

## THE CONFLICT.

No! I this conflict longer will not wage,  
 The conflict Duty claims—the giant task ;—  
 Thy spells, O Virtue, never can assuage  
 The heart's wild fire ;—this offering do not ask !

True, I have sworn—a solemn vow have sworn,  
 That I myself will curb the self within ;  
 Yet take thy wreath, no more it shall be worn—  
 Take back thy wreath, and leave me free to sin.

Rent be the contract I to thee did plight ;  
 She loves me—loves !—thy forfeit crown recall !  
 Bless'd is he who, drunken with delight,  
 Falls likes myself, how deep soe'er the fall !

Her heart the worm that wastes my own divines,—  
 My blighted spring with pitying eyes she sees ;  
 And, for the all my hero soul resigns,  
 A hero's guerdon tenderly decrees.

Distrust this angel purity, fair soul !  
 It is to guilt thy pity armeth me ;  
 Could Being lavish its unmeasured whole,  
 Hath it a gift that can compare with *Thee* !—

With the dear guilt I ever seek to shun ?  
 O tyranny of fate, O wild desires !  
 My virtue's only crown can but be won  
 In that last breath—when virtue's self expires !

---

RESIGNATION.

AND I, too, was amidst Arcadia born,  
 And Nature seem'd to woo me ;  
 And to my cradle such sweet joys were sworn :  
 And I, too, was amidst Arcadia born,  
 Yet the short spring gave only tears unto me !  
 Life but one blooming holiday can keep—  
 For me the bloom is fled ;  
 The silent Genius of the darker Sleep  
 Turns down my torch—and weep, my brethren, weep—  
 Weep, for the light is dead !  
 Upon thy bridge the shadows round me press,  
 O dread Eternity !  
 And I have known no moment that can bless ;—  
 Take back this letter meant for Happiness—  
 The seal's unbroken—see !  
 Before thee, Judge, whose eyes the dark-spun veil  
 Conceals, my murmur came ;

On this our orb a glad belief prevails,  
 That thine the earthly sceptre and the scales,  
     REQUITER is thy name.

Terrors, they say, thou dost for Vice prepare,  
     And joys the good shall know ;  
 Thou canst the heart through all its windings bare ;  
 Thou canst the riddle of our fate declare,  
     And keep account with Woe.  
 With thee a home smiles for the exiled one—  
     There ends the thorny strife.

Unto my sight a godlike vision won,  
 Called TRUTH, (few know her, and the many shun,)  
     And check'd the reins of life.

“ I will repay thee in the world to be—  
     Give thou to me thy youth ;  
 Nought save this surety can I grant to thee ! ”  
 I heard, and, trusting in the world to be,  
     Gave my young joys to Truth.

“ Give me thy Laura, dearest to thy heart,  
     And I, beyond the grave,  
 Will tenfold pay thee every pang to part.”  
 I tore her bleeding from the wounded heart,  
     And wept aloud—and gave.  
 Laugh'd out the world—“ The bond thou trustest to  
     Is drawn upon the Dead.  
 The tool of despots palm'd upon thy view  
 A shade, and call'd it Truth—this bond is due  
     The day thy days are sped.”

"Tremblest thou," hiss'd the serpent brood in scorn,  
 "Before the vain deceit?  
 Made holy by convention, stale and worn;  
 Gods of Man's need and of Man's cunning born—  
 The sick world's solemn cheat?  
 What is this Future underneath the stone  
 Which earth-born never saw?  
 Why is it revered, but because unknown?  
 A shadow on the glass of Conscience thrown  
 By our own craven awe.—  
 Life's counterfeit, by Hope the fair deceiver,  
 Embalm'd, with death to lie!  
 Time's bloodless mummy, nich'd in tombs for ever,  
 Which the craz'd fancy of delirious fever  
 Calls '*Immortality!*'  
 Giv'st thou sure joy for hope that disappears  
 Into corrupted mould?  
 Death has been silent for six thousand years;  
 Nor from the grave one corpse to living ears  
 Of the Requirer told."  
 I saw Time flying to thy promised shore;  
 Behind him, bloomless now,  
 Nature lay corpse-like;—silent, as of yore,  
 Was Death—and still my trustful soul the more  
 Clung to thy solemn vow.—  
 Judge!—All my joys to thee did I resign,  
 All that did most delight me;  
 And now I kneel;—man's scorn I scorn'd;—thy shrine  
 Have I ador'd;—Thee only held divine;—  
 Requirer, now requite me!

“For all my sons an equal love I know,  
    And equal each condition,”  
Answer’d an unseen Genius—“See below,  
Two flowers, for all who rightly seek them, blow—  
    The HOPE and the FRUITION.  
He who has pluck’d the one, resign’d must see  
    The sister’s forfeit bloom :  
Let Unbelief enjoy—Belief must be  
All to the chooser ;—the world’s history  
    Is the world’s judgment doom.  
Thou hast had HOPE—in thy belief thy prize—  
    Thy bliss was centred in it :  
Thou mightst have learned, hadst thou but ask’d the wise,  
That all Eternity ne’er resupplies,  
    The sum struck from the minute !”

## THE GODS OF GREECE.

## I.

YE in the age gone by,  
 Who ruled the world—a world how lovely then!—  
 And guided still the steps of happy men  
   In the light leading-strings of careless joy!  
 Ah, flourish'd then your service of delight!  
   How different, oh, how different, in the day  
 When thy sweet fanes with many a wreath were bright,  
 O Venus Amathusia!

## II.

Then, the soft veil of dreams  
 Round Truth poetic, witching Fancies wreath'd;  
 Through all creation overflowed the streams  
   Of Life—and things now senseless, felt and breath'd.  
 Man gifted Nature with divinity  
   To lift and link her to the breast of Love;  
 All things betray'd to the initiate eye  
   The track of gods above!

## III.

Where lifeless, fix'd afar,  
 A flaming ball to our dull sense is given,  
 Phœbus Apollo, in his golden car,  
 In silent glory swept the fields of heaven !  
 Then lived the Dryads in yon forest trees ;  
 Then o'er yon mountains did the Oread roam ;  
 And from the urns of gentle Naiades  
 Well'd the wave's silver foam.

## IV.

Yon bay, chaste Daphnè wreathed ;  
 Yon stone was mournful Niobe's mute cell ;  
 Low through yon sedges pastoral Syrinx breathed ;  
 And through those groves melodious Philomel ;  
 The tears of Ceres swell'd in yonder rill—  
 Tears shed for Proserpine, to Hades borne ;  
 And, for her lost Adonis, yonder hill  
 Heard Cytherea mourn !—

## V.

Celestials left their skies  
 To mingle with thy race, Deucalion ;  
 And Pyrrha's daughters saw, in shepherd guise,  
 Amid Thessalian vales, Latona's son.  
 Beautiful links with Gods and Heroes then,  
 The Loves uniting, interwove for us ;  
 Heroes and Gods were worshippers with Men  
 In Cyprian Amathus !

## VI.

Your gentle service gay,  
Nor self-denial, nor sharp penance knew ;  
Well might each heart be happy in that day—  
For, were the Happy not akin to you ?  
The Beautiful alone the Holy there !  
No pleasure shamed the Gods of that young race ;  
So that the chaste Camænæ favouring were,  
And the subduing Grace !

## VII.

Your shrines were palaces ;  
Your honouring Ministrants were heroes crown'd ;  
Your rites were sports—the Isthmian jubilees—  
And chariots thund'ring o'er Olympian ground.  
Fair round the altar where the incense breathed,  
Moved your melodious dance inspired ; and fair  
Above victorious brows, the garland wreathed  
Sweet leaves round odorous hair !

## VIII.

The shouting Thyrsus-swinger,  
And the wild car the exulting Panthers bore,  
Announced the Presence of the Rapture-Bringer—  
Bounded the Satyr and blithe Faun before ;  
And Mænads, as the frenzy stung the soul,  
Hymn'd, in their madding dance, the glorious wine—  
As ever beckon'd to the lusty bowl  
The ruddy Host divine !



## IX.

Before the bed of death  
 No ghastly spectre stood;—but from the porch  
 Of life, the lip—one kiss inhaled the breath,  
 And a mute Genius gently lower'd his torch.  
 The judgment-balance of the realms below,  
 A judge, himself of mortal lineage, held ;  
 The very Furies, at the Thracian's woe,  
 Were moved and music-spell'd.

## X.

In the Elysian grove  
 The Shades renew'd the pleasures life held dear :  
 The faithful spouse rejoin'd remember'd love,  
 And rushed along the meads the charioteer ;  
 There Linus pour'd the old accustom'd strain ;  
 Admetus there Alcestis still could greet ;  
 His friend once more Orestes could regain,  
 His arrows—Philoctete !<sup>1</sup>

## XI.

More glorious than the meeds  
 To Labour choosing Virtue's path sublime,  
 The grand achievers of renown'd deeds  
 Up to the seats of Gods themselves could climb.

<sup>1</sup> *Philoctete*.—I venture, from the same necessity of euphony and metre, to take the same liberty with the Greek name *Philoctetes*, which Schiller has not scrupled to assume as a just poetic license.

Before the dauntless Rescuer<sup>1</sup> of the dead,  
 Bow'd down the silent and Immortal Host ;  
 And the twin Stars<sup>2</sup> their guiding lustre shed,  
 On the bark tempest-tost !

## XII.

Art thou, fair world, no more ?  
 Return, thou virgin-bloom, on Nature's face ;  
 Ah, only on the Minstrel's magic shore,  
 Can we the footstep of sweet Fable trace !  
 The meadows mourn for the old hallowing life ;  
 Vainly we search the earth of gods bereft ;  
 And where the image with such warmth was rife,  
 A shade alone is left !

## XIII.

Cold, from the North, has gone  
 Over the flowers the blast that kill'd their May ;  
 And, to enrich the worship of the ONE,  
 A Universe of Gods must pass away !  
 Mourning, I search on yonder starry steeps,  
 But thee no more, Selene, there I see !  
 And through the woods I call, and o'er the deeps,  
 No voice replies to me !

<sup>1</sup> Hercules, who recovered from the Shades Alcestis, after she had given her own life to save her husband Admetus. Alcestis in the hands of Euripides (that woman-hater, as he is called!) becomes the loveliest female creation in the Greek Drama.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.*—Castor and Pollux are transferred to the Stars, Hercules to Olympus, for their deeds on earth.

## XIV.

Deaf to the joys she gives—  
 Blind to the pomp of which she is possest—  
 Unconscious of the spiritual Power that lives  
 Around, and rules her—by our bliss unblest—  
 Dull to the Art that colours or creates,  
 Like the dead timepiece, godless NATURE creeps  
 Her plodding round, and, by the leaden weights,  
 The slavish motion keeps.

## XV.

To-morrow to receive  
 New life, she digs her proper grave to-day ;  
 And icy moons with weary sameness weave  
 From their own light their fulness and decay.  
 Home to the Poet's Land the Gods are flown,  
 Light use in *them* that later world discerns,  
 Which, the diviner leading-strings outgrown,  
 On its own axle turns.

## XVI.

Home ! and with them are gone  
 The hues they gazed on and the tones they heard ;  
 Life's Beauty and life's Melody :—alone  
 Broods o'er the desolate void the lifeless Word ;  
 Yet, rescued from Time's deluge, still they throng  
 Unseen the Pindus they were wont to cherish :  
 Ah, that which gains immortal life in Song,  
 To mortal life must perish !

## THE ARTISTS.

THIS justly ranks amongst Schiller's noblest poems. He confessed "that he had hitherto written nothing that so much pleased him—nothing to which he had given so much time." It forms one of the many pieces he has devoted to the Progress of Man. "The Eleusinian Festival" records the social benefits of Agriculture; "The Four Ages" panegyrises the influence of Poetry in all times; "The Walk" traces, in a quick succession of glowing pictures, the development of general civilisation; "The Lay of the Bell" commemorates the stages of Life; and "The Artists," by some years the earliest of the Series, is an elaborate exposition of the effect of Art (*i. e.*, the Fine Arts) upon the happiness and dignity of the Human Species—a lofty Hymn in honour of Intellectual Beauty. Herein are collected, into a symmetrical and somewhat argumentative whole, many favourite ideas of Schiller, which the reader will recognise as scattered throughout his other effusions. About the time when this Poem was composed, the narrow notions of a certain School of mis-called Utilitarians were more prevalent than they deserved; and this fine composition is perhaps the most eloquent answer ever given to those thinkers, who have denied the Morality of Fiction, and considered Poets rather the Perverters than the Teachers of the World. Perhaps, in his just Defence of Art, Schiller has somewhat underrated the dignity of Science; but so many small Philosophers have assailed the divine uses of Poetry, that it may be pardoned to the Poet to vindicate his Art in somewhat too arrogant a tone of retaliation.<sup>1</sup> And it may be fairly contended that Fiction (the several forms of which are comprehended under the name of Art) has exercised an earlier, a more comprehensive, and a more genial influence over the Civilisation and the Happiness of Man, than nine-tenths of that investigation of Facts which is the pursuit of Science.

In the former Edition of these Translations, I thought it desirable

<sup>1</sup> It will be seen, by a note to the text, that it was Wieland who suggested to Schiller the lines on which this preference, before implied, is more emphatically asserted.

not to adopt the various irregularities in metre to be found in the original. In this Edition, however, much of the Translation is entirely rewritten; and I have generally followed Schiller in his alternation of the Lyrical and Didactic. This version is more verbally close than the former one, although the occasional obscurity, and compression of the original have rendered it necessary, as before, sometimes to develop and paraphrase the sense,—to translate the idea as well as the words. For the yet clearer exposition of the train of thought which Schiller pursues, the Poem has been divided into sections, and the Argument of the whole prefixed. If any passages in the version should still appear obscure to those readers who find the mind of Schiller worth attentive study, even when deprived of the melodious language which clothed its thoughts, by referring to the Argument the sense will perhaps become sufficiently obvious.

---

#### ARGUMENT.

SECT. I. Man regarded in his present palmy state of civilisation—free through Reason, strong through Law—the Lord of Nature. (2.) But let him not forget his gratitude to ART, which found him the Savage, and by which his powers have been developed—his soul refined. Let him not degenerate from serving ART, the Queen—to a preference for her handmaids, the Sciences. The Bee and the Worm excel him in diligence and mechanical craft—the Seraph in knowledge—but Art is Man's alone. (3.) It is through the Beautiful that Man gains the Intuition of Law and Knowledge, and the Spiritual World. (4.) The supposed discoveries of Philosophy were long before revealed as symbols to Feeling. Virtue charmed and Vice revolted before the Laws of Solon, and Man, gazing on the Stars, guessed at Eternity before the Sage ventured the attempt to prove it. (5.) That Goddess which in Heaven is Urania—the great Deity whom only pure Spirits can behold—descends to earth as the earthly Venus—viz., the Beautiful. She adapts herself to the childlike understanding. But what we now only adore as Beauty, we shall one day recognise as Truth. (6.) After the Fall of Man, this Goddess—viz., the Beautiful—(comprehending Poetry and Art) alone deigned to console him, and painted on the walls of his Dungeon the Shapes of Elysium. (7.) While Men only worshipped the Beautiful, no Fanaticism hallowed Persecution and Human Sacrifice—without formal Law, without compulsion, they obeyed Virtue rather as an instinct than a duty. (8.) Those dedicated to her service (viz., the Poet and the Artist) hold the highest intellectual rank Man can obtain. (9.) Before Art introduced its own symmetry and method into the world, all was chaos. (10.) You, the Artists, contemplated Nature, and learned to imitate; you observed the light shaft of the cedar, the shadow on the wave. (11.) Thus rose the first

Column of the Sculptor—the first Design of the painter—and the wind sighing through the reed suggested the first Music. (12.) Art's first attempt was in the first choice of flowers for a posy; its second, the weaving of those flowers into a garland—*i. e.*, Art first observes and selects—next blends and unites—the column is ranged with other columns—the individual Hero becomes one of a heroic army—the rude Song becomes an Iliad. (13.) The effect produced by Homeric Song, in noble emulation—nor in this alone; Man learns to live in other woes than his own—to feel pleasures beyond animal enjoyments. (14.) And as this diviner intellectual feeling is developed, are developed also Thought and Civilisation. (15.) In the rudest state of Man, you, the Artists, recognise in his breast the spiritual germ, and warm it into life—true and holy Love awoke with the first Shepherd's love-song. (16.) It is you, the Artists, who, generalising and abstracting, gather all several excellencies into one ideal.—You thus familiarise Man to the notion of the Unknown Powers, whom you invest with the attributes Man admires and adores.—He fears the Unknown, but he loves its shadow.—You suffered the Nature around him to suggest the Prototype of all Beauty. (17.) You make subject to your ends—the passion, the duty, and the instinct—All that is scattered through creation you gather and concentrate, and resolve to the Song or to the Stage—Even the murderer who has escaped justice, conscience-stricken by the Eumenides on the scene, reveals himself—Long before Philosophy hazarded its dogmas, an Iliad solved the riddles of Fate—And with the wain of Thespis wandered a Providence. (18.) Where your symmetry, your design, fail in this world, they extend into the world beyond the grave—Life compared to an arch, the segment of a circle—in order to complete the circle, your eye followed it through the grave, where the torch of Castor is extinguished, that of his twin brother, Pollux, is illumed—the former compared to that portion of the moon which is in darkness, the latter to that portion which is light.—(The allusion to the new moon continues the image of the circle, which is complete, though one-half is invisible.) (19.) Not contented with bestowing immortality on Man—you furnish forth from Man the ideal of the Immortals—Virgin Beauty grows into a Pallas—manly strength into a Jove. (20.) As the world without you is thus enlarged, and the world within you agitated and enriched, your Art extends to Philosophy:—For as the essentials of Art are symmetry and design, so the Artist extends that symmetry and that design into the system of Creation, the Laws of Nature, the Government of the World;—Lends to the spheres its own harmony—to the Universe its own symmetric method. (21.) The Artist, thus recognising *Contrivance* everywhere, feels his life surrounded with Beauty—He has before him in Nature itself an eternal model of the Perfect and Consummate—Through joy—grief—terror—wherever goes his course—one stream of harmony murmurs by his side—The Graces are his companions—his life glides away amidst airy shapes of Beauty—His soul is merged in the divine ocean that flows around him. Fate itself, which is reduced from Chance into Providence, and which furnishes him with themes of pleasurable awe, does not daunt him. (22.) You, Artists, are the sweet and trusty companions of life—You gave us what life has best—Your reward is your own immortality and the gratitude of Men's hearts. (23.) You are the imitators of the Divine Artist, who accompanies power with sweetness, terror with splendour; who adorns himself even in destroying—As a brook that reflects the evening landscape, so on the niggard stream of life shimmers Poetry. You lead us on to the Unknown Bourne, and robe even Death in the garments

of a bride.—As your Urns deck our Bones, so your fair semblances deck our cares.—Through the history of the world, we find that Humanity smiles in your presence and mourns in your absence. (24.) Humanity came young from your hands, and when it grew old and decayed, you gave it a second youth.—Time has bloomed twice from seeds sown by Art. (25.) When the Barbarians chased Civilisation from Greece, you transplanted it to Italy—and, with Civilisation, freedom and gentle manners—Then you retired to leave free scope for the modern genius you had aroused. (26.) If the Philosopher now pursues his course without obstacles—if he now would arrogate the crown, and hold Art but as the first Slave to Science—pardon his vain boast.—Completion and Perfection in reality rest with you.—With you dawned the Spring, in you is matured the Harvest, of the Moral World. (27.) For although Art sprung first from physical materials—the clay and the stone—it soon also embraced in its scope the spiritual and intellectual—Even what Science discovers only ministers to Art.—The Philosopher obtains his first hints from the Poet or Artist—and when his wisdom flowers, as it were, into beauty, it but returns to the service, and is applied to the uses, of its instructor.—When the Philosopher contemplates the Natural World, side by side with the Artist—the more the Latter accumulates images of beauty, and unites the details of the great design, the more the Former enriches the sphere of his observation—the more profound his research—the more bold his speculations—The Imagination always assists the Reason—And Art, which teaches Philosophy to see Art (*i. e.*, Symmetry and Design) everywhere, may humble the Philosopher's pride, but it augments his love.—Thus scattering flowers, Poetry leads on through tones and forms, ever high and higher, pure and purer, till it shall at last attain that point when Poetry becomes but sudden inspiration and the instantaneous intuition of Truth;—when, in fact, the Art sought by the Poet, the Truth sought by the Philosopher, become one. (28.) Then this great Goddess, whom we have hitherto served as the earthly Venus, the Beautiful—shall reassume her blazing crown—and Man, to whose earlier and initiatory probation she has gently familiarised her splendour, shall behold her without a veil—not as the Venus of Earth, but as the Urania of Heaven—Her beauty comprehended by him in proportion to the beauty his soul took from her—So from the Mentor of his youth shone forth Minerva to Telemachus. (29.) To you, O Artists, is committed the dignity of Man—it sinks with you, it revives with you. (30.) In those Ages when Truth is persecuted by the Bigotry of her own time, let her seek refuge in Song.—The charm she takes from the Muse but renders her more fearful to her Foes. (31.) Aspire then constantly, O Artist, to the Supremest Beautiful—covet no meaner rewards.—If the Moral escape you, search for it in Nature.—Remember that the excellent and the perfect ever must be found in whatsoever fair souls esteem fair.—Do not bound yourselves to your own time—Let your works reflect the shadow of the coming Age—It matters not what paths you select—You have before you the whole labyrinth of being—but all its paths for you unite at one throne—As the white breaks into seven tints, as the seven tints re-dissolve into white—so Truth is the same, whether she dazzles us with the splendour of variegated colours, or pervades the Universe with one Stream of Light.

