their merit in the original, would be wholly without interest for the general English reader,—viz., the satirical lines on Shakspeare's Translators,—"The Philosopher," "The Rivers," "The Jeremiad," "The Remonstrance," addressed to Goethe on producing Voltaire's "Mahomet" on the Stage, in which the same ideas have been already expressed by Schiller in poems of more liberal and general application; and three or four occasional pieces in albums, &c.

The "Farewell to the Reader," which properly belongs to this division of the Poems, has been transferred, as the fitting conclusion, to the last place in the entire translation.

Second Period.

The Poems included in the Second Period of Schiller's literary career are few, but remarkable for their beauty, and deeply interesting from the struggling and anxious state of mind which some of them depict. It was, both to his taste and to his thought, a period of visible transition. He had survived the wild and irregular power which stamps, with fierce and somewhat sensual characters, the productions of his youth; but he had not attained that serene repose of strength—that calm, bespeaking depth and fulness, which is found in the best writings of his maturer years. In point of style, the Poems in this division have more facility and sweetness than those of his youth, and perhaps more evident vigour, more popular *verve* and *gusto* than many composed in his riper manhood: in point of thought, they mark that era through which few men of inquisitive and adventurous genius—of sanguine and impassioned temperament, and of education chiefly self-formed, undisciplined, and imperfect—have failed to pass—the era of doubt and gloom, of self-conflict, and of self-torture. In *The Robbers*, and much of the poetry written in the same period of Schiller's life, there is a bold and wild imagination, which attacks rather than questions—innovates rather than examines—seizes upon subjects of vast social import, that float on the surface of opinion, and assails them with a blind and half-savage rudeness, according as they offend the enthusiasm of unreasoning youth. But now this eager and ardent mind had paused to contemplate; its studies were turned to philosophy and history—a more practical

knowledge of life (though in this last, Schiller, like most German authors, was ever more or less deficient in variety and range) had begun to soften the stern and fiery spirit which had hitherto sported with the dangerous elements of social revolution. And while this change was working, before its feverish agitation subsided into that spiritual philosophy which is the antipodes of scepticism, it was natural that, to the energy which had asserted, denounced, and dogmatised, should succeed the reaction of despondency and distrust. Vehement indignation at "the solemn plausibilities" of the world pervades *The Robbers*. In *Don Carlos*, the passion is no longer vehement indignation, but mournful sorrow — not indignation that hypocrisy reigns, but sorrow that honesty cannot triumph — not indignation that formal Vice usurps the high places of the world, but sorrow that, in the world, warm and generous Virtue glows, and feels, and suffers—without reward. So, in the poems of this period, are two that made a considerable sensation on their first appearance — *The Conflict*, (published originally under the title of *The Freethinking of Passion*,) and *Resignation*. They present a melancholy view of the moral struggles in the heart of a noble and virtuous man. From the first of these poems, Schiller, happily and wisely, at a later period of his life, struck out the passages most calculated to offend. What hand would dare to restore them? The few stanzas that remain still suggest the outline of dark and painful thoughts, which is filled up in the more elaborate, and, in many respects, exquisite, poem of *Resignation*. Virtue exacting all sacrifices, and giving no reward—Belief which denies enjoyment, and has no bliss save its own faith; such is the sombre lesson of the melancholy poet—the more impressive because *so far* it is truth—deep and everlasting truth—but only, to a Christian, a part of truth. Resignation, so sad if not looking beyond the earth, becomes joy, when assured and confident of heaven. Another poem in this intermediate collection was no less subjected to severe animadversion—viz., *The Gods of Greece*. As the Poem, however, now stands, though one or two expressions are not free from objection, it can only be regarded as a Poet's lament for the Mythology which was the Fount of poetry, and certainly

not as a Reasoner's defence of Paganism in disparagement of Christianity.[1] But the fact is, that Schiller's mind was so essentially religious, that we feel more angry, when he whom we would gladly hail as our light and guide, only darkens us or misleads, than we should with the absolute infidelity of a less grave and reverent genius. Yet a period—a transition state—of doubt and despondency is perhaps common to men in proportion to their natural dispositions to faith and veneration. With them, it comes from keen sympathy with undeserved sufferings — from grief at wickedness triumphant — from too intense a brooding over the mysteries involved in the government of the world. Scepticism of this nature can but little injure the frivolous, and will be charitably regarded by the wise. Schiller's mind soon outgrew the state which, to the mind of a poet, above all men, is most ungenial, but the sadness which the struggle bequeathed seems to have wrought a complete revolution in all his preconceived opinions. The wild creator of *The Robbers*, drunk with liberty, and audacious against all restraint, becomes the champion of "Holy Order," —the denouncer of the French Republic—the panegyrist of an Ideal Life, which should entirely separate Genius the Restless from Society the Settled. And as his impetuous and stormy vigour matured into the lucent and tranquil art of *Der Spaziergang*, *Wallenstein*, and *Die Braut von Messina*, so his philosophy threw itself into calm respect for all that custom sanctioned, and convention hallowed.