## I.

FAIR, with thy symbol bough of peaceful palm,  
 Fair dost thou stand, in Manhood's lofty calm,  
 On the still century's verge, O Man, sublime !  
 Each sense unfolded, all the soul mature,  
 Grand in the rest which glorious deeds secure—  
 Gentle and firm—the ripest-born of Time !  
 August through meekness ; free through Reason ; strong  
 Through Law—and rich with treasures hoarded long  
 In thy still bosom—Nature's sovereign Lord—  
 Who, while she yielded loving to thy will,  
 In thousand conflicts disciplin'd thy skill,  
 As from the desert with thyself she soar'd.

## II.

Vain of thy victory, do not scorn,  
 Nor prize the less the fostering hand  
 That found thee weeping and forlorn,  
 An orphan on Life's barren strand ;  
 That seiz'd from lawless Chance its prey,  
 Led thy young step with still control,  
 To track betimes the glimmering way  
 To Art's spiritual goal ;  
 And from thy soft'ning breast exil'd  
 Each instinct of the earlier wild.

Honour the Kind One, who, through gentle play,  
 To lofty duties lured thy list'ning youth,



Who through light fables cheered thy sportive way  
 To the grave mysteries of sublimest Truth !  
 And but to stranger arms consign'd, once more  
 To clasp her darling, riper for her lore !  
 O, fall not back from that high faith serene,  
 To serve the handmaids and forsake the Queen ;—  
 In diligent toil thy master is the bee ;  
 In craft mechanical a rival own  
 In the poor silk-worm ; Seraphs share with thee  
 Knowledge : But ART, O Man, is thine alone !

## III.

Through Beauty, to the Land where Knowledge lies,  
 As through the Gates of Morning, went thy way ;  
 And Twilight's veiling charm inured thine eyes  
 To the full blaze of the majestic day.  
 What first thy heart its strength did teach,  
     When thrill'd by music's earlier strings,  
 Invoked the Power that sprang to reach  
     The Soul of all created things !

## IV.

What, after many a weary age in time,  
 By hoary Reason was laborious shown,  
 Lay in the symbol types of the Sublime  
 And Beautiful : intuitively known  
 To the pure childhood of the simple mind.  
 Virtue's fair shape to virtue love could draw,

From vice a gentler impulse warned away,  
 Ere yet a Solon sow'd the formal law  
 That flowered reluctant to the tardy ray.  
 Before the sage expressed, the heart divined ;  
 Ere the bold grasp of Science could embrace  
 The eternal scheme that knits the worlds on high,  
 Who ever gazed upon the starry space,  
 Nor guess'd, so gazing, at Eternity ?

## v.

She, the great Power on whose majestic blaze,  
 When ring'd Orions diadem her brow,  
 None save the purest spirits dare to gaze,  
 While o'er the paling stars that round her bow  
 She takes her seat upon her sunlit throne,  
 Is as URANIA known.<sup>1</sup>

But, laid aside her fiery crown,  
 She comes to earth as BEAUTY down ;  
 The Graces' girdle then she wears,  
 And suiting lore to childlike ears,  
 She takes the shape of childhood while below ;  
 Yet both the holy forms are one,  
 And what as BEAUTY here is won  
 We shall as TRUTH in some hereafter know.

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.*—She who in Heaven is Urania (the Daughter of Uranus by Light) is on earth Venus, the Divinity of Love and Beauty. The Beautiful is to mortals the revelation of Truth. Truth, in its abstract splendour, too bright for the eyes of man in his present state, familiarises itself to him in the shape of the Beautiful.

## VI.

When the Creator from his presence cast  
 Man to thy dark abyss—Mortality—  
 To seek the late return to glory past,  
 Amidst the dim paths of the sensual clay,  
 When every heavenlier Nature from his eye  
 Veil'd its bright face, and swept in scorn away ;  
 She only—she, in the low Human cell,  
 Herself made human, deign'd with him to dwell—  
 Stoop'd round her darling, wings soft brooding ; fann'd  
 With freshening airs the Sense's barren land ;  
 And, kind in bright delusions, limn'd, with all  
 The lost Elysium, life's sad dungeon-wall.

## VII.

Ah, in that tender Nurse's cradling arms—  
 While yet reposed the mild Humanity—  
 No dire religion lent to Murder charms,  
 No victim's blood reek'd guiltless to the sky ;  
 Ever the heart her gentle fetter binds  
 Scorns the cold slavery of Prescription dull ;  
 Still in the Moral, howsoe'er they wind,  
 Merge the bright wanderings of the Beautiful ;  
 Low impulse tempts not, nor can Fate appall  
 Those who her service chaste and pure obey ;  
 They dwell as under some diviner sway ;  
 In their own lives spiritual life recall ;  
 Free and unsinning as before the Fall.

## VIII.

Purest amid the millions earth has known,  
 They to her ministry devoutly bound ;  
 They in whose bosoms she has built her throne ;  
 They from whose lips her oracles resound ;  
 They whom her choice selects to guard her shrine,  
 And feed the altars that for ever shine :  
 Link'd to each other round herself,—alone  
 To their chaste eyes her face unveiled is shown.

Enjoy, O Nature's noblest lords,  
 The place your chartered right insures :  
 The high spiritual world affords  
 No rank to mortal-born like yours !

## IX.

Ere yet unto the early world ye brought  
 SYMMETRY—now through the glad Whole obeyed,  
 An uncouth mass loom'd, struggling out of nought,  
 With sickly glimmers through the night's swart shade.  
 Round it did phantom hosts conflicting throng,  
 Binding the sense in iron slavish thrall ;  
 Rude as itself, confus'dly storm'd along  
 A thousand Powers, and each at war with all ;—  
 So seem'd Creation to Man's savage breast,  
 When to the bright phenomena around  
 But by brute passions bound ;  
 When, all-escaping from the blinded eye,  
 And all unheeded, unenjoyed, unguest,  
 The lovely Soul of Nature pass'd him by.

## X.

Lo, *as* it pass'd him, with a noiseless hand,  
 And tender instinct, each fair neighbouring shade  
 YE seized ; and sought in one harmonious band  
 To link the images your eyes survey'd !  
 Your look, light-soaring, mark'd the cedar rear  
 Its slender shaft, and track'd it as it rose ;  
 Ye saw the sportive image mirror'd clear  
 Back from the crystal the smooth wave bestows.  
 How could ye fail the gentle hints to note  
 Which kind suggestive Nature did impart ?  
 How mark the imitative image float,  
 Nor catch the glimpse of imitative Art ?

Sever'd, Nature, from thy being,  
 Thy sweet phantom-shadow stray'd ;  
 And on streams in silver fleeing,  
 Was the willing captive made.  
 Now, with quick-conceiving thought,  
 Now with eager forming hand,  
 Home the sportive shade ye brought—  
 Fixed it in the clay and sand.  
 Pleased with the toil which life itself bestows,  
 Thus from your breasts the First Creation rose.

## XI.

Seized by the power of thoughtful contemplation.  
 Snared by the eye that stole what it surveyed,  
 The talisman that charms in each creation  
 The fair familiar images betrayed :

Your quicken'd sense perceived the guiding laws ;  
 Your mellowing reason led you to invent ;  
 Ye mark'd how beauty close to beauty draws,  
 And scatter'd graces into union blent :—  
 Thus rise—tall Obelisk, and vast Pyramid—  
 The Hermes stands—the Column soars on high ;  
 The woodland music skills the oaten reed,  
 And Song forbids victorious deeds to die.

## XII.

The happier choice of flowers most sweet or fair,  
 To weave the posy for some Shepherd Maid,  
 Lo, the *first* Art, from Nature born, is there!—  
 Then do the flowers combine into the braid,  
 And wreaths attest that second, loftier art,  
 Which blends in one the blooms before apart !

But, when thus blent, its individual grace  
 Each offspring of the Beautiful must lose ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Proportion, now according each its place,  
 Confounds the separate with the common hues.

<sup>1</sup> " Das Kind der Schönheit sich allein genug,  
 Verliert die Krone," &c.

"What I mean," says Schiller, "is this: Every work of Art, of Beauty, forms a complete whole; and so long as it occupies the Artist, it is the sole engrossing object of his thoughts. Thus, for example, a single statue, a single column, a poetical description—each is self-sufficing. But then, as Art advances, this perfect whole is split into parts of a new and greater one—its final destination is then no longer in itself, but it has an ulterior object, and thence I say it has lost its crown. The statue which before reigned supreme cedes that distinction to the temple which it adorns—the character of Hector is in itself perfect, but is only a subordinate member of the *Iliad*," &c.—SCHILLER'S *Correspondence with KÖRNER*.

Charm'd into scheme by the symmetric hand,  
 Column with column ranged, proud Fanés aspire ;  
 The Hero melts amidst the Hero Band ;  
 And the oat-reed becomes the Homeric Lyre.

## XIII.

Soon round this new Creation in great Song  
 Barbarian wonder gather'd and believed ;  
 " See," cried the emulous and kindled throng,  
 " The deeds a Mortal like ourselves achieved !"  
 Grouped into social circles near and far,  
 Listing the wild tales of the Titan war,  
 Of giants piled beneath the rocks,—and caves  
 Grim with the lion some stout hero braves :  
 Still, while the Minstrel sung, the listeners grew  
 Themselves the Heroes his high fancy drew.  
 Then first did Man the soul's enjoyment find,  
 First know the calmer raptures of the mind  
 Not proved by sense—but from the distance brought ;  
 The joy at deeds himself had never wrought,—  
 Which his own greed, unlike less pure desire,  
 Does not to his own being lustful draw,<sup>1</sup>  
 Incorporate with the matter which it fires,  
 And subject to the same material law ;

<sup>1</sup> " Die seine Gier nicht in sein Wesen reisst."

Schiller thus explains a line which might well puzzle his correspondent Körner :  
 " Every sensual desire has its origin in a certain impulse to incorporate itself  
 with the object of that desire, to draw it forcibly to itself. Several desires destroy  
 their object by incorporating it with themselves."—*Correspondence with KÖRNER*.  
 I have expanded the line in order to translate *something* of the general idea.

But as it comes not at the passion's call,  
No passions rend, and no enjoyments pall.

## XIV.

Then did the wings, on heavenlier air,  
The Soul from sensual slumbers buoy ;  
Your hands unchain'd the Slave of Care,  
To spring into the breast of Joy ;  
The Brutal bounds no more his reign ;  
His front, his human birthright shows ;  
And forth from out the startled brain,  
Thought, the majestic Stranger, goes.  
Now stands THE MAN, and towards the star  
His aspect rears—The Kingly One !  
He looks with speaking eyes afar,  
And thanks for kindred light, the Sun :  
And smiles have blossom'd from his cheek,  
And feeling swims in moisten'd eyes ;  
And soulful sounds disporting seek  
To vent in song their melodies ;  
And Jest and Grace their charms unite  
On lips from which there flows delight.

## XV.

Sunk in the instincts of the worm,  
Enclasp'd with every sensual thrall,  
Ye mark'd beneath his breast the germ  
That flowers to Love Spiritual ;



And that the germ at last arose  
 From out the base defiling clay,  
 That heavenlier love man surely owes  
 To the first simple Shepherd's lay.  
 Ennobled, then, by gentler thought,  
 Wild passion knew restraining shame ;  
 In song a chaster voice it sought,  
 And from the lips in music came.  
 Then did the cheek the tale confess,  
 And blush beneath the tears that stole ;  
 And Longing, by its own excess,  
 Proclaimed the link of soul to soul.

## XVI.

Where'er, amid your human race,  
 Ye mark'd, in some more noble son,  
 Supremest wisdom, strength, or grace,  
 Ye knit those powers in sweet embrace,  
 And fixed them into one ;  
 And round that one, which typed the whole,  
 Diffus'd your glorious auriole.  
 The Mortal shrinks from Powers unknown,  
 But loves their shadows downward thrown ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And every statelier hero glow'd  
 To rival some reflected God.

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.*—Man shrinks in awe from the notion of a Diviner Power, thoroughly unknown ; but the Greek Mythology familiarised Man to the providence of the Gods, and elevated him by the contemplation of attributes in which he recognised whatever he most admired. Art taught Man to see in the Nature round him the prototype—the Ideal—of Diviner Beauty.

By you was thus the earliest sound  
 Of the Ideal Beauty given,  
 As in the Natural World ye found,  
 And show'd—the Prototypes of Heaven !

## XVII.

The Passions wild that throng the soul,  
 And Fortune's lawless sports with man,  
 Duty and instinct's hard control  
 Ye mark'd with sympathetic scan,  
 And gave the involved and jarring whole  
 The purpose and the plan.  
 What Nature, as she whirls along,  
 Severs and scatters far and wide,  
 Were, on the Boards, or in the Song,  
 Once more link'd light to Order's side.  
 Murder yet undetected sees  
 Your vengeful choir, Eumenides !  
 And doth from Song, while safe from Law,  
 On its own head the thunder draw.<sup>1</sup>

Long ere the wise the scheme of Fate revolv'd,  
 Its dark enigmas had an Iliad solv'd  
 To the young simple age ;  
 And its mild lessons Providence began,<sup>2</sup>  
 When wandering still into the world of Man,  
 With the rude Thespian stage.

<sup>1</sup> The Poet here seems to allude to the Story of Ibycus, which at a subsequent period furnished the theme of one of his happiest narratives.

<sup>2</sup> In the Drama the essentials are Providence and Design.

## XVIII.

Nay, where symmetric Order paus'd, perplex,  
 In *this* world's scheme your art divined the *next*;  
 Practised too soon, ere yet the whole ye saw,<sup>1</sup>  
 To seek completion as the natural law.  
 What though, before uncomprehended doom,  
 God's grand design seemed broken at the tomb—  
 Though the brave heart was prematurely still'd,  
 And life's fair circle halted unfulfill'd,  
 Yet here, ev'n here, your own unaided might  
 Prolong'd the Arch to close its round in Night;  
 Led the untrembling Spirit on to go  
 Towards its full course, though under deeps below;  
 And bade the life that left your eyes, return  
 Again to love, in shores beyond the urn;  
 There, where, his torch extinct, doth Castor sink,  
 His blooming brother gilds the gloomier brink  
 Of the half-circle, with his starry light;  
 And the dark image still confronts the bright;  
 So to one half the moon doth shadow cling,  
 Ere the disc rounds into the silver ring.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Doch in den grossen Weltenlauf  
 Ward euer Ebenmass zu früh getragen."

These lines and those that follow are extremely obscure, but I find that Schiller (*Correspondence with KÖRNER*) explains his intention as I had before construed it in the translation. "Man applies this law of symmetry too soon to real life, as many parts of the great edifice are still concealed from his sight. To satisfy this feeling for symmetry, he is compelled to have recourse to art. . . . This gave rise to the poetry of an immortality, which is the offspring of a feeling for symmetry, according to which man endeavoured to judge the moral world before he had acquired a perfect knowledge of it."

<sup>2</sup> The impossibility of doing justice to the idea of the poet by merely translating this passage word for word, will be seen by Schiller's own interpretation of

## XIX.

High, and more high, the aspiring Genius goes,  
 And still creation from creation flows ;  
 What in the natural world but charms the eyes,  
 In Art's—to forms which awe the soul must rise :  
 The Maiden's majesty, at Art's commands,  
 Inspires the marble, and Athenè stands !  
 The strength that nerves the wrestler on the sod  
 Swells the vast beauty which invests a God ;  
 And Jove's grand image—wonder of its time—  
 Thron'd in Olympia, bows the front sublime !<sup>1</sup>

his latent meaning, which I have sought accordingly to render. "The comparison,

'Der Schatten in des Mondes Angesichte,  
 Eh' sich der schöne Silberkreis erfüllt,'

has a high value, in my opinion. I compare the life of man, in the preceding verses, to an arch—that is to say, to an imperfect portion of a circle—which is continued through the night of the tomb to complete the circle, (to be governed by a feeling for the Beautiful or the Arts is nothing more nor less than a striving towards Perfection.) Now the young moon is such an arch, and the remainder of the circle is not visible. I therefore place two youths (Castor and Pollux) side by side, the one with a lighted torch, the other with his torch extinguished. I compare the former to that portion of the moon which is light, and the latter to that part which is in darkness."—SCHILLER'S *Correspondence with KÖRNER*.

<sup>1</sup> "Das Staunen seiner Zeit, das stolze Jovisbild,  
 Im Tempel zu Olympia sich neigen."

Schiller here makes a wonderful demand upon the penetration of his reader into the subtleties of his own poetical intention. "When I say that the Zeus of Phidias *bends* in the temple at Olympia, I say nothing more than this;—but the peculiar beauty of this passage consists in the allusion to the bending position of the Olympian Jupiter, which was in a sitting posture in this temple, and placed in such a position that it would have borne away the roof of the temple if it had stood upright. This bent posture always greatly pleased me, as it says as much as that the Divine Majesty had condescended to confine itself to the circumscribed condition of man; for if it had stood upright—that is to say, appeared as God, inevitable destruction would have followed."—SCHILLER'S *Correspondence with KÖRNER*. Very beautiful, indeed, but it is too much to expect that a reader should see all this in *sich neigen*—bowed itself.

## XX.

Transform'd by toil is now external life,  
 By new-born instincts roused the human heart,  
 Strengthen'd and train'd by each successive strife,  
 Enlarge your circle of creative Art !  
 Still in each step that Man ascends to light  
 He bears the Art that first inspired the flight ;  
 And still the teeming Nature to his gaze,  
 The wealth he gives her with new worlds repays.  
 Thus the light Victories exercise the mind,  
 By guess to reach what knowledge fails to find ;  
 Practised—throughout the Universe to trace  
 An Artist-whole of beauty and of grace,  
 He sets the Columns Nature's boundary knows,  
 Tracks her dark course, speeds with her where she goes ;  
 Weighs with the scales his hands have learned to hold ;  
 Metes with the measure that she lent of old ;  
 Till all her beauty renders to his gaze  
 The charm that robes it and the law that sways.  
 In self-delighted Joy the Artist hears  
 His own rich harmony enchant the spheres,  
 And in the Universal Scheme beholds  
 The symmetry that reigns in all he moulds.

## XXI.

In all there speaks the voice divine,  
 That tells of method and design ;  
 More wide the world of life is grown,  
 Clasp'd round with Beauty's golden zone ;

In all his works, before his eyes,  
 To victory fair Perfection flies ;  
 Where Joy delights companions gay,  
 Where Care to stillness steals away,  
 Where Contemplation lingers slow,  
 Where tears weigh down the lids of Woe,  
 Or Terror's thousand shapes appall ;—  
 One stream harmonious flows through all.

In the refined and still emotion, glide  
 With chasten'd mirth the Graces to his side ;  
 Round him the bright Companions weave their dance ;  
 And as the curving lines of Beauty flow,  
 Each winding into each ;—as o'er His glance  
 The lovely apparitions gleam and go  
 In delicate outline—so the dreaming day  
 Of Life, enchanted, breathes itself away.

His soul is mingled with the Harmonious Sea  
 That flows around his sense delightedly ;  
 And Thought, where'er with those sweet waves it glide,  
 Bears the all-present Venus on the tide !  
 At peace with Fate serenely goes his race—  
 Here guides the Muse, and there supports the Grace ;  
 The stern Necessity, to others dim  
 With Night and Terror, wears no frown for him :  
 Calm and serene, he fronts the threatened dart,  
 Invites the gentle bow, and bares the fearless heart.

## XXII.

Darlings belov'd of holiest Harmony !  
 Gladsome companions through our being here !

Gentlest and noblest of all powers that be  
 Given to life, to make that life more dear !  
 If Man, though freed, do still elect the thrall  
 Of Duty, chain'd in bonds that do not gall ;  
 If iron Chance no more supreme he see,  
 What your reward ?—Your immortality,  
 And that delight your own great natures knew.

If, circling now the Fount around  
 From which Ideal Freedom streams,  
 The Gods of joy are duly found,  
 With all the Pleasure-weaving Dreams—  
 For these all hail to you !

## XXIII.

Ye Imitators of the great  
 Serene and still Artificer,  
 Who zones with grace the form of Fate—  
 Who bids the æther and the star  
 To our delight administer ;  
 Whose terrors less our souls alarm  
 Than by their grandeur raise and charm ;  
 Who, ev'n destroying, still illumines,  
 And clothes with pomp the anger that consumes !  
 As some clear brooklet hovering o'er,  
 Wavers the chequered shadowy shore ;  
 As back the fleeting crystal yields,  
 By twilight tinged, the blooming fields,  
 So gleams, O Life ! thy waves along,  
 The lively Shadow-World of Song.

Before our eyes 'twas you that brought  
 Th' Unknown that daunts the human thought,  
 The Powers that o'er the grave preside  
 But robed as Love would robe his bride ;  
 As in your urns our bones ye place,  
 And give our very dust a grace,  
 So in enchanting semblance fair  
 Ye hide each spectre-shape of Care.

I search the ages gone—I see  
 That boundless realm of time and fate :  
 How blest with you, Humanity !  
 And void of you, how desolate !

## XXIV.

All strong and mighty on the wing, and young  
 And fresh from your creative hands, It<sup>1</sup> sprung ;  
 And when the Time, that conquers all, prevail'd ;  
 When on its wrinkled cheek the roses fail'd ;  
 When from its limbs the vigour pass'd away,  
 And its sad age crept on in dull decay,  
 And tottered on its crutch ;—within your arms  
 It sought its shelter and regained its charms :  
 Out from your fresh and sparkling well, ye pour'd  
 The living stream that dying strength restored ;  
 Twice into spring has Time's stern winter glow'd,  
 Twice Nature blossom'd from the seeds Art sow'd.

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.*—Humanity.



## XXV.

Ye snatch'd—when chased Barbarian Hosts before—  
 From sacred hearths the last yet living brand ;  
 From the dishallowed Orient Altar bore,  
 And brought it glimmering to the Western Land.  
 As from the East the lovely Exile goes,  
 Fair on the West a young Aurora glows ;  
 And all the flowers Ionian shores could yield  
 Blush forth, re-blooming in the Hesperian Field.  
 Fair Nature glass'd its image on the soul,  
 From the long Night the mists began to roll ;  
 And o'er the world of Mind, adorn'd again,  
 Light's holy Goddess re-assumed her reign.  
 Loos'd from the Millions fell the fetters then—  
 Slaves heard the voice that told their rights as Men.  
 And the Young Race in peace to vigour grew,  
 In that mild brotherhood they learn'd from you !  
     Blest with the blessings you convey'd,  
     Contented to bequeath your lore,  
 Then meekly backward to the shade  
     Your noiseless merit stole once more.<sup>1</sup>

## XXVI.

If on the course of Thought, now barrier-free,  
 Sweeps the glad search of bold Philosophy ;

<sup>1</sup> "Und tretet in der Demuth Hülle  
 Mid schweigendem Verdienst zurück."

The interior meaning of these lines is not clear. A distinguished scholar, to whose criticisms these translations are largely indebted, suggests that Schiller, here referring to the great Artists of classical Antiquity, intimates that, having performed their task, they did not remain to dominate over the Genius of Modern Literature which they had aroused, but retired to leave free scope to its efforts.

And with self-pæans, and a vain renown,  
 Would claim the praise and arrogate the crown,  
 Holding but as a soldier in her band,  
 The nobler Art that did in truth command ;  
 And grants, beneath her visionary throne,  
 To Art, her Queen—the slave's first rank alone ;—  
 Pardon the vaunt !—For you, Perfection all  
 Her star-gems weaves in one bright coronal !  
 With you, the first blooms of the Spring, began  
 Awakening Nature in the Soul of Man !  
 With you fulfill'd, when Nature seeks repose,  
 Autumn's exulting harvests ripely close.

## XXVII.

If Art rose plastic from the stone and clay,  
 To Mind from Matter ever sweeps its sway ;  
 Silent, but conquering in its silence, lo,  
 How o'er the Spiritual World its triumphs go !  
 What in the Land of Knowledge, wide and far,  
 Keen Science tracks—for *you* discovered are :  
 First in your arms the wise their wisdom learn—  
 They dig the mine you teach them to discern ;  
 And when that wisdom ripens to the flower  
 And crowning time of Beauty—to the Power  
 From whence it rose, new stores it must impart,  
 The toils of Science swell the Wealth of Art.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> " This is followed by an entirely new link, which arose from a conversation I had with Wieland. He places all scientific culture far below art. When a scientific production rises above a production of art, he maintains it is only because it is a work of art in itself. This idea lay concealed in the poem, and only wanted development. This it has now received."—SCHILLER'S *Correspondence with KÖRNER*.

When to one height the Sage ascends with you,  
 As spreads the Vale of Matter round his view  
 In the mild twilight of serene repose ;—  
 The more the Artist charms, the more the Thinker knows.  
 The more the shapes, in intellectual joy,  
 Link'd by the Genii which your spells employ,  
 The more the thought with the emotion blends—  
 The more up-buoyed by both the Soul ascends  
 To loftier Harmonies, and heavenlier things,  
 And tracks the stream of Beauty to its springs.  
 The lovely members of the mighty whole,  
 Till then confused and shapeless to his soul,  
 Distinct and glorious grow upon his sight,  
 The fair enigmas brighten from the Night ;  
 More rich the Universe his thoughts enclose—  
 More wide the Ocean with whose wave he flows ;  
 The wrath of Fate grows feebler to his fears,  
 As from God's Scheme Chance wanes and disappears ;  
 And as each straining impulse soars above—  
 How his pride lessens—how augments his love !  
 So, scattering blooms, the still Guide, Poetry,  
 Leads him thro' paths, tho' hid, that mount on high—  
 Thro' forms and tones more pure and more sublime—  
 Alp upon Alp of Beauty—till the time  
 When what we long as Poetry have nurst,  
 Shall as a God's swift inspiration burst,  
 And flash in glory, on that youngest day—  
 One with the Truth to which it wings the way !<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "The perfect state of Man is only then to be found when moral and scientific culture are blended in beauty. I make this applicable to my allegory, and let Art reappear to Man in a revealed form."—SCHILLER'S *Correspondence with KÖRNER*.

## XXVIII.

Then shall the Cypria leave her shrine,  
 Sublimely doff the sweet disguise ;  
 Again, her native glories won,  
 Resume her fiery crown divine,  
 And all effulgent, veil-less, shine  
 Before her form'd and ripened Son—<sup>1</sup>  
 The Urania of the skies !—  
 Just as his own young soul had been  
 Rendered more beauteous by her lore,  
 Shall be the ease with which to win  
 The wondrous shape but wooed before.  
 Thus sweet, thus blest was thy surprise,  
 When the mild guardian youth had known—  
 Son of Ulysses, on thine eyes,  
 Transformed as Jove's great Daughter, shone !

## XXIX.

O Sons of Art ! into your hands consign'd  
 (That trust revere !)  
 The liberal dignity of human kind !  
 With you to sink, with you to reappear.  
 The hallowed spell of Magic Song  
 Attunes the worlds that roll along—  
 Blent now and ever let it be  
 With the one universal sea  
 Of all Creation—Harmony !

<sup>1</sup> Mündigen,—her Son, who has attained his majority.

## XXX.

Let Truth, when hostile times exile,  
 To Fable for her refuge fly,  
 And let the choral Muse the while  
 Defend and screen her majesty.  
 From out the veil of grace, let all  
 Her bolts of light more dreadly fall ;  
 Wing'd by the Muse with sounds of fear,  
 Her voice victorious peal along,  
 Appall the quailing tyrant's ear,  
 And wreak her grand revenge in song !

## XXXI.

Free Sons of freest Mother ! rise  
 Up to supremest Beauty's throne,  
 And scorn, while there ye fix your eyes,  
 All crowns less royal than her own.  
 If from your sight the Sister<sup>1</sup> part,  
 O'ertake her at the Mother's heart :  
 In what fair souls as fair embrace,  
 Perfection leaves its surest trace.  
 Above your age aspiring go  
 On daring wings sublime ;  
 And, glimmering on your mirror, show  
 The shades of after-Time.  
 The thousand various winding ways  
 Of rich Humanity explore ;  
 But at the Throne which ends the maze  
 Meet, and embrace once more.

<sup>1</sup> The Sister—*i. e.*, probably moral Perfection or Virtue.

As into tints of sevenfold ray  
Breaks soft the silvery, shimmering white ;  
As fade the sevenfold tints away,  
And all the rainbow melts in light,—  
So from the Iris, sportive, call  
Each magic tint the eye to chain ;  
And now let Truth unite them all,  
And Light its single stream regain.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There is exquisite skill in concluding the Poem (after insisting so eloquently upon the maxim, that whatever Science discovers, only adds to the stores, or serves the purpose of Art) with an image borrowed from Science. Schiller had employed the same simile, though with a different application, in the *Philosophical Letters between Julius and Raphael*.

## THE CELEBRATED WOMAN;

AN EPISTLE BY A MARRIED MAN—TO A FELLOW-SUFFERER.

IN spite of Mr Carlyle's assertion of Schiller's "total deficiency in Humour,"<sup>1</sup> we think that the following Poem suffices to show that he possessed the gift in no ordinary degree, and that if the aims of a genius so essentially earnest had allowed him to *indulge* it, he would have justified the opinion of the experienced Island as to his capacities for original comedy.

CAN I, my friend, with thee condole?—

Can I conceive the woes that try men,  
When late Repentance racks the soul  
Ensnared into the toils of Hymen?

Can *I* take part in such distress?—

Poor Martyr,—most devoutly, "Yes!"

Thou weep'st because thy Spouse has flown

To arms preferred before thine own;—

A faithless wife,—I grant the curse,—

And yet, my friend, it might be worse!

Just hear Another's tale of sorrow,

And, in comparing, comfort borrow!

What! dost thou think thyself undone,

Because thy rights are shared with *One*?

<sup>1</sup> CARLYLE'S *Miscellanies*, vol. iii. p. 47.

O Happy Man—be more resign'd,  
*My* wife belongs to all Mankind !  
My wife—she's found abroad—at home ;  
But cross the Alps, and she's at Rome !  
Sail to the Baltic—there you'll find her ;  
Lounge on the Boulevards—kind and kinder :  
In short, you've only just to drop  
    Where'er they sell the last new tale,  
And, bound and lettered in the shop,  
    You'll find my Lady up for sale !

She must her fair proportions render  
To all whose praise can glory lend her ;—  
Within the coach, on board the boat,  
Let every pedant “ take a note ; ”  
Endure, for public approbation,  
Each critic's “ close investigation,”  
And brave—nay, court it as a flattery—  
Each spectacled Philistine's battery.  
Just as it suits some scurvy carcase  
In which she hails an Aristarchus,  
Ready to fly with kindred souls,  
O'er blooming flowers or burning coals,  
To fame or shame, to shrine or gallows,  
Let him but lead—sublimely callous !  
A Leipsic man—(confound the wretch !)—  
Has made her Topographic sketch,  
A kind of Map, as of a Town,  
Each point minutely dotted down ;



Scarce to myself I dare to hint  
 What this d—d fellow wants to print !  
 Thy wife—howe'er she slight the vows—  
 Respects, at least, the *name* of spouse ;  
 But mine to regions far too high  
     For that terrestrial Name is carried ;  
 My wife's "THE FAMOUS NINON !"—I  
     "The Gentleman that Ninon married !"

It galls you that you scarce are able  
 To stake a florin at the table—  
 Confront the Pit, or join the Walk,  
 But straight all tongues begin to talk !  
 O that such luck could me befall,  
 Just to be talked about at all !  
 Behold me dwindling in my nook,  
 Edg'd at her left—and not a look !  
 A sort of rushlight of a life,  
 Put out by that great Orb—my Wife !

Scarce is the Morning grey—before  
 Postman and Porter crowd the door ;  
 No Premier has so dear a levée—  
     She finds the Mail-bag half its trade ;  
 My God—the parcels are so heavy !  
     And not a parcel carriage-paid !  
 But then—the truth must be confessed—  
 They're all so charmingly addressed :

Whate'er they cost, they well requite her—  
 "To Madame Blank, The Famous Writer!"  
 Poor thing, she sleeps so soft! and yet  
     'Twere worth my life to spare her slumber;  
 "Madame—from Jena—the Gazette—  
     The Berlin Journal—the last number!"  
 Sudden she wakes; those eyes of blue  
 (Sweet eyes!) fall straight—on the Review!  
 I by her side—all undetected,  
 While those curs'd columns are inspected;  
 Loud squall the children overhead,  
 Still she reads on, till all is read:  
 At last she lays *that* darling by,  
 And asks—"What makes the Baby cry?"

Already now the Toilet's care  
 Claims from her couch the restless fair;  
 The Toilet's *care!*—the glass has won  
 Just half a glance, and all is done!  
 A snappish—pettish word or so  
 Warns the poor Maid 'tis time to go:—  
 Not at *her* toilet wait the Graces,  
 Uncombed Erynnys takes their places;  
 So great a mind expands its scope  
 Far from the mean details of—soap!

Now roll the coach-wheels to the muster—  
 Now round my Muse her votaries cluster;

Spruce Abbé Millefleurs—Baron Herman—  
 The English Lord, who don't know German—  
 But all uncommonly well read  
 From matchless A to deathless Z!  
 Sneaks in the corner, shy and small,  
 A thing which Men the Husband call!  
 While every fop with flattery fires her,  
 Swears with what passion he admires her.—  
 “‘Passion!’ ‘admire!’ and still you're dumb?”  
 Lord bless your soul, the worst's to come:—  
 I'm forced to bow, as I'm a sinner,—  
 And hope—the rogue will stay to dinner!  
 But, oh, at dinner!—there's the sting;  
 I see my cellar on the wing!  
 You know if Burgundy is dear:—  
 Mine once emerg'd three times a year;—  
 And now, to wash these learned throttles,  
 In dozens disappear the bottles:  
 They well must drink who well do eat,  
 (I've sunk a capital on meat.)  
 Her immortality, I fear, a  
 Deathblow will prove to my Madeira;  
 'T has given, alas! a mortal shock  
 To that old friend—my Steinberg Hock!<sup>1</sup>

If Faust had really any hand  
 In printing, I can understand

<sup>1</sup> Literally “Nierensteiner,”—a wine not much known in England, and scarcely—according to our experience—worth the regrets of its respectable owner.

The fate which legends more than hint ;—  
The devil take all hands that print !

And what my thanks for all ?—a pout—  
Sour looks—deep sighs ; but what about ?  
About ! O, *that* I well divíne—  
That such a pearl should fall to swine—  
That such a literary ruby  
Should grace the finger of a booby !  
Spring comes ;—behold, sweet mead and lea  
Nature's green splendour tapestries o'er ;  
Fresh blooms the flower, and buds the tree ;  
Larks sing—the Woodland wakes once more.  
The Woodland wakes—but not for her !  
From Nature's self the charm has flown ;  
No more the Spring of Earth can stir  
The fond remembrance of our own !  
The sweetest bird upon the bough  
Has not one note of music now ;  
And, oh ! how dull the Grove's soft shade.  
Where once—(as lovers *then*)—we stray'd !  
The Nightingales have got no learning—  
Dull creatures—how can they inspire her ?  
The Lilies are so undiscerning,  
They never say—“ how they admire her ! ”  
In all this Jubilee of Being,  
Some subject for a point she's seeing—  
Some epigram—(to be impartial,  
Well turn'd)—there may be worse in Martial !

But, hark ! the Goddess stoops to reason :—  
 “ The country now is quite in season,  
 I'll go ! ” — “ What ! to our Country Seat ? ”  
 “ No ! — Travelling will be such a treat ;  
 Pyrmont's extremely full, I hear ;  
 But Carlsbad's quite the rage this year ! ”  
 O yes, she loves the rural Graces ;  
 Nature is gay—in Watering-places !  
 Those pleasant Spas—our reigning passion—  
 Where learned Dons meet folks of fashion ;  
 Where—each with each illustrious soul  
     Familiar as in Charon's boat,  
 All sorts of Fame sit cheek-by-jowl,  
     Pearls in that string—the Table d'Hôte !  
 Where dames whom Man has injured—fly,  
     To heal their wounds or to efface them ;  
 While others, with the waters, try  
     A course of flirting,—just to brace them !