But even during the painful transition, of which, in his minor poems, glimpses alone are visible, Scepticism, with Schiller, never insults the devoted, nor mocks the earnest mind. It may have sadness—but never scorn. It is the question of a traveller who has lost his way in the great wilderness, but who mourns with his fellow-seekers, and has no bitter laughter for their wander-

[1] Schiller himself, in some of his characteristic remarks upon the true aim of Art, (viz., the Beautiful,) says, referring to this poem—"The gods of Greece, whom I place in the foreground, are only the loveable qualities of the Greek Mythology collected together in one picture."—SCHILLER'S *Correspondence with* KÖRNER. —— N. B. In citations from this correspondence I generally employ the translation by Mr Simpson.

ings from the goal. This Division begins, indeed, with a Hymn which atones for whatever pains us in the two Poems whose strain and spirit so gloomily contrast it—viz., the matchless and immortal *Hymn to Joy*. And it is peculiarly noticeable, that, whatever Schiller's state of mind upon theological subjects at the time that this hymn was composed, and though all doctrinal stamp and mark be carefully absent from it, it is yet a poem that never could have been written but in a Christian age, in a Christian land — but by a man whose whole soul and heart had been at one time (nay, *was* at the *very moment* of composition) inspired and suffused with that firm belief in God's goodness and His justice—that full assurance of rewards beyond the grave—that exulting and seraphic cheerfulness which associates Joy with the Creator — and that animated affection for the Brotherhood of Mankind, which Christianity — and Christianity alone, in its pure, orthodox gospel form, needing no aid from schoolman or philosopher—taught and teaches.

HYMN TO JOY.

THE origin of the following Hymn is said to be this: — Schiller, when at Leipsic, or its vicinity, saved a poor student of theology, impelled by destitution and the fear of starvation, from drowning himself in the river Pleisse. Schiller gave him what money he had; obtained his promise to relinquish the thought of suicide, at least while the money lasted; and a few days afterwards, amidst the convivialities of a marriage feast, related the circumstance so as to affect all present. A subscription was made, which enabled the student to complete his studies, and ultimately to enter into an official situation. Elated with the success of his humanity, it is to Humanity that Schiller consecrated this ode.——N.B. There is a slight variation in the metre of the translation from that in the original.

SPARK from the fire that Gods have fed—
Joy—thou Elysian Child divine,
Fire-drunk, our airy footsteps tread,
O Holy One! thy holy shrine.
Strong custom rends us from each other—
Thy magic all together brings;
And man in man but hails a brother,
Wherever rest thy gentle wings.

Chorus—Embrace, ye millions—let this kiss,
Brothers, embrace the earth below!
Yon starry worlds that shine on this,
One common Father know!

He who this lot from fate can grasp—
Of one true friend the friend to be—
He who one faithful maid can clasp,
Shall hold with us his jubilee;
Yes, each who but one single heart
In all the earth can claim his own!—
Let him who cannot, stand apart,
And weep beyond the pale, alone!

Chorus—Homage to sacred Sympathy,
All ye within Creation's ring;
Up to yon star-pavilions—she
Leads to the Unknown King!

All being drinks the mother-dew
Of joy from Nature's holy bosom;
And Vice and Worth alike pursue
Her steps that strew the blossom.
On us[1] the grape—on us the kiss—
On us is faithful love bestow'd;
And on the worm the sensual bliss;
And on the Cherub, room by God!

Chorus—And wherefore prostrate fall, ye millions?
No, starward lift adoring eyes;
For throned above the star-pavilions
Dwells He who built the skies.

[1] To *us*, emphatically. Schiller means to discriminate the measure of bliss assigned to *us*, (Mankind,) to the *worm*, and to the *cherub*.