Well, there (O Man, how light thy woes  
     Compared with mine—thou need'st must see !)  
 My wife, undaunted, greatly goes—  
     And leaves the orphans (SEVEN !!!) to me !

O, wherefore art thou flown so soon,  
 Thou first fair year—Love's Honeymoon !  
 Ah, Dream too exquisite for life !  
 Home's Goddess—in the name of Wife !  
 Reared by each Grace—yet but to be  
 Man's Household Anyadomenè !

With mind from which the sunbeams fall,  
 Rejoicing while pervading all ;  
 Frank in the temper pleased to please—  
 Soft in the feeling waked with ease,  
 So broke, as native of the skies,  
 The Heart-enthraler on my eyes ;  
 So saw I, like a Morn of May,  
 The Playmate given to glad my way ;  
 With eyes that more than lips bespoke,  
 Eyes whence—sweet words—“ I love thee !” broke !  
 So—Ah, what transports then were mine !—  
 I led the Bride before the shrine !  
 And saw the future years reveal'd,  
 Glass'd on my Hope—one blooming field !  
 More wide, and widening more, were given  
 The Angel-gates disclosing Heaven ;  
 Round us the lovely, mirthful troop  
     Of children came—yet still to me  
 The loveliest—merriest of the group  
     The happy Mother seemed to be !  
 Mine, by the bonds that bind us more  
 Than all the oaths the Priest before ;  
 Mine, by the concord of content,  
 When Heart with Heart is music-blent ;  
 When, as sweet sounds in unison,  
 Two lives harmonious melt in one !  
 When—sudden (O the villain!)—came  
     Upon the scene a Mind Profound !—  
 A Bel Esprit, who whisper'd “ Fame,”  
     And shook my card-house to the ground.

What have I now instead of all  
The Eden lost of hearth and hall ?  
What comforts for the Heaven bereft ?  
What of the younger Angel's left ?  
A sort of intellectual Mule,  
Man's stubborn mind in Woman's shape,  
Too hard to love, too frail to rule—  
A sage engrafted on an ape !  
To what she calls the Realm of Mind,  
She leaves that throne, *her sex*, to crawl ;  
The cestus and the charm resign'd—  
A public gaping-show to all !  
She blots from Beauty's Golden Book <sup>1</sup>  
A name 'mid Nature's choicest Few,  
To gain the glory of a nook  
In Dr Dunderhead's Review.

<sup>1</sup> The Golden Book.—So was entitled in some Italian States (Venice especially) the Catalogue in which the Noble Families were enrolled.

## TO A FEMALE FRIEND;

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

THESE verses were addressed to Charlotte Von Lengefeld, whom Schiller afterwards married, and were intended to dissuade her from a Court life.

## I.

As some gay child, around whose steps play all  
 The laughing Graces, plays the World round thee!  
 Yet not as on thy soul's clear mirror fall  
 The flattered shadows, deem this world to be!  
 The silent homages thy heart compels  
 By its own inborn dignity,—the spells  
 That thou thyself around thyself art weaving,  
 The charms with which thy being is so rife,—  
 'Tis *these* thou countest as the charms of life,  
 In Human Nature, as thine own—believing!  
 Alas! this Beauty but exists, in sooth,  
 In thine own talisman of holy youth,  
 (Who can resist it?)—mightiest while deceiving!

## II.

Enjoy the lavish flowers that glad thy way,  
 The happy ones whose happiness thou art;  
 The souls thou winnest;—in these bounds survey  
*Thy* world!—to *this* world why shouldst thou depart?



Nay, let yon flowers admonish thee and save !  
 Lo, how they bloom while guarded by the fence !  
 So plant Earth's pleasures—not too near the sense !  
 Nature, to see, but not to pluck them, gave :  
 Afar they charm thee—leave them on the stem ;  
 Approached by thee, the glory fades from them—  
 And, in thy touch, their sweetness has a grave !<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The sense of the original is very shadowy and impalpable, and the difficulty of embodying it in an intelligible translation is great. It may be rendered thus:—"The silent homage which thy nobility of heart compels—the miracles which thou thyself hast wrought—the charms with which thy existence has invested life,—these thou lookest on as the substantial attractions of life itself, and as constituting the very staple of human nature. But in this thou art mistaken. What appears to thee to be the grace and beauty of life, is but the reflection of the witchery of thine own undesecrated youth, and the talisman of thine own innocence and virtue, though these certainly are powers which no man can resist. Enjoy the flowers of life, then ; but do not take them for more than they are worth. Theirs is but a surface-beauty ; let the glance, therefore, which thou bestowest on them be superficial too. Gaze on them from a distance, and never expect that the core of life will wear the same attractive hues as those which ornament its exterior." Schiller has repeated this thought in the Poem of the "Actual and Ideal."

---

HERE conclude the Poems classed under the Second Period of Schiller's career, excepting only his translations from Virgil.

## First Period;

OR,

### EARLY POEMS.

---

WE now trace back the stream to its source. We commenced with Schiller's maturest Poems—we close with his earliest. The contrast between the compositions in the First and Third Period is sufficiently striking. In the former there is more fire and action—more of that lavish and exuberant energy which characterised the earlier tales of Lord Byron,<sup>1</sup> and redeemed, in that wonderful master of animated and nervous style, a certain poverty of conception by a vigour and *gusto* of execution, which no English poet, perhaps, has ever surpassed. In his poems lies the life and beats the heart of Schiller. They conduct us through the various stages of his spiritual education, and indicate each step in the progress. In this division, *effort* is no less discernible than power; both in language and thought there is a struggle at something not yet achieved, and not, perhaps, even yet definite and distinct to the Poet himself. Here may be traced, though softened by the charm of genius, (which softens all things,) the splendid errors that belong to a passionate youth, and that give such distorted grandeur to the giant melodrama of *The Robbers*. But here are to be traced also, and in far clearer characters, the man's strong heart, essentially human in its sympathies—the thoughtful and earnest intellect giving ample promise of all it was destined to receive. In these earlier poems, extravagance is sufficiently noticeable—yet never the sickly eccentricities of diseased weakness, but the exuberant overflowings of a young Titan's strength. There is a distinction, which our critics do not always notice, between the *extravagance* of a great genius and the *affectation* of a pretty poet.

<sup>1</sup> The similarity in some essential characteristics between Schiller in what may be called his *natural* genius, before submitted to the influences of domestic life and æsthetic art, and our great countryman, did not escape the fine discrimination of Goethe.

## HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

THIS and the following poem are, with some alterations, introduced  
in the Play of *The Robbers*.

## ANDROMACHE.

WILL Hector leave me for the fatal plain,  
Where, fierce with vengeance for Patroclus slain,  
Stalks Peleus' ruthless son?  
Who, when thou glid'st amid the dark abodes,  
To hurl the spear and to revere the Gods,  
Shall teach thine Orphan one?

## HECTOR.

Woman and wife belov'd—cease thy tears;  
My soul is nerv'd—the war-clang in my ears!  
Be mine in life to stand  
Troy's bulwark!—fighting for our hearths, to go,  
In death exulting, to the streams below,  
Slain for my father-land!

## ANDROMACHE.

No more I hear thy martial footsteps fall—  
Thine arms shall hang, dull trophies, on the wall—  
Fallen the stem of Troy!

Thou go'st where slow Cocytus wanders,—where  
 Love sinks in Lethè, and the sunless air  
                   Is dark to light and joy!

HECTOR.

Longing and thought—yea, all I feel and think  
 May in the silent sloth of Lethè sink,  
                   But my love not!  
 Hark, the wild swarm is at the walls!—I hear!  
 Gird on my sword—Belov'd one, dry the tear—  
                   Lethè for love is not!

---

A M A L I A.

FAIR as an angel from his blessèd hall<sup>1</sup>—  
 Of every fairest youth the fairest he!  
 Heaven-mild his look, as Maybeams when they fall,  
     Glass'd in the azure mirror of the sea!  
 His kisses—feelings rife with paradise!  
     Ev'n as two flames, one on the other driven—  
 Ev'n as two harp-tones their melodious sighs  
     Blend in some music that seems born of heaven—  
 So rush'd, mix'd, melted life with life united!  
     Lips, cheeks burn'd, trembled—soul to soul was won!  
 And earth and heaven seem'd chaos, as, delighted,  
     Earth, heaven were blent round the belovèd one!

<sup>1</sup> Literally, Walhalla.

Now, he is gone ! vainly and wearily  
 Groans the full heart, the yearning sorrow flows—  
 Gone ! and all zest of life, in one long sigh,  
 Goes with him where he goes.

---

## A FUNERAL PHANTASIE.

### I.

PALE, at its ghastly noon,  
 Pauses above the death-still wood—the moon !  
 The night-sprite, sighing, through the dim air stirs ;  
 The mist-clouds shudder by ;  
 The sad stars pale on high,  
 Flickering like dying lamps in sepulchres.  
 Haggard as spectres—vision-like and dumb,  
 Dark with the pomp of Death, and moving slow,  
 Towards that sad lair the pale Procession come  
 Where the Grave closes on the Night below.

### II.

Who crawls so totteringly,  
 Crutch'd on his staff, with dim and downcast eye ?  
 As wrung from out the shatter'd heart, one groan  
 Breaks the deep hush alone !  
 Crush'd by the iron Fate, he seems to gather  
 All life's last strength to stagger to the bier,

And hearken—Do those cold lips murmur “Father?”—  
 Damp shudders, as he vainly bends his ear,  
 Thrill through the bones gnaw’d fleshless by despair,  
 And lift his silver hair.

## III.

Fresh bleed the fiery wounds  
 Through all that agonising heart undone—  
 Still on the voiceless lips “my Father” sounds,  
 And still the childless Father murmurs “Son!”  
 Ice-cold—ice-cold, in that white shroud he lies—  
 With him thy sweet and golden dreams are gone—  
 The sweet and golden name of ‘Father’ dies  
 Into thy curse ;—ice-cold—ice-cold—he lies !  
 He—once thy Paradise !

## IV.

Mild, as when, fresh from the arms of Aurora,  
 By the breezes that blow from Elysium upborne,  
 Encircled with odours, the darling of Flora,  
 Wantons over the gardens that bloom to the Morn,—  
 So gay, o’er the meads, went his footsteps in bliss,  
 The silver wave mirror’d the smile of his face ;  
 Delight, like a flame, kindled up at his kiss,  
 And the heart of the maid was the prey of his chace.

## V.

Boldly he sprang to the strife of the world,  
 As a deer to the mountain-top carelessly springs ;  
 As an eagle whose plumes to the sun are unfur’d,  
 Swept his Hope round the Heaven on its limitless wings.

Proud as a war-horse that chafes at the rein,  
 That, kingly, exults in the storm of the brave ;  
 That throws to the wind the wild stream of its mane,  
 Strode he forth by the prince and the slave !

## VI.

Life, like a spring-day, serene and divine,  
 In the star of the morning went by as a trance ;  
 His murmurs he drown'd in the gold of the wine,  
 And his sorrows were borne on the wave of the dance.  
 Worlds lay conceal'd in the hopes of his youth !—  
 When once he shall ripen to Manhood and Fame !  
 Fond Father, exult !—In the germs of his youth  
 What harvests are destined for Manhood and Fame !

## VII.

Not to be was that Manhood !—The death-bell is knelling,  
 The hinge of the death-vault creaks harsh on the ears—  
 How dismal, O Death, is the place of thy dwelling !  
 Not to be was that Manhood !—Flow on, bitter tears !  
 Yet go, O Belov'd, thy path to the sun,  
 Rise, world upon world, with the perfect to rest ;  
 Quench thy thirst for delight in the peace thou hast won,  
 And escape from our grief in the Halls of the Blest.

## VIII.

Again (in that thought what a healing is found !)  
 To meet in the Eden to which thou art fled !—  
 Hark, the coffin sinks down with a dull, sullen sound,  
 And the ropes rattle over the sleep of the dead.

And we cling to each other!—O Grave, he is thine!  
 The eye tells the woe that is mute to the ears—  
 And we dare to resent what we grudge to resign,  
 Till the heart's sinful murmur is choked in its tears.

Pale, at its ghastly noon,  
 Pauses above the death-still wood—the moon!  
 The night-sprite, sighing, through the dim air stirs;  
 The mist-clouds shudder by;  
 The sad stars pale on high,  
 Flickering like dying lamps in sepulchres.  
 The dull clods swell into the sullen mound;  
 Oh, all earth's worth for one last look—but one!  
 The Grave locks up the treasure it has found;  
 Higher and higher swells the sullen mound—  
 Never the Grave gives back what it has won!

---

PHANTASIE TO LAURA.

WHAT, Laura, say, the vortex that can draw  
 Body to body in its strong control;  
 Belovèd Laura, what the charmèd law  
 That to the soul attracting plucks the soul?

It is the charm that rolls the stars on high,  
 For ever round the sun's majestic blaze—  
 When, gay as children round their parent, fly  
 Their circling dances in delighted maze.



Still, every star that glides its gladsome course,  
Thirstily drinks the luminous golden rain ;  
Drinks the fresh vigour from the fiery source,  
As limbs imbibe life's motion from the brain.

With sunny notes, the sunny notes united  
Harmonious lustre both receive and give ;  
Love spheres with spheres still interchange delighted ;  
Only through love the starry systems live.

Take Love from Nature's universe of wonder,  
Each jarring each, rushes the mighty All ;  
See, back to Chaos shock'd, Creation thunder ;  
Weep, starry Newton—weep the giant fall !

Take from the spiritual scheme that Power away,  
And the still'd body shrinks to Death's abode.  
Never—Love *not*—would blooms revive for May,  
And, Love extinct, all life were dead to God.

And what the charm that, at my Laura's kiss,  
Bids the cheek lighten with its purple flush,  
Makes the heart bound more swiftly to its bliss,  
And the wild life-streams into fever rush ?—

Out from their bounds swell nerve, and pulse, and sense,  
The veins in tumult would their shores o'erflow ;  
Body to body rapt—and, charm'd thence,  
Soul drawn to soul with intermingled glow.

Mighty alike to sway the flow and ebb  
 Of the inanimate Matter, or to move  
 The nerves that weave the Arachnëan web  
 Of Sentient Life—rules all-pervading Love !

Ev'n in the Moral World, embrace and meet  
 Emotions ;—Gladness clasps the extreme of Care ;  
 And Sorrow, at the worst, upon the sweet  
 Breast of young Hope, is thaw'd from its despair.

Of sister-kin to melancholy Woe,  
 Voluptuous Pleasure comes, and happy eyes  
 Delivered of the tears, their children, glow  
 Lustrous as sunbeams—and the Darkness flies !<sup>1</sup>

The same great Law of Sympathy is given  
 To Evil as to Good, and if we swell  
 The dark account that life incurs with Heaven,  
 'Tis that our Vices are thy Wooers, Hell !

<sup>1</sup> "Und entbunden von den gold'nen Kindern,  
 Strahlt das Auge sonnenpracht."

Schiller, in his earlier poems, strives after poetry in expression, as our young imitators of Shelley and Keats do, sanctioned generally by our critics, who quote such expressions in italics with three notes of admiration ! He here, for instance, calls tears "the Golden Children of the Eye." In his later poems Schiller had a much better notion of true beauty of diction. The general meaning of this poem is very obscure : it implies that Love rules all things in the inanimate or animate creation ; that, even in the moral world, opposite emotions or principles meet and embrace each other. The idea is pushed into an extravagance natural to the youth, and redeemed by the passion, of the Author. But the connecting links are so slender, nay, so frequently omitted, in the original, that a certain degree of paraphrase in many of the stanzas is absolutely necessary to supply them, and render the general sense and spirit of the poem intelligible to the English reader.

In turn those Vices are embraced by Shame  
 And fell Remorse, the twin Eumenides ;  
 Danger still clings in fond embrace to Fame,  
 Mounts on her wing, and flies where'er she flees.

Destruction marries its dark self to Pride,  
 Envy to Fortune : when Desire most charms,  
 'Tis that her brother Death is by her side,  
 For him she opens those voluptuous arms.

The very Future to the Past but flies  
 Upon the wings of Love—as I to thee ;  
 Oh long, swift Saturn, with unceasing sighs,  
 Hath sought his distant bride, Eternity !

When—so I heard the oracle declare—  
 When Saturn once shall clasp that bride sublime,  
 Wide-blazing worlds shall light his nuptials there—  
 'Tis thus Eternity shall wed with Time.

In *those* shall be *our* nuptials ! ours to share  
*That* bride-night, waken'd by no jealous sun ;  
 Since Time, Creation, Nature, but declare  
 Love,—in our love rejoice, Belov'd One !

## TO LAURA PLAYING.

WHEN o'er the chords thy fingers steal,  
 A soul-less statue now I feel,  
     And now a soul set free!  
 Thou rulest over life and death,  
 Mighty as over souls the breath  
     Of some great Sorcery.<sup>1</sup>

Then the vassal airs that woo thee,  
 Hush their low breath hearkening to thee:  
 In delight and in devotion,  
 Pausing from her whirling motion,  
 Nature, in enchanted calm,  
 Silently drinks the floating balm.  
 Sorceress, *her* heart with thy tone  
 Chaining—as thine eyes my own!

O'er the transport-tumult driven,  
     Doth the music gliding swim;  
 From the strings, as from their heaven,  
     Burst the new-born Seraphim.

<sup>1</sup> “The Sorcery.”—In the original, Schiller, with very questionable taste, compares Laura to a conjuror of the name of Philadelphia, who exhibited before Frederick the Great.

As when from Chaos' giant arms set free,  
'Mid the Creation-storm, exultingly  
Sprang sparkling forth the Orbs of Light—  
So streams the rich tone in melodious might.

Soft-gliding now, as when o'er pebbles glancing,  
The silver wave goes dancing ;  
Now with majestic swell, and strong,  
As thunder peals in organ-tones along ;  
    And now with stormy gush,  
As down the rock, in foam, the whirling torrents rush ;  
    To a whisper now  
    Melts it amorously,  
    Like the breeze through the bough  
    Of the aspen tree ;  
Heavily now, and with a mournful breath,  
Like midnight's wind along those wastes of death,  
Where Awe the wail of ghosts lamenting hears,  
And slow Cocytus trails the stream whose waves are tears.

Speak, maiden, speak !—Oh, art thou one of those  
Spirits more lofty than our region knows ?  
Should we in *thine* the mother-language seek,  
Souls in Elysium speak ?

## TO LAURA ;

## RAPTURE.

LAURA—above this world methinks I fly,  
 And feel the glow of some May-lighted sky,  
     When thy looks beam on mine !  
 And my soul drinks a more ethereal air,  
 When mine own shape I see reflected, there,  
     In those blue eyes of thine !  
 A lyre-sound from the Paradise afar,  
 A harp-note trembling from some gracious star,  
     Seems the wild ear to fill ;  
 And my muse feels the Golden Shepherd-hours,  
 When from thy lips the silver music pours  
     Slow, as against its will.  
 I see the young Loves flutter on the wing—  
 Move the charm'd trees, as when the Thracian's string  
     Wild life to forests gave ;  
 Swifter the globe's swift circle seems to fly,  
 When in the whirling dance thou glidest by,  
     Light as a happy wave.  
 Thy looks, when there Love's smiles their gladness wreath,  
 Could life itself to lips of marble breathe ;

Lend rocks a pulse divine ;  
 My wildest dreams a life would take, indeed,  
 If I but *this* in thy dear eyes might read—  
 “ Laura, sweet Laura, *mine* ! ”

---

TO LAURA ;

THE MYSTERY OF REMINISCENCE.<sup>1</sup>

Who, and what gave to me the wish to woo thee—  
 Still, lip to lip, to cling for aye unto thee ?  
 Who made thy glances to my soul the link—  
 Who bade me burn thy very breath to drink—  
     My life in thine to sink ?  
 As from the conqueror's unresisted glaive,  
 Flies, without strife subdued, the ready slave—  
 So, in an instant, when thy looks I see,  
 Out from my life my soul's wild senses flee,  
     And yield themselves to thee !  
 Why from its lord doth thus my soul depart ?—  
 Is it because its native home thou art ?  
 Or were they brothers in the days of yore,  
 Twin-bound, both souls ; and in the links they bore  
     Sigh to be bound once more ?

<sup>1</sup> This exquisite love-poem is founded on the Platonic notion, that souls were united in a pre-existent state—that love is the yearning of the spirit to reunite with the spirit with which it formerly made one, and which it discovers on earth. The idea has often been made subservient to poetry, but never with so earnest and elaborate a beauty.

Were once our beings blent and intertwining,  
 And therefore still my heart for thine is pining?  
 Knew we the light of some extinguished sun—  
 The joys remote of some bright realm undone,

Where once our souls were ONE?

Yes, it *is* so!—And thou wert bound to me  
 In the long-vanish'd Eld eternally!

In the dark troubled tablets which enroll  
 The Past—my Muse beheld this bless'd scroll—

“One with thy love my soul!”

Wondering and awed—I read, I read it there,  
 How once one bright inseparate life we were,  
 How once, one glorious essence as a God,  
 Unmeasured space our chainless footsteps trod—

All Nature our abode!

Round us, in waters of delight, for ever  
 Voluptuous flow'd the heavenly Nectar river;  
 We were the master of the seal of things,  
 And where the sunshine bathed Truth's mountain-springs

Quiver'd our glancing wings.

Weep for the godlike life we lost afar—  
 Weep!—thou and I its scatter'd fragments are;  
 And still the unconquer'd yearning we retain—  
 Sigh to restore the rapture and the reign,

And grow divine again.

And therefore came to me the wish to woo thee—  
 Still, lip to lip, to cling for aye unto thee;  
*This* made thy glances to my soul the link—  
*This* made me burn thy very breath to drink—

My life in thine to sink:



And therefore, as before the conqueror's glaive,  
Flies, without strife subdued, the ready slave—  
So, in an instant, when thy looks I see,  
Out from my life my soul's wild senses flee,  
And yield themselves to thee.

Therefore my soul doth from its lord depart,  
*Because*, belov'd, its native home thou art ;  
Because the twins recall the links they bore,  
And soul with soul, in the sweet kiss of yore,  
Meets and unites once more !

Thou too—Ah, there thy gaze upon me dwells,  
And thy young blush the tender answer tells ;  
Each glowing soul still feels the kindred ties,  
Each—as an exile to his homeward skies—  
Each to the other flies.

## MELANCHOLY: TO LAURA.

## I.

LAURA! a sunrise seems to break  
 Where'er thy happy looks may glow,  
 Joy sheds its roses o'er thy cheek,  
 Thy tears themselves do but bespeak  
 The rapture whence they flow :  
 Blest youth to whom those tears are given—  
 The tears that change his earth to heaven ;  
 His best reward those melting eyes—  
 For him new suns are in the skies !

## II.

Thy soul—a crystal river passing,  
 Silver-clear, and sunbeam-glassing,  
 Mays into bloom sad Autumn by thee ;—  
 Night and desert, if they spy thee,  
 To gardens laugh—with daylight shine,  
 Lit by those happy smiles of thine !  
 Dark with cloud the Future far  
 Doth gild itself beneath thy star.  
 And dost thou smile those charms to see ?  
 Alas! they wake but tears in me.

## III.

Holds not Hades its domain  
     Underneath this earth of ours ?  
 Under Palace, under Fane,  
     Underneath the cloud-capt Towers ?  
 Stately cities soar and spread  
 O'er your mouldering bones, ye Dead !  
 From corruption, from decay,  
     Springs yon clove-pink's fragrant bloom ;  
 Yon gay waters wind their way  
     From the hollows of a tomb.

## IV.

From the Planets thou may'st know  
 All the change that shifts below,  
 Fled—beneath that zone of rays,  
 Fled to Night a thousand Mays ;  
 Thrones a thousand—rising—sinking,  
 Earth, from thousand slaughters, drinking  
 Blood profusely pour'd as water ;—  
 Of the sceptre—of the slaughter—  
 Wouldst thou know what trace remaineth ?  
 Seek them where the Dark King reigneth !  
     All their final moments have.  
 Later, earlier, shall the hand  
 Of the Planet-Timepiece stand  
     Silent at the grave !

## V.

Scarce thine eye can ope and close  
 Ere Life's dying sunset glows ;

Sinking sudden from its pride  
 Into Death—the Lethè tide.  
 Ask'st thou whence thy beauties rise ?  
 Boastest thou those radiant eyes ?—  
 Or that cheek in roses dy'd ?  
 All their beauty (thought of sorrow !)  
 From the brittle mould they borrow.  
 Heavy interest in the tomb  
 For the brief loan of the bloom,  
 For the beauty of the Day,  
 Death, the Usurer, thou must pay,  
     In the long To-Morrow !

## VI.

Maiden !—Death's too strong for scorn ;  
     In the cheek the fairest, He  
     But the fairest throne doth see ;  
 Though the roses of the morn  
 Weave the veil by Beauty worn—  
 Aye, beneath that broider'd curtain,  
 Stands the Archer stern and certain !  
 Maid, thy wild enthusiast hear !  
     'Tis but Death thine eyes invite !  
 Every glance that burns so clear  
     Wastes the lamp that sheds the light.  
 “ But my youthful pulses beat  
     Now so gladly ! ” dost thou say ?  
 Minions but of Death, they fleet  
     To the Charnel-house away.

As the wind the rainbow shatters,  
 Death thy bright smiles rends and scatters ;  
 Vainly seek the vanish'd graces—  
 Smile and rainbow leave no traces :  
 Out from Nature's lavish spring,  
     Out from every bud that blows,  
 Out from every living thing,  
     Still but the Destroyer grows !

## VII.

Woe, I see the wild wind wreak  
     Its wrath upon thy rosy bloom,  
 Winter plough thy rounded cheek,  
     Cloud and darkness close in gloom ;  
 Blackening over, and for ever,  
 Youth's serene and silver river !  
 Love alike and Beauty o'er,  
 Lovely and belov'd no more !

## VIII.

Oh Maid, as soars an oak on high,  
     And scorns the whirlwind's breath,  
 Behold thy Poet's youth defy  
     The blunted dart of Death !  
 His gaze as ardent as the light  
     That shoots athwart the Heaven,  
 His soul yet fiercer than the light  
     In the Eternal Heaven

Of Him, in whose Creative Sea  
 Arise or sink the island stars—  
 Steers Thought along Infinity,  
 And fears but *this*—its bars !

## IX.

And dost thou glory so to think ?  
 And heaves thy bosom ?—Woe !  
 This Cup which lures him to the brink,  
 As if Divinity to drink,  
 Has poison in its flow !  
 Wretched, oh, wretched, they who trust  
 To strike the God-spark from the dust !  
 The mightiest tone the Music knows,  
 The chords it strains—in shreds will tear ;  
 And Genius wastes, the more it glows,  
 The light with which it gilds the air.

Vowed on the altar of the abusèd fire,  
 The spirits I raised against myself conspire !  
 Fleet—yes, I feel it—two short springs away,  
 And oh, for me no spring again shall bloom,  
 O'er me shall fall this tottering house of clay,  
 And the same light I kindled shall consume.

## X.

And weep'st thou, Laura ?—No ! forbid the tears  
 Which mourn redemption from the doom of years !  
 Wrong me not, Sinner !—shed no tears for me !

Wouldst thou, whose eyes beheld the eagle wing  
 Of my bold youth through air's dominion spring,  
 Mark my sad age (life's tale of glory done)—  
 Crawl on the sod and tremble in the sun?  
 Hear the dull frozen heart condemn the flame  
 That as from Heaven to youth's blithe bosom came;  
 And see the blind eyes loathing turn from all  
 The lovely sins Age curses to recall?

Wrong me not, Sinner!—shed no tears for me!  
 No, let the flower be gathered in its bloom!  
 And thou, young Genius, with the brows of gloom,  
 Quench thou Life's torch, while yet the flame is strong!  
 Ev'n as the curtain falls; while still the scene  
 Most thrills the hearts which have its audience been;  
 As fleet the shadows from the stage—and long  
 When all is o'er, lingers the breathless throng!

---

## THE INFANTICIDE.

### I.

HARK where the bells toll, chiming, dull and steady,  
 The clock's slow hand hath reach'd the hour decreed.  
 Well, be it so!—Lead on—my soul is ready,  
 Stern Grave-companions—to the Doomsman lead!

Now take, O world! my last farewell—receiving  
 My parting kisses—in these tears they dwell!  
 Sweet are thy poisons while we taste believing;  
 Now we are quits!—heart-poisoner, fare-thee-well!

## II.

Farewell, ye suns that once to joy invited,  
 Changed for the mould beneath the funeral shade;  
 Farewell, farewell, thou rosy Time delighted,  
 Luring to soft desire the careless maid.  
 Pale gossamers of gold, farewell, sweet-dreaming  
 Fancies—the children that an Eden bore!  
 Blossoms that died while Dawn itself was gleaming,  
 Opening in happy sunlight never more.

## III.

Swan-like the robe which Innocence, bestowing,  
 Deck'd with the virgin favours, rosy fair,  
 In the gay time when many a young rose glowing  
 Blush'd through the loose train of the amber hair.  
 Woe, woe! as white the robe that decks me now—  
 The shroud-like robe Hell's destin'd victim wears;  
 Still shall the fillet bind this burning brow—  
*That* sable braid the Doomsman's hand prepares!

## IV.

Weep ye, *who never fell*—for whom, unerring,  
 The soul's white lilies keep their virgin hue,



Ye who, when thoughts so danger-sweet are stirring,  
 Take the stern strength that Nature gives the few !  
 Woe, for too human was this fond heart's feeling—  
 Feeling!—my sin's avenger<sup>1</sup> doom'd to be ;  
 Woe—for the false man's arm, around me stealing,  
 Stole the lull'd Virtue, charm'd to sleep, from me.

## v.

Ah, he perhaps shall, round another sighing,  
 Of me forgetful, sting some tender breast—  
 Gaily, when I in the dumb grave am lying,  
 Pour the warm wish, or speed the wanton jest ;  
 Or play, perchance, with his new maiden's tresses,  
 Answer the kiss her lip enamour'd brings,  
 When the dread block the head he cradled presses,  
 And high the blood his kiss once fever'd springs.

## vi.

Thee, Francis, Francis,<sup>2</sup> league on league, shall follow  
 The death-dirge of the Lucy once so dear ;  
 From yonder steeple, dismal, dull, and hollow,  
 Shall knell the warning horror on thy ear.  
 On thy fresh leman's lips when Love is dawning,  
 And the lisp'd music glides from that sweet well—  
 Lo, in that breast a red wound shall be yawning,  
 And, in the midst of rapture, warn of hell !

<sup>1</sup> " Und Empfindung soll mein Richtschwert seyn."

A line of great vigour in the original, but which, if literally translated, would seem extravagant in English.

<sup>2</sup> Joseph, in the original.

## VII.

Betrayer, what! thy soul relentless closing  
 To grief—the woman-shame no art can heal—  
 To that small life beneath my heart reposing!  
 Man, man, the wild beast for its young can feel!  
 Proud flew the sails—receding from the land,  
 I watch'd them waning from the wistful eye;  
 Round the gay maids on Seine's voluptuous strand,  
 Breathes the false incense of his fatal sigh.

## VIII.

And there the Babe! there, on the mother's bosom,  
 Lull'd in its sweet and golden rest it lay,  
 Fresh in life's morning as a rosy blossom,  
 It smiled, poor harmless one, my tears away.  
 Deathlike yet lovely, every feature speaking  
 In such dear calm and beauty to my sadness,  
 And my heart cradled,—cradled still, in breaking,  
 The soft'ning love and the despairing madness.

## IX.

“Woman, where is my father?”—freezing through me,  
 Lisp'd the mute Innocence with thunder-sound;  
 “Woman, where is thy husband?”—call'd unto me,  
 Mine own stern heart, from out its deeps profound.  
 Alas, for thee there is no father's kiss!—  
 He fondleth *other* children on his knee.  
 How thou wilt curse our momentary bliss,  
 When Bastard on thy name shall branded be!

## X.

Thy mother—oh, a hell her heart concealeth,  
 Lone-sitting, lone in social Nature's All!  
 Thirsting for that glad fount thy love revealeth,  
 While still thy look the glad fount turns to gall.  
 In every infant cry my soul is heark'ning  
 The haunting happiness for ever o'er,  
 And all the bitterness of death is dark'ning  
 The heavenly looks that smiled mine eyes before.

## XI.

Hell, if my sight those looks a moment misses—  
 Hell, when my sight upon those looks is turn'd—  
 The furies now avenge in thy pure kisses,  
 That slept in *his* what time my lips they burn'd.  
 Out from their graves his oaths spoke back in thunder!  
 The perjury stalk'd like murder in the sun—  
 For ever—God!—sense, reason, soul, sunk under—  
 The deed was done!

## XII.

Francis, O Francis! let the spectre chase thee—  
 Fly league on league upon thy hurrying flight—  
 In the dread clasp of icy arms embrace thee,  
 And mutter thunder in thy dream's delight!  
 Down from the soft stars, in their tranquil glory,  
 Let thy dead infant look with ghastly stare;  
 Let the shape haunt thee in its cerements gory,  
 And scourge thee back from heaven—its home is there!

## XIII.

Lifeless—how lifeless!—see, oh see, before me  
 It lies cold—stiff!—O God!—and with that blood  
 I feel, as swoops the dizzy darkness o'er me,  
 Mine own life mingled—ebbing in the flood.  
 Hark, at the door they knock—more loud within me—  
 More awful still—its sound the dread heart gave!  
 Gladly I welcome the cold arms that win me—  
 Fire, quench thy tortures in the icy grave!

## XIV.

Francis—a God that pardons dwells in heaven—  
 Francis, the sinner—yes—she pardons thee—  
 So let my wrongs unto the earth be given :  
 Flame, seize the wood!—it burns—it kindles—see!  
 There—there his letters cast—behold are ashes!—  
 His vows—the conquering fire consumes them here :  
 His kisses—see—see all are only ashes—  
 All, all—the all that once on earth were dear!

## XV.

Trust not the roses which your youth enjoyeth,  
 Sisters, to man's faith, changeful as the moon!  
 Beauty to me brought guilt—its bloom destroyeth :  
 Lo, in the Place of Death I curse the boon :  
 Tears in the headsman's gaze—what tears?—'tis spoken!  
 Quick, bind mine eyes—all soon shall be forgot—  
 Doomsman—the lily hast thou never broken?  
 Pale Doomsman—tremble not!

## NOTE.

THE poem we have just concluded was greatly admired at the time of its first publication, and it so far excels in art most of the earlier efforts by the author, that it attains one of the highest secrets in true pathos;—it produces interest for the *criminal* while creating terror for the *crime*. This, indeed, is a triumph in art never achieved but by the highest genius. The inferior writer, when entering upon the grandest stage of passion, (which unquestionably exists in the delineation of great guilt as of heroic virtue,) falls into the error either of gilding the crime, in order to produce sympathy for the criminal, or, in the spirit of a spurious morality, of involving both crime and criminal in a common odium. It is to discrimination between the doer and the deed that we owe the sublimest revelations of the human heart: in this discrimination lies the key to the emotions produced by the *Œdipus* and *Macbeth*. In the brief poem before us a whole drama is comprehended. Marvellous is the completeness of the picture it presents—its mastery over emotions the most opposite—its fidelity to nature in its exposition of the disordered and despairing mind in which tenderness becomes cruelty, and remorse for error tortures itself into scarce conscious crime.

But the art employed, though admirable of its kind, still falls short of the perfection which, in his later works, Schiller aspired to achieve—viz., the point at which *Pain* ceases. The tears which Tragic Pathos, when purest and most elevated, calls forth, ought not to be tears of pain. In the ideal world, as Schiller has inculcated, even sorrow should have its charm: all that harrows, all that revolts, belongs but to that inferior school in which Schiller's fiery youth formed itself for nobler grades—the school of "Storm and Pressure," (*Sturm und Drang*, as the Germans have expressively described it.) If the reader will compare Schiller's poem of "The Infanticide" with the passages which represent a similar crime in the *Medea*, (and the author of *Wallenstein* deserves comparison even with Euripides,) he will see the distinction between the art that seeks an *elevated* emotion, and the art which is satisfied with creating an *intense* one. In Euripides, the detail—the reality—all that can degrade terror into pain—are loftily dismissed. The Titan

grandeur of the Sorceress removes us from too close an approach to the crime of the unnatural Mother—the emotion of pity changes into awe—just at the pitch before the coarse sympathy of actual pain can be effected. And it is the avoidance of reality—it is the all-purifying Presence of the Ideal, which make the vast distinction in our emotions between following, with shocked and displeasing pity, the crushed, broken-hearted, mortal criminal to the scaffold, and gazing with an awe, which has pleasure of its own, upon the mighty Murderess—soaring out of the reach of humanity upon her Dragon-Car !

---

### THE GREATNESS OF CREATION.

UPON the wing'd winds, among the rolling worlds I flew,  
 Which, by the breathing spirit, erst from ancient Chaos grew ;  
     Seeking to land  
     On the farthest strand,  
 Where life lives no longer to anchor alone,  
 And gaze on Creation's last boundary-stone.

Star after star around me now its shining youth uprears,  
 To wander through the firmament its day of thousand years—  
     Sportive they roll  
     Toward the charm'd goal :  
 Till, as I look'd on the deeps afar,  
 The space waned—void of a single star.

On to the Realm of Nothingness—on still in dauntless flight,  
 Along the splendours swiftly steer my sailing wings of light;  
     Heaven at the rear,  
     Paleth, mist-like and drear;  
 Yet still as I wander, the worlds in their glee  
 Sparkle up like the bubbles that glance on a Sea!

And towards me now, the selfsame path I see a Pilgrim steer!  
 “Halt, Wanderer, halt—and answer me—What, Pilgrim,  
     seek'st thou here?”  
     “To the World's last shore  
     I am sailing o'er,  
 Where life lives no longer to anchor alone,  
 And gaze on Creation's last boundary-stone.”