Joy is the mainspring in the whole
Of endless Nature's calm rotation;
Joy moves the dazzling wheels that roll
In the great Timepiece of Creation;
Joy breathes on buds, and flowers they are;
Joy beckons—suns come forth from heaven;
Joy rolls the spheres in realms afar,
Ne'er to thy glass, dim Wisdom, given!

Chorus—Joyous as Suns careering gay
Along their royal paths on high,
March, Brothers, march your dauntless way,
As Chiefs to Victory!

Joy, from Truth's pure and lambent fires,
Smiles out upon the ardent seeker;
Joy leads to Virtue Man's desires,
And cheers as Suffering's step grows weaker.
High from the sunny slopes of Faith,
The gales her waving banners buoy;
And through the shatter'd vaults of Death,
Lo, mid the choral Angels—Joy!

Chorus—Then, bravely bear this life, ye millions—
Bear this for that beyond the sod,
Assured that o'er the star-pavilions
Reward awaits with God.

And fair it is like gods to be,
  Although their gifts we ne'er requite:
Go, soothe the pangs of Misery—
  Go, share the gladness with Delight.—
Revenge and hatred both forgot,
  Have nought but pardon for thy foe;
May sharp repentance grieve him not,
  No curse one tear of ours bestow!

Chorus—Let all the world be peace and love—
    Cancel thy debt-book with thy brother;
  For God shall judge of *us* above,
    As we shall judge each other!

Joy sparkles to us from the bowl—
  Behold the juice whose golden colour
To meekness melts the savage soul,
  And gives Despair a Hero's valour.
Up, brothers!—Brothers all, arise,
  And fill the goblet to the brim—
Now while the wine foams to the skies,
  To THE GOOD SPIRIT this glass!—To HIM!

Chorus—Praised by the ever-whirling ring
    Of Stars, and tuneful Seraphim—
  To THE GOOD SPIRIT—the Father-King
    In Heaven!—This glass to Him!

Firm mind to bear what Fate bestows ;
  Comfort to tears in sinless eyes ;
Faith kept alike with Friends and Foes ;
  Man's Oath eternal as the skies ;
Manhood—the thrones of Kings to girth,
  At whatsoever cost the prize ;
Success to Merit's honest worth ;
  Perdition to the Brood of Lies !

Chorus—Draw closer in the holy ring,
    Swear by the wine-cup's golden river—
  Swear by the Stars, and by their King,
    To keep our vow for ever !

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

She comes, she comes—the Burthen of the Deeps!
Beneath her wails the Universal Sea!
With clanking chains and a new God, she sweeps,
And with a thousand thunders, unto thee!
The ocean-castles and the floating hosts—
Ne'er on their like, look'd the wild waters!—Well
May man the monster name "Invincible."
O'er shudd'ring waves she gathers to thy coasts!
The horror that she spreads can claim
Just title to her haughty name.
The trembling Neptune quails
Under the silent and majestic forms;
The Doom of Worlds in those dark sails;—
Near and more near she sweeps! And slumber all the Storms!

Before thee, the array,
Blest island, Empress of the Sea!
The sea-born squadrons threaten thee,
And thy great heart, Britannia!
Woe to thy people, of their freedom proud—
She rests, a thunder heavy in its cloud!
Who, to thy hand the orb and sceptre gave,
That thou should'st be the sovereign of the nations?

To tyrant kings thou wert thyself the slave,
Till Freedom dug from Law its deep foundations;
The mighty CHART thy citizens made kings,
And kings to citizens sublimely bow'd!
And thou thyself, upon thy realm of water,
Hast thou not render'd millions up to slaughter,
When thy ships brought upon their sailing wings
The sceptre—and the shroud?
What should'st thou thank?—Blush, Earth, to hear and feel:
What should'st thou thank?—Thy genius and thy steel!
Behold the hidden and the giant fires!
Behold thy glory trembling to its fall!
Thy coming doom the round earth shall appall,
And all the hearts of freemen beat for thee,
And all free souls their fate in thine foresee—
Theirs is *thy* glory's fall!

One look below the Almighty gave,
Where stream'd the lion-flags of thy proud foe;
And near and wider yawn'd the horrent grave.
"And who," saith HE, "shall lay mine England low—
The stem that blooms with hero deeds—
The rock when man from wrong a refuge needs—
The stronghold where the tyrant comes in vain?
Who shall bid England vanish from the main?
Ne'er be this only Eden Freedom knew,
Man's stout defence from Power, to Fate consign'd."

God the Almighty blew,
And the Armada went to every wind!