“Thou sail'st in vain—Return! Before thy path, INFINITY!”  
 “And thou in vain!—Behind me spreads INFINITY to thee!  
     Fold thy wings drooping,  
     O Thought, eagle-swooping!—  
 O Phantasie, anchor!—The Voyage is o'er:  
 Creation, wild sailor, flows on to no shore!”

## ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A YOUTH.

(Said to be the Poet Weckherlin.)

HEAVY moans, as when Nature the storm is foretelling,  
 From the Dark House of Mourning come sad on the ear ;  
 The Death-note on high from the steeple is knelling,  
 And slowly comes hither a youth on the bier ;—  
 A youth not yet ripe for that garner—the tomb ;  
 A blossom pluck'd off from the sweet stem of May,  
 Each leaf in its verdure, each bud in its bloom ;  
 A youth—with the eyes yet enchanted by day :  
 A Son—to the Mother, O word of delight !  
 A Son—to the Mother, O thought of despair !  
 My Brother, my friend !—To the grave and the night  
 Follow, ye that are human, the treasure we bear.

Ye Pines, do ye boast that unshatter'd your boughs  
 Brave the storm when it rushes, the bolt when it falls ?  
 Ye Hills, that the Heavens rest their pomp on your brows ?  
 Ye Heavens, that the Suns have their home in your halls ?  
 Does the Aged exult in the works he has done—  
 The ladders by which he has climb'd to Renown :  
 Or the Hero, in deeds by which valour has won  
 To the heights where the Temple of Glory looks down ?

<sup>1</sup> Of this poem, as of Gray's divine and unequalled Elegy, it may be truly said that it abounds in thoughts so natural, that the reader at first believes they have been often expressed before, but his memory will not enable him to trace a previous owner. The whole poem has the rare beauty of being at once familiar and original.



When the canker the bud doth already decay,  
 Who can deem that *his* ripeness is free from the worm ;  
 Who can hope to endure, when the young fade away,  
 Who can count on life's harvest—the blight at the germ ?

How lovely with youth,—and with youth how delighted,  
 His days in the hues of the rose glided by !  
 How sweet was the world and how fondly invited  
 The Future,—that Fairy enchanting his eye !  
 All life like a Paradise smiled on his way,  
 And, lo ! see the Mother weep over his bed ;  
 See the gulf of the Hades yawn wide for its prey ;  
 See the shears of the Parcæ gleam over the thread !  
 Earth and Heaven, which such joy to the living one gave,  
 From his gaze darkened dimly !—and sadly and sighing  
 The dying one shrunk from the thought of the grave,—  
 The World, oh ! the World is so sweet to the dying !

Dumb and deaf is all sense in the Narrow House !—deep  
 Is the slumber the Grave's heavy curtains enfold !  
 How silent a sabbath eternally keep,  
 O Brother—the Hopes ever busy of old !  
 Oft the sun shall shine down on thy green native hill,  
 But the glow of his smile thou shalt feel never more !  
 Oft the west wind shall rock the young blossoms, but still  
 Is the breeze for the heart that can hear never more !  
 Love gilds not for thee all the world with its glow,  
 Never Bride in the clasp of thine arms shall repose ;  
 Thou canst see not our tears, though in torrents they flow,  
 Those eyes in the calm of eternity close !

Yet happy—oh, happy, at least in thy slumber—  
Serene is the rest, where all trouble must cease ;  
For the sorrows must die with the joys they outnumber,  
And the pains of the flesh with its dust—are at peace !  
The tooth of sharp Slander thou never canst feel,  
The poison of Vice cannot pierce to thy cell ;  
Over thee may the Pharisee thunder his zeal,  
And the rage of the Bigot devote thee to Hell !  
Though the mask of the saint may the swindler disguise ;  
Though Earth's Justice, that Bastard of Right, we may see  
At play with mankind as the Cheat with his dies,  
As now, so for ever—what matters to thee ?  
Over thee too may Fortune (her changes unknown)  
Blindly give to her minions the goods they desire ;  
Now raising her darling aloft to the throne,  
Now hurling the wretch whom she raised—to the mire !  
Happy thou, happy thou—in the still narrow cell !  
To this strange tragi-comedy acted on earth,  
To these waters where Bliss is defiled at the well,  
To this lottery of chances in sorrow and mirth,  
To this rot and this ferment—this sloth and this strife,  
To the day and the night of this toilsome repose,  
To this Heaven full of Devils—O Brother!—TO LIFE—  
Thine eyes in the calm of Eternity close !

Fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well, O Belov'd of the soul !  
Our yearnings shall hallow the loss we deplore ;  
Slumber soft in the Grave till we win to thy goal—  
Slumber soft, slumber soft, till we see thee once more !

Till the Trumpet that heralds God's coming in thunder,  
 Shall peal o'er the grave-mounds that circle thy bed,  
 Till the portals of Death shall be riven asunder,  
 And the storm-wind of God whirl the dust of the Dead ;  
 Till the breath of Jehovah shall pass o'er the Tombs,  
 Till their seeds spring to bloom at the life of the Breath ;  
 Till the pomp of the Stars into vapour consumes,  
 And the spoils he hath captured are ravish'd from Death.

If not in the worlds dream'd by sages, nor given  
 In the Eden the Multitude hope to attain,  
 If not where the poet hath painted his Heaven,  
 Still, Brother, we know we shall meet thee again !  
 Is there truth in the hopes which the pilgrim beguile ?  
 Does the thought still exist when Life's journey is o'er ?  
 Does Virtue conduct o'er the dreary defile ?  
 Is the faith we have cherish'd a dream and no more ?  
 Already the riddle is bared to thy sight,  
 Already thy soul quaffs the Truth it has won,  
 The Truth that streams forth in its waters of light  
 From the chalice the Father vouchsafes to the Son !

Draw near, then, O silent and dark-gliding Train,  
 Let the feast for the Mighty Destroyer be spread ;  
 Cease the groans which so loudly, so idly complain,  
 Heap the mould o'er the mould—heap the dust o'er the Dead !  
 God's secret decrees, who can solve or impart ?  
 What eye can the groundless abysses explore ?  
 Holy !—holy !—all holy in darkness thou art,  
 O God of the Grave, whom our shudders adore !

Earth to Earth may return, the material to matter,  
 But high from the cell soars the Spirit above,  
 Its ashes the wind of the tempest may scatter,—  
 For ever and ever endureth its love.

---

THE BATTLE.

HEAVY and solemn,  
 A cloudy column,  
 Thro' the green plain they marching came!  
 Measureless spread,  
 Is that table dread,  
 For the wild grim dice of the iron game.  
 Shrinkingly down bend the looks to the ground,  
 And the heart beats loud with a knelling sound;  
 Pale is the face of the stoutest man  
 As the Major spurs fast by the ranks to the van.  
 "Halt!"  
 And fetter'd they stand at the stark command.  
 Silently halts the van!

Proud in the blush of morning glowing,  
 What on the hill-top shines in flowing?  
 "See you the Foeman's banners waving?"  
 "We see the Foeman's banners waving!"  
 "God be with ye—children and wife!"  
 Hark to the music—the drum and the fife,  
 How they ring thro' the ranks which they rouse to the strife!

Thrilling they sound with their glorious tone,  
 Thrilling they go through the marrow and bone !  
*Brothers, God grant when this life be o'er,*  
*In the life to come that we meet once more !*

See the smoke how the lightning is cleaving asunder !  
 Hark the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder !  
 Quivers the eyelid, as round and round,  
 From rank to rank, flies the signal sound ;  
 Shout it forth—shout it forth—to the life or the death !  
 Freer already breathes the breath !

Death has broke loose, and the strife is begun,  
 More fast through the smoke comes the flash of the gun ;  
 More fast through the vapour, that hangs like a pall,  
 Do the iron dice fall.

Nearer they close—foes upon foes.  
 “Ready !”—From square to square it goes,  
 Down on the knee they sank,  
 And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank.  
 Many a man to the earth it sent,  
 Many a gap by the balls is rent—  
 O'er the corpse before springs the hinder-man,  
 That the line may not fail to the fearless van.  
 To the right, to the left, and wherever ye gaze,  
 Goes the Dance of Death in its whirling maze.  
 God's sunlight is quench'd in the fiery fight,  
 Over the host falls a brooding Night !  
*Brothers, God grant when this life be o'er,*  
*In the life to come that we meet once more !*

The dead men lie bathed in the weltering blood,  
 And the living are blent in the slippery flood,  
 And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,  
 Stumble still on the corpses that sleep below.  
 "What, Francis!" "Give Charlotte my last farewell."  
 As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell—  
 "I'll give—Oh God! are their guns so near?  
 Ho! comrades!—yon volley!—look sharp to the rear!—  
 I'll give thy Charlotte thy last farewell,  
 Sleep soft! where Death thickest descendeth in rain,  
 The friend thou forsakest thy side shall regain!"  
 Hitherward—thitherward reels the fight,  
 And broods o'er the battle yet darker the night.  
*Brothers, God grant when this life be o'er,  
 In the life to come that we meet once more!*

Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!

The Adjutants flying,—

The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,

Their thunder booms in dying—

Victory!

The terror has seized on the dastards all,

And their colours fall!

Victory!

Closed is the bitter but glorious fight:

And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night.

Hark to the music—the drum and the fife,

How they ring with the triumph that follows the strife!

*Farewell, fallen brothers, though this life be o'er,*

*There's another, in which we shall meet you once more!*

## ROUSSEAU.

O MONUMENT of Shame to this our time !  
 Dishonouring record to thy mother clime ;  
 Hail ! Grave of Rousseau !—here thy troubles cease !  
 Thy life one search for Freedom and for Peace :  
 Thee, Peace and Freedom life did ne'er allow,  
 Thy search is ended, and thou find'st them now !  
 When will the old wounds scar ?—In the dark age  
 Perish'd the wise ;—Light comes—How fares the sage  
 The same in darkness or in light his fate,  
 Time brings no mercy to the Bigot's hate !  
 Socrates charmed Philosophy to dwell  
 On Earth—by false philosophers he fell ;  
 In Rousseau, Christians mark'd their victim—when  
 Rousseau enlisted Christians into Men !

## FRIENDSHIP ;

From *Letters of Julius to Raphael*, an unpublished Novel.

(The Translation does not adhere to the metre in the original, which would be very unmusical in English.)

FEW rules suffice the Mighty Architect,  
 O Friend !—So out upon the thinkers small,  
 Forging the dull laws that their pains dissect !  
 A single wheel impels the springs of All,  
 Matter and spirit—yea, that simple Law  
 Which, call'd ATTRACTION, here, my Newton saw.

This taught the spheres, slaves to one golden rein,  
 Their radiant labyrinths to weave around  
 Creation's mighty heart ; this made the chain,  
 Which, into interwoven systems, bound  
 All spirits, streaming to the spiritual Sun,—  
 As brooks that ever into ocean run !

Did not the same strong mainspring urge and guide  
 Our Hearts to that eternal bond of love ?  
 Link'd to thine arm, O Raphael, by thy side  
 Ev'n I would win to that bright goal above ;  
 And, through perfection, mine own soul complete  
 For that last light where all perfections meet.



Happy, O happy—I have found thee!—I  
 Have out of millions found thee, and embraced ;  
 Thee, out of millions, mine!—Let earth and sky  
 Return to darkness, and the antique waste—  
 To chaos shock'd, let warring atoms be,  
 Still shall each heart unto the other flee !

Do I not find within thy radiant eyes  
 Fairer reflections of all joys most fair ?  
 In thee I marvel at myself—the dyes  
 Of lovely earth seem lovelier painted there ;  
 And in the bright looks of the Friend is given  
 A heavenlier mirror even of the Heaven !

Sadness casts off its load, and gaily goes  
 From the intolerant storm, to rest awhile  
 In Love's true heart, sure haven of repose ;  
 Does not ev'n joy, tormented by its smile,  
 Impatient seek to merge itself, and die  
 In Friendship's eloquent and beaming eye ?

In all Creation did I stand alone,  
 Still to the rocks my dreams a soul should find,  
 Mine arms should wreath themselves around the stone,  
 My grief should feel a listener in the wind ;  
 My joy—its echo in the caves should be !  
 Fool, if ye will—Fool, for sweet Sympathy !

We are dead groups of matter when we hate ;  
 But when we love we are as Gods!—Unto  
 The gentle fetters yearning, through each state

And shade of being multiform, and through  
 All spirits lower than the Sire of all<sup>1</sup>  
 Moves the same impulse to the godlike thrall.

Lo! arm in arm, through every upward grade,  
 From the rude Mongol to the starry Greek,  
 (Who the fine link between the Mortal made,  
 And Heaven's last Seraph)—everywhere we seek  
 Union and bond—till in one sea sublime  
 Of Love be merged all measure and all time!

Friendless, the Maker ruled His lonely sky ;  
 He felt the want,—and thus created SOUL  
 To glass His bliss : Though never the Most High  
 Saw mate nor equal in his wondrous whole.  
 Towards Love, their source, all souls attracted flee ;  
 And from that chalice foams Infinity.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "All spirits one degree lower than the infinite spirit are my peers, since we all obey one principle."—SCHILLER'S *Philosophical Letters from Julius to Raphael*.

<sup>2</sup> A literal translation of the two last lines would be unintelligible, and, indeed, their latent meaning and connection with the argument in the preceding verses are not perceptible in the original, and have perplexed most of the commentators. I have therefore resorted to Schiller's own construction of his general intention, as it is found in the *Philosophical Letters from Julius to Raphael*, in which the poem was first inserted. "Every perfection in the universe is united in God. . . . The existing form of Nature is an optic glass, and all the activities of spirits are only an infinite colour-play of that divine ray. Should it ever please the Almighty to shatter this prism, then the barrier betwixt Himself and the world would fall to ruin; all spirits would disappear into one infinite spirit. . . . The attraction of the elements gave to Nature its material form; the attraction of spirits, multiplied and continued to infinity, must finally lead to the abolition of that separation. Such an attraction is Love. Love is the ladder on which we climb to a likeness with God."—*Philosophical Letters*. The reader who would thoroughly comprehend all the various meanings in this poem must examine with care these Philosophical Letters, especially those upon LOVE and GOD, in which the poem (with the poet's own commentary) occurs.

## A GROUP IN TARTARUS.

HARK, as hoarse murmurs of a gathering sea—  
 As brooks that howling through black gorges go,  
 Groans sullen, hollow, and eternally,  
 One wailing Woe !  
 Sharp Anguish shrinks the shadows there ;  
 And blasphemous Despair  
 Yells its wild curse from jaws that never close ;  
 And ghastly eyes for ever  
 Pine for the bridge athwart the fordless River,  
 Swelling with tears the wave that mourning flows,  
 And ask each other, with parch'd lips that writhe  
 Into a whisper, " When the end shall be ?"  
 The *end* !—Lo, broken in Time's hand the scythe,  
 And round and round revolves Eternity !

## ELYSIUM.

PAST the despairing wail—  
 And the bright banquets of the Elysian Vale  
 Melt every care away !  
 Delight, that breathes and moves for ever,  
 Glides through sweet fields like some sweet river !  
 Elysian life survey !

There, fresh with youth, o'er jocund meads,  
His merry west-winds blithely leads

The ever-blooming May !

Thorough gold-woven dreams goes the dance of the Hours,  
In space without bounds swell the soul and its powers,

And Truth, with no veil, gives her face to the day.

And joy to-day and joy to-morrow,

But waft the airy soul aloft ;

The very name is lost to Sorrow,

And Pain is Rapture tuned more exquisitely soft.

Here the Pilgrim reposes the world-weary limb,

And forgets in the shadow, cool-breathing and dim,

The load he shall bear never more ;

Here the Mower, his sickle at rest, by the streams,

Lull'd with harp-strings, reviews, in the calm of his dreams,

The fields when the harvest is o'er.

Here, He, whose ears drank in the battle roar,

Whose banners stream'd upon the startled wind

A thunder-storm,—before whose thunder-tread

The mountains trembled,—in soft sleep reclined

By the sweet brook, that o'er its pebbly bed

In silver plays, and murmurs to the shore,

Hears the stern clangour of wild spears no more !

Here the true Spouse the lost-belov'd regains,

And on the enamell'd couch of summer-plains

Mingles sweet kisses with the zephyr's breath.

Here, crown'd at last, Love never knows decay,

Living through ages its one bridal day,

Safe from the stroke of Death !

## THE FUGITIVE.

FRESH breathes the living air of dawning day,  
 The young Light reddens through the dusky pines,  
 Ogling the tremulous leaves with wanton ray :  
     The cloud-capt hill-tops shine  
     With golden flame divine,  
 And all melodious thrills the lusty song  
     Of skylarks, greeting the delighted Sun,  
 As to Aurora's arms he steals along ;—  
     And now in bright embrace she clasps the Glowing One!  
     O Light, hail to thee !  
     How the mead and the lea  
 The warmth and the wave of thy splendour suffuse !  
     How silver-clear shimmer  
     The fields, and how glimmer  
 The thousand suns glass'd in the pearl of the dews !  
     How frolic and gay  
     Is young Nature at play,  
 Where the cool-breathing shade with low whispers is sweet ;  
     Sighing soft round the rose,  
     The Zephyr, its lover, caressingly goes,  
 And over the Meadow the light vapours fleet !  
 How, high o'er the city the smoke-cloud is reeking,  
 What snorting and rattling, and trampling and creaking ;

Neighs the horse—the bull lows,  
And the heavy wain goes  
To the valley that groans with the tumult of Day ;  
The life of the Woodlands leaps up to the eye—  
The Eagle, the Falcon, the Hawk, wheel on high,  
On the wings that exult in the ray !  
Where shall I roam,  
O Peace, for thy home ?  
With the staff of the Pilgrim, where wander to Thee ?  
The face of the Earth,  
With the smile of its mirth,  
Has only a grave for me !  
Rise, rosy Morn, to light and life arise !  
Forest and field with purple kisses flushing,  
Sink, rosy Eve, with flute-like melodies  
The weary world in happy slumbers hushing.  
Morn, in the world thou mak'st so beautiful  
But one dark Burial-place the Pilgrim knows !  
O Eve, the sleep thy melodies shall lull  
Is—but my long repose !

## THE FLOWERS.

CHILDREN of Suns restored to youth,  
 In purpled Fields ye dwell,  
 Reared to delight and joy—in sooth,  
 Kind Nature loves ye well ;  
 Bright Flora decks your glorious leaves,  
 From Colour's woof your robe she weaves,  
 And broiders it with light :  
 Yet woe, Spring's harmless Infants, woe !  
 Your life no soul that feels can know—  
 Your home is in the Night !

And Nightingale and Skylark sing  
 To you of blissful Love,  
 And Sylphs, that wanton on the wing,  
 Embrace your blooms above ;  
 Woven for Love's soft pillow, were  
 The chalice crowns ye blushing bear,  
 By the Idalian Queen :  
 Yet weep, soft Children of the Spring !  
 The feelings Love alone can bring  
 To you denied have been !

But me in vain my Laura's<sup>1</sup> eyes,  
 Her Mother hath forbidden ;  
 For in the buds I gather, lies  
 Love's symbol-language hidden—  
 Mute Heralds of voluptuous pain,  
 I touch ye—life, speech, heart, ye gain,  
 And soul, denied before :  
 And silently your leaves enclose  
 The mightiest God in arch repose,  
 Soft-cradled in the core !

---

TO THE SPRING.

WELCOME, gentle Stripling,  
 Nature's darling thou !  
 With thy basket full of blossoms,  
 A happy welcome now !  
 Aha!—and thou returnest,  
 Heartily we greet thee—  
 The loving and the fair one,  
 Merrily we meet thee—

<sup>1</sup> *Nanny*, in the editions of Schiller's collected Works; but Laura, when the poem was first printed in the Anthology. In the earlier form of the poem, it was not, however, the Poet who sent the flowers to Laura, but Laura who sent the flowers to him.



Rememberest thou my Maiden—  
 That face canst thou forget ?  
 She loved me then, the Maiden !  
 And the Maiden loves me yet !  
 For the Maiden, many a blossom  
 I begg'd—and not in vain !  
 I came again, a-begging,  
 And thou—thou giv'st again !  
 Welcome, gentle Stripling,  
 Nature's darling thou !  
 With thy basket full of blossoms,  
 A happy welcome now !

---

TO MINNA.

I.

Do I dream ? can I trust to my eye ?  
 My sight sure some vapour must cover ?  
 Or, there, did my Minna pass by—  
 My Minna—and knew not her lover ?  
 On the arm of the coxcomb she crost,  
 Well the fan might its zephyr bestow ;  
 Herself in her vanity lost,  
 That wanton my Minna ?—Ah, no !

## II.

In the gifts of my love she was drest,  
 My plumes o'er her summer hat quiver ;  
 The ribbons that flaunt in her breast  
 Might bid her—remember the giver !  
 And still do they bloom on thy bosom,  
 The flow'rets I gather'd for thee !  
 Still as fresh is the leaf of each blossom,  
 'Tis the Heart that has faded from me !

## III.

Go and take, then, the incense they tender ;  
 Go, the one that adored thee forget !  
 Go, thy charms to the Feigner surrender,  
 In my scorn is my comforter yet !  
 Go, for thee with what trust and belief  
 There beat not ignobly a heart,  
 That has strength yet to strive with the grief  
 To have worshipp'd the trifier thou art !

## IV.

Thy beauty *thy* heart hath betray'd—  
 Thy beauty—shame, Minna, to thee !  
 To-morrow its glory will fade,  
 And its roses all wither'd will be !  
 The swallows that swarm in the sun  
 Will fly when the north winds awaken,  
 The false ones thine Autumn will shun,  
 For whom thou the true hast forsaken !

## v.

'Mid the wrecks of thy charms in December,  
I see thee alone in decay,  
And each Spring shall but bid thee remember  
How brief for thyself was the May!  
Then they who so wantonly flock  
To the rapture thy kiss can impart,  
Shall scoff at thy winter, and mock  
Thy beauty as wreck'd as thy heart!

## vi.

Thy beauty thy heart hath betray'd—  
Thy beauty—shame, Minna, to thee!  
To-morrow its glory will fade,  
And its roses all wither'd will be!  
O, what scorn for thy desolate years  
Shall I feel!—God forbid it in me!  
How bitter will then be the tears  
Shed, Minna, O Minna, for thee!

## THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE;

A HYMN.

BLESSED through love are the Gods ;—through love  
 Their bliss to ourselves is given ;  
 Heavenlier through love is the heaven above,  
 And love makes the earth a heaven.

At Pyrrha's rear, (as sung  
 The Muse, in ages gone,)  
 From rocks Creation sprung,  
 And Men leapt up from stone ;  
 Rock and stone, in night  
 The souls of men were seal'd,  
 Heaven's diviner light  
 Not as yet reveal'd ;  
 As yet the Loves around them  
 Had never shone—nor bound them  
 With their rosy rings ;  
 As yet their bosoms knew not  
 Soft song—and music grew not  
 Out of the silver strings :  
 No gladsome garlands cheerily  
 Were love-y-woven then ;

Back to Elysium drearily  
 Fled Spring itself from men ;<sup>1</sup>  
 The morning rose ungreeted  
 From Ocean's joyless breast ;  
 Unhail'd the evening fled  
 To Ocean's joyless breast—  
 Wild through the tangled shade,  
 By clouded moons they stray'd,  
 The iron race of Men !  
 No sweet mysterious tears,  
 That yearn'd for starry spheres,  
 And sought a God—were then.

\*

Lo, mildly from the dark-blue water,  
 Comes forth the Heaven's divinest Daughter,  
 Borne by the Nymphs, fair-floating o'er  
 To the intoxicated shore !  
 Like May—like light-diffusing Morn,  
 A power of light and bloom was given,  
 Inwoven, when that birth was born,  
 Through air and ocean, earth and heaven.

Blithe Day look'd down on forests dim,  
 And laugh'd to light their midnight grim ;  
 And where the new-born Venus trod,  
 She left the flow'ret on the sod.

Now, pours the bird that haunts the eve  
 The earliest song of love,  
 And now the waters gently heave,  
 And softly murmur love.

<sup>1</sup> " The world was sad, the garden was a wild,  
 And Man, the Hermit, sigh'd—till Woman smiled."—CAMPBELL.

O blest Pygmalion—blest art thou—  
 It melts, it glows, thy marble now !  
 O Love, the God, thy world is won !  
 Embrace thy children, Mighty One.

\*

Bless'd through love are the Gods ;—through love  
 Their bliss to ourselves is given ;  
 Heavenlier through love is the heaven above,  
 And love makes the earth a heaven.

\*

Where the nectar bright-streams,  
 Like the Dawn's happy dreams,  
 Eternally one holiday,  
 The life of the Gods glides away.  
 Throned on his seat sublime,  
 Looks He whose years know not time ;  
 At his nod, if his anger awaken,  
 At the wave of his hair all Olympus is shaken.  
 Yet He from the throne of his birth,  
 Bow'd down to the sons of the earth,  
 Through dim Arcadian glades to wander sighing,  
     Lull'd into dreams of bliss—  
     Lull'd by his Leda's kiss—  
 Lo, at his feet the harmless thunders lying !

The Sun's majestic coursers go  
     Along the Light's transparent plain,  
     Curb'd by the Day-god's golden rein ;  
 The nations perish at his bended bow.

Steeds that majestic go,  
 Shafts from the bended bow,  
 Gladly he leaves above—  
 For Melody and Love!

Low bend the dwellers of the sky,  
 When sweeps the stately Juno by ;  
 Proud in her car, the Uncontroll'd  
     Curbs the bright birds that breast the air,  
 As flames the sovereign crown of gold  
     Amidst the ambrosial waves of hair—  
 Ev'n thou, fair Queen of Heaven's high throne,  
 Hast Love's subduing sweetness known ;  
 From all her state, the Great One bends  
     To charm the Olympian's bright embraces,  
 The Heart-Enthraller only lends  
     The rapture-cestus of the Graces !

\*

Bless'd through love are the Gods ;—through love  
     Their bliss to ourselves is given ;  
 Heavenlier through love is the heaven above,  
     And love makes the earth a heaven.

\*

Love can sun the Realms of Night—  
 Orcus owns the magic might—  
 Peaceful where She sits beside,  
 Smiles the swart King on his Bride ;  
 Hell feels the smile in sudden light—  
 Love can sun the Realms of Night !

Heavenly o'er the startled Hell,  
 Holy, where the Accurs'd dwell,  
     O Thracian, went thy silver song!  
 Grim Minos, with unconscious tears,  
 Melts into mercy as he hears—  
 The serpents in Megara's hair,  
 Kiss, as they wreath enamour'd there;  
     All harmless rests the madding thong;—  
 From the torn breast the Vulture mute  
 Flies, scared before the charm'd lute—  
 Lull'd into sighing from their roar  
 The dark waves woo the listening shore—  
 Listening the Thracian's silver song!—  
 Love was the Thracian's silver song!

\*

Bless'd through love are the Gods;—through love  
     Their bliss to ourselves is given;  
 Heavenlier through love is the heaven above,  
     And love makes the earth a heaven.

\*

Through Nature, blossom-strewing,  
*One* footstep we are viewing,  
     One flash from golden pinions!  
 If from Heaven's starry sea,  
     If from the moonlit sky;  
 If from the Sun's dominions,  
     Look'd not Love's laughing eye;  
 Then Sun and Moon and Stars would be  
 Alike, without one smile for me!



But, oh, wherever Nature lives  
Below, around, above—  
Her happy eye the mirror gives  
To thy glad beauty, Love !  
Love sighs through brooklets silver-clear,  
Love bids their murmur woo the vale ;  
Listen, O list ! Love's soul ye hear  
In his own plaintive nightingale.  
No sound from Nature ever stirs,  
But Love's sweet voice is heard with hers !

Bold Wisdom, with her sunlit eye,  
Retreats when Love comes whispering by—  
For Wisdom 's weak to Love !  
To victor stern or monarch proud,  
Imperial Wisdom never bow'd  
The knee she bows to Love !

Who through the steep and starry sky,  
Went onward to the Gods on high,  
Before thee, hero-brave ?  
Who rent the Temple veil asunder,  
And showed Elysium blooming under  
The abysses of the Grave ?  
Her lures the mortal here ensnare,  
Why ?—but to make immortals there !  
Would the weak soul, did Love forsake her,  
E'er gain the wing to seek the Maker ?  
Love, only Love, can guide the creature  
Up to the Father-fount of Nature ;

What were the soul did Love forsake her?  
 Love guides the Mortal to the Maker!

\*

Bless'd through love are the Gods ;—through love  
 Their bliss to ourselves is given ;  
 Heavenlier through love is the heaven above,  
 And love makes the earth a heaven.

---

### FORTUNE AND WISDOM.

IN a quarrel with her lover  
 To Wisdom Fortune flew ;  
 " I'll all my hoards discover—  
 Be but my friend—to you.  
 Like a mother I presented  
 To one each fairest gift,  
 Who still is discontented,  
 And murmurs at my thrift.  
 Come, let's be friends. What say you?  
 Give up that weary plough,  
 My treasures shall repay you,  
 For both I have enow!"  
 " Nay, see thy Friend betake him  
 To death from grief for thee—  
*He* dies if thou forsake him—  
 Thy gifts are nought to *me*!"

## TO A MORALIST.

THE difference in tone between this youthful effusion and the severe and spiritual strains of Schiller's later philosophy, is sufficiently notable.

ARE the sports of our youth so displeasing ?  
 Is love but the folly you say ?  
 Benumb'd with the Winter, and freezing,  
 You scold at the revels of May.

For you once a nymph had her charms,  
 And oh ! when the waltz you were wreathing,  
 All Olympus embraced in your arms—  
 All its nectar in Julia's breathing.

If Jove at that moment had hurl'd  
 The earth in some other rotation,  
 Along with your Julia whirl'd,  
 You had felt not the shock of creation.

Learn this—that Philosophy beats  
 Sure time with the pulse,—quick or slow  
 As the blood from the heyday retreats,—  
 But it cannot make gods of us—No !

It is well, icy Reason should thaw  
 In the warm blood of Mirth now and then,  
 The Gods for themselves have a law  
 Which they never intended for men.

In the Flesh a companion I see ;  
 I cannot escape it ;—who can ?  
 It forbids me an angel to be,—  
 I follow its steps—to be Man !

---

COUNT EBERHARD, THE GROWLER (DER  
 GREINER) OF WÜRTEMBERG.

COUNT EBERHARD reigned from 1344–1392. His son Ulrick was defeated before Reutling in 1377, and fell the next year in battle, at Döflingen, near Stuttgart, in a battle in which Eberhard was victorious. There is something of national feeling in this fine war-song, composed in honour of the old Suabian hero, by a poet himself a Suabian.

HA, ha !—take heed,—ha, ha ! take heed—<sup>1</sup>  
 Ye braggarts South and North !  
 For men and warriors, good at need,  
 In peace to serve, in war to lead,  
 The Suabian Land brings forth.

Your Frederick—Edward—Charles, ye boast,  
 Yet all united are,  
 No match for him whom we can boast—  
 Count Eberhard, in himself a host !  
 A thunder-storm in war !

<sup>1</sup> “ Don't bear the head too high.”

“ Ihr, ihr dort aussen in der Welt,  
 Die Nasen eingespannt ! ”

And Ulrick, too, his noble son ;—  
 When war raged wild and free  
 How blithe was Eberhard's noble son!  
 When once the clang of steel begun,  
 No foot-breadth yielded he !

The Reutling men, they foam'd with spite  
 When they beheld our fame ;  
 They thought themselves our match in might,  
 They took their swords, and to the fight  
 They girt their loins, and came.

Out Ulrick went, and beat them not—  
 To Eberhard he return'd ;  
 One angry look the father shot—  
 And when that look young Ulrick got,  
 He wept with tears that burn'd !

It stung his heart—(ah, rogues beware !)  
 It gnawed within his brain ;  
 And by his father's beard <sup>1</sup> he swore,  
 With many a burgher's ruddiest gore,  
 To lave away that stain.

Soon came the hour ! with steeds and men  
 The battle-field was gay ;  
 Steel closed on steel at Döffingen—  
 And joyous was our stripling then,  
 And joyous the hurra !

<sup>1</sup> Count Eberhard had the nickname of Rush-Beard, from the rustling of that appendage, with which he was favoured to no ordinary extent.

“THE BATTLE LOST”—’twas thus we cried,  
And, swift as lightning glances,  
When rang that signal far and wide,  
Through streams of blood we ride, we ride,  
And through the night of lances.

On, lion-like, grim Ulrick sweeps—  
Bright shines his hero-glaive—  
Her chase before him Fury keeps,  
Far-heard behind him, Anguish weeps,  
And round him—is the Grave!

Woe—woe! it gleams—the sabre-blow!—  
Behind the neck it sped—  
In vain the shield our breasts bestow!—  
Alas! our boast in dust is low!  
Count Eberhard’s boy is dead!

Grief checks the rushing Victor-van—  
Fierce eyes strange moisture know—  
On rides old Eberhard, stern and wan,  
“My son is like another man—  
March, children, on the foe!”

And fiery lances whirr’d around,  
Revenge, at least, undying—  
Above the blood-red clay we bound—  
Hurra! the burghers break their ground,  
Through vale and woodland flying!

Back to the camp behold us throng,  
Flags stream and bugles play—  
Woman and child with choral song,  
And men, with dance and wine, prolong  
The warrior's holiday.

And our old Count, and what doth he ?  
Before him lies his son !  
Alone within his tent sits he,  
And from his eyes falls silently  
One tear—that mourns his son.

And therefore ever sworn to stand  
By that great Count we are !  
His might is in itself a band—  
The thunder rests in his right hand ;  
He is the Suabian's star.

And therefore mark, and take ye heed,  
Ye braggarts South and North !  
For men and warriors, good at need,  
In peace to serve, in war to lead,  
The Suabian Land brings forth.

---

WITH this ballad conclude all in the First Period, or Early Poems, which Schiller himself thought worth preserving, and which are retained in the best editions of his collected works—except the “Sketch of Semele,” which ought to be classed among his dramatic compositions.

## FAREWELL TO THE READER.

(Transferred from the Third Period.)

## I.

THE Muse is silent : with a virgin cheek,  
 Bow'd with the blush of shame, she ventures near ;  
 She waits the judgment that thy lips may speak,  
 And feels the deference, but disowns the fear—  
 Such praise as Virtue gives 'tis hers to seek,  
 Bright Truth, not tinsel Folly to revere ;  
 And he alone her crowning flowers should cull  
 Whose heart with hers beats for the Beautiful.

## II.

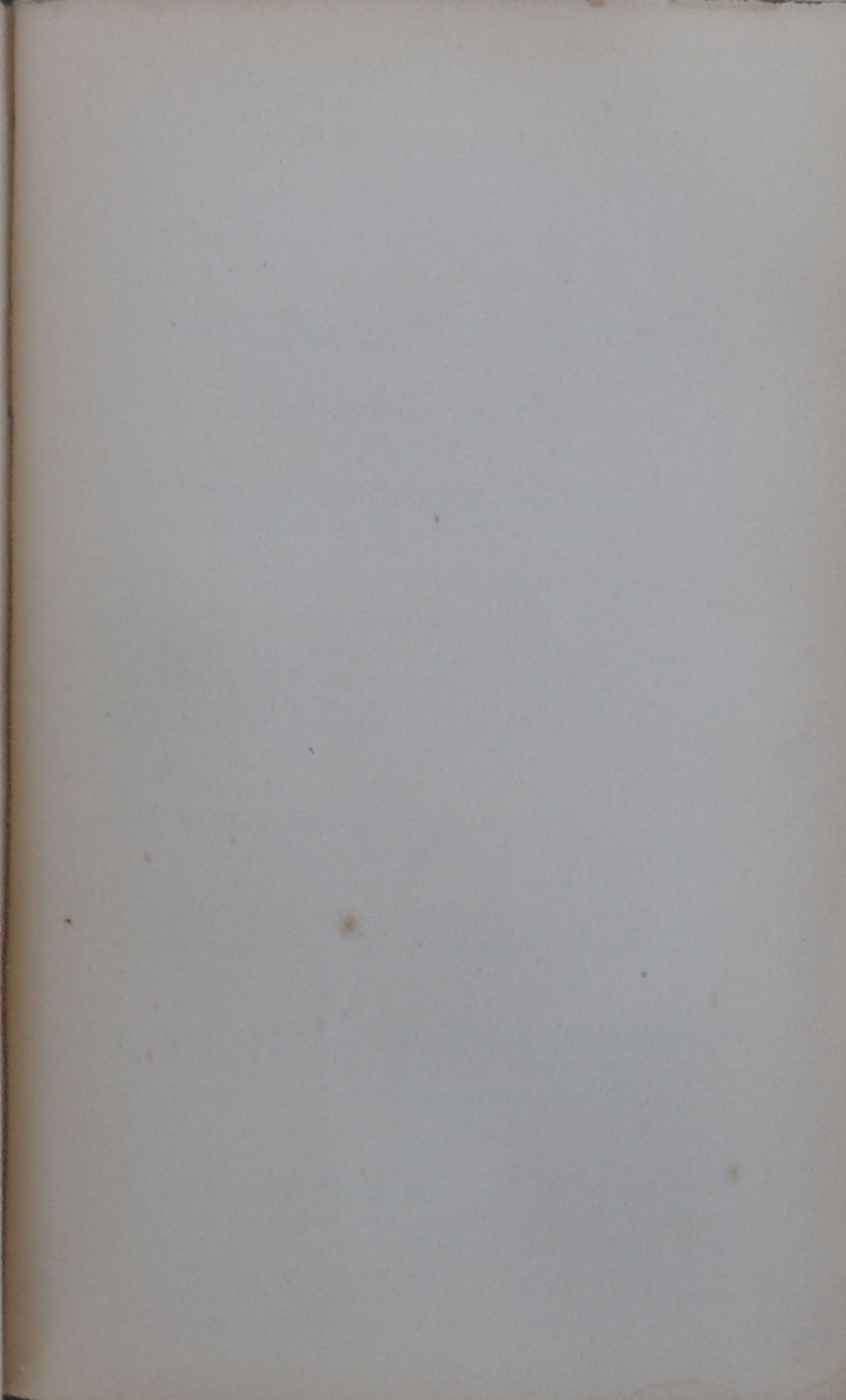
Not longer yet these lays of mine would live  
 Than to one genial breast not idly stealing,  
 There some sweet dreams and fancies fair to give,  
 And some still whispers of a loftier feeling.  
 Not for the far Posterity they strive,  
 Doom'd with the time whose shades they are revealing,  
 Born to record the moment's smile or sigh,  
 And with the light dance of the hours to fly.

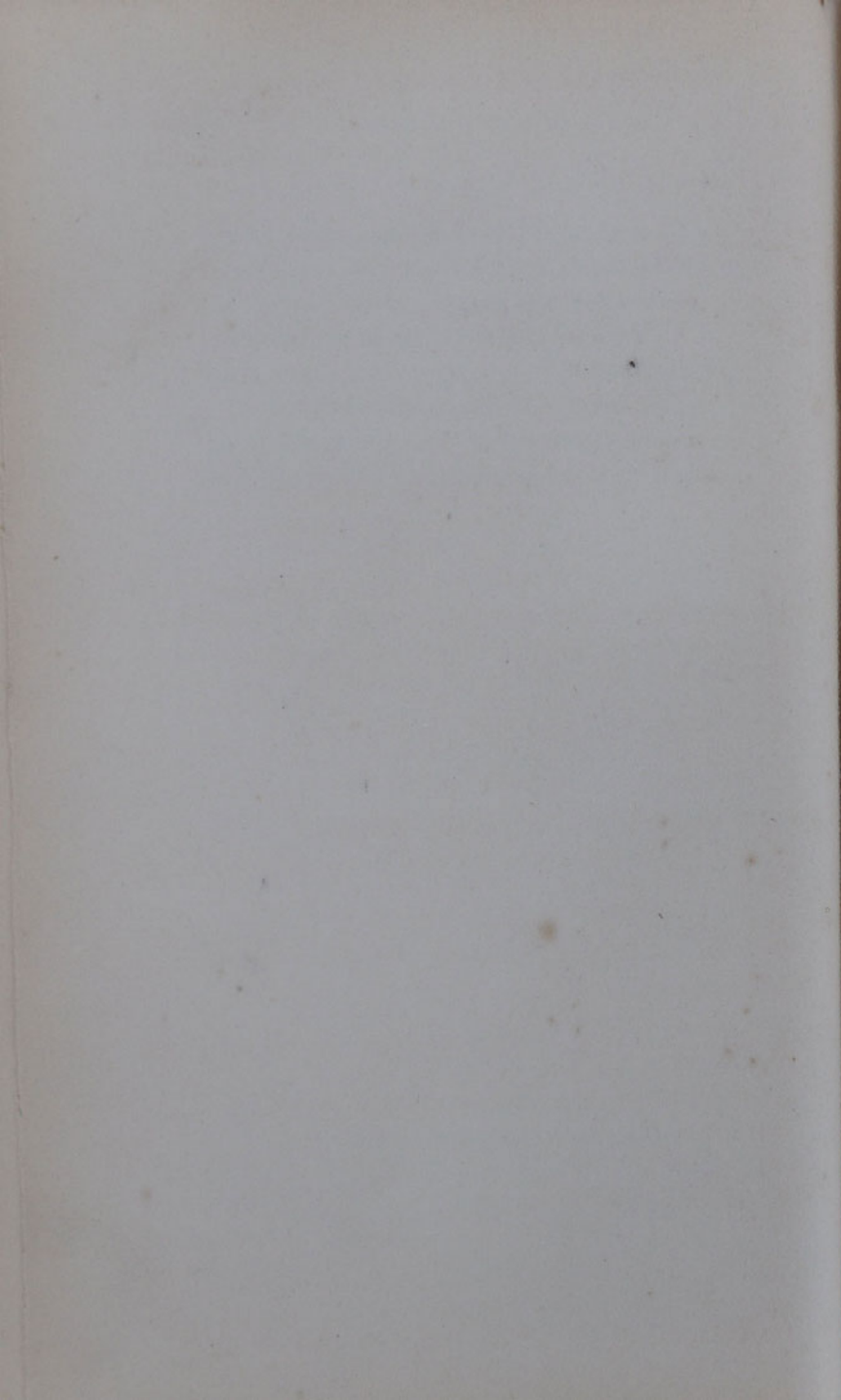


## III.

Spring wakes, and Life in all its youngest hues  
Shoots through the mellowing meads delightedly :  
Air the fresh herbage scents with nectar-dews,  
Livelier the choral music fills the sky :  
Youth grows more young, and Age itself renews,  
In that Field-Banquet of the ear and eye :  
Spring flies, and with it all the train it leads ;  
And flowers, in fading, leave us but their seeds.

THE END.





# MESSRS BLACKWOOD AND SONS

HAVE LATELY PUBLISHED—

## MY NOVEL; BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE. 4 vols., price 42s.

## THE HISTORY OF EUROPE

FROM THE FALL OF NAPOLEON TO THE ACCESSION OF LOUIS NAPOLEON. By Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart. Vol. I., price 15s. To be completed in 5 vols. 8vo, uniform with the Library Edition of the "History of Europe, from 1792 to 1815," by the same Author.

## KATIE STEWART; A TRUE STORY.

In small 8vo, with Frontispiece and Vignette. Elegantly bound in cloth, gilt, price 7s. 6d.

"A singularly characteristic Scottish story, most agreeable to read, and pleasant to recollect. The charm lies in the faithful and life-like pictures it presents of Scottish character, and customs, and manners, and modes of life."—*Tail's Magazine*.

## THE INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL DEVELOPMENT

OF THE PRESENT AGE. By SAMUEL WARREN, Esq., F.R.S., one of her Majesty's Counsel, and Recorder for Hull. Price 2s. 6d.

## PARIS AFTER WATERLOO:

NOTES TAKEN AT THE TIME, AND HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED. Including a Revised Edition—the Tenth—of a Visit to Flanders and the Field. By JAMES SIMPSON, Esq., Advocate, Author of "The Philosophy of Education," "Lectures to the Working Classes," &c. In Small Octavo, price 5s., bound in gilt cloth, with Two Coloured Plans of the Battle.

## THE BOOK OF THE GARDEN.

By CHARLES M'INTOSH, F.R.P.S. F.R.S.S.A. Vol. I., royal 8vo, with 1073 Illustrative Engravings, price £2, 10s.

NEW EDITION.

## THE ANGLER'S COMPANION TO THE RIVERS

AND LOCHS OF SCOTLAND. By T. T. STODDART. Second Edition, carefully Revised, and augmented with the most recent Information. Price 7s. 6d. With a Fishing Map of Scotland, and other Illustrations.

"Indispensable in all time to come, as the very strength and grace of an angler's tackle and equipment in Scotland must and will be STODDART'S ANGLER'S COMPANION."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

## THE MOOR AND THE LOCH.

Minute Instructions in all Highland Sports. By JOHN C. COLQUHOUN, Esq. Third Edition. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

## THE COQUET-DALE FISHING SONGS.

Now first collected, with the Music of the Airs. 8vo. 5s.

"A delightful volume—as fresh, natural, poetic, kindly, and healthy, as the lovely scenes and friendly feelings which it describes and commemorates."—*Morning Advertiser*.

## POEMS AND BALLADS OF SCHILLER.

Translated by Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. 2d Edition. 10s. 6d.

"The translations are executed with consummate ability."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"The work of one poet who has perfectly seized the meaning of another poet."—*The Times*.

## LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS, AND OTHER POEMS.

By W. E. AVTOUN. 5th Edition. 7s. 6d.

"A volume of verse which shows that Scotland has yet a poet."—*Quarterly Review*.

"Finer ballads than these, we are bold to say, are not to be found in the language."—*The Times*.

**POETICAL WORKS OF D. M. MOIR (DELTA).**

With Portrait and Memoir. 2 vols. 14s.

"These are volumes to be placed on the favourite shelf, in the familiar nook that holds the books we love, which we take up with pleasure and lay down with regret."—*Edinburgh Courant*.

**THE POEMS OF FELICIA HEMANS.**

In 1 vol. large 8vo, 21s. ; in 6 vols. small 8vo, 24s.

"Of no modern writer can it be affirmed, with less hesitation, that she has become an English classic, nor, until human nature becomes very different from what it now is, can we imagine the least probability that the music of her lays will cease to soothe the ear, or the beauty of her sentiment to charm the gentle heart."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

**THE COURSE OF TIME. A POEM, IN TEN BOOKS.**

By ROBERT POLLOK, A.M. 20th Edition. 7s. 6d.

"Of deep and hallowed impress, full of noble thoughts and graphic conceptions—the production of a mind alive to the great relations of being, and the sublime simplicity of our religion."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

**DELTA'S LECTURES ON THE POETICAL LITERATURE OF THE PAST HALF-CENTURY.** 2d Edition. 5s.

"A delightful volume."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"Exquisite in its taste and generous in its criticisms."—*Hugh Miller*.

**THE MOTHER'S LEGACIE TO HER UNBORNE CHILDE.**

By ELIZABETH JOCELINE. Edited by the Very Rev. PRINCIPAL LEE. 4s. 6d.

"This beautiful and touching legacie."—*Athenæum*.

"A delightful monument of the piety and high feeling of a truly noble mother."—*Morning Advertiser*.

**HOURS AND DAYS.**

By THOMAS BURBIDGE. Fcap. 1s.

## LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND, AND

ENGLISH PRINCESSES CONNECTED WITH THE REGAL SUCCESSION OF GREAT BRITAIN. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Uniform with the "Lives of the Queens of England." With Portraits and Historical Vignettes. To be completed in 6 vols., price 10s. 6d. each. Vols. I. to III. are published.

## MEMORIALS OF THE CASTLE OF EDINBURGH.

By JAMES GRANT, Author of "Memoirs of Kirkaldy of Grange," &c. &c. With Twelve Engravings on Wood by Branston. In crown 8vo, price 7s. 6d.

"Of the different books of this nature that have fallen in our way, we do not remember one that has equalled Mr Grant's 'Memorials of the Castle of Edinburgh.'"—*Spectator*.

"Mr Grant's very interesting history of the Castle of Edinburgh—a work equally distinguished by research, accuracy, and pictorial interest."—*Alison's Essays*.

## MEMOIRS AND ADVENTURES OF SIR WILLIAM

KIRKALDY OF GRANGE, Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh for Mary Queen of Scots. By JAMES GRANT, Esq. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

"It is seldom indeed that we find history so written, in a style at once vigorous, perspicuous, and picturesque. The author's heart is thoroughly with his subject."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

## MEMOIRS AND ADVENTURES OF SIR JOHN

HEPBURN, Marshal of France under Louis XIII., &c. By JAMES GRANT, Esq. Post 8vo. 8s.

"We cordially commend the book to the notice of our military readers."—*U. S. Gazette*.

"The best book of its kind that it has been our good fortune to meet with."—*Tait's Magazine*.

## LIFE OF FRANCESCO SFORZA, DUKE OF MILAN.

By W. POLLARD URQUHART, Esq. 2 vols. 25s.

"A solid piece of Italian history."—*Examiner*.

"A most important contribution to the shelves of the student's library."—*Globe*.

## BYZANTINE HISTORY FROM DCCXVI. TO MLVII.

By GEORGE FINLAY, Esq., Honorary Member of the Royal Society of Literature; Author of "Greece under the Romans," &c. [*In the Press*].

**TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.**

By SAMUEL WARREN, F.R.S. A new Edition. 3 vols. 18s.

“‘Ten Thousand a-Year’ is perhaps destined in British literature to some such rank as ‘Don Quixote’ holds in Spain.”—*American Journal*.

**THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.**

By SAMUEL WARREN, F.R.S. A new Edition. 2 vols. 12s.

“We know of no book in the English language so calculated to rivet the attention and awaken the purest and deepest sympathies of the heart. The man who has not read these tales has yet to learn a lesson in the mysteries of human nature.”—*Oxford and Cambridge Review*.

**NOW AND THEN.**

By SAMUEL WARREN, F.R.S. Third Edition. 10s. 6d.

“A vindication, in beautiful prose, of the ‘ways of God to Man.’ A grander moral is not to be found than that which dwells upon the reader’s mind when the book is closed—conveyed, too, as it is, in language as masculine and eloquent as any the English tongue can furnish.”—*Times*.

**THE LILY AND THE BEE.**

By SAMUEL WARREN, F.R.S. 5s.

“It is a great theme treated by a masculine intellect enriched with all the resources of varied knowledge, of profound thought, of a highly poetical temperament, and of solemn religious convictions, and enhanced by the graces and the terrors of a command of language absolutely inexhaustible, and in its combinations almost magical.”—*Dublin Warder*.

**LIFE IN THE FAR WEST.**

By G. F. RUXTON, Esq. Second Edition. 4s.

“One of the most daring and resolute of travellers. . . . A volume fuller of excitement is seldom submitted to the public.”—*Athenæum*.

**SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.**

By F. HARDMAN, Esq. 6s.

“One of the freshest, most spirited, most attractive volumes of the season.”—*Naval and Military Gazette*.



## THE HISTORY OF EUROPE FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION IN 1789 TO THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO. By Sir A. ALISON, Bart.

14 vols. 8vo, Library Edition, (the Eighth,) with Portraits,....£10 10 0  
 20 vols. Crown Octavo,..... 6 0 0

*By the same Author.*

## LIFE OF JOHN DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Second Edition. 2 vols. 30s.

"Unquestionably the best 'Life of Marlborough.'"—*Morning Post*.

"Mr Alison's 'Life of Marlborough' is an enchaining romance."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

*By the same Author.*

## ESSAYS—POLITICAL, HISTORICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS. 3 vols. 45s.

"They stamp him as one of the most learned, able, and accomplished writers of the age. . . . His Essays are a splendid supplement to his History, and the two combined exhibit his intellect in all its breadth and beauty."—*Dublin University Magazine*.

*By the same Author.*

## THE PRINCIPLES OF POPULATION.

2 vols. 30s.

"This book contains the settled views of one whose indefatigable research, patient investigation, comprehensive views, original powers of thought, and elegance of expression, mark him as one of the most eminent men of the day."—*Britannia*.

## EPITOME OF ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.

Fourth Edition. 7s. 6d. bound.

"A masterly epitome of the noblest contribution which has been made to the historic literature of the present day."—*Hull Packet*.

"We recommend this book especially to parents and teachers as a most admirable school-book."—*Dublin Mail*.

## ATLAS TO ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.

By A. KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E., &c. &c., Author of the "Physical Atlas," &c. 109 Maps and Plans, coloured.

Demy Quarto, to accompany the Library Edition, and other Editions of the History in Octavo, .....£3 3 0  
 Crown Quarto, to accompany the Edition in Crown Octavo,..... 2 12 6

**THE PHYSICAL ATLAS,**

A Series of Maps and Illustrations of the GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION of NATURAL PHENOMENA. In Imperial Folio, half-bound morocco, price £10, 10s. By ALEX. KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S., F.G.S., Geographer at Edinburgh in Ordinary to her Majesty, Honorary Member of the Geographical Society, Berlin.

"Un des plus magnifiques monuments qu'on ait encore élevé au génie scientifique de notre siècle. . . . De telles publications font la gloire d'un pays."—*Bulletin de la Société de Géographie. Paris.*

"This Atlas ought to have a place in every good library. . . . We know of no work containing such copious and exact information as to all the physical circumstances of the earth on which we live."—*Quarterly Review.*

**THE PHYSICAL ATLAS.**

Reduced from the Imperial Folio. For the use of Colleges, Academies, and Families. In Imperial Quarto, handsomely bound, half-morocco, price £2, 12s. 6d.

"This Atlas is executed with remarkable care, and is as accurate, and, for all educational purposes, as valuable as the splendid large work (by the same author) which has now a European reputation."—*Eclectic Review.*

"We do not remember a contribution to school libraries, and to the resources of school and university teachers, in all respects so important as the book now before us."—*Examiner.*

*By the same Author,*

**A SCHOOL ATLAS OF GENERAL AND**

DESCRIPTIVE GEOGRAPHY, founded on the most recent discoveries, and specially constructed with a view to the purposes of sound instruction. Imperial 4to, half-bound, price 12s. 6d.

"A more complete work for educational purposes has never come under our observation."—*Educational Times.*

*By the same Author,*

**A SCHOOL ATLAS OF PHYSICAL GEO-**

GRAPHY, in which the subject is treated in a more simple and elementary manner than in the previous works of the Author. Half-bound, price 12s. 6d.

"I sincerely thank you for the two School Books of Geography which you have had the kindness to send me. They are so admirably executed that I consider the publication of them an important improvement in the study of Geography. The 'Atlas of Physical Geography,' as an illustration of what I have described, is invaluable.

"GENOA, Oct. 29, 1852."

*Mrs Somerville.*

*By the same Author,*

**AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ATLAS OF**

GENERAL GEOGRAPHY, for Junior Classes, including Maps of Canaan and Palestine. 20 Maps, printed in colours, with Index, demy 4to, half-bound, 7s. 6d.

## CHEAP EDITIONS OF POPULAR WORKS.

### **Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.**

Foolscap 8vo, 2s. 6d.

### **The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay.**

By the Author of "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." Foolscap 8vo, 2s. 6d.

### **The Foresters.**

By the Author of "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." Foolscap 8vo, 2s. 6d.

### **Tom Cringle's Log.**

Complete in One Volume. Foolscap 8vo, 3s. 6d.

### **The Cruise of the Midge.**

By the Author of "Tom Cringle's Log." In One Volume. Foolscap 8vo, 3s. 6d.

### **The Life of Mansie Wauch,**

TAILOR IN DALKEITH. Foolscap 8vo, 2s. 6d.

### **The Subaltern.**

By the Author of "The Chelsea Pensioners." Foolscap 8vo, 2s. 6d.

### **Peninsular Scenes and Sketches.**

By the Author of "The Student of Salamanca." Foolscap 8vo, 2s. 6d.

### **Nights at Mess, Sir Frizzle Pumpkin,**

AND OTHER TALES. Foolscap 8vo, 2s. 6d.

### **The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton.**

By the Author of "Men and Manners in North America." Foolscap 8vo, 3s. 6d.

### **Valerius. A Roman Story.**

Foolscap 8vo, 2s. 6d.

### **Reginald Dalton.**

By the Author of "Valerius." Foolscap 8vo, 3s. 6d.

### **Some Passages in the History of Adam Blair, and History of Mathew Wald.**

By the Author of "Valerius." Foolscap 8vo, 3s. 6d.

### **Annals of the Parish, and Ayrshire Legatees.**

By JOHN GALT. Foolscap 8vo, 3s. 6d.

### **Sir Andrew Wylie.**

By JOHN GALT. Foolscap 8vo, 3s. 6d.

### **The Provost and other Tales.**

By JOHN GALT. Foolscap 8vo, 3s. 6d.

### **The Entail.**

By JOHN GALT. Foolscap 8vo, 3s. 6d.

### **Life in the Far West.**

By G. F. RUXTON. A New Edition. Foolscap 8vo, 3s. 6d.

*At the above Prices the Volumes are in printed Paper Covers. In Cloth, lettered, the price is 6d. per Volume additional.*

